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The Romance of Lust

(1873)

A classic Victorian erotic novel

1892 edition

by Anonymous

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There were three of us—Mary, Eliza, and myself. I was approaching

fifteen, Mary was about a year younger, and Eliza between twelve and

thirteen years of age. Mamma treated us all as children, and was blind

to the fact that I was no longer what I had been. Although not tall for

my age, nor outwardly presenting a manly appearance, my passions were

awakening, and the distinctive feature of my sex, although in repose it

looked magnificent enough, was very sufficiently developed when under

the influence of feminine excitement.

As yet, I had absolutely no knowledge of the uses of the different

organs of sex. My sisters and I all slept in the same room. They

together in one bed, I alone in another. When no one was present, we had

often mutually examined the different formations of our sexes.

We had discovered that mutual handlings gave a certain amount of

pleasing sensation; and, latterly, my eldest sister had discovered that

the hooding and unhooding of my doodle, as she called it, instantly

caused it to swell up and stiffen as hard as a piece of wood. My feeling

of her little pinky slit gave rise in her to nice sensations, but on the

slightest attempt to insert even my finger, the pain was too great. We

had made so little progress in the \_attouchements\_ that not the

slightest inkling of what could be done in that way dawned upon us. I

had begun to develop a slight growth of moss-like curls round the root

of my cock; and then, to our surprise, Mary began to show a similar

tendency. As yet, Eliza was as bald as her hand, but both were prettily

formed, with wonderfully full and fat mounts of Venus. We were perfectly

innocent of guile and quite habituated to let each other look at all our

naked bodies without the slightest hesitation; and when playing in the

garden, if one wanted to relieve the pressure on the bladder, we all

squatted down together, and crossed waters, each trying who could piddle

fastest. Notwithstanding these symptoms of passion when excited, in a

state of calm I might have passed for a boy of ten or eleven.

My father had left us but moderately provided for, and mamma, wishing to

live comfortably, preferred giving me lessons along with my sisters at

home to sending me to school; but her health beginning to fail, she

inserted an advertisement in the \_Times\_ for a governess. Out of a large

number of applicants, a young lady, of the name of Evelyn, was selected.

Some ten days afterwards she arrived, and became one of the family.

We did not see much of her the first evening, but after breakfast the

following morning, mamma accompanied her to what was considered our

schoolroom, and said, “Now, my dears, I place you under Miss Evelyn’s

care; you must obey her in all things; she will teach you your lessons,

as I am unable to do so any longer.” Then, turning to our new governess,

“I fear you will find them somewhat spoiled, and unruly; but there is a

horse, and Susan will make you excellent birch rods whenever you require

them. If you spare their bottoms when they deserve whipping, you will

seriously offend me.” As mamma said this, I observed Miss Evelyn’s eyes

appeared to dilate with a sort of joy, and I felt certain that, severely

as mamma had often whipped us, if we should now deserve it, Miss Evelyn

would administer it much more severely. She looked amiability itself,

and was truly beautiful in face and person, twenty-two years of age,

full and finely formed, and dressed always with the most studied

neatness. She was, in truth, a seductive creature. She made an

instantaneous impression on my senses. There was, however, somewhat of a

sternness of expression, and a dignity of carriage, which caused at once

to fear and respect her. Of course, at first, all went smoothly enough,

and seeing that mamma treated me precisely as she did my sisters, I came

to be regarded as quite a child by Miss Evelyn. She found that she had

to sleep in the same room with my sisters and myself. I fancied that on

the first night Miss Evelyn did not approve of this arrangement, but

gradually became familiarized with it, and seemed to think no more about

it.

When bedtime came, we all kissed mamma and retired early, as usual. Miss

Evelyn followed some hours later. When she came in, she carefully locked

the door, then looked at me to see if I was asleep. Why, I know not, but

I was instinctively prompted to feign sleep. I did so successfully,

notwithstanding the passing of the candle before my eyes. So she at once

commenced undressing. When her back was turned, I opened my eyes, and

greedily devoured her naked charms as they were gradually exhibited

before me. The moment she turned round, I was again as if asleep. I have

said that my passions had begun to develop themselves, but as yet I did

not understand their force or direction. I well remember this first

night, when a fine ripe woman gradually removed every particle of dress

within a couple of yards of me—the effect of each succeeding charm, from

her lovely and beautifully formed bubbies to the taking off her shoes

and stockings from her well-formed legs and small feet and ankles,

caused my prick to swell and stiffen to a painful extent. When all but

her chemise was removed, she stopped to pick up her petticoats that she

had allowed to fall to her feet, and in lifting them, raised also her

chemise, and exposed to my view a most glorious bottom—dazzlingly white

and shining like satin. As the light was full upon it, and she was still

in a stooping position, I could see that below her slit she was well

covered with dark hair. Turning round, to put her petticoats on a chair,

and to take up her nightgown, she slipped her chemise from her arm, and

letting it fall to the ground while she lifted the nightgown over her

head, I had for some seconds a view of her beautiful belly, thickly

covered with dark curly hair over the mount of Venus. So voluptuous was

the sight, I almost shuddered, so intense was my excitement. She now sat

down on the bed to take off her shoes and stockings. Oh! what beautiful

thighs, legs, ankles, and feet she had!

I am now advanced in life, and have had many handsome and well-formed

women, but I never saw limbs more voluptuously formed.

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, and a rushing rill flowed

into the night vase; very different from the gentle tricklings from

myself and sisters as we often squatted down opposite each other and

crossed water, laughing at the different sources from which they flowed.

My sisters often envied me the power of directing the spurt where I

pleased, so little were we from dreaming of the real intent of that

projecting little instrument.

I heard the charming creature get into bed, and shortly breathe hard. As

for me, I could not sleep. I lay awake the greater part of the night,

afraid to be restless, lest I should disturb Miss Evelyn and give her

reason to think I had been observant of her undressing. When at last I

dozed off, it was but to dream of all the charms I had seen.

About a month passed thus. Every night Miss Evelyn became more and more

at her ease, and confident of my mere childishness, often gave me

glorious and lengthened glimpses of her beautifully developed charms:

although it was only about every other night that I could enjoy them,

for, as they always produced sleeplessness afterwards, the following

night nature assured her rights, and I usually slept profoundly when I

would have preferred continued gazing on the charms of my lovely

governess. But, doubtless, those exhausting sleeps helped to throw her

off her guard, and gave me better opportunities than I should otherwise

have had. Once or twice she used the night ware before putting on her

nightgown, and I could see the rosy-lipped opening embosomed in

exquisite dark curls, pouring out its full measure of water; showing a

fine force of nature, and driving me wild with excitement. Yet it is

singular that I never once thought of applying to my fingers for relief

from the painful stiffness that nearly burst my prick asunder.

Whether mamma had observed my very frequent projection of my trousers,

or began to think it better I should not sleep in the same room as Miss

Evelyn, I cannot say, but she had my bed removed into her own. However,

I was so thoroughly treated as a mere boy by everyone in the house, that

Miss Evelyn seemed to forget my sex; and there was at all times a

freedom of carriage and an \_abandon\_ in her attitudes that she certainly

would not have indulged in if she had felt any restraint from

considering herself in the presence of a youth of the age of puberty.

In cold weather I used to sit on a low stool by the fire—Miss Evelyn was

seated in front, I had my lesson book on my knee, and she herself would

place her beautiful feet on the high school fender, with her work in her

lap, while she heard my sisters repeat their lesson, totally unconscious

that for half an hour at a time she was exposing her beautiful legs and

thighs to my ardent gaze; for sitting much below her, and bending my

head as if intent on my lesson, my eyes were below her raised

petticoats. Her close and tight-fitting white stockings displayed her

well-formed legs, for while confined to the house during our morning

lessons she did not wear drawers; so that in the position she sat in,

with her knees higher than her feet on the already high fender, and her

legs somewhat apart to hold her work in her lap more easily, the whole

glorious underswell of both thighs, and the lower part of her fine large

bottom, with the pinky slit quite visible, nestled in a rich profusion

of dark curls, were fully exposed to my view. The light from the fire

glancing under her raised petticoats tinged the whole with a glow, and

set me equally in a blaze of desire until I was almost ready to faint. I

could have rushed headlong under her petticoats, and kissed and fondled

that delicious opening and all its surroundings. Oh, how little she

thought of the passion she was raising. Oh! dear Miss Evelyn, how I did

love you from the dainty kid slipper and tight glossy silk stocking, up

to the glorious swell of the beautiful bubbies, that were so fully

exposed to me nearly every night, and the lovely lips of all that I

longed to lovingly embrace.

Thus day after day passed away, and Miss Evelyn became to me a goddess,

a creature whom, in my heart of hearts, I literally worshiped. When she

left the schoolroom, and I was alone, I kissed that part of the fender

her feet had pressed, and the seat on which she sat, and even the air an

inch above, imagination placing there her lovely cunt. I craved for

something beyond this without knowing exactly what I wanted; for, as

yet, I really was utterly ignorant of anything appertaining to the

conjunction of the sexes.

One day I had gone up to my sisters’ bedroom where the governess slept,

that I might throw myself on her bed, and in imagination embrace her

beautiful body. I heard someone approaching, and knowing that I had no

business there, I hid myself under the bed. The next moment Miss Evelyn

herself entered, and locked the door. It was about an hour before

dinner. Taking off her dress, and hanging it on the wardrobe, she drew

out a piece of furniture, which had been bought for her, the use of

which had often puzzled me; she took off the lid, poured water into its

basin, and placed a sponge near it. She then took off her gown, drew her

petticoats and chemise up to her waist and fastened them there,

straddled across it, and seated herself upon it.

I thus had the intoxicating delight of gazing on all her beautiful

charms, for when she tucked up her clothes she stood before her glass,

presenting to my devouring glance her glorious white bottom in all its

fullness, turning to approach the bidet, she equally exposed her lower

belly and beautiful mount, with all its wealth of hair. While straddling

over the bidet before she sat down, the whole of her pinky-lipped cunt

broke on my enraptured sight. Never shall I forget the wild excitement

of the moment. It was almost too much for my excited senses;

fortunately, when seated, the immediate cause of my almost madness

vanished. She sponged herself well between the thighs for about five

minutes. She then raised herself off the bidet, and for a moment again

displayed the pouting lips of her cunt—then stood fronting me for two or

three minutes while she removed, with the rinsed sponge, the trickling

drops of water which still gathered on the rich bush of curls around her

quim. Thus her belly, mount and thighs, whose massy-fleshed and most

voluptuous shape were more fully seen by me than they had heretofore

been, and it may easily be conceived into what a state such a deliberate

view threw me.

Oh, Miss Evelyn, dear, delicious Miss Evelyn! what would you have

thought had you known that I was gazing on all your angelic charms, and

that my eager eyes had been straining themselves to penetrate the

richness of those charming pouting lips which lay so snugly in that rich

mass of dark curling hair. Oh! how I do long to kiss them; for at that

time I had no other idea of embracing and still less of penetrating

them.

When her ablutions were completed, she sat down and drew off her

stockings, displaying her beautiful white calves and charming little

feet. I believe it was this first admiration of really exquisitely

formed legs, ankles and feet, which were extraordinarily perfect in

make, that first awakened my passion for those objects, which have since

always exercised a peculiar charm over me. She was also so particularly

neat in her shoes—little dark ones—that were \_bijoux\_ to look at, I

often took them up and kissed them, when left in the room. Then her silk

stockings, always drawn up tight and fitting like a glove, set off to

the greatest advantage the remarkable fine shape of her legs.

Putting on silk for cotton stockings, she took down a low-bodiced dress,

finished her toilet, and left the room. I crawled out from under the

bed, washed my face and hands in the water of the bidet, and even drank

some in my excitement.

Some six weeks had now elapsed since the arrival of Miss Evelyn. The

passion that had seized me for her had so far kept me most obedient to

her slightest command, or even wish, and, from the same cause, attentive

to my lessons, when not distracted by the circumstances already

detailed. My example had also had the effect of keeping my sisters much

in the same groove, but it was impossible this could last—it was not

nature. As long as all went smoothly, Miss Evelyn seemed to be all

amiability. We fancied we could do as we liked, and we grew more

careless.

Miss Evelyn became more reserved, and cautioned us at first, and then

threatened us with the rod. We did not think she would make use of it.

Mary grew impertinent, and one afternoon turned sulky over her lessons,

and set our teacher at defiance. Miss Evelyn, who had been growing more

and more angry, had her rise from her seat. She obeyed with an impudent

leer. Seizing her by the arm, Miss Evelyn dragged the struggling girl to

the horse. My sister was strong and fought hard, using both teeth and

nails, but it was to no purpose. The anger of our governess was fully

roused, and raising her in her arms, she carried her forcibly to the

horse, placed her on it, held her firmly with one hand while she put the

noose round her with the other, which, when drawn, secured her body;

other nooses secured each ankle to rings in the floor, keeping her legs

apart by the projection of the horse, and also forcing the knees to bend

a little, by which the most complete exposure of the bottom, and, in

fact, of all her private parts too, was obtained.

Miss Evelyn then left her, and went to mamma for a rod. In a few minutes

she returned, evidently flushed with passion, and proceded to tie Mary’s

petticoats well up to her waist, leaving her bottom and her pinky slit

quite bare and exposed directly before my eyes. It was quite two months

since I had seen her private parts, and I was well surprised to observe

the lips more pouting and swelled out, as well as the symptoms of a

mossy covering of the mount much more developed. Indeed, it was in

itself more exciting than I had expected, for my thoughts had so long

dwelt only on the riper beauties of Miss Evelyn that I had quite ceased

to have any toying with Mary.

This full view of all her private parts reawakened former sensations and

strengthened them. Miss Evelyn first removed her own scarf, laying bare

her plump ivory shoulders, and showing the upper halves of her beautiful

bubbies, which were heaving with the excitement of her anger. She bared

her fine right arm, and grasping the rod, stepped back and raised her

arm; her eyes glistened in a peculiar way. She was indeed beautiful to

see.

I shall never forget that moment—it was but a moment. The rod whistled

through the air and fell with a cruel cut on poor Mary’s plump little

bottom. The flesh quivered again, and Mary, who had resolved not to cry,

flushed in her face, and bit the damask with which the horse was

covered.

Again the arm was raised, and again, with a sharp whistle, it fell on

the palpating buttocks below it. Still her stubborn temper bore her up,

and although we saw how she winced, not a sound escaped her lips.

Drawing back a step, Miss Evelyn again raised her hand and arm, and this

time her aim was so true that the longer points of the rod doubled

between the buttocks and concentrated themselves between the lips of

Mary’s privates. So agonising was the pain that she screamed out

dreadfully. Again the rod fell precisely on the same spot.

“Oh! oh! oh! Dear Miss Evelyn. I will never, no, never, do so again.”

Her shrieks were of no avail. Cut succeeded cut, yell succeeded

yell—until the rod was worn to a stump, and poor Mary’s bottom was one

mass of weals and red as raw beef. It was fearful to see, and yet such

is our nature that to see it was, at the same time, exciting. I could

not keep my eyes from her pouting quim, the swelling lips of which,

under the severity of the punishment it was undergoing, not only seemed

to thicken, but actually opened and shut, and evidently throbbed with

agony. But all this was highly exciting for me to witness. I then and

there resolved to have a closer inspection at a more convenient

opportunity, which did not fail me in the end.

Meanwhile, her spirit was completely cowed, or rather, crushed. Indeed,

we were all fully frightened, and now knew what we had to expect, if we

did not behave ourselves. There was now no fear of any manifestation of

temper, and we felt we must indeed obey implicitly whatever our

governess chose to order. We instinctively learned to fear her.

A very few days after this memorable whipping, some visitors arrived—a

gentleman and lady. The gentleman was an old friend of mamma’s, who had

lately married, and mamma had asked them to visit her on their wedding

tour and spent a short time with us.

The gentleman was a fine-looking man, tall and powerfully built; the

lady rather delicate looking, but well shaped, with good breasts and

shoulders, small waist, and spreading haunches, well-formed arms, small

hands and feet, and very brilliant eyes.

I think it was about three days after their arrival that one afternoon I

went into the spare room, which was occupied by these visitors; while

there, I heard them coming upstairs. The lady entered first, and I had

just time to slip into a closet and draw the door to; it was not quite

closed, but nearly so. In a minute the gentleman followed, and gently

shutting the door, locked it. Mrs. Benson smiled, and said—

“Well, my love, you are a sad teaser; you let me have no rest. Surely,

you had enough last night and this morning without wanting it again so

soon?”

“Indeed, I had not,” he said, “I never can have enough of your delicious

person. So come, we must not be long about it, or our absence will be

observed.”

He seized her round the waist, and drew her lips to his, and gave her a

long, long kiss; squeezing her to him, and moving himself against her.

Then seating himself, he pulled her on his knee, and thrust his hand up

her petticoats, their mouths being glued together for some time.

“We must be quick, dear,” she murmured.

He got up, and lifted her on the edge of the bed, threw her back, and

taking her legs under his arms, exposed everything to my view. She had

not so much hair on her mount of Venus as Miss Evelyn, but her slit

showed more pouting lips, and appeared more open. Judge of my excitement

when I saw Mr. Benson unbutton his trousers and pull out an immense

cock. Oh, dear, how large it looked; it almost frightened me. With his

fingers he placed the head between the lips of Mrs. Benson’s sheath, and

then letting go his hold, and placing both arms so as to support her

legs, he pushed it all right into her to the hilt at once. I was

thunderstruck that Mrs. Benson did not shriek with agony, it did seem

such a large thing to thrust right into her belly. However, far from

screaming with pain, she appeared to enjoy it. Her eyes glistened, her

face flushed, and she smiled most graciously on Mr. B. The two appeared

very happy. His large cock slipped in and out quite smoothly, and his

hands pressed the large glossy buttocks and pulled them to him at each

home thrust. This lasted nearly five minutes, when all at once Mr. B.

stopped short, and then followed one or two convulsive shoves—he

grinning in a very absurd way at her. He remained quiet for a few

minutes, and then drew out his cock, all soft, with slimy drops falling

from it onto the carpet. Taking a towel, he wiped up the carpet, and

wrapping it round his cock, went to the basin and washed it.

Mrs. Benson lay for a few minutes longer all exposed, her quim more open

than before, and I could see a white slime oozing from it.

You can hardly imagine the wild excitement this scene occasioned me.

First, the grand mystery was at once explained to me, and my ignorant

longings now knew to what they tended. After giving me plenty of time to

realise all the beauties of her private parts, she slipped down on the

floor, adjusted her petticoats, and smoothed the disordered counterpane,

and then went to the glass to arrange her hair. This done, she quietly

unlocked the door, and Mr. Benson went out. The door was then relocked,

and Mrs. B. went to the basin, emptied and filled it, then raised up her

petticoats, and bathed the parts between her legs with a sponge, and

then rubbed all dry with a towel; all this time exposing everything to

my ardent gaze. But, horror of horrors! she after this came straight to

the closet and gave a slight scream on discovering me there. I blushed

up to the ears, and tried to stammer out an excuse. She stared at me at

first in silent amazement; but at last said—

“How came you here, sir, tell me?”

“I was here when you came up; I wanted my football, which was in this

closet, and when I heard you coming, I hid myself, I don’t know why.”

For some minutes she seemed to consider and examine me attentively. She

then said—

“Can you be discreet?”

“Oh, yes, ma’am.”

“You will never tell anyone what you have seen?”

“No ma’am.”

“Well, keep this promise, and I shall try what I can do to reward you.

Now, go downstairs.”

I went to the schoolroom, but I was greatly agitated, I scarcely knew

what I was doing. The scene I had witnessed had complete possession of

my thoughts. In years but a boy, the mystery now practically explained

to me had awakened all the passions of a man. Instead of studying my

lessons, my thoughts wandered to Mrs. B., thrown back on the bed with

her fine legs and thighs fully exposed; above all, the sight of the

pinky gash, with its fleecy hair at the bottom of her belly, which I had

seen for some minutes all open and oozing out the slimy juice that

followed the amorous encounter they had been indulging in. It seemed so

much more developed than Miss Evelyn’s. I felt sure that Miss Evelyn

could never take in such a thick long thing as Mr. B. had thrust into

his wife, and yet it appeared to go in so easily, and moved about so

smoothly, and so evidently to the satisfaction and utmost delight of

both, as was proved by their ardent embracings, fond murmurs, and

voluptuous movements, especially just before they both ceased together

all movement whatever.

Then I thought, how delicious it would be to treat Miss Evelyn in the

same way, and to revel with my stiff-standing prick in her delicious

quim, which in my mind’s eye I saw before me as I had viewed it on her

rising from the bidet, when I lay hid under the bed. Then I thought of

my sister Mary’s smaller, although attractive little quim, and I

resolved, as that was the easiest to get hold of, to initiate her in all

the newly discovered mysteries. I fully determined that my own first

lesson, as well as hers, should be taken on her little fat chubby cunt.

Then the recollection of its pouting and throbbing lips under the

fearful flagellation she had undergone, began to excite me, and made my

cock stand stiff and throb again. All the weeks of excitement I had now

constantly been under had produced a wonderful effect on my pego, which

had become considerably more developed when in a state of erection. As

you may suppose, with such distracting thoughts, I did not get on with

my lessons. Miss Evelyn, for some reason or other, was out of humour

that morning, and more than once spoke crossly to me for my evident

inattention. At length she called me to her, and finding that I had

scarcely done anything, she said—

“Now, Charles, I give you ten minutes longer to finish that sum, if not

done in that time I shall whip you; you are exhibiting the mere spirit

of idleness. I do not know what has come over you, but if persisted in,

you shall certainly be punished.”

The idea of the beautiful Miss Evelyn whipping my bare bottom did not

tend to calm my excitement, on the contrary, it turned my lewd thoughts

upon the beauties of her person, which I had so often furtively gazed

upon.

It was close upon four o’clock, at which hour we always broke up for a

run in the garden for an hour, and during this period I had resolved to

begin instructing Mary in the secret mysteries I had so lately been a

witness to. But fate had ordered it otherwise, and I was to receive my

first practical lesson and be initiated on the person of a riper and

more beautiful woman; but of this hereafter. At four o’clock I had done

nothing with my task—Miss Evelyn looked grave:

“Mary and Eliza, you may go out, Charles will remain here.”

My sisters, simply imagining that I was kept to finish my lessons, ran

into the garden. Miss Evelyn turned the key in the door, opened a

cupboard, and withdrew a birch rod neatly tied up with blue ribbons. Now

my blood coursed through my veins, and my fingers trembled so that I

could hardly hold my pencil.

“Put down your slate, Charles, and come to me.”

I obeyed, and stood before my beautiful governess, with a strange

commixture of fear and desire.

“Unfasten your braces, and pull down your trousers.”

I commenced doing this, though but very slowly. Angry at my delay her

delicate fingers speedily accomplished the work. My trousers fell to my

feet.

“Place yourself across my knees.”

Tremblingly, with the same commixture of feeling, I obeyed. Her silk

dress was drawn up to prevent its being creased—my naked flesh pressed

against her snowy white petticoats. A delicate perfume of violet and

vervain assailed my nerves. As I felt her soft and delicate fingers

drawing up my shirt, and passing over my bare posteriors, while the

warmth of her pulpy form beneath me penetrated my flesh, nature exerted

her power, and my prick began to swell out to a most painful extent. I

had but little time, however, to notice this before a rapid succession

of the most cruel cuts lacerated my bottom.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, Miss Evelyn. I will do the sum if you

will only forgive me. Oh, oh, oh, &c.”

Holding me firmly with her left arm, Miss Evelyn used the rod most

unmercifully. At first, the pain was excruciating, and I roared out as

loud as I could, but gradually the pain ceased to be so acute, and was

succeeded by the most delicious tickling sensation. My struggles at

first had been so violent as to greatly disorder Miss Evelyn’s

petticoats, and to raise them up so as to expose to my delighted eyes

her beautifully formed silk-clad legs up to the knees, and even an inch

or two of naked thigh above.

This, together with the intense tickling irritation communicated to my

bottom, as well as to the friction of my cock against the person of Miss

Evelyn in my struggles, rendered me almost delirious, and I tossed and

pushed myself about on her knees in a state of perfect frenzy as the

blows continued to be showered down upon my poor bottom. At last the rod

was worn to a stump, and I was pushed off her knees. As I rose before

her, with my cheeks streaming with tears, my shirt was jutting out

considerably in front in an unmistakable and most prominent manner, and

my prick was at the same time throbbing beneath it with convulsive

jerks, which I could by no means restrain.

Miss Evelyn glared at the projection in marked astonishment, and her

open eyes were fixed upon it as I stood rubbing my bottom and crying,

without attempting to move or button up my trousers. She continued for

a minute or two to stare at the object of attraction, flushing scarlet

up to the forehead, and then she suddenly seemed to recollect herself,

drew a heavy breath, and rapidly left the room. She did not return

until after my sisters came back from the garden, and seemed still

confused, and avoided fixing her eye upon me.

In two days afterwards, all disagreeable marks of this very severe

whipping had disappeared. On the following day we were invited to pass

the afternoon at the grange, a beautiful place about two miles from us.

The afternoon was fine and warm; we walked there, and arrived about four

o’clock. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were in the drawing room, but at once

desired us to go in the garden and amuse ourselves with their three

daughters, whom we would find there. We went at once, and found them

amusing themselves on a swing. Sophia, the eldest, about nineteen, was

swinging a sister about two years younger, a very fine, fully developed

young woman. Indeed, all three sisters were finer women and more

beautiful than the average of young ladies.

Another sister, Agnes, was not seated, but standing on the board between

the ropes. Sophia was making both mount as high as possible. They were

laughing loudly, when we found them, at the exposure each made—one in

advancing, the other retiring. Agnes’s light dress of muslin and single

petticoat, as she retired and the wind came up from behind, was bulged

out in front, and exposed her limbs up to her belly, so that one could

see that her mount was already well furnished. The other, in advancing,

threw her legs up, and exposed all the underside of her thighs and a

part of her bottom, and you could just discern that there was dark hair

between the lower thighs and bottom.

As they considered me but a child, I was no check to their mirth and

sport. On the contrary, they gave me a long rope to pull down the swing

when at its highest, and I sat down on the grass in front for greater

convenience. The fine limbs and hairy quims exposed freely before me

from moment to moment excited my passions. None of them wore more than

one petticoat, and they had no drawers, so that when they mounted to the

highest point from me, I had the fullest possible view of all. My cock

soon rose to a painful extent, which I really believe was noticed and

enjoyed by them, I observed, too, that I was an object of attention to

Miss Evelyn, who shortly seated herself in the swing, and allowed me to

swing her with the end of the rope. I even fancied that she threw up her

legs more than was at all necessary; at all events, she naturally, with

the strong feelings I had towards her, excited me more than all the

rest.

We were as merry as could be, and we passed a delightful evening until

eight o’clock, when it began to rain. As it continued, and became very

heavy, Mr. Robinson ordered out the closed carriage to take us home. It

was a brougham, only seated for two. Mary took Eliza on her knee, Miss

Evelyn took me upon hers. I know not how it happened, but her lovely arm

soon passed round my body as if to hold me on her knee, and her hand

fell, apparently by accident, exactly on my cock—the touch was electric.

In an instant, my member stood stiff and strong beneath her hand. Still

Miss Evelyn, who must have felt the movement going on beneath her

fingers, did not remove her hand, but rather seemed to press more upon

it. In my boyish ignorance, I imagined she was not aware of what was

happening. The motion and jolting of the carriage over rough road caused

her hand to rub up and down upon my erected and throbbing member. I was

almost beside myself, and to conceal my condition I feigned sleep. I let

my head fall on Miss Evelyn’s shoulder and neck—she allowed this.

Whether she thought I had really fallen asleep I know not, but I was

quite sensible that her fingers pressed my swollen and throbbing cock,

and I fancied she was measuring its size.

The tight grasp she managed to gain, and the continued jolting of the

carriage, brought me up at last to such a pitch state that a greater

jolt than usual, repeated two or three times in succession, each

followed by a firmer pressure of her charming fingers, caused me such an

excess of excitement that I actually swooned away with the most

delicious sensation I had ever experienced in my life. I was some time

before I knew where I was, or what I was about, and was only made

conscious of our arrival at home by Miss Evelyn shaking me to rouse me

up. I stumbled up, but though partially stupefied, I fancied Miss

Evelyn’s eyes shone with a brilliancy I had never before observed, and

that there was a bright hectic flush on her cheek. She refused to go

into the parlour, but hurried to bed on pretence of a headache.

When I retired to bed, and took off my shirt, I found it all sticky and

wet in front.

It was thus I paid down my first tribute to Venus. I thought long over

this evident approach to familiarity on the part of Miss Evelyn, and

went to sleep with a lively hope of a more private interview with her,

when I trusted that her evident passion would initiate me in the

pleasures to be derived from her beauteous body.

But again fate intervened, and another, not less beautiful, more

experienced, and more inclined for the sport, was to be my charming

mistress in love’s revels.

Two days after this, Mr. Benson was unexpectedly called away on pressing

affairs, which he feared might detain him three weeks. He left Mrs. B.

with us. As he had to be driven about nine miles to the town where the

coach passed, mamma took the opportunity of going to the town with him.

Mrs. B. complained of not being equal to the fatigue, and mamma told

Miss Evelyn she would like her company, and as the two girls wanted new

shoes, they could go also; I was to remain at home, and mamma desired me

to be quiet and attentive to Mrs. Benson, who, observing no one, said to

me, with a peculiar look:

“I shall want you to hold my skeins, Charlie, so don’t go out of the

way, but be ready for me as soon as they are gone.”

She then went up to her bedroom, where Mr. B. immediately joined her, no

doubt to re-enact the scene I had already witnessed from the closet on a

previous day. They were fully half an hour occupied together. At length,

all was ready, and off they went, leaving me to a fate I had little

dreamt of.

Mrs. B. proposed we should go up to the drawing room, which looked out

to the garden, and was nowhere overlooked. I followed her, and could not

help admiring her fine figure as she preceded me in going upstairs.

Although pale in complexion, she was well made, and very elegant in her

carriage, and sat down on a low easy chair, throwing herself completely

back, and crossing one leg over the other, apparently without being

aware that she carried her petticoats up with the action, and exhibited

the beautiful underleg up to the garter.

I had never forgotten the day, when secreted in the closet, I had seen

them completely exposed, and how charming they were. Her present

negligent attitude, although far from the same exposure I speak of, was

still, with the former recollection running in my head, enough to set my

whole blood on fire. I have before remarked what a power beautiful and

well-stockinged legs, and ankles and small feet, had upon my nervous

system, and so it was now. As I gazed upon her handsome legs, ankles,

and feet, I felt my prick swell and throb in a manner that could not

fail to be perceptible to Mrs. B, especially as her head lay on a level

with that part of my person as I stood before her.

Although she continued knitting, I could see that her eyes were directed

to that part of my person, and fixed upon the increasing distention of

my trousers. In a few minutes she gave me a skein of worsted to hold,

and desired me to kneel in front of her, so as to bring my hands down to

the level of the low chair on which she was seated.

I knelt close to the footstool on which her foot rested; it was raised

up, and a very slight movement brought it against my person, at first

rather below where my throbbing prick was distending my trousers. As she

commenced to wind her ball, she gradually pushed her foot further

forward, until the toe actually touched the knob of my cock, and

occasionally moved it right and left, exciting me beyond measure.

I flushed up to the very ears, and trembled so violently that I thought

I should have dropped the skein.

“My dear boy, what is the matter with you, that you blush and tremble

so, are you unwell?”

I could not answer, blushed more than ever. The skein at length was

finished.

“Charles,” she said, “get up, and come here.”

I rose and stood by her side.

“What have you got in your trousers that is moving?”

And here her busy fingers commenced unbuttoning them. Released from

confinement, out started my prick—stiff as iron, and as large as that of

a youth of eighteen. Indeed, I was better hung than one boy selected out

of five hundred of that age. Mrs. B., who had pretended to be perfectly

astonished, exclaimed—

“Good gracious, what a pego! Why Charles, my darling, you are a man not

a boy. What a size to be sure!” and she gently handled it. “Is it often

in this state?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“For how long?”

“Ever since Miss Evelyn came.”

“And pray, sir, what has Miss Evelyn’s coming had to do with it?”

“I—I—I—I—”

“Come now, Charles, be candid with me; what is it you mean where you say

Miss Evelyn has caused you to be in such a state, have you shown her

this, and has she handled it?”

“Oh! dear no; never, never!”

“Is it her face, her bosom, or her legs that have captivated you?”

“It was her feet and ankles, ma’am, with her beautiful legs, which she

sometimes exhibited without knowing.”

“And do all ladies’ legs and ankles produce this effect upon you?”

“Oh, yes, ma’am, if they are neat and pretty!”

“And what make you so excited now?”

“It was the sight of your beautiful legs just now, and the recollection

of what I saw the other day, ma’am,” I stammered out, blushing more than

ever.

While this conversation was going on, her soft hand grasped my distended

prick, and had commenced slowly slipping the loose skin over the swollen

head, and allowing it to slip back again.

“I suppose, Charles, after what you saw in the closet, you know what

this is meant to do.”

I muttered out an indistinct reply that I did, and I hung down my

blushing face.

“You have never put it into a lady, have you?”

“Oh! dear no, ma’am.”

“Would you like to do so?”

I did not answer, but sheepishly held down my head.

“Did you see what I had in the same place, when you were in the closet?”

I muttered, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Would it afford you any pleasure to see it again?”

“Oh, yes; so much!”

Mrs. B. rose, went to the window, drew down the blind, then gently

turned the key in the door. Returning to the chair, and drawing well up

her dress, petticoats and chemise, she exposed all her person up to the

middle of her belly; and sat down stretching herself backwards, and

opening her thighs well.

“Well, my dear boy, look at it if you wish.”

I was no longer shy. Nature prompted me to an act of gallantry that

gratified the lady immensely. Falling on my knees, I glued my lips to

the delicious spot, pushing my tongue in as far as I could, and sucked

it. It was quite spunky; I had no doubt but that Mr. B. had fucked her

two or three times just before leaving. This, however, made no

difference to me. The attack was as unexpected as it was delightful to

the lady. She placed both hands on my head and pressed my face against

her throbbing cunt. She was evidently hotly excited, not only by what I

was then doing, but by the scene, the conversation, and the handling of

my prick, which she had been indulging in. She wriggled her bottom

nervously below me, I continued to greedily lick her moist and juicy

cunt.

“Oh! oh! dear Charles, what exquisite delight you are giving me. Oh!

oh!”

And she pressed my face more fully into the gaping sheath, and thrusting

her bottom up at the same time, spent right into my mouth, over my

cheeks, chin, and neck. Her thighs closed convulsively round my head,

and for some moments she remained still. I continued to lick away, and

swallowed the delicious spunk that still flowed from her. At last she

spoke again—

“Oh! you darling Charles, I love you for ever; but get up, it is now my

turn to give you a taste of the exquisite pleasure you have given me.”

I raised myself, and she drew me to her, and gave me a long kiss,

licking her own sperm from off my lips and cheek; and desiring me to

thrust my tongue into her mouth, she sucked it deliciously, while her

soft hand and gentle fingers had again sought, found, and caressed my

stiff-standing prick. She then desired me to lay myself on the floor,

with three pillows to raise my head, and lifting up all her petticoats,

and striding across me, with her back to my face, she knelt down, then

stooping forward, she took my standing prick in her mouth, and at the

same time lowering her buttocks, brought her beautiful cunt right over

and down upon my mouth, the pillows exactly supporting my head at the

proper level, to command a thorough enjoyment of the whole, which now I

had completely before my eyes.

In the former sucking my own position hid everything from view beyond

the rich mass of hair adorning her splendid mount of Venus, which I

found to be much more abundant than it had appeared to me when I had

seen it from the closet. When I applied my lips to the delicious gap, I

found that she had the most beautiful silky light curls running up to

and around her charming pink bottom-hole, and losing themselves in the

chink between the buttocks. I applied myself furiously to the delicious

gash, and sucked and thrust my tongue in alternately. I could see by the

nervous twitching of her buttocks, and the bearing down of her whole

bottom on my face, how much she was enjoying it. I, too, was in an

extasy of delight. One hand gently frigged the lower portion of my

prick, while the other played with my balls, and her beautiful mouth,

lips, and tongue sucked, pressed, and tickled the head of my excited

prick. The more furiously I sucked her cunt, the more her lips

compressed the head of my pego, and her tongue sought to enter the

urethra, giving me almost overpowering delight. Such reciprocal efforts

soon brought on the extatic crisis, I cried out:

“Oh, lady! oh, dear lady! let me go; I am dying!”

She knew well enough what was coming, but she had her own way, and at

the instant that she again poured down upon my mouth and face a

plenteous discharge, her own rosy mouth received a torrent of my sperm.

For some minutes we lay mutually breathless and exhausted. Then Mrs. B.

rose, shook down her clothes, assisted me to rise, and taking me in her

arms, and pressing me lovingly to her bosom, told me I was a dear

charming fellow, and had enraptured her beyond measure. She then

embraced me fondly, kissing my mouth and eyes, and desiring me to give

her my tongue, sucked it so sweetly.

“Now, fasten up your trousers, my darling boy.”

When I had done so, the blind was drawn up, and the door unlocked.

We sat down, I by her side with one arm round her lovely neck, and the

other clasped in her hand.

“I am sure I can depend upon your prudence, my dear Charles, to keep all

this a profound secret from everyone. Your mamma thinks you a child, and

will suspect nothing. I shall take an opportunity of suggesting that you

shall sleep in the small room adjoining my bedroom, and with which there

is a door of communication. When everyone is gone to bed, I shall open

the door, and you shall come and sleep with me, and I will let you enjoy

me as you saw Mr. B. do the other day. Will you like that?”

“Oh! above all things, oh, yes. But you must also allow me to kiss that

delicious spot again that has just given me such pleasure. Will you not,

ma’am?”

“Oh, yes, my darling boy, whenever we can do so safely, and unobserved;

but I must impress upon you never to seem very familiar with me before

anyone, or to take the slightest liberty unless I invite you to do so.

Anything of the sort would certainly draw attention, and lead to our

detection, and at once put an end to what I mean shall be a delightful

connection for you as well as myself.”

I, of course, promised the most perfect obedience to her very prudent

directions. The ice was broken, and we allowed no ceremony to stand

between us. I grew again very excited, and would fain have proceeded at

once to try again to fuck her as well as suck her, but she was

inexorable, and told me I should only spoil the pleasure we should

afterwards have in bed. The day passed like an hour in her charming

society.

The carriage brought mamma and party to dinner. Mamma hoped I had

behaved well, and been attentive to Mrs. B. in her absence. She answered

nothing could be better, and that I was quite a model youth—so gentle

and so obedient.

My mother found that she had caught cold, and had febrile symptoms after

dinner. Mrs. B. persuaded her to retire to bed, and accompanied her.

When in her room, she apparently noticed, for the first time, my little

bed. She took the opportunity of suggesting that it would be much better

to remove it to the small room, so as to leave my mother in perfect

quiet, which my coming to bed might disturb.

This was said in such an innocent natural manner, that no suspicion was

excited on the part of mamma or anybody else. Mamma only making the

objection that my early rising might by my noise disturb Mrs. B. in the

next room.

“Oh, no; I am not so easily disturbed, besides he has been so well

behaved all day, that I am sure, if I tell him to be quiet in the

morning, he will not fail to do so.”

So it was settled, and my bed was at once removed to the little room.

I know not what Miss Evelyn thought of this; at any rate, she made no

remark, and I went to bed early. It will easily be conceived that I did

not go to sleep. The hours struck one after the other, and no appearance

of my amiable instructress. The remembrance of all her charms was ever

present to my mind’s eye, and I longed once more to dart my tongue into

her moist and juicy cunt, as well as to try the new method that was to

initiate me into the real secrets of Venus.

The long delay of her coming put me in a perfect fever. I tossed and

tumbled in bed; my prick throbbed almost to bursting. Fortunately, I had

never frigged myself, and that resource never occured to me, or I might

have rendered myself quite incapable of enjoying the raptures my

beautiful benefactress afterwards entranced me with. At last I heard

voices and footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. B. bid Miss Evelyn good night,

and the next minute her door was opened, closed again, and the key

turned in the lock. I had taken the precaution to do so with my door. I

heard her use the night vase, and then she opened my door, at once

coming to my bedside. Seeing me awake and quite flushed, she kissed me,

and whispered—

“Have you not been to sleep, Charles?”

“No, ma’am,” I answered, in the same subdued tone, “I could not sleep.”

“Why, dear boy?”

“Because I was going to sleep with you.”

Her lips pressed mine, and her soft hand, thrust under the clothes;

sought for and caressed my stiff-standing prick—it was as hard as iron.

“Poor boy, I am afraid you have been suffering. How long has it been in

this state?”

“All the evening, ma’am, and I did think you were such a long time in

coming.”

“Well, Charles, I could not come sooner without causing suspicion—I

thought Miss Evelyn was suspicious, so I pretended to have no desire to

go to bed; and even when she showed evident symptoms of drowsiness after

her long ride, I rallied her upon it, and begged her to sit up with me

yet a little; until at last she could hold out no longer, and begged me

to let her retire. I grumblingly complied, and she is thrown completely

off any scent on our account, as she could never suppose I was impatient

as you to come here. I shall undress as fast as possible, and then do my

best to relieve you of this painful stiffness. Get up, shut this door,

and come to my bed. My room has an inner baize door, and we shall there

be certain of not being overheard.”

I instantly complied, and she commenced undressing. Every detail of her

charming toilet was devoured by my greedy eyes. Her smooth, glossy, and

abundant hair, arranged in braids, was neatly fastened in under a

coquettish lace cap with pretty blue ribbons. Her \_chemise de nuit\_ of

the finest, almost transparent cambric was edged with fine openwork. She

looked devine. The drawers of the commode contained scent bags of that

peculiar odour which is generally found to perfume the persons of the

most seductive women. In another moment she was in bed, clasping me in

her arms.

“Now, Charles, you must be a good boy, and make no noise, and allow me

to teach you your first love lesson, see I will lay myself down on my

back, thus—do you place yourself on your knees between my out-spread

thighs—there, that is a darling—now let me lay hold of your dear

instrument. Now lay yourself down on me.”

I placed myself on her beautiful smooth and white belly and pressed

against the hair of her mount. With her long taper fingers she guided my

prick—I trembled in every limb and almost felt sick with excitement—but

when I felt the delicious sensation caused by the insertion of my

skinned pintle between the smooth warm oily folds of the lady’s cunt—I

gave but one shove which carried me up so that I swooned away on her

belly and milk-white bosom.

When I came to myself I still lay on her belly, enfolded in her lovely

arms, my prick sheathed up to the cods in her delicious cunt, which was

throbbing in the most extatic way and pressing and closing with every

fold on my prick—which had hardly lost any of its pristine stiffness; as

my eyes began to discern her features, an exquisite smile played upon my

darling companion’s lips.

“You sad rogue,” she whispered, “you have given me a baby; what have you

been doing to make you spend so soon, and in such a quantity. Did you

like it?”

“Oh, dearest madam, I have been in heaven—surely no joy can be greater

than you have given me.”

“But you do not know as yet everything that is to be done, and to how

much greater an extent the pleasure may be enhanced by mutual efforts;

move your instrument gently in and out—there, that is delicious, but not

so fast. Good, is it not nice!”

And she moved in unison with me, meeting each slow thrust down by an

equal movement upwards, and squeezing my prick in the most delicious

manner internally, as she retired again to meet succeeding thrusts in

the same way.

Oh! it was extatic—my prick, swollen to its utmost size, seemed to fill

her exquisite vagina, which although capable of easily accommodating the

larger prick of Mr. B., appeared to be sufficiently contracted to

embrace tightly with its smooth and slippery folds my stiff throbbing

prick. So we continued, I shoving myself into her, and she upheaving her

beautiful bottom to meet me. My hands removed everywhere, and my mouth

sucked her lips and tongue, or wandered over her pulpy breasts sucking

their tiny nipples. It was a long bout indeed, prolonged by Mrs.

Benson’s instructions, and she enjoyed it thoroughly, encouraged me by

every endearing epithet, and by the most voluptuous manoeuvres. I was

quite beside myself. The consciousness that I was thrusting my most

private part into that part of a lady’s person which is regarded with

such sacred delicacy caused me to experience the most enraptured

pleasure. Maddened by the intensity of my feeling I at length quickened

my pace. My charming companion did the same, and we together yielded

down a most copious and delicious discharge.

Although I retained sufficient rigidity to keep him in his place, Mrs.

B. would not allow any further connection with her, and she made me

withdraw, and bade me go to sleep like a good boy, and she would give me

a further lesson in the morning.

Finding that she was determined on this point, and that she disposed

herself to slumber, I felt I was obliged to follow her example, and at

last fell fast asleep. It might be about five in the morning, quite

light at that time of year, when I awoke, and instead of finding myself,

as usual, in my own little bed—I found my arms round the person of a

charming woman, whose large plump smooth bottom lay in my lap, pressing

against my belly and thigh. I found my prick already in a rampant state,

and it at once began throbbing and forcing its way between the delicious

cheeks of her immense bottom, seeking the delightful sheath it had so

enjoyed the previous part of the night. Whether Mrs. B, was asleep or

not, I do not know, but am inclined to think she really was so, from the

muttered mistake she made in waking. She was probably dreaming, for she

mechanically raised her thighs. I pressed my prick stoutly forward

against her luxurious body, knowing that the entrance to the temple of

pleasure which had so entranced me the night before lay in that

direction. I found more difficulties than I expected, but at length

began to penetrate, although the orifice appeared much tighter than on

the previous evening. Excited by the difficulties of entrance, I clasped

the lady firmly round the waist and pushed forcibly and steadily

forward. I felt the folds give way to the iron stiffness of my prick,

and one-half of it was fairly embedded in my extremely tight sheath. I

put down my hand to press my prick a little downwards to facilitate the

further entrance; you may imagine my astonishment when on so doing I

found myself in the lady’s bottom-hole, instead of her cunt. This at

once explained the difficulty of entrance. I was about to withdraw and

place it in the proper orifice when a convulsive pressure of the

sphincter caused me such exquisite satisfaction by the pressure of the

folds on the more sensitive upper half of my prick, which was so

delicious, and so much tighter, and more exciting than my previous

experience of the cunt that I could not resist the temptation of

carrying the experiment to the end. Therefore, thrusting my two fingers

into her cunt, I pressed my belly forwards with all my might, and

sheathed my prick in her bottom-hole to its full extent. Mrs. B at this

awoke, and exclaimed, “Good Heavens! Fred, you hurt me cruelly. I wish

you would be content with my cunt, I shall be unable to walk tomorrow.

You know it always has that effect. It is downright cruel of you—but

since you are in, stay quiet a little, and then continue to frig me with

your fingers, as you know that eventually gives me great pleasure.”

She calls me Fred, what can she mean? I was, however, too agreeably

situated to speculate on anything, but as I was now buried within her

bottom-hole, I lay quiet for a few minutes as she had requested; and as

her complaints subsided, and I felt a slight reciprocating movement, I,

too, moved within her, working at the same time my two fingers in her

cunt. By this time she was wide awake, and became conscious of who was

her bedfellow.

“What are you about, Charles?” she exclaimed, “do you know where you

are?”

“I did not know I was doing anything wrong.”

“Doing wrong, indeed! My, a lady’s bottom-hole was never intended for a

pego. How came you to put it in there?”

“I cannot tell; I did not do it on purpose. I thought I was going into

the same delightful place I was in last night.”

All this time I was moving my prick in and out of one aperture, and my

fingers were working away in the other. The tightness of the sheath

round my prick was delicious beyond anything I could conceive, and I

think, from the way the lady conducted herself, she liked it as much as

I did. At any rate, she permitted me to go on until I had a delicious

discharge; and she herself spent all over my hand.

When the bout was over, she jumped out of bed, went to the basin, and

with a sponge purified herself. After which, she said—

“My dear boy, you had better come and wash yourself, too; and take care

not to make a mistake of this kind again, as it is sometimes attended

with disagreeable consequences.”

It was now perfect sunny daylight, and my enchanting mistress looked so

lovely in her almost transparent cambric nightshirt that I was

emboldened to ask her to let me see her perfectly naked in all her

glorious beauty of form. She gratified me at once; but laughingly,

pulled off my nightshirt, and said—

“I, too, must have the pleasure not only of contemplating your promising

youthful charms, but of embracing your dear form disencumbered of all

the superfluities of dress.”

We clasped each other in a most enrapturing embrace, and then my lovely

and engaging companion allowed me to turn her in every direction so as

to see, admire, and devour every charm of her exquisitely formed body.

Oh! she was indeed beautiful—shoulders broad, bosom, or rather upper

neck, flat, not showing any projection of the collar bone; bubbies firm,

well separated and round, with most exquisite rosy nipples not much

developed; a perfect waist, small naturally, with charming swelling

hips, and an immense bottom—it was almost out of proportion, large, but

oh, how beautiful. Then her belly, undulating so enticingly, and

swelling out, the lowest part into a very fine and prominent mons

Veneris, covered with a thick crop of silky and curly light hair; then

the entrance to the grotto of Venus had such delicious pouting lips,

rosy, but with hair still thick on each side, which is often not the

case even with women who have a sufficient tuft above, how beautiful

where it exists as it did in this charming and perfect woman, continuing

in beautiful little curls not only down to but around her lovely pinky

and puckered little bottom-hole, the delights of which I had already, in

this infancy of my love education, tasted and enjoyed. Her two alabaster

thighs, worthily supporting by their large well-rounded fleshy forms,

the exquisite perfections of the upper body, I have already described.

How beautiful, elegant, and elongated her legs were, rising from

well-turned ankles and most tiny beautiful feet. Her skin was white as

milk, and dazzlingly fair and smooth. To my young eyes she was a perfect

goddess of beauty. Even now, in advanced life, I can remember nothing

that, as a whole surpassed her, although I have met many with points

unsurpassingly beautiful—some carry it in the bosom, some in the general

carriage, some in the mount of Venus and bottom together, and some in

legs and thighs; but this devine creature, without having the appearance

of it when dressed, was, when stripped, perfect in all her parts as well

as beautiful in face—caressing and voluptuous by nature, and lending

herself, with the most enchanting graces to instruct me in all the

mysteries of love, and let me say, of \_lust\_ also.

We caressed each other with such mutual satisfaction that nature soon

drove us to a closer and more active union of the bodies. Fondly

embracing one another, we approached the bed, and being equally excited

threw ourselves upon it, and, in the exquisite contact of our naked

flesh, enjoyed a long, long bout of love, in which my most charming

companion exhibited all the resources of amorous enjoyment. Never shall

I forget the luxury of that embrace. She checked my natural tendency to

rush at once to a completion. I think we must have enjoyed the raptures

of that embrace fully half an hour before bringing on the grand finale,

in which my active companion showed the extraordinary suppleness of her

delicious body by throwing her legs over my back, pushing my bottom

forward with her heels, and raising and sinking her bottom in unison

with each thrust of my terribly stiff prick, which seemed to swell and

become thicker and harder than ever. In retiring from each thrust, her

cunt seemed to close upon my prick with the force of a pair of pincers.

We both came to the extatic moment at the same time, and both actually

screamed with delight; my ardent mistress in her fury of excitement

actually bit my shoulder and drew blood; but I felt it not—I was in the

seventh heaven of delight, and lay for long almost insensible on her

beauteous body, clasped in her loving arms. On coming to our senses:

“Oh, my beloved boy,” she said, “never, never, have I experienced such

pleasure. You are a perfect angel. I only fear I shall come to love you

too much.”

We turned on our sides without dislodging the dear instrument of our

enjoyment, and my lovely friend prattled on and delighted me with her

toying, embracing, and gaiety. My prick had once more swelled up, and I

wished to quietly enjoy a fuck in the luxurious position in which we

lay; but my lovely friend said—

“That must not be, my dear Charles, I must consider your health. You

have already done more than your age warrants, and you must rise and go

to your bed to recover, by a sound sleep, your strength.”

“But feel how strong I am,” and I gave a forcible thrust into her

glowing and well-moistened sheath. But, though she certainly was greatly

excited, she suddenly turned round and unseated me, and drew away from

me, refusing to take it again. As she was quite naked, the movements of

her beauteous form were most graceful and enchanting, and one leg being

thrown backwards left her lovely cunt full in view, and actually gaping

open before me. Seized with the strongest desire to suck and kiss it, as

I had done the night before, I begged that at least she would grant me

that last favour, as it could not in any way do me harm. To this she

readily consented, and lay down on her back, opening her glorious

thighs, and with a pillow under her bottom so as to raise up her cunt

into a better position for me to gamahuche her, as she called it. Before

letting me begin, she said—

“My dear Charles, do you see that little projection at the upper part of

my quim, that is my clitoris, and is the site of the most exquisite

sensation; you see it is rather hard, even now, but you will find as you

titillate it with your tongue or suck it, that it will become harder and

more projecting, so apply your lips there.”

I did as my lovely mistress desired, and soon found it stiffen and stand

up nearly an inch into my mouth.

The convulsive twitches of her buttocks, the pressure forward of her

hand on my head, all proved the exquisite felicity my lovely friend was

enjoying. I slipped my hand under my chin—the position was awkward, but

I managed to thrust my thumb into her cunt. My forefinger was somewhat

in the way—but finding it exactly opposite the rosy hole of her bottom,

and all being very moist there, I pushed it forward and it easily

entered. I could not move my hand very actively, but I continued to

gently draw my finger and thumb a little back together, and then thrust

forward again. It seemed to add immensely to the pleasure I was giving

her; her whole body quivered with excessive excitement. My head was

pressed so firmly against her cunt that I had difficulty in breathing,

but I managed to keep up the action of tongue and fingers until I

brought on the exquisite crisis—her buttocks rose, her hand pressed hard

on my head and her two powerful and fleshy thighs closed on my cheeks on

each side and fixed me as if in a vice, while she poured down into my

mouth and all over my chin, neck, and hand a perfect rush of sperm, and

then lay in convulsive movements of enjoyment, hardly knowing what she

was doing. As she held me so fast in every way, I continued to lick up

the delicious discharge, and continued at the same time to pass my

tongue over her clitoris. This, by producing a new excitement, brought

her senses round. So relaxing her hold of me with her thighs she said—

“Oh, my darling Charles, come up to my arms that I may kiss you for the

exquisite delight you have given me.” I did so, but took care, in

drawing myself up, to engroove my stiff-standing prick in the

well-moistened open cunt that lay raised on a pillow so conveniently in

the way.

“Oh, you sad traitor,” cried my sweet companion. “No, I cannot, I must

not allow it,” but I held her tight round the waist, and her position

was too favourable for me to be easily unhorsed.

“Ah! you must not, my dear boy. If you will not consider yourself,

consider me. I shall be quite exhausted.” I shut her mouth with my

kisses and tongue, and soon the active movements I was making within her

charming vagina exercised their usual influence on her lubricity, so as

to make her as eager for the fray as myself.

“Stop, my dear Charles, and you shall have it in a new position, which

will give you as much more pleasure as it will me.”

“You are not going to cheat me, are you?”

“Oh, no! my darling, I am now as much on fire as you are—withdraw.”

I obeyed, half in fear. My fair mistress turned herself round, and

getting on her hands and knees, presented to my ardent gaze her

magnificent bottom. I thought she meant me to once more put it into the

rosy little orifice, and said so.

“Oh! no,” she replied, “not there”; but putting her hand under her

belly, and projecting it backwards between her thighs, she said—

“Give it me and I will guide it into the proper place.”

Before doing so I stooped forward and pushing my face between the

glorious cheeks of her bottom, sought and found the lovely little

orifice, kissed it, and thrust my tongue in.

“Oh! don’t Charles, dear, you tickle me so,” then flinching, and

squeezing her buttocks together, I had nothing for it but to put my

prick in her hand. She immediately guided it to and engulphed it in her

burning cunt up to the very hair. I found I apparently got in fully an

inch further this way—the position also gave my beautiful instructress

more power of pressure on my prick—then her glorious buttocks, heaving

under my movements, and exposed in all their immensity, was most

exciting and beautiful. I seized her below the waist with a hand upon

each hip, pressing her magnificent backside against me each time that I

thrust forward. Oh! it was indeed glorious to see. I was beside myself,

and furious with the excitement the view of all these charms produced

upon me. My charming mistress seemed equally to enjoy it, as was evinced

by the splendid movements of her body; till at last overcome by the

grand finale, she sank forward on her belly, and I followed on her back,

without losing the position of my throbbing prick within her. We both

lay for some time incapable of movement, but the internal squeezing and

convulsive pressure of her cunt on my softened, but still enlarged

prick, were exquisite beyond imagining. At last she begged me to relieve

her. Getting out of bed, she sighed deeply, kissed me tenderly, and

said, “My dear Charles, we must not be so extravagant in future, it will

destroy us both—come, let me see you to your bed.” The sight of my

lovely mistress standing naked in all the glory of her beauty and

perfection of form began to have its usual effect upon my prick, which

showed symptoms of raising his head again; she gave it a pat, stooped

down, and for a moment plunged its head into her beautiful mouth, then

seizing my nightshirt, she threw it over my head and conducted me to my

own bed, put me in, tucked me up, and tenderly kissing me, left the

room, first unlocking my door and then locking the door of communication

between the two rooms. Thus passed the first glorious night of my

initiation into all the rites of Venus, and at the hands of a lovely,

fresh and beautiful woman, who had only been married long enough to make

her a perfect adept in the art. Never, oh never! have I passed such a

night. Many and many a fine woman, perfect too in the art of fucking,

have I enjoyed, but the novelty and the charm, the variety and the

superiority of the teacher, all combined to make this night the \_ne plus

ultra\_ of erotic pleasure.

It need not be said that, exhausted by the numerous encounters I had in

love’s battlefield, I fell into a deep and sound sleep, until aroused by

being rudely shaked up. I opened my eyes in astonishment. It was my

sister Mary. She threw her arms round my neck, and kissing me, said—

“You lazy boy, do you know they are \_all\_ down at breakfast, and you

still asleep. What has come over you?”

“Oh!” I said, “I got frightened with a horrible dream, and lay awake so

long afterwards that when I did sleep, I overslept myself.”

“Well, get up at once,” and pulling the clothes quite off me, she laid

bare my whole private parts, with my cock, as usual in youth on waking,

at full stand.

“Oh! Charlie,” said Mary, fixing her eyes upon it in astonishment at its

thickness and length. “How your doodle has grown,” and she laid hold of

it. “Why it is as hard as wood, and see how red its head is.” Without

her knowing why, it evidently had its natural effect on her sense, and

she flushed as she squeezed it.

“Ah! my dear Mary, I have learnt a great secret about that thing, which

I will tell you the first time we can be quite alone and secure from

interruption. Just now there is no time, but before you go downstairs,

let me see how your poor little Fanny is.”

We had been used to these infantile expressions when in our ignorance

and innocence we had mutual examinations of the difference of our sexes,

and my sister was still as ignorant and innocent as ever. So when I said

that I had not seen it since it was so ill-treated in the terrible

whipping she had received from Miss Evelyn, she at once pulled up all

her petticoats for me to look at it.

“Lie back for a moment on the bed.”

She complied. I was delighted. The prominence her mons Veneris had

assumed, the increased growth of moss-like little curls, and the pouting

lips of her tiny slit—all was most promising and charming. I stooped and

kissed it, licking her little prominent clitoris with my tongue; it

instantly hardened, and she gave a convulsive twitch of her loins.

“Oh! Charlie, how nice it is! What is it you are doing? Oh, how nice!

Oh, pray go on.”

But I stopped, and said—

“Not at present, my darling sister, but when we can get away together I

will do that and something much better, all connected with the great

secret I have got to tell you. So run downstairs, and tell them why I

had overslept myself, but not a word to anyone about what I have told

you. I will be down in a trice.”

She went away, saying—

“Oh, Charlie, dear, what you did just now was so nice, and has made me

feel so queer; do find an early opportunity of telling me all about it.”

Very few minutes sufficed to finish my toilet and bring me to the

breakfast table.

“Why, Charlie,” broke out my mother, “what is this horrid dream?”

“I can hardly tell you, my dear mother, it was so confused; but I was

threatened to be murdered by horrid-looking men, and at last taken to

high rocks and thrown down. The agony and fright awoke me, screaming,

and all over perspiration. I could not sleep for hours after, even

though I hid my head under the clothes.”

“Poor child,” said Mrs. Benson, who was quietly eating her breakfast.

“What a fright you must have had.”

“Yes, ma’am, and at the same time, as I awoke with a scream, I was

afraid I might have disturbed you, for all at once I remembered I was no

longer in mamma’s room, but next door to you. I hope I did not wake

you?”

“Oh, no, my dear boy; I never heard you, or I should have got up to see

what was the matter.”

So it passed off, and no further observation was made about it, but I

once caught Mrs. Benson’s eye, and the expression and a slight nod was a

sign of approval of my story. After breakfast we went as usual to the

schoolroom. I thought Miss Evelyn was kinder in her manner to me than

usual. She made me stand close to her when saying my lessons,

occasionally letting her left arm fall round my neck, while she pointed

to my book with the finger of the right, and there was always a certain

pressure before raising her arm again. These little caresses were

frequently repeated, as if she were wishing either to accustom me or

herself to a habit of it, so as, doubtless, gradually to increase them

to something more definite. I could not help feeling what a different

effect these endearments would have had twenty-four hours earlier; but

now, momentarily satisfied passions, and the new love that had seized me

for Mrs. B., prevented at first the inevitable cockstand that would

otherwise have been produced by these approaches of Miss Evelyn. Not

that I had given up all desire to possess her. On the contrary, my last

night’s instruction only made me more anxious to have Miss Evelyn too.

Therefore, I by no means repulsed her present caresses, but looked up

innocently in her face, and smiled affectionately. In the afternoon she

was more expansive, and drew me to her by her arm round my waist, and

pressed me gently to her person, saying how well I was attending to my

lessons, and how sorry she was to have been obliged to punish me so

severely the week before.

“You will be a good boy in future, will you not, dear Charlie?”

“Oh, yes; as long as you are so kind to me. I love you so much, and you

are so beautiful when you speak so kindly to me.”

“Oh, you little flatterer.”

And she drew me to her lips and gave me a sweet kiss, which I returned

with eagerness. I felt my prick had raised itself up to its full extent

as these caresses were exchanged, and as Miss Evelyn held me tight

pressed against her thigh, she must have felt it throbbing against her.

That she did so, I have no doubt, as her face flushed, and she said—

“There, now, that will do, go to your seat.”

I obeyed; she rose in an agitated manner, left the room, and was absent

for a quarter of an hour. I had no doubt but that she was overcome by

her feelings, and I thought to myself she will manage to have me some of

these days. I could afford to leave it to her own discretion, as my

charming mistress of last night was there to keep me in exercise and

cool the effervescence of passion under which I should otherwise have

laboured. Nothing particular occured during the day; Mrs. B. was

apparently indifferent about me, and never sought to approach or be in

any way familiar; I studied her looks and followed her example. Mamma

sent me early to bed, as she feared I had not had sleep enough the

previous night by reason of my bad dream, and hoped I should have no

more of the kind. This time my beautiful mistress found me sound asleep

when she came to bed. She did not awake me until she had completed her

night toilet, and was all ready to receive me in her arms. I sprung up,

and in an instant, without a word being said, had her on her back, and

was into her delicious cunt as far as I could drive my stiff-standing

prick. My energy and fury seemed to please and stimulate the lady, for

she replied to every eager thrust with as eager a spring forward. In

such haste matters were very speedily brought to a crisis—with mutual

sighs, and “oh’s” and “ah’s,” we sank exhausted, and lay for a very

short time, when charming Mrs. B. said—

“Why, Charles, you are quite wild to me; what a hurry you have been in,

but it was very nice, and I forgive you, but you must be more rational

in future.”

“Oh, my beloved mistress, how can I help it; you are so beautiful, and

so good to me; I quite adore and love every part of your charming body.

I know I was too impetuous, but I must make it up by kissing and

fondling the dear source of all my joys.”

She did not resist, but let me do as I liked. Pushing myself down the

bed, I applied my lips and tongue to her lovely cunt, all wet with our

mutual discharge, which was so sweet to the taste that I first began

licking between the lips, and then applied myself to her excited

clitoris, and with my finger and thumb working as on the previous

morning I threw her into an extasy of delight, until again she had a

delicious discharge. Then creeping up, I thrust my prick into her

well-moistened and velvety cunt—as you may imagine it was rampant as

ever after my mouth contact with the exquisite quim I had been sucking.

“Stop, Charles, darling, I will show you another position, where you can

lie easily with your dear delightful prick up to the hilt in the sheath

you have so charmingly excited. Here, lie down by my right side—on your

side.”

She lay down on her back, and throwing her right leg over my hips, told

me to bend my knees forward and open my legs, or rather lift up my right

leg. She placed her left thigh between my thighs, then slightly twisting

her bottom up towards me brought the lips of her cunt directly before my

prick, which she seized with her delicate fingers, and guided safely

into Venus’s grotto. I gave one or two shoves, and she a heave or two,

to house him comfortably.

“And now,” she said, “we will take it reasonably in this way; we can go

on, or stay occasionally; embrace, cuddle, or talk, just as we please.

Are you quite comfortable?”

“Oh! deliciously so!” I replied, as my hand wandered all over her

beautiful belly and bubbies, and then my mouth sucked the last.

“There, darling, that will do for the moment; I want to have some talk

with you. First, let me thank you for your very discreet behaviour this

day, it quite justifies the confidence I had in you. Your story of the

dream was capital, and just suited the purpose. I hope, my dear Charlie,

that under my auspices you will become a model lover—your aptitude has

already proved in several ways. First and best, with all the appearance

of a boy, you are quite a man, and even superior to many. You have

already shown great discretion and ready wit, and there is no reason to

fear that you will become a general favourite with our sex, who soon

find out who is discreet and who is otherwise—discretion is the trump

card of success with us. Alas! few of your sex understand this. Let me

impress one lesson on you, my dear Charles. You and I cannot continue

long on our present footing. My husband will return and carry me away,

and although circumstances will throw us at intervals into each other’s

arms—for you may be sure you will be always welcome to me—yet my very

absence will force you to seek other outlets to the passions I have

awakened and taught their power. I have one piece of advice to give you

as to your conduct to newer lovers—for have them you must, my dear

Charles, however much you may fancy yourself now attached to me; with

these, let them all for some time imagine that each possesses you for

the first time. First of all, it doubles their satisfaction, and so

increases your pleasure. Your early discretion causes me to think that

you will see all the advantages of this conduct. I may add that if they

suppose you have had previous instruction, they, if they are women, will

never rest until they have drawn from you the secret of your first

instructress. You might, of course, tell some tale of a ‘cock and a

bull,’ but in searching for the truth and cross-questioning you when you

are least aware of it, they will lead you into contradictions, and the

truth will at last be ferreted out. Now this would be unjust to me, who

have risked a good deal to give you the delightful instructions of last

night, and, as I hope, of many more. So you see, my dear Charles, in all

early cases you must enact the part of an ignoramus \_seeking\_ for

instruction, with vague ideas of how to set about it. I hope, while I am

near you,” she added, “no such occasion will arise, but I feel certain,

with your passions and your power, dear, darling fellow—push

away—I!—I!—I feel for cer—certain they will ar—arise.”

Thus ended the very wise and excellent advice this charming woman was

giving me. Do not imagine that I did not pay great attention, and,

indeed, her very reasonable maxims became the guide of my after-life,

and I owe to them a success with women rarely otherwise obtained. Her

sensible remark had been drawn out to such a length, that my prick had

so far rebelled that he had throbbed inside of her delicious cunt so

forcibly as to produce a happy movement of her body that interrupted and

cut short her words.

“Charlie, my darling, pass your middle finger down and rub it on my

clitoris, and then suck the nipple of my bubby next you, and work away

with your glorious prick.”

I did as desired. She seconded me with an art quite peculiar to herself,

and at last we both died away in that love’s death which is so

overpowering and so delicious. The glorious position we were in rendered

it almost impossible to lose ground, spend as often as you please; but

if my prick had been one that would have shrunk to nothing, the

wonderful power of retaining it within her possessed by my delicious

mistress would have prevented the possibility of exit.

In after-nights I have often fallen sound asleep with it entirely

engulphed within her, and awoke hours afterwards to find her

extraordinary power of retention had held him firm, notwithstanding his

having shrunk up to a mere piece of doughy flesh. In this instance,

after recovering our senses, I still retained my place, and we

recommenced our conversation; my lovely instructress giving me many and

most useful hints for my after-life. I have often since dwelt on the

wisdom of all she so charmingly taught me, and wondered how so young a

woman could have so thorough a knowledge of her sex and the world. I

suppose love is a great master and inspired her on this occasion. I may

here remark that for forty years afterwards this charming woman and I

remained the fastest of friends after being the most ardent of lovers.

She was the depository of all my erotic extravagancies, and never showed

any jealousy, but really enjoyed the recital of my wildest love combats

with others.

Alas! death at last took her from me, and I lost the mainstay of my

existence. Forgive this digression, but I am writing long after these

events, and sorrows will have their vent. Woe is me!

To return to present joys. We continued talking and toying, until I was

again anxious to commence love’s combat. My prudent mistress wished me

to finish for the time, and to sleep and refresh ourselves for renewed

efforts; but youth and strength nerved me for the fight, and being

securely fixed, I held her as in a vice, with my thighs around only one

of hers that could have allowed her to escape. Passing my finger down on

her stiffened clitoris I so excited her that she had no wish but to

bring matters to a crisis.

“Stop, my dear,” she said, “and we will renew our pleasure in another

attitude.”

So withdrawing her leg off my loins, she turned on her side, so as to

present her glorious buttocks before me, and pressed them into my belly

and against my thighs, which seemed to introduce my prick even further

than he was within before. Besides, in all these positions, where a

woman presents her splendid backside to you, it is always more exciting,

and has a greater hold of you than any other way. We did most thoroughly

enjoy this splendid fuck, and without withdrawing, both fell into the

sweetest imaginable slumber. This was one of those occasions in which,

having fallen asleep engulphed, I awoke some five hours later, to find

my prick still lightly held within the velvety folds of one of the most

delicious cunts ever created for the felicity of man, or, I may say,

woman either. You may easily imagine how soon my prick swelled to his

wonted size on finding himself still in such charming quarters. I let

him lay quite still, barring the involuntary throbs he could not avoid

making, and bending my body away from my lovely mistress, I admired her

breadth of shoulders, the beauty of her upper arm, the exquisite \_chute\_

of her loins, the swell of her hips, and the glorious projection and

rotundity of her immense buttocks. I slowly and gently pushed in and out

of her juicy sheath, until, awakened by the exquisite sensations of my

slow movements, all her lubricity was excited, and we ended one of our

most delicious encounters, finishing, as usual, with a death-like

exhaustion. She declared I had done enough for one night, and jumping

out of bed, compelled me to betake myself to my own room, where, I must

confess, I very shortly slept as sound as could be, without at the same

time oversleeping myself.

Thus passed several successive nights, until the full of the moon, when

one day Mrs. B. complained of headache and feeling unwell. I was very

much alarmed, but she took occasion to tell me it was quite natural, and

she would explain to me how it was so at night. I was obliged to be

content with this. At night, she came and sat on my bed, and told me all

the mysteries of the case. How women, not with child, had these

bleedings monthly, which, so far from being hurtful, were a relief to

the system, and that they happened at the full or the new moon,

generally at the former. Further, that all connection with men must

cease at such a time. I was in despair, for my prick was stiff enough to

burst. However, my kind and darling mistress, to relieve me from the

pain of distention, took my prick in her mouth, and performed a new

manoeuvre. Wetting her middle finger with her saliva, she thrust it up

my bottom-hole, and worked in unison with the suction of the knob, and

the frigging of the root of my prick with the other hand. I had a most

exquisite and copious discharge, the pleasure being greatly enhanced by

the action of the finger up my fundament. My charming mistress swallowed

all I could give her, and did not cease sucking until the last drop had

exuded from my throbbing prick.

I was obliged to be satisfied with this, and my mistress informed me I

could have no more enjoyment for four or five days; which, to my

impatience, was like condemning me to as many ages of hope deferred. I

observed, while she was kissing me, that her breath had a peculiar

odour, and I asked her what she had been eating.

“Why do you ask, my dear boy?”

“Because of the difference of your breath, generally so sweet and

fragrant.”

She smiled and said it was all from the same cause she had just been

explaining to me, and was very generally so with women at that period. I

mention this because it was the means of my discovering that Miss Evelyn

was exactly in the same state. She had continued her endearing caresses

without proceeding much further than I have already described, except

more frequently kissing me. She now always did so on first entering the

schoolroom, and also when we were dismissed. I suppose to prevent an

observation or inference, she had adopted the same habit with my

sisters. On this day, having drawn me with her arm round my waist close

to her, when she kissed me I felt the very same odour of breath that I

had observed in Mrs. Benson. She too was languid that day and complained

of headache. I also observed a dark line under her eyes, and on

afterwards observing Mrs. B., saw precisely the same—so I became

convinced they were unwell from the same cause. Mrs. B. had told me that

most women were so at the full of the moon—which was then the case.

The next day my mother proposed to drive to town, and probably knowing

the state of the case, asked Mrs. B. and Miss Evelyn to accompany her,

as she thought the airing would be beneficial. They at once accepted—my

younger sister cried out, “Oh, mamma, let me go with you also.” Mary

interposed, and thought she had the best right—but Lizzie said she had

spoken first. I managed to give Mary a wink and a shake of the head,

which she instantly comprehended, so gracefully giving way, although

with apparent reluctance, it was arranged that Eliza should accompany

the ladies. I now felt my opportunity was at hand to initiate my darling

sister into the delightful mysteries that I had just been myself

instructed in.

At eleven o’clock the carriage drove up, and we stood looking after them

until they were lost to sight. Then returning into the parlour, Mary

threw her arms round my neck, and kissing me, said—

“Oh! I am glad, Charlie, you winked to me, for now you know we can do as

we like, and you can tell me all about this secret, and you must kiss my

little Fanny as you did before, it was so nice. I have thought of

nothing else, but how to have it done again.”

“Well, my darling, I shall do all that, and more, but we cannot do so

here. I tell you what we will do—we will pretend to go for a long walk

in the country, but instead of that, we will pass through the shrubbery

into the orchard and hazelwood, and so gain the little remote summer

house, of which I have secured the key; there we shall be safe from all

observation.”

This little summer house was at some distance from the house, and in a

lonely corner of the orchard, raised on an artificial mount, so that its

windows should command a lovely view beyond the walls of the grounds. It

was about ten feet square—was beautifully sheltered, and the ladies in

summer took their work there, and occupied it for hours every fine day;

so it was furnished with tables and chairs, and on one side a long couch

without a back. It had already entered into my idea that this was the

spot I should contrive to get to with Mary—little thinking how chance

would throw so glorious an opportunity in my way so soon. It was always

kept locked to prevent it being used by the servants, gardeners, or

others. I knew where the key was kept, and secured it when the ladies

were dressing for their drive—so after staying sufficiently long to

prevent any suspicion, and saying then we were going for a long walk in

the country, so as to prevent them seeking for us at the summer house if

any visitors should chance to call, we sallied out, but re-entered the

grounds where we could not be observed, and speedily gained the spot we

had in view—entered and locked the door. Then I drew down the blinds,

threw off my coat and waistcoat, and told Mary to take off her shawl and

bonnet, and outer gown.

“But why all this, Charlie, dear?”

“First, my darling—all those are in the way of kissing and toying with

your charming little Fanny, and next, I don’t want anything to appear

tumbled when we go back.”

This was enough, and she did everything as I desired, indeed, more, for

she took off her petticoat and little corset, saying she would be cooler

thus. So, following her example, I took off my trousers, saying she

would be better able to see and play with my doodle. When these

preliminaries were accomplished, I drew her on my knees—first pulling up

her shift and my own shirt, so that our naked flesh should be in

contact. Seeing that her chemise fell off from her bosom, I first felt

her little bubbies, which were beginning to develop themselves, and had

the tiniest little pink nipples that even my lips could hardly get hold

of. She had pulled up my shirt to look again at the great change that

had occured to my prick—of course, our preliminaries had already excited

it to a stiff-standing position.

“Oh, Charlie, what a size it is to be sure; and how nice to pull this

skin over its head; look how it runs back again. Oh! how funny!”

It was time to stop this, or she would have soon made me discharge.

“Well, then, what is this great secret, and what has it to do with your

doodle and my Fanny?”

“I will tell you, but you must never say a word to a soul—not even to

Eliza, she is too young yet.”

“Well, go on.”

“I was one day seeking something in the closet in Mrs. Benson’s room,

when I heard them coming, and had only the time to slip into the closet.

They entered, locked the door, and Mr. B. laid her on the bed, and

lifted up all her petticoats so that I saw her Fanny quite surrounded

with hairs, as yours will be by and by. Mr. B, stooped down, and applied

his tongue as I did to you the other morning.”

“Oh, yes; and it was so nice, Charlie!”

“That is exactly what Mrs. B. said when he had done. Then he pulled out

his doodle, such a size, much bigger than mine, and whipped it into her

Fanny. I was quite frightened, and thought he must have killed her. But

no, it went in quite easy; and she hugged and kissed him while he pushed

it up and down for some time, till they both stopped all at once. He

then drew it out, hanging down all wet, and asked if it had not given

her great pleasure. ‘Delightful,’ she said. ‘I have now got used to it,

but you know you hurt me, and made me so sore the first time you did

it.’ After this they left the room, and I got away without being

discovered. But I found out what our two things were made for, we will

do as they did, so lie down on the couch whilst I kneel at the end, and

begin in the way I kissed it the other morning.”

“Oh, Charlie, if it is all like that, I shall be so pleased with it.”

Down she squatted, drawing up her chemise. My hand wandered all over her

charming belly and mount. Then kneeling down, and putting her legs over

my shoulders, and my hands under her thighs and bottoms, I applied my

tongue at once to her little clitoris, which I found was already stiff,

and showing its head at the upper part of her pinky slit. The action of

my agile tongue produced an instantaneous effect—her loins and thighs

heaved up her bottom to press her little pouting cunt against my face.

Mechanically she put her hand on my head, and muttered terms of

endearment—

“Oh, darling Charlie, how delicious! Oh! do go on! it is so nice, &c.”

I wanted no stimulant, but licked away until, with shortened breath; and

greater heavings of her body, she began to stammer—

“Oh! oh! I feel so queer—ah, stop; I am going to faint—I, I, I,

can’t—can’t bear it any longer—oh!—oh!” Her limbs relaxed, and she died

away in her first discharge, which was very glutinous and nice, but only

scanty in quantity. I let her quiet until she came to; then looking in

her face, and smiling, I asked her how she liked it.

“Oh! I was in heaven, dear Charlie, but I thought it was killing me—it

was almost too much to bear—nothing could be more delicious.”

“Oh, yes!” I replied, “there is something more delicious still, but, I

must kiss you in this way again before we try the other; the more moist

the inside is the easier I shall get in.”

“But, Charlie, you don’t mean to say you will ever get in your doodle,

now that it has grown so big.”

“Well, we will try, and if it hurts you too much we can stop.”

So I began again to gamahuche her; this time it took a longer effort to

produce the ultimate result; but apparently with still greater effect,

and a more copious discharge. Her little cunt being now relaxed, and

well moistened with her own discharge and my saliva, and well inclined

to receive my prick, I spat upon it and lubricated it from head to root.

Then rising from my knees, I stretched myself over Mary’s belly, and

gently directing my prick, and rubbing it up and down first between the

lips, and exciting her clitoris by the same action, I gently and

gradually inserted its head between the lips of her charming little

cunt. There was less difficulty than might have been expected, the

gamahuching and double spending had relaxed the muscles, and her

passions being excited also acted on her organs of generation; at all

events, I got in the head, and about two inches of its length without

her murmuring anything beyond—

“How big it feels—it seems to stretch me so.”

All this was exciting me dreadfully, and it was only by the greatest

effort that I did not thrust rudely forward. I now felt I was pushing

against some obstacle, I thrust hard and hurt her. She cried out, begged

me to stop. I was so near the finale that I felt I must go on. So,

plunging forward, I rushed, at the impediment, and made her cry out most

lustily. Probably another push would have decided my position, but

nature could hold out no longer, and I yielded down my erotic tribute to

her virginal charms, without having actually deflowered her. So far,

perhaps, it was fortunate, because I poured into her a torrent of sperm

which was not only balm to her partially wounded hymen, but so relaxed

and lubricated the interior of her cunt as greatly to facilitate my

after-efforts.

I lay quiet still for some time, and the gradual swelling out and

throbbing of my prick reawakened her young passions. She said—

“Charlie, my dear, you said that it would prove delicious in the end,

and I can feel it is becoming so. I have no more pain, and you shall go

on just as you like.”

As my prick stiffened at her endearing words and involuntary pressures,

and as I had it completely under control, since I had taken the edge off

its immediate appetite by the last discharge, I held it literally well

in hand; and as I had lost no ground by withdrawing, I started with the

advantage of possession. First I slipped my hand down between our two

bellies and began frigging her clitoris, which immediately excited her

passions to the highest pitch.

“Oh! Charlie, dear, now push it all in—I do so long for it—and I don’t

care how it hurts me.”

I had been giving short thrusts more to stimulate her passions than to

alleviate my own; and as she was totally unaware of what was going to

happen, she widened her thighs and heaved up her bottom, expanding her

vagina in the act. I gathered my strength together, and as my cock was

standing as stiff as iron, I suddenly drove it forward, and felt that I

broke through something, and gained two inches more insertion at least.

The effect on my poor sister was most painful, she shrieked out lustily;

strove hard to unsheath me, wriggled her body in all directions to

effect this; but I was too securely engulphed for that, and all her

struggles only enabled me the more easily to sheathe him up to the very

hairs. So excited was I by her tears and screams, that I was no sooner

there than a torrent of sperm burst from me, and I lay like a corpse on

her body, but perfectly maintaining the ground I possessed. This

death-like quiet lasted some minutes, and, to a certain extent, assuaged

the violence of the pain I put poor Mary to. Doubtless, also, the balmy

nature of the ample quantity of sperm I had shot up to her womb helped

to soothe her suffering. At all events, when we were both able again to

converse, she unbraided me with the agony I had caused her, and wished

me to get off her at once; but retaining the advantageous possession of

her very tight and delicious sheath, I told her all was now over, and we

might look forward to nothing but enrapturing pleasure.

Some minutes had elapsed in these remonstrances on one side; and

coaxings on the other, when I suddenly felt her charming little cunt

actually throb upon and give an involuntary squeeze to my prick, which

was still throbbing her. He was far too ready to stand at any time,

still more when engulphed in the exquisite young cunt he had just

initiated into love’s mysteries—\_bref\_—he stood stiff as ever, and Mary,

at first with a shudder of fright, then with all the energy of awakened

passion, began to move her body under me. I held off from any

interference, feeling certain that if the desire came naturally to her

it would doubly enhance my own pleasure. My foresight did not fail me.

Mary’s passions became fully aroused, and when so, the trifling soreness

passed out of mind, and we actually had a most delicious fuck, in which

my prick appeared as if in a vice, and Mary wriggled her backside almost

as well as the more artistic movements of Mrs. Benson. All things must

come to an end, but this did so amid screams of delight on both sides.

This single bout began and finished the education of my darling sister.

She hugged and fondled me afterwards, declaring I was quite right in

telling her pleasure followed pain; for nothing could exceed the

enrapturing nature of the sensation my prick had produced. She thought

now that it was not a bit too big, but just made to give the utmost

satisfaction. We remained locked in each other’s arms, my prick still

engulphed in its tight and exciting sheath. We fondled and prattled,

until it became again in a state of violent erection, equally

stimulating her tight little cunt, so that we were forced to recommence

our love encounter. I found that my dear little sister possessed

naturally the power of throbbing on or nipping a prick, which the French

call \_casse-noisette\_. It is a great gift and adds immensely to the

man’s pleasure, and I should think to the woman’s too. In my sister’s

case it began from the very first complete insertion of my prick and the

years that I afterwards continued to fuck her added nothing to this

delicious accomplishment, except in the variety of positions in which it

could be exercised.

The dear girl was in extasies at the pleasure she had received, and at

the pain which seemed to be past. Oh! she was so sweetly caressing that

I could not withdraw from her, and we fondled and toyed until again my

cock rose to his first vigour, and she nothing loath, began her new and

naturally taught gift of bottom upheavings and cunt pressures until

again we sank exhausted in the death-like ending of love’s battles. On

recovering our senses, I was obliged to withdraw and relieve my sister

of the dead weight of my body on her person.

It has always struck me as extraordinary how the most delicate women

will support a heavy man on their persons, not only without flinching,

but even with ease and pleasure—but so it is. On rising and withdrawing,

we were both alarmed to see that my prick was all bloody, and that blood

and semen were oozing from her cunt. We had no idea this would be the

case, and at first I was as frightened as she was. A moment’s reflection

showed me that it was only the natural result of forcing my way in, and

that the pleasure since enjoyed proved it to be of no consequence. I

soon convinced and calmed my sister on the point—fortunately the sofa

covering was red, and applying my handkerchief, I wiped up all the semen

mixture, and, in fact, no marks remained; the same handkerchief wiped

all results from Mary’s dear little cunt, and as her shift had been kept

well up, fortunately no stains appeared upon that.

We now ate some luncheon and drank some wine that we had prudently

brought with us. We then began playing and romping together—she wanting

always to get hold of my prick, and I to pull her about in every way. It

was gloriously warm weather, so I proposed we should off with

everything. In a trice we were as naked as we were born, and flew into

each other’s arms in a frenzy of delight, then we had a mutual thorough

inspection. My darling sister gave every promise of becoming a

magnificent woman—her shoulders were already wide—her arms well shaped,

although still thin—her waist small—the swell of the hips already well

developed—as to her bottom, it stuck out well and hard behind, quite

charming to see, and giving promise of very ample dimensions hereafter.

I made her kneel on the low couch, with her head well up and her thighs

open; kneeling behind, I gamahuched her until she spent; then rising,

shoved my prick into her cunt, in her then position, and had a downright

good poke, which she, too, found was a way that gave her extra

excitement. We passed thus some hours in mutual delights. I taught her

the side fuck which had so charmed me with my delightful instructress,

and I found dear Mary even an apter scholar than myself had proved. The

afternoon advancing, we dressed, and eradicating all signs of what we

had been doing, returned to the house, mutually promising to keep

thoroughly secret all that had passed and agreeing that no sign of

unusual familiarity should escape us. I strongly advised Mary to get

some warm water and bathe her cunt well, for, as may be supposed, I had

taken the opportunity of teaching her the true erotic language as

applied to the organs of generation of both sexes, and the name of the

connection itself, “fucking.”

Thus delightfully ended the first lesson in love taught to my sister,

and such was my first triumph over a maidenhead, double enhanced by the

idea of the close ties of parentage between us. In after-life, I have

always found the nearer we are related, the more this idea of incest

stimulates our passions and stiffens our pricks, so that if even we be

in the wane of life, fresh vigour is imparted by reason of the very fact

of our evasion of conventional laws.

We had both returned to the drawing room for more than an hour before

the arrival of the ladies. Dear Mary complained of feeling sore and

stiff in every limb. I had advised her to lie down on the sofa and try

to sleep. I did the same, and happily we both dozed off, and never awoke

until the loud rat-tat of arrival at the house door roused us up. I told

Mary to hide all appearance of pain, and only to say, as an excuse for

going early to bed, that we had gone further afield than we at first

intended, and that she was very tired. We were both sent early to bed,

for I was still treated as quite a boy, and I was sound asleep when my

charming Mrs. B. woke me up by her warm caresses. I could well have

spared them that night, but when did one of my years not respond to the

endearments of the woman he loved, and who yielded all to him. She

sucked me dry as usual, and I slept soundly till morning.

The next three days passed without anything to record. Mary did not

allow her real soreness to appear, but heroically went through her

sufferings, for she told me afterwards she felt very severe pains all

over, doubtless her whole nervous system had been overexcited, and this

was the natural reaction; it was so far fortunate that not a shadow of a

chance of our having fresh connection occurred, so she had time to

perfectly recover from the ill effects of her first initiation into the

erotic raptures. I continued to have the relief each night of the

charming mouth of my loved and beautiful instructress. At last, the

abominable \_menses\_, as she called them, were past and gone. For a full

twenty-four hours after, she would not allow me to reassume all the

privileges she had previously granted, and admit me to share her bed.

She told me this was necessary to prevent any recurrence, and also that

in some cases a virulent white discharge occasionally followed for some

hours, sufficiently acrid to affect my local health, and “that,” she

added, “was now too precious in her estimation to risk it in any way.” I

thought it hard at the time, but it was only another proof of the

thoughtful wisdom of this estimable woman. At last, I was again in full

possession of her charming person. Oh! how we did revel in all the

luxuries and lubricity; almost every night my enchanting friend found

some new position to vary and enhance our erotic raptures. One new dose

was laying me down flat on my back, then straddling over me, she sank on

her knees, and with body erect, lifted up or rather bent back my

stiff-standing prick, until he was fairly below her open cunt, then

guiding it exactly to the proper entrance, she sank her body slowly down

upon it until fully engulphed, hair crushed hair, then as slowly raising

again, she drew off until all but the nut was uncovered, to again sink

down. In this position we could both see the whole process. At length,

becoming too excited, she sank on my bosom, then one arm and hand

pressed her splendid buttocks down on my throbbing prick after every

elevation of her magnificent backside while my other hand, doubling

round behind her, introduced the middle finger up her charming

bottom-hole, and worked in and out in unison with both our heaving

movements, until stopped by the grand crisis, when death-like languor

overcame us both almost at the same moment. I must not forget to mention

that from time to time I paid a visit to the small and rosy orifice that

lay so near to the more legitimate altar of Venus. It was a variety of

enjoyment that my lovely mistress acknowledged to me she at times felt

much inclined to enjoy, but only after having the front path of pleasure

well fucked and lubricated with sperm, which alone caused the other

mucous membrane to feel inclined that way.

I will here insert a characteristic letter from my loved mistress to her

intimate and bosom school friend, with the reply thereto. It was several

years before they were shown to me, and some time after I had possessed

\_both\_ the charming writers, for we all three became fast friends;

indeed, I may call myself or rather my prick, the pivot on which their

friendship turned, yet there never was the shade of jealousy on either

part, but in these remarks I am anticipating what I may, perhaps, be

hereafter tempted to describe more fully. I give these letters now,

because they immediately refer to the events I am at present relating.

They show the secret working of my loved mistress’s mind, and the

voluptuous nature of her temperament, and the satisfaction that my

delicious initiation had given. Her affectionate and flattering remarks,

relating to myself, are greater than I deserved. The following is the

first letter addressed to her friend:

MRS. BENSON TO THE HON. MRS. EGERTON.

Dear Carry,

I am about to keep my promise, and give you an account of our honeymoon.

You, my dear, must be equally faithful, and reply as frankly as I am now

about to write to you.

Two giddier girls than you and I never entered the bonds of matrimony,

or more earnestly longed for the sights connected with it. Well, after

the usual breakfast, we left by rail for Leamington, where we were to

pass our first night. We had a \_coupé\_ to ourselves; and beyond seating

me on his knee, and kissing me, Fred behaved with much decency and

propriety. We arrived and dined. The hour between tea and bedtime was

sufficiently tedious, as both of us were naturally much preoccupied. My

husband wrote a letter to mamma, telling her of our safe arrival, and of

his intense happiness. After which he asked me if I would go to bed, in

the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. I murmured an affirmative,

scarcely knowing what to say. He rang for a candle, and told me he would

follow shortly. It seemed like a dream to me. The maid showed me to a

room containing a large four-post bedstead, heavily hung with curtains,

and provided with old-fashioned furniture.

I seated myself on the edge of the bed and began to meditate. I sat

thus, for, I dare say, ten minutes, and then commenced undressing. I had

put on my nightgown, and removed everything but my stockings, when I

heard footsteps approach the door. I opened, and my husband entered,

closed it, and turned the key. Oh! Carry, I did feel so funny. I was

undressed in a bedroom with a man, and that man had a right to my

person. He seated himself in an armchair, and drew me on his knee.

Nothing but my thin nightgown separated my bottom from his bare knee,

for he had quite undressed in an adjoining room and had nothing on but

his shirt under his dressing-gown, which flew open as he sat down. He

drew my lips to his, and kissing me, thrust his tongue between them,

while his hand first caressed and squeezed my bosom, which, you know, is

pretty full and well-developed; it then wandered down upon my thigh,

pressed and felt the fleshy form. Little by little he approached my

belly, and for a moment pressed my mount. These preliminaries are at all

times exciting, but now they made me almost ill, so great was my

confusion. Seeing this, he drew up my nightgown, and placed his hand,

first on my naked thigh, then on my mount, and you know, Carry dear,

what a forest I have got there. He seemed delighted with it. His fingers

played with the silky curls, drawing them out to their full length, so

long that it appeared to surprise him, and his eyes sparkled, and his

face showed much excitement.

“Open your thighs, dearest,” he whispered.

I obeyed mechanically, and his middle finger forced itself between the

lips of my cunt, and commenced rubbing my clitoris. You know, by

experience, what an excitable one it is and to what a size it developes

itself when excited. Again Fred seemed delighted with his discovery.

“Does that please you, my darling?”

“Yes,” I faltered out.

He thrust his finger up my cunt, then rose up, threw off his

dressing-gown, took me in his arms, and lifted me on the bed, placing a

pillow under my head. Then letting my legs fall over the sides, he knelt

on the floor, and separating my thighs with his arms, stooped and kissed

my quim. He did more, he sucked and then licked with his tongue my

already excited clitoris. It set me on fire, and I could not avoid

showing it by the convulsive twitchings of my loins and buttocks.

“Do you like that, my love?”

“Oh! yes; so much!—so very much!”

I was nearly mad with the excitement he was putting me into. He again

stood up, and lifting my legs, his hands pressed them again and again.

“What delicious legs,” he exclaimed.

I could see his shirt bulging out. He leant forward, and with his arms

under my legs, lifted them well up, and I felt a stiff thick thing

pressing against my cunt. His left hand opened the lips, his right hand

guided it between them, and a cruel push lodged its great head

completely within. Neither you, or I, Carry, were strictly virgins, our

fingers and other means had opened our vaginas to a certain extent. We

had played too many tricks together to have left our maidenheads quite

intact, so that the passage was less difficult than it might have been.

Nevertheless, it had never been penetrated by the male organ, and that

of my husband was of the largest. I experienced, therefore, a great deal

of pain, and cried out—

“Oh, my dear Fred, you hurt me dreadfully, what are you doing?”

“Doing, my darling! why, I am getting into you. Have a little patience,

and I will make you mad with pleasure.”

Another determined thrust sent him halfway, and then with another, still

more violent, he lodged himself up to the hilt within. I screamed with

real pain, and struggled to free myself.

“Good heavens, sir, you are killing me; I will not endure such

treatment.”

He heeded me not, but holding me fast by the thighs commenced shoving in

and out furiously. A sensitive woman never receives an insertion of this

kind with impunity. The friction began to excite feelings that first

deadened the pain of entrance, and then began to awaken the delicious

sensations of lubricity. The enjoyment I began to experience was

delicious, and I could not refrain from heaving up to meet his thrusts.

“That is right, my angel; was I not correct in saying it would soon turn

from pain to pleasure? Do you not enjoy it now?”

“Yes; but you make me feel so funny. I don’t know what—it—is.”

His increased and rapid movement filled me with delight; I bounded up

and down in response to his thrusts, and felt so queer when, all of a

sudden, he gasped for breath, stopped, and I felt a greater and stiffer

swelling of his instrument, and then a gush of hot liquid dashed against

my womb, which continued running for some seconds. This, Carry, was my

first experience of what a man can do for us.

Withdrawing his huge affair—for he since admits he is larger than most

men—letting go my thighs—he pressed down upon me, and tenderly embraced

me, and said that I had behaved admirably; in future there would be no

more pain, and from what he had already experienced he felt sure I was

made for the fullest enjoyment that husband and wife could indulge in.

After a little fondling, he rose, drew off my stockings, and helped me

into bed, immediately following me. On throwing back the clothes to

enter the bed, he said he must kiss the dear little hairy thing that had

given him such pleasure. He kissed and toyed with it admiring the

profusion of hair on my mount, the whiteness and beauty of my belly, and

then, baring my breasts, admired, kissed, and sucked them. All this not

only excited me, but I could see very well it had again caused his

affair to stick out. Seeing that I was timidly glancing at it, he seized

my hand, and made me lay hold of it, showed me how the skin covered and

uncovered its head; then becoming rampageous, he got on my belly and

between my thighs, and again introduced his cock to where it had already

given such pleasure. He still rather hurt me, and made me smart for a

little while, but as the interior was well lubricated by his former

discharge, the penetration was easily accomplished. When up to the hilt,

and the two hairs were closely joined, he paused and said—

“We will take it less impatiently this time, that my darling Bessie may

enter into all the joys of fucking, for that is what we call it my dear;

so I shall go slowly to work until my darling’s passions awake and

urgently call for more rapid movements.”

He did so, and gradually produced the most lascivious excitement in my

whole body. I writhed beneath him in the utmost extasy, threw my arms

round his body, and hugged him to me.

“Oh! you are an angel,” he cried, “and made for enjoyment. Throw your

legs also over my back—there, that is it—and now I will hasten my

movements, and we will die away together.”

Oh, the delight he gave me was inexpressibly delicious; his rapid and

eager thrusts were as eagerly met by the upheaving of my bottom to

reciprocate them. The grand crisis seized us simultaneously, and we sank

momentarily exhausted in each other’s arms, leaving the dear exciter of

such joys soaking within. My dear husband was so pleased, he kissed and

fondled me in the sweetest manner, telling me that never woman before

had yielded him such intense pleasure, that nature had prompted me to as

much enjoyment as if I had been already married a month.

We were locked closely in the warmest embrace; his tenderness and

fondling began to have its effect on my passions, and involuntarily I

made some internal convulsive twitchings.

“I feel you, my darling, calling on my instrument for renewed efforts;

he will soon respond.”

And, in fact, I felt it swelling and swelling so deliciously that I

could not help continuing the interior pressures, although feeling

confusedly ashamed of the notice my husband took of it.

“Don’t be afraid, my sweetest love, but give way to whatever your

passions dictate, and thus you will best please me, and give to yourself

double enjoyment. I mean to initiate you into every secret that the

rites of Venus possess, and wish that my loved wife should become a

devoted votary, and I will do my best that she may revel in all the

luxuries of perfect coition.”

We completed this course with even greater abandon than before, and I

began to enjoy his embraces beyond anything our imaginations used to

suggest. This time he withdrew and lay down by my side, and taking me

within both his arms, continued his charming endearments. I never slept

that night; I was in a fever of restless excitement. My husband fucked

me five times before he dozed off. Towards morning I tossed and tumbled,

and could not sleep. Daylight soon came, my restlessness had shaken all

the bed clothes off, except a part of the sheet, and turning towards my

husband, I perceived that the sheet stuck up over the lower part of his

body. Curiosity seized me—I looked at him, and saw he was evidently

sleeping. So gently removing the sheet, I beheld the dear instrument of

all my last night’s joys as well as pains. You know how we used to long

to see man’s cock when we were at school, and how, when we did sometimes

see a boy’s limp thing hanging down, we used to wonder what change would

come over it, and how. Well, here was an opportunity of examining, at my

ease, the wonderful curiosity that had so puzzled us. The last edge of

the sheet passing over it touched its ruby head; it throbbed and

pulsated to the view. I was afraid this had awakened Fred, but no, he

slept as sound as ever. So I gently raised myself on my bottom, and

gazed on the dear object I had so longed to see and feel. There it stood

up like a pillar, rather bending towards his belly: and what surprised

me much was to see a dark strongly wrinkled bag at its roots, with

apparently two large balls inside; the hair on its roots spread in dark

mass up to his navel, and beautifully bright and curling it was. I

approached my lips, and made the action of kissing, without touching it.

Whether it felt my warm breath, I know not, but it actually throbbed a

response. What a great big thing it was, equally long as it was thick, I

did not think I could encircle it with my hand; I longed to try, but was

afraid I should waken Fred, and what would he think of me, I blushed at

the very idea; but my passions became excited, and too strong to resist

the temptation. So first lying gently down again, I very quietly dropped

my arm over him and touched his cock, it throbbed at the touch, but Fred

slept on. So raising myself again, I very gently laid hold of it. It was

as much as I could grasp below the head, but was beyond my grasp at the

root; I found it took three of my hands to measure its length from the

root to the nut, which stood out in all its redness above. I was almost

breathless with excitement, and lost some of my caution. Stooping down,

I gently kissed the ruby head, when, before I knew where I was, it was

pushed up into my mouth, and my husband’s voice said—

“Oh, you dear darling creature! how kind of you to waken me so

luxuriously!”

I was horrified at being discovered; and blushing up to the eyes, I hid

my face in his bosom.

“Do not be ashamed, my angel, it is now as much yours as mine, and have

you not as much right to see, kiss, and handle it? come, don’t be

ashamed.”

However, I could not face him, and when he tried to raise my head I

turned my back. He seized me round the waist, and, before I knew where I

was, passed a hand between my thighs, and guided his huge cock to the

lips of my cunt, and was in me, I thought further than ever, in a

moment. It is true the previous toying with his instrument had terribly

excited me, and I had felt that my cunt had become very moist, but I had

no idea that anything could be accomplished in that position. I was most

delightfully undeceived, for not only did it feel tighter in it, but

transferring his fingers from guiding his prick, he touched and played

with my clitoris, and produced such excessive lubricity that I went off

and spent with a scream of delight before he was ready; but continuing

with finger and cock to ravish me inside and out, he soon brought me

again to such a pitch of lewdness that I was quite ready to spend with

him when the grand crisis arrived. Nothing could exceed the pleasure; my

internal pressures, he declared, were the most exquisite he had ever

experienced. My clitoris, too, he declared was quite unique. You

remember how it used to stick out when excited as far as the first thumb

joint, and how, when sometimes I played the husband on your belly, you

declared that it actually entered between the lips of your cunt, rubbed

against your smaller development, and gave you great pleasure, as indeed

it gave me. My husband has often examined and sucked it, and admires it

beyond measure. At present he did not withdraw, declaring that I held

him so tight he did not think he could pull it out if he tried. In fact,

it was involuntary on my part, and I could not help clinging to his dear

instrument for the life of me.

Oh, how he fondled and embraced me, making me partially turn my body so

that he might kiss and tongue me, and then suck my bubbies; his busy

finger all the time tickling and frigging my clitoris. I soon felt his

cock swelling so deliciously within me, and he shortly recommenced his

rapturous pushings in and out. We made a long, long bout of it, and I am

sure that I spent twice before joining him at the last moment, when he

died away in a shout of joy that I feared must have been heard by the

servants in the house, who long before this had been on the move. After

this we lay soaking and enjoying it for more than half an hour, when my

husband declared he felt as if a wolf was at his stomach, and that he

must have some breakfast. He got up and quickly dressed, desiring me to

lie still, and he would bring me some breakfast in bed, and that, while

it was getting ready, he would order some warm water to bathe myself

with. I felt his delicacy, and loved him for it. The water came, I was

much refreshed after using it, and got into bed again, but I felt

awfully stiff and done up all that and next day.

My darling husband waited on me himself at breakfast, stimulating me to

eat freely as a means of restoring my lost strength; which he very soon

put to the test again, for he fucked me three times during the day, and

each time he gave me greater pleasure than before. He was just as active

at night. And the whole three weeks we stayed at Leamington, he never

fucked me less than four times a night, declaring that I had become most

perfect in the exercise.

We then came here, our old friend, Mrs. Roberts, having kindly insisted

upon our paying her a long visit Fred has been called away suddenly and

will not return for a month. I am sure you will pity me, as you know my

temperament is too hot to keep chaste so long. You remember Charlie

Roberts; you would consider him a child, but he is not so. One afternoon

Fred followed me into my bedroom, as was usual, and gamahuched and

fucked me on the edge of the bed. I was about to leave the room after he

was gone, when on opening a closet, in which my dresses were hung, who

should I discover but this same Charlie. I was in a fix.

There was no doubt the lad had seen everything. I spoke kindly to him,

and he promised secrecy. In order to ensure it, I determined to have his

maidenhead. A few days afterwards my husband left me, and the girls with

their mamma and the governess went to town with him, leaving Charlie to

keep me company. I went upstairs with him to the drawing room, and

seating myself in a low chair, crossed my legs carelessly, exposing

them, and letting the garter and part of the bare skin of one thigh be

visible. The effect was what I expected. I saw Charlie’s eyes fixed on

the exposure, he blushed scarlet, and I could distinctly see his cock

swell out under his trousers. In a little while I had unbuttoned them,

and, oh, Carry, would you imagine it, I found he had the cock of a man.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. He is not quite fifteen, and yet he is

almost as large as Fred. Here was a godsend, indeed! I drew up my

petticoats, and the gallant little fellow instantly fell on his knees,

kissed and sucked my cunt. To reward him, I placed him on his back on

the couch, and got on the top of him. I took his pego into my mouth, and

pressed my cunt against his face, we devoured each other with our

luxurious caresses until we both spent copiously. Nothing was lost, we

both greedily swallowed all we could get.

At home he is looked upon as still a child, and I had little difficulty

in arranging for him to sleep in a little dressing room adjoining my

bedroom, with which there is a door of communication. He was sent early

to bed, but when I came I found him still awake, expecting me, and I had

the delicious treat of initiating him into the pleasures of fucking. If

you ever wish to enjoy \_par excellence\_ this pleasure, get hold of a

vigorous boy who has never had a woman. My good fortune threw into my

hands a wonderfully provided youth, whose aptitude, as well as size and

powers, it would be very difficult to match. I had already given him

several lessons in the enrapturing art when we fell asleep, and now I

must mention a little episode, which it would not do to omit.

In the morning I was dreaming of Fred, when I became conscious that

something was entering me. I was in that half-dreaming state when it is

difficult to be quite certain what is happening, but gradually I became

aware that although there was no doubt I was being entered, it was not

in the usual way. My husband had frequently of late pushed his prick up

my bottom-hole, and as he told me that all husbands did so, I could make

no objections. I, therefore, at first took it for granted that Fred,

finding my naked bottom in his lap, could not resist the temptation of

entering it. I, therefore, humoured him, and so moved my bottom as to

facilitate his complete entrance, and began to feel myself the

excitement it occasioned, but as I became wider awake, I gradually

called to mind that Fred had left me, and that Charlie was my bedfellow.

The audacity of the young rogue paralysed me, but his delicious

movements had become too nice for me to think of dislodging him. He

insisted that he was quite unconscious of his mistake, and that he

believed himself buried in the delicious grotto of the night before. It

probably was so, for so perfect an ignoramus as he is, although ever so

apt a scholar in Venus’s rites, he could hardly have imagined there

could be any entrance in the smaller orifice. I let him go on, and with

his well hung cock in my bottom, and two or three fingers in my cunt, he

fucked and frigged me most deliciously, until we both spent in an agony

of pleasure. If, Carry, you have not tried this route I strongly

recommend you to do so without delay, but you must be well fucked in the

first instance, to stimulate a desire in those parts, and your lover

must be up to the art of frigging you at the same time, or you can pass

your hand under your belly, and rub your clitoris, which was the plan I

adopted with Charlie, until I taught him the art of rubbing the clitoris

properly. As there is always more excitement when this is done by a

male, it is better to have them when one can, but, \_faute de mieux\_—one

can do it oneself with much additional lascivious satisfaction.

To give you an instance of the precocious aptitude of this dear little

fellow, I mounted upon him one morning, keeping my body erect, that we

might see the delicious instrument in its action of being engulphed and

then withdrawn, a most exciting pose which I recommend you to try, if

your husband has not already taught it to you. At last, overcome by the

lascivious movements, I sank on his bosom. He pressed my bottom down

with one hand, and with the other embracing the nearer buttock,

introduced his middle finger up the rosy orifice of my bottom, and

frigged me in unison with our ups and downs of fucking, giving me the

most delicious additional sensations.

What do you think of that for a \_tyro\_? His discretion, too, is

extraordinary. The first night after I sent him to his own bed, he

overslept himself. I had not thought of that, and had not looked into

his little room before descending to breakfast. His sister was sent to

call him. He at once excused himself by saying he had had a bad dream,

she came down and told us. In a few minutes he followed, and in the most

natural way possible, told a tale of fright, declared he had awoke

screaming and afterwards had been so frightened that he could not sleep,

and turning to me in the most natural way, hoped his scream had not

disturbed me. He never came near me, or appeared in any way attracted by

me—a discretion worthy of a man of the world. Oh! my dear Carry, I shall

make a great deal of this boy. We have had several delicious nights

since, and he improves wonderfully. Splendidly as my husband fucks,

Charley already beats him. He is quite as often ready, indeed, oftener,

and it is I that hold him back, but there is something still so

charmingly infantine in his way of caressing me, and then the lascivious

idea he is all my own, and that I initiated him in love’s mysteries,

adds an inexpressible charm to our lascivious encounters. I feel that I

shall almost regret my husband’s return, as it will force me to give up

this delicious indulgence. Not the slightest shadow of suspicion of our

doings is excited in the family, thanks to the very guarded and

admirable conduct of Charlie, which is above all praise.

Write to me soon, my dear Carry, and be sure you are as candid as this

long, long letter is to you, for the life of me I could not make it

shorter. I only hope you will give me one as long, and have as much

delicious intelligence for me. I know you too well to suppose that you

have not found means as I have done, to try what other men are made of,

although you can scarcely have had such wonderful luck as mine. Write

then, and write without reserve. Our mutual affection is too sincere to

allow of any concealment whatever between two such loving and lewd

lascivious friends.

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. BENSON.

Such was the long letter my adored mistress wrote at the time to her

school companion. It will be seen that their attachment had led to

something more than the usual fingerings and caressings of school girls,

indeed, had led them on to the lewdest and most lascivious indulgences

that two girls could practise in common, and had first excited their

passions and given them the delicious power of pleasing coition they

were both so perfect in, for, as I before said, about two years after

this time, I was the possessor of both and many and many an orgy we

three had together, without the shadow of jealousy on any side. It will

be seen that Mrs. Egerton, in her reply, even looks forward to the

delicious indulgence, which in the end was happily effected and long

continued. The following is her reply—

THE HON. MRS. EGERTON TO MRS. BENSON.

How can I ever sufficiently thank my darling Lizzie for her delicious

letter, I have devoured its delightful details a dozen times already. I

keep it in my bosom, and renew the pleasure of its perusal at every

spare moment. \_Too long?\_ Oh! with such a charming power of description,

why did you not cover fifty more pages. Never in my life have I enjoyed

such an exquisite description of those dear lascivious encounters. How

delighted I am at your good fortune in meeting with such a miracle of a

boy as that dear Charlie Roberts. Why, he has every quality of a man,

united to the charm of extreme youth. What a splendid man he will

become, the very perfection of a lover, and already possessing so lewd

and lascivious a lubricity. Oh! how I envy you his possession. What luck

for him too, to have fallen into the hands of so delicious a teacher as

my beloved Lizzie is. Am I not myself her pupil, and were you not my own

delicious instructress in all that one of our sex could teach each the

other.

You will remember a long-standing engagement entered into, between us

made, when we were both so lewd and so longing for the real knowledge of

man, and how we pledged ourselves that if either got possession of a

lover, we should manage after a while to share him between us. Your

description of Charlie Roberts has brought this pledge most vividly to

my recollection. I am sure my dear Lizzie will not be angry or jealous

when I avow that I long to participate with her in the possession of

that darling boy; and if my Lizzie is as of old, I feel certain she will

rather indulge and cultivate this propensity than otherwise. Think how

easy it will be for us both to arrange the meeting of all three

together, because I wish to possess him in common, certain that it will

increase the lascivious pleasure of coition. No one will suspect us when

we drive out, two women with one man. It will naturally be supposed that

one fears the other, and so there will be no danger. See, here I am at

once anticipating future scenes, but it is all owing to the extremely

exciting and lascivious details you have so vividly given me.

I have no such delicious scenes to depict as those you have so

delightfully described to me. My honeymoon passed off in a much more

common-place way than yours. Our marriage, which was performed within a

day of your own, went off as such events do. My husband was loving,

without being very warm. I felt very much as you describe on going to

bed the first night, but the discretion or delicacy of my husband, which

I could well have pardoned him for dispensing with, left me time not

only to get into bed, but kept me waiting there some time. He entered

like yours in his dressing-gown, but immediately put out the light and

found his way into bed, as best he could. He crept to my side and

embraced me tenderly enough, and began to fondle and kiss me, telling me

how dearly he loved me, etc., but for some time he avoided any indecent

liberties. I suppose he thought it necessary to gain my confidence and

quiet any alarm I might be in. He might have saved himself the trouble,

for in reality I was longing for and at the same time somewhat dreading

an attack on my maiden charms. At last, little by little, he approached

the object of delight, and eventually begging me not to be alarmed, he

mounted upon me and effected the object of his desires. He did not hurt

me much, not nearly as much as I expected, nor so much as you seem to

have suffered. I deemed it politic to affect more suffering than he

really inflicted. Towards the end I had slight scintillations of

pleasure, but not worth mentioning; it is true my husband is not so

well-armed as yours and Charlie appear to be, and he is also much colder

in his passions; for instance, he did not attempt to fuck me again,

although I would have been gratified if he had done so; perhaps it was

considerate towards me in his idea, but, merely embracing me in his

arms, he talked himself and me to sleep.

In the morning he again fucked me, this time giving me something like

pleasure, but I was altogether disappointed with my night’s experience.

It was not such as you or I, my dear Lizzie, had pictured to ourselves,

in our anticipations of the marriage night. My husband since has never

exceeded twice a night, but he has become more exciting, and has

generally made me spend twice to his once, first exciting my passions by

feeling all my private parts, and frigging my clitoris, so that I

generally have lubricated the passage by my own discharge before he

attempts to make an entrance. I find he likes this, and so far it

pleases me, because only one discharge would leave me in a state of

excitement unbearable. He has never attempted any of those lewder and

more lascivious methods, of which you have had such delicious

experience. Altogether, I cannot but say I am disappointed. My husband

is loving, and very anxious that I should improve my mind in every way.

You know I was rather more proficient than usual at school in Italian.

My husband speaks it fluently, and as we mean to spend a winter at Rome,

was anxious that I should have further instruction. He asked me if my

school teacher was a good one, but I did not encourage that idea. You

may remember our former master was a Count Fortunio, so handsome and so

enterprising that you and I had both formed the plan of having him, and

had already put over some of the preliminaries when, unfortunately, he

was caught with that impudent Miss Peace, with whom, doubtless, he had

accomplished everything. Of course, he was instantly changed for

another, and we saw no more of him, to the sad disappointment of our

then libidinous hopes. My husband proposed advertising for a master,

when I had the happy instinct to tell him that schoolmistresses

generally applied to Rolandi, of Berner’s Street, for language masters,

and that, if he would write or call, he would be sure to get every

information. That evening, after dinner, as we sat dozing over the fire

in the library—very imperfectly lighted—my husband informed me that he

had seen Rolandi, who had most strongly recommended a very gentlemanly

man, moving in good society, namely, the Count Fortunio. I started in

amazement; fortunately, owing to the half-light we were in, my surprise

and confusion were unnoticed by my husband. He said that he had been

referred to one or two gentlemen of standing as to the Count’s

character, that he called upon them, and felt satisfied that I could not

be in better hands. You may imagine what an effect this information had

upon me. All night long I could think of nothing else. What seemed most

difficult to me was the hiding from my husband our previous knowledge of

each other. I feared the Count would at once recognise me and claim

acquaintance, which was what I most wished to avoid; to you, from whom I

have no secrets, I may own it immediately occurred to me that this would

be an opportunity (for which I had in heart been longing) of obtaining

the services of a lover I could trust. How to manage it I knew not, but

chance, that favourer of all wrongdoers, stood me in good stead.

My husband had intended to be present to receive the Count. Fortunately,

a letter arrived in the morning requiring his instant attendance in the

City about the sale of some stock, of which he was trustee. He begged me

to see the Count, and arranged as to hours of attendance, &c., the more

frequently the better. I felt my embarrassment was at an end; the next

thing was to avoid letting the servants, those domestic spies on our

conduct, see the first meeting. There was a small room off our drawing

room that had no door but the opening into the drawing room; this was

fitted up as a sort of boudoir writing room, and my husband had pointed

it out as a convenient place for me to take my lessons in. Here,

therefore, I posted myself, and awaited the hour of arrival, to which he

was punctual. He was announced and I told the servants to show him in. I

sat purposely with my back to the entrance, apparently engaged in

writing, as if I did not know he had approached, until I heard the door

of the drawing room shut. I then rose, turned, and smilingly held out my

hand. He started with surprise, but immediately and gallantly kissed the

hand held out to him.

“I hope you are not disappointed in finding who is going to be your

pupil.”

“Oh, no, certainly not; I did not know you under your married name; but

I am so happy to renew an acquaintance which at one time had such

charming promise.”

“Stop, signor, I am now married, and it is necessary to be very

cautious. I do not wish to deny that I am much pleased to renew

acquaintance with you, but it must be with great reserve. Sit down by my

side, and be reasonable.”

“Reasonable! and by the side of one whom I so much loved, and from whom

I had such hope. Oh! dear Mrs. Egerton, you are surely not going to

treat me as a mere master. You would render me miserable if you did so.

How can I help admiring one whom I so fondly loved, and with whom I

hoped for such happiness long ago.”

Here, having possession of my hand, his other arm was passed round my

waist, and he drew me to his lips, and I must own, I reciprocated the

ardent kiss he gave me. You remember how handsome he is, and how soft

and loving was the expression of his eyes. Well, my dear, to cut matters

short, I was so excited that I hardly observed that he had passed his

hand up to my petticoats, until I found he had got it on my mount. My

passions being excited, and knowing that my husband could not return,

and also that he had given strict orders that I was not to be disturbed

in my Italian lessons, I gave way unreservedly to the excitement the

Count raised. Before I well knew where I was, he was on his knees in

front of the low chair on which I was seated. He had thrown up my

petticoats, and I felt a long and extremely hard prick rush up my cunt,

and begin the most lively action. In fact, he carried me (not

unwillingly I must avow) by storm, and made haste to secure the fortress

at once, so that I had a very quick fuck, that did not assuage the fire

he had raised within me. He has since apologised for his haste, saying

that he wished to secure possession of me before I could think of

resistance, so as to ensure more facilities of connection hereafter. We

had no lesson in language that day, but another bout of love, in which

he did his utmost, and with perfect success, to give me the most

delicious enjoyment.

In fact, my dear Lizzie, I may say it was the first fuck that thoroughly

realised my, or rather our, anticipations of the act. We arranged the

line of conduct necessary to be followed so as neither to compromise me

or him either. In a short time we had again a delicious fuck. Seated,

with outstretched legs, on a chair, he got me to straddle over him, and

sink down on his stiff upstanding prick. I have tried this position

kneeling, with my husband on his back; but it does not equal the chair

fuck. One has so much better a spring from one’s feet than from one’s

knees, besides, the man is brought more face to face, and there is more

facility for mutual embracings; but both ways have their charm. I had

repeatedly observed that the Count apparently lost his place, and on

recovering it, partially penetrated the smaller orifice, which you so

picturesquely describe. I thought it accident, and as it hurt, I always

put him back, and joked him on his awkwardness. But after I read your

dear delightful letter. I became convinced that he had a wish to

penetrate there, without the courage to tell me so.

I must confess to you, that our stolen embraces at home had become too

unsatisfactory, and the Count had arranged for a private house to be at

our disposal. Of an afternoon I drove out shopping, called at Swan and

Edgar’s in Regent Street, leaving the carriage at the door, walked

upstairs, made some trifling purchase, paid for and left it until I

should call in an hour; then descending by another staircase, left by

the Piccadilly entrance, and taking a cab, joined my expectant lover,

where he was waiting for me. There stripping perfectly naked, we enjoyed

each other most lasciviously, and practised every act of lubricity. When

satiated with our efforts, a second cab conducted me to St. James’s

passage, in Jermyn Street, from whence I gained on foot Swan and Edgar’s

in Piccadilly, received my parcel, and rejoined my carriage. Thus no

suspicions were excited, either in the household or otherwise.

We have met thrice since your dear delicious letter fired my

imagination, and I have seized the occasion to taste the sweets of the

neighbouring altar to Venus’s legitimate one. After the Count had fucked

me twice I turned my back as if wishing it in a way we often enjoyed it,

but took care to place my bottom in such a position that the smaller

orifice was nearest to his standing prick. Whether he saw my drift I

know not, but finding with his finger how conveniently it lay, he

plunged boldly forward, and half sheathed himself at the first push. I

started with the sudden pain, and should have disengaged myself at once,

notwithstanding that I purposely placed myself to receive his prick in

my bottom-hole, but with his arms round my waist I was perfectly

powerless, and another thrust sent him up to the hilt, but really

hurting me most sensitively; I begged him to desist and withdraw, but he

said—

“I will remain quite quiet for a time, and you will see that your pain

will diminish, and then you will like it.”

I could not help myself, and sure enough he was right. Shortly I felt no

pain; slipping one hand down, he began to frig my clitoris, and in a

little time, finding by the involuntary movements of my loins that my

passions were excited, he began to move very slightly and slowly. I soon

found a strange excitement seize me, which increased to such a degree

that I almost fainted, when my nature gave down its divinest essence. We

have since repeated the new experience, but I quite agree with you in

thinking that we must be well fucked first.

The Count is a master of his weapon, which, neither quite so long as you

describe your husband’s nor nearly so thick at the point, is very much

so at the root, and as stiff and hard as iron. I assure you, the wild

excess of passion he drives me into is indescribable. You shall

experience the delight of his fucking, for, with you and me, there must

be no difficulty, diversion, nor jealousy. Nay, I shall try to seduce

your husband, with a view to cover our delinquencies. I would offer you

mine, but, truly, he is not worth having to a woman who can find better,

as my dear Lizzie so charmingly does. We have managed matters so

prudently that my husband has taken a great fancy to the Count, and he

dines frequently at our house.

We have often talked of you. I told him of your marriage, and of a

probability of your eventually settling in London. I marked the sparkle

of his eyes at the news, but was silent as to your letter and

adventures. It is better we should manage the affair between us when you

are here.

So you see, after all, I have not come off so badly, although, I must

say, tamely in comparison with the delicious adventures of my dear and

charming Lizzie. I think, when we meet, we shall be able to get up

parties of the most delightful kind. I even hope we may induce the Count

to join you and Charlie in a \_partie carrée\_; what fun and pleasure we

should have, and then the delight of exchanging lovers at each bout. Oh!

the very idea has set me on fire; fortunately, I am expecting my lover

at every moment. I will close my letter with this lascivious picture,

and in hopes of some day realizing it with my loved Lizzie, Whose most

affectionate and attached friend,

I shall ever remain,

CARRY EGERTON.

Such were these two charming letters, and I may immediately mention now

that the lascivious picture dear Carry drew of a \_partie carrée\_—we four

the actors—was afterwards realised to the utmost extent of every

salacious enjoyment that the most experienced lubricity could suggest.

The Count and I often sandwiched them between us, which they declared to

be the \_ne plus ultra\_ of pleasure, while the upper operator gamahuched

the unoccupied quim. Nay, these giddy delicious creatures were not

satisfied until they had induced us to alternate the joys of coition

with each other; but that was rarely the case. These enchanting women

were so exquisitely seductive that, while we had them at our disposal,

we sought no other source of delight. But I am digressing, and talking

of events that occurred long after the period which I am more

particularly describing.

The three weeks’ absence of Mr. Benson terminated, alas, far too soon;

in fact, time flew so quick that it hardly appeared three days when a

letter arrived announcing his return for the next day. My heart was

ready to burst, but I managed to make no show or mention when Mrs. B.

told the news at breakfast. Mrs. B. observed that I turned pale, but no

one else remarked anything. We contrived to meet for a short time in the

middle of the day, and she embraced me tenderly, with tears in her eyes,

and looking so loving that my passions became overexcited, and hers too.

Notwithstanding the imprudence of the risk, we there and then had a most

delightful and salacious fuck; and at night this charming woman allowed

me full liberty to do anything I liked; and as often as nature would

support us we revelled in a sea of lubricity. How often I cannot say,

although my loved mistress declared that I had spent ten times, I am

certain she did oftener than that, for neither closed an eye, nor ceased

from the most loving embraces. She exerted all the wonderful powers of

seduction for which she was so distinguished. Never mortal man could

have passed a more intoxicating night of pleasure. We heard movements in

the house before we parted with mutual tears coursing down our cheeks.

It was with difficulty I tore myself from her; indeed, I could not have

done so if she had not herself risen, and tenderly embracing me, told me

to have courage and hope, for, somehow or other, we should manage an

occasional interview. Particularly cautioning me to be perfectly on my

guard when her husband came, she said it would be better if I kept out

of the way until after the first interview was over, as it might be too

much for me to see him embrace her. I did as she desired. No one noticed

me in the confusion of his arrival.

Mamma had insisted upon my returning to my bed in her room, as she was

sure Mr. Benson would require the dressing room. Mrs. B., from policy,

objected, saying that there was no occasion, that I had been so quiet

she had never once been conscious of my being there, &c., but mamma had

her own way, and I really believe very much to the satisfaction of Mrs.

B. herself; for I doubt, if Mr. B. had been aware of my close proximity,

whether he would altogether have liked it. Nevertheless, he so

completely treated me as little more than a child that I am quite sure

he had no suspicion of my having occupied his place so continuously

during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. B. retired shortly after his arrival, doubtless to plunge

into all the joys of venery after his long absence, and his wife’s

supposed privation of them. The idea of that being the case did not so

much annoy me as I expected; on the contrary, imagination portrayed them

in all the agonies of delight, and actually excited me extremely. All at

once, the idea struck me that I might be purposely hid in the closet,

behold all their delicious encounters, and when he had left his wife to

put herself to rights, and the key was turned upon him, I might then in

my turn, fly into my enchanting mistress’s arms, and revel in all the

joys her well moistened and juicy cunt could give. I determined to

propose this to dear Mrs. Benson the first moment I could get her apart

from all observation.

I was a little \_distrait\_ in the schoolroom that day, but an appeal from

Miss Evelyn recalled me to my senses. She asked me what I could be

thinking of; I held down my head and blushed. Already an adept in

dissimulation, I faltered out that it was of herself and of her

endearing caresses the day before, which had made me feel so queer all

over. In fact, the previous day she had hugged me rather close to her,

and kissed me more lovingly than usual, which really had, at the time,

inflamed my desires, and given me great hope of matters coming to a more

satisfactory termination with her. She patted my check, and kissed me

again, saying I was a naughty boy to have any such thoughts, and I must

not indulge in them, or she would not love me any more. But there was a

sparkle in her eye, and a flush on her cheek, which showed me she was

anything but displeased.

At our usual break up at four o’clock, I went to the parlour to see if,

by chance, I could get a secret word with Mrs. B., but found that she

and her husband had again retired. I knew what that meant; it set me too

on fire, and I flew to the garden where my sisters had gone to play. I

gave Mary a hint, which she readily understood, and proposed a game of

hide and seek. To prevent Eliza interrupting us, I took up a stone,

which I furtively dropped again, and proposed that Eliza should guess

first, in which hand I had got it, and if she guessed wrong she was to

be the seeker. Of course, she guessed wrong. So we bound up her eyes,

and she was to stand behind a tree and count one hundred before she

attempted to look for or seek us. We made a detour, and as fast as we

could run reached the summer house, which, as all the ladies were in the

house occupied, I knew to be untenanted. We entered and locked the door,

in an instant I had Mary down on her back on the sofa, my head between

her thighs, and my tongue in her cunt, and then on her clitoris. She was

as eager for it as myself. A week had passed since the happy day of

giving up her maidenhead to me. She had thoroughly got over all the

pains and inconveniences of that day, and was as ready for a renewal of

what could only be joys now as I was. She spent in my mouth almost as

soon as I began to gamahuche her clitoris. Waiting an instant to lick up

and swallow the soft and delicious young discharge, I rose, pulled out

my bursting prick, and engulphed it in her well-moistened sheath with

one rapturous shove up to the hilt, positively taking away her breath by

the energy of the attack. I was almost as rapid in coming to a

conclusion as she had been. Nevertheless, she died away a second time,

the moment she felt the warm gush of my raging discharge. We lay some

minutes rapt in the lascivious lap of lubricity. But in our young and

unbroken energies, nature soon reasserted her power. I must give my

sister the palm. It was the internal pressures of the inner folds of her

deliciously tight cunt that first awakened my vigour. Somewhat more

slowly we began another love encounter, which speedily became much more

rapid and energetic, ending as usual in an extasy of delight, and

closing with actual cries of intense pleasure.

It was well we had completed our second course, for we heard the

footsteps of Eliza, who, after in vain searching for us near to where we

had left her, had at last sought us in the summer house. I had just time

to arrange my trousers and unlock the door when she arrived and burst in

upon us. She said it was unfair to go so far away, but we only laughed,

and proposed that Mary should now seek us. We were standing outside

below the mound, tying on the handkerchief, when Miss Evelyn was seen

approaching. She came up and noticed the flush still on Mary’s cheeks,

but we at once told her that we had been playing at hide and seek, and

had had a good run, and that it was now Mary’s turn to be the seeker.

However, Miss Evelyn said she thought we had had enough exercise for the

time, and that it would be better to walk gently about to get cool, as

it only wanted a few minutes of the hour for renewing our lessons, so we

all demurely returned to the house. A reflection struck me that it would

be necessary to initiate my sister Eliza in our secrets, and although

she might be too young for the complete insertion of my increasingly

large cock, I might gamahuche her while fucking Mary, and give her

intense pleasure. In this way we could retire without difficulty to

spots where we should be quite in safety, and even when such was not the

case, we could employ Eliza as a watch, to give us early notice of

anyone approaching. It will be seen that this idea was afterwards most

successfully carried out to the immense increase of my pleasure.

It was a lovely summer evening. After dinner Mr. B., who, doubtless, had

no longer any amorous longing, after having twice retired during the

day, challenged Miss Evelyn to a game at chess, of which she was a great

proficient. Mamma, Mrs. B., and the two girls stepped out into the

flower garden, to enjoy the beauty of the evening. Fortunately mamma

fancied she felt chilly, and shortly went back again, taking the two

girls with her, and setting Mary down to the piano. I seized the happy

moment, and drew Mrs. B. to a seat, far removed beyond the hearing of

any listeners, but in sight of the windows. There I unfolded to her the

plan I had proposed to myself; she smiled at my precocious ingenuity,

but added it would not be safe to leave the closet door open, even

partially, as by chance Mr. B. might open it, and that would never do;

but she might lock me in—or rather I might do so from the inside.

“Ahh! but then I want to see it all—it is so exciting to see Mr. B.

working into that divine body of yours.”

She laughed heartily at my remark, and said I was a lewd lascivious

young rascal—adding:

“But are you not jealous to see another in possession of me?”

I admitted that that was my first impression, but on thinking over it, I

had become convinced I should like her and enjoy her all the more

lasciviously if I were a witness to their love contests, but I must be

able to see them.

“Well! can you not bore a couple of holes an inch and a half apart,

below the middle panel and cut a narrow slit from hole to hole? I will

take care to place myself in a proper position, and do my best to

gratify your premature lubricity. My darling boy, you progress

wonderfully, and make me proud of my pupil.”

Seeing she took it thus kindly, I said—

“Do tell me, my beloved mistress, how often he has fucked you today?”

“Will it please you really, my dear Charlie, to know that?”

“Oh! yes, so much.”

“Well, then, six times in the morning, and four before dinner. He was

bursting with desire, and could not hold. He spent twice before giving

me time to come once, but then you know, my dear Charlie, how actively

you had been employing your time all the previous night, you sad rogue

that you are.”

“Did you enjoy it much, my dear Mrs. B.?”

“Why, if I must tell you, you little curiosity box, I did; you know how

powerfully my husband is hung, and loving him as I do, it is impossible

to undergo his powerful and lascivious embraces without feeling all

one’s libidinous passions stirred up within me, but even while in his

possession, my dear boy, I thought of your young charms, and the fierce

delights we had enjoyed together last night. My husband little imagined

it was of you, not him, that I was thinking and stimulating myself to

wild upheavings of voluptuous movements, while he was revelling in all

the lubricity of his own passions, and fucking me to my heart’s

content.”

“Oh! how delicious! my angelic mistress,” I cried, “the pleasure of your

vivid description almost makes me faint with desire—oh! that I could

possess you at once.”

“You must not think of that, my dear darling boy. We must manage it

tomorrow; I shall go into the house at once, and occupy your mother’s

attention, do you get a gimlet and chisel, slip up at once to my

bedroom, and prepare a peephole for tomorrow; be careful to put it low

down, below the projection of the middle panel of the door in which the

lock is placed, and take care to remove the pieces of wood you take out.

I shall put the key inside of the door. Your sisters always take two

hours at the piano after your midday meal, our luncheon is served at the

same time. Mr. B. is sure to require my attendance in my room after

that, but I shall detain him by some excuse till I observe that you have

disappeared, and after giving you sufficient time, we shall follow, and

you shall have the extraordinary satisfaction you require; but above all

remember—not a movement to betray yourself until my husband leaves and I

have locked the door behind him.” So saying, she pressed her lovely hand

on my stiffly excited member, rose and joined mamma. I lost no time in

following her advice, and happily executed all I wanted, and returned

unconcernedly to the drawing room, without my absence having occasioned

any remark. Next day I got safely to my hiding-room, and had comfortably

stowed myself away in such a position that the opening I had made was on

a level with my eyes, before they arrived. She, dear creature,

anticipating my vista, had merely slipped on a dress, without a corset,

and told her husband that he was so insatiate that she was obliged to be

ready at a moment’s notice to satisfy his inordinate passion, so she had

only to take off her gown to be at her ease. “Most admirable, my darling

wife, but drop off everything, and let me contemplate, at my ease, all

the beauties of your exquisite body.”

No sooner said than done, and my lovely mistress stood in all the glory

of her magnificent and beautiful naked form. He kissed and fondled her

from head to foot, laid her on the bed and gamahuched her till she

squealed again with pleasure. Then pulling out his magnificent prick, he

plunged it into her delicious cunt at a single bound, evidently giving

her the most exquisite delight, as was evidenced by the instantaneous

clasping of him with her arms and legs, and the rapid wriggling of her

backside. They soon ran a first course, but Mr. B. remained engulphed in

the closely fitting sheath of his salacious wife. She evidently exerted

herself more than usual, both for her own pleasure as well as to give

satisfaction to me, for once when she turned her head in my direction I

caught her eyes, and she smiled, giving a still more vigorous heave than

usual, and showing me all her cunt at full stretch with the noble prick

in it. I was ready to burst. At last their bout was over for the

present; Mr. B. withdrew his prick, all slimy from its sheath, pendant,

but still full of size.

Most extraordinary! I would have given a good deal to have dared to rush

out, put it in my mouth and suck it dry, I can hardly describe how

strongly this desire took possession of me. It was the first promptings

of a passion I have since often indulged in, where I have met with

companions with whom I could join in orgies of both sexes. Mrs. B.

professed to be dead beaten by the constant and frequent renewals of

these interviews in addition to night work and lay perfectly still,

while he performed his ablutions and readjusted, his habiliments.

“Fasten the door after me,” said he, as he ardently pressed her form in

his arms and kissed her. She had continued stretched on the bed, exactly

facing me, with legs widely extended, so as to show me the whole of her

lovely cunt, which I could see still panted under its late excitement.

My charming mistress told me it was palpitating not for what had passed,

but for what it was waiting for. She rose at last and closed the door,

turning the key upon her husband. She then approached the bidet to

purify herself, but I bounded from the closet, seized her in my arms,

dashed her back on the bed and immediately glued my lips to her glowing

and foaming cunt, with all the froth and spending of her husband oozing

out. I greedily devoured it, and raised her to such a frenzy of lewdness

that she dragged me up and cried, frantically—

“For God’s sake fuck me—fuck me!”

Of course my cock was bursting to do so; with one shove he was sheathed

to the cods; my loved mistress spent with that alone, so highly was she

excited, not only by the preparations, but as she herself acknowledged

to me, by the idea of the instantaneous infidelity to her husband, at

the moment after he had just fucked her—such is the wild imagination of

women when they give way to every libidinous thought. It would have been

exactly the same if some equally fortunate lover had been awaiting my

retiring from the field. The idea of success in deception is a passion

with them, and they would almost sacrifice anything to obtain it. Before

I could arrive at the grand crisis, she was again ready, and we died

away in an agony of blissful lubricity—she held me, as usual, so tight

that I never thought of withdrawing from the folds of her delicious

cunt, but lay still enjoying the never ceasing compressions of its

velvety folds, which sometimes really had almost the force of a vice. I

was rapidly ready for a second bout, which, like the first, ended in

extatic joys, beyond the power of description. My charming mistress

thought I ought now to desist, but pleading my forty hours’ fast (for,

of course, she knew nothing of my fucking Mary), I begged her to allow

me to run one more course.

“Then, my darling Charlie, you must let me turn on my side, for I am so

heated with your weight and my husband’s that I must have some relief,

but there is no occasion for you to withdraw, leave me to manage it.”

With an art quite her own, she accomplished her object, her splendid

buttocks’ pressing before my eyes against my belly fired me immediately.

My cock swelled and stood firm as ever. Then passing an arm round her

body, I used my fingers on her excited and stiffly projecting clitoris.

We had a much longer and more voluptuous fuck than before; nothing could

exceed the delicious movements of my divine mistress; she twisted her

body so, that I could suck one of her bubbies, while I fucked and

frigged her; she spent with such a scream of delight that I am sure she

must have been heard in the house, had it not been for the inner baize

door to the room. She continued throbbing so deliciously on my prick

that I began to flatter myself I should obtain a fourth favour, but she

suddenly bolted out of my arms and out of bed. Turning round, and taking

my whole prick into her mouth, and giving it a voluptuous suck, she

said—

“No, my loved boy, we must be prudent if we mean to have a repetition of

these most exquisite interviews. You have given me most extatic

pleasure, and by moderation, and running no risk in too long indulgence

of our passions, we may safely manage to enjoy similar interviews every

day. Get into the dressing room, remain there until I leave my room and

pass your door. After I have seen that no one is near, I will cough

twice, wait a minute longer, then quietly leave and descend by the back

stairs.”

All was happily effected, and for the week longer they remained with us,

I found means to repeat the charming lesson every day, without raising

suspicion in anyone’s mind.

At last this admirable woman departed. It was with difficulty I could

bear the scene, but I gulphed down my feelings as best I could. She had

become a universal favourite, and all regretted her leaving, so that my

distress was not noticed in the general regret. It was more than two

years before fortune favoured me in again meeting with this charming

woman. And then we saw very much of each other, both alone and with

other congenial spirits, of which, perhaps, I may hereafter write a

detail; but at present I have got events to relate that followed fast on

her departure.

I have said that Miss Evelyn had been gradually growing more familiar in

her manner of partially caressing me. She drew me closer to her, almost

invariably placing her arm round my waist, frequently kissing and

pressing me against her firm and well-formed bosom. This had frequently

an evident effect on my lower person, even while I was kept less

excitable by the constant relief my passions were obtaining in the arms

of my adored Mrs. B. Now I no longer had that vent, for the little

relief I could get at rare intervals from my sister Mary was as nothing,

after the constant exercise I had been provided with for a whole month.

Ever since I had practised that little deception on Miss Evelyn by

attributing to her embraces the evident distraction I was in on the day

of Mr. Benson’s return, she had increased her pressures of my person,

and could not but feel my stiff prick throbbing against her thigh, while

she closely pressed my body against it with her arm. I often noted the

increased sparkle of her eyes and changes of colour on her face when she

kissed me, and I put up my hand and caressed her cheek. At times she

would push me suddenly away, and beg me to resume my seat; frequently

she would quit the room in an agitated manner, till this led me to

suppose that an internal conflict was going on, and that passion urged

one course, reason another. Remembering the sage advice given to me by

my loved and beautiful mistress, Mrs. B., I resolved to play the part of

an innocent ignoramus, and let her own passions develop and produce the

result I so longed for. I doubt if I could have held out but for the

relief I found in dear Mary’s embraces, who, each time we could manage

to meet, became more and more attractive, and more capable of giving and

receiving pleasure. We had some difficulty in keeping Eliza blind to our

doings. At last Mary agreed to initiate her into gamahuching, and to

tell her I did so to her when we shut ourselves up together, and that if

she would keep the secret, I would do the same to her; but that it was

necessary that one should keep watch while the other amused herself with

me, for fear Miss Evelyn should chance to come. Mary proceeded to

gamahuche her, which delighted Eliza beyond measure; indeed, although a

year and a half younger, she speedily showed a developement of passion

superior to Mary. At first I only gamahuched her, letting her play with

my prick as I did so, but not attempting to instruct her in the art of

insertion into her charming little quim, which already showed symptoms

of a hairy growth on her well-formed and very prominent mount. When I

had done enough in this way, Mary, who had previously been fucked by me,

returned, and Eliza took up the watch, while I appeased in Mary’s

deliciously tight cunt the thirst that gamahuching Eliza had raised.

It was thus I could more coolly await the gradual approximation that

Miss Evelyn’s evident passion for me was bringing about. That she

struggled against it was evident, but passion was gaining the advantage,

as was shown by her nervous tremblings and sudden clutches, drawing me

up to her parched lips, and sometimes pushing me away with a shudder

that shook her frame and paled her lovely cheeks. I fancied that nature

had been too much for her on these occasions, and that in reality the

sudden clutching was the approach of love’s crisis, and that when she

shuddered, and suddenly repulsed me, she was discharging. It was evident

this could not continue. At last the happy day for which I so longed

arrived. Mamma was going to go to the town, and taking my two sisters

with her, to get something or other for them. She invited Miss Evelyn to

accompany her, but the latter declined, on the excuse of an alleged

headache. In truth, the violent nature of the conflict going on between

her passions and her prudence had visibly affected her health; she had

become pale and anxious-looking, and my mother was somewhat uneasy about

her. She told her not to occupy herself too much with my lessons that

day, and only give me work for an hour in the morning and an hour in the

afternoon, and begged her to take a quiet stroll in the garden, and rest

as much as possible.

On leaving us, she cautioned me to be as gentle and obedient as

possible, as Miss Evelyn was poorly and out of spirits. Mamma and the

girls departed. Miss Evelyn, almost as pale as death, and quite visibly

trembling, falteringly begged me to go to our schoolroom and study the

lesson she had given me the previous evening, saying she would join me

shortly. I went, but no lesson could I do that day. The evident

agitation and apparent illness of Miss Evelyn distressed if not alarmed

me; I was still too inexperienced in her mind. It was a phase of woman’s

nature which I had as yet no knowledge of. I had merely a vague kind of

idea that it all tended to the ultimate gratification of my libidinous

hopes, and I only held off to a certain extent in obedience to the

counsel my loved Mrs. Benson had so wisely impressed upon me, and was

waiting in lively hopes of the result I so ardently wished for.

At last Miss Evelyn joined me, her eyes were swollen and red as if she

had been weeping; my own filled with tears when I saw her, and I

approached, hesitatingly, and said—

“Oh, my dear governess, I am so grieved to see you look so poorly. Oh,

do nothing today, and I promise to work twice as hard tomorrow.”

At the moment I really felt quite distressed at the sad expression of

her features. For an instant she smiled languidly, then, by some

compulsion of feeling, she seized me in both arms and drawing me to her

bosom, covered me with kisses; her eyes became almost perfectly

brilliant.

“Oh, you dear, dear, darling boy, I love you beyond expression. Kiss,

oh, kiss me! my darling! and comfort me, because I love you all too

well.”

Then, again, there was a change, she seemed to fear she had said too

much, and turned away her head and tears started to her eyes, but her

arms did not relax the embrace in which she held me. I was deeply moved

at her evident agitation. I thought she was really ill, and suffering

greatly; so I threw my arms round her neck, kissing her tenderly, and

weeping myself, tried to comfort her in my inexperienced way, sobbing

out—

“Oh, dear, dear Miss Evelyn, do be comforted, I so dearly love you that

it makes my heart bleed to see you so unhappy. Oh, let me see you smile,

and do try not to cry so. Why are you so unhappy and low spirited? Oh,

that I could do anything to make you happy?” And redoubling my

endearments, she again turned her lovely face to me. Again there was the

unnatural fire in her eyes, and a hectic glow flushed her cheek.

“You darling angel of a boy; it is you that makes me so unhappy.”

I started back in surprise.

“I make \_you\_ unhappy! Oh! Miss Evelyn, how can that be, when I adore

the very ground you stand on, and love (\_sobbing\_)—love (\_sob\_)—love you

more than anything in the world.”

She seized my head in her two hands, glued her lips to mine, gave me a

long, long kiss of love; then, pressing me to her bosom—

“Oh, say that again, my loved, my darling boy; it is the love I feel for

you that is breaking my heart, but I can resist it no longer. Will my

Charlie love his Evelyn always as he does now?”

“Oh, how could I do otherwise? I have worshipped you from the first

moment of your arrival, and have had no other idea. What can I do to

prove it—try, oh, try me. I have never breathed a syllable of my love

for you, even to yourself, let alone other people.”

Her eyes, sparkling with passion, were searching the depths of mine, as

if to fathom my thoughts. I, too, began to feel my amorous passions

excited by her warm embraces and kisses. She held me tight to her body,

and could not help feeling the hard substance that jutted out against

her.

“I believe you, my Charlie, and will trust you with my life—with more,

with my honour! I can no longer resist my fate. But, oh! Charlie, love

me always, for I run a fearful risk in loving you as I do.”

She again drew me to her lips, my hands clasped her neck in a close

embrace. Her hands wandered—pressed upon my throbbing prick. With

trembling and hasty fingers she unbuttoned, or rather tore open, my

trousers, and her soft fingers clasped my naked instrument.

“Oh, I shall die, dear Miss Evelyn; what must I do to make you happy?”

My apparent ignorance could not but please her. She sank back on the

long low chair on which she was seated, apparently accidentally drawing

up her petticoats with her hand in falling back. I threw myself on my

knees, and pushing her petticoats further up disclosed the rich, dark,

curly beauty of her mount. She covered her burning face with her hand,

while, pressing my head forward, I began pressing her beauteous cunt,

sucking it without daring to lick her clitoris. She tried to push me

away—“No! no! I must not.”

But I suppose my proceedings fired her passions still more, for she was

quite moist and juicy, and I have no doubt had already had one discharge

while embracing me so warmly. She suddenly said—

“Come then, my loved boy, and I will be all in all to you.”

Drawing me up—nothing loath—I was soon extended on her belly, with my

stiff-standing cock pressing against her cunt. I had still the prudence

not to show any knowledge of the act. I sighed deeply—

“Oh! my loved Miss Evelyn, do help me, I know not what to do.”

Her hand glided down between us, she guided my glowing instrument

between the longing lips of her delicious cunt. I pushed, and buried the

head and two inches of its body at the first thrust. The second brought

it against an unexpected obstacle, for it never had struck me that Miss

Evelyn was a virgin. I pushed hard at it.

“Oh, Charlie, love, be gentle, you are hurting me very much.”

Knowing that the best way would be to excite her by short shoves,

without at first trying to go further, I did so, and she began to feel

all the raging desires that so formidable a prick as mine must excite,

when moving between the soft velvety folds of her tight and juicy quim.

I held myself in, and continued my proceedings until the convulsive

movements of her loins, and the increased pressure of the folds of her

cunt, showed me that the crisis was approaching, and she was about to

spend. She hugged me close in her arms, and at the moment of spending

involuntarily heaved up her bottom. This was the very moment I was with

difficulty waiting for. I retired a little and plunged forward with

irresistible force. I burst my way through every barrier, up to the very

roots of my prick. The attack was as painful as unexpected. Miss Evelyn

gave a shriek of agony and swooned away. I at once improved the

opportunity, and thrusting in and out with the utmost vigour, broke down

every obstacle, and enlarged the opening by side movements as much as

possible, while she was insensible to the pain. I then died away myself

in an agony of delight. I lay soaking within the delicious sheath until

her convulsive shudders and short sobs showed that my now fully

deflowered mistress was recovering her senses. The thought of the

unexpected victory I had won had already begun to make my cock stand

again, although it was still comparatively soft. I could feel an

involuntary pressure on it, as she came to a full consciousness of our

position. She threw her arms round my neck, gave me a most impassioned

kiss, and then sobbed and cried as if her heart would break.

It is a curious idiosyncracy of my nature to be most libidinously

excited by a woman’s tears, and although I really suffered to see her in

such grief, it stiffened my prick to its utmost dimensions. I tried to

comfort her with words, but she sobbed, sobbed on. I suddenly thought

that a renewal of action might bring about a revulsion of feeling, and

began vigorous movements. She sighed deeply, but I could tell by the

nervous twitchings of her loins that her passions were being excited.

They soon decided the contest. She threw her arms round my waist, and

pressed me to her, devouring my mouth with her kisses. Nature prompted

her movements, and in a very few minutes we both poured down a plenteous

offering on Venus’s altar. She shook and trembled as she felt the warm

gush within her, and squeezed me with all her might to her bosom. We lay

in a trance for some ten minutes, my charming governess fainting with

love, and giving my delighted prick the most luscious pressure, which

speedily fired him to new efforts. Miss Evelyn herself was most

amorously excited, and we again dashed on love’s delicious path—to end,

as usual, in the death-like swoon of satiated passion. When we came to

our senses, my loved mistress, embracing me tenderly, and throwing her

eyes up to heaven, said—

“Oh, my dear darling boy, you made me suffer horribly at first, but I

have been in heaven since. Oh, how I love and adore you. But we must

rise, my Charlie, we may be discovered. We have, in fact, run great

risk, as the door has not been fastened.”

I rose, and withdrew my prick from her reeking quim, which seemed by its

close pressure to let me go with regret. I found it was all bloody.

“Stop, Charles, let me wipe it with my handkerchief, lest it stain your

shirt.”

She did so, and folding it up and placing it in her bosom, said—

“I shall keep this precious relic as a memorial of the sacrifice I have

made to you, my loved boy. Ah! Charlie, you cannot yet understand the

value of that sacrifice and the risk of ruin I have run for your sake. I

love you as I never loved anyone before, or can ever love again. My

honour and happiness are now in your hands, and it is on your discretion

they rest. Be careful never to exhibit any liberty of conduct towards me

or to mention to anyone what has occurred.”

It may readily be imagined I gave her every assurance on that head, and

told her I loved her too dearly, and was too grateful for the extatic

happiness she had taught me how to enjoy, for any chance of betrayal to

take place through my indiscretion. She embraced me tenderly, told me to

go straight to the garden, that she must seek some repose after all that

had happened, and we should meet again at midday meal.

I did as desired, full of sweet thoughts at the exquisite delights she

had afforded me, and already longing for the afternoon school hour to

renew the enrapturing union of our souls and bodies. Miss Evelyn did not

come down to her luncheon, but had something sent up to her room.

However, she joined me in the schoolroom at two o’clock, as usual. She

was very pale, but embraced me tenderly, and was very endearing. Of

course, I immediately became excited, and very enterprising, but she

gently repulsed me, and requested that I would leave her quiet that day,

as she felt not only exhausted, but in pain, and would be all the better

for perfect repose. I begged hard to be allowed some slight favours, if

not all, but she was inexorable. Finding that I could neither do any

lessons nor be quiet, she said—

“Then we must go into the garden, I think the fresh air and a gentle

walk will do me good.”

It instantly occurred to me that if I could draw her away to the summer

house, I should have a better chance of succeeding in again enjoying her

delicious embraces. Accordingly, when she went up to her room to put on

her bonnet and shawl, I possessed myself of the key, to be prepared for

my chance of success.

We walked about the flower garden for a time, Miss Evelyn taking my arm,

and most lovingly conversing with me. She walked somewhat stiffly. We

sat down for a rest, shortly she felt the heat of the sun too great, so

I proposed a walk in the shaded shrubbery. I kept prattling on, so as

not to let her see how far I was leading her away, she appeared

surprised that we had got so far, when we came in sight of the summer

house.

“Oh! Charlie, my dear, I am afraid it will fatigue me too much to walk

all the way back without rest and we have not the key.”

“Sometimes it is left in the door, I will run and see.” Off I bounded,

slipped the key in the lock, and ran back to say it was there, she

followed me in, and sank on the long backless sofa, which had already

served me so often. I begged her to extend herself at length. I placed

pillows for her head, and drew a chair for myself near her. She did not

appear to have any suspicion of any act on my part, but lay down on her

side. She took my hand in hers, and we began a conversation, very

interesting, in as much as it was how we should regulate our conduct, so

as not to raise any suspicion of our amorous connection, and also of how

we should manage to meet from time to time.

“You, dear boy,” she said, “I cannot now live without the comfort of

your embraces, but you must remember, in my dependent position,

discovery would be my ruin. I rely on your silence and discretion, and

if I am as dear to you as you, my adored Charlie, are to me, I may

safely trust to you.” I threw my arms round her neck, and told her I

loved her all too dearly, and longed too much to return to her endearing

and delicious embraces, for her to have any fear of my committing either

her or myself. She fondly embraced and kissed me. I became fired with

passion. My hand wandered, her position only enabled her to make a

feeble resistance, I reached her beauteously covered mount, she murmured

supplications to be left alone, and held her thighs close together.

She was not aware of my knowledge of the parts, so inserting my finger

into the upper part of the lips, I reached her clitoris, and began

rubbing in and out, purposely, in an awkward way, but taking care to hit

the right point.

“Charlie, my Charlie, you must not do that—I—I cannot bear it.”

At the same time she threw her arm round my neck and drew me to her

lips, which glued themselves to mine. I felt her thighs yield and open.

I immediately improved the occasion, and began frigging her with my

middle finger up her quim. Her passions became inflamed.

“Come then, my darling boy, to my arms, I cannot resist you longer.”

In an instant I was unbuttoned and had my trousers down, and was between

her legs almost before she had concluded her sentence. The excitement of

my caresses had moistened her juicy cunt, and the head of my prick

entered without any difficulty. In my ardour I was about to rush on with

a vigorous shove, when she implored me to be more gentle, as she still

smarted from our morning encounter. Moderating my movements, and gently

insinuating my stiff instrument, I gradually made my way up to its

utmost limits, and hardly occasioned even a grimace of pain. Here I

stopped, leaving it sheathed up to the root, and making it throb from

instant to instant. Then seeking my loved Miss Evelyn’s mouth, our lips

and tongues met. Her arms round my waist became tighter in their

embrace. The delicious folds of her luscious juicy quim began to throb

and press on my excited member. Allowing her to become thoroughly

excited, I waited until she actually quite unexpectedly yielded down her

nature, and spent profusely, to the exquisite pleasure of my saturated

organ. I still held all off, to give her time after the delight of that

spend, which was probably the first of unalloyed extatic pleasure she

enjoyed; for as I was an inactive participator, there was nothing to

cause any action on the still raw edges of her broken maidenhead. Her

internal pressures were most exquisite. Our embraces with tongues and

lips were like the billing and cooing of doves, and very rapidly brought

her again to a raging point of desire. I then began with slow and gentle

movements, drawing my prick slowly nearly all the way out, and then as

slowly driving it up to the hilt. Her previous very copious discharge

had so oiled the delicious folds of her cunt, that no pain was felt,

only the intense pleasure. At last it became overpowering; her arms were

thrown round my waist, and her legs were involuntary cast over my hips.

Nature prompted her to the most delicious movements of her bottom; she

met my forward thrusts, and responded to them in the most libidinous

manner.

“Go on, go on, dear Charlie—faster!—faster!”

I wanted no spur. Fast and furious grew our movements, until at last,

with a mutual cry of delight, we sank in each other’s arms in the

blissful extasy of the most complete enjoyment. It was several minutes

before we regained our senses, and both our organs of generation were

pulsating, the one within the other, in all the luxury of satiated

passion. With her beauteous legs still thrown over mine, she moved her

arms to my neck, kissed me voluptuously, and mingled the sweetest

accents of gratification with the most endearing caresses and

flatteries. I lay, as it were, in the paphian bower of bliss, in a state

of exquisite sensations quite impossible to describe. It seemed even a

greater pleasure than the more active state of delight we had been to. I

could have lain so for hours, but for that excitable prick of mine,

whose sensibilities were far too rapidly set in motion by the luscious

pressures of that most delightful cunt in which it lay engulphed. It had

gradually resumed its pristine firmness, and was now at full stand,

throbbing impatiently for further combats. I began to move. Miss Evelyn

said—

“Oh, my Charlie, you must cease, my dear boy; we must not only be

prudent, but consider your youth and health. Do, oh! do! my dear boy.

Oh!—pray cease.”

Her words were cut short by the increasing passion that the vigorous

movements of my prick occasioned to her whole system. She could resist

no longer, but with arms and legs closely embracing me, and devouring me

with kisses, she threw herself into the fight, and with body and soul so

seconded me that we died away in screams of delight, and sank quite

insensible in each other’s arms.

It was many minutes before we recovered speech. I still lay entirely

embedded in her most exquisite cunt, and would have liked to have

continued in her delicious embrace. But Miss Evelyn so imploringly

beseeched me to cease for this time, and pointed out how necessary

prudency was, if we ever wished to meet again, that I felt compelled to

raise myself from her body. But, in doing so, I slid off downwards, and

before she could prevent me, I glued my lips to the open pouters below

me, and greedily devoured all her delicious discharge, and did not

desist until I had so licked her clitoris as to make her spend most

copiously again. At first she had tried to resist, saying—

“Charlie, what on earth are you at? You must not, my dear boy, it is

dreadful.”

But, as I roused her passions, her hand, instead of trying to draw away

my head, held it firm and pushed it well against her throbbing and

delicious quim, her thighs closed against the sides of my head, and she

almost swooned away with the extasy of her discharge. I greedily

swallowed it and rising completely, took her in my arms, and placing her

on her bottom, sweetly kissed her.

“Oh, what a charming creature you are, my beloved Miss Evelyn, I adore

you from the sole of your feet to the crown of your head.”

“But you, my beloved Charlie, have more than justified my imprudence.

You have given me a joy which I could never have dreamt of. I am yours,

body and soul; do with me as you like. I, too, adore the very ground you

tread on.”

We continued exchanging the sweetest vows of affection, until, seeing my

prick rising to its usual stiffness, she said—

“Oh, my darling, you must put this away; it would be most imprudent to

continue any longer. Now, let me button it up.”

First stooping and kissing it, she put it into my trousers with some

difficulty, buttoned me up, and we strolled towards the house.

Our conversation turned on our chance of fresh encounters. She begged I

would not think of attempting anything of the kind next day, and she

would try and arrange for the day after, although my sisters were

terribly in the way.

I suggested she should keep me in as when she flogged me, nay, indeed,

she should flog me in reality if she liked.

She laughed at my idea, but said something might be done in that way as

a blind. So I said—

“I will neglect my lesson on purpose to furnish an excuse.”

“We shall see—we shall see. Meanwhile, remember to be very prudent.”

We reached the house; she retired to her room until mamma returned. Very

kind inquiries were made, she said she had suffered severely from

headache, but, on the whole, felt better and hoped that a good night’s

rest would put her all to rights. We all retired early, both mamma and

the girls were tired with their drive and shopping. I had resumed my bed

in the little dressing room, and went to sleep with thoughts of my

delicious day’s doings, to dream of re-enacting them with every amorous

excess that the utmost lubricity could suggest.

The next day Miss Evelyn began to resume her former looks—the struggle

was at an end. She was very gentle in her manner, and seemed even more

affectionate than usual to my sisters, who, fancying she was not very

well, were attentive, rather trying to anticipate her wishes than

following them.

There was rather a greater appearance of reserve than previously in her

manner to me, but when I went up to her to repeat my lessons, there was

a warmer clasping of my waist and a suppressed manner that showed she

was restraining her desire to press me to her bosom. Her face slightly

flushed, and she turned her beautiful eyes upon me with such an

endearing expression of affection that I could have thrown myself into

her arms but for the check upon my ardour which her own reserve imposed

upon me.

Nothing more took place between us that day. At our usual hour of

recreation, from four till five, Miss Evelyn retired to her room to

repose after the efforts of restraint that she had put upon herself all

day, and left us to ourselves. I need not say an immediate resort to the

summer house followed. There, first deliciously fucking Mary, and then

gamahuching Eliza, with the addition of gently introducing, at the same

time, a finger a short distance up her quim, I finished off with another

voluptuous fuck with Mary. I thus was enabled to bear the bridle Miss

Evelyn put upon the indulgence of my appetite in her person, and was

apparently more reasonable than in reality. She again, on the second

day, failed to give me the opportunity I so longed for. Thinking she

might hesitate, from fear of discovery, and the fact of having no

apparently reasonable excuse of being alone with me, I determined to

play the idler next day in the afternoon. On being called up, I had done

nothing. Miss Evelyn looked grave, but blushed deeply at the same time.

“What do you mean, Charlie, by this idleness? Go, do your lesson, or I

shall be obliged to punish you.”

She took me by the arm, and gently pressed it as she told me to resume

my seat. At four o’clock, of course, my lesson was as far as before from

being done.

“Mary and Eliza, you can go into the garden. Charles will remain until

he finishes his lesson, or is punished for his idleness.”

They left and Miss Evelyn locked the door after them. Then we flew into

each other’s arms, and indulged in the most endearing caresses for a

very few seconds. I had been in a state of most violent erection for

some time, so that my hand was up her petticoats immediately. I gently

pushed her back on her low long easy chair, and kneeling in front, first

thrust my head between her thighs, and taking a glance at her

beautifully haired cunt, already all moist and juicy, showing that she

was as ready as myself, I gamahuched her until she spent in my mouth,

and sucked the delicious liquid most greedily. There was something

peculiarly sweet in her spend, and my tongue sought the innermost lining

of her delicious quim as far as its limited length would admit, that I

might not lose a drop of her exquisite nectar, worthy of the gods. The

excitement I occasioned her was almost too much for her to bear, she

drew me up, saying—

“Oh! Charlie, my angel of a boy, come, oh, come to my arms.” I raised

myself up, threw myself into her arms, and in a moment I was engulphed

up to the cods in her exquisite and throbbing cunt; she closed upon me

with arms and legs, we were both too violently excited to pause for any

of the more voluptuous movements of less violent desires, but rushed on

in passion’s wildest extasy, both far too eager to think of any

restraint, and with the utmost vigour on both our parts, we ran our

first course with great rapidity. My adored Miss Evelyn had quite got

over every feeling of pain, and could not but be delighted with the heat

and vigour of my attack. We both died away together, at the extatic

moment pouring down a mutual flood of spunk to cool the inflamed members

that had the instant before been in such tumultuous action. Darling Miss

Evelyn hugged me close to her bosom, and threw her beautiful eyes,

screaming with passion, up to the ceiling, as if to thank heaven for the

joys she had felt. Our lips then met and glued themselves together in

one long, long kiss of love, which quickly lighted up our lust; she was

as eager as myself, and we had another vigorous encounter, ending in all

the agonies of delight, as before. Then after a longer interval of the

most endearing caresses and fond accents of murmured love, we ran our

third course, with more abandon—lengthening out our exquisite

sensations, by slower and quicker movements and pauses between—in which

my beautiful governess began to develop an art in which she shortly

became even superior to the more experienced Mrs. Benson, who had so

charmingly initiated me into love’s mysteries.

There was a peculiar charming and endearing softness in the manner of

Miss Evelyn most winning and most exquisitely attractive. It was

evidenced even in her mode of handling my prick; without grasping it,

her hand appeared to pass over it hardly touching it, but in so exciting

a manner that after any number of encounters, she could raise it by her

fairy touch in a moment. Our third encounter lasted quite half an hour,

and we sank in the death-like luxury of discharge, our whole souls

seemed to exude with the exquisite distillation of our seed. We had long

before regained our senses. I was still engulphed in her delicious cunt,

but she begged me to relieve her of my weight. We rose, she shook her

petticoats down, and assisted me to arrange my trousers. I then sat down

and took her on my knee. Our lips met in a mutual warm kiss of gratified

passion. She thanked me for the joys of paradise I had given her—and for

my discretion in procuring an excuse for our meeting. She acknowledged

that she had been as impatient as myself, but was obliged to take every

precaution against raising the slightest suspicion in the house.

“You must always remember, my darling boy, that for me discovery would

be my ruin for ever. I risk everything to possess you, my beloved boy, I

would care little for discovery, if it would not also separate us for

ever. That idea, my adored Charlie, is insupportable, I can no longer

exist without you.” Here she threw her arms round my neck, and burst

into tears.

I have already described the effect of tears on my unruly member, which,

while I was consoling and vowing eternal attachment to my loved

mistress, burst from its bonds and stood out in all its glory. I took

her soft and beautiful little hand, and laid it on it. She grasped it

tightly, and looking at it, while smiling through her tears, said—

“My Charlie, what a great big thing it is. I wonder how it could ever

get into me, without killing me.”

“You shall soon see that,” said I, and changing places, I laid her down,

lifted her petticoats and was into her in a moment. She begged me to

proceed slowly, and to lengthen out our pleasures as much as possible.

We had a most glorious and truly delicious fuck; my lovely and charming

mistress giving me most extatic pleasure by the exquisite pressures of

the internal folds of her delicious and lascivious cunt.

We lay enraptured for long after we had spent, and then resumed our

sitting position, and arranged everything in order, as the time for the

return of my sisters from their hour of recreation was close at hand.

Our conversation naturally turned upon how we should arrange for our

next meeting. Miss Evelyn insisted that we must not think of meeting

more than once in three or four days, as otherwise we might raise

suspicions fatal to our meeting at all. However reasonable this was, I

raised an outcry against such a tantalizing delay, and begged hard for a

shorter period between our intervals.

“It cannot be my darling boy, remember discovery would separate us for

ever. By prudence, we may long continue these delicious meetings.” I

suddenly suggested that as I slept alone in the little room, which, when

the spare room was unoccupied, was far away from everyone, she might

steal along at night, when all were asleep, and thus I could enjoy the

whole of her exquisite charms, without hindrance. She did not reply, but

I could see her eye sparkled, and her cheek flushed as if already in

imagination she was revelling untrammelled in all the luxury of

voluptuousness such a plan opened out. However, she did not at once

accept, but kissing me fondly, called me her dear and ingenious boy, and

said she would think over my suggestion. We resumed our lessons on my

sisters’ return. Miss Evelyn was again four days before she gave me

another opportunity of an amorous meeting. It was only my purposed

insubordination that obtained me this interview. We again indulged in

all the luxuries of carnal enjoyment, as far as could be done,

incommoded as we both were by dress and locality. Reverting more

strongly than ever to my plan of meeting in my lonely room, I begged so

hard that at last she promised to come the night of the following day. I

was obliged to put up with this, although I would fain have had her come

that very night, but as her passions were evidently gaining stronger

possession of her, and she was becoming more loving, and more voluptuous

than ever, I felt certain she would not disappoint me on the next night.

The delicious idea of revelling in charms I had so often furtively gazed

on, kept me away from my sisters next day. Under a plea of headache I

went early to bed, and took up some oil, to oil the hinges and lock of

the door, to be prepared for my loved mistress. I lay long awake, and

was almost in despair of her coming, when I heard the clock strike

twelve. All at once I became aware she was at my bedside. She had

entered the room with so gentle a step that though on the watch for her,

I did not hear her even when she opened the door, shut, and locked it.

She had come in her dark-grey cloak, and when at my bedside this was

dropped on the floor, she stood in nothing but a very fine and thin

chemise. She flung herself in my arms, as I rose to embrace her, and we

instantly sank closely clasped in each other’s arms. I was far too

sharply set to practise any preliminaries. I turned her on her back, and

was into her in a moment, with one vigorous thrust, which almost took

away her breath, and gave her intense delight. I was too quick for her,

however, as I spent in two or three shoves into that delight-giving

cunt. But as this hardly allayed the fires of my too ardent desires, the

convulsive internal movements of her unsatisfied orbit quickly restored

my scarcely reduced member to a renewed vigour. Miss Evelyn being

greatly excited by the unsatisfying nature of my first bout, was

extremely warm, and throwing her arms and legs around my body, we again

rushed headlong into all the fury of fucking, and as my previous

spendings had somewhat reduced the power of immediate discharge, I was

able to suit my movements exactly to those of my most active companion,

and we sank together in all the voluptuousness of satisfied desires,

lying long locked in each other’s arms, before we were again in a state

to renew our combats in love’s delicious domain. We spent the interval

in whispered vows and fond endearments and embracings of each other’s

naked charms, both of us admiringly passing our hands over every part of

our bodies.

Miss Evelyn at last concentrated all her attention on my well-developed

member, which she most endearingly embraced and fondled tenderly, very

quickly putting him into an ungovernable state of erection. I was lying

on my back, and she partially raised herself to kiss my formidable

weapon; so gently putting her upon me, I told her it was her turn to do

the work. She laughed, but at once mounted upon me, and bringing her

delicious cunt right over my prick, and guiding it to the entrance of

love’s grotto, she gently sank down upon it and engulphed it until the

two hairs pressed against each other. A few slow up and down movements

followed, when becoming too libidinous for such temporizing delays, she

sank on my belly, and began to show most wonderful activity of loins and

bottom. I seconded her to the utmost, and finding she was so excited, I

slipped my hand round behind and introduced my middle finger in the rosy

and very tight orifice of her glorious backside. I continued to move in

and out in unison with her up and down heavings. It seemed to spur her

on to more vigorous actions, and in the midst of short gaspings and

suppressed sighs, she sank almost senseless on my bosom. I, too, had

quickened my action, and shot into her gaping womb a torrent of boiling

sperm.

We lay entranced in the raptures of satiated desire for a long time. At

last she came to her senses, and fondly kissing me, turned off, and we

lay side by side closely embraced.

“Oh! my beloved Charlie, what exquisite delight you have given me; you

are the most delicious and loving creature that ever could be created.

You kill me with pleasure, but what was that you were doing to my

bottom? What put such an idea into your head?”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “I put my arm round to feel the beautiful

globes of your bottom, and found in grasping one that my finger was

against a hole, all wet with our previous encounters, and pressing it,

found that my finger slipped in; you gave it such a delicious pressure

when in that the idea entered into my head that, as it resembled the

delicious pressure your enchanting other orifice gives my shaft when

embracing you, this orifice would like a similar movement to that which

my shaft exercised in your quim. So I did so, and it seemed to add to

your excitement, if I may judge by the extraordinary convulsive

pressures you gave my finger when you died away in all the agony of our

final rapture. Tell me, my beloved Miss Evelyn, did it add to your

pleasure as much as I fancied?”

“Well, my darling Charlie, I must own it did, very much to my surprise;

it seemed to make the final pleasure almost too exciting to bear, and I

can only account it a happy accident leading to an increase to pleasure

I already thought beyond the power of nature to surpass. Naughty boy, I

feel your great instrument at full stretch again, but you must moderate

yourself, my darling, we have done enough for tonight. No, no, no! I am

not going to let him in again.”

Passing her hand down, she turned away its head from the charming

entrance of her cunt, and began handling and feeling it in apparent

admiration of its length, thickness, and stiffness. Her gentle touch did

anything but allay the passion that was rising to fever heat; so sucking

one of her bubbies, while I pressed her to me with one arm under her,

and embracing her on the other side, I passed my hand between our moist

and warm bodies, reached her charming clitoris, already stiff with the

excitement of handling my prick. My titillations soon decided her

passions, and gently prompting her with the arm under her body, I turned

her once more on the top of me. She murmured an objection, but offered

no resistance; on the contrary, she herself guided my throbbing and

eager prick into the voluptuous sheath that was longing to engulph it.

Our movements this time were less hurried and more voluptuous. For some

time she kept her body upright, rising and falling from her knees. I put

my finger to her clitoris, and added to the extatic pleasure she was so

salaciously enjoying. She soon found she must come to more rapid and

vigorous movements, and lying down on my belly embraced and kissed me.

Toying with our tongues I put an arm round her waist, and held her

tight, while her glorious buttocks and most supple loins kept up the

most delicious thrust and pressures on my thoroughly engulphed weapon. I

again stimulated her to the highest pitch of excited desires by

introducing my finger behind, and we both came to the grand crisis in a

tumultuous state of enraptured agony, unable to do ought, but from

moment to moment convulsively throb in and on our engulphed members. We

must have lain thus languidly, and deliciously enjoying all the raptures

of the most complete and voluptuous gratification of our passions, for

fully thirty minutes before we recovered complete consciousness. Miss

Evelyn was first to remember where she was. She sprang up, embraced me

tenderly, and said she must leave me at once, she was afraid she had

already stayed imprudently long. In fact, it was near five o’clock in

the morning. I rose from the bed to fling my arms round her lovely body,

to fondle and embrace her exquisite bubbies. With difficulty she tore

herself from my arms. I accompanied her to the door, and with a mutual

and loving kiss we parted. I to return and rapidly sink into the

sweetest slumber after such a delicious night of most voluptuous

fucking.

She came again three times in the next six nights; each time we renewed

our mutual joys, with ever increasing voluptuous indulgencies. On coming

to me for the fifth time, she said—

“Dear Charlie, I have only come to kiss you, and say I cannot stop.”

“Cannot stop!” I cried, “and why not, beloved Miss Evelyn?”

“I am not well, but cannot explain more.”

I had sprung out of bed, and clasped her in my arms, then passing a hand

down to her beauteous and well-covered mons Veneris, I found that she

was tied up there in cloth. I immediately remembered how my loved Mrs.

Benson had been exactly in the same way. I then also remarked the

peculiar odour of breath, but pretending ignorance, I begged to know

what had happened to my darling little grotto.

“I cannot tell you more, my dear boy, but it will keep me away from you

for four or five nights.”

“But why should that be the case; cannot you let me enter that delicious

cave of delight only once?”

“No, no, impossible! my dear Charlie, absolutely impossible! It would do

me very great harm, and you too. Let us be quiet in that way, and I

shall be the sooner well again to come and embrace you as before.”

“Oh! but darling, how can I support five nights’ absence, I shall go mad

with desire and burst—feel how he grows, and is longing for his loved

companion.”

Her soft and gentle hand caressed it. I thought to succeed by a \_coup de

main\_, but she was too quick for me.

“No, Charles, I am serious, and you must not try to force me, or I shall

never come near you again.”

I saw she was in earnest, and flung myself on the bed in a pet.

“Come, my darling Charlie, be reasonable, and I will do my best to give

you some satisfaction. Lay yourself on your back—so. I will kneel on the

floor at right angles to you, because you must not attempt to touch me

down there. That is a dear boy.”

So taking my prick in her soft hand, she gently moved it up and down;

then, suddenly stopping, took it into her mouth, sucking as much as she

could get in, and titillating the knob with her tongue, while one hand

frigged at the root of my prick and the other gently handled my two

crisped-up cods. She prolonged the pleasure by occasional pauses, and at

last, on finding the electric-like sensations coming, she hastened her

movement, and I poured a torrent of sperm into her mouth. She continued

her delicious sucking until not a drop more was left for her to swallow.

This was the first time she ever gamahuched me, but it was not the last

by scores of times. Ever after we improved upon the model, and added

other endearments. When not under her courses, we mutually gamahuched

each other, and she was the first to repeat upon me, with the intensest

gratification, the delicious introduction of a finger behind while

gamahuching me. At present, when she had thus taken the edge off my

carnal appetite, she lovingly embraced me, and left me to my lovely

slumbers. Of course, the four days’ grace, saving two more passing

visits “to keep me cool,” as she said, turned all to the advantage of my

sisters, whom I fucked and frigged to their utmost gratification and

delight.

I thus passed about four months. Miss Evelyn becoming a perfect adept in

love’s delicious mysteries; but, although I had attempted to enjoy the

orifice of the lower temple of Venus, my member was too large, and gave

too much pain, to completely succeed, so that I became the faithful

worshipper at the more legitimate altar of love. My sisters were

gradually developing their forms. Mary particularly so. The hair on her

quim had increased to a most charming curling profusion. Her hips spread

out, and her bottom, hard and prominent, promised to be very large.

Eliza, too, began to show increased bubbies, and an enlarged and mossy

mons Veneris.

We were approaching summer, and near the full of the moon, Mary had

complained of feeling very low spirited, and very much inclined to cry.

I tried to comfort her, and thought success would best attend my efforts

if I fucked her. So enticing her down into the garden, we entered the

summer house, and I at once proceeded to action. She was rather

unwilling, she could not say why, but had an instinctive reluctance. She

yielded, however, to my entreaties, and I fucked her without apparently

exciting her in the usual way. I consequently withdrew as soon as I had

run the first course, and at once discovered what ailed poor Mary. My

member was covered with blood. For the first time her courses had come

upon her. She was greatly alarmed, but I told her I had heard it was

quite natural to young women when they reached a certain age, that she

had better tell mamma at once, who would instruct her what to do. I

carefully wiped my reddened member, and then retired to my room to

purify myself. That very night, on Miss Evelyn coming to me, I found she

was exactly in the same state. She gave me my usual relief with her soft

hand and caressing lips, and then left me for five nights, as at that

time.

I now found myself reduced to my dear little sister Eliza. Up to this

time I had never actually fucked her, and her maidenhead was still

intact. She was now approaching fourteen, and the down on her charming

little cunt was becoming more decided; her bubbies too, under the erotic

excitement of my \_attouchements\_ and gamahuching, had assumed a decided

prominence. My finger had somewhat rendered the opening of her little

pinky slit more easy of access. So I resolved to complete her carnal

education and fuck her thoroughly. The opportunity was perfect; both

Miss Evelyn and Mary retired to their rooms to lie down at our usual

hour’s recreation, Eliza and I at once hied to the summer house, and

locked ourselves in. I immediately laid her down on the long couch, and

gamahuched her until she spent in my mouth, and then continued until she

was again almost mad with desire. I then told her I should initiate her

into a new mystery, more delicious than any she had yet experienced, but

that the first initiation was always painful.

“Oh! what is it, my dear Charlie, everything you do is so nice, I know I

shall like it—what is it?”

“Then you must know, dear Eliza, that this little cunt of yours is made

for the express purpose of having a prick put into it; only, as mine is

so large, and you are still so small and so young, I was afraid it would

give you too much pain to do it sooner; but now, I think, I may get it

in, if I do it gently.”

“Oh, Charlie, dear, put it in at once, I have often felt I should like

it so; but, as you never attempted to do it, I thought it was a mere

fancy of mine. Have you ever put it inside Mary’s quim?”

“Often; nay, always, my darling.”

“Does she like it?”

“She adores it.”

“Then put it into me directly, Charlie.”

I wanted nothing better, and told her that in order to thoroughly enjoy

it, she must strip. In a minute she dropped off everything, while I took

off my trousers—coat and waistcoat having been already laid aside. I had

brought a towel to lay on the couch below her bottom, to prevent any

tell-tale stains. Laying her down on her back, with her bottom close to

the end, her legs gathered up, and her two feet resting on the sofa,

with her knees falling outwards (in the very best position for my

intended operation), I put a pillow on the floor, on which I knelt, thus

bringing my cock a little above her quim to give me a good purchase. I

then first gamahuched her well again, until she spent and cried out—

“Oh, put it in, my dear Charlie, I do feel to want it so!”

She was already well moistened by her previous discharges, and by my

licking the lips of her cunt, and covering them with saliva, with which

I also, at the same time, wetted my prick itself. I then made the point

approach the charming pouting and longing lips of her sweet little cunt,

and rubbing it first up and down between the lips, proceeded to insert

its knob between them. Thanks to the precautions taken, and the

excitement I had raised by my previous caresses with tongue and prick,

the immediate entrance was effected with greater ease than might have

been expected. No sooner was it in about an inch beyond the knob than

the passion of excitement I had raised so stimulated the natural

lubricity of Eliza’s nature that she heaved up her buttocks

energetically, letting her knees drop quite down sideways, thus

favouring to the utmost my forward thrust made at the moment, so that my

prick was sheathed in an instant more than half his length, and but for

the obstacle of her maidenhead, which he then met with, would have been

entirely engulphed. As it was, it gave her a very sharp pang of pain,

which made her shrink back, and utter an—

“Oh! Charlie!”

“Do not fear, I will be gentle, keep still a moment and then you will

find the pain pass away, and great pleasure follow.”

So we lay still for a time, until I felt those involuntary internal

pressures, the true precursors and infallible indicators of rising

desires; so commencing a slow and continuous in and out movement, I

shortly produced such an excess of pleasure in her delicious orbit, that

her movements became almost furious, and nature alone prompted her to

second me with as much art as if she had already been long instructed in

the delicious movements so calculated to add to the libidinous delights

of true enjoyment.

But Eliza was a rare example of a truly salacious and voluptuous nature,

and proved herself in that way far in advance of Mary; although she was

of a very warm temperament, Eliza’s passions were far more excitable,

and in the end she became one of the most voluptuous fuckers possible,

abandoning herself to all the wildest raptures that the most erotic

nature could suggest. Of this, hereafter; at present I had worked her up

to the utmost pitch of excited desire; she was in the very act of

discharging, and as I withdrew for a final thrust, she heaved up her

buttocks in an agony of pleasure, I felt it was now or never, and

striking home with all my force, I burst with irresistible strength

through every obstacle, and tore my way inwards, until sheathed to my

very cods. Poor Eliza! at the very moment she thought herself in the

seventh heaven of delight, she experienced the most excruciating agony.

She gave a piercing cry and fainted away; her arms fell senseless from

my body—her legs would have also fallen, but twining my arms round them,

I continued for several successive thrusts to penetrate fully and easily

into every recess, for I myself was wound up to a fearful state of

excitement. I died away in an excess of joy, sending a torrent of balmy

sperm to soften and mitigate the pain of her terribly torn quim. Finding

that Eliza could not regain consciousness, I rose somewhat in alarm, and

was horrified to see the quantity of blood that followed my withdrawal.

It was fortunate my forethought of the towel, as it had not only saved

the sofa, but helped to stanch her swollen and bleeding quim, and to

wipe the blood from her thighs and bottom. I had effected all this

before the dear girl showed the least symptoms of animation. She first

sighed, then shivered, and at last opened her eyes, and looked

confusedly at me, and asked—

“What has happened to me, Charlie?”

Then observing how she was lying naked, she recovered her complete

consciousness of all the circumstances of the case.

“Oh! Charlie, now I know; I thought you had killed me; Charlie, oh! it

was so frightfully painful. How could you hurt me so, and just as I

thought it was the most heavenly pleasure I had ever experienced in all

my life.”

“My darling, it is all over now, and it will never hurt again, and we

shall both of us have greater pleasure than ever, but not just now; it

has been greater pain to you than I thought it would be, and for the

present we must not attempt any more.” I helped her to rise, but she

felt very faint, and I had great difficulty in getting her dressed. She

was shocked to see the bloody state of the towel. I told her to put my

handkerchief between her thighs, and partly up her slit, to prevent any

marks of blood staining her shift. I then laid her down on the sofa,

while I ran to get some water from the fountain in the garden. I took a

glass and the towel with me. I returned with the water, which greatly

refreshed Eliza. I begged her to lie still as long as she could stay.

However, when she attempted to walk, she found herself very much

incommoded with the smarting pain. I was terribly afraid lest this would

be observed when we got to the house, so I suggested she should

purposely fall down when in sight of anyone, and say she could not move

because she had hurt her knee by the fall.

This stratagem succeeded admirably. We were seen approaching by Miss

Evelyn, my mother, and Mary. Dear Eliza acted her part admirably, was

seen to fall heavily, and screamed. They all rushed out, we lifted her

carefully on her legs, and supported her to the house, she complaining

of the pain in the knee and ankle. My mother insisted on her going to

bed at once, and having embrocations and hot towels applied. Eliza let

them do as they liked, and eventually was left to quiet repose, which

soon relieved the painful sensations she had undergone. Next day she

complained of great stiffness, and walked lame, but thought the hot

applications had prevented the swelling, so thus happily passed off all

observations of suspicion of the real circumstances of the case. It was

not until the third day after that I attempted to make an entrance. Of

course, I excited her first to the utmost by a long continued

gamahuching. She then let me, but with fear and trembling, introduce my

bursting member into the delicate folds of her cunt. As I was very

gentle in my movements, the pain was scarcely felt, and when once well

sheathed, and the first thrusts given slowly and luxuriously, the whole

lubricity of her nature was soon awakened, and by the time I was ready

to spend she was as ready to second me, and we died away in a mutual

flood of delighted extasy. She held me close, and would not let me

withdraw.

“No, Charlie, it took some trouble to get it in, let it stop where it is

so deliciously engulphed,” and at once anticipating her natural desires,

she began the most exquisite pressures upon me, which very shortly

brought us both up to the point of demanding more active measures.

However, I rather restrained her, and told her we must retard our

movements to increase our pleasures, because mere quick repetitions

would only exhaust her, without yielding the true extasies of enjoyment.

I, therefore, taught her the pleasures of the slow movements, and I

worked her up to spending point, without giving way myself. The dear

little creature clung to me with the most close and endearing embraces,

as if she should force a complete amalgamation of our two bodies, and

died away in the sweetest bliss of contented desire, with such a

heavenly expression of extasy on her face as made me devour it with

kisses. I had great difficulty in restraining myself from precipitately

following her example; her delicious movements at the moment of

spending, and the close pressures on my prick, were so exciting that

resisting them was quite a triumph of control. I succeeded, and lay

quite quiet, embalmed in the delicious suction of those exquisite folds

of her charming little cunt, which exercised the most delightful

pressures as well as suction on my enraptured prick. I left it entirely

to her to lie as we were as long as she pleased, or to again begin the

dear delightful friction that should once more make us dash on passion’s

furious course, to end as usual in the ever delicious extasies of the

final crisis.

This last bout had been a double one for my sister; she all but swooned

away with the rapture my spending in unison with her produced. She

declared it was a death of the most delicious extasy, which it was

perfectly impossible to describe. She clung to me, kissing me in the

most endearing manner, and telling me how happy I had at last made her

by completing the insertion of my prick in her cunt. It was worth the

suffering of twenty times as much agony to arrive at so exquisite a

result as every fuck I now gave her conferred upon her. We adjourned to

the flower garden, that we might be seen playing together, and not

excite suspicion by our constant disappearance, now that we were only

two together. Of course, Mary knew what we were at and probably guessed

that I had completed the initiation of Eliza. She smiled, and gave me a

significant pressure of the hand, when we met again in the schoolroom to

resume our lessons. For two days more I enjoyed Eliza all to myself; at

each new fuck she became more and more perfect in conferring as well as

receiving pleasure.

On the third day, Miss Evelyn whispered, “tonight,” as she gave me a

stolen pressure of the hand. She came, and we indulged in every whim of

our fancy. I had further the delicious pleasure of gazing on all her

naked beauties, as it was daylight before we parted; I had gamahuched

her twice, and fucked her five times. She gave me credit for a long

fast, and allowed so much indulgence on that account, but told me I must

in future be more moderate, for her sake, if not for my own. She allowed

three nights to pass before again coming to me. I cannot say I regretted

it, because now that Eliza was initiated, as well as Mary, we indulged

in the most delightful orgies of fucking and gamahuching at the same

time. At first we used to fuck with one laid on her back to be fucked,

while the other backed on her knees over the face of the one being

fucked, and was gamahuched by her, while I introduced my finger into the

rosy orifice of the bottom before me. But we found the most voluptuous

way was for one to lie down on her back, and the other on hands and

knees over her. She thus brought her mouth over the cunt of the one

lying down, and presented her bottom to me, who knelt behind her. The

one below guided my prick into the cunt above her face; she had thus all

the satisfaction of seeing our action, while with one hand she tickled

my cods, and the other felt my bottom-hole, and inserted a finger.

Meanwhile, she was gamahuched and bottom-frigged at the same time by the

one I was fucking, and we used all three to die away in agonies of

enraptured delight, to recommence with a change of places between the

two girls. Sometimes I tried to introduce my prick into the rosy little

orifice of Mary’s backside, but, although the finger-frigging gave her

much additional pleasure while her cunt was operated upon by my virile

member, she as yet could not support the insertion of my large prick. I

had not even attempted little Lizzie, but one day, when Miss Evelyn and

Mary were again under menstruation, and I had dear Lizzie all to myself,

she was seized with such an irresistible desire to ease herself, that

she had only time to get behind a bush and squat down. I remained

waiting for her, when she called to me, to ask if I had any paper. I

advanced to give her some. She was in a half-standing position, with her

clothes held up to her waist. While giving her the paper, my eyes

accidentally fell upon what she had voided. I was struck with its

extraordinary thickness. I made no observation at the time, but it

raised an idea that preoccupied me much. I had often thought over the

pleasure that fucking Mrs. Benson’s bum-hole had given me, hence I had

tried to initiate both Miss Evelyn and Mary in that delightful route of

pleasure, but, as before stated, had been unable to succeed with them

from the great developement of my weapon. Thinking that if they could

not bear the insertion, there could be no possibility of success with my

younger and less developed sister, I had never attempted with Lizzie

more than the insertion of one finger. It is true, with her it seemed to

produce more excitement than either upon Miss Evelyn or Mary. The sight

of the extraordinary dimensions of the matter she had voided now

suggested the idea that if her apparently very small and rosy-lipped

bottom-hole could allow so large a mass to come out, with gentle efforts

my scarcely larger machine might be inserted. I determined to try the

initiation into that route of delight the very next day. Remembering

that dear Mrs. Benson always made it a rule that she should be first

well fucked and gamahuched, and the prick well moistened, I began by

exciting dear Lizzie to the utmost. I first fucked her, and made her

spend twice to my once; then gamahuched her until she implored me to

shove my prick into her. I had managed to introduce my two forefingers

at once into her bottom, and had frigged her while sucking her cunt,

without apparently giving any pain; on the contrary, from her movements

I fancied she felt greater excitement. I took care to enlarge, as much

as possible, or rather to stretch her bottom-hole as open as I could

with two fingers. It was at the moment of her greatest excitement, when

she was pressing me to fuck her at once, that I said—

“My dearest sister, there is still another mystery of sensual

voluptuousness that you have as yet not experienced or been initiated

into, and I am about to instruct you in it.”

“Oh, what is it? dear Charlie; but do anything you like, and as quick as

possible.”

“Well, then dear, it is this sweet little orifice in your bottom that I

am going to introduce my prick into. It may give you some little pain

the first time, but by gentleness of movement, and halting from time to

time when it hurts too much, we shall get him completely inserted, and

then it will be an immense pleasure to both of us.”

“Dear, dear Charlie, do as you like, your darling prick can only give me

the greatest delight; I am dying to have him into me, I don’t care

where, as long as I get the dear creature into me. I suppose I must be

on my hands and knees.”

Upon which she turned with great agility, and presented the two hard and

already promising globes of her charming backside. I lost no time in

first thrusting my prick up to the hilt in her cunt, to moisten it. It

made her shudder again with excess of lust, and she exercised such a

pressure upon it that I had some difficulty in withdrawing it. It was so

snug and nice therein that was a great temptation to run a course in her

cunt at once, but having the other object in view, and knowing that I

wanted all its stiffness to succeed, I did summon up courage enough to

withdraw; then applying the very plenteous saliva in my mouth that

gamahuching her had stimulated, I added it to the already moistened

prick, and applying some to her bum-hole, and introducing a well-wetted

finger, I put the knob of my formidable prick to the small and smiling

orifice that lay before me. The disproportion struck me as so great that

I dreaded success would be much too painful for her, but remembering the

dimensions of what had come out of it, I boldly proceeded with the

operation. I got in over the knob without making her flinch, but, as I

proceded to push gently forward, and had got in about two inches, she

cried—

“Stop a little, Charlie, it feels so queer—I can’t bear it in further.”

I stopped where I was, but slipping a hand under her, I applied my

finger to her clitoris, holding her bottom tight against me with the

other hand round her waist, so as not to lose ground. My agile finger

soon worked her passions up, and I felt her bottom give convulsive

twitches on my prick. I allowed her to become still more excited, and

then gently pushing forward found I was slowly, and almost

imperceptibly, gaining ground. My prick was then inserted almost

two-thirds of its length, when, thrusting rather too sharply, she again

cried out, and, but for the arm that held her fast round the waist,

would have unseated me.

“Oh, Charlie, dear, do stop; it seems to choke me, and makes me feel so

queer, that I thought I was going to faint.”

“I shall lie quite still, now dear Lizzie. It is quite in”—this was a

little bit of deception to calm her fears—“and when the pain of

insertion passes, which will be the case in a minute, we shall have

nothing but pleasure.”

So I kept my prick just where he was, but redoubled my frigging her

clitoris, and very soon brought her up to spending point, resolved that

I would not attempt complete insertion until I felt she was in the

raptures of sensual discharge. This quickly came upon her, and it was

the delicious movement of her own buttocks that sheathed my prick to the

hilt without an effort on my part, and so far from giving her pain, made

her positively scream with the intense voluptuousness of her sensation

in spending. She could not speak for many minutes, but continued the

exquisite pressures of the sphincter muscle on my enraptured prick. But

for my determination not to give way, and rather to wait for another

bout that would completely initiate dear Lizzie in all the luxury and

abandon of this delicious mode, I must have at once vigorously finished

my own course. My restraint was well rewarded. The first words my

beloved sister uttered were those of almost delirious joy at the

extraordinary delight I had given her. Never, never, had any fuck so

enraptured her. She turned up her lovely face to me, and tears of

sensuality and voluptuousness filled her eyes.

I had hardly begun my titillations on her still excited clitoris, which,

by the way, had lately considerably developed itself, when she was as

eager for another bout as I was. I held sufficient restraint on myself

to practice every salacious movement, that I might give Lizzie such

exquisite pleasure as should induce her on future occasions to grant me

the use of her charming bottom-hole whenever I should desire. I worked

her up to the utmost pitch of the most salacious excitement, and at the

moment when she spent, in an agony of shrieking extasy, I poured a

perfect flood of spunk right up into her entrails, and we both sank

forward, but without unseating me, quite overpowered by the intensity of

our delight. When we came to our senses I rose from off her. On

withdrawing my prick I found a few traces of blood, but of no moment. I

wiped my prick on a handkerchief, and also wiped between the cheeks of

dear Lizzie’s bottom, for fear any tell-tale marks should be made on her

linen. I then helped her up, and she threw her arms round my neck, and

sweetly kissing me, thanked me for a new lesson in love, which had

overwhelmed her with delight.

Thus ended the first lesson that Lizzie ever received by that route of

pleasure, and I may incidentally state that she was peculiarly

constituted for giving and receiving the most exquisite pleasure in that

way. She afterwards developed into a magnificent woman, with one of the

naturally largest and finest backsides I almost ever met with; and she

came to love backward fucking to the utmost extent. In after-days, when

married, she told me that her husband was a muff, who had no idea of

enjoying a woman but in one way. She had often deceived him, and slipped

it into her bottom-hole without his ever having any suspicion of the

sort of pleasure he had given her.

Three months passed with the rapidity of a dream, while we indulged in

these scenes of delicious lubricity and voluptuousness, without ever

attracting any observation within the house and, more curious, without

Miss Evelyn either discovering or suspecting anything between my sisters

and myself—thanks to my natural powers and the unfailing resources of

youth. Both she and my sisters thought they each gave me as much as I

could get through, and, therefore, neither ever imagined I could seek

carnal delights in other arms. So it was but now there happened one or

two events which had a considerable effect on the after-tenour of our

loves.

A neighbour, a very nice good-looking man, about thirty-five years of

age, a gentleman farmer, very well off, had for some time past always

waited for us at the church door on Sundays, apparently for a chat with

mamma, Miss Evelyn, and us. He treated and evidently considered us as

mere children, nor did he appear to fix particular attention to anyone.

One Monday my mother received a note from him, to beg she would grant

him a short interview on the following day, as he wished for her advice

on a subject of much interest to him. Mamma’s reply begged him to come

at eleven o’clock, when she would be happy to see him.

He came, and was particularly neatly dressed. My mother had been very

agitated all the morning, and looked flushed and nervous as the hour

drew near; I really believe the old lady fancied it was for an idle

avowal to herself that he was coming. Be that however as it may, the

object of his visit turned out to be a proposal to Miss Evelyn, with an

offer of marriage. He was ready to make such settlements upon her as

could not but be satisfactory. He told my mother that before speaking to

Miss Evelyn, whom he had loved from her first appearance in the parish,

and whose quiet, modest character had daily made a deeper impression, he

thought it only his duty to first break the subject to her, and to ask

her permission for an interview with Miss Evelyn, and next, if he was

acceptable to her, for leave to visit at our house, while courting his

wished-for wife. He further stated that he had never ventured to hint

the state of his feelings to Miss Evelyn, and prayed my mother to be the

kind intermediary in opening the subject to her, and to beg as a favour

that she would grant him an interview to state his case in person on the

following day, so that he might learn his fate from her own lips. My

mother, although probably inwardly a little disappointed, had the

interest of Miss Evelyn too much at heart not to take up the matter

warmly, and urged, with all the volubility elderly ladies can so well

exercise, whenever the marriage of a younger friend is in question, all

the benefit that would accrue to her from so advantageous a proposal.

Miss Evelyn was really taken quite by surprise, and stammered out some

vague expressions of wishing for time to consider.

“Stuff and nonsense, my dear, remember your dependent position, and the

advantages this match holds out to you. You must not think or talk of

delay. He will be here tomorrow, and I hope his lover eloquence will

soon decide the question in his favour.”

Poor Miss Evelyn burst into tears and said it was so sudden, and she was

so ill-prepared to take any decision. She would, however, think over it

very seriously and in the morning be better able to give an answer. My

mother seeing that she was much agitated by what she had told her, very

kindly said—

“Give the children a holiday this afternoon, and I advise you to keep

your own room, and write to your widowed mother, to tell her of the

offer, and to ask her advice how you should act.”

We thus had many hours to ourselves; I had heard all that had passed,

and felt a sad pressure at my heart, when I began to realise the fact

that the proposal of Mr. Vincent would, if accepted, lead to our

separation, and deprive me of my loved Miss Evelyn. The idea made me

very sad, and I showed no alacrity in taking advantage of our extra

hours of recreation with my sisters, until Mary began to rally me about

my melancholy, and asked what I meant by it. I at once said—

“Don’t you see, if Miss Evelyn marries Mr. Vincent we shall get another

governess, and can we ever expect to get one who is so kind and

excellent a teacher, and who troubles us so little at our games.”

“Ah! that is very true, and we should be horribly annoyed if we were

watched and interrupted. However, more reason that we should make the

most of the present moment, so come along, Charlie, and let us have some

real good fucking. We have plenty of time, mamma is not very well. No

one will come near us, and there is nothing to hinder our having a jolly

time of it, all three stark naked together, so come along.”

Her words had already changed the current of my ideas; before she ceased

speaking my prick responded, which her quick eye immediately observed,

and patting it with her hand, she said—

“Ah! my dear little dummy, I am glad to see you are of my opinion, so

come along.”

Away we went, and a most glorious afternoon of orgies we spent.

Miss Evelyn came to me at night and threw herself into my arms, in an

agony of sobs and tears, and pressing me to her throbbing bosom, she

sobbed out—

“Oh! my dear Charlie, I love you so dearly, you have become as necessary

to me as life itself. I cannot bear the thought of parting from you, my

loved one. You, whom I have initiated into all the delights of mutual

love. Oh! the thought of parting is bitter, and breaks my heart. Oh!

love me, my own darling boy, and press me to your heart.”

I did more, for, as I have before stated, a woman’s tears have a never

failing effect on the erective nerves of my machine. It was but the

commencement of a night of most luxurious enjoyment. Miss Evelyn put no

restraint either on herself or me, but indulged in every act of

lubricity and voluptuousness were drawing to a close. In fact, when

eventually she left me in the morning, and I thought over all she had

said, it became evident to me that she had already made up her mind to

accept the very advantageous offer made to her. The instinctive

intelligence of woman had at once shown to her that such an opportunity

was not to be lost for the sake of a mere boy, whom circumstances must

naturally soon remove far away from her. At the same time, doubtless,

the idea that I was all her own making, for she never had any suspicion

of my previous initiation, held a charm over her, to say nothing of the

powerful weapon she had so unexpectedly found by her side, and which had

so great an influence over her passions. We spent a most luxurious

night, and hardly closed our eyes, notwithstanding my afternoon’s

debauch; such is the power and resources of nature, in a

well-constituted youth of fifteen and upwards, that Miss Evelyn had

rather to force our embraces, than to stimulate by any artificial

excitement my ever ready prick. I won from her a promise to come next

night, and let me know what fate was in store for us.

Next day Mr. Vincent was true to his appointment. Mamma received him

with Miss Evelyn by her side, and after the usual compliments, rose and

apologised for leaving them, as she had household duties to attend to.

Miss Evelyn informed me afterwards that Mr. Vincent, on my mother

leaving the room, rose from his seat, and approaching her, said, in the

most frank gentlemanly manner—

“You are aware, my dear Miss Evelyn, of the object of my visit, and I

augur from your kind condescension in giving me this interview that my

suit is not disagreeable to you.”

Then taking her passive hand, and pressing it to his heart, he

continued—

“I have loved you, Miss Evelyn, from the first moment of my seeing you.

I feel that my future happiness hangs on your lips, for without your

love, my life would now be a blank. I am here today to offer you my hand

and fortune. If I have not yet your heart, I seek to be allowed to

cultivate your society, that I may try to win it.”

Then seeing that she was greatly agitated, he begged her to be seated

(for she had risen when he approached and took her hand), he led her to

a sofa, and seated himself by her side. He pressed for an answer. She

said—

“You must be fully aware, Mr. Vincent, that your generous offer has

taken me greatly by surprise. I feel most grateful to you for it, but

must implore you to allow me to pause, until at least I have heard from

my mother, to whom I will communicate the noble offer you have made to

me, a poor governess, who cannot but feel grateful to you for

condescending to think of her in such a way.”

“Ah! say not so, my dear Miss Evelyn, and believe me, it is no sudden

impulse that has driven me to your feet, but ardent love, and real

admiration of your great beauty and admirable conduct ever since you

entered this family.”

The dear creature smiled through her tears upon me when she recounted

those terms of affection that Mr. Vincent poured out to her.

To be brief—before they parted he won from her that his frequent

meetings at church, and elsewhere, had gained him something more than

esteem, but hopeless of ever becoming his wife, she had done her utmost

to suppress warmer feelings. Oh! woman, thy name is deception! So she

sent him away the happiest man in existence. He rode over every day

afterwards, and was with Miss Evelyn from four to five; indeed, he was

often the cause of our having half an hour’s longer recreation. He also

frequently dined with us. Miss Evelyn’s mother naturally jumped at the

offer, and most delightedly gave her consent.

When Mr. Vincent heard of this, he became very urgent in claiming an

early day for making him the happiest of men. Miss Evelyn wanted a delay

of six weeks, but this raised such an outcry on his part, seconded by my

mother, that at last she was driven from six weeks to a month, and then

to a fortnight from that date; so all became extremely busy in getting

ready marriage dresses, &c. The marriage was to take place from our

house, and my mother insisted that she should provide the marriage

breakfast. Mrs. Evelyn was invited to our house for a week at the time

of the marriage, to keep my mother company. My two sisters and a young

sister of Mr. Vincent’s were to be the bridesmaids, and a young man,

courting Miss Vincent, to be bridegroom’s man. So all was thus arranged,

and eventually came off most happily. When Mrs. Evelyn arrived she

occupied the spare room, where charming Mrs. Benson had so deliciously

initiated me in all the pleasures of sensuality and passion.

To return to the day when Mr. Vincent had his first interview, and

declared his love and admiration, and ended with the offer of marriage.

Before going away, he rang for mamma, thanked her for all her kindness

to him, informed her how happy Miss Evelyn had made him in granting

permission to prosecute his suit for her hand, &c. Then begging the

favour of a chaste kiss, he left all radiant with hope.

The interview had naturally been very trying for Miss Evelyn, and she

was so evidently nervously agitated that my mother begged her to go to

her room, and lie down to repose herself, as after so much agitation she

must be quite unfit for any schoolwork, and that she herself would hear

our lessons that morning and give us an afternoon’s holiday in honour of

the happy event that had occurred.

We thus, my sisters and I, were thrown again into another prolonged

opportunity of fully enjoying ourselves, but, notwithstanding the

wonderfully regenerative power that nature had gifted me with, I felt

that if I wanted to enjoy again my dear Miss Evelyn, who had promised to

be with me that night. I must not only restrain myself from such excess

as we had indulged in the previous day, but also manage to get some

sleep, of which I had scarcely tasted the night before, so I contented

myself with first gamahuching and then fucking each sister; afterwards

again gamahuching them, and making them each spend five times, so as to

satisfy them without exhausting myself, and then finishing off with a

delicious fuck in Lizzie’s bottom-hole, while each gamahuched the other.

This quite satisfied them, and they allowed me to steal up to my room to

sleep, Mary promising to call me in time for tea. I slept the sleep of

the just for some three hours, and came to tea perfectly ready for

anything that could happen that night. It was well it was so, for now

that there could not be any long lapse of time before we must part, Miss

Evelyn became a very glutton for pleasure, and every art and position

was made use of to stimulate and lengthen out our joys. She came every

night, even up to the very night before the marriage, although in the

last three nights before the event came off, her mother, Mrs. Evelyn,

slept in the spare bedroom with which my room communicated.

Nevertheless, we met and carried on our amorous sports with bated breath

and suppressed sighs.

We had of late often tried in our moments of greatest excitement to

introduce my prick into her delicious tight little bottom-hole. Once, by

a sudden manoeuvre, I managed to get in at the moment she was spending,

and actually made an entrance as far as about two inches beyond the nut,

and I think I should have fully succeeded at that time if my own

excitement had not made me spend too soon. This oiled the way, and my

prick, having already fucked several times, becoming too limp, the

squeeze of her bottom actually forced him out, as if she were voiding

herself naturally. I fancied that, at the moment, but for my too excited

passion, she would have rather I had completely initiated her. However,

the night preceding her marriage, I at last succeeded. We had fucked in

every varied way. She was on her knees, with her head on the pillow, and

I on my knees, behind her; this was a favourite way of hers, as she

declared I got further in, nay, seemed to touch her heart and fill her

whole body; besides the frigging her clitoris and the action of my

finger in her bottom-hole added greatly to the raptures this position

gave her. She had been already well fucked, and we had mutually

gamahuched each other, so her whole system was in a most excited and

well-moistened state. Taking care to put two fingers at once into her

bottom-hole, I worked them so as to stretch it as much as possible,

while exciting her with my prick in her cunt, and a finger on her

clitoris. Just as she was going into the raptures of spending I dropped

from my mouth a quantity of saliva onto her bottom-hole, and as she was

pushing her buttocks back to me I suddenly withdrew my prick, and with

one vigorous thrust housed him half his length in her delicious

bum-hole. She almost cried out aloud at the suddenness of the attack,

and would have flinched away but for the grasp of both my hands upon her

hips; a more vigorous shove sent me up to the hilt against her beautiful

buttocks. She whispered—

“For heaven’s sake, dear Charles, do stop a moment, I can’t bear it, and

must cry out if you do not be quiet for a time at least.”

As I was safely fixed, it exactly suited me to remain still, for had I

gone on, a push or two would have made me spend. Now fairly engulphed, I

wished not only to fully enjoy it myself but, if possible, make her

enjoy it too. So remaining quite still, as far as regarded my prick, I

stole one hand down to her clitoris, and began to excite that; the other

I ran up to her bubbies, and played with the nipples, a thing which I

had found out excited her almost as much as playing with her clitoris.

Her passions were soon reawakened, and the involuntary twistings of her

loins and pressures of her sphincter convinced me that in a very short

time I should work her up to the utmost; and so it was, and immensely

she enjoyed both her own spend and mine when she felt my hot spunk

shooting up into her very entrails. We sunk gently on our sides after

this bout, but without unsheathing me; and here embracing, kissing and

tonguing each other when she turned her head, and sometimes sucking the

nearest nipple to me, we soon once more were in a state to renew our

delicious combat; and a second course was run in the delightful

callipygian recesses of Venus’s second temple of lubricity. This was our

last bout, for, alas, it was getting the hour when the house would be

all astir. My lovely mistress embraced me most tenderly, and

acknowledged that I had at last taught her a new pleasure. She wept as

she tore herself from my arms, and I wept too when she left me, as I

thought I had now lost her for ever as a mistress, and what a charming

one she had been to me!

Morning came, and with it bridesmaids, bridegroom, and man. To church we

all went, my sisters perfectly enchanted with the idea of being

bridesmaids, and beautifully arrayed in new dresses. They were also

still more delighted with some handsome jewelry presented by Mr.

Vincent. In their eyes he became the handsomest and finest man they had

ever seen. The breakfast went off as usual, and when the bride, who had

changed her bridal dress for a neat travelling one, came down, pretty

near all were in tears on taking leave of her. She pressed me tenderly

to her bosom, and whispered—

“Courage, Charlie, dear.”

It was almost too much for me, but I managed to restrain any extreme

demonstration of my grief. The carriage door was shut, and off they

rattled to spend the honeymoon at Leamington. The friends assembled

remained until the evening, and after the sensations of the day, and the

fatigues of the previous night, I was glad to get to bed. I cried myself

to sleep, thinking that another at that moment was revelling in all the

delights of amorous enjoyment of those charms that had been so long in

my sole possession.

Thus ended one of the most delightful episodes of my life, and although

I, at some rare intervals, from time to time found an opportunity of

enjoying my loved mistress, they were flying fucks, very delicious, but

very unsatisfactory.

This was the first great incident that had an effect of changing the

tenour of our existence for some time, but I will reserve the details of

our after-adventures for a second part of these reminiscences of Early

Experiences.

END OF VOL. I.

VOLUME II

CONTENTS

Mr. James MacCallum—Mrs. Vincent—Miss Frankland—Miss F., Mary, and

Eliza—Doctor and Mrs. Brownlow

The house was scarcely itself even the day after the marriage. Mrs.

Evelyn was still with us, and did not leave until the following day. She

and my mother spent most of the day in the summer house, so that our

pastimes therein were interrupted. Mary complained of severe headache,

which, in fact, was the premonitory symptom of her courses, which

declared themselves violently in the evening. I had arranged with my

sisters to steal up to their room when all were asleep, as now that we

had lost our governess they had it all to themselves. I went, of course,

but found only Eliza capable of entering into our sensual enjoyments. I

made her come to me in Miss Evelyn’s bed, and while fucking her, was

thinking all the time of my darling governess; and even when I was

fucking her I could only remember the complete insertion of my prick

into Miss Evelyn’s bum-hole the very night before her marriage, and

wondered whether or not her husband had discovered her loss of

maidenhead. And yet, I fancied woman’s natural cunning would easily

deceive him, as millions before him have been deceived. Coupling Mary’s

attack and Miss Evelyn’s choice of the marriage day on the full moon, I

could not help imagining that she intended to help her deception by the

advent of her menstruation. It will be seen hereafter how far I was

correct in my conjecture. I passed a delicious night in the arms of my

charming Lizzie, and only stole away just in time not to be observed by

the early-rising servants. Mrs. Evelyn departed the next day. My mother,

feeling poorly, desired Lizzie to sleep with her, so perforce I had to

pass a very quiet night, but which the agitation and excessive venery of

the last week rendered very acceptable.

Another week passed without anything particular beyond Mary being able

to join Lizzie and me in our orgies. The doctor had recommended my

mother to go for a few weeks to the seaside, and she resolved that we

should all go for six weeks before engaging a new governess. So we left

town for a charming little retired village on the west Welsh coast. It

was but a small place, with one street, and some straggling houses here

and there, but with a beautiful stretch of sand ending in abrupt rocks.

Our lodgings were but small; a sitting room and bedroom above a shop,

and two rooms over that. I slept in the small back room off the sitting

room, my mother had the front upper room, and my two sisters were in the

room beside her, with only a thin partition between them, so we found

ourselves obliged to seek for some outside place to enjoy the erotic

pleasures that had now become necessary to us. Very few visitors ever

came near the retired little village. In our explorations we found that

at the far end of the sands there were some nice retired spots behind

the rocks, which soon became the scenes of our sensual enjoyments. The

place was more than a mile from the village, and we could see if anyone

was coming towards us for the whole distance; but still as we might

forget how fast time flies, we prudently established either one or the

other of my sisters as a sentinel to give us warning if anyone was

approaching. So I took them in turn, laid them down, had a mutual

gamahuche, and then a fuck; after which the previous watcher took the

place of the one just fucked, and the same process was followed in her

case. We had done this for three days, and were congratulating ourselves

upon having found out so safe a place to indulge all our propensities

in. We always spent the mornings with mamma, who kept us so far to our

lessons, but after our midday meal, which mamma also made her dinner

hour, she retired for a siesta, and we went out for a long walk and

something better. I have said we fully enjoyed the first three days

without any apparent chance of discovery. On the fourth, while Lizzie

was on the watch in front, and Mary and I after a delicious gamahuche

had just died away in all the ecstasies of a prolonged fuck up to the

moment of discharge, and I was saying to her—

“Did not that feel delicious, and was it not up to the hilt?”

“I should think so, with such a rammer as that up her cunt,” said a

strange voice close to us.

You may easily suppose how we startled with surprise.

“Oh, don’t do that, I did not mean to spoil sport,” said the same voice.

It was a very gentlemanly man, with a soft quiet voice, and charming

amiable expression of countenance, who stood smiling upon us close to

our side, with his breeches open, and his standing pego in his hand. So

great was our surprise that we never thought of the state we were in.

Mary lay with legs spread out, and belly exposed, and cunt gaping open;

and I with my breeches down, and my great big cock pendent, it is true,

but hardly diminished in thickness. The stranger said again—

“I am not here to spoil sport, on the contrary, to aid you in every way.

I accidentally observed you two days ago. I am here, a stranger, like

yourselves. I know you to be brother and sisters, and admire you all the

more for being above the usual prejudices of that relationship. But you

must be aware that as I know all about you, the best way is to let me be

a participator in your sport; and then you not only shut my mouth, but

it will be the means of vastly adding to all your pleasures, as well as

giving me the most intense satisfaction. Now, for instance, your elder

sister there, who was about to replace the younger on the watch, will be

all the more satisfied, if I first fuck her. Don’t be alarmed, my dear,”

said he, as he observed a sudden move of Mary, who all at once

recollected how exposed her whole person was. “I shall do nothing

without your full consent, but I am quite sure your brother, who takes

you each in turn, will rather be pleased than otherwise, to see you in

my arms, or I much mistake his character.”

I could not help, internally, thinking how exactly he had hit off my

very thought, for I had just been calculating, in my own mind, how much

better it would be for us to make him a participator with us, rather

than an enemy by a refusal. So I at once averred that as it had turned

out, it was likely to add greatly to all our pleasure, and I begged Mary

to let him have his way. The natural reluctance of woman to appear too

easy of access made her simulate a refusal, but as she still lay on her

back, I leant over her, and opening her legs, begged him to kneel

between and help himself. He gallantly, on kneeling, first stooped

forward, and gave a good lick up of all her cunt’s spunk-covered lips,

and then proceeded to gamahuche her, which quickly made her as anxious

for his prick as he was to fuck her. As soon as they were fairly at it,

I whistled, and beckoned to Lizzie to come up. You may easily imagine

her surprise to see Mary in the arms of a strange man; but as the sight

had had its usual effect on my sensitive organ, and as it was standing,

almost ready to burst, I made her kneel opposite to them, and introduced

my prick into her cunt from behind, so that we could both see the

delicious fuck going on before us. It redoubled our excitement, and all

four of us spent together in cries of rapture. After this bout we sat

down to make further acquaintance, which, you may suppose, was not

difficult, after such an introduction. Our new friend gave us some hints

very useful for future proceedings, meanwhile he was feeling young

Lizzie’s cunt with one hand, and my prick with the other, very nicely

and gently frigging it. He brought me to full stand very quickly, and

then made me lie on my back, while he proceeded to admire and praise the

extraordinary development which he declared was the greatest for one of

my age he had ever met with, and his experience was very extensive. When

it was at full stand, he stooped forward, and in the most delicious

manner sucked my prick. It was more exciting than when either of my

sisters, Miss Evelyn, or Mrs. Benson had gamahuched me. He also inserted

a finger in my bottom-hole, and eventually made me spend in his mouth,

which he greedily swallowed, nor did he cease sucking until every drop

was drawn out of me. This had, of course, excited him, and he said—

“Now, I must have the young one in her turn.”

Lizzie, nothing loath, lay down on the grass at once, I conducted his

prick into her cunt, and frigged his bottom-hole, while their bout

lasted. His prick was one of the middlings, not very long, nor very

thick, but of a uniform size throughout, without any large projection of

the nut, like mine. He advised us to stop for that day, and to walk

towards the village with him, and then when in full sight, but far

beyond hearing, we could sit down and concert measures for future

pleasures of the most delicious lubricity.

“I see,” he said, “that we shall just hit it. I shall greatly add to

your pleasures, and you to mine; you have something yet to learn, and I

am the very person to instruct you in even higher delights than any of

you have yet enjoyed.”

We followed him as desired, and, seated on a sand hillock, we held a

long conversation, and arranged everything for future indulgencies. We

agreed to meet at the rocks next day at our usual hour, he undertaking

to be there ahead of us, to see that no lurking stranger should have

hidden himself as he had done that day. He would think over the matter

in the meantime, and contrive some way of meeting where we could be

fully at ease, and strip ourselves naked, so as to enjoy a complete

orgie of the most salacious lubricity. He showed us where he was lodged,

a small inn a little way out of the village with its front to the road,

and behind the stables there was attached to it a small cottage,

consisting of a bedroom above, with a dressing room, or small bedroom if

necessary, over the passage; the door opened upon the coast, and there

was no other communication with the inn than by going round past the

stable yard to the front door. The servant of the inn came round in the

morning, and laid his modest breakfast of tea, eggs and toast, and when

he was done, cleared away and made his bed, &c. He took his dinner in

the inn parlour at the hour the landlord and family dined. Nothing

overlooked his windows, and he was sufficiently away from the village

not to be easily observed, still less so from the inn; so that on

approaching his lodgings from the sands he was almost as safe from

observation as if he had lived in a lonely house far distant from any

other. I am thus particular in describing his lodgings, as the

advantages of the situation afterwards induced us to turn them to a

profitable use. Our friend’s name was MacCallum, James MacCallum, an

offshoot of the great Scotch clan of that name, then in about his

thirtieth year, fond of sporting, particularly fishing. His room was

surrounded with the necessary implements, and he much frequented Wales

from its advantage of possessing so many good trout streams. He it was

who gave me a taste for the piscatory art, and I afterwards accompanied

him on many a fishing excursion, which often led to new and singular

erotic adventures, of which I may, perhaps, hereafter recount a few. His

ordinary residence was London, and our present acquaintance led to some

most intimate relations of true erotic extravagance, of which more anon.

Meanwhile we met at the rocks on the next day, a Saturday. We found Mr.

MacCallum at his post, and all being secure, proceeded to action. It was

Mary’s turn to take the first watch. Our friend constituted himself

master of the ceremonies. He desired me to take off my breeches, and

Lizzie to take off her gown and ease her corset, for as yet she wore no

stays; then telling me to lie down on my back, he made Lizzie kneel at

my head, with her bottom to me, and then to press back so as to bring

her charming little cunt over my mouth, her under-petticoat and chemise

being well canted over her shoulders. I thus had complete command of her

clitoris with my tongue, and she could sink her buttocks quite down on

my face, so that I could shove my tongue well up her cunt, and lick up

all her spendings when she discharged; and at the same time, while

embracing the charming plump hard buttocks with one hand, the other was

left free to frig her bum-hole, and stimulate her passions up to the

utmost. I have already told you how naturally she had taken to posterior

pleasures. While thus engaged, Mr. MacCallum proceeded to gamahuche my

prick in the most delicious manner, for he had an art in this delightful

accomplishment that far exceeded that of the many by whom I have been

gamahuched—of course, he added the \_postilion\_, as the French say, by

frigging my bottom-hole at the same time. He made me most voluptuously

discharge in his mouth at the very instant dear Lizzie was pouring into

mine her delicious spendings. We lay enraptured for some time before we

could stir. Then rising, I wished to return the compliment Mr. M. had

paid my prick, by sucking his. But this he declined, saying—

“I shall teach you all a new pleasure before we part, and my powers are

not quite so active as your youth enables you to be, so for the moment

we will indulge in close observation and sweet caresses of our members

until by gentle titillations I get you two more prepared for the amorous

contest—”

He gamahuched Lizzie while handling my prick, and a very short period

elapsed before he had us both in such a state of excitement that we were

ready for anything he chose to direct. This time he also required me to

lie down on my back, but he placed Lizzie on the top of me, and guided

my prick himself into her delicious tight little notch. When fully

inserted, which was completely accomplished before she quite lay down

upon me, he desired us to go slowly to work. For a short time, with his

face close to my cods, he watched the in and out movement of my prick,

inserting a finger into both Lizzie’s bottom and mine. Then rising, he

said—

“Stop a little, my dears, but don’t withdraw. I am about to give your

sister a lesson in the double action of most delicious pleasure.”

Then spitting on his prick, and applying a quantity of saliva to the

rosy orifice of her bottom, he proceeded to insert his prick—little

thinking how fond she was of taking pleasure in this route, and how

often she had already enjoyed it. He took every precaution not to hurt

her, and to be as gentle as possible, telling her to push out her

bottom, and to strain as if she wanted to void something, which he told

her would facilitate his entrance, and give her less pain. You may

imagine how secretly pleased Lizzie was; she did all he desired—and with

great gentleness he succeeded in sheathing his prick up to the close

junction of his belly against her buttocks.

“Capital, my dear, you have borne it admirably. I see you will make an

apt scholar; now you will have nothing but the most ecstatic raptures

from the action of two pricks at once. Now, Charles, it is for you to

work, and for your most charming sister to continue only the exquisite

pressures she is already at this moment so rapturously conferring on our

excited members.”

We thus commenced the first lesson we ever had in the double fuck. Dear

Lizzie was almost mad with the agonising sensations of rapturous

pleasure the double thrusting produced upon her erotic nerves. I, too,

felt the rubbing of Mr. M.’s prick so closely upon mine, for the slight

membrane dividing the bottom passage from the vagina, by the powerful

stretching of the two members between which it was sandwiched, became so

thin a division that it really appeared as if there was nothing between

our pricks. Such ecstatic excitement brought matters to a speedy

conclusion. Lizzie screamed so loudly with her excess of pleasure that

it somewhat alarmed Mary, who came running up to see what was the

matter. Her surprise was great at the sight she beheld, but we were far

too deliriously wrapt in the lap of most salacious luxury and lubricity

to be sensible to any interruption. As for Lizzie she was in convulsions

of ecstasy, which ended in quite a hysteric attack which rather alarmed

us, and made us withdraw from the exquisite sheaths in which we had been

engulphed with such rapture. It was some time before dear Lizzie

recovered her senses, and then she burst into tears, declaring she had

never before known what pleasure meant, and she had been in the seventh

heaven of delight, that she could wish for no better death than to die

in such agony of pleasure. She then threw herself into Mr. M.’s arms,

and kissing him with the utmost fervour, said—

“Oh, you dear man, how I love you for teaching me such a delicious way

of loving; you shall have me whenever and wherever you please. I shall

love you as much as I do my darling brother Charlie.”

She then turned to me and warmly embraced me too. Then, putting on her

gown, she proceeded to take up the watch, while Mary remained to be

likewise initiated in the luxury of the double fuck. She somewhat

dreaded the experiment, but having witnessed the ecstasies of pleasure

it had thrown Lizzie into, she was not unwilling to try if it could be

accomplished with Mr. MacCallum’s somewhat less massive member. He put

us through the same preliminary manoeuvres of backing Mary on her knees

over my mouth, and while he sucked my prick, he feasted his eyes at the

same time on Mary’s really finely developed buttocks, giving him promise

of great after-pleasure. He even begged me to leave her bottom-hole to

his finger so that he frigged the bum-hole of the sister while he sucked

the prick of the brother, a combination which afforded him the most racy

delight, Mary was greatly excited, and spent most copiously in my mouth,

while I quickly followed suit in the mouth of Mr. M., who did not allow

a drop to be wasted. When we had reposed ourselves sufficiently, his

lascivious touches and caresses and praises of our parts soon

sufficiently re-excited us to let him see if we might again proceed to

action. As before, I lay down on my back, and Mary, straddling across

me, had my prick guided into her longing cunt by the hand of Mr. M. When

I was fairly engulphed in her hot and throbbing cunt, she began her

exquisite \_casse-noisette\_ pressures, which talent she possessed in the

greatest perfection; then bending down to me I clasped her in my arms,

and glued my lips to hers in a loving kiss and tongue embrace. Her

bottom presented itself in all its beauty to our worthy master of the

ceremonies, who, delighted with its more fully blown beauties than that

of the younger sister, paid first due homage to it by fondly kissing it,

and thrusting his tongue up the rosy orifice, titillating her

excessively, then wetting his prick he applied it to the tender

rosebud-like dimple at first without success, Mary telling him she did

not think he could possibly succeed.

“Patience and perseverance, my dear girl,” said he, “will enable me to

get into a mouse; we must try another way; it is that great huge monster

of a prick in your cunt that is so blocking up the route as to close

almost entirely the way to the more secret temple of salacious delights.

Withdraw for a moment.”

I did so; upon which he plunged in an instant up to the hilt in her cunt

and gave a few shoves to excite her and throw her off her guard, for he

told us afterwards, the first difficulty was all owing to Mary’s

involuntary opposition, by squeezing in her bottom-hole, instead of

pushing it out. When he thought he had sufficiently excited her, and

made her suppose he was going to continue regularly fucking her, he

suddenly withdrew the two fingers he had in her bum-hole, by a jerk

substituted his prick, and before Mary was aware, had sheathed it more

than halfway into her bottom. She gave a half scream, but his hold of

her hips, and my close embrace of her waist, for I all along knew what

he was at, prevented her from flinching and throwing him out, which was

her first impulse. He said—

“I will keep still, and any unpleasant feeling will go off in a moment.”

He stopped for two or three minutes, which I occupied in first rubbing

the end of my prick on Mary’s clitoris, which was a well-developed one,

and when by her nervous movements I found her passions were being

roused, I slipped it into her tightened cunt without much difficulty.

Mr. M. took the opportunity of finding me penetrating to glide in on his

point of attack up to his utmost limit. Mary gasped again, and declared

it was choking her. However, by a little more patience, and then by very

gentle movements, we gradually worked her up to the utmost state of

excitement, and she, as well as both of us, went off in a delirium of

enraptured felicity. She lay panting and throbbing between us for nearly

a quarter of an hour.

I was already in a state for renewed efforts, but Mr. M. rose, and

withdrew his reeking prick from the tight recess in which it had enjoyed

such ecstasies, and told us we must be content with that day’s work,

expressly as he had a plan in his head for the next day, that would

require us to have all our erotic powers at command. Then, as before, we

approached the village, so as to be seen, but not overheard, so that our

going away to more distant places should create no suspicion. Mr. M.

then informed us that we could come to his cottage the next afternoon,

instead of the rocks; we should be able to undress ourselves in the

buff, and have a perfect orgie of salacious delights. We heartily

approved of this plan, and after an amusing conversation, we parted to

meet the next day on the sands, but in the contrary directions to the

rocks, for the purpose of afterwards approaching his cottage from the

least observable site.

After dinner the next day we started at our usual hour apparently for

our ordinary promenade, but after leaving the village, and allowing most

of the people to be safely stowed away in church for the afternoon

service, we turned on our steps and made for Mr. M.’s door. He saw us

coming, and was ready to admit us, without knocking. We immediately

adjourned to the bedroom upstairs, and lost no time in all of us

stripping stark naked. After some preliminary admiration of the two

girls, whose forms were certainly cast in beauty’s mould, we lay down in

bed. I and Lizzie mutually gamahuched each other, with the usual

accompaniments in the charming orifices of our bottoms. Mr. MacCallum

and Mary, for he had taken a great fancy to her and her splendid bottom,

followed our example, After we had a happy and most delicious spend, and

then mutual embraces and kisses, we put the girls into all conceivable

poses, until we were once more ready to go on with something more

serious than gamahuching. Mr. M., as usual, acted as master of the

ceremonies, and ordered Mary to lie down on her back, then Lizzie

reversed upon her, so that she could gamahuche Mary’s cunt, and tickle

her bum-hole, while Mary was to frig Lizzie’s clitoris with one hand,

and play with my cods with the other, Mr. M. himself guided my prick

into the delicious bottom-hole of Lizzie, and when we were all fixed,

and he had frigged my bum-hole with two fingers, he said—

“Now I am going to initiate you, Charlie, into the delight of being

alike operator and receiver.”

So saying, he moistened his tool and spit in my bum-hole, and proceeded

very gently to introduce his prick therein. I have described his cock as

not very thick at the point, consequently the first part introduced

itself very easily, but when the pillar pushed its way in, and began to

stretch the parts, it produced a curious sickening feeling, very like as

if I had received a kick on the bottom; so I was obliged to ask him to

halt a little. He was too experienced in the art not to fully understand

my feelings, and knew well it would go off in a minute or two, if I was

left quiet. So pausing until I told him he might now try to get in

further, he drew back a little and applying more spittle to the shaft,

gently and firmly, and slowly guided his prick up to the hilt, or as far

as his belly and my buttocks would allow. Again pausing a little, until

feeling by the throbbing of my prick, which produced the same pressure

on my bum-hole, that I was warming to the work, he began slow movements

of thrusts in and out, which, together with the hot and voluptuous

pressures and movements of my own little partner excited both by Mary’s

finger and my prick, began to fire my passions, and we soon grew very

fierce in our movements. Nothing I could ever have imagined equalled the

extraordinary and delicious ecstasy that the double action produced upon

my erotic nerves. I gasped, I shuddered with the agony of intense

pleasure, and at the moment when the grand and rapturous finale

approached, I actually brayed exactly like a donkey, which, in after

cooler moments, amused all of us. The action of pleasure had come upon

all at once, and we sank in an inert mass on those below us. How poor

Mary endured it astonished us, but the scene had so excited her that she

said it never occurred to her, and she felt nothing. We eventually rose,

and after a necessary purification, partook of wine and cake, which Mr.

MacCallum, with great foresight, had provided. After that he would not

allow us to fuck for some time; and we had a regular romp all about the

room, which we enjoyed very much, and nothing was heard but slaps on our

bottoms, and the wildest rollicking laughter—until our two cocks, by

their stiff-standing, showed that we were again ready to enter on new

combats. This time Lizzie lay down, Mary gamahuched her. Mr. M. got into

her bum-hole, and I proceeded to attempt to do the same to him, but all

to no purpose. I was too heavy hung for his bottom-hole, a very small

one for a man. He had every wish to accommodate me, but do what I would,

I could not overcome the physical difficulties. So reversing our

positions, I lay on my back, Mary straddled over me, my prick was put

into her cunt, and stooping down, and presenting her anus, M. succeeded

more easily than the day before in getting into her bum-hole. Lizzie

standing up with a leg on each side of Mary’s and my body, brought her

quim up to M.’s mouth, and he luxuriously gamahuched her, while his

finger acted \_postilion\_ in her bottom. The erotic storm raged with

great fury for a long time, and then, growing more fast and furious,

brought us all standing in ecstasies of the most salacious enjoyment,

for us to sink once more into the annihilation of satiated desire. We

lay long wrapped in close embrace. Recovering our senses in long-drawn

sighs, we again refreshed ourselves with wine and cake, and as our

passions were not so quickly reawakened as those of our more excitable

companions, we proceeded to gamahuche them, without their exercising a

like skill upon our pricks. We then had another romp, and replacing Mary

below and Lizzie above, I, this time, fucked her cunt, at her request,

as she said it must not be altogether neglected. M., as previously, took

me behind, and as there was a greater facility, so there was greater

enjoyment, and as our previous exertions had taken off the sharper

appetite, we were enabled to draw out our pleasure to a much greater

length, until at last we died away in all the agony of such a glorious

conjunction of parts. We had one more delicious general fuck before we

parted. Lizzie was again fucked by me, and buggered by Mr. M., which she

declared she preferred to any other combination, my prick so deliriously

gorging her tight little cunt, and making M.’s prick, from the pressure

of my larger weapon in the cunt, feel as tight in her bottom as my prick

did, when nothing but Mary’s finger was in her cunt. We ran our course

with even greater luxury and lasciviousness than before. Lizzie actually

was hysterical with the force of her enjoyment, and we all sank sideways

off poor Mary, and lay long locked in each other’s arms. This, for that

day, ended our most delightful orgie. We purified ourselves, and then

dressed. We parted with many sweet embraces, and promises of renewing

the delightful scenes we had just gone through, and, in fact, we often

and often repeated them, varying from time to time with a visit to the

rocks, lest we should draw observation upon us by constantly going to

the cottage.

Our six weeks came to an end so rapidly that we could hardly believe the

time had already passed. Mamma one morning informed us we were to leave

on the day after the next. You may suppose our disappointment, but there

was no help for it. We met that day at the rocks, we were melancholy at

the thought of parting with our charming friend, whom we now really

loved. We were not near so fiery as usual, but resolved to have one

thorough good orgie the next day at the cottage, as a farewell benefit

to us all. We met, as agreed on, and put in force every art to augment

our pleasures, and every contrivance to excite anew our powers to the

utmost. Both M. and I must have spent six to seven times, but the girls

being more easily excited in their finer organs of coition, went off in

ecstasies some nine or ten times; until fairly exhausted, we had, from

want of power, to give up the game, dress and part. We hoped to meet

again. The girls wept at parting with our delightful friend, to whom we

owed so many delicious orgies. We exchanged addresses, and he promised

to come on a fishing excursion to our neighbourhood, where he hoped we

should find means of renewing the lascivious sports we had already so

much enjoyed. We tore ourselves away from him at last. It will be seen

in the sequel, that unforeseen events carried me to London, or rather

away from home, before we could meet again; and it was in London, at his

own chambers, where we again renewed our charming intercourse, and

practised every art of venery.

We returned home, and mamma again advertised for a governess, and stated

that she required one of not less than thirty years of age, and with

much experience in teaching. Numerous responses were made to the

advertisement; but one lady desired to see mamma and her pupils before

accepting the place, at the same time forwarding very satisfactory

testimonials. Mamma was rather struck with the style of letter, and the

unusual demand of previous acquaintance before entering into final

arrangements. So she wrote to Miss Frankland, begging her to come and

spend three days with us, and if her visit should prove as agreeable to

both as her letter had done to mamma, she had no doubt matters might be

arranged to their mutual satisfaction. Accordingly, at the expected

hour, Miss Frankland arrived. She was, to our then thinking, an elderly

lady, rather above thirty years of age than under, of tall and

commanding figure, somewhat large, but no superfluous fat, broad

shouldered, and wide hipped, with bosoms well separated, but not too

prominent. Her hair was coal black, and her eyes equally so, but with

the most determined expression, rendered more so by very thick eyebrows,

which met in the middle. She showed also a well marked downy moustache,

and the small curly hairs below her head, at the back of her neck,

literally lost themselves beneath her high-necked dress. She always wore

long sleeves, and never showed bare arms. I afterwards found the reason

of this was that her arms were so black with thick hair that she was

ashamed to let them be seen, although, in reality, beautifully formed

and plump. Her mouth was large; it showed animal passion, but at the

same time determined firmness of character. You could not call her

handsome, but there was altogether an appearance of face, expression,

and person that might well be styled a fine woman. As for us, at the

period of first seeing her, we only marked the determined character of

her countenance, and at once dreaded her becoming our governess, as we

felt we should not only have one who would master us, but who would also

be severe in every way. Youth is often a better physiognomist than it is

credited with. It will be seen in the sequel whether we had judged

correctly or not. Suffice it to say that her three days’ visit ended in

her being perfectly satisfied with the offered position, and mamma being

equally satisfied with her. We did not know at the time, but afterwards

found out, that she had made it a \_sine qua non\_ that she should have

carte blanche as to the use of the rod. She had observed to mamma that

she thought we had been too leniently treated by our late governess, and

it would be necessary to exert severe discipline, which, in her own

experience, she had always found most efficacious. My mother, who had

during the last two months found us rather headstrong and wilful, quite

chimed in with her idea, and gave every authority to do quite as she

liked, either with her girls or her son.

Terms being so arranged, Miss Frankland required a week to make all her

arrangements before definitely taking up her new residence. My mother,

thinking we should be well kept in on the arrival of Miss Frankland,

left us in uninterrupted liberty until then, you may be sure we improved

the occasion, and did our best to make up for the loss of our

inestimable and amiable friend, Mr. MacCallum. Not only did we make use

of the summer house by day, but every night I stole up to my loved

sisters’ room, where we tried to emulate the luxurious scenes of

lubricity we had lately been so deliriously indulging in at the seaside

in Wales. Of course, the week passed far too quickly, and on the

appointed day my mother drove into the town to bring Miss Frankland

home, on the arrival of the coach. My two sisters accompanied her, as

something or other was always wanted for the girls; and as Miss

Frankland and her luggage would quite fill the carriage on their return,

I was left by myself at home, a most fortunate circumstance, as it

turned out.

I was somewhat annoyed at being left alone. But how true it is that “man

proposes and God disposes.” Had I gone with them I should have missed a

most delicious and unexpected treat. I had strolled to the summer house

in a sort of despair at the lost opportunity of again fucking my sisters

before the arrival of the dreaded governess. I was listlessly gazing out

of the window when I suddenly became aware of a lady waving her hand to

me from a gig coming down the road which our summer house commanded. In

an instant I recognised Mrs. Vincent. To run down the hillock, unbolt

the private door, and welcome her to our house, was the work of a

moment. I begged her to get out and walk to the house through the

grounds, her servant could drive round to the stables and wait there.

She did so at once. I never said a word of all being absent until I had

her safe in the summer house. Without a word I seized her round the

waist, and pressing her back on the couch, quickly unbuttoned my

trousers, and pulling up her petticoats, was pushing my stiff prick

against her belly before she was almost aware of my intentions.

“My dear Charlie,” she cried, “what are you at? We shall be discovered,

and it will be my ruin.”

“Oh, no, my ever loved Mrs. Vincent; they are all away to town, and we

have nothing to fear.”

She loved me too well to make further resistance; on the contrary,

seconding me with all her accustomed art, we both quickly sunk in all

the voluptuous raptures of satisfied desire. I would not quit my

position, but kissing her rapturously, I shoved my tongue into her

mouth, and stopped her remonstrances. The excitement of meeting her

after a two months’ separation stimulated my passions to the utmost, and

with hardly bated breath I began a fresh career, but with more

moderation and greater pains to make her a perfect participant in the

raptures I myself was receiving. She thoroughly enjoyed it, and being

relieved from any fear of surprise, after my informing her of the

absence of all the family, she gave way to all the force of her ardent

amorous propensities, enjoyed our delicious fuck thoroughly, and spent

at the same time as myself with screams of satiated passion. After this

I withdrew. She kissed me most tenderly, and said I was as bad and wild

a boy as ever, that she loved me too tenderly ever to refuse me anything

I desired, and begged me to sit by her side and talk of old times.

“No,” I said, “on the contrary, tell me all about yourself; I have not

seen you since your marriage day, and I want to know how the after-part

went off. I was in dread lest our embracings should have left traces

that would make your husband suspect you were not all he had

anticipated.”

“You are a strange boy, my dear Charlie, and more of a man in every way

than many ten years older than yourself. Who would have thought such

ideas would have been running through so young a head. Well, my darling

boy, I was somewhat uneasy on that very point myself, and, indeed, had

fixed the marriage day when I expected I should be unwell on the very

night, but in that I was disappointed; nothing came, and I was driven to

act in the best way I could. I kept my legs close together. I got my

hand down to that part of my person, and kept squeezing my affair as

close as possible. I pressed hard with my fingers on his weapon as he

forced an entrance, and all at once gave way with a scream of apparent

pain, as he gave an extra thrust, and let him penetrate at once. An

inexperienced husband takes much on credit and imagination, I quite

satisfied him that he was the first possessor of my person; but, oh! my

beloved Charlie, I found I was really ready in the family-way, and you,

my dear fellow, are the father of the baby now within my womb.”

“What? I! I! the father of your baby? Oh, dear, darling Mrs. Vincent;

oh, say that again.”

“It is indeed true, my dear Charlie; and the knowledge that I first

possessed you, and you me, reconciles me to giving my husband a child

that is not his.”

“My child! my child!” I cried, and I danced round in a paroxysm of

delight at the idea of being a father. It seemed at once to elevate me

to manhood, and puffed me up with pride. I rushed upon dear Mrs. V.,

embraced her most warmly, and pushing her back on the sofa, said—

“I must see how the little angel looks in his cell.”

I turned up her petticoats, and exposed all her beauteous belly, already

by its swelling showing there was more there than ever went into her

mouth. Her cunt too had become more prominent. I stooped, kissed her

lovely quim, gave it a good suck, then gamahuched her till she cried out

for my prick to fuck her, and a most exquisite and rapturous fuck we

had. The thought that I was baptising my own babe with my sperm

stimulated my lubricity, and we ran a course of the most libidinous

delights until we dissolved away in the most voluptuous death-like

exhaustion of satisfied desires.

“Charlie, my darling, you must get up; remember you may injure the dear

little creature by too great an excess, so pray rise.”

I rose at once, but only to embrace her most tenderly. She complained of

feeling somewhat faint, and said we must now go to the house to get some

wine. We put ourselves in order, and all radiant at the thoughts of

paternity, I strutted along as proud as a peacock, and thinking no small

beer of myself. I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my heels,

and was quite extravagant in my conduct. Dear Mrs. V. was obliged

seriously to caution me before I could come to a proper reserved

behaviour in presence of the servants. She rested about half an hour,

and was about to order the gig up to the door, but I implored her to

send it round to the road below the summer house, as I should all the

longer have the pleasure of being with her. She smiled, and again gave

me a pat on the cheek, as much as to say, “I understand you, you rogue,”

but did as I suggested. So we proceeded through the grounds, and were at

the summer house some time before the gig could be harnessed and come

round to the road below. I did not wait for that, but embracing darling

Mrs. V., wanted to push her down on the sofa.

“No, no, dear Charlie, that will tumble my dress too much, and we shall

have no time to put it in order; stop, I will kneel on the low couch,

and you will stand behind, I can guide you from below, and you know I

always thought you got further in and gave me more pleasure that way

than any other.”

She knelt down, and I canted her clothes right over her shoulders, and

exhibited her fine buttocks, which, now she was in the family-way, had

widened out, and were fatter and rounder than ever. First gluttonously

kissing them, I brought my prick right against them. Mrs. Vincent

projected her hand behind, seized and guided him into her glowing and

longing cunt, and he plunged at one bound up to the hilt.

“Gently, Charlie dear,” she cried, “remember our dear baby is there, and

you must not be too violent.”

This at once reduced me to moderation. I had a hand on each hip, and as

I slowly glided in, I pressed her splendid buttocks backwards to meet

me. I kept my body upright so as to enjoy the lovely sight of the

movement of her bottom.

“Put your arm round and feel my clitoris, Charlie, dear.”

I did so for a minute, and then whispered—

“It is such delight to gaze on your splendid bum in action, so pray

apply your own finger to your clitoris, and let me enjoy the lovely

sight.”

“Very well, darling.”

And I could feel her frigging away most furiously. This enabled me to

introduce first one and then two fingers into her most delicious

bottom-hole. When I found she was in the greatest state of excitement, I

suddenly shifted my prick, and substituted it for my fingers. In her

surprise and excitement, she had no time to resist, and I glided in, not

too rapidly, quite up as far as I could go. She flinched a little, and

called me a bad fellow, but I held her hips too tight to allow of her

unseating me, even if she had wished. I begged she would let me go on,

for I had never forgotten the delight of doing it this way the night

before her marriage. She made no reply, but I could feel redoubled

action with her finger on her clitoris; and the muscular twitchings of

her loins and sphincter soon convinced me that nothing would please her

better than finishing our course where I was—and most delicious it

proved. We should have died away in loud cries of agonised delight but

for the necessity of prudence, for doubtless the gig was then awaiting

but a few yards off. My darling mistress seemed unwilling to let me

withdraw; she held my prick in such close and firm embrace, throbbing on

it from moment to moment, and so exciting him that she shortly felt he

was again stiffening inside of her. She rose on her legs, and by that

action unsheathed me. Then, turning round, she threw her arms about my

neck, and most tenderly embraced me, thanking me for having given her

such exquisite proofs of love.

“But I must go, my dear Charlie, and I hope we shall have occasionally

some other delicious opportunity of enjoying such raptures again. Say

everything kind to your mother and the girls, and tell them I shall come

ever again shortly and see them all.”

I saw her into her gig, and watched her until a turn in the road hid her

from my sight. I returned to the summer house, and kissed the spot she

had last pressed with her lovely body. My soul was filled with love of

her, and pride that I was man enough to put a babe into her belly. I

strutted about the room, and if anyone could have seen me I should

doubtless have appeared ridiculous. Mamma, our new governess, and the

girls returned to tea. I told them of Mrs. Vincent’s visit, and her

regret at finding them absent, also of her promise to drive over again

on an early day. My mother hoped I had been attentive to her. I said I

had, as well as I could, and had got some wine and biscuits, as she

complained of not feeling very well, she thought the jolting road had

tired her.

It may well be supposed that after the impression our new governess had

made upon us, we were very attentive for some time. Indeed, her system

of teaching was really excellent, far superior, in that respect, to our

former governess. She had a method of interesting you in what she was

teaching, and for quite two months we paid such great attention, and

made such really extraordinary progress, that she could not help

praising us highly to mamma while we were in the room. This was bad

policy, because, with the natural thoughtlessness of youth, we fancied

ourselves so clever that we became less attentive. This was patiently

borne with for some time, probably in consequence of our previous good

behaviour. But at last Lizzie was somewhat impudent when blamed rather

harshly by Miss Frankland.

“Oh! it has come to that, has it? We shall see.” She continued our

lessons until four o’clock as usual, and then desired Lizzie to remain

where she was; she dismissed Mary and me, locked the door on poor

Lizzie, and went away, doubtless for a rod. She soon returned, and

locking herself in, most severely whipped poor Lizzie’s bottom. She sent

her out when it was finished, and Lizzie joined us, weeping bitterly

from the pain she was suffering. We laid her on the couch, and turned

her petticoats over her head to cool her bottom, which she declared felt

as if burning hot coals were spread over it. I kissed the dear red

buttocks that were all covered with weals and looked like raw beef, but

no blood had been drawn. We fanned her with our handkerchiefs, which she

said was a delightful relief. In a very few minutes she began to wriggle

her bottom in a state of excitement, and cried out—

“Dear Charlie, do shove your prick into my cunt, it has begun to long

for a fuck.”

I wanted nothing but this to instantly act, for the sight of her bare

bum had already made my cock stand as stiff as iron. She raised herself

on her hands and knees, presenting the back entrance to her cunt, and

telling me it was there she must have it instantly. I plunged up to the

hilt in a moment, for she was as juicy and moist as if she had spent,

which it is more than probable was the case. Very few powerful thrusts

on my part, seconded by energetic action on hers, and she spent again

with a scream of delight, and with a pressure on my cock that almost

hurt it. She hardly paused a moment before she cried out—

“Shove on, dear Charlie, push it in further if you can, I am burning

with desire.”

She wriggled her backside in every way in the most lascivious and

delicious manner, and when she felt the crisis approaching, by the

increased swelling and hardness of my prick as well as the peculiar

electric effect at the moment, she met my flood of sperm with so copious

a discharge that it literally spurted out and deluged my cods and

thighs. She held me tight, and would not allow me to withdraw until I

had myself spent four times and she seven at least. We then rose, her

nerves calmed by the repeated doses of hot boiling sperm shot into her

interior. She declared that never in all her fucking had she felt such

insatiable desire, or more ravishing delight in satisfying it, that she

would undergo a dozen such floggings to have the same rapturous

enjoyment.

“I am sure,” she said, “it was all the effect of the rod, I never felt

anything like it before.”

Mary all this time had been but a spectator, and a pleased one to see

the erotic fury of her sister and my powerful efforts to allay it. It is

true we had both had a delicious fuck during the time poor Lizzie was

catching it on her backside, and I had just gamahuched her deliciously

afterwards as Lizzie came in in such pain.

Miss Frankland had retired to her room, and looked still flushed and

somewhat wild looking when she joined us after the usual hour’s

recreation. As may well be supposed, we were all as attentive as

possible. There was one circumstance that evidently pleased Miss

Frankland immensely. When Lizzie, in her turn, went up to repeat her

lesson, she suddenly threw her arms round Miss Frankland’s neck, and

with tears running over her cheeks, sobbed out—

“Dear Miss Frankland, pray forgive me, and let me kiss you, for I love

you dearly.”

There was a bright sparkle of delight in Miss Frankland’s eyes. She

clasped Lizzie round the waist, and drew her to her lips in a long sweet

kiss of love, which seemed as if it would never end. We observed Miss

Frankland’s colour rise. She at last put Lizzie away, and said she was a

dear amiable girl, whom she could not help loving.

“Go to your seat, you are too agitated, my dear, to say your lesson just

now; so send Mary up.”

Lizzie came back to her seat, but I could not help fancying I saw a

complete expression of erotic desire on her countenance. When afterwards

we were alone together, she told us that when the governess kissed her,

she felt Miss F.’s tongue glide into her mouth, and “tip her the velvet”

in a most delicious and exciting manner, and she believed that if they

had been alone they must have given each other mutual embraces of a

warmer description. This led me to think that Miss Frankland was herself

rendered lecherous by the action of even wielding the rod. Lizzie during

the whole of the next week did nothing but rave of the excessive

excitement that her whipping had put her into, and the extreme felicity

she felt in having her salacious lechery satisfied. We were not able to

meet every day, for frequently Miss Frankland accompanied us, and joined

in the youthful sports we then gave way to. Lizzie continuing to harp on

the extraordinary enjoyment the whipping had procured her, after it was

over, fired the imagination of Mary, until she was wound up to a pitch

of actually longing to be whipped. In such a case it was easy to incur

the penalty; she had but wilfully to neglect her studies, and she was

sure to get it. This she accordingly did, and it resulted as before.

When released, she rushed to the summer house, and without any

preliminaries, called upon me to fuck her directly; and a very similar

scene followed to that which had occurred when dear Lizzie was whipped.

Mary did not, however, give way to the uncontrollable desire to throw

herself into Miss Frankland’s arms as Lizzie had done. Miss F., as

usual, retired to her room after the punishment was over, and was late

in coming down, with the same flushed face and excited eye. I became

convinced that she herself was salaciously excited by the act, and I

began to fancy that with such passions, if I could but excite her in any

way, it might be worth my while. When once these lecherous ideas were

raised in my imagination, desire soon painted her with every charm of

beauty, and I became excessively lewd and anxious to possess her. The

more I looked at and scanned the really beauteous proportions of her

finely developed form, the more my determination to have her took root,

and grew strong within me.

About this time Miss Frankland, who had become a great favourite with

mamma, obtained permission to take possession of the spare bedroom, with

an understanding that she was to cede it to any visitor who might come.

Of course, this circumstance made my desire to get into her good graces

doubly strong, inasmuch as the opportunity of sleeping with her

afterwards could be so easily effected. I determined to watch her when

retiring to bed, and try to get a view of her naked form. For this

purpose I removed the stopping of moistened bread I had put in the hole

I made to see Mr. Benson fucking his wife. I lay awake, until she came

to bed. I saw her undress, but only caught sight of her naked bubbies,

over her chemise. As I have said, they were not large, but widely

separated, with a fine flat neck up to the throat. I mean that she

showed no collar bone, which is a great beauty in woman. She had

evidently been quite naked, and had used the bidet, but the extent of

the slit in the door did not allow me to command the part of the room

where she had used it. I remedied this defect next day, and the

following night was rewarded with a most glorious sight. You may well

suppose that I did not let sleep overcome me, but was at my post as soon

as ever I heard her enter her room. I was on my knees in a moment, at my

peephole, and saw her deliberately undress to her chemise. She then

arranged all her magnificent head of hair, brushing it out as far and

further than her arms would extend; and after well brushing and combing

it, she plaited and rolled it up, in a great big rouleau behind, then

washing her hands, she drew out the bidet, poured water into it, and

then divested herself of her shift. She was standing in front of the

dressing-table, with two candles shining on her, so that when she lifted

her shift over her head; I had a well-lighted full view of her

wonderfully covered belly. She was all over hair; it was as black as

coal, and shone as if polished in all its beautiful curls. I am now an

old man, but never have I seen the equal to that dear woman in a hairy

belly. It was quite up to her navel, and several inches down the inside

of her thighs, besides running thickly in the chinks of her bottom, and

with two bunches where the beautiful back dimple is usually situated, as

thick, and even thicker than ordinary women have in on their mounts. In

addition to this, there was a beautiful little line of curls that ran up

her belly, as far as between her bubbies, to say nothing of the very

hairy thighs, legs, and arms. I never saw a more deliciously hairy

woman, and she was all that such excessive growth of hair

denoted—passionate and lecherous to a degree, when once she had

confidence in her companion, to let her feelings have vent. Of course, I

am now describing my after-experience; at the moment I was only dazzled

by the extraordinary richness and quantity of that exquisite

ornament—hair—not only in splendid quantity on the head, but in a

profusion such as I had never then and have not since witnessed. I was

struck dumb with astonishment and admiration. She laved her hairy cunt,

and all the adjacent parts, then wiped herself dry, put on her

nightgown, extinguished her light, and, of course, got into bed. So did

I but only to toss and tumble, and at last, in troubled sleep, to dream

of that most gloriously covered cunt, and to imagine myself revelling

therein. So great was my excitement that I had the first wet dream I

ever experienced. It is needless to say, it was under the dreaming idea

that I was enjoying to the utmost that wonder cunt.

I was quite exhausted by morning with such a restless night, and was not

only very \_distrait\_, but was really so fatigued that I could not attend

to my lessons. Of course Miss Frankland noticed this, and being unaware

of the cause, attributed it to wilful idleness and bravado of her

authority. She spoke very gravely and seriously to me, and told me if I

did not improve my conduct by next day it would be her painful duty to

punish me with severity.

“I expect to see you exhibit very different conduct tomorrow, otherwise

you will drive me to do that which I would much rather not.”

It rained hard that afternoon, and we had to amuse ourselves within

doors. On retiring for the night, I determined to watch again for Miss

Frankland, but my want of rest the previous night overpowered me, and I

fell fast asleep until far in the night. I rose and crept to my

peephole, but all was dark. I could hear Miss Frankland breathing

heavily. The thought at once struck me that I might safely steal up to

my sisters’ room, as they were now alone, since Miss F. had the previous

night removed to the spare bedroom, where she was now fast asleep. So

softly opening my door, and leaving it ajar, I crept along the passage,

gained my sisters’ room, and gently awakening them, jumped in between

them, to their great joy and satisfaction. We immediately began with a

gamahuche, I taking Mary’s cunt, while Lizzie crossed her legs over her

head, and was gamahuched by Mary, whose finger was at the same time

acting \_postilion\_ to her charming bottom-hole, while I had the

exquisite prospect before me of their operations. As soon as ever Mary

spent I made Lizzie lie down on her back, with her head towards the

bottom of the bed, Mary knelt over her in the opposite direction,

presenting her very full backside, which was daily developing larger

proportions. I plunged into her cunt, plugging her little rosy bum-hole

at the same time with my middle finger, while Lizzie did as much for me,

at the same time rubbing Mary’s clitoris with the fleshy end of the

thumb, while Mary, at the same time she herself was fucked and frigged

in two places, was employed in gamahuching Lizzie, and frigging her

bottom-hole with two fingers, Lizzie declaring that one finger felt as

nothing. We lengthened out our delicious proceedings until excess of

excitement compelled us to give way to all the fury of our feelings, and

we managed to spend all together with such rapturous and lascivious

delight as rendered us quite powerless for some time. We then had a

delicious cuddle, the girls having each one hand on my prick and the

other on my buttocks. When we had once more worked ourselves up to

fucking heat, we reversed the previous position, and I fucked Lizzie.

Mary was gamahuched and bottom-fingered by Lizzie, while she employed

herself with Lizzie’s clitoris and my bum-hole. Lizzie was far hotter

and more salacious than any of us, and spent copiously on my delighted

prick, which enjoyed excessively the warm bath of glutinous liquid that

was poured down upon it. I gave a few slow-drawn thrusts in and out, to

moisten well its whole shaft, and removing my two fingers from her

delicious bottom-hole, and wetting it with my saliva, I withdrew my

prick from the reeking sheath of her cunt, and to her great delight

slowly housed it in her longing and exquisitely delicious bottom-hole,

keeping it quiet there for some time, so as not to spend before Lizzie

was ready. I enjoyed the delicious throbbing of her body, which at last

becoming too exciting, I stooped over her, passed a hand under her

belly, replaced Mary’s fingers, rubbing her clitoris while Mary frigged

her cunt with two fingers thrust into it. We thus quickly brought

matters to an end, and died off in all the ecstasies of satiated lust.

As daylight was beginning to dawn, I tore myself from their loving

embraces, gained my room in safety, and slept the sleep of the just

until late in the morning.

My orgie with my sisters had so far satisfied my animal passions that I

rather began to dread the severity I knew Miss Frankland would use if I

came under her hand. This made me so far attentive next day as to

satisfy her; and as it was a fine afternoon she came out to walk in the

garden, while we innocently amused ourselves. That evening I kept awake,

and again enjoyed the superb display of Miss Frankland’s wonderfully

hairy cunt, all the lower part of her body was as black as a chimney

sweeper’s. The sight awakened every lustful feeling within me. I felt I

must possess her, and determined to brave the severest infliction she

could give me with the rod. I somehow, instinctively, arrived at the

conclusion that this extraordinary profusion of hair could only grow

where nature had implanted the hottest animal passions, and had but to

greatly excite them to turn their lust to my advantage. I determined

that tomorrow I should bring things to a crisis, and that I might be

equal to every effort I went to my bed, and did not attempt to steal up

to my sisters’ room. Next day nothing could be made of me in the

morning; Miss Frankland sternly warned me that if such conduct was

pursued after dinner nothing should save my skin from a severe

scourging. However, my mind was made up, and I went in “for the whole

hog,” as our vulgar Yankee cousins say. I was more idle and

insubordinate than ever. Miss F. looked thunder; at four o’clock she

ordered me to stay, and the girls to go. She then locked the door, took

out from the desk a formidable rod, and told me to approach her. I did

so—really half in fear, for she could look dreadfully fierce and

determined, in which case I came up to her side.

“Now, Charles,” she said, “your conduct, for two or three days past, has

been such as I cannot put up with. Your mother has given me full power

to punish any of you severely, if I think you deserve it; you are

getting to be of an age that I hoped you would have so acted as to give

me no cause of offence, but I am sorry to see my hopes are disappointed.

I am now about to punish you, submit to it quietly, or it will be all

the worse for you. Unbutton and put down your trousers.”

I felt I must submit, but when brought to this point I really so much

dreaded her that there was not the slightest erection in poor cockey.

While I was undoing my trousers, I observed that Miss Frankland had

quite lifted up her outer frock, and had sat down, evidently intending

to flog me across her knee. Both being ready, she told me to put the

footstool by her side and kneel upon it, then desiring me to bend

forward over her knees she put one hand over my body to hold me down;

then uncovering my bottom, and taking the rod, which was by her side,

she raised her arm and gave me a fearful cut, which made me not only

flinch, but cry out most lustily. Blow followed blow, causing at first

great agony, that made me cry again in good earnest; then the very

continuance of the blows seemed to deaden the parts until I hardly felt

them. This was succeeded by a titillation and lascivious excitement

which speedily brought my prick out in the fullest vigour. I then began

to push it against Miss Frankland’s thigh, and to wriggle myself nearly

off her knees. Seemingly to prevent this, she passed her left arm quite

round my body, bringing her hand under my belly, and, apparently by

accident, against my prick, which she grasped, and I could feel her hand

pass both up and down it as if she was measuring its length and

thickness, continuing all the time to shower down blow after blow on my

devoted backside. As she held a firm grasp on my prick, I pretended to

be evading the blows, while in reality I was thrusting it in and out of

her hand with the utmost energy and excitement, which speedily brought

on the delightful crisis, and with a cry of rapture I gave down a

copious discharge into her hand, and sank almost senseless on her lap. I

pretended complete loss of consciousness, which she believing, she

gently felt, and even frigged a little, my prick, pressing me the while

close to her body, and then I felt a shudder run through her whole

frame. I have no doubt she was in a paroxysm of lust, and had spent, I

gave her time to recover a little, and then pretending to come to my

senses, but in a confused state of ideas, said—

“Oh, what has happened? I have been in heaven!”

Then raising myself, and apparently only just recognising Miss

Frankland, I threw my arms round her neck, and exclaimed—

“Dear Miss Frankland, do flog me again if it will produce again such

ecstasies as I never before experienced.”

Her face was flushed, her eye shone with all the fire of libidinous

passion. My prick had hardly lost its stiffness when I spent, and was

now projecting out firmer than ever.

“Why, Charles, I thought you a mere boy, while you are quite a man with

such a thing as this.”

“Oh!” I cried, “do continue to hold it, you give me such pleasure!”

“Has anyone else ever held it in this way?”

“No, I never felt anything like it before.”

“But don’t you know what this is meant to do?”

“Oh, yes, it is what I piddle from.”

She laughed, and asked if it was often in its present state of

stiffness.

“Every morning when I awake it is so, and it hurts me very much until I

piddle.”

“And has no one ever taught you any other use of it?”

“No, what use can it be of?”

“You dear innocent boy, if I could trust you, I would teach you a secret

that this dear thing would greatly enjoy. But can I trust you?”

“Oh, certainly, dear Miss Frankland, I know what you mean now, to repeat

the delicious sensations you gave me a few minutes ago. Oh, do, do! do

it again, it was far too nice for me ever to tell anybody, as long as

you will do it for me.”

“Well, Charles, I will trust you. Do you know that women are differently

formed from you?”

“Yes, I used to sleep in mamma’s room, and I have often been surprised

to see that she piddled from a long hole, and had not got a doodle like

I have to piddle from.”

“My dear innocent Charlie, that long hole was made to take in this dear

fellow here that is throbbing almost to bursting in my hand, and if you

promise me faithfully never to tell anyone, I will teach you how it is

done.”

You may be sure my protestations of secrecy were most earnest.

“Look here then, my dear boy, and see what I have got between my legs.”

She laid herself back on the long chair, drew up her petticoats, and

exhibited to my charmed gaze the wondrous wealth of hair she possessed.

Opening her legs, I saw the wide-spread rosy lips showing themselves in

beautiful contrast to the coal-black hair that grew in the greatest

profusion all round the lower lips, and extended also some five or six

inches down the side of each thigh. But what at the moment most

astonished me, and drew all my attention, was to see a deep red clitoris

standing out from the upper part of her cunt quite stiff, and as long

and as thick as the middle finger of a man. I very nearly betrayed

myself at the sight, but, fortunately, was able to keep up the character

of apparent ignorance I had hitherto shown, and said—“You, also, have

got a little doodle to piddle with?”

She laughed, and said—

“It is very different from yours. Give me yours here, that I may kiss

it.”

She fondled it for a second or two, and then could not resist the

impulse to take it into her mouth and suck it.

“Oh, what pleasure! I shall die!”

“Not yet, dear boy; kneel down there, and I shall instruct you in the

real secret of pleasure.”

But, before she could do anything, I threw my head down, crying out—

“I must give this pretty little fellow a taste of the pleasure you have

just given mine.”

And in an instant I had the delicious thing up to the root in my mouth,

sucking furiously at it. Her twistings, and up and down action of her

loins, showed how rapturously I was exciting her, in fact, I brought on

the crisis, when she pressed my head down hard upon it, and closed her

thighs on each side of my head, as she poured over my chin and breast a

perfect torrent of sperm. A minute after she seized my arms, and drew me

up on her belly, then slipping her hand down between us, she seized my

prick and guided him, nothing loath, into her burning hot and foaming

cunt. She placed her hands on my buttocks, and pressing me right up to

the hilt, began a movement which she told me how to second, that in a

very short time brought down an exquisite spend from me. The idea that

she was giving me the first lesson in love, and of being the first

possessor of my person, seemed to excite her lust to the utmost, and she

immediately followed my discharge with another, so copious that it

spurted all over my thighs. Her force of pressure on my prick in her

agonies of enjoyment was so great as nearly to hurt me. I never knew

anyone but her with such strength of pressure of cunt on the prick. She

has often actually brought tears into my eyes, so powerful was her grip

that it made me really feel as if in a vice. She lay back with closed

eyes and panting bosom in a rapturous trance of lascivious lubricity,

her throbbing cunt holding me tightly pressed between its palpitating

folds in the most delicious imprisonment, and from time to time grasping

my prick with a pressure that very shortly restored it to its fullest

vigour and stiffness. She was as hot as fire and responded immediately

to the renewed life she found stirring within me. She gave way to her

salacious lust with, if anything, a more passionate excess than the

first time. My superb weapon seemed to stir up within her a force of

lubricity that nothing could seem to satisfy. Her hands clutched my

buttocks convulsively, and seemed to wish to force my whole body into

her wildly excited cunt. With such vigour was the action carried on that

the grand crisis soon arrived, most rapturous to both, and almost

maddening to Miss Frankland. The heavings of her body and gaspings for

breath were quite hysterical, while, with one of those real vice-like

pressures, I felt as if she were nipping my prick in two. It was not a

mere throbbing pressure, but a long continued convulsive squeeze, as if

her cunt had been seized like the jaws of the mouth with lock-jaw, and

could not open. It was nearly ten minutes before she recovered her

senses. She seized my head between her hands, kissed me most lovingly,

declared I was the dearest creature that ever lived, that she had never

before had anyone who had so satisfied her, and filled her with

inexpressible rapture, &c. This fondling had again brought up my prick

to full stand. Miss Frankland said—

“Dear Charlie, we must be prudent, as the time is drawing near for your

sisters’ return.”

But there was no stopping, the exquisite pleasure of her splendid

interior cunt pressures was irresistible. My movements speedily

determined matters in my favour. Miss Frankland’s temperament was far

too warm not to quickly set her passions to the highest fucking heat;

and again we had a most exquisite fuck, lengthened out more luxuriously

by the more urgent fires of desire having been moderated by the three

previous discharges. With more abandon we both sank in the death-like

ecstasies of the delicious melting away in all the luxury of contented

and voluptuous discharges. Miss Frankland lay for some short time

luxuriously closing in my delighted prick, but raising her body, she

said—

“Charles, we must cease for the present.”

And, pushing me away, I was forced to withdraw; but her dear cunt seemed

as reluctant as myself, and held my prick so tight that I had to pull

hard to draw it out, and, at last, he left with a noise like drawing a

cork from a well-corked bottle. Before I rose, or she could hinder me, I

threw myself down and glued my lips to her reeking cunt, and greedily

licked up the foaming sperm that had surged out of her well-gorged quim.

She with difficulty drew away her body, but as I rose she clasped me to

her bosom and kissed me most fervently, and licked her own sperm off my

richly covered lips. Begging me to button up, and putting herself to

rights, she desired me to sit down by her side. She wiped my mouth with

her handkerchief, arranged my disordered neck-tie, collar, and hair. We

then embraced most tenderly, and she thanked me for the immense

gratification I had given her; she praised my parts as being of

extraordinary development and more satisfying than any she had yet had

any experience of. This was the second time she referred to other

experiences. I took no notice of this all the time, as if I was supposed

to be too ignorant or innocent to think any harm of it, but I determined

in some excess of passion to get her to give me a recital of some of her

previous experiences.

Before my sisters came in, she said—

“I shall try and arrange some means for our meeting unobserved tomorrow.

Meanwhile, you must sit as if you had been severely punished, and I

shall assert that you had done everything to resist my authority, for

which I had punished you further by not allowing you to leave the

schoolroom.”

I said not a word to Miss F. about the ease of meeting by merely opening

the door of communication between our rooms. I was afraid to make her

suspicious of a former use of it. But I determined, when she came to

bed, to rap at the door and beg her to open it, and I had no doubt she

would be as delighted as myself to find with what facility she could

indulge to the utmost every libidinous passion which her lascivious

nature could suggest. My sisters returned, and appeared disappointed

that I had not been able to join them, as they had anticipated a

glorious fuck or two each, after the whipping had excited me as it did

them. They told me afterwards they had been obliged to content

themselves with a double mutual gamahuche, but it did not make up for my

absence.

While they were all engaged after tea, I slipped up to Miss Frankland’s

room to see that the key was in the lock of the door between our two

rooms. I opened it, oiled the hinges, and locked it again from her side.

I also, with a view to sometimes slipping up to my sisters’ room, oiled

my own and their doors, hinges, and locks, as now that the ice was

broken with Miss Frankland, it would be necessary to be doubly careful

not to excite suspicion of my visits to my sisters. Having finished

everything to my satisfaction, I joined them in the drawing room, and

while my sisters were playing duets on the piano to mamma, I challenged

Miss Frankland to a game of chess. She, of course, was a far superior

player to me, but our legs meeting under the chess table, her little

charming foot sought mine, rested on it, and pressed it from time to

time. This distraction of her ideas enabled me to win two games

successively. My mother sent the girls to bed, and told me to follow

their example, but as I did not wish to lie long waiting for Miss

Frankland’s appearance in her bedroom, I pleaded for relaxation in the

hour of retiring, to enable Miss Frankland to regain her chance of

beating me, at the same time pressing her foot as a sign to her to

second my request. She took the hint, though she had no idea of the

object. Mamma came near us to look over our game. This induced Miss

Frankland to play with more caution and thought, and she won three games

in succession, making her the final winner. Mamma now said I must go to

bed, as it was very late for me. She still treated me as a child. I,

however, had gained my object in obtaining nearly two hours’ delay in

going to bed, so that I had not long to wait before I heard Miss

Frankland enter her room. I determined to let her finish her toilet

before I called her attention to me. I watched through my peephole, and

could now calmly and leisurely see all the beauties of her

well-developed form, and the rich wealth of hair she possessed. She went

through all her ablutions as usual. I observed she also used a syringe

to thoroughly purify the inside of her glorious cunt. When she had dried

herself, and was about to pull on her chemise, I rapped on the door of

communication, and in a loud whisper called her attention to me.

“Are you there, Charlie?”

“Yes, pray unlock the door and open it, that I may come to you.”

She actually had not yet discovered that the door, locked and bolted on

her side, communicated with my bedroom, but her delight at the discovery

was greater than her surprise. I flew into her arms, and was hugged to

her bosom, and covered with kisses. But as my prick was in a bursting

state of erection, I drew her to the bed, upon which we both threw

ourselves, she on her back, and I above, and in an instant I was

engulphed up to the cods in her glorious and glowing cunt, and we ran an

eager course of rapturous thrustings, until nature could stand no more,

and we sank in all the delights of a most delicious mutual spend. I lay

soaking in bliss for some time, and after fondling each other, Miss

Frankland said—,

“Get up, dear Charlie, and let us get into bed.”

For we had been in too great haste to do otherwise than tumble on the

top to it. My charming bedfellow also rose for a necessary purpose,

which I had interrupted when I knocked at the door. She sat down on the

\_pot de chambre\_, and a mighty rush of water followed. I cried—

“Oh, do let me see you piddle from your beautiful fanny.”

I still kept up my character of innocence, and used none but infantine

words in reference to our organs of generation.

She laughed, but pulled up her shift, and raised her thighs above the

pot, so advancing the light, I had the delicious sight of her

wide-stretched cunt, pouring out a stream of piddle with great force.

Her position brought out all the beauties of the vast wide-spread mass

of black curly hair that thickly covered all the lower part of her

magnificent quim, ran down each thigh, up between her buttocks, and

opening out on her back, had two bunches just below the two beautiful

dimples that were so charmingly developed below her waist. There was as

much hair there as most women have on their mons Veneris. Her whole body

had fine straight silky hair on it, very thick on the shoulders, arms

and legs, with a beautiful creamy skin showing below. She was the

hairiest woman I ever saw, which, doubtless, arose from or was the cause

of her extraordinary lustful and luxurious temperament. The sight I was

indulging in brought out my pego in full bloom; as we both rose she saw

it sticking out under my shirt.

“Off with all that, and let me gaze on your charming young perfections.”

I did as she desired, begged her to do the same, and there she stood, in

all the glory of her superb form. We encircled each other’s naked

bodies, and then turned each other round to gaze on all the exciting

charms displayed to each other.

“Come, my darling boy, and let me kiss and fondle you all over.”

She laid me on my back, reversed herself above me, and taking my prick

in her mouth, after first feeling it most gently, and praising its large

proportions, again declaring it was the finest she had ever seen, she

began to gamahuche me with a skill such as I had never before

experienced, and gave me the most exquisite and most luxurious delight.

For my part, seeing her wonderful clitoris, stiff standing out of the

bright red lips of her luscious cunt, I took it bodily into my mouth,

sucked it, and rolled my tongue about it, to the evident delight of my

salacious companion. Her buttocks rose and fell, and the lips of her

cunt immediately before my eyes opened, or closely pressed the lips

together, showing the delicious nature of her enjoyment. I felt her put

her hand to my bottom and insert her finger, and begin frigging me

there. I let her see how it pleased me. She stopped a moment, to beg me

to do the same to her, anticipating my earnest desire to do so. I lost

no time in following her example. The parts adjacent were well

lubricated by our previous indulgence, and first inserting two fingers

into her deliciously juicy cunt to moisten them, I slipped one of them

into her charming bottom-hole, and finding great ease of space, slipped

the second in as well. My other hand and arm embraced and caressed her

magnificent backside, which rose and fell on my face with unwearied

speed, as my finger frigged her bottom-hole in unison with her

movements, and my mouth more closely sucked her stiffly excited

clitoris.

Her whole body became convulsed with erotic movements, showing what

force of lubricity our mutual embracings were most rapturously exciting.

I, too, grew wild with desire, and was equally energetic in my

movements, and would have thrust my prick down her throat but for her

hand, which grasped the lower part of the shaft. The rapturous crisis

came at last and laid us prostrate with soul-killing ecstasies. We each

retained the dear object of our mutual caresses within our lips and our

fingers remained within the delightful recesses that had so much

contributed to the excessive raptures we had enjoyed. We lay for some

time in this sweet languid enjoyment. Miss Frankland then rose from off

me, saying—

“My darling boy, we must now get into bed.” We did so, quite naked as we

were, closely embracing, and covering each other with kisses and

caresses, murmuring soft terms of endearment, and in whispered accents

told of the ecstatic joys each had given the other. Our hands wandered

over every charm. Miss Frankland had an art of gently passing her

fingers over my prick that had the instant effect of raising him into

the fullest vigour. It was the most exquisite method of feeling my cock

I ever experienced. She seemed scarcely to touch it, but drew her

fingers along its length, from foot to head, with a delicacy of touch I

have never found equalled by any other woman. The effect was magical,

and invariable, no matter how many times I might have fucked her before.

With her hot temperament, and excessive lubricity, it was almost a

necessary art. She was one of those libidinous natures that could well

employ several men at once. At my happy age, she found ready to her hand

one who could respond to her every desire in every way, so happily does

nature second youth and health that she never found me wanting, when

called on. There was no excess of lubricity we did not afterwards

practise. We satisfied our passions in every way in which they could be

indulged, nor did we hesitate at anything which imagination could fancy

would stimulate them. She was surprised at my aptitude, and rejoiced and

congratulated herself on having found so powerful and charming a

satisfier of her libidinous nature. How delighted she was to think she

was the first to cull the sweets of my innocence, and how happy to find

so apt a scholar, who in one sweet lesson became a master of the art.

The more I gained experience of the charming sex, the more I appreciated

the wisdom of the counsels of my really first and ever loved mistress,

dear, charming, lovely Mrs. Benson. How truly she had foretold that all

who might hereafter think that they were giving me the first lesson in

love would doubly, trebly, a hundred fold enjoy the sweet intercourse

from such self-deception. Here was my fiery Miss Frankland, who had had

considerable experience in the amatory world, pluming herself upon

instructing an innocent youth in all the mysteries of the passions for

the first time. It evidently added immensely to her excitement. Indeed,

in our after-conversation, she avowed that as it was the first time she

had ever taken the maidenhead of a youth, so it had been the greatest

degree of excitement she had ever experienced. I might fancy her delight

at finding combined with such a satisfaction a wonderfully well hung

youth, and who proved so apt, and so equal to every luxurious whim that

the most erotic lust could suggest. But I digress. At present, her magic

touch had brought me up to bursting point, she threw a leg over me, and

raising her body, said she would help herself this time. Guiding my

prick to the wanton lips that were longing for him, she sank slowly down

on the stiff pole on which she was so delightedly impaling herself,

until our hairs were crushed beneath her weight, and nothing more could

be engulphed. She again rose, until the edge of the nut showed itself at

the mouth of her cunt, and then as slowly sheathed it again. She

continued this exquisite movement for some time, to our delicious mutual

enjoyment, then falling down on my belly, and telling me to pass my arm

round her bottom and finger her as before, she glued herself to my lips,

our tongues interlaced, and shot in and out of our luxurious mouths; our

movement grew fast and furious, until we again sank in all the luxury of

the last grand crisis. It was the very act of voluptuous rapture, and we

lay lost to every sense but that of erotic ecstasy and satisfied lust.

When we recovered our senses, she lay down by my side, cuddling me most

closely, and toying and prattling, until she thought we had paused long

enough. She slid her hand down to my prick, and very quickly, by her

delicious and delicate handling of it, renewed its full vigour. Throwing

her right leg over me, while lying on her back, she heaved up her body

into a position half turned to my belly, I lying on my side; she then

bid me embrace her other thigh between mine, then guiding cockey to the

entrance, she gave a push backwards, to meet my forward thrust, when it

was instantly sheathed to the hilt.

“Now, my darling boy, in this way we can lengthen out our pleasures as

long as we please; you can make me spend oftener than yourself, which

will satisfy my very lustful nature, and not over exhaust your young

powers.”

Giving one or two delicious side wriggles to her bottom, and nestling

her backside close to my belly, she told me to pass my left arm under

her waist that I might embrace her left bubby and finger its nipple,

a proceeding which she told me was as exciting as playing with her

clitoris—then turning her head, our tongues interlaced; she put my

right hand down to her stiff-projecting clitoris, which I continued

to frig just as I might have done to a boy’s cock. Keeping up a slow

in and out movement with my prick, excited by so many points of

lascivious friction, she spent most copiously before I was prepared to

join her. Her head sank back in the ecstasy of her discharge, drawing

away from me, and leaving my mouth free. I instantly dropped it upon

her other firm and elastic bubby, at which I sucked away, pushing my

prick as far as possible into her cunt, and leaving it there, without

movement, to enjoy the rapture-giving pressures of her delicious cunt,

slowly passing my hand up and down her still sufficiently indurated

clitoris. She lay for some time in the luxurious enjoyment of the

position, then once more sucking my lips, she thanked me over and

over again for the pleasure I had given her, heightened as it was by

knowing that it had not exhausted me. I began to move slowly in and

out, keeping up my movements at the other points of excitement. She

was ready on the instant to second me, and as she meant this time that

we should spend together she left nothing to desire. Her movements

were of the most exciting and stimulating description, and we were not

long before the ecstatic moment arrived, and we sank in the lap of

luxury, pouring forth streams of ecstatic bliss. We lay close locked

in the most delicious embrace, only conscious of unutterable joy. It

was some time before we could venture to break this exquisite trance

of enjoyment. It was followed by the sweetest toyings and prattlings,

until again my delighted prick, stimulated by the internal pressures

of the luxurious sheath in which it had remained engulphed, again

awoke her scarce-slumbering passions to dash on pleasure’s heavenly

course. Again she spent before me with, if anything, increased rapture,

and, after a pause, renewing her lascivious movements in response to

my own, we sank in a perfect death-like swoon of thoroughly satiated

lust, and gradually and imperceptibly fell into the deepest slumber for

many hours, locked as we were in each other’s arms. Her wonderfully

retentive power of cunt held my happy prick a willing prisoner through

our long sleep. I awoke first, to find it standing stiff within the

charmed circle which even in her sleep was deliciously grasping it

with its nervous folds. I passed my hand down to her clitoris, and

began fucking her. She heaved her bottom up and down, and murmured some

incoherent words, being evidently still under the influence of sleep,

and probably dreaming of some former events, for in her half expressed

murmurings, I could make out something—

“Henry—my only—ever loved one—meet again—oh! how ineffable—how

exquisitely delicious. Do push it in—more faster—beloved of my soul.”

She clasped me with a hug, as if she would make but one body of us both,

and spent with a scream of agonized delight, pouring down and spurting

out a perfect torrent of boiling spunk all over my cods and thighs.

“Dearest, beloved Henry, it is too much,” she uttered, and fainted away.

I lay quite still, and determined not to speak until she should come to

herself. It was evident her dreams had brought back some former loved

and happy man and no doubt the fact of my being in possession, in full

fuck, had made her believe in the reality of her sleeping thoughts. She

was quite a quarter of an hour before recovering her senses; daylight

had broken, and she looked round in a sort of alarm, and exclaimed—

“Where am I?”

Then her eye catching my face—

“Oh! my darling Charlie, it is you! I have been dreaming of being far

away, and, I suppose, the fact of your dear weapon throbbing within me

made me think of former events. Well, the dream had its pleasures, if

only in a dream.”

“It was no dream, my dear Miss Frankland, or at least, only partially

so, as far as regarded your loved Henry—for that was the name you

applied to me, and most deliciously did you embrace me under the idea,

and die away in an excess of pleasure I quite envied; but you alarmed me

by really fainting afterwards. I am so pleased to have turned a mere

vision of the night into ecstatic reality, and I am not at all jealous

of your former lover, because had you not had any, you would, probably,

never have loved me. Oh, no! I should never be jealous of you my dear

mistress. I would even like to see you in all the ecstasies of passion,

in the arms of another, provided that I should share in your delights.”

She listened in an astonishment, acknowledged that she had imagined

herself in the arms of one she had greatly loved, and had thought the

whole affair was a dream, and was not conscious of its absolute reality

as to her being fucked.

“Well, I must have mine now, feel how it is bursting for relief.”

“Yes, yes, the dear fellow, push him away, my Charlie, and you will see,

I shall enjoy the real Charlie quite as much as the dreamt-of Henry—of

whom I shall some day speak to you. You are worthy of him and of me—and

I fear I shall love you as I do him, far too dearly.”

Then lending herself to the work we were at, she did, indeed, exert all

her lascivious power, and we enjoyed such a fuck as seldom falls to

mortals here below. We lay prostrate and panting with satisfied lust,

until prompted by the urgency of natural wants we were both obliged to

rise and relieve ourselves. My darling mistress then used her bidet and

told me to lave my parts in the basin, as it was not only cool and

refreshing, but also reinvigorating. After which as it was now broad

daylight, she allowed me to pose her, and turn her in every position,

that I might admire and handle every part of her superb form. Her bottom

was larger and harder than any I had yet seen, and, indeed, excepting

one, of which, dear reader you will presently hear something, it was

about the finest in form and size of any I ever met with. Of course,

this handling was not effected without producing erotic excitement in

both parties. Miss Frankland had occupied herself as much with me as I

had done with her, and her beautifully large clitoris was showing its

head in full stand out from among the vast mass of bushy curls

surrounding it. I proposed we should have a mutual suck on the floor,

with her bottom to the light, that I might have a full view of all her

glorious parts. She humoured my fancy, and pulling a couple of pillows

off the bed to prop up my head, she stepped across my body, and kneeling

down, took my prick in her mouth, and brought her splendid backside and

lascivious cunt down to my face. I first glued my lips to the open cunt,

thrust my chin in, and then my tongue, as far as I could reach, licking

the luscious moisture which our previous handlings had excited; it was

as sweet and delicious as cream. This stimulated her very much, and she

closed the sides of her cunt upon my tongue so closely as to give it a

good squeeze. I never saw a woman but her, who had such a wonderful

power in that way. My nose actually felt it was reciprocating the

pressures of the cunt, so I changed the venue, and slipped my tongue

into her bottom-hole, evidently to her excessive delight. But things

were approaching a crisis, and she cried to me to take her clitoris in

my mouth, and substitute fingers in both the other orifices. This I

quickly did, while she sucked and postillioned me, handling the root of

my prick, and my buttocks with the delicious gentle titillations in

which she had such skill, until, in an excess of joy, we both poured a

tribute of sperm into each other’s mouths, and both greedily swallowed

it. After this we got into bed again, to have one loving cuddle before

parting. Of course, it ended in raising such a storm of desire as a fuck

could only allay—she said—

“My loved Charlie, this must really be the last.”

I told her it had so excited me to see her splendid bum before my eyes

when we were on the floor that I should like to kneel behind and put it

in that way. I really meant into her cunt, but she thought I meant her

bottom-hole, and said—

“Well, you are a strange boy, what on earth made you think you could put

that great big thing of yours into my bottom-hole; but, to tell you the

truth, after being well fucked, I rather like it that way, so you shall

try, but you must be gentle in getting in.”

I said, “I did not know I could do it that way with my prick, I meant to

put it into your cunt from behind, but now, from what you say, I should

like to try what the other is like.”

You see, I was keeping up my apparent ignorance. She turned on her face,

and keeping her head on the pillow, drew up her knees to her belly and

exposed to the greatest advantage her glorious backside. I knelt behind,

but previous to beginning, I glued my lips to the delicious orifice, and

shoved my tongue in as far as I could, and deliriously excited her. Then

approaching my stiff-standing prick, and thrusting it into her cunt up

to the roots two or three times, so as thoroughly to lubricate it, I

withdrew and placed it before the smaller temple of lust; then, by a

gentle uniform pressure, I gradually and almost imperceptibly glided in

to the utmost extent. She pushed her bottom out, and, I could feel, was

straining as if to void something, which is the real method to

accelerate the entrance of a prick in that enchanting channel with the

least difficulty and pain. We then commenced a slow movement—she wanted

me to stoop forward and place my arm round her body, and frig her

clitoris, but I begged her to do it herself, and allow me the luxury of

looking on the delightful wriggling of her superb backside, and also the

sight of my own prick surging in and then withdrawing. She humoured me,

and we had a most exquisite fuck. Her bottom-hole had hardly so tight a

pressure as she could exercise with her cunt, but, nevertheless, it held

me in very firmly, and had a peculiar heat which was most exciting. We

both died off together, she so completely overcome with ecstatic delight

that her body sank flat on the bed, drawing me with her, without

unsheathing my weapon. We lay for a short period, she convulsively

shuddering from time to time with the intense degree of excitement this

delicious route had produced upon her. At last she begged me to rise and

relieve her. As we must now separate, I rose. She assisted me in my

ablutions, put on my nightshirt, conducted me to my bed, fondly kissed

and thanked me for the exquisite night of every species of delight I had

conferred upon her, promising a repetition the following night. She left

me and locked the door of communication, but previously unlocked mine,

in case I should oversleep myself.

Thus ended the first delightful night I ever passed with that most

charming and deliciously lascivious woman—the first of many scores that

followed, but in none of which were her raptures more intense, if as

much. She ever after dwelt on the night when she had been the happy

means of initiating me into all love’s mysteries, for she never knew of

my previous experiences, and always plumed and prided herself on being

my first instructress.

The next day I was somewhat somnolent, of which you may be sure Miss

Frankland took no notice. She retired to her own room when we went for

our recreation. My sisters scolded me for not coming to them the

previous night, but I told them that Miss F. had continued to move about

her room for so long a time that I had fallen fast asleep, and even then

had not had enough, as they might have observed how sleepy I had been

all day. However, to satisfy them, I gamahuched them both, and fucked

them both while each was giving the other a second gamahuche, so that

then each spent three times to my twice. I thus kept in my forces for

the renewed delights I anticipated at night. I went to bed early and

slept soundly at once, having no anxiety about keeping awake, feeling

certain that Miss F. would awaken me as soon as she was ready to take me

to her arms. She came, and we passed another most delicious night of

every salacious and libidinous enjoyment. A third night followed, which

differed only in the lascivious proposition of Miss Frankland to

deflower my bottom-hole with her wonderfully prominent and elongated

clitoris, little dreaming that there, too, she had been anticipated by

our loved and charming friend MacCallum. She had, however, all the

imaginary pleasure of first possession. As you may well suppose, I did

not attempt in any way to enlighten her ignorance thereon. We had

gamahuched each other, I had fucked her twice in the cunt and once in

her bottom-hole, when the fancy seized her to bugger me with her

clitoris. Of course, I made no objection; on the contrary, sucking it up

to a proper stiffness, I placed myself on my hands and knees in the most

favourable position to satisfy her erotic fancy. She first slipped her

tongue into my bottom-hole, then spit upon her clitoris, and then

anointed my aperture with the delicious slime of her well-fucked cunt,

and then with the utmost ease pushed the dear thing up to its utmost

limits. I humoured her in every way, wriggling my bottom sideways, which

she declared was a vast improvement on her back and forward movements.

She passed her arm round my belly, and with that exquisitely delightful

touch on my prick for which she was so distinguished, she excited me to

the utmost, making my \_sphincter ani\_ respond to the throbbings of my

exquisitely delighted prick, and equally exciting her lascivious

passions with the idea of first possession of that narrow abode of

voluptuousness. She could feel by the electric excitement of my prick

how near I was to spending, and quickening the action of hand and

clitoris, we both died away together in all the raptures that such an

extra exciting conjunction could produce.

Several nights thus passed in the indulgence of every form of the most

lascivious enjoyment. We used to amuse our moments of relaxation in

trying who could suggest any new position or varied manner of effecting

the delicious junction of our bodies. On one occasion, recurring to the

state of excitement her flogging had thrown me into, I asked her, as if

I did not know the fact very well already, if the application of the rod

on the bottom of a woman, or the mere act of being flogged, at all

excited her sex. She told me both acted with great force on her erotic

nerves. She thought, from experience, that being whipped caused the

greatest excitement and produced the greatest longing to be fucked.

“Then,” said I, “do you think it had erotically excited my sisters?”

“Certainly, especially your sister Eliza. I do not know whether you

noticed her sudden impulse to embrace and kiss me after her return to

schoolwork the day I flogged her; that was a stray erotic impulse, and

had we been alone, I could not have avoided responding to it in a way

that would have delighted her, and initiated her into some of the

delicious mysteries of venery. Nay, I think, but for my happy discovery

of your great and delightful merits, I should have sought for and found

an opportunity of being alone with that dear girl, for you must know we

can lasciviously embrace our own sex with immense mutual pleasure, and

although not equal to that which this noble fellow”—(taking hold of my

prick)—“inspires, is not without its merit, and even as a little variety

from time to time is very enticing.”

“Then, I suppose, you still have some hankerings after the virgin charms

of dear Lizzie?”

“I have, and what is more, I believe both Mary’s and her passions have

already developed themselves. I have sometimes fancied I heard

suppressed sighs and gentle movements going on in their beds, and I

shrewdly suspect they were practising masturbation on each other. I did

not interfere, and after what has passed between you and me, I will tell

you that I had a little plan in my head to let them proceed to such

lengths that when I chose to make the discovery they would be at my

mercy. I then could initiate them in every lascivious and voluptuous

delight that woman can have with woman. The happy discovery of your

excellences, and the perfect facility my change of room has given for

meeting without the slightest chance of discovery, has for the present

driven that idea out of my head. I am, however, indebted to it for the

change of room, as I asked for it solely to leave the two girls the

utmost liberty to indulge in their voluptuous mutual enjoyments, certain

that it would increase and give them every desire for the further

instruction I could impart to them.”

“I suppose you would have fucked them with this dear stiff little

thing?” said I.

“Oh, yes, you darling, but you have so excited me talking about it, that

you must fuck me directly.”

We indulged in a most exciting fuck, and when recovered from the

confusion of ideas the delightful crisis always produces, we resumed our

conversation on the interesting subject of my sisters. I observed that

she had not lately flogged them again.

“All your fault; I am now so satisfied with you that I no longer seek

for relief to pent-up desires in that way.”

“Tell me, dear Miss Frankland, did flogging my sisters excite you much?”

“It did, even to spending; but the fear of proceeding further with them

at that time rendered me ferocious. The very severity I used was as it

were in revenge for stopping short of other salacious embraces, but if

once I had gone so far as to make them partakers of my lubricity, I

should never have flogged them again so severely, but only to such a

gentle extent as would raise their passions to an uncomfortable pitch,

rendering them slaves to my burning lust. Even now I have, from time to

time, a desire to do so, especially with dear Eliza, as I think she had

far more of venereal lust in her nature than Mary. You would not object,

dear Charlie?”

“Not in the least, if you will only give me the voluptuous satisfaction

of hearing all the details from your lips afterwards; it would stimulate

us both to additional raptures, and spur our desires to renewed

combats.”

“I don’t think it wants much to do that; your glorious prick is as hard

as iron.”

“It was the lascivious idea of your enjoying Lizzie that made it get up,

but I must fuck you again or it will burst.”

“I, too, my dear boy, am inflamed at the idea; put it in behind this

time; I have a great letch in that way at this moment.”

I did as I was directed, and so great was the agony of delight when we

died away that she sank on the bed dragging me after her, and we lay

almost insensible, soaking in bliss for quite half an hour. We did not

again renew our conversation that night, but I determined to push her

forward to carry out her idea, and also to give Lizzie a hint to second

her wishes in every way, without giving her any idea of what had passed

between Lizzie and me, and being equally reserved as to my nightly

connection with Miss Frankland.

The following night we passed again in all the amatory delights we could

imagine. After our deep midnight sleep, which always took place locked

in each other’s arms, and poor cockey held firm as if in a vice, I awoke

her first, and found my prick stiff-standing in her cunt, which was

involuntarily pressing it in the delicious interior folds. I began

moving gently, until she was so excited as to quite wake up, when she

joined me in all the raptures of a delicious and voluptuous fresh

morning fuck. We then rose to satisfy natural wants, and cool our

excited nerves by a copious ablution. As we were returning to bed, I

observed that Miss Frankland took something out of her wardrobe wrapped

up in a handkerchief, and placed it under her pillow with a certain air

of mystery. I said nothing. After purifying ourselves we always indulged

in a voluptuous gamahuche; after which Miss Frankland generally asked,

as a favour, that I should finish off \_in culo\_. I loved her delicious

bottom-hole too dearly ever to refuse. She placed herself as usual on

her knees, thighs well drawn up, and head down, so as to make the most

of her glorious backside. After I had followed the usual preamble of

thrusting in and out of her luscious and juicy cunt so as to lubricate

my prick well, I then introduced it, always with the slow and gradual

pressure, until it was sheathed to the hilt, when we generally paused

some minutes to reciprocate mutual throbs and pressures. In this

lascivious pause I saw her hand steal under the pillow, and draw out the

handkerchief and put it under her belly. I shortly found a considerable

substance entering her cunt, and making my quarters still more tight and

narrow. I began to move, and found the substance in the other entrance

keeping time to my movements. I had a tight hold of her projecting

clitoris, which I had frigged up to a stiff-standing point. I slipped my

hand down and found she was dildoing herself with what proved to be a

very handsome dildo, in not very formidable proportions.

“That’s right, my darling,” I cried, “why did you not do it openly, you

ought to know that my greatest wish is for you to enjoy these salacious

meetings in every possible voluptuous manner; frig on then, my beloved,

and be sure that if it adds to your delight it adds to mine.”

“Thank you, my darling Charlie, shove away, I am in the seventh heaven

of delight in having as good as two pricks working in me at once.”

She would have explained more, but her words were cut short by the

ecstasies the double fuck produced, and she spent copiously before me,

on finding which I held back, and was rewarded by making her spend

eventually with the utmost excess of delight twice to my once. By this

time it was broad daylight, and too late in the morning to enter into

any conversation on the new partner in our amatory combats, which was

reserved for the next meeting.

This did not occur so soon as we expected, for that day Miss Frankland’s

flowers declared themselves. It was a fortunate thing for me that she

had them at the period of the new moon, and as Mary had them at the

full, it enabled me to dedicate a night or two to my beloved sisters,

who considered I had been neglecting them of late. I said I had not felt

very well, and that I began to think that our excessive fucking was

becoming too much for me; that they must remember I was one to two, and

I felt if I continued to overexert myself I should break down and fail

altogether.

“That would never do, dear Charlie, and it is very true you do twice our

work and more, because we don’t pour down such a torrent as you do when

we spend; you must take care of yourself, we will not be so exacting in

future, but cool ourselves first by a mutual gamahuche between Lizzie

and me.”

I thus arranged a certain amount of cessation of fucking in that quarter

that I might dedicate the more to the far more exciting powers of the

delicious and salacious Miss Frankland.

I had always remained in my own bed until I heard her heavy breathing,

denoting that she slept, before I dared to leave my own room to go to my

sisters. The desire of racking me off, as dear charming Mrs. Benson used

to call it, might have seized her, and my absence would have discovered

all.

However, she had, no doubt, considered that it would be all to her

advantage that I should be left perfectly quiet to recruit my system,

after the heavy drain on my amatory resources which she had kept up for

the previous fortnight. She never sought in any way to excite me until a

day and a night after the cessation of her menses. She told me it was

much better to have done with it entirely at once, rather than by erotic

excitement keep up the discharge for a week or more.

“And it is not, my dear Charlie, from any want of randy lust on my part,

for, especially at first, there is an extreme desire to be well laboured

by the biggest prick one could find in existence; the natural irritation

of the parts seem to be increased by the way in which the sensual system

is affected in that quarter. Former experience has taught me that it is

much better to bear this, than by seeking for erotic excitement to keep

up the natural discharge for twice as long as it would otherwise endure.

Besides which, there would have been a danger of affecting your dear

health. Sometimes conjunctions, at such a period, produce a urethral

irritation very prejudicial to a man, and such as might deprive me of

the delight of your embraces for some weeks. So you see, my own beloved

boy, that in every way it is prudent to avoid any amorous excitement at

such a period, however hard nature may press for venereal relief. Some

women hazard all this, and for a momentary gratification, run risks

perfectly unwarrantable, not only for themselves, but above all for

their lovers. I, too, my darling, have had my day of imprudence, and

knowing the result, I should be both cruel and stupidly insensate to let

you run the risk of what already occurred.”

As she recounted those sage counsels, I could not but remember my loved

Mrs. Benson, whose advice had been of such service to me, and here was

another loved mistress instructing me in further matters connected with

the sex. It certainly was a stroke of great good fortune for me to have

met at so early an age two such admirable women, not only most amorous

and lascivious, but instructing me in the real knowledge of their sex,

and the world, at the very time that they were indulging my every

lascivious desire, as well as their own. Mistresses of their art, no

mystery in love’s catalogue of excitements, and of means of gratifying

the same, was unknown to them. But they knew, too, how to inculcate

wisdom for future conduct. I owe every amatory success of my after-life

to the admirable teachings of these two charming and estimable women.

The next night, after we had sacrificed sufficiently often to Venus to

enable us more calmly to resume the delightful discussion on the various

ways of pampering and exciting the passions, I turned the conversation

on flogging; for to take you, dear reader, into my confidence, I was

seized with an uncontrollable letch to flog the superb bottom of my

loved mistress. I had often seen it palpitating under the vigorous

attacks of my stiff-standing pego, while belabouring either of the

delicious entrances to the temples of lust. I had often given her

glorious bottom good sound slaps of the hand, but I longed to apply to

it in earnest a good birch rod, see it flush to a raw meat hue, and then

to shove my prick with the utmost force into either or both of the

delicious orifices. I thought the best way of arriving at this desired

object was to recur to her own description of a less severe flogging

exciting the passions with pain; and as she had also admitted that it

excited her equally to be flogger or flogee, I proposed that she should

exercise a gentle discipline on my bottom, to try its efficacy. She

jumped at the idea, but there was no rod in her room, perforce the

ceremony was put off until the next night. On that occasion, she advised

me first to indulge in every excess of lubricity, and when nature should

begin to flag, then the real efficacy of the rod would be experienced.

She aided me with the utmost skill in every act of most voluptuous and

luxurious venery, and we mutually poured down six tributes to our

blessed Mother Venus, with very little cessation, for we both wished to

feel somewhat exhausted, before trying the effects of the birching

system. We lay quiet for a short time, and then dear Miss Frankland

began exciting me, but only in an ordinary way. My prick had already

been too well satiated with the previous encounters to respond at once

to the calls made on it.

“Ah,” said she, in her sweetest way, “I see we want the rod here.

Prepare yourself, sir, and take care to make no resistance, or it will

be the worse for your bottom.”

Following her cue, I began to implore pity, to promise I would behave

better in short time, etc., etc. But she was inexorable, and ordered me

to lie across her knees. Then, taking me round the waist, she gave a

smart cut or two, really sharp, that made me for the moment wince.

“Take care, sir, you are resisting, and you know your punishment will be

severe, if you so continue.”

“Forgive me, mistress dear, and I will never do so again.”

“We shall see.”

Cut three, sharp, though not so severe. I did not flinch. “Ah! that is

something like a good boy, now we shall have no difficulty.”

She began a series of less and less severe blows, until it ended in a

gentle irritable titillation which very shortly began to show its

effects by the stiffness of my pego—fiercely shoving against the naked

thigh of my loved castigator, who, passing a hand round my body, laid

hold of it, delighted to find how efficacious her proceedings had been.

Pretending to be quite exhausted, she sank back on the bed, and said she

could do no more. I sprang upon her, and we had two more \_coups\_ without

withdrawing, with the greatest excess of voluptuousness. It was now my

turn, and as she let me slip out of her delicious cunt, I took that up

as a cause of dissatisfaction.

“What! you naughty girl,” I cried, “is that the way you treat your

master, bundling him out of his room in that manner; here, give me the

rod, I must make your bottom pay for your ill conduct—here, kneel on

this footstool, and lay your body over my thighs, no resistance, or it

will be the worse for you.”

“Oh! pray, sir, do forgive me this time,” and she knelt at my side, and

pretended to cry. I forced her down, and she presented her glorious

backside, in all its splendour of rotundity and size, before my

delighted gaze. I seized her round the waist, and first gloated my sight

with all the full and lascivious charms, not only displayed, but in my

power, and I armed with a splendid rod. I gave her two or three sharp

cuts, which made her beauteous buttocks wriggle, but called forth no

remonstrances; but as I continued, in all the rage of lust the exercise

excited, to flog away most severely, she begged me to be somewhat more

gentle. But I flogged on with increased vigour, until she began to

writhe under the severity of the punishment I was inflicting. She

struggled fiercely, at last, to be free, but she was completely in my

power, and I did not spare her until I saw that, changing from severe

pain, her feelings were turning to a storm of lechery and lust. She

became frantic with excitement, and screamed out—

“Cease, darling Charlie, and fuck me directly. I am dying for it.”

I threw down the rod, jumped on the bed, and drew up her loins, so that

she was placed in a kneeling position; she herself seized my bursting

prick, and carried it to the lips of her cunt, where he instantly

engulphed himself to the hilt. Her movements became lascivious beyond

expression, and were urged with a vigour, which brought down in a very

short time a torrent of sperm from both of us. We were too much excited

to stop short, and almost without a pause, a second course was run still

more voluptuously. She was not even then satisfied, but making me lie on

my back, she reversed herself upon me, and we commenced a mutual

gamahuche. I succeeded in making her spend again, and she was able to

bring my pego up to a standing point.

“Now, Charlie, dear, we must finish off behind.”

So getting again on her hands and knees, she guided my willing prick to

the narrower abode of felicity. After first steeping it for a moment in

the moisture of her foaming and reeking cunt, I thrust it into her

bottom-hole. I seized hold of her clitoris, she had her dildo all ready,

and working it herself with one hand, we ran a last course of most

lustful and lecherous enjoyment, which ended in such killing raptures

that we both sank all but insensible on the bed. Exhausted as we were by

the wild excesses we had indulged in, we fell, without moving or

regaining our senses, into a deep and profound slumber, until almost too

late in the morning, so that I had to regain my room the moment we

awoke, without attempting any further amorous toyings. Thus ended my

first experiences as a flogger. The sensation was so new, and the

temptation to lay on with a vengeance was so great, that I had gone

beyond all reasonable bounds in inflicting such a severe punishment on

the glorious bum of my beloved Miss Frankland. I must, however, do her

the justice to say that she comprehended and excused the feelings under

which I acted, only begging me, on any future occasion not to let them

carry me away so far as they had done on this. We several times renewed

this bum flogging, but with more moderate inflictions—sufficient to

highly excite without actually punishing the patient, whichever of us it

might be.

We often after this made flogging the theme of our discussions, and I

gradually led on to the idea she had expressed of Lizzie’s evidently

amorous disposition. She still affirmed that such was her conviction. I

then suggested that it would be worth her while to try and gratify it,

as well for Lizzie’s sake as for the satisfaction of her own letch in

that way.

“I suppose you could easily find a pretext if you desired to do so?”

“Yes, easily enough, the idea excites me, and I shall indulge it.”

I do not remember what the pretext was, but Lizzie was kept in next

afternoon at four o’clock—Mary and I proceeded to the summer house. I

knew we should not be interrupted by Lizzie, and that I need not hold in

for her satisfaction. So I gave Mary all the benefit of our being alone,

and we had four most exquisite and refined indulgencies in every

attitude admitted of by the legitimate entrance to love’s temple. For,

as yet, I had never been able to gain an entrance to the narrower

orifice, which was too small for my formidable weapon to penetrate. It

is odd how easily Lizzie accommodated me in her delicious bottom-hole,

while Mary, older and more womanly in form, was as yet unable to make

room for me in that strait path of bliss. When night came I was all

curiosity to know how my dear mistress had carried on matters with

Lizzie. She told me that Lizzie had been somewhat nervous at first, but

she had spoken kindly to her, told her how her amiable and loving

conduct after her first whipping had won her affection; that she did not

mean to be so severe as on the former occasion, but that discipline must

be kept up.

“So come, my dear girl, drop off your frock, as I shall mine, that the

bundle of clothes may be out of the way, as well as to avoid their being

creased.”

Seeing that Lizzie still trembled a little after she had dropped her

gown, she took her in her arms, and kissing her lovingly, desired her

not to be afraid—she would not punish her much.

“Lift up all your things, my dear, and let me see if any marks of the

former punishment remain.”

Lizzie had a very prominent and very promising bottom. Miss Frankland

felt it all over, and admired loudly its form and firmness, declaring it

was quite beautiful to look at, and how womanly it was growing.

“Turn round, and let me see if you are as womanly in front. Upon my

word, a well-formed mount with a charming mossy covering.”

Her hand wandering over her form excited Lizzie, whose face flushed and

eyes glistened with rising desires. Miss Frankland herself became moved,

but proceeded at once to lay her across her lap, and began with gentle

switches, just sufficiently sharp to attract the blood in that

direction, which, of course, acted with double force on all the already

excited erotic organs, and Lizzie began to wriggle her bum in all the

lasciviousness of lust under the excited gaze of Miss Frankland, who,

seeing how matters were going on in her favour, increased the force of

her blows, but only sufficiently to still more lecherously excite her

patient—until, driven to an excess of lust, she cried out—

“Oh, my loved Miss Frankland, I am dying with pleasure, do embrace and

caress me.”

Miss Frankland lifted her up, and drew her to her bosom and lips, and,

while sucking her tongue, slipped her hand down and found Lizzie’s quim

wet with her flowing spunk, and her little clitoris stiff with the

erotic passion that was consuming her. She frigged her until she spent

again, while their tongues were in each other’s mouth. As Lizzie spent,

Miss F, shoved a finger up her cunt, which, of course, met with no

resistance, but as Lizzie possessed in perfection the art of nipping,

she was sufficiently tight to leave a doubt of anything but

finger-fucking.

“Ah, you little puss, you have been playing with this before now, tell

me the truth?”

“I will tell you everything, if you will only play with me again. Ever

since you flogged Mary and myself, we have both been so often burning

down there, and have found out that feeling it, and pushing fingers in,

was so nice, although at first we often hurt ourselves. But you do it so

much better than Mary—oh, do, do it again, dear Miss Frankland!”

“I shall do it much better, my darling, with what I have got down

there—look here!”

And, lifting up her petticoat and chemise, she exposed, to the absolute

astonishment of Lizzie, her extraordinary mass of hair, and her fiery

red clitoris glowing and sticking out of its black mass of curls.

“How beautiful!” cried Lizzie. “I declare, you have got a doodle, for

which I have been so longing; I must kiss it.”

Stooping down, she took it in her mouth, and sucked it.

“Stop, dear Lizzie, we shall both enjoy it.”

Taking the cushion from the chair, she lay down on her back on the

floor, telling Lizzie to turn her face the other way, and to kneel down

across her body, so that both their mouths could adapt themselves to

each other’s quim.

Lizzie told me afterwards that she took care to show no previous

knowledge, but to let Miss Frankland apparently initiate her into all

the ceremonies of gamahuching.

Miss Frankland glued her lips to dear Lizzie’s charming quim, while

Lizzie took her extraordinary clitoris into her mouth. After a few

ardent caresses Miss Frankland pushed a finger up Lizzie’s bottom-hole,

then paused an instant to tell Lizzie not only to follow her example in

that respect, but to use her other hand in her quim while sucking her

clitoris. Then, both adapting themselves as prescribed, they gamahuched

on, until both could no longer move from the excessive raptures produced

by their profuse discharge. After this first bout Lizzie became curious

to see all the wonderful hair-covered organ and limbs of Miss Frankland,

who gratified her to the utmost extent of her wishes. Nor did she leave

this inspection entirely to Lizzie, but reciprocated it. Undoing her

dress above, she uncovered the charming budding beauties of Lizzie’s

bubbies, and began sucking the nipples. Their mutual caresses and

handlings very quickly refired these hot and lecherous women. After a

little renewed gamahuching, until both were wild with excitement, Miss

Frankland proposed to put her clitoris into Lizzie’s quim; told her to

kneel down, and kneeling behind her, she sheathed it with ease in the

hot and juicy folds of Lizzie’s beautiful cunt. Passing her hand under

Lizzie’s belly, she frigged her clitoris until again nature gave down

her delicious tribute, and they sank in all the voluptuous languor that

follows. A third time they renewed their salacious and lascivious

raptures, then resumed their dresses so as to be ready to receive us.

Miss Frankland begged Lizzie to keep her counsel and not reveal, even to

Mary, what had passed. But Lizzie urged Miss F. to admit Mary into the

new mysteries she had just herself been taught, and said she could

assure her that Mary had a far more beautiful body than hers, and would

like it quite as well as she did.

“Well, my dear, I shall think of it, and find an occasion to flog her,

as I have done you.”

“Oh, that will be jolly!” cried Lizzie. “She will like it just as much

as I do; it is so nice, you must flog me every day, dear Miss Frankland.

I loved you from the first, I adore you now.”

They embraced most lovingly, but our return put an end for the present

to any further conversation.

These details were accompanied and interrupted by two or three delicious

and most voluptuous fucks, without once withdrawing my burning prick

from her equally heated and throbbing cunt—for her description of these

proceedings was most exciting. When she had finished, I withdrew, that

we might gamahuche each other, and lick up all the delicious spunk in

which her juicy cunt abounded. We then renewed our combats, sacrificing

to holy Mother Venus in both orifices. Then we slept as only

easy-conscienced people like ourselves could sleep; and, like giants

refreshed by slumber, renewed our devotions on every altar before

separating in the morning.

Two days later Mary was initiated by Miss Frankland in a like manner to

Lizzie, while Lizzie and I made the most of our time in the summer

house. Excited by her naive description of her scene with Miss

Frankland, we indulged in every salacious device that we could cram into

the hour’s absence, which, by the way, we lengthened out by more than a

quarter of an hour, for which Miss Frankland thanked me at night. Her

scene with Mary had been one of even greater lubricity, in consequence

of Mary at once lending herself to everything, and acknowledging that

she knew from Lizzie what she had to expect. Besides, Mary’s more

developed form and something about her greatly excited Miss F., and she

was quite amorous upon her. She had done so much in the way of spending,

that after I had gamahuched and fucked her two entrances three times,

she required the stimulus of the rod to bring her up to the highest

point of lascivious lubricity. And, to tell the truth, I afterwards

required and received it myself. Thus our voluptuous passions acted one

on the other, and we passed an exhausting night in every excess and

refinement of venery, in which Miss Frankland’s dildoes, for she had

two, of different sizes, played no small part in both our persons.

Now that the ice was broken, I easily persuaded Miss F. to have

occasionally first one and then the other of my sisters to sleep with

her, alleging that an occasional early night’s rest would recruit my

powers, and that when she dismissed her bedfellow in the morning, I

could finish her off in force; she could thus initiate them in mutual

floggings, and in the use of dildo. Of course, I need not say that my

ultimate object was to succeed in our making it a general orgie. In this

indeed it ended, but not exactly as I had intended. That mattered not,

as long as the desired object was attained. I had the delightful

opportunity, too, of watching through my peephole many of the delicious

scenes of lubricity enacted, and when driven to the fiercest excess of

passion, I used to withdraw, steal up to the unoccupied sister, and vent

my raging lust in every indulgence with her.

This had been carried on for about a fortnight, one or other of the

girls sleeping every other night with Miss Frankland. Lizzie, it

appeared, had often professed to long to see a real cock, and had

managed to worm out of Miss F. that she had enjoyment of mine. The

little hussey importuned Miss F. to let her see me fucking her, saying

that she could easily hide behind the curtains, and I would never know.

Miss F., whose passions were at the utmost tension of desire, consented,

and placing Lizzie where she could see without being seen, opened my

door, but found an empty bed. She at first suspected that I had gone to

one of the female servants, but thought she would make sure and see if

Mary was not the object. So she stole softly upstairs, and found us in

the act of enjoying a double gamahuche, which as it was early morning

light, she could see without difficulty. She had the kindness to let us

enjoy it to the end, and then dragging me off, said—

“Oh! Charles! this is dreadful! Why could you not be content with

me?—have I ever refused you? Do you know this would be the ruin of all

of us if ever it should become known? You are too young to know the

dreadful consequences of discovery.”

Here she burst out in a torrent of tears—it was evident from real fear

of the sad results that might ensue, and not from any feeling of

jealousy. I threw myself into her arms, and as she had herself

acknowledged our intimacy, I had less difficulty in alluding to it. I

caressed and fondled her, and told her there was no fear of

discovery—less now than ever—as we would be all interested alike in

keeping our secret; she would cover my intimacy with my sisters, and

they would cover my intimacy with her. All at once she said—

“How long has this been going on?—tell me truly.”

I had long prepared myself for such a question, and at once replied that

after the description of the libidinous scenes that had taken place

between her and them, and her exquisite account of their young charms, I

got so lecherous upon them that I had sought Mary out while she was

engaged with Lizzie, and Lizzie when Mary was with her; they were both

too much delighted to refuse me anything, and we had now enjoyed each

other about a dozen times. I had previously told my sisters to support

any story I might recount to Miss F. Lizzie had stolen up after she

found Miss Frankland had passed through my room, and now both confirmed

the tale told. We surrounded Miss Frankland, caressing her in every way.

My pego got terribly excited. Drawing up my nightshirt, I said—

“Let this dear fellow make peace between us, and become equally dear to

all. I know, my loved mistress, that my sisters are longing to see him

exercised on your glorious person, and buried in your delicious hairy

cunt, so let me offer up sacrifice to its juicy charms. Lizzie has just

said you sought me for the purpose—see, the dear clitoris is raising its

head—let Mary lie down under you to suck your clitoris, and see my prick

close above her eyes in vigorous action filling your exquisite cunt. You

can gamahuche her and Lizzie can look on behind, witness the glorious

sight, and act postillion to my bottom-hole.”

“Well, my beloved children, the die is cast, it is no use crying after

spilt milk, so let us make the best of it. I never could resist the

eloquent look of this loved and long thick thing, that was made for

giving poor woman all she could crave for.”

So arranging our relative positions as I had prescribed, we ran a course

of the most luxurious and salacious enjoyment imaginable. Lizzie, who

had taken possession of one of the dildoes, manipulated herself, while

watching every voluptuous movement of our bodies, and we all managed to

spend most rapturously together. We could not afford to do more at that

moment, as time was creeping on, and the household would soon be astir.

Miss Frankland regained with me my room, her own door being locked, and

kissing me tenderly, said I was a bad boy, but she supposed it must

eventually have come to this, so it was well it was sooner than later.

Thus passed our first general orgie, which was the precursor of many

much more luxuriously and salaciously libidinous, and which I shall more

minutely describe as events progress.

Miss Frankland would not allow us to have a general orgie the next

night. She was now aware of our summer house doings—only of late begun,

as she supposed—for my story had been too plausibly off-hand not to

deceive her, especially as she had felt convinced by all that occurred

on our first fucking that she had had the delightful pleasure of taking

my maidenhead. She was quite satisfied on that head. But she now

suspected that what I had just begun I should be too glad to repeat. She

accompanied us to the garden in our recreation hour, so that nothing

erotic took place. We sat down all together after a little running

about, and Miss F. opened to us a rule of conduct we must in future

pursue. She said—

“However delightful it would be for you all, as well as for myself, to

meet every night, it would in the first instance become a dangerous

habit, dangerous because of engendering carelessness in the necessary

precautions against discovery; and next, and above all, because it would

be the destruction of our loved and darling Charlie, who could not

possibly long continue such excessive venery as three loved objects at

once would constantly require of him.”

Seeing my inclination to interrupt her, and declare that I felt quite

equal to it, she stopped me, and told us I was too young to know what

such excessive indulgence would lead to; that we must trust to her

experience and be guided by her, and we should all find the advantage of

it. Three times a week was the utmost she could allow, when we should be

all together. The other nights she would take care that I committed no

excess. Such were the sage counsels of this admirable woman, and such in

future became the programme of our proceedings. I rebelled and kicked

against what I thought at the time too great a restriction, but I

eventually became convinced that greater pleasure followed the enforced

delays. Of course I slept with Miss Frankland on what might be called

our off nights, but she soon established a custom of restraining my

spendings to twice a night, allowing me to excite and make her spend as

often as I pleased. I was difficult to manage at first, but eventually

settled down in great regularity to the rules she dictated, and, indeed,

enforced. I soon found out the wisdom of her proceeding, for often

afterwards my lagging efforts required the spur of the rod to be applied

in earnest for the completion of our orgies.

The second night after the discovery of my intercourse with my sisters

was the first of meeting all four together, in Miss Frankland’s room. We

had been sent, as usual, early to bed, and Miss F. had privately

recommended us to go quietly to sleep as soon as possible, and not to be

under any anxiety, as she herself would go for the girls, after all the

household had retired. As for me, it was the plan I had always adopted,

as it enabled me to reap the greater amount of enjoyment, and its longer

continuance, by the rest I had previously secured. Winter had passed

away, and summer came round again. It was a lovely, warm, moonlight

night. As soon as we were all assembled, stripping to the buff was the

order of the night; then followed charming embraces and mutual posings,

so as each should admire the beauties of all. Hands wandered everywhere

over every charm, chiefly concentrating on the wonderful and finely

developed form of the fascinating Frankland, whose richness of

coal-black hair was so deliciously exciting. It soon became necessary to

calm the first effervescence of our passions, which we always did by a

general gamahuche. Miss Frankland, who had taken an extraordinary letch

for Mary, paired off with her, while Lizzie and I accommodated each

other. Miss Frankland, who had provided herself with a store of dildoes,

furnished us all with one, differing in size, according to the intention

of their application. As Mary’s bottom-hole as yet could only

accommodate a moderate size, Miss F. kept the smallest for her

particular use, the others were indiscriminately used. Thus armed, we

proceeded to enter on all the voluptuous excesses of gamahuching in

every form, lengthening out our pleasures as much and as long as

possible, that we might pass the whole night in the most libidinous

raptures. When the ecstatic moment overtook us, our mouths had to cease

their operations to give vent to the expressions of the rapturous nature

of our feelings. We lay panting for some time before being able to rise

and resume our mutual caresses. Now that we had taken off the edge of

our lustful appetite, we prepared more calmly for further and more

voluptuous combinations. The upper coverings of the bed were entirely

removed, so that it presented nearly a square field of combat for love’s

encounters, admirably adapted for its purpose. We held a council as to

our next movements, and finally decided to begin as follows: Mary to lie

down on her back, Lizzie reversed above her, Miss Frankland was to

indulge in her letch for Lizzie, which was that of fucking her

bottom-hole with her extraordinary clitoris, while I was to fuck Miss

Frankland’s cunt, and postillion her smaller orifice with two fingers,

Lizzie was to postillion Mary with her finger, while gamahuching her,

Mary to apply the smaller dildo to my bottom-hole, and frig Lizzie’s

cunt with a larger one. It was also agreed we should run two courses in

this voluptuous group, varying only in the substitution of my prick in

Miss Frankland’s bottom-hole, instead of her cunt, in which was to be

placed one of the dildoes. We were none of us to press matters to a

speedy termination, but to make the most of the exquisite conjunction of

our parts. We enjoyed a most salacious and voluptuous fuck, and so

managed matters as all should spend together in perfect raptures of

lubricity and lust. Notwithstanding the pleasure of the final discharge,

we managed, as previously agreed, to hold our mutual positions, our

parts palpitating with repeated throbbings on or in the delicious

quarters with which they were conjoined. These soon reawakened our

passions, which we as yet had done but little to calm, and when

sufficiently heated, the slight change agreed upon was effected, and I

plunged up to the hilt in the glorious and hairy bottom-hole of the

divine Frankland, who gave almost a scream of delight as she felt my

huge pego rushing up into her burning entrails. We had to pause some

minutes to allow her excitement to subside to a certain extent, or she

would have discharged after two or three thrusts of my potent weapon. We

then proceeded more leisurely, and after drawing out our enjoyment in

the most salacious and voluptuous manner, the ecstatic moment seized us

all together, with such an excess of wild enjoyment that with screams of

almost agonised delight, we poured into or upon each other whole

torrents of hot boiling sperm, and sank almost insensible into a

confused heap of naked forms. We were a long time in recovering our

senses. Then disentangling ourselves, we rose and laved our parts in

cold water, not only to purify ourselves, but as a stimulant to further

exertions in all the wildest excesses of lubricity that any of us could

fancy. But we always managed so as to make Miss F. think that she was

the author of any new salacious idea or suggestion. In fact she nearly

was so in every case, for her experience in every letch, and its

gratification in every form of libidinous refinement, was great and we

owed to her many new and delicious combinations in our salacious orgies.

After partaking of wine and cake, which Miss F. had taken care to

secure, we indulged in some delicious romping and pulling about of the

rich curls and hairy coverings of nearly all Miss Frankland’s superb

form. The girls above all admired the magnitude, hardness, and beauty of

her truly magnificent buttocks, and what with one now and then sucking

her bubbies, and at other times toying with her already standing

clitoris, we soon brought her to such a state of excitement that,

seizing hold of Mary, she got her on the table and gamahuched her, while

Lizzie, creeping under, sucked her clitoris, and I pushed my prick from

behind into her cunt. We brought on a delicious spend, and the glorious

creature died away in excess of pleasure along with Mary, while I had

not yet arrived at the climax. So I contented myself with making my

prick throb to her delicious squeezings, until the fatigue of the

position required us to break up the pose. She was so far calmed that

she could now propose and discuss after-proceedings, and what our next

form of enjoyment should be. As Mary had had an extra spend with Miss

Frankland, Lizzie was now placed on her knees, with her head well down.

I thrust my prick into her longing cunt. Miss Frankland standing up,

strode across Lizzie’s body in front of me, here I introduced first a

smaller dildo up her bottom-hole and then a larger one up her cunt, both

up to the cod pieces. She then pushed forward her belly and put her

stiff-standing clitoris into my mouth, and placed her two hands on my

head. I then passed one hand under her open legs, and seizing both

dildoes in one hand, proceeded to work them up and down both holes at

once, in unison with my suction of her clitoris, and my fucking

movements in Lizzie’s cunt, who at the same time was frigging her own

clitoris with her fingers. Mary, armed with two dildoes, applied one to

my bottom-hole, while she fucked herself with the other. In this way we

ran a most exciting and delicious course. Miss F., in the ecstatic

moments, seemed as if she would have pressed my head into her belly. She

was so charmed with the voluptuous delights this pose had given that she

cried out we must not change until another course was run. Lizzie said

she must change from front to back, and begged Mary to hand her a dildo

with which she might frig herself. The women were ready directly, but my

pego was longer in answering the call, so Miss Frankland told Mary to

apply the birch rod skilfully.

This she did with great art, working the dildo, which was still in her

cunt while so occupied. The effect was almost electrical, and my

glorious rampant prick filled dear Lizzie’s delicious and longing

bottom-hole to her utmost delight. Miss F. begged Mary to give her a

gentle stimulus with the rod. Nothing could better have pleased Mary,

for she afterwards admitted she had long had the greatest letch to flog

that glorious and immense backside. With such stimulants as these this

course proved one of the most salacious and voluptuous we had yet had,

and the ecstatic ending was accompanied with screams of delight, as we

died away in the death-like swoon of rapturous and satiated desires. We

again rose to purify and refresh ourselves, and for some time after lay

closely embraced on the bed. As Mary had not yet had my prick in her

cunt, Miss F. proposed that I should fuck her, that Lizzie should kneel

close behind us, she could fuck Lizzie’s bottom-hole with her clitoris,

and work one dildo up my bottom, while she worked a second in her own.

No sooner said that done. Lizzie’s head was shoved almost below Mary’s

belly, so as to bring Miss F. close enough to me to operate as she

desired, and we ran another delicious course with such extreme pleasure

that all sank sideways down on the bed and dropped into a sound slumber.

We did not awaken until so late that we only had time to lave ourselves

in cold water, finish off with a general gamahuche, and then regain our

separate rooms. On this last occasion Miss Frankland said she must

gamahuche me, as she delighted to break her fast on cream. The joke

amused the two girls amazingly.

It was about this time Mrs. Vincent gave birth to a fine boy. I have not

spoken of her since our first interview after her marriage in the summer

house, when all had gone into the town to bring out Miss Frankland. We

had only had two stolen interviews since that time, which I have not

mentioned, because they were too hasty, and with too little comfort to

have been thoroughly enjoyed; then she became too heavy with child to

afford me any further opportunity. Mamma wrote a congratulating letter

to Mr. Vincent, wishing him joy of the advent of a son and heir, little

dreaming that her own son was the father thereof. This brought a visit

from Mr. Vincent to beg that mamma would kindly become godmother to the

little fellow. My mother at once assented, and asked who the godfathers

were. He said an uncle, from whom they had expectations, had consented

to be one, but he was at a loss to know whom to ask as second.

“Why not ask Charlie, he was always very fond of your wife as his

governess, and he, too, has an uncle from whom we hope some day to

receive something handsome.”

“That is a very good idea of yours, Mrs. Roberts, and if you will kindly

send for Charles I shall put it to him, and if he consents, it saves me

all further trouble.”

I was sent for, and, you may be sure, accepted immediately, thanking Mr.

Vincent for the honour he did me, and hoping that Mrs. Vincent would be

equally agreeable that I should be godfather, although so young.

“Leave that to me, my dear wife is so much attached to me that my wish

is her law, so do not make yourself uneasy on that head.”

It may well be supposed I was not at all uneasy, but quite certain that

it was the very thing Mrs. V. would have proposed if she had not been

withheld by prudence. We heard afterwards from Mr. V. that she had

simulated objections on account of my youth, but the very first moment

she could say a word to me in private it was to tell me what delight it

had given her that her husband should have fulfilled in the matter the

very wish nearest and dearest to her heart.

The ceremony eventually came off as had been proposed, but it was at

very rare intervals that I could find an opportunity of renewing our old

combats in the field of Venus. Meanwhile I had no reason to regret this

as far as indulgence of my erotic passions went, because, for nearly two

years, that is until I had passed my eighteenth birthday, I continued to

enjoy uninterrupted bliss in the arms of the luxurious and fascinating

Miss Frankland, or in orgies with her and my sisters, which culminated

in every excess of venery capable of being enjoyed by three women and

one youth. In fact, we all indulged rather too freely, if I may judge

from the fact that, at least to Miss Frankland and myself, the rod had

almost become a necessity, and occasionally even my sisters admitted it

gave them a fillip. Under the able tutorship of Miss Frankland we became

the most perfect adepts in every voluptuous indulgence of lubricity. But

I must also give her the credit of never neglecting our education.

Indeed, I may say it gained by the intimate union of our bodies. For

that estimable woman impressed upon us that to keep her friendship and

confidence we must do justice to her teaching. I have already said her

system of instruction was very superior to anything we had previously

known, and now that she had won our unbounded love and affection, there

was nothing we were not ready to do in school to second her efforts for

our mutual improvement. She had very superior attainments—spoke French

and German like a native, had sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to

ground me well in them, and her knowledge of music was very superior. I

have hardly ever heard anyone with a more charming touch on the piano.

In the two years that followed our first orgie we made really

astonishing progress. We all spoke French very fairly, had a pretty good

knowledge of German, especially Mary, who really spoke it well; as for

myself I was well up in French, fairly so in German, and with a very

good groundwork of Latin and Greek.

It was about this time that an event happened which completely changed

the order of my life. My mother had hinted that I had some expectations

from an uncle. These were very vague. He was my father’s brother, but

they had never agreed, and we were almost strangers to each other. He

died, and one day we were all surprised, not to say delighted, to hear

from his executor, a Mr. Nixon, a rich merchant in London, that my uncle

had left my mother four hundred pounds a year as long as she did not

marry again, but at her death the said annuity was to be divided between

my two sisters, independent of any coverture. The residue and bulk of

the property was settled on me, under trust to Mr. Nixon until I was of

age, with a request that I should be brought up to the law and entered

as a barrister in the Inner Temple. Further, a sum of five hundred

pounds was allowed for a new outfit, in every way becoming to all of us.

Mr. Nixon announced that in a fortnight he would take the opportunity of

being in our neighbourhood to come over and make the necessary

arrangements consequent upon the altered state of affairs. He added that

the residue of the property would yield about one thousand pounds a

year, and that, therefore, my education must be looked to more closely

than it probably had been. Here was, indeed, a change. My father had

left the house and grounds, and something like six hundred pounds a year

in the funds, entirely to my mother as long as she remained a widow, or

until her death. Afterwards one hundred and fifty pounds per annum to

each of my sisters, and the house and residue to me—a moderate income

requiring other efforts to make it comfortable to one’s upbringing. Here

I was now the heir eventually to something like fifteen hundred pounds a

year, two country houses, and a very fair house besides attached to my

uncle’s house. You may easily imagine the joy of the whole family when

from somewhat pinched economy, we found ourselves in easy circumstances,

with at once quite double our previous income. We indulged in somewhat

wild dreams of what all this might produce; but mamma brought us to our

senses by informing us that until I was of age Mr. Nixon would entirely

control our destinies, and that it was more than probable he would

insist upon sending me to a public school. This news dashed all our

hopes to pieces with a vengeance, because it was precisely on our

greater freedom that we had been counting, and now there was every

probability our delightful intercourse and delicious orgies would come

to an abrupt termination. We exchanged sad and crestfallen looks on

hearing this from mamma, and met in a very disconsolate humour that

night in Miss Frankland’s room; but that charming and estimable woman

cheered us up with the hope that if a temporary separation did occur, it

would only lead to our safer and more perfect reunion hereafter.

“And, to tell you the truth,” she said, “my dear Charlie, we have been

of late too much for you, and your health and constitution will benefit

by a forced inactivity, for I have observed some symptoms about you

lately that prove we three have taxed you too hard. I have no doubt I

shall be retained as governess to your sisters, and leave me alone to

keep them to a point that will not disappoint you when we meet again,

which must always occur at intervals of not longer than six months.”

To our loving minds six months seemed an age. At the same time Miss F.’s

remarks had, to a certain extent, reassured us, and although we could

not enter into our orgie with the usual fury and letch, nevertheless we

managed to pass a night sufficiently rapturous in the enjoyment of our

libidinous passions, which many would have thought excessive.

In due course Mr. Nixon made his appearance. He was a pleasant-looking

elderly gentleman, and a complete man of the world. Finding that I had

been educated entirely at home under governesses, he fancied I must be a

milk-and-watery ignorant youth, and had already hinted as much to

mamma—who, having told me, put me on my mettle. Mr. Nixon sent for me

into the parlour alone, and began an agreeable conversation apparently

leading to nothing, probably with a view not to render me nervous and

timid, gradually turning the conversation upon educational subjects. He

was agreeably surprised to find the progress I had made, not only in

historical and geographical subjects, but in languages, and above all

was surprised at my knowledge of Latin and Greek. He was particular in

asking if some clergyman had not lent his aid to the governess. After

dinner, during which he paid great attention to Miss Frankland, he

warmly complimented her on her system of teaching and its extraordinary

success. At the same time he observed that, as his dear old friend had

desired that his nephew should become a barrister, it would be necessary

he should be sent to some clergyman taking a few boys, and then to

King’s College, London, before entering a barrister’s chambers. Miss

Frankland at once admitted the justice of the remark, and hoped that

Charles would not shame her teaching.

“Quite the contrary, I assure you, Miss Frankland. I have been struck

with the admirable groundwork you have established, and especially the

advantages you have given him of the knowledge of modern languages. I am

so much pleased that I intend to beg of Mrs. Roberts to keep you as the

able governess of the girls until they are so much older as to require a

little knowledge of the world which a metropolitan ladies’ school is

sure to impart.”

All this was said with a certain deference of manner to Miss Frankland,

that I felt certain the old gentleman was greatly struck with her

person, as well as her system of teaching. But of this it is probable my

readers will learn more hereafter.

My mother, hearing of the intention of sending me to some clergyman,

immediately suggested that her own brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr.

Brownlow, rector of Leeds, in Kent, a retired village close to the

castle of that name, would be a suitable person. He was a gentleman who

had taken honours at Cambridge, and was in the habit of receiving one,

two or even three young gentlemen, but never more, to prepare them for

the universities. At that moment she knew by a letter from her sister

that he had a vacancy. His name, she said, stood high as an instructor,

as Mr. Nixon would find on inquiry; and as Charles had never been away

from home, it would be a great satisfaction to her to know that he was

under the care of her own sister. Mr. Nixon said he perfectly agreed to

her suggestion, provided, as to which he had no doubt, his inquiries

justified his sending me there. He left us with a promise of an early

decision, and, indeed, before the week had passed we received his full

concurrence to my mother’s suggestion. So my aunt was written to, and it

being the period of the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow were asked to

come over and spend a week, and then I could return with them to Kent.

We had not seen aunt or uncle since we were little children, and only

remembered her as a very tall immense person. The distance had prevented

personal intercourse, and we only knew of them by interchanges of hams,

Canterbury brawn, and oysters at Christmas time. As they replied by

return of post, saying they would be with us in two or three days

following their letter, you may be sure Miss Frankland and all of us

made the most of what was to be the last of our mutual orgies for the

time. No restrictions were put upon us, and every night was dedicated to

the god of lust and voluptuousness.

At last the fatal day arrived. My mother and the two girls went into the

town to fetch uncle and aunt out, leaving Miss Frankland and me to our

studies. You may well suppose it was the prosody of love and not that of

grammar that occupied us. There was a tenderness of manner, and a loving

kindness and fondling, which I had not before observed in Miss

Frankland, and which I should have thought alien to her character.

Embracing me tenderly, and pressing me lovingly to her bosom, she burst

into a flood of tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break as her

head sank on my shoulder. I tried to comfort her in the best way I

could, and as my kind reader knows, a woman’s tears always had a most

potent effect on my prick, I placed it in her hand, she hysterically

laughed amidst her crying, but instantly sank her head down to the loved

object, embraced, sucked, and frigged it until I poured a flood of

boiling sperm into her mouth, which she greedily swallowed, and

continued sucking until not a drop was left. Then rising once more to

caress and embrace me, she said—

“Yes, my own beloved boy, that was indeed a means to stop my tears, I

not only adore it, but have come to love you, my darling, more than I

ever loved anything in my life—you are my own scholar, bodily and

mentally. I shall miss you greatly, and I bitterly regret our parting;

but we shall meet again, although never with such freedom and ease as we

have done. You will spend your holidays at home, and we shall make the

most of them. I can feel the dear object already to be made the most of

again, and so it shall, dear fellow, so come to its own nest.”

These last fond words were addressed to my prick, which, already rampant

again, was claiming attention. We went at it, hammer and tongs.

Recruited at luncheon, we renewed the raptures of lubricity as that

estimable woman alone knew how to indulge them. We were the less

reasonable, as it had been decided by us the night before that I was to

find out the habits of the coming couple before I should venture on

leaving my room to slip up to theirs, and thus I had a night of

relaxation before me.

At five o’clock the carriage drove up, and uncle and aunt were welcomed

to our house. My uncle was a tall, portly, unctuous-looking clergyman,

quite a gentleman in his manners, and with a very agreeable voice. My

aunt, who was some fifteen years my uncle’s junior, was very tall for

her sex, a fine portly figure, broad shouldered, large bubbies well

apart, a small waist for her size, immense hips and evidently buttocks

to more than match. She was very stout, but stood firm upon her pins,

and walked with great elasticity of step, showing there was a good deal

in her, or rather she could take a good deal out of anybody. She had a

profusion of fair hair, with thick eyebrows, that promised abundance

elsewhere. Her eyes were of a deep blue that could look very far into

you. She had a very pleasing expression, a small mouth, and very white

teeth. Her complexion was exceedingly fair, her arms immense, but

beautifully formed, hands and feet small, fat and plump. She looked

thirty-five, but was nearly forty, and was altogether a most desirable

woman to look at, on a large scale. She embraced me tenderly, which I

did not fail to return, and complimented me and the whole family on our

late good fortune. The first introduction was altogether most agreeable,

and I already began to imagine I might not be so badly off after all.

We were allowed to sit up rather later than usual, and as my aunt was

fatigued with her day and night’s journey, they were glad to follow our

example almost immediately. I had only just time to get undressed, when

I heard them enter the room which Miss Frankland had vacated the

previous day. This had previously been arranged, and she now slept in my

sisters’ room, as formerly, until we should depart. I quickly blew out

my light, for fear they should observe it shining through the chinks I

had made. Kneeling down, I began to watch the proceedings. The first

thing my aunt did was to squat on the pot just opposite my peephole, and

as she held up her dress well, I could see that she had a most prominent

mons Veneris, thickly covered with very fair ringlets. Her power of piss

was something wonderful, it was like a cataract in force and quantity,

and at once made my mutinous prick stand at the mighty rush of waters

that could be so plainly heard. As she rose, and before she dropped her

dress, I saw her splendid proportions of limb, the like of which had

never before met my eyes. Alas! it was but a passing glimpse. However, I

determined to watch on, hoping to see a further display in the course of

undressing. She took off all her upper clothes, until nothing but her

stays and chemise remained. I could now mark the real grandeur of her

proportions. The stays kept in the waist, and allowed the splendour of

her hips and buttocks to stand out in all their glory. Never in my life

have I seen a finer backside than my aunt had got. I am now speaking

from a vast amount of after-inspection and adoration, but in its covered

magnificence in which I at this moment viewed it, it appeared the finest

backside I have ever met with, and was in fact the one I alluded to some

time back, when I observed that Miss Frankland’s was the finest but one

I ever saw. It is true, her stoutness added greatly to its prominence,

but though stout, even very stout, it was not a stoutness you could call

fat. For in after-intimacy, which became of the very closest and most

voluptuous nature, I was never able to pinch her in any muscular part.

She had the hardest, as well as the biggest, backside I ever met with. I

am quite sure that when she was standing upright, a child might have

stood on the immense projections of her buttocks. Her thighs were

positively monstrous in their mighty proportions, as hard as iron,

exquisitely moulded, and of a fairness and smoothness that rivalled

ivory, which, in another respect, they much resembled, namely, in

feeling cold to the touch. Her legs were worthy of the glorious frame

they supported, and finished off with a pair of charming, clean-run

ankles, and very small feet for her size. As her chemise was short

sleeved, the grand magnificence and beauty of form of her splendid arms

and neck, where the bubbies came out in all their perfection and

brilliancy of skin, were fully displayed. As may be supposed, not a bone

was to be traced in her upper neck, but all was dazzling in colour and

flesh, which is such a beauty in woman. When a woman shows her gaunt

collar bones, it is a proof of bad breeding, and a common nature. Aunt’s

truly grand bubbies rose magnificently over her bodice, which I thought

at the time was their support, but this glorious woman required nothing

of the sort, for when perfectly stripped, her bubbies stood out firm and

projecting in all their grandeur, and they were of the largest, worthy

of all her other fully developed charms. Her belly alone was somewhat

too prominent, when standing up, but as she never had had children, it

did not at all hang flabbily, and ended in one of the most prominent and

largely developed montis Veneris I have ever met with, profusely covered

with the fairest of curls, which did not prevent her lovely creamy skin

from shining through them. She was well provided with hair on that part,

but after the extraordinary hairy covering that Miss Frankland

possessed, and with which I had so often toyed, all other women appeared

as nothing in that way. My aunt, after donning a nightrobe, sat down to

her toilet, and proceeded to let down her massive bunch of tresses.

Here, she was, indeed, richly gifted, her hair was all her own, in the

utmost profusion, and, tall as she was, fell much below her buttocks,

and was so thick that she could let it spread over both back and front,

and completely cover her nakedness. Titian must have had such another

magnificent head of hair for one of his models, for it exactly

resembled, except in being somewhat of a fairer hue, his celebrated

Magdalen, in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, where she is represented

covered only with the rich profusion of her ringlets. Such was my aunt,

and often and often afterwards has she indulged all my fancies, by

showing herself off in every voluptuous attitude with this, the greatest

ornament of woman, flowing in the utmost profusion over her glorious and

mighty charms. Meanwhile, the doctor had undressed, but it may well be

supposed perfectly unnoticed by me. I had better game in view. He, too,

had donned a \_robe de chambre\_, and sat down by his wife to have a chat

over the occurrences of the day. Of course, their conversation very

naturally turned upon myself. They began by congratulating themselves

that the good fortune of the family was partly reflected on them by the

circumstances of my being put under the doctor’s care. The lady remarked

how doubly fortunate it was, as the little scandal that had happened

had, for some time, prevented their having any pupils at all. The doctor

said—

“Never mind that, my love, this little fellow will soon be the decoy

duck for others; he seems a nice, gentle lad, but I shall seek to have

some talk with him tomorrow, and see what he is made of; boys, under

women’s instructions, are generally mere milksops.”

“I don’t think you will find it so in this case,” added my aunt. “I am

not a bad judge of character, and I feel certain that Miss Frankland is

too stern and firm of purpose not to have bent any boy’s will to her

bidding; I fear, on the contrary, she has, if anything, been too severe

with him, for my sister told me that she had full power to wield the

rod, but, after one or two severe bouts, she completely mastered them,

and that their progress was really very great, and most satisfactory, as

Mr. Nixon, Charles’s guardian, who had examined him, had reported most

favourably thereon. But he appears to be insignificant, and undersized,

thin as a whipping post, pale, and somewhat sickly-looking, he appears

much younger than he is, and seems hardly fitted for what you and I

would delight in. Eh! dear doctor?”

I did not understand at this time what her allusion meant, but it was

followed by the doctor stooping forwards, kissing her, and, I have no

doubt, tongueing her too. He first thrust a hand below her beauteous

bubbies, and then pulling up her chemise, began foraging between her

legs. She put down her hair brush; and laid hold of his cock, but

quickly said—

“Don’t excite me, my dear, you see this poor fellow can do nothing

without a rod, and we have none here, so be quiet and go to bed, that is

a good boy.”

Obeying her, he rose, threw off his robe, put on a nightcap, and tumbled

into bed, and was sound asleep before his magnificent spouse had

finished her toilet. When it was concluded, she took off her stays, and

drew her chemise over her head, I doubt if it could have fallen over her

enormous buttocks. She then walked across the room in my direction,

stark naked as nature made her, and strikingly magnificent in the

firmness of her tread, and the glorious uprightness of her truly superb

grandeur of form. I was positively awestruck. I could imagine her to be

Juno in all her glory before Jupiter, and well he might be tempted to

stray to the forbidden path of love, if Juno had such a backside as the

enormous and glorious one my aunt possessed. She again squatted down,

naked as she was, and poured out another torrent into the pot. I felt

overpowered at the sight, and staggered back to my bed, and for the

first time in my life felt constrained to rack off by self-pollution the

excess of lust the gazing on such superhuman beauties had engendered. I

could hardly refrain from shouting out to relieve my till then

suppressed excitement, especially when nature gave way, and there

spurted forth a jet of sperm, actually from the bed against the door

towards which I had pointed my prick while wildly frigging it, and in

imagination shoving it into aunt—anywhere; for if ever the saying that

“there was plenty of good fucking about all these parts” was applicable

to anyone, it was supremely so in my glorious aunt’s case. Anyone might

shove his prick against any part of her body, and spend at once from

excess of lust, at her very beauty and splendour of form and exquisite

colour and fineness of skin. Never, never have I met her equal. Her

power of fuck, too, was on a par with the immensity of size, and of a

quality to please the most fastidious, or the most lustful. Such were

the first experiences that I had of my aunt’s person, and as my

narrative extends, the reader will become more intimate with her person

and proceedings. I sank to sleep, to dream of possessing her in every

way, rivalling Jupiter with Juno, and Mars with Venus, mere visions of

the night, but which were in after-days converted into sweet

realisations of the most voluptuous and rapturous nature.

The next day, at our hour of recreation, Miss Frankland walked out with

us, and seeking a retired part of the grounds, while the girls amused

themselves, I recounted to Miss F. all I had seen and heard. She at once

came to the conclusion that I was destined to fall into the arms of my

aunt.

“I am so far pleased, my dear Charlie, that it will be into those of an

extraordinary fine woman; you must, after your present experiences with

me, have had someone to go to, and certainly you could not have a finer.

There will, evidently, be every facility, for I read those hints, which

have puzzled you, as intimating anything but reserve once you are

admitted into the inner arcana of their lives, or I am much mistaken.

There is one point I must strongly caution you about, and your general

prudence and great good sense will make you appreciate its importance.

Your aunt is evidently much experienced in erotic pleasures. If at once

she found in you the extraordinary adept you are, she would never cease

tormenting you until she discovered who had been your instructress. Now

it must be evident to you that if she thought you and I were intimate in

that way, she might draw evil inferences with regard to your sisters, or

if not going so far as to think we had equally corrupted them, it is

probable enough she might seek to remove me from their society. So you

see, my darling boy, though it may be very difficult to do, you must,

for all our sakes, determine to appear quite innocent and ignorant of

everything connected with indulgence in amorous passions. You must not

let yourself appear excited, but leave her to take all the initiatory

steps, and I much mistake if she will not be extremely ready to do so,

but all the more so if she finds you apparently innocent. However much

you now know of love’s proceedings, you must keep a guarded check upon

your feelings, so as not to let your knowledge become apparent in the

smallest degree. She will, eventually, be twice as well pleased if she

fancies she has had your first fruits. Before you leave I shall give you

some short hints as to how to conduct yourself.”

All this time I was getting rampageous, so begging her to stoop forward

upon a stump, I tilted up her petticoats and fucked her from behind,

frigging her delicious clitoris, and making her spend at the same time

as myself. It was a hasty fly, but very sweet nevertheless, for we were

both conscious that it was necessary to make the most of the short time

I had yet to remain at home. I mentioned my aunt’s remark about having

no rod at hand, and it was agreed that Miss Frankland should put one on

an upper shelf of her wardrobe, and accidently leave the key in the

door. As this wardrobe remained in the room uncle and aunt were sleeping

in, woman’s curiosity was sure to induce an examination of it. This

answered a double purpose, for Miss F. so arranged things that some

excellent books full of little bits of paper inserted here and there, at

highly moral or religious passages, led both uncle and aunt to have a

very high idea of her moral character—for these were works that

apparently could only be for her own private reading.

The rod was placed, and the bait laid next day. Meanwhile, that

afternoon, the doctor called me aside, and put me through a

conversational sort of examination. I was studiously modest, but being

very fairly grounded by the admirable system of teaching pursued by Miss

Frankland, I not only satisfied him, but he took occasion to compliment

Miss Frankland very highly for the admirable groundwork she had laid. I

fancied also, as he continued in conversation with her, that he grew

more kindly and unctuous, as if the spirit of lust was infusing itself

in his veins, as he continued to converse with and gaze on that most

engaging and lust-creating creature.

That night I watched, as before, their preparations for sleep, and heard

their conversation. This time the doctor was profuse in his praise of

me, but aunt thought I was timid and lifeless; there seemed no spirit

about me, as there ought to be, she added, at his age, but this

education by females makes girls of boys. I thought to myself, I guess,

I shall very soon undeceive you on that point, my dear aunt. The doctor

went quietly to bed; aunt stripped and used the bidet, giving me a most

exciting and voluptuous view of all her full-blown charms. No sooner was

her light out, and she in bed, than I slipped out and crept up to my

sisters’ room, where three randy cunts were impatiently awaiting my

advent with an equally randy and inflamed pego. We indulged in every

complicated combination of lust and lubricity, and never ceased until

daylight forced my unwilling retreat. Before leaving, as the rod was to

be put in the wardrobe, and the key left in the door, it was arranged

that the next night the girls, and Miss F., too, if she could, were to

endeavour to sleep soundly before I came. For if our stratagem

succeeded, I should remain to see the result which would probably occupy

more than an hour or two, and I would awaken them by applying Moses’s

rod to their water courses as doubtless I would be in a rampageous

state, if our expectations of the doctor’s and aunt’s tendencies that

way were realised.

I kept myself awake until aunt and uncle came to bed, and then I

immediately placed myself \_en vedette\_. At first no notice was taken of

the key being in the lock. Aunt continued her operations, and uncle

became somewhat more tentative than usual, when aunt, finding by placing

her hand on his prick that it was mere useless desire, rose and scolded

him. He grew more emboldened, and followed her up, wishing to feel her

splendid cunt. It so happened she had drawn back as far as the wardrobe

itself, until the key actually hurt her back.

“Ah what have we here?” she cried, and then turning round, said that as

the key had been left in the lock, there could be no harm in looking in.

Her husband became as curious as she. Of course, the first things they

saw were the prearranged books. They were seized upon with avidity

probably with the expectation of finding something smutty, but to their

surprise, and especially that of the doctor, it was quite the reverse.

“Well, I should never have thought this; do you know, my dear, I had

begun to suspect that, under a demure exterior, there was lurking an

enormous deal of animal passion in that Miss Frankland, but if so, these

works prove that it is under complete regulation. More’s the pity, for

she is made for the real enjoyment of the passions.”

“Oh you have been speculating in that quarter, have you, you old

lecher?”

“Well, my dear, you know we have both liberty to stray now and then, and

you, yourself, have not a little availed yourself on our mutual

understanding.”

“Now, doctor, you are too bad; do I not quite overlook all your weakness

for the younger members of your own sex, and do I not lend myself to

your fantasies in that way, when chance deprives you of any opportunity

of pederasty?”

“Well, well, my love, I was not upbraiding you, you are too dear and too

kind to me to permit of anything beyond a joking allusion; but what have

we here? A birch rod! by all that is holy.”

Reaching up to the high shelf, he drew down the rod. At first they

suspected Miss Frankland operating on herself, but the perfectly

untouched state of the rod proved that it was there in reserve only, and

had not yet been used.

“What a lucky chance,” cried my aunt. “I shall now be able to birch you

into something like a fit state to fuck me—and you shall birch me

afterwards, if it will only produce a second fuck, back or front,

whichever you like.”

“You are an angel, my darling wife, and I shall try to content both

orifices; it is an abominable shame that with such a gloriously made

magnificent woman as God has given me in your noble form, I should ever

require any other stimulant than a glance at your exquisitely exciting

proportions; but I suppose it is age that weakens our sensibilities.”

“You are right, my dear John, for I, who used to think your dear old

cock was enough for me, find I require the excitement of younger ones to

give me the real excess of pleasure my constitution demands; it would be

a shame if I did not humour all your little caprices, when you so

readily throw opportunities in my way. I only wish this nephew of mine

had been more worthy of us, we should have made him a glorious \_bonne

bouche\_ between us, equally to his satisfaction as to ours.”

“Well, my dear, the air of Kent, and more manly treatment, may yet

develop his somewhat stinted growth, and under your tuition, he may yet

prove not so bad an object as you seem to think, at all events, he may

serve as a \_pis aller\_, until a better turns up; but you must proceed

with caution, for he seems as modest as a maid.”

“My dear John, your modest ones always make the best, when once broken

in. I only wish his physique had been more to my liking, but we shall

see, we shall see; meanwhile let us both strip to the buff, and proceed

to make the most of this happy discovery of the rod—the very thing we

most wanted and wished for.”

Aunt rapidly twisted up her magnificent tresses, and as rapidly stripped

to the skin; the doctor likewise. I assure you he was a well-made,

muscular, portly, handsome man, with a large well-filled pair of cods.

His pego still hung down his head, but had a certain amount of size,

doubtless stimulated by the exciting nature of their conversation and

reminiscences. His skin and his cock were beautifully white, and the

ball of his prick of a tempting scarlet. I felt at the moment that, if I

dared, I would have bolted into the room, and sucked it into such a

stiffness as would have instantly satisfied the insatiable cunt of my

glorious aunt. This was a delight to be left for a future day, when I

allowed the doctor all the credit and pleasure of persuading me to do

that which I was burning with desire to do. But I digress. No sooner

were both fully prepared than my aunt, in a stern voice, ordered the

doctor to approach.

“Come here, sir, I must whip you, you have not done your duty as you

ought lately, and you are a very naughty boy.”

The doctor, putting on the air of a schoolboy, begged to be excused this

time, but his inexorable mistress was not to be moved, and seizing him

by the arm, pulled him over her broad and massive thighs, and with one

arm round his waist, seized his cock in her hand, and began whacking

away at his backside in such real earnest and, apparently, with all the

force of her powerful arm, that I began to think the doctor must cry out

in earnest. But he took it all without a murmur, only wriggling his fat

and smooth buttocks about in a way that rather inferred satisfaction

than suffering. Presently my aunt, who, doubtless, knew by the grip of

his prick that matters had arrived at the point her own passions had

most at heart, lifted him up, and said—

“Now I must put you in pickle, but as your great red buttocks are too

large to be pickled, I shall pickle your prick instead. So come here,

sir, and let me put this rampant fellow into my pickle tub, where, I

promise, the salt brine will soon bring down his pride.”

I suppose this was the sort of childish yet lascivious talk which

pleased them both, for uncle, who had risen, and who now presented a

much finer weapon than I had given him credit for, pretended to fear

this further punishment, and begged and entreated to be let off—he had

been punished enough, &c., &c. Aunt, however, leading him by the prick

to the bed, threw herself on the edge, and lying back, drew up her

enormous thighs almost to her belly, and showed to my gloating gaze her

tremendous salmon-coloured gash, all covered with spunk, for the

operation had made her spend profusely. I never saw so large a cunt, nor

such an extensive triangle as lay on the side of each lip between it and

the commencement of the buttocks, beautifully covered with the fairest

curls.

“There, sir, is your place of punishment, stoop and kiss it before I

imprison your indecent cock within it.”

The doctor, nothing loath, stooped and gamahuched her so well that her

mighty backside wriggled beneath his head, and made everything in the

room jingle; her hand pressed his head until I thought it would have

been pushed in altogether. At last, she spent with a shout of delight.

He hastily gobbled it all up, and rising, without more ado, thrust his

stiff-standing weapon up to the hilt, I might almost say cods and all,

in her longing and magnificent cunt. Here, he soaked for some minutes,

and I could see by the convulsive movements of her backside how much

aunt was enjoying it. They soon became bent on more active movements,

for throwing her splendid legs over his back, she began an up and down

movement, much more active than I could in any way have given her credit

for. They went at it in real earnest for a longer time than I expected,

but when the mighty crisis came, it was with an energy, and passionate

struggles worthy of the strength and substance of the two love

wrestlers. I could see her cunt all foam again around the roots of the

increased size of uncle’s very respectable prick, and then they lay in

apparent apathy for full twenty minutes, but one could see by the

convulsive throbs of their whole bodies what delicious transports of

rapture they were enjoying. Uncle was the first to rise, but only to

stoop and to greedily lick up all the foaming spunk which the

wide-spread entrance to her glorious cunt exhibited. This being done,

she, too, rose, and throwing her arms round the doctor’s neck, drew his

mouth to hers, and seemed to suck his slimy lips, and gain for herself

as much as she could of the delicious spunk the doctor had been

revelling in. This lasted some minutes. Then my aunt turned him down on

the bed, and took a long suck at his prick, now hanging limp, but still

of a goodly thickness. Then she thanked him for the great satisfaction

he had given her, and declared it was almost as good as the first days

of their union. Then after toying and cuddling on the bed for a time,

she said they must now proceed to a little further castigation, on her

bottom this time, as he had promised to give her a double dose.

“Yes, my love, but you know you promised I should take my choice of

which temple I should make my sacrifice at.”

“My own John, you know, that after being once well fucked, the hinder

hole is my preference, that is understood.”

They accordingly rose, and uncle, furnishing himself with the rod,

desired aunt to kneel on the edge of the bed, and present her

magnificent backside projecting out fair for his birching. This she

immediately did, and being directly before my eyes, I had a full front

view of her gloriously large wide open cunt, and all the pinky brown

\_aureola\_ around her charming bottom-hole, over which the little fair

ringlets showed in great beauty. I need not say that my own John Thomas

was in all the pride and panoply of prickdom, and ready to burst with

excitement. My uncle took the rod in hand as soon as aunt was in

position, and placing himself on one side, while his left hand passed

under her belly to frig her clitoris, he had his right hand free to

inflict any amount of whipping. And, I must say, neither one nor the

other spared the rod; they laid it on right soundly, but drew forth no

word or sign of complaint. My aunt soon began to wriggle her stupendous

backside, in a way to show how very exciting the birching was to her.

Her exquisitely creamy white skin began to see the scarlet of the blood

rushing to the surface under the infliction received. The redder it

became, so did the evident palpitating movement of her two resplendent

orbs increase, until uncle, too, showed how the glorious sight was

stimulating his less easily excited system, by the stiffening and

uprising of his pego. Aunt’s hand slipped down to it, and being well

acquainted with its habits, pronounced it to be as equally ready as

herself. Turning her body lengthways, but still on her knees, the doctor

scrambled up behind her, and first stooping, licked up the foam on her

cunt, for she had already spent once; and then, rolling his tongue about

the beautiful indentation leading to her delicious bottom-hole, he

thrust it in as far as he could there. Then rising on his knees, he

first plunged his jolly good prick into her cunt for two or three

shoves, and then drawing it out well lubricated, presented its point to

her exquisite bottom-hole, and plunged it up to the hilt at a single

thrust. Aunt gave a cry and shudder of delight as she felt it penetrate

to her very entrails. The doctor, satisfied for the moment, lay soaking

in the exquisite pressure that aunt’s \_sphincter ani\_ was applying to

his happy prick. He looked down upon her glorious buttocks, handling

them with evident pleasure. I saw aunt’s hand steal down to her cunt,

and could observe that she was actively frigging her clitoris. She

shortly cried out to uncle not to be so idle, but to commence the

delicious movements she expected from him.

He did—they did; and such a scene of excitement it was to see so

magnificent a woman with such a mighty backside in all the agonies of

enjoyment that I could hold out no longer, but seizing my bursting prick

in my hand, two or three rapid movements up and down, and tight

graspings of the shaft, brought on the ecstatic rapture of so lascivious

a spend that I actually fainted and fell heavily on the floor. It was

fortunate that aunt and uncle were so hotly engaged that an earthquake

might have shook the house without their being conscious of it. So as I

only fell from my knees it never disturbed one moment of their pleasure.

I must have been some minutes without consciousness, for when I came to

my senses, and was able to resume my inspection, I found their crisis

was past, but that uncle still lay soaking in the narrow cell he so

delightfully occupied. He was gazing with evident pleasure on the still

palpitating buttocks of the divine backside immediately below him.

Neither was in any hurry, but they dwelt for a considerable space of

time in this repose of lubricity. At last, his cock, reduced in bulk,

slipped out of its close quarters. Then, rising, and helping aunt out of

bed, they warmly embraced each other, kissed and tongued, and aunt

thanked him for a most rapturous fuck. Aunt then sat down on her bidet,

and uncle used the wash basin. After purifying themselves, and aunt

showing all the extraordinary fine development of her glorious form,

they put on their nightdresses, blew out the lights, and tumbled into

bed. I immediately hastened to gain my sisters’ room, with my cock

standing stiffer than ever. I entered gently—they were all asleep. My

two sisters lay reversed, with their heads between each pair of thighs;

they had evidently fallen asleep after a mutual gamahuche in the very

attitude in which they had spent. Miss Frankland had apparently waited

for me, but feeling drowsy, had thrust her very fine hairy backside

right out of bed, ready to attract my attention the moment I should

come. So gently approaching, and bringing the light to bear on the

beautiful sight, I spit upon and lubricated the end of my prick, and

very gently introduced him into her ever delicious cunt. I managed to

fully engulph it before applying my finger to her bottom-hole, and my

other hand to her clitoris. She had already in her sleep involuntarily

squeezed me with her usual force. Then, suddenly applying all my

energies, I began an active movement, which instantly awoke her. She was

as ready for the sport as I was, and in a very few minutes we ran a most

rapturous course of intense delight, and spent with an energy which

proved the strength of the excitement I had been under. As I was

standing by the bedside, and she lying on it with her fine bottom

projecting beyond the edge, it was not a position to remain long in;

besides, I was still dressed. So, withdrawing, I undressed myself. My

sisters had slept through all this, so first preparing everything for an

excessive orgie, by getting out dildoes and birch rods, we awoke the two

darlings, who, rising, stripped to the buff. The three dear creatures

were all curiosity to know what had kept me so long—more than two hours

and a half, and what had been done.

I recounted all the proceedings, except in so far as they had talked of

initiating me, for neither Miss Frankland nor I wished my sisters to be

acquainted with that matter. They laughed heartily, and little Lizzie

said she must act aunt, first flog me and be fucked; then be flogged by

me, and have my darling prick up her bottom-hole to follow. We laughed

and humoured her, and that scene came off with considerable \_eclat\_.

Miss Frankland fucking Mary, for whom she had a great letch, in the cunt

first, and in the bottom, after my example on Lizzie, in the second

place. Lizzie and I then laved our parts and prepared for fresh

encounters, and we then began a more regular course of the most

lascivious lubricity, in which dildoes and rods played conspicuous

parts, both becoming necessary under the excessive indulgencies of these

last few nights. I stole to my room long after daylight, and slept

soundly for an hour or two. You may be sure our lessons were of the

lightest in these few days that were left us, and I was allowed to doze

off during school hours.

Miss Frankland again walked with me alone in the garden, to give me, as

she thought, last lessons in the way I should act with aunt, who she now

felt more certain than ever would very soon attack and carry my person

when she reached home and had the place and time all to herself. I

listened with apparently great attention; as the reader knows, I was

already an adept in the art she wished to indoctrinate—thanks to the

admirable advice of my ever charming real first instructress, the lovely

Mrs. Benson. But I could not help thinking how completely these two

admirable women had the same wisdom and knowledge of the world with

which they were so anxious that I, too, should become conversant.

The next night the doctor and aunt went quietly to bed, the doctor

declaring that his previous night’s doings would prevent any more that

night. So I only had one more gaze at all aunt’s magnificent beauties,

which had a never failing effect on my excitable weapon, and which she

sent away when her light was put out in a perfectly fit state for the

work that awaited him in my sisters’ room. I came upon them sooner than

expected, and found the three rolled into one body, two gamahuching each

other, and Miss Frankland’s clitoris in Mary’s bum-hole. For a wonder

they did not hear me as I gently opened the door, and I patiently waited

till the lascivious crisis brought down a delicious spend from them all.

When clapping my hands applaudingly, I cried—

“Bravo! bravo! encore!”

I was so far glad, for to confess the truth the pace was telling, and I

began to require more and more of the rod. However, we had but this and

the next night at our disposal, and the knowledge that we must soon

cease our delicious orgies nerved us all to increased efforts.

Again our passions raged furiously, and broke out in spurts of foaming

sperm. Every desire our lascivious lubricity could suggest was carried

out to increase our pleasures or renew our exhausted resources, until

time warned us again to separate.

The next day there was no school time—it was spent in packing and

preparing for departure. My poor mother took it much to heart—she was a

most affectionate creature, as innocent as a babe. I often wondered

where we three got all the natural wantonness of our characters, for

mamma had nothing of it. I suppose it must have come from our

grandparents, as aunt had it in the fullest degree, and was almost the

equal of the adorable Miss Frankland, who only excelled her in having

Greek blood in her veins, which, doubtless, accounted for the extreme

heat of her lubricity. Some day I will recount the chief events of her

romantic story, which she herself, in after-time, fully related to me.

The day was a sad one for us all, even sadder than the next, the actual

day of departure. As often happens, the anticipation of evils is greater

than the reality when they come.

That night my aunt and the doctor had another whipping bout, but this

time she only succeeded in getting a single course out of the doctor. As

before when all was over, I slipped away to pass the last delicious

night with the dear creatures with whom I had now carried on the most

rapturous orgies for more than two years past. My sisters were rapidly

developing into remarkably handsome fine young women, especially Mary,

who, having the advantage of a year and a half over Lizzie, was

naturally more filled out and formed, although Lizzie promised in the

end to be, and in fact became, the finest woman, and had also by far the

hotter temperament of the two. We passed the night in orgies the most

refined, interspersed with tears of regret at our parting, and soft

endearments leading to perfect furies of lubricity, until I was nearly

fainting with exhaustion. We tore ourselves asunder with difficulty, and

the three angelic creatures held their door open, and with streaming

eyes watched my receding form; twice, on looking back, I could not help

returning again and again to throw myself into their arms for a last

loving embrace; but like all things human it came to an end, and I

reached my bed and sobbed myself to sleep.

It is needless to dwell on our parting next day. My mother accompanied

us to the town where we were to take a coach. It drove up. My poor

mother could hardly utter her blessing and farewell, and I saw the tears

coursing down her venerable cheeks as she waved her handkerchief before

the coach turned the corner that shut us from her view. Of course my

heart was full, whose could be otherwise when quitting home for the

first time. My aunt put her arm round my waist, and laid my head on her

ample bosom, and comforted me as well as she could; but a full heart

must vent itself. Fortunately, we had the inside all to ourselves. My

aunt was very tender, and so was the doctor. I soon sobbed myself to

sleep; even in the bitter grief of the moment I had some slight comfort

in the idea of pressing those glorious orbs. My aunt frequently kissed

me, and I returned it with full pouting lips, which I fancied rather

pleased her. I slept until the coach stopped for supper, ate heartily,

and, as may be supposed after my late week of hard work, soon again

slept like a top.

I did not awake until it was broad daylight, and, like all heavy

sleepers, was awake and sensible of what was going on before opening my

eyes. I became conscious that a hand was gently pressing and apparently

taking the size of my standing pego, which the pressure of water on my

bladder had occasioned to be in an erection of the hardest. I lay quite

still, continuing to breathe heavily, but unable to prevent sundry

throbbings of my pego, occasioned by the soft hand of my aunt, who was

gently following its form from the outside of my trousers. It appeared

she had only just commenced her manipulations, not having previously

observed the bulging out of its large dimensions under my trousers. She

pressed her knee against that of the doctor opposite, who I presume, was

dozing off, and in a whisper I heard her draw his attention to my

extraordinary development.

“Feel it, my dear, but very gently, so as not to waken him, it is the

largest prick I have ever felt, and altogether beats the late Captain of

Grenadiers you used to be so jealous of.”

The doctor did feel, and I think aunt would have unbuttoned my trousers,

had not the coach suddenly pulled up at the inn we were to breakfast at.

So perforce they shook me up. I acted the suddenly awakened sleeper very

well. As soon as we were out of the coach, I whispered to the doctor—

“If you please, uncle, I want to piddle very bad.”

“Come here, my dear boy.”

And taking me behind some wagons in the innyard, where we would not be

seen, he said—

“Here, we can both piss down this grating.”

And, forsooth, to encourage me, pulled out his own standing pego. I saw

what he wanted, and out with my own in all its length and strength.

“Good heavens, Charles, what an immense cock you have got—does it often

stand like that?”

“Yes, uncle, every morning it hurts me so until I piddle—it gets worse

and worse, and bigger and bigger—it was not half so big a year ago. I

don’t know what to do to cure myself of this hardness, which is very

painful.”

“Ah, well, I must speak to your aunt, perhaps she can help you. Have you

ever spoken to anybody else about it?”

“Oh, dear no! I should have been quite ashamed; but when I saw you also

had the same hardness, I was very glad to ask your advice, dear uncle.”

“Quite right. Always consult me about that part of your body, whatever

you may feel.”

We breakfasted, and I could see, on regaining the coach, that uncle and

aunt had a satisfactory exchange of words on the subject. We got to the

Rectory in Kent in time for dinner, at which I was the object of great

and devoted attention of both, especially of my aunt.

Our previous long journey made an early retreat to bed a necessity for

all of us. They both conducted me with much \_empressement\_ to my

bedroom, a very comfortable one, having a communication at one end with

a corridor, and, on the right-hand side entering, another door

communicating with my uncle’s dressing-and bathroom, and these opening

into their bedroom, which had a similar dressing room on the other side

fitted up with wardrobes for female gear, and dedicated to my aunt’s

sole use. I was left to a quiet night’s rest, which I most thoroughly

enjoyed, and slept profoundly until late in the morning. I was awakened

by my uncle drawing all the clothes off me. Of course, I was rampant, as

usual. He gazed for a moment or two without speaking at my enormous cock

at full stand. He then said it was nine o’clock, and breakfast was

ready, that he had not liked to disturb me sooner, as I was in so sound

a slumber, but now it was time for me to get up.

“I see,” he added, “that your doodle, as you call it, has got the

hardness you spoke of yesterday.”

Then he laid hold of it, and gently squeezed it—it filled his grasp. He

evidently enjoyed the pleasure of handling it, but contented himself

with saying that my aunt must see to giving me some remedy the next day,

when she should come and inspect it in the morning, so as to see how

hard it was, and how it hurt me.

I replied that it would be very kind of aunt, but what would she think

of my showing my doodle to her; mamma had told me, when I slept in her

room, always to piddle in a corner, and never let anyone see it.

He laughed at my apparent simplicity, and said—

“Your mamma was quite right as to people in general, but it is quite a

different thing with your aunt, whose close relationship authorises her

doing what she can to relieve her dear nephew, in whom we both take such

an interest; besides, I suppose your mamma never saw it in this size and

hardness?”

He was gently handling it all the time of our conversation.

“Oh, no! mamma never saw it but at night, when it was quite shrunk up,

and that is nearly a year ago, when I used to sleep in her room; it is

since then it has grown so large and hurts so much, and throbs so

violently as it is doing now in your hand. It makes me feel so queer,

dear uncle, and I shall be so much obliged to dear auntie if she will

but give me a remedy to relieve the pain I suffer.”

He laughed again, and said—

“I shall speak to your aunt, and we shall see—we shall see; but get up

now, we shall find your aunt waiting for us. So make haste and dress;

come downstairs, you will find us in the dining room.”

He left me, and I could hear him laughing to himself, as he walked along

the corridor, doubtless at my apparent innocent simplicity. I saw at

once that I should be called upon to show myself a man next day; but I

already felt the advantage of the advice both my admirable mistresses

had given me, as to making all new conquests believe that they had my

first fruits. I determined to adhere to the game I was playing, and I

foresaw that the pleasure of supporting such a thing would greatly

enhance the delight aunt would naturally take in being fucked by my

really monstrous cock. I was soon down to breakfast, and was most warmly

embraced by my gloriously beautiful aunt, who, in a graceful dishabille,

looked more charming than ever. She hugged me for more than a minute in

her arms, and devoured me with kisses. I have no doubt the doctor had

recounted our interview, and by the sparkle of her eye, and the flush on

her face, as she so closely embraced me, she showed that already her

passions were excited, and she was longing for the hour in which she

could indulge them. However, all that day, they were kept under

restraint. The doctor had some parish business to attend to, and aunt

leaving me for an hour after breakfast, while she attended to some

necessary household affairs, afterwards took me all over the house and

grounds, and then we had a walk through the village. The house was one

of those snug rectory houses situated in their own grounds which abound

in England, but few have so glorious a prospect as was seen from the

front of the house. Leeds, in Kent, is situated on the ridge of hills

running east and west, and commanding views over the rich and beautiful

weald of Kent. The rectory faced the south, and the ground falling

rapidly beyond the garden left a splendid landscape in full view.

Although close to the village and the church, both were planted out by a

thick belt of evergreen trees, which extended to north and east,

sheltering the house and grounds from every adverse wind. The house

itself was very commodious, but unassuming. The south front had a large

projecting half-circle, with three windows in it and a window on each

side of the half-circle; this formed the drawing room below and my

uncle’s bedroom, and two dressing rooms above. To the right, looking at

the house, there was a wing with an open-arched passage leading to a

greenhouse and vinery, while above ran a suite of three rooms, each with

one good-sized window overlooking the garden. These were the three rooms

kept for the same number of young gentlemen who might be taken in for

preparation for the University—a number the doctor never exceeded. Of

these rooms I was at present the only occupant. They were built so as to

be shut off from all the rest of the house by a door on the landing,

leading into the corridor, from which a door communicated with the

doctor’s dressing room, and with each of the three rooms. At the end was

a water closet for general use. I have already mentioned the first of

these rooms had a second door of communication with the doctor’s

dressing room, and this was appropriated to me. Below these rooms, but

looking north, and communicating with the village by a covered way and

having a playground into which it looked, was the schoolroom, taking up

about half the space of the rooms above. Beyond the covered way to the

village was a quiet garden square, into which the doctor’s study looked.

This study was separated by a passage from the schoolroom, and had

double baize doors both on the house and schoolroom sides. It was in

fact the doctor’s sanctum sanctorum, of which more will be told in the

sequel. In this manner the schoolroom part of the house was quite shut

off from the rest, and was nowhere overlooked. To return to the

habitable part. The west front contained a small library, opening from

the drawing room, and beyond a comfortable dining room, communicating

with the kitchen and offices, which overlooked the courtyard of the

entrance to the house, above these were the domestics’ bedrooms, &c. The

entrance was from the north into a handsome entrance-hall, with a good

broad staircase leading to the upper landing, which, turning westward,

led to three extra bedrooms above the library and dining room. It was

thus a very convenient house and well-adapted for a clergyman adding

scholastic duties to his other ministrations. I forgot to say that the

first bedroom, in the west wing, had a door of communication with my

aunt’s dressing room, which I afterwards found had often served for

amorous propensities by making it the bedroom of some favoured lover.

The grounds were charmingly laid out with a profusion of flowers. There

was a perfectly shaded walk in the east shrubbery leading from the

greenhouse down to a most charming summer house overlooking the very

finest prospect, and perfectly secure from all observation. It was

furnished very appropriately for amorous purposes, the couches being

low, broad, and with patent spring-cushions. In the sequel it was the

scene of many a bout of lubricity. My aunt took me through all that I

have described. When we arrived at the summer house, I could see that it

was with difficulty she restrained her great desire to possess me; I

would most willingly have rushed into her longing arms, and fucked her

to her heart’s content, but prudence withheld. I had undertaken to act a

part, and must go through with it. No doubt aunt was withheld by a

similar motive. She and the doctor had resolved that nothing to alarm my

modesty—heaven save the mark!—was to be attempted till the next morning.

So with a deep sigh she led me away from the summer house into the

village, where we met the doctor, and returned to luncheon. After

luncheon the doctor took me for a walk again through the picturesque

village along the ridge of hills, to enjoy the beautiful views of Leeds

Castle, the doctor giving me very many interesting historical details

connected with it. After a most pleasant and lengthened walk we returned

in time to dress for dinner. I found that one of the rules of the house

was that no matter, whether alone or with company the doctor invariably

insisted on regular evening costume at dinner-time. This has many

advantages. In the first place it gives at least half an hour’s

occupation, an object in itself worth something to persons living in the

country, and then it gives a \_cachet\_ or rather \_chic\_ to your dinner

party, however small it may be, and is in itself a certain amount of

restraint on excessive exuberance of spirits, and thus may be considered

as a disciplinary element of education tending to keep up that reserve

and self-restraint characteristic of Englishmen.

Beyond a marked attention to me in every way, our dinner and evening

passed without anything worthy of record. I was evidently high in their

favour, probably for the reason that both began to have great hopes that

I would serve their purpose in every way. We retired early to rest, and

I thus obtained three nights of uninterrupted rest, recruiting me after

all the excesses I had indulged in before quitting home. It was so far

fortunate, that I was thus ready to satisfy the strong passions of my

aunt, who was insatiable when once her lust was let loose. I awoke

earlier than on the previous morning, and shortly afterwards, hearing a

movement in the doctor’s dressing room, I feigned sleep. It was as I

expected, the doctor coming to me in company with my aunt. They

approached my bedside. I had laid myself on my back purposely to allow

the thin summer-covering to be lifted up and bulged out by my

stiff-standing pego. I heard the doctor whisper to aunt, to draw her

attention to it. She gently slipped her hand under the clothes, and

grasped it in her soft fat fingers, upon which it throbbed so violently

that I thought it politic to waken at once. My aunt was not at all put

out, but held it still in her hand with a gentle pressure. She said—

“My dear nephew, your uncle has brought me to see if I cannot relieve

the extreme hardness and pain you feel in this immense thing of yours.

Let me see it.”

She now threw off the coverlet, and brought to light my large prick in

all the glory of the stiffest stand.

“My word! what a monster!” she cried.

Her eyes sparkled, and her face flushed as the sight met her full gaze.

The doctor approached, and also handled it with evident delight.

“My dear, will you be able to put it into your natural warm bath? It is

so very large!”

“Oh! I have not the slightest doubt but that I shall be able to soothe

and deliver it of all pain—poor fellow, how it throbs! Does it hurt

much, dear Charles?”

“Oh, yes; your hand seems to make it even harder than before, but, at

the same time makes me feel so very queer, as if I were going to faint.

Do relieve me, dear auntie, the doctor says you can if you like.”

“I will do so, certainly, my dear boy; but the method is a great secret,

known only to your uncle and myself; and you must assure me you will

never mention it to anyone, or tell how I cured you. It is only my

strong affection for you that makes me anxious to do anything I can to

relieve you. Do you promise to be discreet?”

“My dear aunt, you may be sure I shall be too much obliged to you ever

to think of revealing your great kindness. Do, pray, do it at once; I

feel so queer, and I am bursting with pain.”

“Well, then, make room for me beside you, and I shall lie down; the

doctor will cover us up, and I shall soon reduce the stiffness.”

She got into bed, lay down on her back, pulled the sheet over us, laying

bare her splendid belly, and, at the same time, opening her magnificent

limbs and desiring me to get upon her, telling me she had a sheath in

her body, which, when my hard doodle was put within, would soon relieve

it of its stiffness. I got awkwardly upon her. She seized my standing

prick, and placing its knob between the already very moist lips, told me

to push it in as far as it would go. It glided into its delicious sheath

up to the cod piece in a moment.

“Oh, heavens!” I cried, “how nice! Dear, dear, auntie, what shall I do

now, I feel as if I were going to die.”

My apparent innocence seemed to add to her pleasure. She threw the sheet

that covered us on one side, and with arms and legs clasped round my

body, begged me to move my bottom up and down, so as to make my doodle

go in and out. I followed her directions, and she seconded me with rare

art, squeezing my instrument with wonderful pressures as I withdrew and

she retired, to meet again the up and down shock with the most

lascivious delight. I felt the hand of the doctor embracing my testicles

and gently pressing them. I became aware that the crisis was

approaching, and shoved home with a cry of rapture, but remembering my

part, I exclaimed—

“Oh, I am dying, dear aunt; oh! oh! stop! stop! I—can’t—can’t—bear it.”

I sank away, but could hear aunt murmuring—

“Dear, darling, delicious boy, I never had such a glorious prick in me,

or a better fuck before. I fear the dear child has fainted from the

excess of pleasure, and the newness of the sensation, but his glorious

prick still throbs deliciously within me—only feel its root, doctor, how

stiff it is.”

I felt the doctor grasping it, making it throb violently as he did so.

“The dear boy is as stiff as ever. You will get another fuck out of him

the moment he comes to himself. I am glad of that, for it is delightful

to see you at it, especially with so splendid a prick operating upon

you—it is the greatest treat you have ever given me in that way.”

“I don’t wonder at that, my dear, for I never met with such a fine prick

in my life before, and little thought my nephew could have had such a

splendid one in his trousers when we first saw him. Oh, I am lewder than

ever, and am spen—spen—spending. Oh!—oh!”

And she poured down another copious hot flow on my enraptured prick. I

let her revel in the ecstasies of her second lascivious discharge until

I found that her libidinous passions were again excited and longing for

more active operations. I pretended not to know where I was, and began a

faltering—

“Oh, where am I? What has happened? I have been in paradise!”

Lifting up my head, I apparently recognised aunt in surprise—

“Oh, dear; how came I here? Oh, remember, auntie, you promised to

relieve my hardness, and it seemed so nice, but I feel it is harder than

ever; you will try and relieve me again, won’t you, dear auntie?”

“Certainly, my dear nephew, you must do as you did at first, move in and

out, and I shall second you; and perhaps we shall succeed this time

better than before.”

Of course, I was less gauche, and she more energetic. I felt the doctor

insert a moistened finger up my fundament, and move it in unison with

our thrusts. Aunt cried out to me to go on faster and faster, and we

soon came to the grand crisis, dying away together in sobs and sighs of

delighted enjoyment. I again sank on her noble panting bosom, really

overcome with the rapture-giving delights of that most delicious cunt.

On lifting my love-humid eyes to the face of my aunt, she seized my head

in both hands, and drew my lips to her in a long, long kiss of satisfied

lust, and thrust her tongue into my mouth, which I immediately sucked.

She then begged me to give her mine. After tongueing together for a

minute or two she asked if my doodle was in less pain, and if its

hardness was reduced.

“A little, dear auntie, but I feel it is getting hard again—you must try

once more, if you please—oh! it is so nice!”

And my prick throbbed up and stiffened to prove the truth of my words.

But the doctor here interrupted us by saying that he must have his own

stiffness reduced, at the same time presenting his really fine prick at

full stand before our faces.

“You must get up, my dear boy, and your aunt will allay your new

hardness in another way, in which she will be able to relieve both our

hardnesses together.”

Reluctantly I rose, withdrawing my reeking prick at more than half

stand. Looking down as I rose on the truly large and magnificent foaming

gash from which I had just withdrawn, I cried—

“Oh, dear aunt, what a wonderful sight it is; I must kiss it for the

efforts it has made to relieve me.”

I threw my head down upon it, kissed it, licked its wide open lips all

foaming with fuck as they were, thrusting my tongue in as far as it

would go. This evidently gave aunt great delight. But the doctor drew me

off, told me to lie down on my back, and made aunt straddle over me. She

took hold of my now completely standing prick, bent it back, and

directing it aright, sank upon it until her ample bush of hair lay

crushed on mine. She rose up and down two or three times in a slow

delicious movement, and then bending forward, glued her lips to mine

while I threw my arms round her glorious body.

I could feel the doctor getting up between my legs on his knees, and

then felt his prick was rubbing against the lips of the cunt fully

distended round my large pego, doubtless for the purpose of lubricating

it before thrusting it into aunt’s magnificent backside. I felt the

rubbing of his prick against mine through the thin partition, as he

glided slowly up into her entrails. We then began our joint movements,

but aunt beat us both, and spent twice before joining in our final

finish, which was ushered in by loud cries of delight from all three as

the death-like ecstasy seized us, and we sank in that half unconscious

state of supreme bliss. It was some time before any of us spoke a word.

The doctor rose first, and without drawing his prick from the delicious

orifice in which it had been engulphed, showed by the way it hung down

its pendant head, that aunt had at all events allayed its stiffness. He

desired aunt to rise also, but I felt by her throbbing cunt, and the

pressure she put on my prick, as she rose from it, so that it came out

with a loud flop, that she would fain once more have done me the service

of allaying any stiffness that might re-arise. However, it was much

limper than before, although still of a goodly thickness. When she got

on her legs, she stooped forward, kissed it, took it in her mouth, and

most lovingly sucked it, saying how delighted she would be to relieve me

whenever it was troublesome. They begged me to get up and dress, and we

should meet at breakfast. They then withdrew, to complete their own

toilets. I lay for some minutes in the dreamy delight of thinking over

the delicious event that had just taken place, and amused at the last

remark of my aunt, which seemed to infer that she thought I was innocent

of the real meaning of the performances that had just taken place. I

determined to act as if it were so.

We met at breakfast, aunt kissed me most lovingly. I thanked her for her

great kindness in relieving me from pain in so delicious a manner, and

told her I could not help loving her more than I had ever loved anyone

before, and said I hoped she would kindly relieve me every morning, for

I always suffered at that time from the painful hardness, though I

should never be sorry for that, as long as she would so kindly allay it.

I put my hands quite in a childish way on each cheek, and held up my

mouth for a kiss, which was given to me in the lewdest way. She called

me her dear boy, and told me that she would always help me as she had

done that morning, as long as she found I was discreet, and never told

how she did so. You may be sure that my promises were most earnestly

reiterated. So we kissed again, and sat down to an excellent breakfast

with sharpened appetites from our early exercise, and did full justice

to the viands set before us. The doctor gave me a book of history, and

desired me to read for a couple of hours, and said that at luncheon we

would talk over the subject of my reading. I studied attentively for the

time prescribed, and then aunt came to ask me to walk in the grounds

with her. Insensibly or not, she led me to the summer house, and sat

down on a low ottoman. I sat down beside her. She drew me to her, kissed

me, and clasped me to her bosom, murmuring terms of endearment, and

pressing me to her glorious bubbies. Of course, my unruly member fired

up at once. To prevent her imagining it was lasciviousness that prompted

me, I said—

“Oh, my dear aunt, I do so want to piddle, my doodle at once gets as

hard as wood if I at all restrain the inclination to do so, just feel

how stiff it has become; will you let me go and piddle?”

“My dear boy, I will go with you, and unbutton your trousers for you.”

We went among the trees. Her busy fingers undid my trousers, and helped

to bring forward my lordly cock in its glory. Fortunately, I did want to

piddle, and aunt held it up as I did so, her eyes sparkling with lust as

she handled it, and her face flushed with her excited passions. She

remarked what an astonishing size it was, gently rubbing it up and down.

Of course, it became more rampant than ever. Throwing my arms round her

stooping neck, I asked her if she could not again relieve the excessive

hardness and pain it was in.

“To be sure, my dear boy. Come here again into the summer house, where

we cannot be observed.”

We entered. She put a cushion on the floor for my knees, threw herself

on her back, and lifted all her petticoats well over her belly, exposing

her very hairy cunt, and its splendid pinky gash, already moist from her

excitement. I threw myself on my knees, and stooping down, said—

“I must kiss the dear reliever of my pains.”

I kissed and tongued, until my aunt begged me to raise my body, and come

upon her, that she might quickly put me out of pain. I rose, and slipped

my stiff member up to the hilt in her longing cunt almost taking away

her breath by the suddenness and completeness of the insertion. Her legs

and arms were round me in a moment, and at it we went hammer and tongs,

until we quickly spent with cries of delight, and sank in momentary

oblivion, soon to recover our full sensations, and dash again on

passion’s furious course, this time aunt pouring down her hot boiling

discharge before me, and again when she felt the torrent of my sperm

shooting up to the top of her womb. Our final crisis was even more

ecstatic than the first time, and we lay longer in the soft languor of

the after-sensations. The excessively voluptuous nature of her inward

pressures soon re-illuminated all my libidinous desires, and refired my

prick with renewed force. We soaked for a short time, each indulging in

the delicious inward throbbings, until our lust could stand no longer

such mere preliminary work, and stimulated anew, we rushed with

freshened passions into the fray. The fiery nature of my lustful aunt

paid down two tributes to Priapus to my one. This time our sensations

were so ecstatic in spending that we really lost all consciousness, and

lay for long locked in the closest embrace. I could feel that we were

both becoming re-excited, but my aunt begged me to rise, saying that was

enough for the present, the stiffness was allayed, and my weight was too

much for her to endure longer. I rose, but again buried my face in the

wide gash of that glorious cunt, and before rising completely, I licked

up the delicious foam, and even ventured to give, as it were, an

accidental lick to her little knob of a clitoris, for she was not much

distinguished in that way; she shivered with excitement, when I touched

it, and even pressed my head down upon it, when she felt the pleasure

pressure.

“My dear boy, what exquisite delight you give me! Continue for a little

to keep moving your tongue on that hard projection.”

I did so. Her splendid backside wriggled below in the fullest enjoyment.

She rapidly came to the ecstatic ending, nearly thrusting my whole face

into her vast orbit, and spurting out a very torrent of sperm, all over

my face and neck. She seized me by the shoulders to draw me up, that she

might kiss me. My prick had regained its full vigour, and could not fail

to slip in of itself into that most lascivious and gaping cunt when it

reached the entrance. My aunt started at such an unexpected result, but

was too much gratified to hesitate for an instant. Throwing legs and

arms around me, her supple loins were in immediate action. I myself was

equally in a state of wild lubricity, so that our course was even more

rapid than at first, and we both spent and sank together in the

delicious after-languor as soon as the ecstatic joy of the first rush of

the exquisite discharge was over. My aunt, who could not but be most

highly gratified, still kept up the appearance of relieving me, she

desired me to rise, and said we must go, as luncheon time was at hand.

“But, my darling nephew, you must yourself endeavour to keep down your

hardness, and not allow it to become stiff so often—you will injure me

with your violence.”

“Oh, my darling aunt, you give me relief with such exquisite pleasure

that my doodle seems to harden only for the purpose of your relieving

it—see how it is again bulging out of my trousers,” for she had buttoned

it up. She put her hand upon it, and squeezed it, but said, with a deep

sigh—

“Come along, come along, or I do not know what might happen.”

She drew me away, but by the manner in which she squeezed my arm, I

could feel she was herself still greatly excited. Her prudence alone

enabled her to resist further indulgence, as she seemed to think I was

still unaware of the real nature of our proceedings. We found the doctor

waiting for us at the luncheon table. He guessed by the flushed face of

my aunt the nature of our late employment, and asked if I had been again

troubled with my unnatural hardness.

“Yes, poor fellow,” said my aunt, “it appears that whenever he wants to

piddle, and cannot do so at once, it troubles him in that way, and I

have had some difficulty in allaying it. I succeeded at last, but I have

told my dear nephew that he must endeavour himself to restrain it in the

daytime, as it is not always in my power to relieve him.”

“Quite right, my love; my dear Charles, you must endeavour to follow the

wishes of your aunt.”

Of course I promised, and with such a look of innocence that I could see

they exchanged smiles at it. We sat down to luncheon. Afterwards the

doctor, seating himself by my side, began a conversation on the

historical subject I had been studying. Our conversation became really

very interesting. The doctor was a man of great erudition, and of varied

knowledge, and had a manner, special to himself, of making almost any

subject most interesting. Hours flew by, and it was only when aunt

entered about five o’clock, to take a cup of tea, as was her wont, that

we were aware how time had flown. The doctor praised my knowledge of

history, and the pertinency of the questions I had put to him, in a

manner highly flattering to me, and I could see that I had risen much in

his estimation, quite apart from any erotic influences. He proposed a

constitutional walk before dinner, and much interested me by his

instructive conversation during it. Our dinner was most agreeable. In

the drawing room aunt, a most admirable performer on the piano,

enchanted us with her skill and taste. The doctor challenged me to a

game at chess. He was, of course, far superior to me, but he praised my

style of play, saying I should become a great proficient with time and

practice. We retired, as usual, about half-past ten, the doctor seeing

me to my room, and promising to bring aunt in the morning to see if I

was still troubled with that painful hardness. I thanked him warmly, but

with much simplicity, as if quite unaware of the real nature of the

application of the remedy. He left me to my repose. The quiet nights of

sound sleep made my day efforts pass off without any exhaustion, and I

felt my erotic powers increasing in force.

I slept soundly, and so long that I was only awakened by the caressing

hand of my aunt on my stiff-standing pego. She had gently lifted off all

the coverings, and I lay quite exposed to eye and touch.

“Oh, my darling aunt! how kind of you to come this early to relieve that

troublesome thing.”

I held out my arms. She stooped down to kiss me. I clasped her to my

bosom. Our lips met, and our tongues darted fiery lust into our bodies.

She threw herself down by my side, I was onto her in a moment. The

doctor took hold of my pego, and guided it into the delicious orbit of

his wife. Dear aunt begged me to do as I did yesterday, if I wanted

relief. Our action became fast and furious. Her legs and arms wound

round me in loving pressures. Her active backside wriggled in delight.

The doctor had introduced first one finger, and then two, into my

fundament, and added greatly to the fury of my lust, so that I spent in

an agony of pleasure, as quickly as the fiery lust of my aunt produced

her hot and plentiful discharge. I sank on her charming bosom, panting

with the force and fury of our coition, but like all very fast fucking,

my virile member hardly flinched from his first vigour, and a very few

of aunt’s exquisitely delicious internal pressures sufficed to bring him

up to the fullest stiffness. We were about to plunge again with renewed

ardour into all love’s wildest excitement, but the doctor insisted upon

our first changing places, that he, too, might have his hardness

allayed. Our change of position was instantly accomplished, and dear

aunt, after impaling herself on my upright member, sank on my bosom and

was clasped in my longing arms. The doctor scrambled up behind her, and

lost no time in sheathing himself in her fine and beautiful bottom-hole,

and then we ran a double course of delight, dear aunt taking the lead as

usual, and deluging us with her hot and delicious discharges before we

were ready to pour into her a double dose of delight, which again made

her spend with fury and cries of rapturous enjoyment, in which we both

joined, and then sank in love’s exquisite inanimation. On recovering

ourselves the doctor withdrew, but I was already as stiff as before.

Aunt began a most effective and delicious movement above me, which soon

brought on another grand finale, and we died away in mutual delight. I

could feel that the doctor was gently handling my cods, both during and

after our last combat. When, by our mutual throbbings, he saw that we

were about to become fit to enter on another career, he begged his wife

to rise from off me. But the idea of losing her and her extra pressures

made my prick immediately resume an erect position, so that when she

rose from off it, it was shown in a completely standing state.

“What! again, Charles?” said the doctor. “Your member is sadly unruly.

My dear, you must again try to allay it, but put yourself this time on

your knees, and we shall see if that position be better adapted for the

purpose of relieving this immense object.”

He was gently and admiringly handling it all the time. His wife was

quite aware of his object, and, indeed, so was I. Our last bout had

helped to restiffen his prick, and although not yet quite rampant, it

was evident that when my bottom was in full view, and so placed as to be

got at with facility, it would be quite as stiff as necessary. When his

wife had knelt down, and by lowering her head had exposed all the

wondrous grandeur of the most superb backside that ever met my eyes, my

prick bounded with joy. The doctor still grasping it, and feeling it

throb so wildly, saw that his game was sure. He pointed out all the

beauty of aunt’s second orbit of love, and told me it was in that he had

allayed his own hardness, and as the other orifice had not succeeded in

quieting me, he recommended my entering within the narrow path of

ecstasy. I professed no surprise, but seemed to take it quite as a

matter of course in the simplest innocence of manner. Uncle continued to

handle my tool as I mounted on my knees behind aunt. Guiding the almost

bursting weapon into the delicious cunt in the first place, to be

lubricated there, and then telling me to withdraw it, he directed it to

the smaller orifice, and desired me to push gently and smoothly in. It

glided in slowly up to the meeting of my belly against the enormous

buttocks of that sublime backside. There I paused for a minute or two

within the throbbing sheath. Aunt had pushed her bottom well out, and by

the action of apparently voiding, had facilitated the entrance. She

winced once or twice, but on the whole, as she told me afterwards, took

in my enormous tool with less difficulty than she expected. After a few

slow movements, during with I caressed and devoured with admiration the

glorious orbs beneath my dearest gaze, uncle desired me to lean forward

and embrace my aunt’s splendid bosom. As soon as I did this, and began

slowly to thrust in and out of the delicious sheath in which I was so

rapturously engulphed, I felt uncle’s hands wandering over my buttocks,

followed by the introduction of two fingers into my anus. My throbbings

on them showed how much he pleased me. He asked if it added to the

pleasure I was enjoying.

“Oh, yes, dear uncle, immensely.”

“Then,” said he, “as I, too, am suffering from hardness, I shall try to

allay it in your bottom, as you are doing in my wife’s; don’t be afraid,

if I hurt you I shall stop.”

“Do just as you like, dear uncle, both you and aunt are so kind as to do

all you can to relieve my pain, and I should be very ungrateful if I did

not do all in my power to relieve you.”

“You are a darling boy, and I shall love you dearly.”

He knelt behind me, and spitting on his cock, presented it at my

bum-hole, and pressing gently forward, soon sheathed it to the utmost

depth. He did not hurt me at all, as I was too much used to be dildoed

there to have felt any difficulty of approach, but I deemed it politic

to beg him to be gentle from time to time, as if it were a virgin vale

he was entering. He fancied as much, and that was just as good. When

once he was fully within, after a few throbs, which were felt most

deliciously on his delighted prick, we proceeded to more active work.

Aunt, in the meantime, by more pressure on my prick, and by frigging her

own clitoris, which I was quite aware she was doing, had spent

profusely; and, as the case with all the mucous membranes of the body

which sympathise with the cunt’s discharge, her bottom-hole became quite

moist and deliciously heated. The doctor and I then went at it with

fiery force, and soon gave down nature’s tribute, and mutually poured a

flood of sperm up the entrails we were respectively belabouring.

We lay for some time after in all the luxury of soaking in the delicious

apertures. I fell to nothing, and reluctantly withdrew. I had again

become rampant, and keeping myself more erect, with a hand on either

immense hip, I devoured with greedy eyes all the glories beneath my

gaze. Fired by such a truly magnificent sight as these huge buttocks

were, when in an entire state of wriggle, I again spent with cries of

agonised delight, and in all the ecstasy of fully satiated lust, sank

almost insensible on the broad and beautiful back of my aunt, who

herself had spent several times, squealing like a rabbit, and eventually

falling flat on her belly overcome with exhausted lust, drawing me with

her still held a willing prisoner in her glorious and exquisite

bottom-hole. We lay entranced for some time, until the doctor, who,

during our last bout, had purified himself, told us we must now get up.

With difficulty I tore myself from out of that delicious sheath, and

rose with my cock at last pendant. The doctor congratulated me on the

success of the last move. His wife lay still panting with all the

delight of satisfied desire, and we had to help her up. She threw

herself into my arms, and hugged me close to her heaving bosom, kissed

me tenderly, and hoped she had relieved me of all pain. I was her own

darling boy, and she would always be truly happy in relieving me of that

inconvenience whenever it troubled me. I was internally amused at their

continuing to keep up this idea, but I humoured them, and appeared the

most innocent simpleton, notwithstanding all that had occurred. The day

passed much as the previous one. After two hours’ reading, aunt again

proposed a walk, which, of course, ended at the summer house, where

again a pressure of water brought on the painful hardness, which aunt

succeeded in allaying after four most exquisite bouts of love, varied by

a thoroughly good double gamahuche between the last two acts. Aunt must

have spent at least ten times, and appeared thoroughly contented, but

continued to attribute it to her gratification at having relieved me of

my painful hardness. Again I passed hours in instructive conversation

with my learned uncle and after a similar evening to the last, retired

at our usual hour.

Next morning I was awakened by uncle alone, who told me that my aunt was

somewhat poorly, and could not come.

“I am sorry it is so, for this little fellow is as hard as usual.”

“Oh, I am so sorry dear aunt is poorly, both on her account and my own.

What shall I do, dear uncle? It is so hard and painful.”

“Well, my dear boy, I must try to allay it myself. I love you too dearly

to leave you in this state. I am not so good at allaying this painful

attack as your aunt, but as you know you were successfully relieved in

her bottom, and I in yours, yesterday, we shall try today if I can

accommodate this huge fellow, of which I have some doubts. Take off your

nightshirt as I do mine, it will be more commodious.”

In an instant we were both stark naked. We threw ourselves into one

another’s arms and lovingly kissed each other. Our tongues met in a

delicious sucking—our hands took each a prick, and we had a most

exciting and loving embrace. The doctor then took my prick in his mouth,

sucked it a little, and well lubricated it with his saliva, spitting on

the lower part of the shaft and rubbing it round with his finger. He

then knelt, and presenting a really beautifully rounded bottom of the

fairest hue, he pushed it out, showing a light brown corrugated

bum-hole, most tempting to look at. He desired me to wet it with my

saliva. I stooped and applied my mouth and tongue to the appetising

morsel, and thrust my tongue in as far as it would go—to his evident

delight, leaving it well moistened. I then brought my prick to the

entrance; he shoved his backside well out, and acted as if he desired to

void himself. A firm but slow pressure quickly engulphed the knob. The

doctor desired me to rest a moment, and drop some spittle on the shaft.

Again it was firmly pushed forward, and gradually it won its way up, the

belly against the buttocks, without much flinching on the doctor’s part.

After resting a while, he desired me to bend forward and feel his cock

while I should move backwards and forwards in the sheath until I was

relieved. I had a most delicious fuck. The doctor’s bottom-hole was

quite hot internally. His pressures with the sphincter were exquisitely

delicious, and he had acquired the charming side wriggle so exquisite in

quim fucking. Of course this was an old letch of his, which his position

as schoolmaster had given him so many opportunities of indulging in, and

the still greater pleasure of initiating others in it. At this very

moment he was delighted with his delusion about me in that respect. Of

course I never undeceived him, and he had all the extra delight of the

idea. My younger and hotter passions had made me spend before he could;

so after indulging me in a delicious soak after the ecstasy of the

discharge, he drew my attention to the rigidity of his own member,

which, he said, I must now allow him to allay in turn.

“Of course, my dear uncle, I am too sensible of your great kindness in

relieving me to hesitate about giving you the same relief.”

I now withdrew. He rose for a mutual loving embrace, and then I stooped,

and taking his fine milk-white prick with its lovely vermilion knob into

my mouth, most deliciously sucked it, making my tongue tickle the

entrance to the urethra, to his infinite delight. He murmured out soft

terms of endearment; then getting exceedingly lewd, he begged me to

kneel down as he had done. He then kissed and gamahuched my bottom-hole,

making my prick stand and throb again with delight. Then spitting on his

prick he quickly sheathed it in my glowing backside. After pausing to

enjoy the exquisite pleasure of complete insertion, he stooped, and

passing a hand round my belly laid hold of my stiff-standing prick with

one hand, while he gently pressed the ballocks with the other. We then

proceeded to active measures. He soon made me spend, which I did with

loud cries of delight, giving him the most exquisite pleasure by the

pressures the act of spending made me exercise on his pleased prick. He

soon resumed his thrusts, and eventually we both spent together in the

most ecstatic joy. I sank forward on the bed, dragging the doctor with

me still imbedded in the rapture-giving aperture of my backside. We lay

long in all the enchantment of delight. At last he withdrew completely

reduced, but was surprised to see me still in a rampant state. When I

got up he took my prick in his hand, praised its noble proportions, and

again stooping, took it in his mouth, frigging the lower shaft with one

hand; he then introduced two fingers into my bottom-hole, continued his

suction and movement on my prick in unison with the working of his

fingers up my bum-hole, and in this manner quickly produced a delicious

discharge in his mouth. I had placed my hands mechanically on his head,

and I nearly choked him as I thrust my prick halfway down his throat as

I spent. He greedily swallowed every drop, and then rising, embraced me

lovingly, telling me I had given him the greatest treat in the world,

and he loved me dearly. After this he invited me into his dressing room,

and we both entered the bath together and mutually laved each other.

Then dressing we joined aunt at breakfast. She had not the least air

\_d’une malade\_, but with a sly smile hoped the doctor had proved as

efficient as herself.

“Oh, yes, my dear aunt, and I am so much obliged to both of you for your

solicitude to relieve the pain I suffer in the morning, but it seems to

me that it more frequently and more severely attacks me than ever. I

only hope I shall not tire out your kindness by such frequent appeals to

your aid.”

“Oh, my darling nephew, do not imagine anything of the sort. We are but

too happy to be of any service to you.”

This was accompanied with a knowing smile cast at each other, caused by

my apparent uncommon simplicity, but which they were evidently glad to

see. We sat down and enjoyed a capital breakfast.

The day passed quite as the two preceding ones. Aunt asked me to walk

with her, and as before ended by leading me to the summer house, where,

after relieving my distress symptoms, as she called them, three times,

and finding that the relief was still inefficacious, she proposed to try

if by adopting my uncle’s position she could not be more successful. So

kneeling on the low ottoman, and throwing her clothes over her back, she

exposed all the glories of that most splendid backside, and dazzled my

sight with its huge magnificence and ivory-like surface, perfectly

milk-white, the pureness of which was equally perceptible through the

rich light curly hair that spread bush-like between her legs, and

wandering beautifully upwards between the cheeks of the enormous orbs,

stole round the charming corrugated aperture that I was about to

penetrate, the rosy circle of which appeared all too small to admit my

very large virile member. I threw myself on my knees, and first licking

out the wide open lips of her wondrously fine cunt, and taking care to

pay my respects to the small knob of her indurated clitoris, I

transferred all my attention to the smaller and most charming orifice.

After kissing it most lovingly, I thrust my tongue in as far as it would

go, and rolled it about to her infinite delight, while with my left hand

below I kept pressing and frigging at her excited clitoris. She wriggled

her glorious backside in all the agonies of the delicious excitement

until she spent most profusely, actually hurting my tongue with the

tightness of the squeeze her sphincter muscle gave as she poured down

her plentiful discharge over my chin and neck. In her grand excitement,

and wild with the fury of her lust, she cried out—

“Oh! fuck me, my darling, and shove your glorious prick into my

bottom-hole. Oh! fuck—fuck—fuck me directly!”

Inwardly delighted at this natural outbreak of her passions, naming

matters by their more appropriate terms, I replied by acts, without any

words at the moment. It may well be imagined I was myself in the most

rampant fury of desire. So bringing my raging prick up to her

magnificently large cunt, all foaming as it was with her recent

discharge, I plunged with a furious bound up to the codpiece at once.

She met my forward lunge with a backward push and a cry of delighted

satisfaction. I moved a few times in and out, so that my prick was white

with the foam of her delicious cunt. Then suddenly withdrawing, I

presented it at the entrance of the more secret temple of Venus, and

more gently pushed it home, she helping me with outthrust buttocks and

outward straining of the entrance, so that I most charmingly glided

slowly into the glowing furnace that was awaiting with such lascivious

desire to engulph and devour my longed-for prick. For, as I have before

observed, my dear aunt was gluttonous of a bottom-fuck, after being so

fucked in cunt as I had already served her. It was so deliriously tight

and hot that I lay in the exquisite rapture of complete insertion for

some minutes. I had seen my aunt’s arm move in a manner to convince me

she was frigging her own clitoris, in fact, the movement of her hand

frigging herself was felt by my codpiece. I let her continue, until

finding by the involuntary wriggling of her bottom that she was about

again to spend, I aided her with my prick, and had hardly made many

moves before she poured down another tribute of lust, with a squeal of

delight, and with such pressure on my prick as nearly drove him at once

to a similar discharge. I did my best, and succeeded in not following

suit. My aunt was insatiable, and I was glad to let her spend as often

as possible, and I so managed matters that she spent again before

joining me in the final crisis, which seized us together, and we died

away in joyous cries of thoroughly, though but momentarily, satisfied

desire. I sank on that magnificent back, as the languor that follows the

ecstatic moment overtook me, but it was only for a short time. The

exquisite internal pressures that my amorous and glorious aunt was

exercising on my delighted prick were too exciting not to rapidly

produce a reaction; nonetheless rapidly that it was in such a delicious

retreat as the pleasure-giving aperture of that gloriously exciting

backside. I was lying down on her broad back, so passing one hand round

to her large but firm bubby, I took its nipple between my fingers. The

other hand sought the knob of her still stiff clitoris. I excited both

while making a very gentle move with my hardly fully standing prick. I

felt at once how this gratified her, indeed, she often afterwards

assured me that such frigging, with the movement of the softened prick

gently working within her, was most exciting, and almost better than

when it was in full force. I soon made her spend again. Another of her

delights was to have a stiff prick shove away into her the instant after

she had spent, when she herself was at the moment incapable of action on

her part. She in after-days proved that her greatest pleasure was to

have a fresh-standing prick near, to take the place of one that had made

her spend, and had spent itself, and have it thrust into her with all

the vigour and lust the sight of the previous fucking had inspired and

fired it with. At this moment, as I had not spent, it was the exact

counterpart her libidinous imagination could have desired. I fucked and

frigged on until we both gave down in cries of joy our united tribute to

Venus. We both sank this time down on the couch in utter forgetfulness

of all but the ecstatic bliss with which we were overcome. We long lay

soaking in all the delightful sensations my adorable aunt’s convulsive

clutchings of my prick with her delicious close pressures excited. At

last she begged me to withdraw, although she could feel me now

restiffening under the delights of that exquisite interior. I would

fain have recommenced.

“You must not, my dear boy, it is more than nature can support, and I

must consider your youth; you have delighted me even beyond previous

delights—rise then my love, and let me embrace, thank, and love you as I

shall always do.”

I rose, and we threw ourselves into each other’s arms, lovingly kissing

and tongueing each other. Aunt then buttoned me up, first kissing and

taking a mouthful of my prick for a moment between her lips, and then

putting him away, calling it “my pretty doodle.” I seized the

expression, and said—

“Dear aunt, you called it my prick just now, and begged me to fuck you,

and to shove it well into your cunt. Are these the real names for my

doodle and your Fanny, and what does “fuck” mean, my darling aunt? Do

tell me, dear auntie? and teach me the language I ought to use when you

are so kindly relieving me of the pains of my now so frequent hardness.

I don’t know whether you have observed it, dear auntie, but I never

enter this summer house with you, but it becomes painfully hard at once;

to be sure you give me such exquisite pleasure in relieving me that I

could wish to have constant hardnesses as long as you were near to calm

them. Is this natural, dear aunt, or a disease? Pray tell me, and teach

me all the endearing terms you so lavish upon me while I am reducing my

hardnesses.”

My apparent simplicity evidently pleased her. She probably thought, too,

that as I must sooner or later really thoroughly understand the nature

of our intercourse, it would be much better she should, as it were, make

a confidant of me, and attach me more securely to herself. She begged me

to be seated and she fully explained everything to me. Of course I was

even better acquainted than herself with all she communicated, but I

confirmed the idea she evidently entertained of her being my first

instructress by various naive remarks on all she was telling me. Of

course I proved an apt scholar, and by my close-put questions brought

out all her own knowledge, and left nothing for me to learn. At the end,

I said—

“Do all women have such a delightful sheath—cunt I mean—between their

legs as you have, dear aunt?”

“Yes, my darling; but you must never stray to others; you will find none

so fond of you, or I may add, without vanity, so capable of satisfying

this dear fellow; but come, I see it will be dangerous to allow him to

stay here longer.”

She rose, but I quickly unbuttoned and produced my prick in an almost

grander state than ever. I begged of her to let me have one more “fuck”

now that I knew what it all really meant. I put it into her hand. Her

own previous descriptive lesson had aroused her lasciviousness. She

fondly grasped it, and stooping down, kissed it, saying she could not

resist its eloquent look. Throwing herself back on the couch, with her

clothes up, her feet on the edge, and her legs apart, her glorious cunt

lay open in its moist magnificence. I threw myself on my knees and

gamahuched her until she spent: and now, knowing her greatest letch, I

instantly brought my bursting prick up to her foaming cunt, plunged in

and began a furious movement, accompanying it with all the most

endearing bawdy phrases she had just, as she thought, taught me.

“Oh, my most gloriously cunted aunt, do I fuck you? Wriggle your arse

faster—that’s it! Do you feel my prick up to the hilt in your delicious

cunt? Oh! what pleasure you do give me!”

She replied as broadly. Passing her hand down she pressed my cods, and

asked if thus squeezing my ballocks added to my pleasure.

“Oh, yes, my love, your cunt, your arse, your bubbies, are all

delicious. Oh, I never before knew there could be such additional

pleasure to our fucking as using these endearing words produce.”

We were both so excited by the bawdy terms we so profusely used that we

went off in the utmost excess of ecstasy, and died away thoroughly

satiated with our libidinous and most lasciviously delicious fuck. It

was time to finish. So sliding off her, I again buried my face in her

delicious gaping and foaming cunt, my mouth, lips, nose, and cheeks were

covered with sperm; she drew me to her lips and licked it all off. Then

repairing our disordered dress we returned to the house, and found the

doctor impatiently awaiting us. Our flushed and excited faces at once

showed that we had been indulging in the greatest excess. He joked aunt

upon her skill in allaying such frequent attacks as I now appeared

subject to.

Aunt informed him that she had inadvertently in her lust made use of

expressions which had betrayed so much to me that she had found it

necessary to leave me nothing more to learn, and I was now fully aware

of the true nature of our connection; after luncheon he himself might

further enlighten me, for she was certain that complete confidence would

be the best policy to pursue; it must come about, sooner or later, and

it was far better it should come from him than that I should learn it

elsewhere. He said she was quite right, and that he would further

instruct me after luncheon, so we set to work on the viands before us,

to which I did ample justice.

I was thus, as they supposed, newly initiated in the mysteries of the

coition of the sexes. I shall reserve further details of our more

intimate and expansive experiences for the third volume of this true

Romance of Lust, and still of Early Experiences.

END OF VOLUME II.

VOLUME III.

CONTENTS

Aunt Brownlow—Harry Dale—Mrs. Dale and Ellen—Mrs. D.—Ellen—Mrs. D., Dr.

Brownlow, and Harry

After the luncheon, which closed the last volume, a churchwarden

occupied uncle for about an hour. When he had left off, uncle proposed a

walk in the garden. I could see at once what this was meant to lead to,

as he almost immediately turned in the direction of the summer house.

When we got there he sat down on the couch, and begged me to sit beside

him. He opened the subject at once by saying—

“My dear Charlie, I am very much pleased that your aunt has opened your

eyes to the real nature of our actions with you, which your simple

innocence had imagined to be a mere kindly relief to the overgorged

vessels of your virile member. Accident might have made you acquainted

with this through some less interested channel, and you might have

innocently betrayed your future position. I believe you to possess a

large fund of good sense and discretion, and the advice I shall give you

as to the conduct to pursue in future will not only be received with

confidence as meant for your future good, but listened to attentively

and acted upon. The world, my dear boy, and by that I mean Society in

general, condemns the practices we have lately been indulging in with

you. Their narrow prejudices ignore the fact that nature alone prompts

to these delightful acts, and that the great God of nature gifted us

with the powers necessary for their performance. But, as the world has

chosen to brand them with its censure, men of prudence, like myself,

whilst apparently conforming outwardly to such stupid prejudices, know

how in secret to fully enjoy them. I am blessed in your darling aunt

with a wife who fully understands and humours my desires. She is rarely

splendid in the glorious beauties of her body, and in temperament hot as

the most erotic of our sex could desire. Even in your ignorance you must

have felt the wonderful power of conferring carnal ecstatic pleasure she

possesses, and have heard how, in the energy of her passion, she allowed

her lust to betray her into the use of grossly bawdy terms, but which,

as they have enlightened you when best prepared to receive such

knowledge, is rather fortunate than otherwise. I speak thus frankly to

you, my dear boy, because I have found you of a rare facility in giving

and receiving erotic pleasures, and of a temperament worthy of the

descent from the same stock as your aunt. You are worthy of each other,

and formed to enjoy to the utmost each other’s carnal delights, and I

bless my happy star that has brought you both under my own roof.

Henceforth there must be no secrets between us. It was at my earnest

wish that your aunt relieved you; and, of course I had my own object in

view. In the first place I require some extra excitement to be able

myself to indulge in these delightful combats in love’s domain. You and

your aunt’s copulations were to me more exciting than you can imagine.

You will have observed, too, what is the real quarter to which, when

excited, I pay my devoirs. Glorious as is the backside of your

incomparable aunt, your young charms, virgin in that respect, excited me

still more. I began by gentle touches, and then tried the insertion of

my finger, when I saw you were far too busy operating within the orbit

of your lustful and lusty aunt to observe or even feel what I was doing.

I found a facility about your bottom as perfect for enjoyment as your

truly magnificent prick or cock was fitted for operating in its way. It

was then I suggested to your aunt to mount upon you, and afterwards made

you aware that your aunt possessed another aperture which could equally

well allay what you then looked upon as a source of pain. My object was

to lead you to the same point. Your innocent docility lent itself with

easy simplicity to all my desires. I saw that you entered readily into

your aunt’s glorious bum-hole, and allowed me to work with two fingers

in your own. Finding that it rather gave you pleasure than otherwise, I

proposed to abate my own stiffness in your bottom. Your affectionate

docility enabled me to obtain unfailing ecstasy. Your after-fucking of

me, while I was in my wife’s bottom, conferred the utmost erotic bliss

upon me, as you have experienced when operating and being operated upon.

These—these are the moments of a felicity your stupid prejudiced

worldlings know nothing of; and these are the pleasures which, now that

we have initiated you into all their secret mysteries, we will enjoy to

the utmost. To the true votaries of these love orgies grossness of

language is a stimulant to passion.

Fuck-frig—bugger—cunt—prick—ballocks—bubbies—arse-hole—are all sacred

words only to be pronounced when in the exercise of love’s mysteries. At

all other times a guarded decency of word, act, and gesture is

imperative, as enhancing the delight of an unbridled vocabulary in the

voluptuary of raging lust. I shall from time to time inculcate sage

precepts on this point—enough for the present. Let us now indulge in

mutual embraces.”

So ending, he took me in his arms and glued his lips to mine. Our

tongues met. Both our hands wandered, his on my prick, which immediately

responded to the touch, my hand was placed on his prick, but which was

only at half-cock. I rapidly unbuttoned, and brought it forth, then

stooping I took it in my mouth, and sucked it and fingered the root with

my hand. Then passing my other hand below, I sought to penetrate with my

finger into the interior of his fundament. He rose to a standing

position to enable me to enter his anus more easily. His prick quickly

standing fiercely showed how much I excited him. I ceased not until he

was in an agony of pleasure—forcing my head down on his prick until it

entered almost completely into my mouth, and shooting his sperm right

down my throat. I continued to suck and frig him until I produced

somewhat of a restiffening of his prick. He begged me to rise, that he

might take mine in his mouth, desiring me at the same time to take off

my trousers and lie down on the couch. I did so. He knelt at my side,

and first handling and examining it with loudly expressed admiration of

my noble weapon, he took its head in his mouth, and then with his hand

on its lower shaft, and finger up my fundament, brought on a similar

crisis as that I had produced on himself. He just as greedily swallowed

all. I had allowed my hand to fall down by the side of the couch, where

it encountered his prick, which had resumed its pristine vigour.

“Come my dear uncle,” said I, “and let us put it into its favourite

corner.”

I rose, and kneeling, turned my backside full in his face. He stooped,

caressed, kissed, and tongued the rosy orifice. With the plentiful

saliva with which the operation of sucking my prick had filled his

mouth, he moistened my bum-hole and his own prick, and then easily

glided up to the hilt within my delighted backside. Resting for a while

in all the ecstasies of insertion, which I heightened by my internal

pressures, he seized my prick which had stood again at once at the

pleasing sensation occasioned by the introduction of his prick in my

bottom. Thus frigging my prick and fucking my arse, with occasional

pauses to lengthen out our pleasures, he at last brought matters to a

most exquisite termination, and died away in cries of joy as we poured

forth a mutual torrent of sperm. Uncle continued soaking in all the

blissful after-sensations, which I did everything in my power to enhance

by the delight-giving pressures of my sphincter muscle. When he withdrew

and rose to his legs, he helped me up, and drew me to his bosom, and we

had a long kiss of gratified desire, tongueing each other the while, and

handling our ballocks with mutual gratification. My uncle was profuse in

his praises of my docility and aptitude, declaring that his pederastic

enjoyment of my person excelled all he had ever experienced in his long

practice of the habit, and my delicious sideways wriggle was superior to

the very fine bum-fucking his adorable wife had the art of giving him:

then there was the further excitement of handling the very finest prick

he had ever met with.

“It is no flattery to you, my dear Charles,” he said, “but mere justice

to its superb dimensions and admirable power.”

Here he stopped, and sucked anew its reeking head, getting a few more

drops out. We then purified ourselves—a basin with water was kept in a

small cupboard purposely for such occasion, for I afterwards learned the

place had been the scene of innumerable contests of the same kind with

aunt and other boys. Having readjusted our disordered habiliments, we

left the grounds, and took a long quiet walk in the fields; the good

doctor inculcating admirable advice to me, whom he considered an

innocent tyro in love’s ways. Nevertheless, all he taught me only

strengthened my high opinion of the wisdom of dear Mrs. Benson, and the

adorable Frankland, whose opinion of what was likely to happen to me at

the rectory had been so quickly realised. We returned in time to dress

for dinner. The evening passed as the previous ones. I was conducted to

my room, and left alone to recruit my forces by a quiet night’s rest. I

may here incidentally mention that it was a rule of uncle and aunt, very

rarely departed from, to send their favourites to their lonely couches

as a means of restoring their powers, and reinvigorating them for

daylight encounters—both the dear creatures loving to have the fullest

daylight on all the charms of their participants in pleasure, at the

same time yielding an equally undisguised inspection of their own. This

was their principle reason, but they also considered it advisable as a

restorative, and a useful precaution not to overstrain the energies of

the youths they both so much enjoyed. My late experiences at home had

already taught me the advantage and utility of a quiet night’s rest

after frequent contests in the fields of Venus and Juno.

I slept on this occasion with a deep and continuous slumber, until I was

awakened by my uncle, who came to summon me to the arms of his wife,

who, in the splendour of her full-blown charms awaited me in her own

bed, naked as the day she was born. Her arms outstretched, she invited

me to the full enjoyment of her glorious person. The doctor drew my

nightshirt over my head, and in a moment I was locked in the close

embrace of that superb creature. We were both too hot to wait for

further preliminaries, but went at it in furious haste, and rapidly paid

our first tribute to the god of love. The doctor had acted postillion to

both of us, with a finger up each anus. The exquisite pressures of my

aunt’s cunt reinvigorated me almost without a pause, and we proceeded at

once to run a second course. Uncle got three fingers into her divine

bottom-hole, as her legs were thrown over my waist, and her immense

buttocks well thrown up enabled him to have full play between the cheeks

of her backside. This double operation made the dear lascivious creature

spend again in a very few movements, and giving her hardly time to

finish her discharge, I fucked on with double force, and with prick as

hard as wood, as fast I could work. This furious onset, which was the

most exciting thing she knew of, rapidly caused a third discharge. To

prevent my own prick from spending too quickly, I held somewhat back;

then again we went at it fast and furious, and the dear lustful

creature, with cries of joy, spent again with me, and fainted from

excess of pleasure; but her glorious cunt continued to throb on my

delighted prick, as if it would nip it off by the roots. I never met

with so lusciously large a cunt, or one with a greater power of

pressure. She could quite hold even an exhausted prick a complete

prisoner in these most delicious and velvety folds. Great as was the

power of Miss Frankland’s cunt in that way, aunt beat her. I may here

mention an occurrence that took place some time after this period. It

was during a rare opportunity from an accidental absence of the doctor,

when I was sleeping with my gloriously beautiful aunt. I had fucked her

to her heart’s content before we slept, and again on waking, in full

daylight, after which we rose to relieve our natural wants. I laid

myself down on the floor, that I might completely see my dear aunt

piddle from her splendid cunt. It was a glorious sight, which instantly

fired my passions and was at once followed by a fuck on the floor, my

aunt’s enormous backside being quite cushion enough, and we enjoyed the

novelty of the thing amazingly. She was loud in her praises of my

indefatigable prick, which, with its vigour and superb dimensions, was

beyond all she had ever seen or felt, and just fitted her large and

luscious cunt, which had never before been so well filled. This remark

reminded me of a desire I had long had to have a thorough investigation

of that immense and splendid object. I expressed a wish to that effect.

“My darling boy, anything you like, you could not have a better

opportunity, my legs point to the window, so you have the fullest

sight—look, feel, frig, fuck, or bugger, all is at your free

disposition—only give me a pillow from the bed, as the floor is too hard

for me to continue so long as you are likely to be.”

I jumped up and gave her two pillows. Then laying her limbs wide open,

with knees bent, the magnificence of that luscious cunt lay in all its

grandeur before me. I have before described what a large, but splendidly

proportioned woman she was—small feet, and clear-run ankles, large, but

admirably turned calves, very small knees, above which rose the very

finest and fleshiest of thighs, worthy supporters of what I have already

described as the largest and finest backside my eyes ever lighted on.

Immense hips, and wonderfully and naturally small waist, above which

were her superb, large, fine, and firm bubbies that stood out when

naked, as hard and firm as those of the youngest of women; a charming

neck, and well-posed head with most pleasing and beautiful features

crowned the whole. Her arms were superb, and equal in proportion to her

other grand and splendid limbs. The flesh was of the most delicious

creamy white, without a spot or a blemish. The hair of the head,

plentiful in the extreme, and so long and thick that when undone it fell

all around her and below her superb buttocks, so that she could shake it

out all round, and completely hide her nakedness. Often and often has

she allowed me to pose her in every way, and shake it out all over her,

and well she might, for no matter how often I might have fucked her

previously, it was sure to produce at least three more encounters, one

of which was always in her backside, a most favourite way with her and

which she declared was by far the most pleasurable provided the other

aperture had been previously well fucked. With such a taste, of course,

her greatest pleasure was to have two pricks in her at once, the \_ne

plus ultra\_ of erotic satisfaction. To return to the inspection I was

about to describe, which was really the first at my full disposition,

for although I had often gamahuched, felt and seen the beautiful object,

it was when my passions were excited, and when the gratification of lust

alone prompted me, a state of mind opposed to close observation of

natural beauties. Now, repeated tributes to the god of lust had cooled

my ardour for the moment, and left me to the perfect enjoyment of the

sight before me, with the temper to inspect its full-blown beauties in

the minutest way. I have said before that my aunt had one of the

broadest, most prominent, and most beautiful mounts of Venus that I ever

saw. It was thickly covered with beautiful silky fair curls, which did

not hinder you from seeing her exquisite skin below. The sweep round, to

pass between her thighs, was bold and graceful. In the middle was a well

defined semi-circular depression, from whence the large, thick and

beautifully pouting lips of her cunt commenced, which in her present

position lay partially open. You could just see where the clitoris lay

snug. I have already observed that this was not largely developed, nor

were the inner labia of her cunt at all projecting, indeed, they were

not visible, unless her legs, with bent knees, were stretched apart, as

at present. On each side of these luscious pouting lips, and the long

immense pinky gash, was a triangle of considerable space, such, in fact,

as is only to be seen in a woman of the splendidly large proportions of

my aunt; this was covered as much as her mount with fair silky curls,

which ran down to her beautiful corrugated and rosy bottom-hole. Nothing

could be finer or more beautiful than the sight, as she thus lay fully

exposing every part in the broadest daylight. After handling and

admiring all, I laid the lips well back and apart, and there they kept

open. Nothing could be more charming than the interior of that most

enchanting cunt, of an exquisite salmon-pink in colour, nothing was out

of order. The clitoris, which bulged out in excitement from my touches

of all the parts around, lay first in the upper partition of the pouting

lips; then became below, slightly open, a charming entrance to the

urethra, larger than usual, to allow the mighty rush of waters to pour

from it when piddling; below this was the opening of the vagina, which I

parted with my fingers, and could see even to the corrugated sides of

that exquisite pleasure-giving sheath; then followed some sinuosity of

pinky flesh, whose duty it was to stretch to allow the largest prick to

penetrate. Half-an-inch beyond was the rosy orifice of her bottom. Such

was the exquisite scene before my delighted eyes. I proceeded with my

internal examination. Thrusting in three fingers of each hand, I forced

open by literal pressure the lips, until I could see to a depth of four

or five inches. It was a most beautiful sight. The sheath appeared to

have ribs running round it about half-an-inch apart, and I could see

they were the means of causing the exquisite pressures her cunt could so

ecstatically exercise. Indeed, excited by my \_attouchements\_, I could

see them contracting and relaxing. It was, doubtless, these ribs that

seemed to exercise a sort of peristaltic motion on the prick, when

reposing at full stand in that glorious cunt. I was able so widely to

open this splendid vagina that I thought I would try to get my hand

altogether in. Projecting my fingers forward, with the first and fourth

drawn under the middle ones and the thumb between, I pushed them

forward, and as the whole cunt was reeking with my last discharge, and

was well lubricated, I glided on; there was a little difficulty at the

knuckles, but I exerted a slight, gentle pressure, and in all went. Aunt

winced a little, and asked what I was doing. I told her.

“It is all in, my darling?”

“Yes, Auntie.”

She closed upon it, and squeezed it quite hard.

“Oh, how nice!” she exclaimed, “push it further in.”

I advanced, and could feel the end of her womb, which appeared like

three points to fingers and the thumb drawn together, and looked at

endways is something like what it felt—of course, without the nails.

Aunt asked me if I could double my fist where it was. I had no

difficulty, as the part yielded to the greater bulk. Aunt cried out—

“My darling boy, that is delicious; push it further in.”

I did so, and began working within her, backwards and forwards. She

wriggled her splendid backside in ecstasy, and before I had made a dozen

movements, poured down upon my hand and arm a torrent of almost boiling

liquid, and went off with a cry of enjoyment. Her arms and legs relaxed,

and she lay quite still in the utmost after-enjoyment, but with a

pressure on my arm and fist quite wonderful. Knowing how she liked the

movement to be continued at such a moment, I worked in and out slowly.

She soon recovered, and again seconded my movements, and again went off

in all the fury of lust, accompanied with shouts of excitement, urging

faster movements, and again went off in all the fury of her most

libidinous nature, and spent most profusely. All this had now brought me

into as furious a state as herself. I wanted to withdraw and substitute

my prick, not only from the state of excitement I was in, but also to

experience the effects of such a well-stretched cunt upon my

lesser-sized weapon. But so tight did my aunt hold my imprisoned hand

that I could not withdraw. I begged her to let it go, as I wanted to

fuck her instantly, but she prayed me to give her one more of such

exquisite manoeuvres, it was a joy beyond anything she had ever before

experienced, so she begged her darling boy to join. On I went as she

desired, and a more exciting picture of furious lust never met my sight.

I helped her final discharge by thrusting two fingers in her bum-hole.

Never shall I forget the grip she gave my arm and fingers when she

spent. It was positively painful, and showed the enormous force of

passionate lust. She went off in such a fury of excitement that I

thought she had fainted outright. But her pressures continued all the

time. It was long before she recovered her senses, and my arm was

aching, and my prick bursting. At last she exclaimed—

“Oh! where am I? I have been in paradise.”

“Dear aunt,” I cried, “do let me out. I am bursting to fuck you, and I

can’t get my arm out, if you don’t relax your grip of my wrist.”

“I can’t help it, my dear boy, it is involuntary, put your other hand on

my mount, and pull steadily, but not with a jerk.”

I did so, and really it required considerable force to withdraw it,

notwithstanding I had previously unclenched my hand. I jumped

immediately upon her, and at one bound plunged into that vast cavity, up

to the cods. It immediately closed upon me, and tight as she usually

held me, she really appeared to do so this time tighter than ever, so

wonderfully gifted was that longest, highest, and most luscious cunt I

ever fucked. You may easily imagine the rapid ending of such raging

lust. I spent with cries more like the braying of a donkey than any

other sound, and then lay like one dead on that glorious belly, with

head reposing between the firm and splendid bubbies, aunt clasping me to

her bosom, panting with all it had just granted. We lay long in ecstatic

trance of the delicious after-sensations. Our mutual internal throbbings

gradually re-excited all our passions. With renewed ardour I quickly

made my lascivious and libidinous aunt spend again on my delighted

prick, which kept ramming at her during the swoon-like pause which

spending produced; she had taught me this was exquisite delight to her.

She soon resumed the full swing of her lust, but suddenly stopping,

said—

“Charlie, my darling, withdraw, and shove it in behind.” She quickly

turned round, with great agility, prompted by the excess of her desires.

I was behind her in an instant, and as my prick was reeking with the

fuck she had just so plentifully bedewed it with, and the divine lower

orifice had also received its tricklings, I had no difficulty in pushing

firmly but not too forcibly right up to the meeting of her stupendous

buttocks and my belly. She sighed deeply with delight, when she felt me

fully imbedded, and began the delicious side wriggle, while I remained

for some minutes quiet, that I might enjoy the superb beauty of those

mighty orbs, in all their play of passion. Aunt grew furious with lust.

Her hand was actively frigging both clitoris and cunt. She called out to

me to shove on; two or three thrusts on my part, and the dear, lecherous

creature again poured down her nature. I paused to restrain my own

discharge, but made my prick throb within its most exquisite sheath,

which never ceased responding most deliriously. It was but for a minute

or two, when my own fierce passion drove me to very energetic action. My

delighted aunt seconded my movements, fast and furious grew our sport,

until, with cries of the wildest lust, we both spent deliciously

together. I sank on her glorious bottom and back, and by embracing her

superb bubbies with both hands, until her exquisite pressures again

renewed my forces, and drove me on to another delightful career, in

which again the hot lust of my aunt drew down from her several

discharges to my one. At last we sank both together, in all the joys of

fully satiated desire. Again I lay for some time on that broad and

beauteous back, until aunt said I must withdraw, as she had great

natural want. I instantly withdrew, out he came with a loud plop,

followed immediately by a tremendous succession of farts. Aunt professed

to be quite horrified, but I only burst into a loud fit of laughter and

told the dear creature to fart, piss, or shit, whenever she felt

inclined, I should only love her the better. She said she must at once

do the latter, and was running off to the water closet as soon as she

could hurry on some clothes. But I drew out the chamber, and begged her

to sit down there at once. It would give me pleasure and excite me as

well. She was too hard pressed to hesitate, so sitting down, she had a

“hell of a let-fly” as a military friend of mine used to say. I stooped

over her back, caressed her bubbies and when she turned up her delighted

face, our lips were glued together in a loving kiss, while my nose

sniffed the really delicious odour that came from her. When she had

done, she begged me to hand her a towel to wipe herself.

“No, no, my darling aunt, nothing of the sort; stoop down forward on to

your knees, and I will lick the delicious orifice clean with my tongue.”

She laughed, kissed me, and told me I was a darling boy, just after her

own heart, but hardly expected I had already acquired the tastes of my

uncle, the rector, whose letch lay in that practice. She let herself

down on her knees as her sublime arse raised itself from the pot, and

stooping her head low down, presented her immense buttocks before me,

with the chink between well-stretched open. I move the pot on one side,

threw myself on hands and knees, and eagerly kissing the exquisite

orifice, greedily licked it clean, and thrusting my tongue well within,

rolled it about, to the great delight of dear aunt, whose passions were

instantly aroused, and her divine backside began to wriggle. I shoved my

thumb up her cunt, and frigged until she spent. Meanwhile my own unruly

member had become distended to his full size, and was throbbing with

desire. So raising my body erect, I brought him again to the rosy

orifice I had just been tongueing, and to my aunt’s infinite delight,

again housed him as far as he could go, and again began active

operations, which I continued until aunt’s lasciviousness again made her

spend. I paused a little after this, or otherwise I should have gone off

myself. Stooping over the glorious bottom, I replaced her hand with my

own, and began frigging her clitoris, till her passions, again excited,

made her begin ecstatic movements, in which I joined until the grand

crisis seized us both together, ushered in with cries of joy. We spent,

and sank down sideways on the floor in quite a death swoon of ecstatic

and satisfied lust. Here we lay quite exhausted for some time. At last

aunt let me out, and begged me to rise.

“I must purify you, my darling boy, as you did me.” And seizing my limp

prick in her mouth she sucked it clean, until she began to feel symptoms

of the resurrection of the flesh. She hastily rose, and said—

“No, Charlie, you have done far too much tonight. I must see you to your

bed, that you may get at least a couple of hours sleep.”

She took up my nightshirt, threw it over me, led me to my bedroom,

tenderly embraced me, and thanked me for such a night of pleasure as she

had never in all her life enjoyed the equal. Then locking me in, she

retired to her own bed. It may well be supposed that after such

exertions, I slept the sleep of the just for many hours. My aunt had

frequently come to look at me, but seeing me in so sound a slumber,

would not have me disturbed—a politic proceeding, as it resulted in a

fuller indulgence in the summer house that day than would have happened

if my powers had not been restored by refreshing sleep.

This kind of life had been going on for nearly three weeks. The doctor

became less easy to move. One morning I had fucked my aunt twice; the

doctor’s prick at the end of the second had stiffened to about half

stand. I took it into my mouth, which, with handling his ballocks and

postillioning his bottom-hole, brought him up to the full standard. He

proposed to bugger aunt while I did the same kind office to himself. A

caprice seized me, and I proposed, on the contrary, that we should both

fuck aunt’s capacious cunt at once. Aunt, for form’s sake, cried out

against it, but the idea tickled the fancy of my uncle, who would not

only enjoy all the beauties of my aunt’s glorious backside in motion,

but could postillion her as well. So I lay down on my back, aunt mounted

me, and presented her splendid bum to the attack of her excited husband.

He first thrust his prick up to the hilt in her luscious and

well-bedewed cunt; when well lubricated, he withdrew, to allow me to

make my place in full possession, then bringing his stiff-standing prick

against the root of mine, pressing it well down, he gently shoved

forward, and gradually sheathed himself within the well-stretched and

capacious orbit of my aunt, who winced a little in pretended pain, but

who, by the grip she immediately gave to the double fuck within her,

showed how much gratified she was. After a pause of enjoyment, I gave

the signal for exact joint movements, both pulling out gently, and

sliding slowly in again. Two or three thrusts, aided by the doctor’s

finger in her bottom-hole, sufficed to make dear lecherous aunt spend

profusely. We increased our speed, but still not fast, which quickly

reawakened all aunt’s lust. Before we ourselves were ready, the dear

lascivious creature again poured down her nature, boiling hot, on our

delighted pricks. This produced such excitement upon us that we could no

longer restrain our own desire to come to the ecstatic conclusion. Our

movements became more rapid. We each felt the electric-like sensation of

the approaching crisis. Aunt doubly felt the influence of our increasing

speed and hardness, and was as ready as ourselves to pour down the

tribute to the goddess of love or lust, holy Mother Venus. The novelty,

the pressure, and the excess of pleasure declared itself in the loud

cries of the last crisis, as we all died away in the enrapturing

sensations produced by the intense satisfaction our desires had

experienced. We lay long wrapped in the after-ecstasy; aunt’s delicious

internal movements began again. The doctor’s prick had shrunk to a merry

piece of inanimate dough, and he withdrew, begging us at the same time

to change our position, and let him enjoy seeing me attack my aunt in

rear. This inflamed me at once. Aunt rolled from off me. I took my place

behind, and we ran a most delicious course, rendered much more excitable

to me by the introduction of uncle’s two fingers up my fundament, which

kept time with my action in the delicious aperture of my aunt’s most

superb and glorious backside, the movements of which beneath my

delighted gaze had not been the least stimulating part of the enjoyment.

The crisis was most ecstatic, and I sank exhausted on her broad buttocks

and beautiful back, to clasp her lovingly in my arms and sob out bawdy

terms of the warmest endearment. The doctor, who had very much enjoyed

the sight, but who pointed out the sadly downcast state of his prick,

which had been in no wise excited by the scene, said to his wife—

“My darling, we must have recourse to the grand remedy, I will also

initiate dear Charlie into a new mystery of love, of which he can have

no idea.”

I guessed at once what he meant, but professing extreme ignorance, I

begged him to tell me what it was. Aunt rose and said—

“My darling, your uncle requires his blood to be excited by flogging his

buttocks with a birch rod.”

“How odd,” said I, “I never felt anything but the severest pain when I

was flogged, and I took precious good care not to deserve it again. How

then can it excite?”

“You shall see, my dear.”

She opened her wardrobe and produced a formidable rod of fine fresh-cut

birch twigs. The doctor begged me to lie down on my back—he got over me,

and we commenced sucking each other’s pricks. Mine stood at once, as the

doctor, in addition to sucking, thrust a couple of fingers up my

bottom-hole, and frigged away as fast as he sucked. The doctor’s

buttocks were left at the mercy of aunt, who flogged away at them with

no gentle hand. I spent before the doctor could quite get his prick to

standing point, but the copious torrent I poured into his mouth, and his

after-suction on my prick, in addition to the red raw state of his

buttocks, at last brought him up to full stand. He wanted to put it into

me when ready, but aunt said that as flogger she had herself become

greatly excited, and must have it herself.

“While this dear prick,” throwing herself on it, and sucking it, “shall

fuck me at the same time.”

I was quite ready, and she straddled across me, and guided my now

longing prick into her luscious cunt. She soon stopped, and we tongued

each other while the doctor was mounting to the assault on her delicious

bottom-hole. As soon as he was housed, we began another charming course,

in which aunt, as usual, spent frequently before our less lecherous

natures were ready to join in one general and exquisite discharge. We

went off in furies of delighted lust, and then sank exhausted in the

delicious after-sensation. We long lay in the sweet inanition and luxury

of satiated lust. At last we disconnected ourselves, rose, and laved

each other with cold water, more as a restorative than as a

purification. Aunt and I had two bouts after—one in front and one

behind. The doctor would not allow a fresh application of the birch, as

he said it would only produce so great an exhaustion as would require

days to restore. I retired after this, but ever afterwards the doctor

was regularly birched before he could even copulate once. Sometimes he

required to flog my aunt’s glorious bum to excite his fading powers,

declaring that it was almost as exciting as being flogged. He even gave

it me gently, although I hardly ever required it, but I professed my

surprise at its efficiency.

The holidays were at an end, but I was as yet the only boarder. There

were, however, some twenty or thirty youths from the neighbourhood, who

were day scholars at the doctor’s school. Among these the doctor had his

pick in the flogging way, but he never allowed them to know anything of

our other proceedings, or to imagine that the birching which took place

was otherwise than as a punishment for faults or inattention. However, I

was generally the chosen companion of these whippings, in which I acted

as horse, or holder of the boy to be flogged. Of course I took good care

to expose as much as possible their lovely cocks, as well as their plump

bottoms, and as this excited me as well as the doctor, it often ended,

after the culprit was dismissed, in my flogging the doctor, followed by

a mutual rack off in each other’s bottoms.

There was one fine, plump, girlish-looking youth, named Dale, who was

here for the first half. He had not as yet been brought up for

punishment, although the doctor had confided to me the letch he had

taken to flog his fine fat bottom. One day, Master Dale brought a sealed

note from his widowed mother, who lived about a mile from the village,

in a charming cottage ornee. The doctor read the note. By chance I was

looking at him, and saw a smile of joy light up his features.

“Come here, Master Dale,” said he in a mild and gentle voice, “your

mother tells me that you have behaved in a most shameful manner to your

pretty young cousin, who is residing with your mamma.”

Master Dale blushed scarlet, for he was not aware until now that anyone

had been a witness to the scene that had taken place between him and his

pretty cousin.

This was what had passed. The cousin, a lovely girl of fifteen, was in a

secluded spot in the garden, near an arbour, the preceding afternoon.

She was bending down, tying up a flower close to the ground, which made

her stoop to such a degree that she could only reach it with ease by

having her legs wide apart. Her back was towards the walk by which young

Dale was advancing. As he approached unheard by her, he could not fail

to see peeping out between the stretched open expanse of snowy drawers

the inner part of her well-rounded globes of dimpled ivory. Her shift

had somehow worked upwards, and revealed all the charms of her delicate

young bum and plump white thighs. The sight inflamed the youth beyond

measure. He crept up noiselessly quite close to her, and, stooping down

until his head was below the level of her raised petticoat, he feasted

his eyes for some time with the lovely prospect before him, her little

virgin rosebud slit, its pink and pouting lips, plump little mount

already delicately shaded with a curly foliage that promised soon to be

much more dense, together with the swell of her lovely young thighs and

calves. All this was quite unsuspected by the object of his admiration,

who was absorbed in her garden operations. At length, however, the

excited youth could not resist the temptation of applying his soft warm

hand to the parts he was admiring, which made Miss scream slightly—she

thinking it was some insect up her petticoats—exclaiming—

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!”

But turning her head round, she discovered the delinquent.

“Forgive me, Ellen dear, but really you exposed so very pretty a sight

while stooping that upon my word I could not help it.”

Now girls are curious as well as boys, perhaps more so; and if the truth

must be told, Miss had for some time past longed for an opportunity to

become better acquainted with things in general, and, therefore, thought

here was a chance not to be thrown away. So, after some little show of

resistance on her part, for decency’s sake, it was agreed between them

that he should have a good look at \_hers\_, if he would afterwards show

her \_his\_. Miss Ellen had never seen a male “diddle,” as she and her

young playfellows called it, not even that of a boy, and she was all

excitement and expectation to feel with her own hand the “funny thing,”

for so a communicative servant-maid had described it, who at the same

time had fully explained the theory of its use, which made Miss long to

obtain some practical knowledge also. So to the arbour they both

adjourned. Miss Ellen first lay back upon the seat, while the young

rogue unfastened her drawers, and pulling them down, feasted his eyes

with a full view of her virgin charms as long as he pleased, for Miss

Ellen was a lecherous little maid, who really felt a precocious pleasure

in being thus exposed to the close observation and admiration of one of

the opposite sex, although for form’s sake she covered her blushing face

with her delicate little hands. He touched \_it\_, pressed \_it\_, rubbed

\_it\_ with his finger. Her thighs trembled and opened. Taught by nature,

he imprinted a burning kiss on the lovely little quim before him. She

sighed, and mechanically put her hand on his head and pressed it closer

to her naked skin. Guided by his feelings, he indulged in movements of

his lips and pressures which speedily excited the amorous little maid to

such an extent as to make her give down with a deep and trembling sigh

the first tribute of her virgin cunt. Feeling the warm liquid oozing

from the pouting orifice on his closely pressed lips, he could not help

tasting it with his tongue. This reawakened very quickly the

sensibilities of the lecherous little thing, and awoke her to the desire

to practise a like pleasure with his cock. So reminding him of his

promise, she made him stand up before her, while she undid his trousers

with her fairy fingers, all trembling with excitement, and drew out his

stiff affair, which already gave promise of a very respectable future,

now swollen to a size it had never before known. Delighted at the sight

of so bewitching a plaything, she made him lie down as she had done, and

kneeling beside him, with cheeks glowing with excitement, she closely

examined every part of the rampant little member. Strange to say, no

hand, hardly even its owner’s, had as yet invaded its virgin precincts,

and it had not yet had its ruby head fully uncovered, although he was

upwards of fifteen. The delight caused by the touch of her warm hand

pressing and encircling his stiffened cock was most exquisite. She was

not long, however, before she became curious to see what could possibly

be underneath the skin that covered its rounded head. In her toying she

sought to draw the skin back over the head, a slight cry of pain from

him caused her to stop. But when, be she young or be she old, is a

woman’s curiosity to be baulked. She had managed to draw it back a short

way, and now it suddenly occurred to her that by the help of a little

moisture her object might be accomplished without hurting the dear

fellow. By an impulse of passion she stooped and took the rosy head into

her delicious little mouth, closing her coral lips around it, and

lubricating it with her tongue, to the intense gratification of the

youth, who involuntarily wriggled his body about voluptuously, and could

not help raising it up to her mouth. This movement, combined with the

pressure of the lips, perfectly succeeded, without further pain, in

completely unhooding the charming little cock she was so deliciously

embracing in the soft folds of her lips. She lifted up her head to see

the result. The tight foreskin had closed below the nut, and left the

now fiery red head bursting with excitement, and visibly throbbing with

intensity of passion. Her joy and delight at this full revelation of the

“funny thing,” as she continued to call it, now knew no bounds. She

drove him nearly frantic with her ardent caresses—she again drew the

covering over the vermilion head, and still finding that it did not

easily return again, she thrust her head down upon it, and with lips,

mouth, and tongue began again her attempt to unhood it. Poor Dale was

brought up to the wildest state of excitement, his hands involuntarily

pressed down her head, his body rose to meet it, and at that ravishing

instant the grand crisis seized him, and, with a cry of delight, he shot

forth his first tribute to Venus within the delicious mouth in which he

was enclosed. The ecstatic gush poured down the throat of the dear girl,

and she gulped it all down by the mere effort to avoid choking. Poor

Dale’s hands fell down insensibly from her head, which she instantly

withdrew, and gazed on the youth. To her great surprise she beheld the

so lately rampant weapon drooping its head and withdrawing within its

shell, while some few drops of a milky white creamy like liquid were

slowly oozing from the small orifice of its head. While she gazed it

reduced itself to a mere shadow of its former state, and the foreskin

slowly covered again the so lately fiery and bursting head. She was lost

in wonder, and was about to express her surprise at the strangeness of

the whole affair, but they now became aware that footsteps were

approaching. Fortunately for them, as they thought, the noise of the

gravel underfoot was distinguishable at such a distance that they had

time to arrange their clothes, and when Dale’s mother appeared at the

arbour, she found them, on entering, quietly seated and talking

together; and thanks to the youth’s discharge in his cousin’s sweet

mouth, without any tell-tale flushings of his face. Little did they

suspect she had already seen all.

This then was Master Dale’s misconduct, and this it was that had been

fully and minutely detailed in the note sent by this mother to the

doctor, with a request that he should punish him well in whatever way he

should think proper. The note further begged to know the terms for his

becoming a boarder with the doctor, as she could no longer have him

residing in her house with her orphan niece, whose guardian she was. You

may easily imagine the double delight of the doctor. Another boarder, a

point of some consequence to him after a previous scandal which,

although hushed up, had deprived him of house pupils; and now with two,

he foresaw a quick return to his full number; and then his delight at

having to flog young Dale, and the erotic pleasure of drawing from him

the exciting description of their young loves and voluptuous actions.

“Now Master Dale,” said the doctor, “you and I have an account to

settle, follow me.”

And without a word further he led him into his private room, where, as

was generally understood in the school, he birched the worst offenders.

Arrived in the room alone with the young culprit, he locked the door,

and taking a large cutting birch rod from a closet, sat down on a sofa.

He called the youth to him and told him to unbutton and let down his

trousers, and tuck up his shirt well under his waistcoat. This being

done, the doctor said—

“Now, Master Dale, we shall see if this birch will cool your itching for

feeling your pretty cousin’s private parts.”

Poor Dale had never yet been punished more severely than by the hand of

his mamma, and certainly trembled at the sight of the formidable birch

rod threatening his now bare bottom; yet, notwithstanding his fears, the

allusion to the pretty private parts of his cousin so fired his

imagination that his cock instantly stiffened and stood out, to the

infinite delight of the doctor, who augured therefrom a future further

felicity. Keeping him standing close beside him, and enjoying the sight

of his youthful charms so deliciously exposed immediately before his

eyes, he proceeded—

“So, Master Dale, you have, it seems, been gratifying yourself with

looking and feeling between the legs and thighs of a pretty young girl

of fifteen, your cousin, is she not?”

“Yes, sir,” sobbed out the youth.

The doctor’s gaze was fixed upon the stiff and rampant member of the

youth, watching the throbbings produced by every allusion to the

luscious scene of the day before.

“Now, come, tell me all about it,” said he, putting his arm round the

sobbing boy’s waist, and making him stand still closer beside him. “Was

she such a very pretty girl?”

Another throb of the rampant member.

“Yes, sir.”

“And you saw all her legs, thighs, plump little bottom, rosy pouting

little \_slit\_”—(\_throb\_—\_throb\_—\_throb\_)—“moist with the dew of

excitement and amorous play eh?”

The little machine seemed ready to burst at the thought of it.

“And did it have the same effect as I see it now has on \_this?\_ Dear me,

how naughty it is.”

And here the lecherous doctor took the rampant little cock in his hand

and pressed it.

“And what did she do to this, did she touch it so?” squeezing it gently.

“Yes, sir,” stammered out the youth, who was getting greatly excited.

“And so?” said the doctor, passing his hand gently and caressingly up

and down the stiffened and throbbing little cock.

“Yes, sir.”

“And so, too, I’ll be bound,” pushing back the foreskin off the head,

and as quickly replacing it, several times.

“Ye—es. Oh! sir; oh! oh!”

The boy’s feelings, as the doctor swiftly frigged his cock, began to be

exquisite. The doctor could not resist the temptation of bringing things

to a crisis. Clasping the youth tightly with one arm, he continued his

toying with the plaything in a quick exciting manner, apparently without

reflecting upon what he was about, uttering, at intervals—

“Dear me,” and “how naughty it was of you; but how pretty she must have

been to tempt you to do so, was it not?”

The lovely youth was now in paradise. In the exquisite sensations of

pleasure he felt he was losing all consciousness when the doctor

suddenly stopped short and said—

“This is indeed, a pretty piece of business, seducing your young cousin;

you must be cured of such doings in future by means of a good flogging

with an excellent birch rod, and on this your saucy bottom.”

Here he let fall the arm that had clasped the boy’s waist, and let his

hand wander over the plump, hard, and lovely orbs. The doctor now took

up the rod which he had previously dropped to occupy his hand with the

charming young prick he had just been so deliciously frigging. Shaking

the rod angrily at the now trembling youth, he exclaimed, in a fierce

voice—

“Now, you young rascal, down, down on your knees, and beg to be

flogged.”

The poor boy was forced, trembling, to obey. This over, the doctor

commanded the delinquent to lie down across the sofa. Reluctantly he

complied, but at last he straddled across it with his snow-white plump

backside fully bared to view, and a fair mark to the threatening rod. He

looked like a young Adonis displaying his beauties to a satyr. The

doctor was greatly excited at the lovely prospect, and gloated his eyes

on the beautiful display, and, then and there, there sprang up a

determination to fully enjoy the ravishing of these virgin charms before

many weeks were over. Lifting the rod on high, he cried out—

“Now, you young villain, I’ll teach you to look up young ladies’

petticoats again, I warrant.”

Clasping him tight round the waist, the rod descended smartly on the

lovely hillocks of the boy’s charming backside.

“There! there!” cried the doctor at each blow.

“Oh! sir, oh! Do pray forgive me!” screamed the beautiful youth, as he

felt the stinging strokes descend on his hitherto virgin posteriors.

“Oh sir. Oh! sir. I’ll never do so any more. Oh! sir. I won’t indeed.

Oh! pray, sir, have mercy.”

The doctor, whose erotic passions were fully aroused, was deaf to all

his entreaties, and kept on flogging harder and harder, and faster and

faster while the poor boy’s bottom bounded and tossed upon the sofa; but

he was kept in a firm position by the strong arm of the doctor, who, to

hold him the faster, had laid hold of the stiff cock still at full

stand.

“No, no,” said he, “you shall not escape my cuts, I assure you,” cutting

at the lovely delicate buttocks with all his might.

“Oh! oh! sir; mercy, mercy; I can’t bear it.”

“You must bear it, you young rascal you shall have no mercy until I have

made your bottom bleed for your crime.”

The poor youth, from the pain he was suffering, bounded up and down on

the sofa as he felt the stinging blows descend upon his bottom. This

action caused his standing cock to rub up and down in the doctor’s warm

hand, who seemed to have accidently laid hold of it. The effect was such

that the poor youth hardly knew whether he felt most pleasure or pain,

for while his posteriors were of a burning heat, the warmth flew to the

opposite part, which was so deliciously clasped in the doctor’s

caressing hand. He ground his teeth with pleasure and pain, he ceased to

cry out, but sobbed and moaned with the excess of indefinable feelings.

The doctor never ceased lecturing him, dwelling continually on the

beauties of his lovely young cousin and the scene in the arbour. He

thought but of her, of her lovely pink little slit so sweetly shaded

with soft downy short curls; how she had so charmingly caressed his

cock, until he felt a heave and a shudder, another, a sensation as if he

was going to expire, a short cry, a catching of his breath. Wildly and

vigorously he thrust his member down on the doctor’s warm hand, he shut

his eyes, he felt not the rod, although the doctor redoubled the strokes

with all the force of his arm, and drew blood at every cut. A bound, a

convulsive start, and he felt as if his lifeblood were coming from

him—out it spurted in large drops on the sofa and on the doctor’s hand.

The youth had with difficulty shed another tribute to Venus. For a

moment or two he felt as if in paradise, but a sharp cut from the rod

quickly aroused him. He was soon fully alive again to its tortures.

“Why, you young rascal, what is this you have been doing on my best

sofa, eh, sir?” said the doctor.

Another sharp stroke demanded a reply.

“I, sir. Oh! sir; indeed I—that is—indeed, I don’t know.”

“No lies or evasions here, sir, for they will not avail you. Your bottom

shall pay for this nastiness. Why, what is it? What can it be? I never

saw the like of this in my life, I declare,” and he examined it with his

eyeglass, saying more to the same effect.

Poor Master Dale was, we know, quite in the dark as to what it could be,

or how it came there.

“Has this ever occurred to you before,” asked the doctor.

“Yes, sir, yesterday, when my cousin was caressing it in her mouth,”

replied the frightened youth, “but I really don’t know how it happened,

and did not mean any harm.”

“Oh, indeed!” said the doctor, “your mother did not mention that, did

she see you?”

“No, sir, it happened just as she was coming through the shrubbery, and

was all over before she reached the arbour.”

“And so your cousin took it into her mouth, why did she do that?”

“She was curious to see what was under the skin of its head, and finding

it would not go back without hurting me, she put it into her mouth to

wet it and make it go back easier, which it did for the first time; she

pulled it forward again, and again put it into her mouth to push the

skin back with her lips, when I felt funny all over, and something came

out of me into her mouth.”

“Indeed! Well, you must tell me all about that another time. This

flogging will be enough for the present, but I shall punish you for your

nastiness some other time. Put up your trousers, in a day or two I shall

want you in this room to pay for your dirty conduct.”

The poor boy retired, sobbing hysterically.

The second day after this the doctor sent for Master Dale, who, in the

meantime, had occupied the bedroom next to mine. The doctor was in his

private room in his dressing-gown, long and flowing, so that for the

moment it concealed the fact that he had nothing but his shirt on below

it. He received Master Dale somewhat sternly, saying—

“Now, sir, for your punishment for your last nasty misconduct.”

“Oh, sir,” said the frightened and trembling youth, “I really could not

help it,” and he began to cry. “Oh! pray, sir, don’t flog me so hard

again.”

“The more trouble that you give me, the harder will be the flogging. Now

take off your jacket and waistcoat.”

The youth did so.

“Now come close to me.”

The doctor then lowered down Dale’s trousers, and raising his shirt,

contemplated with great pleasure the pretty belly of the lovely boy, and

then turning him round, under pretence of seeing if the weals of the

last flogging were still visible, he gazed on his white firm backside

and swelling thighs, examining the marks still left from the previous

punishment. He then turned him round, and inspected the pretty little

cock, which, under the mortal fear he was in, hung down its head in a

limp and pitiable state.

“And so this is the little offender,” said he, applying his hand to it,

and squeezing and pressing it gently. “What a naughty little thing it

is!”

The youth could not avoid showing the pleasure these lascivious caresses

gave him, and smiled.

“Oh, don’t smile, sir, this is no laughing matter. Look at the marks of

the mess you made on my sofa,” pointing to it. “I can’t have my

furniture spoiled in this manner, so if your little cock is to be

naughty again, I must flog you upon my knees, but first come here; take

off these trousers, which hanging about the legs are only in the

way—there. Now sit down on my knee, and tell me all about this naughty

little thing.”

He drew aside his robe, so that the boy’s bare bottom came in naked

contact with his brawny naked thighs, and the youth could feel the

doctor’s prick swelling up, although that part was still covered with

his shirt. The doctor, taking hold of the youth’s now standing prick,

asked if it had ever behaved so badly before the scene with his pretty

young cousin.

“No sir, never. I never thought of it until I got sight of her bare

bottom and other parts by accident.”

The doctor continued his toyings, caressing the young balls, and feeling

all over the plump and firm backside.

“Why, he is going to be naughty again!” said the doctor, as the youth’s

prick throbbed under his exciting touches. “I must flog your bottom for

all this, for it is very naughty and improper. Why, you seem to take a

pleasure in it.”

“Oh, sir, I never felt anything so delightful,” said Master Dale.

“The more reason I should punish you, but remember, you bad boy, if you

are to do that dirty thing again, you must do it on my knee, and not on

the sofa.”

The doctor then took the birch in hand, and with his arm round the boy’s

waist, drew him to him, but before laying him across his knee, he

slipped the boy’s shirt over his head, leaving him stark naked in all

the glorious fairness of skin and beauty of form. The doctor’s eyes

gloated over the charming sight, but becoming too excited to pause

longer, he drew up his own shirt, displaying his fine pego at full

stretch. He bent the boy’s warm body over his brawny thighs, and with

his arm pressed his glowing form against his own rampant pego—Dale’s

young stiffened cock rubbing against the naked thigh he lay on. The

doctor now raised the rod, and said—

“Now, sir, for your punishment, I must flog this round, hard, little

bottom, till it reddens again.”

Whack, whack, went the birch rod, but with much less force than on the

previous occasion, but still sufficiently stinging to cause the youth to

move up and down, rubbing his cock against the doctor’s thighs, and

causing him such ecstasies as hardly to allow him to feel the blows. His

warm soft flesh, too, rubbing against the doctor’s large, stiff tool,

soon put them both in a delirium of delight. The doctor then changed his

position, and drew the boy more over his belly, so that his great prick

could get between the boy’s thighs, rubbing under his balls in the

trough between the buttocks, while the boy’s cock rubbed against the

doctor’s belly.

“Now,” said the doctor, “I have got you fast, and must teach you not to

play such naughty tricks in future.”

Whack—whack, again went the rod, causing the most delicious movements of

the boy’s backside upon the doctor’s excited prick, and not less upon

his own, which was rubbing against the doctor’s belly, giving fresh

pleasure at each repetition of the blow. But neither of them had spent

yet. The boy’s bottom was now red with a glowing heat, and his cock was

in a state of intense excitement, and the doctor’s tool was as stiff and

randy as possible. The doctor now ceased his flogging, and squeezing the

boy tight against his person, said—

“Well, you have not done that naughty thing today—the flogging has done

you good.”

The lovely boy looked up and smiled. He had felt the doctor’s large

prick working away between his thighs, and pressing against the cleft of

his buttocks. As the doctor relaxed his hold, the boy turned half round,

thus releasing it from its confinement. Looking down, he beheld the

large stiff monster imbedded in a forest of dark curly hair, presenting

a startling contrast to his own small member, which was as yet hardly

fledged with a silky down around it.

“Ah!” said the doctor, who observed the flush of excitement the sight of

his superior prick gave the boy, “what a shame it is of you to compel me

to flog you in this manner, without my trousers. I must give you a

lecture—so sit on my knee, thus,” placing him so that his lovely bottom

should press against the huge prick. Taking the boy’s cock in his hand,

he said—

“How stiff it is.”

“Yes, sir, I can’t help it.”

“Well, you must not play such naughty tricks. I can’t allow it. You are

too young yet.”

The doctor worked the skin of the sweet boy’s cock up and down.

“Was that the way your pretty cousin played with it?”

“Yes, sir, and then she took it in her mouth.”

“And did you like to have it done to you, you bad boy?”

“Oh! yes, sir, it is such pleasure.”

“Does it really give you so much pleasure?”

“Yes indeed, it was most delicious.”

“Dear me, I must try if it would do so to me, take hold of my cock and

rub it up and down, as she did, that I may know how it feels.”

“The dear boy had already longed to do so, but had been afraid to say

so. He now seized with avidity the noble prick, so stiffly standing

beside him. He could hardly grasp it in his hand, and worked the skin up

and down in the most delicious manner. The doctor was in ecstasies.

“Oh, you naughty boy, to teach your master such bad things.”

“Is it not very nice, sir?” said the charming youth, as the doctor’s

buttocks responded to every stroke of his hand.

“Well, it is, indeed, very nice, I could not have believed it; but if

ever I catch you at it again, you may be sure I shall flog you.”

And the doctor responded to every rub upon his prick with another rub

upon the boy’s cock, until almost at the same moment a most delicious

mutual spend was the result of their lascivious toyings.

“Now,” said the doctor, “put on your clothes, and remember you must

avoid such naughty tricks in future, or your bottom will pay for it.”

The doctor made me aware of this, and arranged for a meeting of us

three, under the pretence of inattention which I was to simulate and

draw young Dale into some fault that would require punishment. It was

also arranged that I was to initiate him still more into the secret

pleasures of mutual satisfaction, so as to prepare him for still greater

gratification to the lecherous doctor, who liked nothing better than

“teaching the young idea how to shoot.”

Accordingly, after passing a delicious night with my lovely and glorious

aunt and the doctor, in which we practised every delightful method of

enjoyment, and in which the doctor stimulated himself by recalling and

describing the exciting interview with the innocent youth, I left them,

and entered young Dale’s room. He had insensibly kicked off all the

clothes, and lay on his back exposed, with his promising young cock at

full stand, throbbing from time to time; and by the involuntary

movements of his body, and the smile on his face, he was evidently

realising, in his sleep, the scene he had enacted with his pretty young

cousin. He was quite charming to look at, his young and throbbing prick

was deliciously fair, and you could see the blue veins coursing through

it, the top was only partially uncovered, the point of the head showing

its vermilion tip in fine contrast to the creamy white and crossed blue

veins of the stiffened shaft. His balls were as yet not fully developed,

but such as they were, they formed a closely drawn up little bag,

crimped and wrinkled, and felt as hard as stones. I gently handled them,

which made him heave his bottom in evident ecstasy. It was all so

beautiful and enticing, and I could not resist stooping down, and taking

the delicious morsel in my mouth. Pressing the glorious head with my

lips, I thrust, to his infinite delight, the foreskin back, his buttocks

instinctively rose to meet my voluptuous and lascivious proceeding. He

awoke on the instant, but in that dreamy state that made him think he

was only realising the previous dream. His hands embraced my head, and

pressed it down closer on the delicious prick which already touched the

back of my mouth. He cried out in an ecstasy of delight.

“Oh, my darling Ellen, what a joy you are giving me. Oh! oh! it is

greater than I can bear.”

I felt by the electric stiffening of his young cock that the crisis was

close at hand. I tickled his tightened balls with my hand, and pressed a

finger hard against his bottom-hole, but without entering more than the

depth of the nail, at the very instant that he poured his young tribute

into my longing mouth. I immediately swallowed the greater portion,

lubricating the still throbbing shaft with a part. For some minutes he

lay on his back, with closed eyes, in all the after-enjoyment,

heightened by the continued suction of his still throbbing prick, which

I kept up for a short time. At last he opened his eyes. It was broad

daylight, and when I lifted my head, his eyes seemed almost to start out

of their sockets in a sort of incredulous surprise, at finding it was

not his dear young Ellen, but me, his school companion. For a minute or

two he was speechless with consternation, until taking hold of his fast

receding little cock, I asked if I had not given him quite as much

pleasure as his darling Ellen had previously done.

“Is it you? and Ellen! how do you know anything about my cousin?”

“Your cousin, is she? I did not know that, but when I came in, you were

dreaming of her, and muttering in your sleep the delight she gave you by

sucking your prick; so I thought I would give you the true pleasure of

the thing, and thus realise your dream; besides, I, myself, not only

love to suck a prick, but also to have my own sucked, and I could

neither resist the opportunity, nor fail to be delighted that you should

already have practical knowledge of its enjoyment—did I not give you the

greatest pleasure?”

“Oh, yes; it was most delicious, and then I thought it was my pretty

cousin, even after I awoke, which made it doubly delightful, for I had

no idea it would be so nice with another boy.”

“Why not? see this charming little fellow is already raising himself up

again at the mere thought; look how its head is showing its ruby face,

and how it throbs. Ah! I must suck it again—it is so delicious.”

I threw myself upon it, and devoured it at once, rapidly moving my head

up and down, and titillating the orifice of the urethra with my tongue.

I quickly drove him half mad with excitement. My mouth was full of

saliva. I slobbered some out on my fingers, and lubricated all about the

aperture of his charming backside, and then, as he became still more

furious in the upward lunges of his bottom, and downward pressures of

his hands on my head, I thrust my middle finger up his fundament, and

worked away, frigging it in unison with the movements of my mouth. I

drove him half frantic with pleasure, the ecstasy again seized him, and

with a cry of agonised delight, and a convulsive shudder, he poured a

still more copious draught of love’s essence into my mouth, which, as

before, I greedily swallowed. He lay panting in ecstatic joy for a much

longer period than before, with convulsive upward thrusts of his still

half-stiffened prick within my mouth, which still continued its

pressures and suctions to his infinite delight. At last I rose. He held

out his arms. I precipitated myself into them; our lips met in sweet

embrace. I thrust my tongue into his mouth, and solicited him to do the

same, and we had some delicious tongueing, nature having at once

achieved his love education. We were closely entwined in a loving

embrace. I had become terribly excited notwithstanding the hard work I

had undergone during the night, and my prick stood stiff as iron

pressing against his belly. Suddenly the thought occurred to him that he

ought to gratify me in like manner as I had done him. He proposed it,

and begged me to turn from off him, and lie on my back. I immediately

complied, and pulling up my shirt, displayed my immense splitter in all

its glory.

“Good heavens!” he cried, “what an enormous cock! Why, it is bigger than

the doctor’s.”

“Oh! you have seen the doctor’s, have you?” He blushed, and acknowledged

it. I drew from him an account of their proceedings, which I already

knew, but I was at the same time delighted to have surprised the

acknowledgment from himself, in his wonder at seeing my large

proportions. I made him show me all he had done to the doctor, and the

doctor to him; as all this was paving the way for future proceedings

with the doctor—in fact, the innocent youth was already playing into our

hands. His admiration of and handling my prick was meanwhile exciting me

up to the greatest pitch. As I had continued questioning him regarding

his proceedings with the doctor, he could only play with my prick in his

hands. Now that matters were getting too warm for further discussion, he

stooped down, but could only get the head and a small portion of the

upper part of the shaft into his mouth. His lips closed beneath the

gland in the most exquisite manner. I begged him to grasp the lower part

of the shaft with one hand, and to thrust a finger of the other up my

bottom-hole, which I had already lubricated by spitting on my fingers

and conveying the saliva in the desired direction. He obeyed with the

docility of an apt apprentice—and thus working in unison, quickly

brought on the ecstatic crisis. I seized his head in my hands, and, at

the final discharge thrust it down on my delighted prick, as I poured

out a perfect torrent of sperm, nearly choking the poor youth with the

length of prick I thrust into his mouth. He was obliged to withdraw for

an instant to take breath, but I was pleased to see that he instantly

resumed his delicious sucking of my prick, which he continued to do

until it gradually shrunk up to very diminished proportions. I then drew

him upon me, and we had another sweet embrace of lips and tongues, and

then, side by side, we held a long converse on erotic matters. He told

me all the tale of his affair with his cousin, and, although I was

already well acquainted with it, I was glad to draw all the particulars

from himself. I had seen the note his mother wrote to the doctor. The

minuteness and undisguised description she had therein given struck me

as very strange, and I augured that she herself must be a lewd and

lecherous person, to have done more than merely hint at the affair,

instead of dwelling, doubtless in erotic delight, on such details. So I

pumped him as to what sort of woman his mamma was. His description

showed that she was a fine, full grown woman, old, in his opinion, but

in reality in the prime of life, between thirty-five and forty. He had

not scanned her proportions with any erotic thought and did not seem to

attach the idea of the woman to her—only that of the mother. But I drew

out of him that she was broad in the shoulders, full in the bosom, with

a small waist, small feet, and small hands, a very fine head of hair,

and fine eyes—evidently a desirable woman. Already I had set my

imagination in play, and began to hope I might some day work my way into

her favour. It will be found how well I succeeded, as these true

memories will describe when I arrive at the period of my success with

her. For the present I had advanced the erotic education of the dear

youth considerably, and thus prepared him for further initiation at the

hands of the doctor and his glorious and magnificent \_cara sposa\_, who

had already determined to enjoy his first fruits in cunny land. We had a

similar enjoyment, carried somewhat further the next morning, in which

we practised more fully the frigging of the bottom, and discussed the

pleasure it produced. I was gradually leading him on. That morning I

purposely arranged that we should be late in entering the schoolroom.

The doctor sternly reprimanded us, and told us we must attend him in his

private room after twelve o’clock. Poor Dale turned pale as he heard

this, dreading the punishment to come of which his experience was so

recent and so severe.

At twelve we, apparently ruefully, entered the doctor’s \_sanctum

sanctorum\_. He had preceded us by some few minutes, and had already

donned his long dressing-gown, by which I was certain that he had at the

same time doffed his pantaloons.

“Now then, boys, you must prepare for your punishment, I cannot allow

this evidently wilful inattention. Off with your clothes except your

shirts and stockings.”

We hesitatingly stripped; poor Harry Dale weeping at the thought of the

dreaded punishment. I deemed it prudent also to draw a long face. The

doctor spread a towel over his sofa, saying we had such naughty cocks

that we were constantly dirtying his sofa. He then desired us to kneel

on it with our heads down, and our tails well up. He then rolled up our

shirts, and tucked them in above the small of our backs, in doing which

he indulged in various lascivious touchings, which excited us as well as

himself, and all our three cocks were at full stand. Harry Dale turned

his head to gaze at mine, and could not resist putting his hand upon it,

and gently pressing its large stiff shaft. Young Dale’s smaller, but

very beautiful member, which was daily developing itself in a striking

manner, also excited me, and I reciprocated his caresses.

“This will never do,” said the doctor, “I must flog this evil spirit out

of you.”

He threw off his dressing-gown to be more at his ease, he said, and

taking rod in hand, applied it gently in turns to each of our projecting

bottoms. It was not for punishment but for excitement that he operated

upon us. He quickly threw our bottoms all in a glow, and our excitement

became intense, and we wriggled our bums in evident delight. This was

the point the doctor wished to attain, that he might arrive at his

desired object, which was the possession of young Dale’s bottom-hole.

“Stop, stop, my dear boys, I see you are at your naughty tricks again,

but there must be no spending yet; get up. We must all strip to the

buff, and I shall show you how they used to flog me when I was at

school. Stand up, Charles.”

I did so, and the doctor for an instant handled, in evident delight, my

huge stiff-standing pego, drawing young Dale’s attention to its much

larger dimensions than his own.

“Now, lean half forward on the sofa. Dale, put your arms round his

waist, and stow away this charming rampant little fellow between the

cheeks of Charles’ buttocks. Charles, do you spit on your hand, and

moisten between the cheeks, and then press with your hand his throbbing

young prick against the cleft.”

I did as directed. Young Dale felt so deliciously sheathed that he

thrust his cock well forward.

“Now,” said the doctor, “you are properly horsed, as we used to say, and

now, for a little more flogging of these fine hard, rosy mounts,” and he

lasciviously caressed them before applying the rod.

Whack—whack—whack—fell the strokes, sufficiently sharply to make Master

Dale wince and wriggle his bottom to and fro. Quickly the exciting

pleasure overcame all pain, and his lust rising, he thrust furiously in

the artificial channel he was operating in. I now shortened the grasp of

my hand on his shaft, and pressing it somewhat upwards, raising my

buttocks at the same time, I directed it so fairly upon the aperture

that at the next push it entered fully two inches within; then again

favouring his return stroke, he completely sheathed himself up to the

meeting of his belly against my buttocks. I gave him a pressure which

had an instant effect, and he began to thrust fast and furiously,

evidently enjoying it to the utmost. I let him feel the full enjoyment

of his new quarters, only telling him to lay hold of my cock and frig

me; and then I cried out to the doctor—

“Flog him well, sir, he has thrust his cock into my bottom-hole.”

This was the very thing the doctor most wished for. So he continued his

flogging only to such an extent as to still more inflame the lust of the

now lecherously excited boy, who shortly brought on the final crisis and

died away in delight as he shot his first tribute within the divine

temple of Priapus. At the moment of the crisis coming on, the doctor had

ceased his flogging and wetting two fingers gradually introduced them

into the bottom-hole of young Dale, and frigged him in unison with his

movements into me, so that the ecstasy was almost more than the poor boy

could bear. He lay almost inanimate on my back, but his still throbbing

half-standing cock responded to the inward pressures I was exercising

upon it. The doctor had ceased his flogging to admit and caress the

well-formed posterior of the charming boy. Becoming greatly excited, he

drew him off me, and closely embraced him, but professing at the same

time to be greatly shocked; his prick, meanwhile, gloriously stiff,

pressed hard against young Dale’s belly. The doctor then relaxing his

hold, young Dale gazed, with pleased enjoyment, on the size and

stiffness of the doctor’s cock, and, by an impulse of passion, took it

in hand, knelt before him, and put it into his mouth, and sucked it

lasciviously. The doctor placed his hands on Dale’s head, and pressed it

down for a minute or two, and then begged the dear youth to rise, as he

did not yet wish to spend—thanking him for the exquisite pleasure he had

given him.

“Now,” said he, “it is your turn to flog, so Charlie, you must be horsed

upon me, and Harry Dale shall take a first lesson in the art of flogging

upon your posteriors.”

The pose was arranged as before. My formidable weapon was placed between

the cheeks of the doctor’s fine fat backside. His hand pressed my cock

as I had done to Dale’s. Dale took the rod in hand, and at the very

first cut made me wince, for the young rogue laid on with a will. The

doctor had applied a good quantity of saliva to the end of my prick, and

thrusting out his buttocks, he quickly guided it into the longing

orifice, in which I vigorously sheathed myself to the utmost extent. I

seized his cock and squeezed it gently, but he begged me not to make him

spend, but to enjoy myself to the utmost, crying out, at the same time

to young Dale—

“Flog him well, Harry, for he has thrust his great tool up my

bottom-hole; it is wonderful how it ever could get in.”

Indeed so little could young Dale believe in the possibility of such a

thing that he stopped flogging to assure himself of the fact, by both

touch and sight. I drew my prick out and in that he might be perfectly

satisfied of the truth, and the doctor wriggled his backside to and fro

to show what pleasure it gave him. Of course, all this was preliminary

to the grand attack he meant afterwards to make on the virgin aperture

in young Dale’s bottom. After Harry had assured himself of the fact, he

pitched into my poor bottom with redoubled vigour, which, though it

greatly excited me at the moment, made my poor bum smart for days

afterwards. I quickly sent a torrent of sperm far into the entrails of

the doctor, to his great delight, but he tenaciously avoided spending

lest his powers should fail to overcome the natural obstacle of a virgin

bottom-hole, especially in one so young as Dale. Consequently, after

retaining me for some few moments in the delightful pressures of the

internal folds, he allowed me to withdraw, all reeking with my own

sperm. It was now the doctor’s turn to be flogged by me, while he was

horsed on Harry’s loins. As Harry had already found out what pleasure a

bottom-hole gave to the plugger of it, and had also seen how the doctor

seemed to enjoy, and so easily engulphed, the much larger weapon I

possessed, he had no idea there could be any pain accompanying it, and

consequently he lent himself entirely to every direction that was given

him. He placed himself in the easiest position, stuck his bottom well

out, stretching wide the channel between the orbs, and exposing a

charming little rosy aperture most tempting to the sight; indeed, the

doctor instantly knelt to pay his devotions to it, devouring it with

kisses, and thrusting his lecherous tongue within its tight little

folds, taking the opportunity to thoroughly lubricate it with his

spittle. This preliminary, followed by a little frigging with his middle

finger, which produced nothing but pleasurable sensations in the dear

youth, completely captivated him. The doctor wisely informed him that

the first attack was sure to be somewhat painful, but that if he felt it

so, he was not to draw away his body, but simply to complain, and the

doctor would instantly remain quiet without withdrawing, and he would

then find that the strange sensation would rapidly pass off, and allow a

further progress, which would be again arrested if the pain was renewed.

In this way he would eventually find that the pleasure would become

indescribably delicious, as he had seen how both Charlie and himself had

enjoyed it. Poor Dale assured the doctor he might proceed at once, and

he would be perfectly docile. So the doctor first asking me to suck his

cock a little to moisten it well, put the charming youth in the best

position, telling him to strain as if he wished to void himself, then

applying his well-lubricated pego to the rosy orifice, by gentle

pressure, he succeeded, with hardly a twinge of pain to the dear boy, in

housing the head and about two inches of the shaft within the delicious

receptacle. Here the pain became so great that young Dale would have

withdrawn himself away from the doctor had the latter not taken the

precaution to seize him by the two hips, and hold him as if in a vice,

but without attempting a further insertion then.

“Keep still, my dear boy, and I will not move, and you will find in a

minute or two that the strange sensation will pass away.”

Turning his head to me, he said—

“Charlie, gently frig the dear boy.”

I immediately did so, which rapidly had the effect of exciting him up to

a pitch that made him forget all pain, and he even thrust his bottom

further back, and as I had taken the opportunity of the pause to drop

some more spittle on the lower shaft, a further gentle pressure forced

it in almost up to the hilt. Here, again, young Dale cried out to stop,

it was so painful.

The doctor paused again. I continued caressing his now inflamed and

stiffened prick. His convulsive twitches, caused by my lascivious

caresses, were followed by involuntary wrigglings, which of themselves

completed the entire insertion of the doctor’s excited prick. He still

continued quiet, allowing the passions of the youth to become still more

excited. Then gradually and gently withdrawing, and as gently again

thrusting within, he went on until the youth’s movements betrayed the

raging lust that possessed him—then the doctor increased his pace. I

frigged on fast and furious, and in a few minutes they both died away in

wild excess of the most ecstatic joy. As to Dale, his gaspings and wild

cries of delight proved that the final joys were almost too great for

him to bear. The doctor had drooped his head upon his chest, and closed

his eyes, in all the gratification of having ravished the first fruits

of this charming youth’s beauteous bottom, and I could see by his

momentary convulsive thrusts, and the pressures of his hands on Dale’s

hips to draw the bottom more completely against his belly, as well as by

the broken sighs that heaved his bosom, how exquisitely he was enjoying

his triumph. Gradually his cock reduced its dimensions, but even when

quite down and soft, it left the tight sheath it was in with a “plop”

showing how well and close those delicious folds had embraced it. The

doctor would not allow young Dale to rise until he had embraced and

kissed the lovely bottom that had just yielded him such intense

satisfaction. Then, drawing the youth to his bosom, he embraced him most

tenderly, and thanked him for the heroic manner in which he had borne

the attack, and told him he would never suffer so much in after-attacks

as he had done in this first taking of the virginity of his bottom-hole.

It was thus this dear youth was initiated into our mysteries, and

henceforward he became an apt disciple, and by being introduced into our

interior circle, added much to the variety and enjoyment of our orgies.

For, as may well be supposed, my glorious and most lecherous aunt

thoroughly enjoyed the taking of his first tribute in the legitimate

temple of holy Mother Venus. I was present on the occasion, which was

supposed to be unknown to the doctor. The first coup was on her belly,

the sight of which and her truly magnificent cunt wildly excited Dale,

and his cock stood stiffer and really bigger than ever. It was quite

surprising how rapidly it developed when once he got thoroughly into

hardness. He fucked aunt twice, spending as rapidly as she herself,

lecherous as she was at all times. I acted postillion to them both. I

stopped further combats until I too could enter the field. So aunt

mounted upon him, and falling forward lent her divine backside to all my

fantasies. Twice we ran a course without changing. Then aunt herself

claimed my big prick for the contentment of her randy cunt. We quickly

changed positions. I, on my back, received dear aunt’s delicious cunt on

my stiff-and-hard-as-wood-standing pego. She straddled over me, and sank

her luscious orbit down upon me until our two hairs were crushed between

us. Here, by rising and falling, she had another delicious discharge

before bending down to be embraced by my loving arms. She then presented

her most glorious bottom to the wonder and admiration of dear Harry, who

had been caressing and kissing it, and at the critical moment had thrust

a frigging finger in, and turning his head in front had greatly

increased the pleasure of my loved and lecherous aunt by sucking the

large nipple of her wondrously fine bubby. When once she was fairly down

on my belly, Harry scrambled up behind, and quickly inserted his already

fine but still comparatively small prick, which, of course, found ready

entrance where my splitter had previously opened and greased the way;

but he gave a cry, almost of pain, or at least of surprise, on finding

the sudden grip which my aunt, with her wonderful power of pressure,

instantly gave him. At it we went, fast and furious, until again the

grand crisis overtook my lascivious aunt, who spent deliriously. We boys

both paused a second or two to allow her to enjoy her discharge to the

utmost; then recommencing with increased vigour and speed, we soon both

discharged at one and the same time our freights into the delighted

vessels that were conferring such exquisite enjoyment upon us. Aunt,

too, did not fail to join us at the ecstatic moment. We lay for many

minutes panting in all the after-sensations of the most exquisite joys

humanity can revel in. We kept it up for several hours, aunt sucking

young Dale’s toothsome prick while I gamahuched and postillioned her to

her infinite satisfaction. In this way, and with repeated changes from

one receptacle to the other but always both occupied at once, we at last

gained a reprieve, and retired to well-deserved repose. The doctor, who

had kept out of the way on this our first bout with my glorious aunt,

afterwards apparently surprised us together, and, after giving us and

receiving a pretty sharp flogging, he joined in all the ecstasies of our

orgies. He especially delighted in being into my bottom while I fucked

his wife, and he himself had the double pleasure of having young Dale’s

fast growing pego into his bottom at the same time. It was some time

longer before I succeeded in completely sheathing my huge prick in the

delicious bottom-hole of the dear youth, but at last I succeeded to the

utmost extent of my wishes, and although I continued to hurt him for

some weeks after the first attack, he could at last entertain me with

perfect ease, and we were thus enabled to play successively into each

other’s bottoms, and everyone of us enjoyed the exquisite delight of

fucking and being fucked at the same time.

As we grew more lasciviously intimate, I often turned the conversation

on his mother and cousin. At last I told him, I thought from his

description that his mother would be a good fuck, and that if ever I had

the opportunity I might cover his attack on his cousin by fucking his

mother; only we must lead her to believe that she took my virginity. The

idea pleased him. He began to think his mother must be a desirable woman

for me, as I was so largely hung; and then the opportunity that I would

give him to enjoy his longing for his cousin was an inducement to second

my views to the utmost. Towards the close of the half-year his birthday

occurred, and his mother could not do less than have him home for the

day. She felt that her niece would be in greater security when Harry

begged she would allow him to bring with him the doctor’s nephew—myself,

to wit—telling her that we had become very close friends as well as

schoolfellows. I had previously told him I should play the complete

innocent, but should take care some time or the other during the day to

put myself in such a position that his mother should get a glimpse of my

prick, so that if not immediately successful, I might pave the way for

future success. His birthday fell on a Saturday. We were only asked to

spend the day, with the intention of returning in the evening.

Accordingly, on the happy day we made our appearance after breakfast. I

have before said that his mother lived in a very pretty cottage ornee,

about a mile and a half from the parsonage. We were most kindly received

by her. She first lovingly embraced her son, wishing him many happy

returns of the day, declaring that he was much improved, &c. She then

turned to me, and gracefully and kindly bade me welcome. The niece was a

charming girl, just budding into womanhood. She blushed greatly in

welcoming her cousin, and bashfully did the same to me. We spent the

earlier hours in conversation; the mother having much to ask and to hear

from her son, from whom she had never before been separated. I had thus

time to scan her well. She was a fine, broad built, well standing up

woman, with broad shoulders, and hips that gave promise of good form

beneath. Without being beautiful, her face was a well-formed oval, with

really fine eyes, to which her son’s description had hardly done

justice. It appeared to me that a good deal of suppressed passion lurked

in their expression, and I already began to think she would be a real

\_bonne bouche\_ if once we could come to close quarters. After luncheon

we strolled in the garden. The leaves had already fallen, but the

afternoon was bright and warm for the end of November. I told young Dale

to keep close to his mother, and not show any wish to stray away with

his cousin—feeling certain that if she became anxious about their

movements I should have no chance to play off my little game. All went

as I could wish, we threw his mother off her guard, and she then began

to show closer attention to me. I acted the ingenuous and innocent youth

to perfection, but at the same time, in thinking of her charms, I let my

prick get up to half-stand, so as to show its large proportions under my

trousers. I very soon perceived that it had struck her notice, and her

attention became concentrated upon me. She questioned me a good deal,

and especially sought to find out if \_peculiar\_ intimacy existed between

her son and me. I played the innocent, and professed that the utmost

intimacy existed; but when she tried to find out if it had gone to what

she really meant, I gave such an innocent character to our intimacy that

she was quite convinced of my thorough ignorance of all erotic

tendencies, and she became more endearing in her manner of addressing

me.

Harry and I had previously agreed that after I addressed to him some

particular frivolous remark, he should seize the first occasion near a

shrubbery to go on more ahead, and alarm his mamma by turning round a

corner. Our stratagem succeeded. She immediately hastened to follow

them. As soon as she had turned the corner I drew out my tool, now at

full stand, and placed myself so that when she returned she should see

it fully developed, while I would take care not apparently to see her,

but be intent upon piddling. To the utmost of my wish it fell out. She

had told her son to stop and returned to join me. My eyes being turned

downwards did not let her become aware that I was watching for her, but

I could see the bottom of her petticoats as she turned the corner, and

also that she came to a sudden stop, which must have been at the moment

she caught sight of the noble proportions before her. I took care to

pass my hand once or twice backwards or forwards while pissing, and then

shook my prick deliberately, and exposed the whole length and breadth of

it for a minute or two before buttoning it up, during which I could see

she stood perfectly still, rooted to where she had first stopped. After

I had buttoned up, I stooped down, apparently to tie my shoe, but in

fact to give time for it to be supposed I had not seen her previous

approach. So when I rose up she was already at my side. There was a

flush on her cheek and a fire in her eye that showed the bait was

swallowed. My role was to play the perfect innocent, and appear quite

unconscious of her having seen me.

She took my arm, and I could feel that her hand trembled. She led me

along, hastily at first, until we joined her son and niece. After that

she became uncommonly endearing in her manner to me, making such remarks

as she thought would show her that I was not so innocent as I looked, if

my replies had jumped with her expectations. But I was in reality too

experienced not to pay her off in kind, and ended in making her believe

that she had a perfect virgin to deal with. We walked on, she was

evidently much preoccupied, becoming at times quite silent for a minute

or two, and then, gently pressing my arm, she would make some

endearingly flattering remark, at which I would look lovingly but

innocently up to her face to thank her for her kind opinion. On these

occasions her eyes sparkled in a peculiar manner, and her colour went

and came. After a while, her hand left my arm and rested on the opposite

shoulder, in a half embrace, which became warmer and warmer, her

conversation became more affectionate. She was profuse in her

congratulations that her son had found so charming a schoolfellow; and

here she halted, and turning half in front of me, said that she felt

that she could love me as if I were indeed her own dear son; and,

stooping slightly, she sought a kiss of maternal affection. I threw my

arms round her neck, and our lips met in a long and loving kiss—very

warm on her side, but a simple though affectionate kiss on mine.

“Oh!” I said, “how happy I shall be to call you my mamma, and I will

love you as if you were it, it is so good of you to allow me to do so.

This half-year has been the first time in my life that I ever was

separated from my mother—and, although my dear aunt is as kind as

possible to me, still I can’t call her mamma. My guardian won’t allow me

to go home for the Christmas holidays, but now I shall have a dear, kind

new mamma to make me happy.” Here I again raised my lips for an embrace,

which was given with even more than the previous warmth. Her arm had

fallen to my waist, and she pressed me with energy to her bosom, which I

could feel was unexpectedly firm, and even hard. I had great difficulty

in keeping my unruly member down, that she might think I took her warm

embraces as nothing more than affectionate friendship. I succeeded,

however, and this, of course, more than ever convinced her of my entire

ignorance of carnal desires. As I closely embraced her, and glued my

lips to hers, she became greatly agitated, trembled visibly, sighed

convulsively, and then pushed me from her, and seemed suddenly to

recover herself, seized my arm, and hurried on after her son. For, as

may well be supposed she had purposely loitered behind to allow them to

get out of sight, before she indulged her uncontrollable desire to

embrace me. She spoke not a word until we came in sight of them,

apparently sauntering along, innocently enough. But Harry afterwards

told me that having seen how his mother had halted to gaze at my prick,

which he knew beforehand I meant she should see, he had watched us

through the shrubbery, and afterwards had noticed her warmth of manner

to me, and the loitering of her walk. He had turned a corner some

distance ahead of us, and was out of sight when his mother stopped to

embrace me, as described above. He guessed she would be in no hurry to

follow him. So rapidly advancing with his cousin, he got some way before

us, and choosing a place where he could see us through the bushes when

we did follow, he sat down on a garden seat, and drew his cousin on his

lap, asking her if she did not regret their hasty separation after their

last delicious interview, and telling her his mother had seen them,

which was the cause of his being sent as a boarder to the doctor. She

was much surprised to hear this, as her aunt had never breathed a word

of it to her; and she had been greatly distressed at his being sent away

from home. Of course his hands were not idle; but first unbuttoning his

trousers, he put his cock, now much increased in size, into her hand.

She at once observed how much larger it had become, and began to caress

it. He meanwhile was busy frigging her little clitoris. He found that

she was already quite moist, and he had hardly frigged her a minute,

when a sigh and an “Oh! how much more pleasure you give me than my aunt

does.” She spent profusely, grasping his prick with painful tenacity.

Her breath was taken away for some minutes. When she recovered a little,

and was gazing lovingly with half-closed eyes upon him, he at once

recurred to her unexpected confession.

“When does my mother do this to you?”

“Ever since you were sent away; your mother took me to sleep with her,

as she said, she felt so lonely after you left. For some time she used

to embrace me very lovingly, and hold me close pressed to her bosom. As

I always went to bed before her, I was generally sound asleep when she

joined me. I used at first to wonder how when I awoke in the early

morning my chemise was drawn up close to my neck, and your mother’s was

in the same state, and our two naked bodies closely united by the

embracing arms of your mother. I even one morning found that my hand was

held by hers against that part which you are now feeling so nicely. She

had fallen asleep in this position, but I could feel that she was as

moist there as you have just made me. I could not help feeling it was

very nice, and gently removing her hand, I began to feel all over her in

that part and, do you know Harry, she is all covered with such thick and

curly hair there. In groping about, I felt the lips pouting and thick,

and on trying I found I could get my fingers in. I pushed on, I got up

to the knuckles, when I felt it give such a convulsive pressure upon

them, and her body was projected towards me with a heave of her bottom,

then drawn back, and pushed forward again, while her arms pressed me

closer to her, and she commenced some loving expressions in her sleep. I

felt something grow hard against my thumb, it was just what you have

been feeling.—‘Oh! go on,’ she cried.”

“I renewed my tickling operations again, and I made her spend,” Harry

continued. “As she came to her senses, I gamahuched her; I thrust my

tongue up her sweet little cunt, and licked up all the delicious

spendings. As I rose, with prick erect and standing stiff out of my

trousers, she seized it in her mouth, and, with very little sucking,

made me spend to excess, and the dear girl swallowed it with all the

luxury of the utmost voluptuousness. We had no time for more at that

moment, as I caught sight of mamma’s dress through the trees. I buttoned

up hastily, and we strolled along, as if nothing had happened. It was in

our after-walk, when we had allayed mamma’s suspicion, that my dear

Ellen continued her confessions.”

The stiff thing pressing against her thumb was mamma’s clitoris, which,

by her account, is wonderfully developed. She, knowing from her former

experience with me that it was the point of most exquisite enjoyment,

turned her finger upon it, and began awkwardly playing with it. It was

at this moment that the greater excitement awoke mamma, who finding to

her surprise what Ellen was doing, seized her hand, and pressing and

rubbing it with more art against her clitoris, continued its action with

exclamations of delight, declaring that Ellen was her dear precious

loved girl, and then with a positive cry of delight, spent profusely

over Ellen’s hand. After panting for some time in perfect bliss, she

turned and took Ellen in her arms, kissing her most warmly, and

thrusting her tongue into Ellen’s mouth, and then demanding hers in

return. After much embracing, mamma asked her how she came to do what

she found her doing when she awoke. Ellen described how she found her

hand held against it, and then two naked bodies pressed against each

other—that she was surprised at this, and wondered how it came so; that

on moving her hand she felt mamma give a throb down there, and a push of

her body forward, which made her finger slip easily in, this still more

surprised her, as she had tried often if her fingers could get into her

own, but it hurt her so much that she had given it up as impossible; and

now she had found one where all her fingers, up to the knuckles, slipped

in quite easily; the inside movements, and the heavings of her aunt’s

body, showed that it gave her pleasure. In continuing her movements she

had felt a hard body at the upper part pressing against the side of her

hand; she withdrew her fingers to feel this strange thing, and in doing

so aunt awoke.

“And you know the rest, dear auntie, I was so glad that I had given you

so much pleasure.”

“Dear, dear girl!” her aunt replied, “I shall love you more dearly than

ever; yes, and you, too, shall have the utmost pleasure. I have long

wished to initiate you into the secrets of womanhood, but thought you

too young to be able to keep secret such intimacy as we may indulge in.

Often in your sleep with your lovely naked charms exposed to me, and

pressed against my own lascivious person, have I enjoyed you, and even

made use of your own hand all unconscious in sleep, to excite me to a

still greater pitch; last night I had enjoyed you to the utmost, kissing

your lovely budding and hidden charms, and must have unconsciously

dropped off to sleep with my hand still pressing yours against my secret

charm. But now I must initiate you into the same joys, even in a more

exquisite way.”

“Upon this she begged me to throw off my chemise, while she did the

same. We stood up to do this, and your mother took the opportunity to

pose me in every way, admiring and kissing me all over. I did the same

to her, and I can assure you, dear Harry, your mother is far better made

that I am, both in the bosom and the bottom, and with such firm thighs

and legs, and her affair is so well-developed and pouting, and with such

silky curls all around it. I can feel you passing your fingers through

the curls of mine; but though it has more than it had when last you felt

and caressed it, it is nothing to dear auntie’s. When she had much

excited me, and was evidently herself greatly so, she desired me to lie

across the bed on my back, and to draw my knees up so as to let my feet

rest on the edge. She then placed a footstool in front, and kneeling

upon it, after first feeling and caressing me down there, she glued her

lips to it, and after sucking a while began to play with her tongue upon

what you have been so deliciously rubbing. She licked me most

exquisitely, and soon made me die away in ecstasy of delight. She sucked

it for some time after, while I lay in a languid state of joy. When at

last she rose, she threw herself on the bed, and our two naked bodies

became closely united in the most loving embrace. Her lips were wet with

the moisture that had escaped from me, its peculiar aromatic odour

\_m’enivrait\_ and I could not help licking the creamy juice from off her

lips.

“‘Oh, my beloved aunt,’ I cried, ‘you have given me the joy of paradise,

I must try and do as much for you.’

“‘My darling Ellen, you will make me positively adore you. I now only

regret that I had not sooner taken you into my confidence, as I at once

perceive I might have done so in perfect safety. Yes, my darling, you

shall indeed try, and I shall instruct you as we advance how to obtain

the greatest amount of pleasure from our libidinous and lascivious

enjoyments, delights that are without risk, and from which we shall have

no anxieties as to fatal results, which are the consequence of

connection with the opposite sex, who only make use of us for their own

sensual enjoyment, and abandon us at the very moment they ought to

console and cherish us the most.’

“Dear aunt, again embracing me tenderly, threw herself in the same

position I had previously lay in. I knelt on the cushion as she had

done. But before proceeding to do as she had done to me, I could not

help pausing to gaze with delight on her natural charms. Oh! dear Harry,

you cannot imagine the beauty of that part of your mamma. Her stomach is

of the purest white, smooth and firm, round and beautiful. Below a

crease commences a large plumped out swelling seen through the fair and

thick silky curls that so much adorn it, then grandly rounded sinks down

between her thighs, and the beautifully pouting lips rise richly

tempting through the thickest of hair, that goes far beyond between the

large rounded orbs that project behind. At the upper part of the lips,

where they form a deep indented half-circle, I could distinguish a stiff

projecting object, as long and thicker than my thumb. I now know that

this is the centre of exquisite joy. Your mother had since taught me to

call it her clitoris, and says that although seldom so strongly

developed as in her case, it exists in every woman and becomes stiff and

excited as the final crisis of joy approaches. I glued my lips around

this charming object, and sucked it, and played with my tongue around

its point. Your mother, in an ecstasy of delight, wriggled her bottom

below me, and with both hands pressing my head down on the excited

point, gave utterance to the most loving and sensual expressions. She

begged me to pass the flat of my hand under my chin, and introduce my

thumb within the lips below, where I was sucking, and move it backwards

and forwards as much as I could. I did so, and immediately found that it

added greatly to your mother’s delight. Faster and faster grew her

movements, until, with a cry of delight, a firm pressure of my hand

against her affair, and still firmer pressure on my thumb, she suddenly

ceased all movement, her hands relaxed their hold of my head, the

stiffness left her clitoris, and beyond convulsive graspings of the

interior of her affair upon my thumb, she lay for some time inanimate.

At last she recovered her senses, she seized me under the arms, and drew

me upon her belly, her hands pressed my bottom down close upon her

person, until I found that my affair was nestled in the rich profusion

of curls that so finely adorned hers. She thrust her tongue into my

mouth, and sucked off all the rich creamy substance that had flowed from

her in such abundance. She blessed the happy chance that had led her to

give me her confidence; told me that for long she had only enjoyed the

unsatisfactory delight of lonely self-gratification, and said that now

we should revel in mutual delight of every sensual indulgence that woman

can have with woman. We lay for some time enjoying such delicious

communings, until compelled to rise by the lateness of the hour. We have

since practised every method of enjoyment given to two of the same sex.

Your mother has often introduced her stiff excited clitoris within the

lips of my affair as far as it would go, but I have always longed, my

dear Harry, for you to penetrate still further with that larger and

longer thing you have got, although what I have seen today of its

increased size has made me greatly fear it can never get in.”

Thus ended her ingenuous description. Harry, of course, promised that he

would never hurt her, that those parts were made to yield, that,

doubtless, his mother’s large clitoris had hurt her at first, but had

given her great pleasure afterwards.

Yes, that was so, and it was that that gave her courage, and if they

could only get the opportunity she would allow him to do anything he

pleased.

It may well be supposed this account of Ellen’s intercourse with her

aunt fired my imagination and made me resolve to have her. Indeed, I

began to conceive that there would be no occasion for me to make any

effort, that all would be done by dear mamma herself. We had returned to

the house after this agitated walk. Mamma was evidently greatly

preoccupied, but at length she appeared to have come to a final

determination, for she told Ellen to go up to her room, and begged us

two boys, as she called us, to go out and amuse ourselves for an hour.

It was during this interval that Harry narrated his interesting

conversation with his cousin. Her lively description had set his

imagination on fire, and he now declared his regret that it was not to

be he who would enjoy his lasciviously sensual mother. Neither of us had

any doubt but that she would now find an opportunity of enjoying me. If

we had, our doubts were solved on re-entering the house. Mamma first,

for form’s sake, kissing her son, and then far more warmly kissing me,

informed us that she had written to the doctor that we had been such

good boys that she would feel greatly obliged if he would allow her son

to remain with her until Monday, and also leave his nephew to keep him

company and prevent any of his former misbehaviour which, she was happy

to say, he appeared to have forgotten, but still it would be better he

should have the safeguard of so intelligent and discreet a friend as she

was glad to see he had found in the doctor’s nephew. My uncle, without

knowing exactly what to make of this note, had consented. Hence her joy

in being able to communicate the pleasing intelligence—doubly so to me,

as I immediately augured the downfall of my assumed virginity. Dear

mamma was all radiant with joy, and conveyed me at once to where she

intended I should sleep. I marked that it was in an out of the way room,

easy of access, but not likely to be interfered with by passers-by.

“And here, my dear son, for you know in future you are always to call me

mamma, I hope you will find yourself comfortable, and that you will not

be alarmed because you are in an out of the way part of the house, but

in case you should, before I go to bed, I shall come to see that you are

comfortably asleep.”

Here she kissed and embraced me warmly. I repaid her most

affectionately, but apparently in all innocence. She sighed, as I

thought with regret, that she could not at that moment go further, and

then led me away.

The afternoon, the dinner, and the evening passed away without anything

worthy of remark, except that mamma was frequently absent and

preoccupied. She sat by me on the sofa while Ellen played to us; her

hand sought mine, and frequently squeezed it affectionately. Harry sat

by Ellen, which enabled me often to raise my head and pout my lips for a

kiss in a boyish way. It was never refused. She dwelt on my mouth

sensuously with half-opened lips, but apparently afraid to tip me the

velvet of her tongue. She frequently gave a shudder and trembled, and

was evidently greatly excited. In the course of the afternoon, Harry and

I had had an opportunity of exchanging ideas. I told him I was certain

his mother would come to me that night, and he might be sure if she did

that she would remain till daylight. I advised him to watch her, and

when he saw her leave her bedroom to come to me, then he could slip into

his cousin’s room, and effect his purpose, but to be sure to retire at

the first dawn. I said that if that time his mother wanted to leave me,

I would keep her another quarter of an hour to enable him to put matters

to rights with his cousin, and regain his own room. I advised him also

to put a towel under his cousin’s bottom, as he was sure to make her

bleed, and he must take it away in the morning to prevent any traces of

what he had done being perceived by his mother, and to tell Ellen to

feign deep sleep on his mother’s return, and to appear quite unconscious

in the morning of her aunt having been absent. A little before ten

o’clock mamma thought it time for her children, as she called us, to go

to bed. Her son and niece both kissed her, and I, too, claimed a kiss of

my new mamma. It was taken and returned in quite a passionate way, her

lips seemed loath to leave mine, and her arms encircled me in a very

loving embrace. “Dear mamma,” I said, “I shall love you ever dearly.”

“My darling boy, I already love you as if you were indeed my son.”

She sent the others to their bedrooms, but escorted me herself to mine.

I could see that she trembled greatly, and was evidently glad to put

down the candlestick. She turned down the bedclothes for me, hoped I

would sleep well, and, with considerable agitation, again embraced me

most passionately. I could feel that her tongue would fain have thrust

itself between my lips. I had great difficulty in restraining myself,

but somehow I managed to do so. She at last left me, saying she would

give a look in to see that I was comfortable before she herself went to

bed. I told her it was very kind of her, but that there was no necessity

for her doing so, as I always went to sleep like a top the moment I lay

down.

“I am glad of that, my dear child, but nevertheless I will look in, lest

the strange bed should prevent your sleeping.”

And again she hugged me passionately against her firm and well-formed

bosom, kissing me with a long, long kiss. Quitting me with a deep sigh,

at last she said good night, and shut the door, apparently going away.

But I fancied that she stopped short, and that I could hear her gently

stealing back, probably in the hope of seeing me undress, and of

catching a view of my huge pego. So I determined she should have her

curiosity indulged. I hurried off my clothes, and before putting on one

of Harry’s nightshirts, which had been laid on the bed for me, I took up

the chamber pot, and turned fronting the key hole, stark naked, and cock

in hand. It was at half-cock, but when I had piddled I made it throb and

raise its head, and gave it a rub or two, and a shake very deliberately,

so that she might be still more bent on possessing it. I took up the

nightshirt, and turning to the light, was very awkward in getting it on,

so as to give time for a good sight of my prick at full stand against my

belly. I then blew out the light, and tumbled into bed very quickly. I

listened attentively, and could hear a deep half-suppressed sigh, and

then footsteps stealing quietly away. I lay awake cogitating as to how I

should receive her, whether to feign profound sleep, and so let her take

all the initiative, or whether to pretend that the novelty of the bed,

and thinking over her affectionate kindness to me had kept me awake. I

decided upon pretending to be sound asleep, chiefly that I might see how

she would carry out her designs, and also as allowing me to play the

surprised one.

In little more than half an hour after all had retired to rest I saw the

glimmer of light through the key hole. I had studied a pose that would

facilitate matters. I lay on my back, the clothes partially thrown off

my breast, and the hand next to the side on which she must approach,

placed above my head. Of course my cock was at full stand and as I had

thrown off the heavy counterpane, it easily lifted up, and bulged out

the sheet and light blanket. I closed my eyes, and breathed heavily. The

door was gently opened, and she entered. She turned to close it, and I

gave a peep through a half-opened eye, and saw that she had only on a

loose \_robe de chambre\_, which was thrown open in turning, so that I

could see there was nothing but her shift below. I even caught sight of

her beautiful bosom, which at once caused my prick to throb almost to

bursting, so that when she came to my side, it stood up most manfully.

She paused, evidently intent on the sight. She then held the light

towards me, and spoke in an undertone, asking me if I was awake. Of

course I only breathed the heavier, and lay with my mouth half open, as

if in the very deepest first slumber. She then turned her attention to

the bulging-out substance, and ventured to touch it gently; then,

growing bolder, she still more gently grasped it from above the clothes,

and then turned the light on my face, but I gave not a sign. She then

put the candle down, and, taking a chair, sat down close to the bed.

Here she again spoke to me in a subdued tone. Finding no cessation of

the deep breathing, she gently insinuated her hand below the already

favourably turned-down bedclothes, and with great care slipped it down

to my prick, which she grasped softly. I could now feel her whole body

tremble, her breath came fast and short. She passed her hand gently up

from the root to the head, its size evidently greatly exciting her. When

she grasped the head, it gave a powerful throb. She eased her hand, and,

I felt certain, turned to see if it had disturbed me. But I slept on

profoundly. She seemed to gain more confidence, for both hands were now

applied, and it was evident she had assumed a kneeling posture, the

better to favour her designs. I could feel her pass one hand over the

other, until she found the head was still partially above the third

grasp. I heard her give an involuntary exclamation of surprise at its

size. Her curiosity growing by what it fed on, she now commenced with

the utmost caution gently to remove the bedclothes, that she might see,

as well as feel. When this was accomplished, she rose and brought the

light, again passed it before my eyes, and then moved it down towards my

prick. Being sure she was now far too deeply engaged to turn her eyes

towards mine, I half opened them, and beheld her bending close over the

great object of attraction. I heard her exclaim half aloud—

“How wonderful! I never could have imagined such a thing, and in such an

innocent boy, too. Oh! I must possess—yes—I must possess it.”

Here she grasped it more forcibly than before. Then, rising, she put the

candle on the pot stand, which she removed to the foot of the bed. Then

taking my prick in both hands, she gently rubbed it up and down, and

even stooped and fondly kissed the nut. It throbbed more violently than

ever at this, and I thought it time to start, and appear to awake. She

instantly quitted her hold of it, and stood up, but was too agitated to

think of covering me. I opened my eyes in apparent great surprise, but

recognising mamma, I said—

“Oh! is that you, dear mamma? I was dreaming such a nice dream about

you. Oh, do kiss me,” purposely not seeming to know that my person was

all naked.

She stooped and kissed me tenderly, saying—

“My dear, darling boy. I came to see if you were comfortable, and found

you lying uncovered, and with this extraordinary thing sticking up.”

She had seized it with her left hand, as she stooped to kiss me. On the

instant, I determined to play off the same game that had succeeded so

well with my aunt.

“My dear mamma, I should not have dared to speak to you about \_that\_,

but it does give me much pain, by becoming so hard that it throbs, as

you may feel, at the least touch. I don’t know what to do; and it makes

me feel so queer too, especially at the gentle pressures you have just

given it; dear mamma, can you tell me how I can cure it, and I will love

you so dearly.”

Here she stooped and kissed me very luxuriously, actually thrusting her

tongue into my mouth. I sucked it, and told her how sweet it was. But my

prick becoming perfectly outrageous, I implored her to tell me what I

could do to relieve it. She looked at me long and intently, blushing and

turning pale by turns.

“Yes, my dear boy, I could relieve you, but it is a secret that I hardly

dare confide in one so young.”

“Oh! you may trust me, my dear mamma, you know I am becoming a young

man, and men must know how to keep secrets, or they would be despised,

besides, so dear and loving a mamma as you are to me would doubly make

me keep secret anything you confide to me on those terms.”

“I will trust you, my darling boy, but you will at once see by what I

shall do, how completely I sacrifice myself to do you good.”

Upon this, she threw off her robe, and sprang into bed by my side.

“Oh! how nice of you, dear mamma,” said I, as I took her in my arms, and

kissed her lovingly. “Feel, mamma, how much harder it is, so tell me at

once how I am to relieve it.”

“Well, my dear child, we women are made to relieve such stiffnesses as

this; we possess a sheath to put it in, and then it gradually softens.”

“Oh! where—where—dearest mamma, do tell me?”

She took my hand and put it down on her cunt, already quite wet with the

excitement she had been in.

“There, feel that, do you not find an opening?”

“Oh, yes, but how am I to get in there—won’t it hurt you?”

“I will show you.”

She turned on her back, opened her legs, and desired me to mount on her

belly, with my legs between hers, then guiding my rampant pego, and

rubbing its great head up and down the lips to moisten it, she told me

to push gently downwards, for it was so large that I would otherwise

hurt her. Playing the novice to perfection, I awkwardly but gently soon

thrust it in, up to the codpiece. She uttered an “Oh! oh!” when it was

fairly hilted; then throwing her legs over my loins, and her arms round

my waist, she begged me to move my bottom backwards and forwards, always

thrusting it in as far as I could. Three or four pushes finished me off,

in the great excitement I was under. She, too, died away with a great

convulsive sigh. I took care to cry out—

“Oh! my dear mamma—oh! stop. I am dying—I—I—am dy—dy—ing.”

Her convulsive internal pressures were delicious, and quickly roused my

prick up again. She also had come to, and had glued her lips to

mine—giving her own, and then asking in return for my tongue to suck.

“Oh! what heavenly joys, my dear mamma, you did, indeed, reduce its

hardness, but just feel—it has got hard again, you must reduce it once

more.”

“My beloved boy, I shall always be ready to do so, but it must be the

most sacred secret between us, or I should never be able to do it

again.”

You may well suppose my protestations were of the strongest. At it we

went again, and again, and again. Mamma declared that I was a most apt

scholar. Four times did I pour into her foaming and fiery cunt torrents

of sperm. At last she insisted upon my withdrawing, saying it would

injure my health to indulge any more. So I withdrew, and we embraced

each other most lovingly. I now expressed a wish to see the wonderful

place that had given me the ecstasies of paradise. She lent herself with

admirable grace and ease to my boyish curiosity, and even threw off her

shift, making me do the same, that she too might admire the undisguised

beauties of my form. There was no pretence in the great admiration I

expressed for her really superb form, but I expressed it in a naive and

innocent way, that made her laugh heartily, and confirmed her idea that

she was not only the first naked woman I had seen, but that she was the

first I ever knew, or who had taught me what sensual pleasure meant, and

great was her delight in thinking she had taken my virginity, and been

the first to initiate me in love’s delightful mysteries. Of course, I

did everything I could in order to carry on the deception she was so

much pleased with, and I may add this was the last time I ever did so,

for daily becoming more of a man, I took \_things\_ by the forelock at

once, and rarely failed to succeed. We got up, and she turned herself

round in every way for me to see the rare beauties of her person—herself

explaining to me where she was well made—bosom, buttocks, belly so white

and smooth, without a wrinkle, although she had had a son. She was,

indeed, one of those rare cases where nothing remains to tell of such an

event. Her bosom, without being so large as aunt’s, was gloriously white

and firm, with such pink nipples, larger than in a maid, but sticking

out hard and inviting a suck. Then her cunt—for she laid herself on her

back, opened her legs, and allowed me the closest inspection. I have

already alluded to her clitoris, as described by Ellen to Harry; it was

charmingly developed, about half the length of Miss Frankland’s, and not

so thick. As I felt her cunt and introduced my fingers to hold it open,

she got excited, and Master Clitoris raised his head, and came out of

his corner in full stand. I professed great surprise to find she had a

little doodle of her own. I purposely used the boyish expression. I

began to play with it.

“Oh!” I said, “I must kiss it.”

I did so, and began to suck it. She got dreadfully lewd, and seizing

upon my now-again-standing prick, drew me upon her, and introduced once

more my master weapon. With greater slowness until the final crisis drew

near, we had another delicious fuck. She was a woman of very warm

passions, and the long pent-up seclusion she had kept herself in with

regard to our sex being once broken, now that the flood-gates were

opened, there was no resisting the torrent of her lascivious passions.

Twice again did we fuck without withdrawing. Then, after hugging and

thanking me for the ecstasies I threw her into, she rose for a natural

purpose, and advised me to do the same, and we would then both lave

ourselves with cold water to restore our nerves. She laved me and I her.

She then insisted on my lying down on my back, while she admired what

she called the masterpiece of Nature. From seeing and feeling, she soon

came to sucking. Up he got in a moment. Playing the ignoramus, I asked

if it was not possible that we could both enjoy that pleasure at once.

“Oh, yes, my dear boy. I am so delighted to find that this pleases you!

Lie on your back, I shall get over you in the reverse way, and while I

suck this enormous jewel, whose head I can hardly get into my mouth, you

shall do as you like with my notch.”

“Is that what you call it, dear mamma?”

“That is one name, and it has many others, but you men generally call it

cunt, as we call yours prick, it is just as well you should know their

ordinary names, as children only call them Fanny and Doodle.”

“Prick and cunt—oh! I shan’t forget, so let me have that beautiful cunt

to suck.”

We had a mutual gamahuche, and both greedily swallowed the double

result, and continued our caresses of both parts, until they were again

in full vigour, and inspired with a desire for more solid enjoyments.

“My darling boy, you are so apt and excellent a scholar that I must show

you there are several ways of allaying the stiffness of this dear

fellow, who seems as desirous as ever to have his hardness taken out of

him. I shall show you how my husband liked best to enjoy me.”

She scrambled up on her knees, and presented her very fine bottom, told

me to kneel behind and give her my prick in her hand, which she thrust

out backwards between her thighs. I did so. She told me it would appear

to get further in this way, and, in fact, it did. After it was all in

until thighs and buttocks met, she told me to admire, praise, and handle

the splendid cheeks of her bottom, and said that such praise greatly

excited her. Of course I did so, admiring not only their size and

fairness, but also the beautiful curly silk meshes that ran between the

cheeks, covered her beautifully pink bottom-hole, charmingly puckered as

it was, and ran up to the flat of her back. After I had so excited her,

she begged me to lean forward, and to handle one bubby while I should

play with her clitoris with the other hand. I did all this tolerably

well, but with somewhat of awkwardness. She said I would soon be

perfect. We ran again two courses before she fell forward dragging me

down without withdrawing, and then turning on our sides, still

intertwined we fell off into a deep slumber, and did not awaken till

daylight. Mamma jumped out of bed, unseating me by the act. She was

alarmed lest the hour should be late enough for the household to be up.

I tried hard to persuade her to reduce once more the hardness which had

again seized me as she might see and feel for herself.

“No, my dear boy, we must not be imprudent, my niece may have awakened

and grown anxious at my absence, and she may rise to seek me; so

good-bye, my darling, go to sleep again.”

She embraced me tenderly, but I could not prevail upon her to go

further, although she promised to seek an opportunity during the day,

and to give me as much as I liked the next night. She left me, and I

pondered over the lucky chance that had put so desirable and fine a

woman into my arms, and also congratulated myself on the stratagem by

which I had fully convinced her that she was my first instructress in

the art of love, a circumstance ever dear to the ardent imagination of

the darling sex. I easily fell asleep again, wondering how Harry in the

meantime had got on with his cousin. My dear mamma would not allow me to

be disturbed. She had entered my room once or twice, and found me

sleeping soundly.

At last she again entered, just as I had satisfied a natural want for

which I had risen. To rush to her, to embrace her tenderly, to fasten

the door, and compel her, not much against her will, to come towards the

bed, to beg her to lie on her belly on the bedside, to cant her

petticoats up, to kneel and gamahuche her cunt from behind until she

begged me to rise and fuck her, was but the work of a minute or two. And

then my stiff-standing pego, aided by the mouthful of thick saliva

occasioned by the gamahuche, was directed at her cunt, and driven home

as far as the buttocks or her fine backside would allow. My prick being

fairly sheathed, I paused for a moment to handle and praise the beauty

of her posterior orbs. Then, stooping, I nibbled at her bubbies with one

hand, and frigged her clitoris with the other. Sharp set, with my long

rest and refreshing sleep, I rapidly ran a first course, but not quicker

than the lascivious nature of dear mamma, who joined me in a copious

discharge with the most ecstatic joy, and the most delicious inward

pressures. For she was a perfect and most accomplished actor in the

combats of love, and in her own way was worthy of my glorious aunt and

my loved Miss Frankland, and as thoroughly accomplished as they in all

the abandon of lust and lubricity, although at the moment I had only

proved things in an ordinary way. Her exquisite internal suctions almost

prevented the slightest relaxation in my delighted pego, and after a

minute or two of indulgence in the after-joy, I began again almost

before dear mamma had recovered her senses, when she tried to tear

herself away. But before she knew where she was I had succeeded in again

firing her ardent and lascivious nature, and she became as eager for a

second course as myself. This was naturally longer than the first fiery

one. I raised myself upright on my knees, contemplated with the utmost

delight the uncommon active play of her loins, and the exquisite side

wriggling of her very fine backside. I loudly praised her delicious

manoeuvres, and seconded them to the utmost, until getting more and more

excited, fast and furious grew our movements. I bent down to second her

by frigging her clitoris, and the final crisis seized us both with its

agony of joy, and I sank almost insensible on her back. We lay for a

short time lost to everything, until mamma, remembering the risk we ran

of discovery, begged me to withdraw, and let her go away. She rose and

threw herself into my arms, glueing her lips to mine with a most loving

kiss. Then stooping, she gave my now pendant prick a most delicious

suck, making her tongue play into and around the mouth of the urethra.

This was so delicious that the delighted member instantly showed its

appreciation of the pleasure by starting up in full swing. Mamma gave it

a pat, and said he was a most charming and delicious boy, who did not

know how to behave himself. Again she kissed me, and tore herself away,

but I could easily see the regret was as great on her side as mine. She

told me her son had been as lazy as I was, and said that breakfast was

waiting for us both. I quickly finished my toilet and found them all at

the breakfast table.

Ellen blushed deeply when she saw me. A glance from Harry assured me he

had succeeded, and that Ellen not only knew what I had been about, but

also that I knew what she had been doing. Hence her high colour when she

saw me. I smiled, and nodded to her knowingly, and as she had observed

the intelligent glance that passed between Harry and me, it did not tend

to put her at her ease.

Mamma, of course, knew nothing of what had passed in her bed while she

was with me, and was all affectionate attention to the whole party, but

with a marked tendency to pay me more particular attention. Our

breakfast was late, so we had to hurry ourselves for church. Mamma drove

Ellen in a small pony phaeton, while Harry and I took a short cut across

the fields.

Harry told me how he had watched his mother and had quietly approached

my door, and as the bed was exactly opposite the key hole, had seen and

enjoyed her proceedings, especially as he knew that I only pretended

sleep.

“By Jove,” he said, “what a fine woman mother is! I could not tear

myself away, and remained until you both went at it again, stark naked.

My mother’s beautiful hairy cunt, fine bubbies and backside, nearly

drove me mad with desire. I could have violated her if she had been

alone. And, then, her energy in fucking was superb. I could hold out no

longer, but rushed to dear Ellen’s side. She was asleep. I took her in

my arms, and awoke her by feeling her delicious young cunt. She opened

her eyes, and thinking it was mamma she turned round to repay the

compliment, and started on having hold of my pego.”

“‘Why! Harry dear, how came you here? We shall be caught by mamma.’

“‘Oh, no, my love, mamma is better engaged, and has slipped away to

Charlie’s room to get done to her what I am going to do to you.’

“She was too much alarmed to believe me, and I was obliged to bring her

to your door. I first peeped, and saw you were still at it. Mamma’s legs

and arms thrown around you allowed me to see your great big thing

rushing in and out, and driving home with immense vigour. I whispered to

Ellen to peep. While she did so, stooping, I sat down on the floor and

gamahuched her. She spent almost immediately, and was so excited that it

quite filled my mouth. I rose on my legs, and bringing my prick against

her cunt, made an entrance as far as over the nut, but was myself so

excited with all I was doing, and all I had previously seen, that I went

off in an agony of delight and with a suppressed cry, which must have

been heard by you and mamma if you had not been so busily engaged. Ellen

had been so excited and so intent on the to her new scene enacting

before her eyes, that she had never ceased gazing on it, and left me to

do whatever I pleased, but my cry alarmed her, especially as in my last

forward push I had sent her head with some noise against the door. She

rose, and so unseated me from the slight hold I had got of her cunt. She

turned round to embrace me most excitedly, and whispered that we must go

elsewhere. I took her round the waist, and we quickly regained mamma’s

bed. The light enabled me to find a towel. I told Ellen it was to

prevent any moisture betraying our acts. She was far too excited and

wishful for the article to make the slightest resistance, or even

pretence of refusal. I begged her to throw off her shift, as she had

seen both Charlie and mamma were quite naked. She at once complied,

being now as eager for the fray as myself. I, too, threw off my

nightshirt. For a moment we embraced each other’s naked bodies. My cock

was as stiff as iron. She lewdly laid hold of it, while I handled her

charming young cunt. I helped her onto the bed, she at once lay down on

her back, and threw open her legs as she had seen mamma do. I stopped

and gave her cunt, all oozing with her own and my spunk, a warm kiss,

and with a lick or two on her budding clitoris, I fired her even to

greater excess than she had yet been in.

“‘Oh, come to my arms, my dear Harry, and let us do as they were so

delightedly doing.’

“She had noted with what rapture mamma was enjoying you, and she had

noted, too, what a much larger cock yours was than mine; so she had

naturally reasoned that if one so big gave her aunt so much delight,

my smaller one could not possibly hurt her, hence her eagerness to

have me at once. I did not baulk her, but throwing myself between her

wide-spread thighs, I soon brought the point of my prick to the longing

lips of her little virgin cunt. I rubbed it up and down in between

the pouting and self-opened lips, partly to moisten it, and partly

to still more excite her lust. I then gently pressed it forward, and

introduced just its head, and drawing it in and out, made her beg me to

go further. I did so, slowly, until I found there was an impediment. I

knew that I must burst through this and that it would hurt her, so I

continued withdrawing and re-entering without going further until she

became so voraciously lewd as to throw her legs around my loins and

heave her bottom up to meet my thrusts. I seized the fortunate moment

and with one downright violent thrust burst through every barrier and

buried my prick in her up to the very hilt. The attack and its result

was so unexpected by Ellen that when she felt the knife-like thrust

of agony she gave a shriek of pain, and made an immediate effort to

throw me off. I was too firmly seated for any other result of her

struggles than the still more complete rupture of her maidenhead, which

my forward thrust had partially effected. I lay for some time quite

tranquil, and when her immediate pain wore off I commenced a gentle

in and out movement, which, without exactly exciting her, produced a

pleasing sensation. I then went on faster and faster until the crisis

came upon me, and I shot into her a torrent of boiling sperm that by

its balmy nature mollified the previous smarting; so that when I had

recovered from the delicious ecstasies of my first success, and my

prick gradually resumed its former vigour, I found by the somewhat

increased pressure upon it that her passions were re-awakening. Three

times did I fuck her before I withdrew, the last one appeared to give

her more pleasure, but still she complained of a smarting pain as I

passed over and over the shattered hymen. I advised her to rise and

lave herself as a relief, and to wash away the stains of blood from

her thighs. The towel was a fortunate thought on your part, but, in

fact, I had followed in all my movements the sage counsels you had

given me from the experience you had had in taking the virginities

of Mrs. Vincent and your two sisters, or I should otherwise probably

have bungled the matter, although my experience with your magnificent

aunt had naturally put me up to all the art of fucking. I had some

difficulty in persuading Ellen to let me put it in again, as she

declared she had endured perfect agony when I broke through her

maidenhead. However, I gamahuched her well, got her passions up,

moistened the shaft well, and was very gentle in entering and in my

first movements. I spent without making her do so. But the well-greased

sheath now allowing more easy movements, she gave down her nature with

considerable pleasure as I spent the second time. Still there was fear

and restraint—fear lest mamma might come back—so I thought it advisable

to retire to my own room, being quite certain that now the road is open

her lascivious nature will not be long in enabling her to enjoy the

sport to the utmost. By the way, she could not help wondering how mamma

could take in your immense pego; why, she said, it was as thick as her

wrist and much longer than her hand, and yet it seemed to slip into

mamma with ease and pleasure, ‘while yours, dear Harry, which is not

thicker than my two forefingers, and hardly much longer, has given me

such pain.’ I assured her it was only for the first night, and that if

she would bathe it with warm water two or three times during the day,

and put up a little glycerine as far as where it hurt, which her finger

could easily reach, she would find that tomorrow night there would no

longer be any pain felt, and she would enjoy it as much as she had seen

mamma do. With this advice I left her to her repose, and gained my own

room unobserved.”

After this we concerted together as to what we should say to the doctor,

who was sure to question us. Mrs. Dale’s cottage was not in our parish,

but she had driven over to our church, partly to throw off all suspicion

from the doctor’s mind, and also to thank him for allowing us to stay

with her.

We, therefore, knew that we should have to go to the rectory and stay

for luncheon. We agreed that we should not on this occasion take the

doctor into our confidence, but that we should tell him we had purposely

been very quiet and discreet, so as to throw Harry’s mother off her

guard. That Ellen slept with her, so that it became doubly necessary to

gain her confidence. This being arranged before we reached church, we

entered. After service we all adjourned to the rectory. The doctor

escorted Mrs. Dale, Harry, Ellen, and I my aunt. Aunt, pressing my arm,

asked me if I had had Mrs. D., as she seemed a fine woman worth having.

“Oh, dear no. I have had no opportunity, even if she would have

consented. I have been playing the ingenuous youth to help Harry with

his cousin. I thought we had somewhat thrown her off her guard, but she

was still jealous and watched him closely. Ellen slept with her, which

rendered things more difficult for Harry. She has closely examined me as

to the sort of intimacy existing between us. I threw such an air of

candour and innocence over my replies that she was quite delighted Harry

had met with such a companion. I fully expect she will break out in

praises of my \_modest\_ and discreet conduct.”

Indeed, so it turned out, and Mrs. Dale did it with such an air of

candour that aunt was quite convinced nothing as yet had occurred

between us. While the ladies discussed the dresses and bonnets of all

who had appeared in church, uncle took Harry and me for a walk in the

garden until luncheon was ready. Here he began, as aunt had done, to

question us as to our proceedings, and the reason for Mrs. D. asking

permission for us to stay. The same replies that had satisfied aunt

satisfied him that nothing as yet had taken place beyond my gaining the

confidence of Mrs. D.

“My dear Charlie,” said uncle, “you have only now to manage somehow or

other to let her see your great big cock without apparently your being

aware of it, and I will warrant, from my knowledge of woman’s nature,

that she will find a way to have you, only mind you play the innocent,

and be very awkward, and let her appear to teach you, which will give

double pleasure and prevent any questioning as to how you have gained

your instruction, if she thought you instructed.”

I smiled inwardly at these sage directions, and thought how completely

all persons knowing in the ways of the world gave the same advice. But

little did uncle then think that I had acted up to the very letter what

he was advising for my future conduct. We re-entered the house on

luncheon bell ringing. Mrs. Dale complimented the doctor on the advance

her son had made both in manners and instruction, and quite naturally

congratulated herself on his finding so very modest and gentlemanly a

companion in the doctor’s nephew—myself to wit.

Returning home, Ellen begged she might be allowed to walk, doubtless

calculating on having Harry for a companion. But mamma, while agreeing

to her request, was still sufficiently on her guard to take Harry in the

phaeton, and leave me to escort Ellen. Here was a chance! Ellen blushed,

but took my arm as we left the rectory. Uncle gave me a knowing look,

and a glance at Ellen, as we parted, as much as to say, I guess what

will happen. We walked away steadily enough until the first hedge hid

us. I stopped, and embraced Ellen tenderly, saying how glad I was to be

able to congratulate her on the happy chance her aunt had given her, by

coming to me for the night. She was a good deal confused at thinking

that I should know how she passed the night. I rallied her upon this,

told her that no secret existed between Harry and me, and that, in fact,

if I had not lent myself to the game, she would not have had the

opportunity for the great pleasure she must have had in Harry’s arms. I

knew she had not had much, but I wished to draw her on, and to make her

open out as to her feelings, being determined to make the most of any

confidence on her part. She replied that, indeed, she had done nothing

but suffer, and would not have allowed Harry to do what he did if she

had known the pain it would give her, she had been deceived by seeing

how much aunt had seemed to enjoy what was so greatly superior in size

to what Harry had. I smiled at her allusion to the size of my pego, and

knowing that her curiosity must be creating in her a desire to see it, I

told her it was well for her, in the first instance, to have had the

smaller weapon to penetrate her, and that now she would never again

suffer, even by the introduction of so large a one as mine.

“Oh, but when I think of the immense size of yours, I could never dare

to allow you to try, although aunt did seem to enjoy it, when you pushed

it in with such force.”

“My dear Ellen, it was the size alone that tempted mamma, and if I had

not been larger than Harry, I doubt if ever she would have come to me at

night.”

“But how could she dare to do so?”

“Curiosity to enjoy an unusually large cock, my dear.”

“Did you know she was coming?”

“Yes, and no. I saw that her passions were excited, when I had once

\_accidentally\_ allowed her to see my large proportions.”

“Yes, Harry told me what you were about, but I hardly expected aunt

would have dared to come to you—how did it happen?”

“Well, if you will promise \_never\_ to let your aunt know that I have

told, I shall tell you. She came and found me \_apparently\_ asleep, first

felt me, and seeing I did not awake, carefully uncovered me, looked at,

handled and kissed it, upon which, as my cock was nearly bursting, and I

could stand it no longer, I awoke, and innocently complained of the

stiffness I suffered from in that part, and begged her to tell me if

there was any means of relieving it. She told me there was, but it was a

great secret she hardly dared trust me with—and even if she could do so,

she was afraid of a great long thing like \_that\_, three of her hands

long below the head! but that if I promised secrecy, she would try. Then

she lay down and taught me how to put it in, and I know you afterwards

enjoyed the sight of our being in full action, quite naked—did you not

enjoy it, dear Ellen?”

“Well, dear Charlie, it was very exciting, and made me feel queer all

over; but is it really three hands and a head long?”

I was delighted at the question, as it showed me she was ready for what

I intended should be done. Curiosity once excited was sure to go to the

utmost length, if it had the opportunity. I had purposely been hurrying

on to gain a dense copse through which our path lay, and I knew there

was a snug glade, where we would be in perfect security. It was the

dinner hour of the peasantry, and no one else was likely to come that

way. Just as we entered the copse, she had put her last question. I told

her I would show her, if she would step a few yards beyond the foot

path. She objected, for form’s sake saying—

“What would Harry say?”

“There is no occasion for him to know anything about it, but even if he

did, has he not himself shown you mamma and me in full enjoyment of her

sweet charms; but, unless you tell him you may be sure I never shall, it

will not take a minute, and as we have already walked very fast, we have

plenty of time, and our absence will not be observed.”

With professed reluctance she allowed me to lead her where I wished.

Having arrived at the favourable spot, I sat down on a gentle slope, and

begged her to sit down beside me. As you may well suppose, my prick was

rampant, and almost bursting open my trousers, so that as soon as I

unbuttoned, out it flew in all its splendour. She gave a half scream of

surprise as she gazed upon its large proportions, and declared it looked

larger than when she had seen it with aunt. Her face flushed, and her

eyes sparkled as she gazed, but she seemed half frightened to touch it.

I took her hand and placed it on it. She immediately grasped it

convulsively, but sighed deeply. I had lain back on the grass that it

might stand out boldly before her and I told her to try if it was not

three hands and a head long. She immediately passed one hand over the

other from the root, and said it was really monstrous, and she wondered

how aunt could have got it into her.

“Oh, my darling, I hope some day you will find that you can take it all

in with the utmost delight, but I should not think of trying until you

have had some more practice with Harry.”

Meanwhile she was handling it with great excitement, and while saying

she was sure I could never succeed with her, she was evidently longing

to be able to take it in. I saw I must work her up more—so I said—

“Dear Ellen, you know what pleasure it gave you and Harry to play with

each other with your mouths, it is now your turn to let me see your dear

little thing—and then you must lie over me reversed, so that we may

enjoy ourselves with tongues and mouths.”

She let me at once pull up her petticoats, but said she feared that even

for that she was still too sore from Harry’s work last night. I asked if

she had bathed it in warm water and put glycerine up. “Oh, yes.”

At first it smarted, but before going to church, she had done it three

times, and no longer felt any pain, but still was afraid of my finger

going up. I was introducing it at the moment. It passed in its full

length without hurting her.

“Now, pull up your petticoats well, and lie down on me, while I do the

same with this charming little cunt; my tongue can only give it the

utmost pleasure.”

She herself was now so much excited that she was ready enough to comply

with my desires. She got upon me, her petticoats well canted over her

back. She glued her lips to my prick, and sucked and frigged it with an

energy that proved how highly her passions were fired. Her cunt was

already in a foam of spendings, which I first licked up. Then sucking

her tiny clitoris, stiffly projecting slightly out, I thrust my middle

finger up her cunt, and by the wriggling of her backside, saw how much

she enjoyed it. Introducing a second finger to moisten it, I withdrew

both, and, turning my hand sideways, made each finger enter a separate

aperture. She was already nearly in the grand crisis; it came upon her

before I was ready. She poured a greater discharge into my mouth than I

thought the young thing could have spent. It took her breath away, and

she released her suction of my prick for a minute. But on my begging her

to continue sucking, she did so with increased energy, and I poured out

a torrent of sperm that shot down her throat and nearly choked her, but

the dear girl never let go for all that, and sucked away until not only

was there not a drop left, but by her delicious titillations she had

brought my prick up to its utmost vigour again. I, too, had reawakened

her passions. She wanted to renew the sport in this way again, but I

begged her to allow me to rub the head of my prick up and down between

the well-moistened lips of her cunt, and then to spend with the point,

or at most the head, within it. She asked if she could trust me to stop

if it hurt her.

“Of course, my darling,” I said, “nothing shall be done, or rather

everything shall cease the moment you tell me to stop.”

Half afraid, yet wishing to try, she changed her position to a kneeling

one. I canted her petticoats well over her back, and first kissing and

handling her hard and plump buttocks, which promised a future

perfection, I stooped and again licked her charming pouting cunt with

all its budding fair young curls. Then applying my surcharged mouthful

of saliva to my already well-moistened prick, I lubricated it completely

from point to root, and then applied it to the half-opened lips. Rubbing

it up and down here, and over the clitoris, I excited her to the

greatest pitch.

“Oh! Charlie dear,” she cried, “try if its head will go in now, and I

will try to bear it.”

I was only too glad of the permission, and very rapidly got it in over

the nut, but it was very tight. I drew it half out again, and then, on

repeating this five or six times, found I was imperceptibly gaining

ground.

“Oh! dear Charles, it is delicious! Try on, gently.”

I did so, and had got rather more than half way in when she went off in

an agony of delight, deliciously pouring her warm liquid over my

enchanted prick, giving, at the same time, such a push backwards, which,

meeting a firm, though gentle forward movement on my part, joined with

the natural relaxation following her discharge, drove me up to the hilt

in the very tightest little cunt it has ever been my good fortune to

sheath myself in. I seemed to fill every cranny, and to have stretched

every part to its utmost distention. My aunt with her great cunt had a

power of pressure that seemed almost to nip off your prick, Miss

Frankland, too, was great in that way. But this was more like a very

well made first-rate kid glove, two sizes too small for your fingers,

yet giving way without bursting, and fitting every irregularity of the

nail or finger; just so her little cunt fitted my prick exactly like a

glove, and it was truly most ecstatic. A gentle withdrawing, and then as

gentle resheathing, so excited me that I shot a torrent of sperm up into

her very womb. She gave quite a cry of ecstasy, and I could feel the

tight sheath exercising a running movement along the whole length of my

prick, and still more tightly closing all round it—if that were

possible. It was so exquisitely delicious that both of us were almost

instantly in readiness for another course.

She asked if I was all in.

“Oh, yes, my dear, do you think you could have taken any more?”

“Oh, no, it appears to fill me to bursting, and to be up to my very

heart. I could not have supported more, but could hardly believe I had

it all, as I did not think it possible, and was afraid there was more to

come.”

“Did it give you any pleasure?”

“Oh, yes; and does so still—push on, dear Charlie, and don’t spare me,

it is heavenly.”

She wriggled and heaved her backside. I seized her by each hip and

favoured her side movements by, as it were, drawing her off and on;

faster and faster we moved, until at last the crisis seized us both

together. Her head sank with a deep sigh, or rather cry of ecstasy. She

would have fallen forward on her belly, but that my grip of her hips

held her bottom close up to my belly, with my prick thrust into the

innermost end of her cunt, until I felt the three points of the opening

of her womb, like the nailless ends of three fingers grasping, as it

were, the very point of my prick, and opening themselves to receive the

whole discharge of my sperm within its innermost recesses. Nothing could

be more delicious, and as I held her fast, I was myself in a state of

perfect ecstasy. At last addressing some endearing expressions, and

getting no reply, I found that the dear girl had quite fainted away, and

was insensible in every respect except in the continued convulsive

throbs of her delicious tight cunt. However, finding that she did not

recover her senses, I gently withdrew my still stiff prick. Very little

sperm followed the withdrawal. I wiped her cunt dry with my

handkerchief, and was glad to see there was no blood stains. I laid her

gently down on her back, ran to a little stream, and taking two handfuls

of water, came back, threw some on the still throbbing cunt, and

sprinkled her face with the drops that still adhered to my palms. This

had the desired effect; she opened her eyes, raised herself on her

bottom, and threw her arms round my neck as I knelt by her side. Telling

me I had made her taste of the joys of heaven, she kissed me, and then

burst into a hysterical flood of tears. I comforted her as best I could

and asked why she wept.

“I don’t know, dear Charles, but the last time made me feel both sick

and faint just after you had given me such ecstasy as I never dreamt was

possible. I believe I then fainted, and even now, I don’t know why but I

feel quite hysterical.”

I kissed her tenderly, begged her to rise and come to the spring, where

she could drink and said if she sat down on her feet I would bathe and

cool her dear little cunt, which would probably put all to rights. She

did so, and was quickly quite restored to herself again. She said she

supposed it was my enormous size.

“But it did not hurt me, dear Charles, it only gave me too much

pleasure; but you will do it to me another time whenever we have any

opportunity, will you not, dear Charlie?”

I assured her I should always be too glad to do so, but that we must

neither let her aunt nor Harry know of our proceedings. This being

arranged, and she having quite recovered from the pallor her fainting

fit had caused, we resumed our course homeward, and so hurried on that

Harry, who had come to meet us found us getting over the stile of the

last field, and was even disappointed that we had got so far, for we

were now in sight of the cottage. He had hoped to find us much further

back, and that I might have favoured his having a go at his cousin

before reaching home. Ellen squeezed my arm. I said it was just as well

as it was, for any imprudence might have awakened his mother’s

suspicions, and prevented a night of pleasure, which would be far better

than any uncomfortable field affair.

When we arrived at home, mamma thought that Ellen looked fatigued, and

advised her to go and lie down on her bed, and take an hour’s siesta.

She told us boys we had better do the same, as she had some private

matters to attend to. Harry and I saw immediately what was meant, and we

betook ourselves to our respective rooms, I to expect mamma, who did not

fail to come, and Harry to watch her, and then made the most of the

opportunity with his cousin. I quickly undressed, and when mamma came I

found she had divested herself of stays and undergarments; so when she

undid her gown, and let fall her shift, she stood in all the naked glory

of her beautiful form. I flew to embrace her most lovingly. Both our

hands wandered and being both in full heat, we were at it in a moment

fast and furious. I drove on, admirably seconded by dear mamma, and we

quickly both gave down at the same instant a most delicious libation on

the altar of Venus, and then died away in all the after-enjoyment. We

lay for nearly a quarter of an hour soaking in the delicious bliss of

satisfied desire. Mamma, on coming to her senses, kissed me most

tenderly, and declared she had never believed it possible that she could

have had such exquisite delight.

“But then, my dear Charles, I never dreamt that any man, let alone a boy

like you, could be so magnificently hung. Oh, it is also such joy to me

to think I have first taught you the real joys of coition, and tasted

the first sweets of that most glorious weapon. My dear Charlie, I must

contemplate its beauties in this full light; withdraw the dear fellow

and turn on your back.”

I did so. She rose, and turning in the reverse position, brought her

lovely foaming cunt right down on my mouth. I sucked up all the

delicious foam oozing from the aperture. Then drawing into my mouth her

half-stiffened clitoris, which was then pendant like a little boy’s

cock, I soon sucked it into its utmost rigidity, frigging her rich

pouting cunt with two fingers, the while. She, on her part, was not

idle, first playing with my prick, covering and uncovering its head,

which soon made it stand up in all of its glory. She was profuse and

loud in its praises. Then getting too excited for mere admiration, she

took it in her mouth and sucked it, and manipulated it with one hand,

fingering my codpiece with the other. I then found her fingers were

feeling and tickling my bottom-hole. She took her mouth from off my

prick, and paused a moment; then again applied her finger to my

fundament, and made it gently penetrate as far as it would go. The

previous pause had evidently been for the purpose of moistening her

finger with her saliva that it might slip in easily. I was delighted to

find that she had come to this, but pretending ignorance, I stopped my

proceedings to ask her what she was doing to my bottom, which could give

me such exquisite delight.

“It is my finger, my dear Charles, my late husband was always delighted

with my doing this, and used also to add greatly to my pleasure by doing

the same to me.”

“Shall I do so to you, dear mamma?”

“Oh, yes, my darling boy; moisten your finger first and then do it in my

bottom-hole, as you have been doing it in my cunt.”

“But I think I can do both at the same time, they are so close

together.”

“You are a delightful darling; do so, and it will be double pleasure to

me.”

So I immediately commenced to postillion her to her and my extreme

gratification. We soon spent with the utmost delight, and both swallowed

all we could get, continuing our suctions until the passions of both

were again excited. I now declared I must fuck her again in the kneeling

position, in which she had before given me such exquisite pleasure. As

she drew a little higher up, I flung my arms round her fine backside,

and glued my lips to her bottom-hole, and thrust my tongue in and out.

“Oh, Charles, dear, what are you doing? Oh! how delightful.”

And she wriggled her backside over my mouth in a most voluptuous and

lascivious way.

“Oh, rise my darling, and fuck me; you have made me so very lewd.”

I drew myself up on my knees behind her, and was into her with wild

ferocity that made her cry out with joy as she felt the mighty

instrument rush within her. I stooped and frigged her clitoris at her

desire, but wishing to contemplate the glorious movement of her backside

I begged her to frig herself that I might be able to do so. Seizing hold

of her hips, I drew her splendid bottom off and on my stiff and glowing

prick with such immense delight to her that she went off and spent

profusely, the hot stream bathing my delighted prick. But having already

fucked Ellen so shortly before, and having spent twice at the present

time, I remained for a while quiet, with mamma’s exquisite cunt

deliriously throbbing round it to the infinite enjoyment of my cock. I

stooped and nibbled with my fingers at one of her nipples. I played with

and frigged her very fine clitoris, which was soon in stiff-standing

excitement again. Being cool myself, I soon worked her up into the

wildest state of excitement by my frigging and the throbbings of my

prick, aided with occasional long slowly drawn-out movements, and then

as slowly regaining ground until within the last three inches, when it

was thrust vigorously forward, and kept there for her convulsive

pressures on it. I kept this up until she was almost wild with lust, and

cried out for more vigorous movements. I did not immediately comply, but

continued my exciting proceedings until she bit the pillow in the

madness of her lust. Then I drove on fast and furious, amid cries of

delight and ecstasy on her part, until the grand crisis overtook us both

at the same instant in a perfect fury and agony of delight. I had

previously left the frigging to herself, and had seized her hips and

enjoyed the glorious sight of the furious contortions of her bottom

under the excessive lubricity of her wildly excited lasciviousness. She

died away in such excess of ecstasy that she would have fallen on her

belly but for the grip I had upon her hips, and the pressure with which

I drew back her glorious bottom against my belly. I threw back my head

in the agony of delight, and brayed like a donkey as I had done once

before when fucking the luscious Frankland, and felt the three pointed

entrance to her womb close upon and nibble at the point of my prick so

delightfully, just as dear Ellen’s had done in the wood. As I came to my

senses I spoke to dear mamma, and found that she too had fainted away,

and was quite insensible to everything but the convulsive inner

movements of her delicious cunt. I withdrew and laid her gently down on

her side, bringing a tumbler of water, a sponge, and towel, I opened her

splendid thighs, sponged and bathed her cunt, which showed but little of

the torrent of sperm I had just poured into it. I then sprinkled her

face, and she came to with a deep sigh. Her first utterance was to bless

me for the joy I had given her, which was in fact too much, and then she

burst into tears and became quite hysterical. I thought it odd that I

should have produced the same effect upon her more accustomed and more

developed organs as I had done on dear Ellen. I comforted her in my

boyish way, and asked how it was that the effect should have been

different from anything she had previously experienced with me.

“Ah! my dear boy,” she said, with a deep sigh, “you have caused me such

extreme sensations that I fear you must have got me with child, you

seemed to penetrate my very womb, and to excite me far beyond anything I

ever previously remember.”

“My loved mamma, can I possibly get a child?”

“Get a child, indeed!” she replied. “Yes, a dozen, with such a great

monster of a cock, that so excites us poor women.”

I embraced her most tenderly, and said I was so happy to think I should

be the father of a child of hers.

“Alas! my dear boy, it may be joy to you, but what a sorrow it will be

to me if such should be the case; think how I should lose position in

the world if it should be known, and even if by going abroad I could

hide my shame from the public, still what shifts and contrivances I

should be put to to ensure secrecy; but never mind, my darling, I would

run twice such risk to enjoy your person, and secure your affection; you

must ever cherish and love me, my Charlie, for I risk good name and fame

for you; but now I must be gone, or we shall be sought for; try and

sleep a little, my dear boy, for I am sure you need it after your

exertions, and remember you must gain strength to renew them this

night.”

She kissed me lovingly, rose, put on her things and left me to repose.

But I could not help thinking of what she had said about fearing that

that peculiar fuck in which she had fainted portended fructification. If

so, I thought dear Ellen will probably be in the same predicament, for

the result was precisely the same with her. I may here observe that

mamma’s fears became certainties, both in her case and Ellen’s.

Eventually they both left the country together, when staying would have

brought on discovery. And, curiously enough, they were both delivered of

daughters on the same day. Of both I was the happy father, although

Harry had the credit of Ellen’s child, but she herself always asserted

to me that it was the delicious fuck in the wood that did the mischief.

And from the peculiar effect produced on both mothers on that day, I

never had any doubt of the real paternity, besides, the child grew up my

very image. Mamma’s daughter was superbly developed when she became a

young woman. She had even a larger clitoris than Miss Frankland, with

which she absolutely deflowered her sister’s cousin at the age of

fourteen. I may also incidentally observe that at the age of fifteen I

had both their maidenheads, as far as the male sex was concerned. And

Harry and I often fucked them together in every way; and my darling

daughter with her long and large clitoris has often fucked my bottom,

while I was doing the same to her sister, with Harry below fucking her

whom he believed to be his daughter. But this belongs to my latter

experiences, and has nothing to do with the present period of my life,

though, perhaps, I may be tempted hereafter to enter into all the

details of my middle age and later experiences.

Dear reader, pardon me this digression. To resume, I slept soundly for

an hour, then rose, and strolled in the garden with Harry, who related

to me how he had taken advantage of mamma’s occupation to steal into

Ellen’s room. She had been much afraid, the sly pussey, to allow him to

enter again, but when once he got within, and she found it did not hurt

her, but the contrary, she got extremely lewd, and they had two splendid

fucks. Then stealing along to my door to peep as to how we were getting

on, we so excited them again that he had another from behind, while she

stooped and peeped all the time, for it was when I was fucking mamma

from behind, on my knees, and they concluded it would be our last for

the present. When they had brought matters to a finish they separated,

and mamma had found Ellen fast asleep.

“But, by Jove, Charlie,” said Harry, “how splendid mother fucks, I quite

envied you, and I shall never rest until I get into her myself; how

gloriously she wriggles her backside, and how lusciously she enjoys

fucking; to be sure such a mighty prick as yours is enough to stir up

every passion; it astonished, and I think made Ellen more lewd, although

she is sure she could never take in such a monster.”

I smiled at thinking how easily the very youngest of the fair sex

deceives us, but I took care not to let Harry know my opinion.

We re-entered for dinner, and spent a pleasant evening, which was the

forerunner to the delights of the night. Mamma came as soon as she

thought Ellen fast asleep, which Ellen took very good care should soon

be the case. In a moment, she was quite naked, and clasped to my equally

naked body. I had been expecting her, and thinking over the delights of

our last fuck, so that I was rampant before her arrival. She was equally

eager for the fray, and at it we went hammer and tongs, and soon brought

the first bout to a close, in mutual “ah’s!” and “oh’s!” of delight. We

soaked for some time in the delicious enjoyment. Then mamma scolded both

herself and me for our precipitation, saying that we threw away all the

luxury and abandon of fucking when we went at it in such haste; it was

in that way mere animal instinct, and wanted all the lascivious delight

of lubricity and skill in fucking. She said, now that the edge was taken

off our appetites, we must begin again with a mutual gamahuche. She rose

first to piddle, and allowed me to see the rush of water from her

delicious cunt. Then lighting two more candles, she placed two at the

foot of the bed, and two at the head, by which we should both have the

advantage of seeing all we were caressing. Then I lay down on my back,

and she mounted on me, in reverse, thus bringing her bottom down over my

face. I thrust my tongue up her cunt, and licked up the delicious spunk

oozing down from the inside. Her piddle had washed all away from the

pouting lips. Then taking her charming clitoris in my mouth, I sucked it

up to its greatest stiffness. I had thrust three fingers into her cunt,

and when I found she had thrust hers into my bottom, I transferred them

all into her beautiful pink bum-hole. They were very greasy from my

sperm coming down upon them when in her cunt, and as she favoured their

entrance by pushing out her bottom, all three slipped in, without,

apparently, her thinking it was more than one. I was delighted to see

how easily it stretched out, for this gave me great ground to hope that

I should be able to manage to get my large pego within, which I was

fully resolved upon doing, but it required a little artfulness to do so

without raising her suspicions that it was no new road to me. She

brought matters to a conclusion much as before, and when re-excited,

mamma proposed to teach me a new way, which was by her mounting on me,

and staking herself on my standing pego. Like others before her, she did

not stoop down upon me until she had made herself spend where she was,

while I saved myself for further fucking.

When she died off, she sank on my bosom. I clasped her waist with one

arm, sucked the bubby nearest my mouth, and reaching round my other arm,

I brought my hand over her bottom to the delightful orifice, first

moistening my finger with her spending which was oozing out between the

lips of her cunt and my standing prick. I thrust my finger into her

bottom-hole, and worked it in and out, to her infinite satisfaction. She

cried out in the excess of her lewdness—

“Oh! my dear boy, that is just as my dear husband used to do, and it

gave me great pleasure, but not near so much as you do, for your dear

prick is twice as large as his was, and fills me with an excess of

pleasure which was never approached with him.”

All this led up to a superb and lascivious fuck, in which we both died

away in mutual ecstasy, with cries of voluptuousness, and then lay

soaking in delight until her weight forced me to beg her to turn on her

side. We then had a long sweet chat of love. Turning the talk on her

suspicions of having got with child at the morning prayers, I remarked

that she had had only one child by her husband, and as he had lived many

years after Harry’s birth, and from what she said, she had continued to

be enjoyed by him, it was, therefore, not probable she would now be got

in the family-way.

“That appears probable, my dear boy, but then he took precaution not to

get any more children.”

“But what precautions could he take, and how did he do so?”

“You are a curious boy, but I shall tell you. He used to continue long

at it, making me spend two or three times before he did, and then when

he felt it coming he used to withdraw, and his prick being all moist, he

would slip it into my bottom, and spend there as soon as ever he got the

head of it inside.”

“And did that give you any pleasure, mamma?”

“He had excited me, and made me spend several times before he did so;

and beyond slight irritation I did not feel much pleasure, as he was

generally so near the crisis that he could scarce do more than get its

head in when off he went.

“Did he ever get it in altogether—and then did it give you pleasure?”

“Sometimes he did when he had drawn it out of my cunt too soon; in such

cases he used to pause until by rubbing my clitoris he got me into a

renewed state of lewdness, and then the pleasure was peculiar and

great.”

“Oh, my dear, mamma, you must let me too fuck you in that way, and then

you know we shall get no children.”

“My darling Charlie, it is impossible that this great big thing could

ever get into that orifice, my late husband’s was not half your size,

and he had great difficulty unless I had already spent three or four

times and relaxed all those parts. I should not dare to let you attempt

it.”

“Oh, yes my darling mamma, you will let me just get its point in and

spend there. I should so like to try. We will fuck two or three times

first, and then after the third time I shall frig you till you spend

first, and so I shall be ready just to put in the point for you to try

how it feels.”

“But, my dear boy, the least throb on my part will push it out, unless

it is in over the nut, and only look what a size it is. I can hardly

grasp it, and although it is so velvety it is quite hard. Oh, the dear

fellow, let me kiss it, and then do you fuck me again, my darling.”

She bent her body, gave me a delicious suck, then throwing herself on

her back, and opening her beautiful thighs, invited me to mount her.

Before doing so I also bent and sucked her charming and well-developed

clitoris, until she squealed again with pleasure, and begged me to put

it to her. I threw myself on her belly, and with one vigorous shove

drove my rampant prick up to the hilt, making her all shake again. She

was so hotly wound up that she spent with the single shove, and poured a

flood of hot liquid over my delighted prick. I, too, would have gone off

in two more thrusts had she not thrown her arms and legs around me, and

slipping her hands over my buttocks, held me tight pressed against the

pouting and greedy lips of her salacious cunt as if she would shove in

ballocks, buttocks and all, if it were possible. So keeping it tightly

thrust in up to the lowest hair, which lay all crushed between us, I let

her indulge in all the delight of perfect conjunction, responding to her

delicious throbbing cunt with powerful throbs of my own highly excited

prick. For more than a quarter of an hour did she lie panting and

convulsively sobbing in the perfect ecstasy of enjoyment. At last she

drew my mouth down to hers, and thrust her sweet tongue into my mouth; I

sucked it, and her hands relaxing the pressure of my buttocks, against

her cunt, I began a slow in and out movement that soon renewed her

utmost lubricity. Most actively and divinely did she second me with an

art quite her own. Fast and furious grew our movements, until, like all

things human, they came to an end in a death-like agony of delight, in

which my very soul seemed to take flight, and we lay all unconscious,

for I don’t know how long, enjoying all those exquisite after-delights

which a prick soaking in the cunt of a beautiful and lewd woman so

enchantingly confers. When we recovered, we rolled over sideways, and

still intertwined and conjoined in the sweet priapic bonds, we lay

billing and cooing with all those soft loving murmurings and bitings so

befitting such moments. At last both were again ready, and longing for

the fight. I proposed the delicious kneeling position. She saw at once

my object, and said I was a little traitor, who wanted to surprise her

bottom-hole.

“But, my darling boy, it is really impossible.”

I embraced, flattered, cajoled, and implored her until at last she

promised that if I would engage on honour not to go further, she would

try and support the entrance of my prick as far as over the nut, but

that I must really withdraw it if it was too painful for her. So these

preliminaries being arranged, she got into position. First stooping to

lick out her delicious cunt, and give a suck or two at her charming

clitoris, I brought my eager prick to the pouting and longing lips of

her delicious cunt, and after two or three rubs, thrust it in with a

rush that made my belly smack against her glorious backside. We then lay

quiet, throbbing mutually in the luxury of voluptuousness. I passed a

hand under her belly, and frigging her clitoris quickly, made her come

in an ecstasy of delight. I only gave her time for one or two throbs of

my prick, and knowing that nothing so much delights a lecherous woman as

quick movements almost immediately after spending, I commenced rapid

series of thrusts, shoving my prick well up to the hilt every time, and

talking grossly all the while, such as—

“Does not that shove make you quiver? There you have it to the ballocks

in your lascivious and delicious cunt,” &c.

She grew madly lewd, called me her own dear delightful fucker.

“Yes, yes; I feel it is up to the root. I have it well in, my dear boy.

Your dear, great big prick, it kills me—kills—kills me—with—joy. Oh! oh!

oh!”

She squealed again with all the lewdness of the most delicious spend.

She had hardly gone off, and was yet in all the throes of delight when

I, too, feeling I could hold out no longer, suddenly withdrew the

reeking shaft, and bringing it to bear against the corrugated and

beautiful orifice of her bottom, attempted to introduce it.

Notwithstanding the fury of my excitement, I was sufficiently gentle to

push in without force, and sheathed it over the nut without difficulty

or drawing a murmur from dear mamma, who fulfilled her promise, and did

her utmost to help me by pushing out her big bum, and offering no

resistance with her sphincter muscles. I was so highly wound up that

even if I had promised to be content with the insertion of the head, I

could not have gone on further, as the access seized me with such

killing sweetness that I melted away, shooting a torrent of sperm far up

into her entrails, and then losing all power of even the slightest

further thrusts. I suppose it was the long holding back to let mamma

spend two or three times that had wrought me up to such a high pitch of

nervous excitement that when I spent I seemed to lose all power of

further advance. This was the first time I ever felt this momentary

impuissance, but it was by no means the last; it generally follows the

holding back your spending powers in the fuck that leads to it. The

delicious throbbings of dear mamma’s luscious cunt, which were repeated

in her arms, soon reawakened my momentarily dormant powers. My prick had

gone down more than usual, so that it was only a soft half stiffness

that ensued, but enough to enable me to give it a forward movement, and

it slipped almost imperceptibly in quite as far as he could go before

dear mamma had recovered from the ecstasy of her last discharge. As she

came to, I continued convulsively catching my breath, as if I were still

in that exquisite sensation of half consciousness. I felt her pass her

hand between her thighs, and heard her murmur—

“Why, I declare he is up to the hilt!”

Her gentle touch on my cods, which she took in her hand and fondly

caressed, made my prick stiffen sensibly. She felt this, and caressed

them more until she made it stand as stiff as ever, still imbedded to

the utmost in that delicious bottom, which by its increased throbbings,

seemed rather to welcome the stranger than repulse him. I pretended now

to recover my full consciousness, and cried out—

“Oh, where am I? I have never known such heavenly joy.”

She raised her face up from the pillow—

“Why, you naughty boy, you have actually gone in up to the hilt; ah, you

have broken your promise; but I forgive you, only don’t move yet.”

I assured her I did not know how it got there, as I had spent and lost

consciousness as soon as ever his head was within.

Here I throbbed, and was met by as delicious a pressure. I passed my

hand round her belly, and found her clitoris stiff and excited. I rubbed

with the fingers of the other hand at one of her hard projecting

nipples. She soon grew madly lewd, and began a side wriggle on my

rampant prick. I lay still, determined to let her passions demand

movement of my part. I had not to wait long. She begged me to try a

gentle movement, I obeyed, and slowly withdrew but a short way, and as

slowly returned. Soon her lubricity got beyond all bounds. She begged me

to draw out further and somewhat quicker—then quicker and quicker, until

we both were in an excess of furious lust, which knew no bounds. We

rushed on to the final crisis with mutual cries of agonised delight;

indeed, mamma squealed so loud that I afterwards thought she must have

been heard. Her pleasure was of the wildest, and when I poured a flood

of sperm up her entrails at the very moment she herself was spending, we

both fell forward and fainted away. I was too much lost in ecstatic joy

myself to observe this, but lay long a tightly held prisoner engulphed

in that most exquisite joy-giving aperture. At last I became aware that

mamma had really fainted. So drawing my prick out with somewhat of a

good pull, for he was most tightly held, and came out with a flop, I

rose and brought some water to mamma. I sprinkled her face, and she

opened her eyes, which beamed the intensest love upon me. Her lips

murmured something, I put the tumbler to her mouth, she drank with

avidity. Then looking at me again with the most loving expression, she

said—

“My darling boy, you will kill me with delight. Never—oh, never—have I

known such joy. It was too much for me, and I fear I am also injuring

you. We must be more moderate in future. Help me up, for I must rise.

Your last coup requires me to absent myself for a few minutes.”

She rose, threw her robe over her shoulders, and left the room to go to

the water closet. I hoped that she would not go into her own room and

discover how matters were going on there. Fortunately she was afraid of

awakening Ellen, and so prevent our continuing bedfellows for the rest

of the night. She returned. I had purified myself in the meantime, and

now acted as her \_femme de chambre\_, and laved all the parts.

“My dear boy, we must not do this again for some time, do you know I

have passed blood, and was very sore when relieving myself.”

We got again into bed. She would not allow of any further fuckings, but

tenderly embracing me, and putting my head on her bosom, we soon fell

asleep. She awoke me at dawn with kissing me and feeling my

stiff-standing pego. She laid herself on her back, and we had two most

delicious fucks without withdrawing. I knew that if I did withdraw she

would take herself off. Nevertheless, she took most kindly to the

second, as it would be our last until we had another opportunity of

meeting. She exerted all her wonderful skill and her movements were of

astounding agility. She twined herself round me almost serpent-like. Our

mouths and tongues were equally engaged, and the final crisis was beyond

description exquisite. I tried hard for a third course, but we had

already prolonged our sports to so dangerous an hour, for we could hear

them opening the lower window shutters, that she gave me a sweet kiss of

thanks and tore herself away. I lay thinking over the joys of that

ecstatic night, and then rose and dressed quickly, as we were to

breakfast and then walk home, where we were expected at nine o’clock.

However, after breakfast, mamma drew me into her sanctum, a house

storeroom, to give me some directions. Of course, no sooner was she

there, than pushing her towards the table, I canted up her petticoats

over back, and gave her a good fuck, getting in from behind. She yielded

with a good grace, notwithstanding her protestations that it was not for

that she had come, as if it had been for anything else! Oh! woman,

woman! how thou seekest to deceive, even when gaining the very object

thou hast in view.

Harry told me they had peeped in and seen what we were at but he was not

so ready as me, and had not been able to go and do likewise.

We loitered all too long, and did not get back to school until after ten

o’clock. The doctor sternly ordered us to attend him in his sanctum at

twelve o’clock. We knew what that meant—a good flogging, and then the

doctor enjoying the account of our successes. At twelve o’clock we

entered the doctor’s room, who followed us immediately after. He scolded

us sternly for being late, and said he meant to flog us both well for

our idleness and, he had no doubt, debauchery. We knew immediately that

he meant to lay on. From time to time he was fond of really seriously

flogging someone and we now saw that such was his present intention,

although we also knew it would end in an orgie, after we had excited him

sufficiently by recounting the details of the fucking which he no doubt

felt certain had taken place. He made us all strip, and choosing to take

Harry first he made me the horse to flog him on. When all was ready, he

began by some real sharp cuts on Harry’s backside, and then commenced

his remarks.

“So, young gentleman, you have been seducing your cousin, have

you?”—whack—whack—whack—“and then making that the excuse for neglecting

your school.” Whack, whack, whack. “I thought I had formerly whipped out

all idea about fucking your cousin.” Whack, whack, whack.

Poor Harry writhed in real pain.

“Oh, sir, I’ll never do it again without your leave.”

“My leave indeed!” Whack, whack, whack.

The doctor now laid on for some time most unmercifully until the

revolution of pain turned to lubricity, and Harry’s cock began to stand,

rapping fiercely at my bottom as he writhed under the sharp infliction

of the rod. Upon seeing the expected effect, the doctor relaxed his

severity, and changing the rod to his other hand, afterwards only

tickled the bottom to keep up the excitement. Taking hold of the

standing prick, he said—

“So this is the article that has been doing all the mischief.”

He frigged it a little, stooped and gave it a suck.

“Ah, yes, I find it still tastes of cunt, and smells the true odour of

it; so you have been at it this morning again. Let me hear how it

happened.”

Here Harry was let go. The doctor seated himself, Harry stood before

him, while the doctor in delight, handled his stiff-standing pego.

“Now, let me hear.”

“Well, sir, when Charlie occupied mamma—”

“Oh, that is it, is it?” cried the doctor, “we shall have all that out

of him, by and by, go on.”

“I slipped into Ellen. She made some difficulty for fear mamma should

catch us; but I took her and showed her through the key hole, how she

was having Charlie into her. Ellen was astonished at Charlie’s immense

size, and seeing how easily and delightedly mamma accommodated him, she

thought that my smaller size could not hurt her, and she let me do it.

But I made her scream and bleed when I got in far enough to reach her

maidenhead. She tried to shake me off, but I was too firmly seated for

that, and I fucked her then, and again before I withdrew. I laved her

cunt and applied some glycerine, and this morning did it again without

hurting her any more. And she liked it so much that afterwards she would

kiss and suck it, and made me spend in her mouth, and then got me up

again for a final go.”

“Upon my honour, a very pretty affair,” cried the doctor. “Now suck my

prick, as she sucked yours.”

This Harry did, till the doctor was rampant. He then made him cease, but

ordered me to mount on Harry’s back. I knew I should catch it sharp, as

the doctor was just excited enough to wish to be more so. And preciously

he gave it me—interpolating questions as to how I had accomplished my

wicked ends. I told him it was his own advice to me to let her see my

prick, which I did, and the bait took. Whack—whack—whack.

“And did you act this innocent sin?”

“Oh, yes! do spare me, sir, and don’t lay on so hard.”

Whack—whack—whack.

“Spare you, indeed! and how did she fuck?”

“Oh, most splendidly, sir.”

Whack—whack—whack.

“How often did you do it?”

“I hardly know, sir; we were at it all night, and again this morning.”

“Did she suck your prick?”

“Oh, yes, sir.”

Whack—whack—whack.

“What did she think of it?”

“She said it was the finest she had ever seen, and that I must keep it

for her only.”

“Well, that will do, now suck my prick, as she did yours.”

He was soon excited up to the top of his bent. He made Harry take the

rod, and belabour his backside, and I had to stoop over the table, while

he fucked and frigged me, repeating all the time the account we had

given him of our fucking. After he spent, he dismissed us, having gained

his object. Shortly before our Christmas holidays commenced, dear Mrs.

Dale informed me, while sleeping with her one Saturday night, that she

found from the stoppage of certain things, she was in the family-way by

this sad rogue of a fellow, taking my large though at the moment soft

and inert instrument into her caressing hand.

“Oh, my darling mamma, is it so indeed?”

My prick rose to bursting point at the very idea, and in an instant I

was on her, and we ran a most delicious course, in which both died away

in rapturous insensibility. Being thus cooled, mamma began to discuss

the probabilities, and what ought to be done, if it should turn out as

she feared. She explained to me that as yet she could not speak with

certainty, but remembering the fainting on the first night, and the

cessation of her monthlies, the nature of which she explained to me,

little dreaming that I was perfectly \_au fait\_ of the whole matter, she

had every reason to dread that her fears where too well founded. This

would make it necessary for her to go abroad, when she would be so far

advanced as to be likely to draw observation. But she said it would not

do to distress ourselves about that until we were more certain of the

event. However, the very idea nerved me to renewed efforts, and again,

and again, we rushed into all the ecstasies of passion in every form and

way, especially did I gamahuche and suck up her precious balm, and in

like manner she, too, sucked me until exhausted nature laid us both in

the lap of Morpheus. We renewed our delightful pastimes when morning

light awoke us after our refreshing slumbers. Several times during the

Sunday we adjourned to mamma’s bedroom for the same purpose, and again

had a glorious night of it before separating on the Monday morning. The

following Sunday, after another Saturday night of bliss, we all went

over to church, which heavy rain had prevented on the previous week, and

after service went to the rectory for luncheon. Here, in course of

conversation, Mrs. Dale mentioned that business would require her

presence in London for some days, and that she proposed starting on the

following Thursday, which was the day after our breaking up for the

holidays. She said also that she would take her son with her to London.

The doctor here observed that he, too, must go to London, to see a

gentleman who had some idea of sending his son to the rectory, and if

Mrs. Dale could defer the departure until Saturday, it would be very

agreeable to him to be her companion on the journey. This was readily

acceded to, and my dear aunt, who guessed to what this tended, and who

had herself taken a great fancy to Ellen, and longed to embrace her

young charms and gamahuche her, chimed in with a proposal that as the

dear girl would thus be left quite alone, she would be most happy if she

would accept her invitation to occupy the bedroom that opened out of her

own room during Mrs. Dale’s absence. The latter, who little dreamt of my

connection with her dear niece, and thought that the protection of my

aunt would be a safeguard to her, jumped at the invitation, and

expressed her gratification and thanks for so kind a consideration on my

aunt’s part. I have not alluded to Harry all this time, but of course,

whenever his mother and I were occupied in amorous alliance, he was

equally engaged in the same delicious pastime with Ellen. And, I may

add, that once or twice I had seized a favourable opportunity of

gratifying the little lecherous creature with what she called a feast of

my noble prick. She, of course, was delighted at my aunt’s proposition

as she at once foresaw how she would have me all to herself for more

than a week. A single glance from her explained all this; and when, on

leaving, she found an opportunity of taking my hand, her pressure of it

was most eloquent. So all parties were delighted, for Harry, when we got

together alone said—“By Jove, Charlie, I am so jolly glad; I’ll bet you

anything I’ll fuck my mother before I come back. You know how I long to

be in the delicious cunt that bore me; the moment I heard she meant to

take me with her, my cock stood ready to burst.”

My uncle, too, who also longed to fuck Mrs. Dale, had his intentions in

that direction favoured by the arrangement concluded. The following

night, when I was in bed with aunt and him, in the interval of a

charming little orgie, and after fucking me while I was in aunt’s

bottom, and for the moment he could do no more, the conversation turned

on the coming journey. He expressed the pleasure he felt at the

opportunity it gave him of indulging in a long desired object. The

lecherous old fellow also alluded to a future opportunity it would give

him of enjoying the younger charms of the niece.

“Of course, you and my dear wife between you will break her in to allow

of any action on my part; and, by the way, my dear, I would suggest that

you should surprise Charlie in the act, and tear them asunder in

pretended rage—that Charlie should seize you, and say he would make you

by force a participator in the act, on the pretence of shutting you up

for finding fault: you must break from his arms, and fly to your own

bed, he must catch you as you try to enter it, and push his great big

cock into you, on which you must cry for help, and call upon Ellen to

come to your succour; she will come, but I do not judge her right, if

she will not rather assist Charlie, by holding you, than otherwise. You

must afterwards appear much offended; but it may be safely left to the

influence of Charlie’s great prick to reconcile you to the incest, then

relaxing, as if gained over by it, you can join in their sports.”

Thus this admirable man, with his great knowledge of the world and sex,

gave us excellent advice, which, as I shall state in the sequel, we

followed pretty exactly. Meanwhile aunt, excited by expectation, had

taken my prick in her mouth, and sucked it into firmness, then mounting

upon me, she began such an exciting action, wriggling her magnificent

backside, that it fired my uncle anew. Finding his prick stood

sufficiently stiff, he knelt between my legs, and greatly to the

satisfaction of my darling aunt, gave her the double pleasure of two

pricks fucking her at the same time, one before and the other behind.

My guardian had desired that I should continue with my uncle during the

holidays, and I was to leave him altogether at the end of the next half.

I did not know his object at the time, but I found that he himself went

down to my mother, and stayed for a fortnight, paying great attention to

Miss Frankland. He announced his wish that my sisters should go to a

first-rate finishing school in London in the summer, and seeing Miss

Frankland look somewhat disappointed, he sought an interview with her,

and laid himself and his fortune at her feet; expressing a wish that if

she accepted him, their marriage should take place on her separation

from her pupils. This was too good an offer to be refused, and after the

usual grimace of being perfectly unprepared for such a proposal, and

desiring to have a day or two to consider it, she accepted the offer. I

at once anticipated immense gratification from this connection. I should

naturally, when in London, have every opportunity of enjoying that

adorable creature, and it will be seen in the fourth volume of these

memoirs, to what delicious orgies this connection led. You may be sure

that my loved mistress, the adorable Benson, and the no less lascivious

Egerton, would welcome so glorious a creature as Miss Frankland, at that

time become Mrs. Nixon, and how the Count’s eyes glistened, when he

beheld her in all the majesty of her superb and hairy form; how the two

women gamahuched her splendid clitoris, and how the Count and I strove

which should most fully satisfy her lascivious and lustful passions. But

all this will be seen in its proper place in the sequel.

Meanwhile the day arrived for the departure of uncle and Mrs. Dale, with

Harry. As the coach passed through our village, Mrs. Dale drove over

bringing Ellen with her, to leave her at the rectory, as arranged. All

the proprieties were duly observed. They departed, Harry going outside,

with only the doctor and Mrs. Dale in the interior, I squeezed my

uncle’s hand, and gave him a knowing look, which he returned, with a

meaning wink—and off they went. When we returned to the house, and aunt

took Ellen up to the room adjoining her own, with which there was a door

of communication, and which, I have before observed, had been made use

of by uncle on more than one occasion. When they came downstairs, with

kind consideration, for she could see by the protrusion in my trousers

the state I was in, aunt said—

“My dear, I have some household duties to arrange, so you must excuse

me; meanwhile Charlie will show you our grounds, and amuse you for an

hour or two. When luncheon is ready I shall order the large bell to be

rung for you.”

Ellen had not yet removed her bonnet, and taking up her shawl, we

sallied out. You may be sure we lost no time in reaching the summer

house, already known to you as arranged for and dedicated to the service

of Venus. A fire was always kept laid, which I immediately lighted, but

as it was a bright sunny day, and the place looked south, it was not at

all cold. While I was occupied at the fire, Ellen threw off her bonnet

and shawl, and undid her belt—she wore no stays. I seized her in my

arms, and gently laid her on the couch—her petticoats were freely canted

up, showing her beautiful belly and now more fully fledged cunt. I

stooped and gamahuched her at once. She was so excited that in two

minutes she sighed deeply, pressed my head down to the lips of her cunt,

and gave down her sweet and balmy sperm. I myself was already so rampant

that not waiting to lick it up, I brought my huge pego to the charming

orifice, and plunged in one effort up to the hilt, quite taking away her

breath. But she recovered herself in an instant, and with all the energy

of her younger lubricity, quickly brought us both to the grand final

ecstasy in which soul and body seem to die away in a joy too great for

poor humanity to bear. We remained locked in each other’s embrace, and

lost to all around for some time. On coming to our senses I rose, and

said we must go to work more lasciviously the next time. The fire having

burnt up, and the room being small, it was already of a pleasant

temperature. So begging Ellen to strip, I threw off my own clothes, and

we quickly stood in all the beauty of nature, admiring each other. Some

delicious preliminaries preceded our next encounter, which we

procrastinated till passion could no longer be restrained, and again we

died away in all the raptures of satisfied lust, and sank once more into

the soft languor of the after-enjoyment. Next we had a mutual gamahuche,

and then a final fuck for the present, as it was time to dress and be

ready when called to luncheon. As soon as our toilets were finished, I

took her on my knee, and told her how I should steal along to her

bedroom at night, so that she must not lock her door. I told her also

that we must be as quiet as possible, as aunt slept in the next room.

She was delighted with the prospect of having me all to herself for the

whole night, naively telling me that I gave her so much more pleasure

than Harry did, that I seemed to fill her whole body with a joy almost

too intense, and now that she was to have me every night, she hoped her

aunt would stay away for a month. Here the dear creature threw her arms

round my neck, and kissing me, thrust her sweet little tongue into my

mouth. You may be sure I reciprocated, and putting a hand up her

petticoats, and a finger up her charming little cunt, was just about to

turn her on the sofa, when my aunt opened the door, and stopped further

proceedings. She pretended not to see Ellen’s confusion, hoped I had

amused her, and told us to return to the house, as luncheon was ready.

We, of course, obeyed. With sharpened appetites, produced by our late

warm exercise, we indulged in a plenteous meal, aunt taking care to ply

me with Champagne, for which, as may well be imagined, she had her

object. She afterwards ordered me to my room, to do the daily task the

doctor had set for me and which, as she said, she was to see to the

doing of—giving me a sly wink.

“Ellen, my dear,” she added, “you must keep up your practice at the

piano daily, for an hour and a half at least.”

She thus separated us. I went to my room, lay down, and fell fast

asleep, but in about half an hour, was awakened by the warm embrace of

my glorious and wantonly lustful aunt. She stooped down, and taking my

limp prick in her mouth, rapidly sucked it into its accustomed firmness.

As soon as that was accomplished, she begged me to rise and undress. She

herself had come only in a loose morning dressing-gown, which she

instantly threw off, and jumped on my bed, where she lay stark naked, in

all the splendid development of her superb form. I was naked in a

jiffey, but knowing she would want some extensive fucking, I threw

myself upon her cunt, and gamahuched her until she spent twice before I

mounted upon her, and introduced my large tool into her longing cunt.

Here, also, I played with her, and did not spend myself until she had

twice given down her own contribution. This encounter was on her belly,

with her magnificent legs twisted above my loins for a fulcrum to her

splendid action, for few women could equal her in the delicious wriggle

of her glorious backside. After we had soaked for some time in all the

ecstasies of the after-languour. I withdrew, to place her on her hands

and knees for the next bout, but took advantage of her position to

gamahuche her again into spending twice before I withdrew my insidious

tongue. Then turning round, and gazing in rapture on that most noble and

massive bottom, which, as I have before remarked, I never saw equalled

by any woman, I stooped, and closely embraced and kissed its divine

orifice, tickling her into wild excitement by thrusting my tongue

therein, so much so that she begged me to fuck her at once. I mounted

behind, her hand passed under her belly and guided me into her throbbing

hot and longing cunt. I gave one violent lunge, and sent my prick at the

first thrust up to the hilt. This so excited the dear creature that in

one or two delicious wriggles on my stationary prick, and with a

pressure that seemed as if it would nip it off, she spent profusely,

squealing all the time like a rabbit. I was very glad to give her so

many discharges, without myself being forced to spend, for I wished to

be able to do my duty by Ellen at night. Aunt lay for several minutes

panting and throbbing on my prick most deliciously, until I could no

longer bear to be inactive, although the pleasure of looking down on the

glorious and palpitating orbs below me had given me the greatest

satisfaction. But now stooping down upon her, I passed one hand under to

excite her clitoris, and with the other took hold of one of her

beautiful large and hard bubbies, and began manipulating its nipples—a

proceeding most powerfully exciting to dear auntie. It awoke all her

lust and the dear lascivious creature again spent before I was ready to

follow suit. The pause that followed allowed my excitement to subside a

little, and enabled me to hold out until her lust recovered its wonted

energy. She again, with her pressures and movements, soon compelled me

to more rapid action, but this time I determined to enjoy the exquisite

delights of her delicious bottom-hole. So when she became very hot, I

suddenly withdrew, and, happily, hitting at once on the delicious

orifice, plunged at the first thrust up to the cods, taking dear aunt’s

breath away, but she instantly recovered, and loving sodomy to her

heart’s core, I could not have done anything better suited to her

libidinous passions. It was glorious to see the energy with which she

met and responded to my thrusts, her superb buttocks working with

surprising energy, and giving me, at each stroke, when I buried my prick

to the hilt, the most exciting pressures. Both being so lustfully

excited, matters were not long in coming to the final ecstasy. I felt as

if my whole soul was poured into her, when with loud cries of the

liveliest enjoyment, I spent with fury, in the very heart of her

entrails. She was perfectly overcome with delight, and sank senseless on

her belly, dragging me down with her, for her grip by the sphincter was

too strong to let anything out that was within. We both became

insensible to everything but the delicious death-like languor of the

after-enjoyment. We lay long in this trance of joy, and when dear auntie

came to her senses, she begged me to rise, as she must go downstairs. I

did so, and when she rose from the bed, she took me in her loving arms,

and kissing me tenderly, thanked me for the enormous pleasure I had

given her, and said no one in the world was my equal, and that I ought

to thank her much, that she allowed anyone else to participate in my

exquisite power of fuck. She gathered up her gown, and left me to dress.

I soon was downstairs, and found Ellen, who looked as if she expected me

to find an opportunity to fuck her at once. But after the encounters I

had already had, both with her and with aunt, though I had kept myself

from excess with the latter, I felt no inclination to press matters

again to a conclusion, especially seeing that I intended passing the

night with her. So assuring her we should be likely to be caught if

imprudent and so lose all chance of night work, she was satisfied to be

quiet and reasonable. Aunt coming in, we spent the afternoon in pleasant

conversation, and a walk together in the garden. After dinner I fell

sound asleep on the sofa. The two women, each with the same object, left

me to my deep repose, and only awoke me when it was time for all to

retire. Thus refreshed, I was all ready for the night’s work before me.

I allowed half an hour to elapse, that all the house might to be in

their bedrooms, and then, with merely a loose dressing-gown on, I stole

along to dear Ellen’s room, opened the door and entered. She was already

in bed, impatient for my arrival; she had left both lights burning, as

well as a cheerful blaze from a good fire. I dropped my robe, and was in

an instant stark naked, and in her longing arms. Under our mutual

impatience, our first was a rapid course. Then followed a long enjoyment

of the after-languor, and then a more prolonged and rapturous embrace.

After soaking in bliss for some time, we rose, and I posed her before

the fire, gazing delightedly on all her young charms. The hair on her

cunt had become much more developed than before, her bosom too was

filled out, even her hips and bottom seemed enlarged, doubtless owing to

the fucking she had had since I first knew her, which naturally hastened

her ripening into womanhood. I grew very excited by this inspection of

her increasing charms, and determined to have a fuck on the rug before

the fire. In order to enjoy it the more, I drew forward a cheval glass,

projected it forward, and lying down, directed her to move it until I

was satisfied I could see all the play of her bottom in the position I

meant to fuck her. So lying down on my back, I made her stride across my

head and settle down on her knees, and bringing forward her delicious

little cunt over my mouth, I gamahuched her until she had twice given

down her balmy essence. Then she shifted her position lower down, until

just above my prick, which by this time was rampant with desire. I

guided its point to the rosy-lipped orbit, and bringing her own weight

to bear upon it, she sank delightfully impaled upon the upright stake. I

made her rise and fall a few times, that I might enjoy the sight of its

entrance and exit. Then gently drawing her down upon me, I folded one

arm round her slender waist, and turning my head, found that the cheval

glass, inclined forward, reflected as it were from above her beautiful

bottom and back, and of course her cunt stretched to the utmost with my

huge prick, and above it the sweet little corrugated pink aperture of

her bottom. With my free arm I embraced one hip, and bringing my hand

round, moistened it with the plenteous spunk of her cunt, and insinuated

a finger into the smaller abode of bliss. Her excitement grew furious,

and knew no bounds. The action of her backside was glorious to see

reflected in its active risings and fallings. I let her do all the work,

which enabled me to hold back my own, until she approached a second

discharge, when the heat of her cunt seemed to fire me with additional

powers, and the action of both our backsides became fast and furious,

and soon brought down the ecstatic discharge, which instantly laid us

low, panting with all the wild passions we had just allayed. We lay long

locked in each other’s arms in the ecstasy of blissful enjoyment. Then

rising, we embraced tenderly, and retook us to bed. I would have excited

her and myself to another effort, but she begged off, saying that she

felt quite exhausted and overcome with the day and night’s work we had

already enjoyed. Indeed, I did not wonder at it, for I had made her

spend seven or eight times more than myself. Nor did I regret her

resolution, as I knew the morning would bring my aunt into the field,

and then the two would try my powers to the utmost.

We slept profoundly, and morning was already advanced before we awoke.

From a displaced chair I saw that aunt had been in to look at us, so I

knew she was on the watch. I threw the clothes off dear Ellen that I

might gaze on all her young charms. The want of covering awoke her. She

lovingly looked up at me, and throwing her arms round my neck as I bent

over her, drew my head down to hers, and impressed a loving kiss on my

lips. Our tongues interlaced—a hand slipped down and encircled my

rampant and throbbing prick. I turned, and placing my knees between her

legs, was about to penetrate love’s bower when the door leading to my

aunt’s room flew open. My aunt entered, gave a scream of surprise—well

acted—and cried out—

“Good gracious! What do I see? Who would have thought it—”

And, apparently to save Ellen, she rushed forward, seized me by the arm,

and with a certain degree of willingness on my part, drew me out of bed,

saying—

“I am horrified beyond measure. How dare you commit such a sin and crime

as to seduce a young girl under my care? Cover yourself up, sir,

directly, and go to your own room.”

I boldly declared I would do no such thing; on the contrary, as she had

spoiled my sport with Ellen, I was determined she should pay for it

herself.

“How dare you talk to me, you dreadful boy?”

“Not dreadful at all, dear aunt, look at this poor dumb thing, and see

how he longs to be into you.”

Upon this I seized her in my arms as if to throw her on the bed. She

made a pretended struggle, during which she gave a tender squeeze to my

rampant prick. Then, breaking from me, she fled to her own room,

pretending to endeavour to shut the door in my face but taking care to

give way and hasten towards her bed. I caught hold of her as she bent

forward as if to get into it, and canting up her chemise, the only

article of dress she wore, I was into her longing and luscious cunt from

behind up to the hilt in one thrust. She gave a subdued scream, and

called to Ellen to come and prevent me from violating her. Ellen came,

but wisely would only look on while I worked away manfully.

“Ellen, why don’t you pull him away—he is ravishing me—and oh,

horror!—committing incest.”

She pretended to struggle greatly, but cleverly did so to her own

profit, by wriggling her backside so as to send me further up into her

cunt.

“Oh, Ellen, Ellen, do help me.”

“Ah, no,” said Ellen, “I shall let him do it, and then you cannot tell

upon me.”

My aunt seemed greatly distressed at this, and actually managed to shed

tears, then buried her face in the bed as if in despair, but all the

time most actively seconding me. As the crisis drew near, she raised her

head, and said—

“Heaven pardon me, this mere simple schoolboy is exciting me to such

pleasure as I never before felt.”

She then gave way to all her lubricity, and we brought matters to a

crisis in the utmost ecstasy of enjoyment. Aunt’s head sank on the bed,

while the rapturous inward pressures of her cunt soon began to raise my

prick to its pristine vigour. She felt its throbs and responded to them,

but no doubt thinking that an immediate repetition would betray our

previous intimacy, she turned her face and body suddenly round, and

completely unseated me, my prick coming out with a plop. She began again

to weep, women can do so at pleasure, and to scold me for the dreadful

crime I had committed; to do so to her was incest—here followed sob upon

sob. I threw my arms round her neck, and kissing her tears away, laid

all the blame on that rampant fellow—taking her hand and placing it on

my still stiff prick. She drew her hand away quickly, but not before she

had given it a gentle squeeze. She told me I was a dreadful boy, and

that I must go away and leave her and Ellen to think over what could be

done in such an awful dilemma.

Here Ellen came forward, and tenderly kissing her begged her not to send

me away.

“I do so love him, dear madam, and I do so long to have him now—it was

so exciting to see him having you, that I shall die if you don’t let me

have him now.”

“Dreadful! dreadful!” said aunt. “Why, I thought I was just in time to

save you.”

“Oh, no, he had slept with me all night, and has often had me before,

but he was not the first who had me, so that there was no violation nor

seduction.”

“Then you must have seduced him, you wicked minx, for a more innocent

boy never was known.”

Poor Ellen, confounded at the accusation, repelled it as untrue, and

said she knew well enough who seduced me.

Aunt for the moment felt this as a home thrust, for be it remembered,

she fancied she had had my maidenhead.

“What do you mean by that? I insist upon you speaking out.”

Ellen gave way and said it was Mrs. Dale who first had me.

“She had accidentally seen how powerfully Charlie was armed, and then

could not resist teaching him how to use his weapon. I saw them doing

it, and hence I longed for it myself. Look, dear madam, what a noble one

it is. I am sure, if you had known of it, you could not yourself have

resisted having it, try it, try it once more, and I am sure you will

forgive us, and share our joys.”

I seconded this good advice. Aunt seemed to be afraid of me, and jumped

into bed. While she was on her hands and knees I also jumped up, and

catching her round the waist, held her fast until I could also kneel

behind her and bring my prick into play. With all her apparent attempt

at resistance everything was done in such a way as to facilitate rather

than prevent matters going forward. Of course I was in her in a moment,

and then remained quiet for a few minutes to let her enjoy her inward

pressures for which she was so famous. She had buried her head in the

pillow, crying out—

“It is dreadful!—it is dreadful!”

Ellen came and leant over the bed embracing her, and telling her not to

resist, but to take it in freely, and then she was sure it would give

her the utmost pleasure.

“It is that which horrifies me, my dear, I never felt anything so

exquisite in my life before, but then think of the sin—with my own

nephew! it is quite an incestuous connection.”

“What does that matter, dear aunt? for I shall call you aunt too, you

are so lovable and so beautiful. Oh, it was such a pleasure to see him

doing it to you and you are so gloriously fine a woman, I longed to be a

man to have you.”

She had embraced aunt’s splendid bubbies, than which nothing could more

please her, and now she begged to be allowed to suck one. Aunt gave way,

and was delighted. She slipped the hand next to Ellen down to her

charming cunt—Ellen opened her legs—Aunt’s fingers began frigging her.

“Ah, my dear, how I loved to embrace my own sex at your age, our tongues

acted instead of men, and I could still delight in a fine fresh one like

this, it would almost reconcile me to what this bad wicked boy is

doing.”

“Oh, that would be charming!—do let us do it at once. Charlie can

withdraw for a moment while I get under you, and while you lick me I can

excite you and see the glorious work above me.”

“You tempt me much, my dear girl, but what would your aunt say if she

knew?”

“But she never will know,” said Ellen, who was all the time arranging

herself on the bed.

Aunt moved aside to allow Ellen to get under her, who then begged aunt

to throw off her chemise that both their bodies might be in close

contact. Aunt was longing to do so, yet made some grimaces about it.

She at length complied, and striding across Ellen, threw herself with

avidity on the delicious young cunt below, and began to gamahuche her

\_à mort\_. I instantly resumed my position. Ellen guided my prick into

aunt’s burning cunt, then frigged aunt’s clitoris, and worked a finger

in my fundament, while aunt was so delightfully gamahuching her. We all

rapidly came to the grand finale, with an excess of lubricity rarely

equalled. We were all somewhat exhausted by this bout, and, as it was

getting late, we rose. Aunt pretended to forgive my violating her for

the pleasure I afterwards afforded her. She embraced Ellen tenderly,

and said she had so enjoyed her person she hoped to renew such a

delight. Then taking hold of my prick she kissed it and sucked it until

it stood upright, and said—

“I don’t wonder, my dear, at your having it when once you had seen it,

and I envy Mrs. Dale the pleasure of having first enjoyed such a

monstrous thing. If I had known he was so wondrously provided, I doubt

if I could have resisted the temptation to teach him how to make use of

it myself—my only wonder is how such a little thing as you have got

could ever take it in.”

Ellen laughed, and said that her cousin Harry had opened the way, or she

doubted if ever she could have admitted it, but I was so gentle while

getting in, and when once in, it filled up every crevice so deliciously,

that she should grieve much if she were refused access to it in future.

“So, dear aunt, I hope you will let him do it to us both. I can do to

you what you have just done to me, because before we had him and Harry,

aunt and I used to amuse ourselves in that way. Aunt is immense in that

particular, she could put it a little way into me, and gave me great

pleasure, and she said that I sucked it better than either her late

husband or any of half-a-dozen schoolfellows who used to amuse each

other; so, dear aunt, you must let me do it to you while Charlie is in

me, and then you will do it to me while he is in you. Only fancy how

nice it will be.”

“Oh, you dear little coaxer, you are enough to seduce an angel.”

So all was arranged that Ellen should come from her room and I from

mine, and meet in aunt’s bed at night. We did so meet, and a most

glorious eight days we spent. I showed aunt that I could get into

Ellen’s bottom-hole, and thereby gave her immense pleasure, and with

more reason the same result would occur with her. She gave an apparently

reluctant consent, and, that done, there was no bridle to the utmost

lubricity that the most wanton lust could devise. Aunt took immensely to

Ellen, and gamahuched her \_à mort\_, while the other repaid her in kind.

I did not regret this for it relieved me from too excessive work. Thus

we passed a most delightful eight days before the absent ones joined us.

Both uncle and Harry had succeeded in their desires. From each I had the

fullest details, but as their stories would in some particulars repeat

themselves, I shall relate the events in a connected narrative.

Uncle and Mrs. Dale had the inside of the coach to themselves, Harry

riding outside. Uncle began by praising Harry; and then reverting to the

time he was first sent to the rectory, and the note Mrs. Dale sent with

him; he asked, not without a knowing smile, if the intimacy she had

formerly feared had been at all renewed, because he had observed that

Harry appeared worn and pale on his return on the Mondays, and was dull

and stupid that day. Mrs. Dale seemed somewhat alarmed at hearing of

this, probably she began to think that something might have occurred

between the cousins while she was busied with me, uncle observed her

uneasiness, and, guessing the cause, said—

“My dear Mrs. Dale, if anything has taken place, and anything comes of

it, I am a man of the world, and you may rely upon my assistance and

discretion to take such steps as may tend to keep it from the knowledge

of the world.”

She thanked him, and said she would be glad to accept his aid if any

unfortunate event should have happened—but she hoped not.

Uncle saw that her fears were excited, so he held onto the subject, so

at last she avowed that she feared there might have occurred some

passages between the two cousins, for she had foolishly trusted that all

thought of that had gone out of their heads, and she might not have

taken such precautions as she ought to have done.

“Well, my dear madame, my services are at your disposal in case of any

necessity, I am not in reality strait-laced, although, in my position, I

am obliged to appear so. I feel certain that my experience would be able

to suggest the best way of hushing up the scandal if such should be

likely to occur.”

Mrs. Dale was profuse in thanks, and the doctor became warmer in his

discourse, saying that for such a woman as herself, whom he had long

admired and coveted, he would do anything.

“For, my dear madam, though I am in the church, something of the old

Adam still adheres to me, and the sight and touch of one who has so

charmed me as you have done makes a young man of me again.”

Here his arm glided round her charming little waist. He drew her to him,

and with some coyness and words of refusal, she yielded her lips to his

embrace. His other hand, lifting up her petticoats, sought to feel her

beauteous cunt. Again resistance of hand and tongue, but a yielding for

all that, and the doctor soon got possession of her lovely cunt. Finding

her large and fine clitoris in a state of stiffness, he knew that her

passions were excited. So opening her legs, he got between them down on

his knees, and as he previously unbuttoned his trousers in readiness and

the fresh cunt stimulating his powers, he pulled out his prick fully

erected, and quickly established himself up to the hilt within, the lady

up to the last declaring she could not allow him, but wriggling her

bottom to perfection as soon as she felt the doctor’s very fine prick

working within her. She then hugged and seconded him, kissing and

tongueing to his heart’s desire. They soon brought things to the

ecstatic conclusion, to the great satisfaction of both parties.

Of course, after this there was no difficulty in arranging for a

comfortable meeting in London. Indeed, it was resolved that they should

lodge in the same house and have contiguous apartments. On their arrival

in town they put up at one of those large lodging houses in Norfolk

Street, Strand, and were fortunate in finding the first-floor bedrooms

vacant. The house was a double one, or rather two houses opening into

each other. The doctor’s bedroom was in the front, and a former door of

communication with the back room was locked on one side and bolted on

the other. Mrs. Dale took the back room, from whence opened a small room

with a bed in it, where Harry was lodged. The doctor had thus easy

access when the lady chose to withdraw the bolt on her side. After

consultation it was thought more advisable that she should go into the

doctor’s room, so that Harry might not by any possibility, hear any love

exclamations that might happen to escape them in the excess of their

amorous amusements. Of course, the doctor, who knew all about Harry’s

great desire to fuck his mother, and that he meant to do so by one way

or another in London, communicated his intention of having Mrs. Dale

into sleep with him that night, and, therefore, begged Harry to defer

his attempt until after the first night, and then the doctor would aid

him in his efforts.

The wily doctor fully intended, after Harry had perfectly succeeded, to

become the future companion of their incestuous intercourse. Harry’s

bedroom door had one of those old-fashioned brass locks that were

screwed onto the inside of the door, with a brass covering for the bolt

at the side—not morticed as is now usual. Mrs. Dale locked her son in

after he retired to bed. Harry noticed the circumstance and smiled to

think how easily he could foil her but as he had promised the doctor to

make no attempt on his mother that night, he went to bed and slept

soundly. Next day he provided himself with a turn-screw and a small

phial of sweet oil. When mamma was busy at cards, he slipped upstairs

and easily unscrewed the brass receiver of the bolt, he oiled the screws

and worked them in and out until they went freely and then screwed the

covering on again, and felt secure of entering mamma’s room whenever he

pleased. It had been combined between the doctor and him that by means

of gamahuching and frigging, mamma should be put into a state of great

excitement without allowing her to be satisfied, so that her passions

might be in favour of being fucked, no matter by what prick. For this

purpose the doctor was to keep her with him till dawn. At night Harry

watched through the key hole, and when he saw his mother pass into the

doctor’s room, he at once unscrewed the covering, shot back the bolt,

and screwed the cover on again. He was thus all ready for any event, and

if his mother was astonished at his entrance, he could say he found the

door open, and she must have forgotten to lock it. Thus prepared he went

to bed and slept soundly. He was awake before seven o’clock, and gently

opening the door a little, he could see by the opposite open door, and

the light in the doctor’s room, that mamma had not yet left him. He drew

on his woollen socks, and sitting where the light flashed through the

key hole, awaited his mamma’s return, which occurred very shortly after.

The shutting off the light by closing the door of communication told him

that she had returned to her own room. He heard her sit down on the pot,

and the force of the flow of water proved how healthy she was. He heard

her rustle into bed. Then throwing off his dressing-gown and socks he

opened the door and approached his mother’s bed. Being awake, she

instantly saw him in the half-daylight that came from the unshuttered

window.

“Harry! What on earth brings you here, and how did you open the door?”

“I heard you moving, dear mamma, I could not sleep for the cold. I got

up and tried the door, it was not locked, you must have omitted to turn

the bolt, but I should have rapped and called to you, if it had not been

open. I want you to let me get warm in your nice warm bed, and you will

cuddle your poor Harry—will you not, dear mamma?”

“If you will be quiet, and speak lower, for the doctor may hear you, you

may come in, and if you turn your back, I will warm you.”

Harry lost no time in lying down by her side, and being really very

cold, and even shivering, he was glad enough to do as she bid him, and

turn his back, and cuddle his bottom into his mother’s belly. She said—

“Poor boy, he is indeed cold, now go to sleep in mamma’s arms.”

Of course, he had no such intentions. Speedily getting warm, he turned

his face to mamma, and whispered, in the same tone she used—

“Oh, how I love my beautiful mamma.”

Pressing his belly against hers, and letting her feel his prick standing

against her mons Veneris.

“Harry! What do you mean by embracing me in that way—don’t you know I am

your mother, sir?”

He had seized with one hand her beautiful firm bubbies, and was

evidently in full amorous excitement, as she could feel by the stiff

pego pushing against her mount of Venus.

“My darling mamma, if you knew how much I love you and how I have longed

to embrace your beautiful body.”

“Go along, you impudent boy, do you not know it would be sinful to

indulge in such sentiments with your mother—leave me directly.”

“Oh, no, mamma, I can’t, indeed, my own mamma. I mean to possess you,

what harm can there be in returning to whence I came.”

Here he transferred his hand from her bubby to her splendid mons

Veneris, and showed what his words meant. She pretended to be very

angry, and endeavoured to push him away, but he held her round the waist

with his other arm too well.

“Desist this instant, or I shall cry out.”

She really appeared very angry but, nevertheless, did not excite a

whisper during all the colloquy before or after. Harry now thought of

his best argument.

“Why do you attempt to repulse me in this way, dear mamma? Why should

you not let me enjoy your person as much as you like Charlie to do it?”

She gave a start at this home thrust.

“What do you say, you naughty boy? and where did you hear such a

falsehood as that? Is that one of your friend Charlie’s inventions,

after all the kindness I have shown him?”

“My darling mamma, Charlie never opened his lips to me on the subject. I

speak from what I saw with my own eyes.”

“What do you mean? Tell me directly.”

“Well, my loved mamma, do you remember the first Saturday night that

Charlie and I slept at home: after retiring to my room, I was obliged to

go downstairs to the water closet, where I went in my stockings, and

without a light, not to disturb you. I was coming up again, when a

sudden flash of light shone out in the upper passage. Mounting the

stairs, and when my head was on a level with the upper floor, I saw you

going towards Charlie’s room. I went into my own, but left the door open

to see when you would return; finding you did not come back, I crept

softly along the passage, until I came to the turning that led to

Charlie’s room. The light shone through the key hole. I quietly

approached. You know the bed exactly faces the door—and there, my

darling mamma, I saw you initiate Charlie into what was to him a

previously unknown pleasure. Oh! my beloved mother, the sight of your

naked charms, of the delicious way in which you were giving him his

first lesson in love, maddened me with desire. I was almost tempted to

come in upon you and violate you, if you would not consent. It was in

that state I remembered that Ellen was asleep in your bed. I ran there,

and throwing off the little I had on, I lay down beside her, and began

feeling her private parts. She awoke and said—

“‘Dear aunt, do you wish me to do the same to you?’

“Her hand passed down to my erect member, she gave a cry of

astonishment. I whispered it was only me.

“‘Oh! you must leave me directly. Aunt can only have gone to the water

closet, and will be back directly.’

“She was not to be pacified until I convinced her that there was no

chance of your speedy return, so I was obliged to bring her along to

Charles’s door; we saw you quite naked, rising and falling on the

enormous weapon that Charles has. I never before saw it erect and could

scarcely believe my eyes; nor was it less wonderful the way in which you

so charmingly took it in. It greatly excited Ellen, as well as me. We

returned to your room—the fire still burned. I laid her down on the rug

before it, and took her maidenhead. She had seen how Charlie’s monstrous

affair went easily into you, and felt how much less mine was, so she

never dreamt of it hurting her, and she let me get fairly within the

lips; then, while making her spend, I suddenly thrust it through all

impediments, and the affair was done; she gave a scream, as it hurt her,

but I had shut the door and none of you heard it. I let her sleep after

this, and did not do it again till morning. The next night we again

watched your delicious proceeding. Ellen was less sore, and we repeated

your example several times. She continues to this day to wonder at the

enormous size of Charlie’s tool, and is surprised at your taking it in

so easily. But, oh, my mother, how my passions have been excited by your

glorious charms. What is Ellen compared with you? She did very well to

relieve my agony of desire to possess you, when I knew you were better

occupied, and that I could not do so—but that is all. It is you, and you

alone, my beloved mother, whom I adore, and I wildly long to possess

this dear and magnificent cunt beneath my hand.” Mrs. Dale was perfectly

flabbergasted at this recital. “You abominable boy, how dared you to

follow me, and be a spy upon your mother, and to make it known to Ellen,

too; doubtless you have been boasting of it, and telling others.”

“No, indeed, mamma, Ellen and I were on oath that we would never reveal

to any mortal the delicious sight we had seen—so you see, darling mamma,

that you can fully trust your own boy. Oh, do let me do it; feel how my

poor thing throbs.”

Here I must give you Harry’s own account of what took place.

“I took her hand with very little resistance, and I could feel her

fingers gently clasped my prick, before she withdrew her hand.

“But no—it cannot be—it would be incest.”

“She twisted her body round, so that her magnificent bottom came against

my belly. As she turned, I slipped my hand down, and laid hold of her

shift, so that in turning, it left her bottom bare, and sticking out

against me. I lost not an instant, and before she had quite settled

down, I brought my stiff-standing pego against her delicious cunt from

behind, and as it was reeking from her previous spendings produced by

the rector’s gamahuching, I plunged it at one shove as far as her

buttocks against my belly would allow, at the same time dropping my hand

from her waist to her cunt, so that when she sprang forward, as if to

turn me out, I met her clitoris, it was quite stiff, showing her to be

really in a state of amorous excitement. This attack on the clitoris

made her as quickly move back, which double movement thoroughly

engulphed me. I lost no time in proceeding to the most active movements

in and out. This was too much for her, she could not resist entering

into the encounter with all the force of her passions, and we ran a very

rapid course, ending in the most ecstatic delight, and with sighs of joy

we lay clasped together in all the delicious after-languor. I could feel

by her exquisite internal pressures that her lust was not yet

alleviated, and this nerved me to fresh efforts. After a feigned

resistance, dear mamma passed her hand behind her, and putting it on my

buttocks, assisted in sending me further in at each home thrust. We were

longer this bout, and enjoyed it more. After the usual indulgence in the

after-joy, she turned, and embracing me tenderly said—

“‘Oh, my dear child, this is very wrong, but very delicious. You must be

very discreet, my dear Harry, for if it were known it would disgrace us

both for ever.’

“‘My sweet mamma, do not fear; have you ever seen anything like

indiscretion in the last six weeks, although I was madly longing for

you? Oh, kiss me, my beloved mother.’

“The sweetest of kisses followed, our tongues met, her hand wandered;

already she found my pego standing.

“‘My darling, I must kiss it, it is so much more developed than I could

have expected, and as hard as iron.’

“‘Not as large as Charlie’s, mamma.’

“‘That is true, my dear; but it is the stiffness, and not the size, that

gives the real pleasure. Of course, when both are combined, as with

Charlie, they are irresistible.’

“Meanwhile I was feeling her cunt: her clitoris, which you know is

largely developed, stood stiff.

“‘Mamma, darling, what a size this is. Ellen told me you could put it

into her.’

“‘Oh! the bad girl, to tell tales out of school.’

“‘Never mind, mamma, I must suck it while you play with mine.’

“I turned on my back with my heels up—mamma lay down upon my belly

reversed. I sucked her clitty while frigging her cunt, and she sucked my

prick until we both spent, and each licked or sucked all the balmy sperm

that issued from the other. We continued our caresses until my prick

showed its readiness for another encounter. Mamma took me on her belly

this time, and as soon as I was engulphed, threw her legs over my loins,

and, by the most lascivious actions, contributed to our enjoyment. Her

glorious bottom heaved in unison with mine, our tongues were interlaced,

and at last with sweet murmurs of delight, we died away in each other’s

arms in the most luxurious ecstasy of thoroughly gratified desire. We

lay long insensible of all around, throbbing in pressures of lascivious

delight, which would have soon led to another love bout, but that mamma

whispered it would be imprudent to continue, for the sun was up, and

breakfast time had arrived. I withdrew from the sweet cunt with great

regret, and in slipping out of bed brought my mouth down to it, and gave

it a loving kiss and suck, played with the magnificent covering of bushy

ringlets, and then tore myself away with difficulty. Thus ended my first

possession of my adored and glorious mother, which was followed by night

upon night of the most lascivious enjoyment. I returned to my room, and

was dressed and downstairs before her. The doctor took an opportunity to

inform me that she had excused herself from joining him the next night

on the pretence of not feeling well, but in reality it was to have me

all to herself for the whole night; and a most delicious night it was.

She displayed and exercised her libidinous passions to the utmost. Never

before had I such a treat. It was, perhaps, the closeness of the

relationship that added to the excitement, but it appeared to me that

she beat even the doctor’s splendid wife. Oh, she was so loving, too.

The way she fondled me in her arms and caressed me was irresistible. I

can’t tell how often we did it—we were at it all night. The next night,

under pretence of fearing to exhaust me, she forced me to retire to my

room after two fucks, and locked me in. I had previously been informed

by the doctor that he had bespoken her for that night, and he begged me

to fuck her first, that the pleasure of gamahuching her might be

enhanced. I, therefore, did not do more than make a feigned resistance

to her when she told me I must go to my own bed. She said she would let

me have one embrace before she rose in the morning but that one was

converted into two exquisite spends. The next night the doctor wished to

repose, as he purposed surprising me in the morning. I laid myself out

for this, and when mamma was asleep I rose as if to piddle. I unbolted

the door and shook up the doctor, and then returned to bed. I had agreed

with him to make more noise than usual in the final ecstasy; he was to

wait long enough to allow of the after-enjoyment, as if he was taking

time to clothe himself a little, and was then to come in with a light.

My mother still slept. It was about four o’clock in the morning. I began

feeling her glorious buttocks, and, sliding under the clothes, turned

her legs apart—she insensibly slipped upon her back, I took her charming

clitoris between my lips, and soon sucked it into stiffness. The

excitement awoke her—she had dreamed I was fucking her—and so was hot

and randy. She drew me upon her bosom, threw the clothes off, and her

glorious limbs clasped my loins—her two hands pressed on my buttocks, as

if to drive me further home, and we ran a most delicious course, I

feigned to be even still more excited than I really was, and almost

brayed at the ecstatic moment of ejection. Mamma herself was too far

gone in delight to notice the loudness of my braying. She lay panting

and throbbing on my prick, almost in a state of insensibility to aught

else beside. Her eyes were closed, so that she did not observe the

entrance of the light carried by the doctor. It was not until he was

standing by the bedside, and made an exclamation of surprise, that she

was aware of his presence.

“She gave a scream—though not very loud—and covered her eyes with her

hand. I scrambled off her. The doctor, with great politeness, begged her

pardon for his intrusion, but hearing what appeared to him an unearthly

noise, he had feared she was taken ill.

“Here the usual resource of woman—tears—fell plentifully from mamma. The

doctor most affectionately begged her to calm herself.

“‘My dear madam,’ said he. ‘I do not in any way blame you for this. I am

a man of the world, and I know that incest is practised to a far greater

extent than is at all imagined, and to prove that it in no way offends

me, I may at once tell you that it was my own mother who initiated me

into these delightful mysteries. I see that this dear boy looks terribly

frightened at my being a witness to the delight he must have had; but to

put him at his ease, we may as well inform him that we, too, have

indulged in that delicious game. I may add that this is not the first

time I have joined in orgies with more than one man or woman, and

nothing gives me more pleasure than to embrace one reeking from the arms

of another, especially if I have been a witness to the previous

encounter. See, my dear madam, how this dear instrument stands stiff in

proof of what I say, and to insure my silence dear Harry must not object

to my enjoying you after and before him.’

“So saying he dropt off his trousers and jumped into bed. He was met

with feeble remonstrances from my mother at doing it before her son: but

I assured her that I rather preferred to see her at work, as she knew,

than otherwise, especially as she evidently enjoyed it so much. So the

doctor forthwith mounted her. There could be no doubt that she enjoyed

it equally with him. My cock stood at the sight. I put it into her hand,

and she squeezed it lovingly—then stooping I sucked one nipple, and you

know how this excites her, and slipped a hand behind the doctor, and

after gently tickling his ballocks, acted postillion to his bottom-hole.

They ran a most exciting course and died away in mutual raptures. No

sooner did he turn off than I jumped up into his place, and in one

moment was up to the cods in that overflowing cunt. Mamma feebly

expostulated, but the doctor begged her to let him have the pleasure of

witnessing the vigour of the youth. I knew that in heart mamma was

delighted, for all women especially enjoy having a fresh prick into them

immediately after a previous one has been withdrawn.”

This is quite true—witness my own dear Benson in our early days; her

greatest delight was to have me the instant B. retired, and she avowed

that nothing could give her greater pleasure. I knew a lady in

after-life whom I and three others used to have together, and no sooner

was one off than another was on and sometimes two at once. She used to

tell us how she deceived her husband. When at Florence she had eight

lovers, and she had had them all on the same night without any of them

knowing of the others. She managed it in this way. She made them

come—two at ten o’clock, two at half-past ten, two at eleven, and two a

half-past eleven. They were put in four different rooms with convenient

sofas. She ran to No. 1 in a merely loose robe, which was instantly

thrown off. She was a magnificently made creature, the sight of whose

charms would inflame anyone. She rapidly got two goes from the first

without withdrawing. Then saying that her husband would be seeking her

if she did not leave him, she rang for her German valet, who used to

fuck her himself, and who afterwards confirmed her story to me, who

showed my gentleman out of the room. Off she ran to No. 2, told him she

had only got away by letting her husband have a go, and that he thought

she had only gone to the water closet so he must do one good and leave

her. Of course the cunt full of fuck only excited him the more, and he

very soon racked off to her great satisfaction, and was dismissed,

leaving the rooms vacant for the two at eleven. As there was not five

minutes to spare she ran to No. 3, where another lover was waiting. The

same pretence was made as to the last, but as he was largely hung, she

got two coups from him and then packed him off, and in the same way ran

to the others, always with the same story, getting two coups out of

three running, who were the best fuckers, and waiting with the last

until he could do no more.

The same lady told me that once while living at Dieppe her husband ran

over to England for a few days. During his absence she had four young

men to supper every night, and made them all fuck her on the sofa squabs

laid on the floor, accommodating one in her bottom at the same time.

During the day her landlord, a married man, used to come in and rack her

off besides. At one time she was left alone at Mannheim, where she made

acquaintance with an officer, who introduced a second, and a third,

until she knew eight in all. She had the whole lot once to supper, and

they all fucked her three times each. She was a wonderfully fine woman,

and could take no end of fucking. Her father had initiated her at twelve

years of age. She was of Greek origin, and actually was hairy and

menstruated at that early age. But all women are rakes in their hearts,

and numbers never encumber them.

During Harry’s encounter with his mother, the doctor stood beside them,

and handled Harry’s ballocks and acted postillion to him. Mamma took to

it most kindly. The sight again inflamed the doctor, the incestuous idea

enhancing the excitement. As Harry withdrew, he begged Mrs. Dale to get

on her hands and knees, to let him put it in from behind. He would

rather have gone in behind but did not think she was as yet quite

prepared to allow that. He only said that the movement below his eyes of

such a fine bottom as hers added to the excitement. He further proposed

that she should kneel over Harry’s body reversed, so that she might

gamahuche him, and he frig her beautiful clitoris.

“You mean to kill me between you,” she said, but all the same complied.

She sucked Harry’s prick and he spent in her mouth, which she swallowed

with great gusto, spending herself at the same moment in advance of the

doctor. Harry kept frigging her clitoris with one hand, while the other

was frigging the doctor’s bottom-hole. It was a long bout, she made

Harry spend twice in her mouth, while she spent thrice to the doctor’s

once, all dying away together in the final fuck. They lay long lost to

everything, and when they recovered, they separated and retired to their

own rooms.

The ice being thus broken, the remaining days were passed in the most

refined lasciviousness. The doctor had his way with her bottom, and

asked her leave to have Harry’s after Harry had had his mother’s

bottom-hole, while the doctor was fucking her, and had fucked the doctor

upon another occasion, the doctor crying out—“Hi, hi, hi!” as if it hurt

him, and he was losing his maidenhead. He professed immense

satisfaction, when she let him have Harry, declaring that he could not

tell whether having her both ways, having Harry, or being had himself,

was the greatest pleasure. Mamma declared that to have both apertures

filled at the same moment was the most delicious. It was then the doctor

said he would try. So fucking mamma in a kneeling position he presented

his great backside to Harry and was well fucked. It was after this

complete initiation that they returned home, and after such proceedings,

the transition to a general entry into our orgies was easily arranged.

As they were to arrive to a late dinner, it was resolved that Mrs. Dale

should stay the night, and we would see what that would bring forth.

They arrived accordingly. Mrs. Dale went to Ellen’s room, taking Ellen

with her to help her at her toilet. Here ensued an explanation between

them. Mrs. Dale felt that there must be an explicit avowal on both

sides. She admitted to Ellen that Harry had come to her bed, and only

succeeded in his horrible purpose by telling her how he and Ellen had

seen her operations with Charlie, and had followed her example.

“And now, my dear Ellen, as there must be no secrets between us, tell me

if you and Charlie have got together.”

“Well, yes, we have. You know I had seen how immense he was, and yet

with what pleasure you took him in. So curiosity made me give way one

day that we were in the summer house, and he slept with me afterwards.”

“Does the doctor’s wife suspect?”

“Oh, yes, she knows all about it. I forgot to bolt the door one night;

in the morning Charlie made too much noise. She came in, merely in her

chemise, ran up and pulled him off me, without imagining she ran any

risk herself. Charlie seized her in his arms, and swore he would do as

much to her, to prevent her telling. She was horrified, and fled to her

own room, but had not time to shut him out; he forced the door open, she

ran to her bed, intending to ring for the servant, he caught her as she

had one knee up on the bed, and was into her from behind before she

could accomplish her purpose. She cried out to me, to come and pull him

away. I went, but told her Charlie was right, as it would prevent her

splitting upon us. I rather think that Charlie’s large proportions gave

her much pleasure, for she soon ceased to struggle, indeed she had her

back to him, and his strong arms round her waist prevented her using her

hands. She cried much afterwards, and talked about the greatness of the

crime. She had then got into bed. Charlie followed, to coax and console

her, and, of course, got into her again. I thought she enjoyed the

second, for her bottom heaved to meet him. She afterwards accused him of

the crime of seducing a young lady, her guest, but I stopped that, by

avowing that my cousin had had me previously. Then she accused me of

seducing Charlie, and here, I must implore your pardon, for I let out

inadvertently that you had initiated him, for I had seen you having

him.”

“Oh, you bad girl, how could you be so cruel and imprudent?”

“Well, dear aunt, there is no great harm done. Charlie’s aunt was soon

quite appeased and regularly joined us after this. She is as fond, if

not fonder, of gamahuching me as you used to be; she has grown greedy

for Charlie’s immense cock, envies your having had the first of him, and

says that if she had known of his wonderful proportions, she could not

have resisted initiating him herself. She hopes that, through my means,

she will become more intimate with you. I have told her of your

beautiful clitoris. She dotes on the gamahuche, and vows that she will

never be happy till she has done it to you.”

This explanation was a great relief to the widow, who knew she was all

right with the doctor, and now foresaw that it would be all right with

his wife also and they would have complete freedom to indulge in the

wildest lubricity. So having dressed, they descended to dinner. The

doctor had explained all their London doings to his wife, so that after

dinner the three ladies exchanged confidence. Aunt was so eager to see

and suck Mrs. Dale’s large clitoris that they adjourned to aunt’s

bedroom, where the doctor discovered them in the midst of their

operations. Mrs. Dale was stretched on her back, with extended

thighs—aunt, with her head pressed by Mrs. Dale’s hands down on her

cunt, was sucking at the splendid clitoris, and working some fingers in

and out her cunt. They were too intent on their pleasure to notice his

entrance. Aunt’s petticoats were above her hips, as she knelt. The old

boy’s cock stood, he advanced, knelt down, got between her legs, and

fucked her as she was, begging her to continue her lascivious operations

on Mrs. Dale. When he had finished, he congratulated both ladies on the

intimate friendship established between them, said it was the best wish

of his heart. He assured Mrs. Dale that his wife was the best woman in

the world, and never grudged him a little variety.

“So I have acknowledged my infidelity with you, and it appears my nephew

has been taking my place, in my absence. She tells me you instructed

Charlie, and that he is monstrous when in erection, as big again as me,

or as a certain Grenadier Captain, once a favourite of my wife’s. I am

curious to see it. She tells me also that he has been sleeping with your

charming niece Ellen, who, I must confess, has raised in me a great

desire to possess her. Now, my dear madam, if you will consent to invite

Charlie to sleep with you and Ellen, I could come in, after you have

each had a turn or two out of Charlie, and take Ellen, while you would

have Charlie all to yourself. My wife won’t object, and I hope you will

give your consent.”

“Well, my dear doctor, after what has occurred between us, I can refuse

you nothing, but I think dear Harry should have some comfort. I suppose,

my dear madam, that the doctor has told you of my son surprising and

violating me. Your husband reconciled me to his caresses, and I can

assure you that without the enormous size of Charlie, he has a charming

way that may please any woman. From what the doctor says, you are free

from prejudices, why should you be left out in the cold, while we are

all enjoying ourselves, why should you not go to his bedroom, and see

what he is made of. I, his mother, can strongly recommend him to your

favour.”

So it was arranged.

During the evening, Mrs. Dale whispered to me to come to them after the

domestics had gone to bed. I went and fucked them both three times,

twice in front and once behind, the one who was being fucked always

gamahuching the other. When I began to tail off, Mrs. Dale arose,

unbolted the door of communication with uncle’s room, and invited him to

Ellen’s arms, who was very glad to have a little further experience of

another man’s prick. Uncle gallantly gamahuched her before fucking her,

then begged to see my wonderful prick, pretended to be perfectly

astonished at its monstrous dimensions, and wondered how Ellen’s little

cunt could ever have taken it in. It was a tight fit certainly, but the

dear creature liked it none the worse for that. Before fucking Ellen, he

begged Mrs. Dale to let him guide my large prick into her. After

enjoying our first movements, and being excited into sufficient

consistency, he proceeded to fuck dear Ellen; even he had some

difficulty in entering, notwithstanding the libations I had previously

poured into her, but being once fairly hilted, he declared it was one of

the tightest little cunts it had ever been his good fortune to fuck.

After this, we proceeded each our way, and with a longer interval,

brought matters to the exquisite conclusion, panting and throbbing for

some time afterwards.

The doctor now retired, and we arranged ourselves for repose. We were

awakened in the morning by the entrance of aunt and Harry. He flew to

his mamma’s arms, who lay down on Ellen to gamahuche her while Harry was

fucking her. Aunt and I coupled in the old-fashioned way. Uncle entered

while we were in full operation, and seeing the tempting backside of

Harry, scrambled up behind and fucked his bottom. After we had done,

aunt pretended to be shocked at his attack on a boy’s bottom—a woman’s

was a different thing.

“Well, then, my dear, get upon Charlie the next time, and I shall fuck

your truly magnificent bottom.”

And he drew Mrs. Dale’s attention to the glorious proportions, not only

of aunt’s bottom, but of her body, and all her limbs.

“Oh, it is indeed glorious,” said she. “I must, my dear madam, gamahuche

you. I have not forgotten the exquisite pleasure you gave me in that

way.”

“Willingly,” cried my aunt, “provided you give me your clitoris to

occupy me.”

“Certainly, that will suit me admirably; but you must lie upon me, that

I may have the pleasure of gazing on that magnificent bottom, and

caressing the immense rotundities of your buttocks.”

Oh, it was a glorious sight to see these two wanton lascivious women in

the full enjoyment of each other. It set us all on fire, and the moment

they had done I slaked the fire within me in the capacious but tight

cunt of my aunt, while uncle fucked her bottom-hole. Mrs. Dale lay under

Ellen, while Harry fucked Ellen from behind, and Ellen gamahuched her

aunt, who herself guided her son’s prick into Ellen’s cunt, and tickled

her clitoris, at the same time acting postillion to her son’s

bottom-hole.

Oh! it was a splendid bout—we were all so excited and it was also the

first meeting of us all in one orgie. We all died away in a perfect

heaven of ecstasy, and lay long in the after-enjoyment. Our previous

night’s work made this the last for the time, and we all separated to

seek some welcome repose before breakfast time.

Mrs. Dale remained our visitor for three days, during which we met in

the doctor’s bedroom every night, and renewed our delicious orgies. Mrs.

Dale carried off her son and niece, and I promised to come over to her

cottage on the following Saturday, when Harry and I took turn and turn

about with the two dear creatures, sometimes fucking one between us two

at once. When the school resumed its work, Mrs. Dale and Ellen always

dined at the rectory on Sunday and slept there, when we made a general

orgie in the old style.

This continued until our midsummer holidays, when I was to leave the

rectory for King’s College. Mrs. Dale’s and Ellen’s pregnancies, daily

becoming nearer to the period of parturition, were getting more

difficult to conceal. We had long discussions with uncle as to what was

best to be done. It was at last arranged that they should leave the

cottage as if for a tour on the continent, but in reality should only go

to Paris, and take apartments in the house of a good \_accoucheuse\_ in

the environs, and remain quiet there till the period of delivery. It was

not necessary for them to go before we broke up, and the doctor and

Harry and I could accompany them, and after I had seen my guardian on my

return to London, I had no doubt of getting his leave, and the necessary

means to visit the continent up to the middle of October, when the

classes would begin. It all fell out as arranged. Nothing of the

pregnancy was visible, thanks to the full robes worn.

We accomplished our journey, found a capital \_accoucheuse\_ in a

beautiful neighbourhood, with a large garden. Harry, uncle, and aunt

remained with them, while I returned to London. I saw my guardian, who,

after putting me through an examination, expressed himself much pleased

with my progress, said the visit to the continent would expand my mind,

and that he would furnish me with the means. He recommended that I

should visit my mother first for a fortnight, and announced that at

about the end of that time the girls would come up to London to enter a

first-rate finishing school. He further told me he had proposed to and

had been accepted by Miss Frankland, and they were to be married at the

same time; my sisters were to be bridesmaids, and I could be present at

the marriage before going abroad. All this being arranged, I ran down

home. My mother was delighted to see me, and thought me grown and much

improved. It is needless to say how glad my sisters and Miss Frankland

were to see me. They had had no fucking except by tongue or dildo, so

you may imagine the fury with which they set upon me the first two or

three nights. We resumed all our lascivious operations of former days.

My sisters had developed into splendid women, the youngest still the

most libidinous. Dear Miss Frankland, on my congratulating her on her

intended marriage, lovingly told me that it was the prospect of being

near me that had reconciled her to it. We spent a most delicious

fortnight, which passed like a day.

I found an opportunity of fucking my old governess, Mrs. Vincent that

was. My son was a fine little fellow, toddling about and talking

already. His mother loved me as much as ever, and was become a finer

developed woman, more amorous and lecherous than she used to be. She

said no one could be kinder or more loving than her husband, and she had

never been unfaithful to him but with me, whom, as her own formation,

she must always love, and would never refuse me anything I asked when it

could be safely done. At the sole opportunity I had I fucked her three

times without drawing, and finished with a bottom-fuck. I may here

mention that a little girl followed for nine months from that period,

which she always assured me was mine.

My mother, the girls, and Miss Frankland all came up with me to London.

The marriage went off with \_eclat\_. My guardian made very handsome

presents to my sisters, and gave me a gold watch, chain, and seals,

together with a handsome cheque for my travelling expenses. He and his

bride, whom I fucked just before she went to church, departed for

Scotland, to return by the English lakes, for their honeymoon trip. A

few days afterwards, having had two or three nights excellent fucking

with my sisters, mamma and I conducted them to their school, and left

them with tearful adieux. My mother was to remain in town for a week

until uncle and aunt’s return, when she intended to accompany her sister

to the rectory and remain there until I returned from the continent. I

was quickly again in Paris. We took rooms near the two darlings, where

uncle and aunt remained for the week they had yet to stay. We took mamma

and Ellen several times to the play, and they slept with us every night.

Uncle and aunt left at the end of the week, but we kept on the

apartments for the dear women to come to us, fucking them as much as we

could. It seemed as if their pregnancy stimulated their lubricity, for

we could hardly satisfy them. We had at least always to take them on

hands and knees, although neither of them ever showed much in

front—their babes lying just between—but, by Jove, their hips expanded

splendidly. Dear mamma measured a yard across, and her backside

projected almost as much as my aunt’s. She loved to be fucked in her

bottom-hole to the last. We actually had them both up to the night

before the day they were each confined. Nothing could be more favourable

than their time. As I formerly stated, each had a little daughter.

On the ninth day afterwards they were both able to rise, but as it would

have been very prejudicial to renew our intercourse before another three

weeks had elapsed, Harry and I went off for a walking excursion in

Switzerland, which we traversed in all directions, with continual

delight at the glorious scenery. We did not touch a single woman. When

very sharp set we fucked each other, but very little even of that, so

that we renovated our constitutions and returned in robust health, ready

to do justice to the charms of the two darlings, who had impatiently

awaited our arrival.

It is needless to repeat the description of the delicious fucking with

which they welcomed us. They appeared more lovely than ever, especially

Ellen, who had developed into womanhood. We made arrangements to leave

the two darling children in the hands of a healthy wet nurse, and set

out on an expedition down the Loire to Tours, Bordeaux, and the

Pyrenees, returned at the end of September by Montpellier, Nismes,

Avignon, and Lyons.

The two babes were in excellent health. Arrangements were made for their

remaining with their foster mother for a year, and we all returned to

London together.

We had three nights’ delicious fucking before they returned to the

country, and promises were made that they would come to town from time

to time to renew our orgies. My mother and aunt came up to see me

settled in my lodgings, which were taken in Norfolk Street, and I was

entered at King’s College.

I passed a delicious night with aunt before she left; and ran down with

my mother to see her safe home. On my return I found my guardian had

returned. I called to pay my respects to his wife. I found her alone,

and we managed her first piece of adultery, which, as you may suppose,

was not the last. But as this third volume is already a long one, I

shall here close it.

The fourth will introduce us to London, and renew the delicious

intercourse with Mrs. Benson, as well as with my guardian’s wife, and

our dear friend MacCallum, as well as many other friends.

END OF VOLUME III.

VOLUME IV.

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Jane—Ann—Mrs. Nichols—The Benson, the Egerton, and the Count—Ann, the

Nichols, and MacCallum—Aunt, Uncle, Harry, the Frankland and the De

Grandvits—Carl—The Count—The Frankland

I concluded my last volume by saying that I had taken lodgings in

Norfolk Street, Strand, for the convenience of being near King’s

College. It was at the house of a Mrs. Nichols, tall, powerfully built,

masculine, but a kind and motherly looking widow of fifty-two—an

attentive and bustling landlady, looking herself to the better cooking,

and having a plain cook, who was also a general servant, to help her

downstairs, and two nieces to do the waiting and attendance on her

lodgers upstairs. The younger was there alone when I entered the

lodgings; her elder sister had had what they called a “misfortune,” and

was then in the country until she could be unburthened of it. She was

expected back in about six weeks. Meanwhile, as the winter was not the

season, I was the only lodger, and the younger had only me to attend to;

her name was Jane; she was but a little thing, but very well made, good

bubbies and bottom, which I soon discovered were firm and hard,

projecting fully on both sides. She was fairly good looking, but with a

singular innocent manner of freedom about her that made me imagine she

had as yet had no chance of a “misfortune.” In a week we became

intimate, and after often praising her pretty face and figure, I

snatched a kiss now and then, which at first she resented with an

attractive yet innocent sort of sauciness. It was in her struggles on

these occasions that I became aware of the firm and hard bosom and

bottom.

Up to this time my flirtations were without ulterior object, but the

reality of the attractions of these hidden charms raised my lustful

passions. I gradually increased my flatteries and caresses, squeezed her

bubbies, when I sometimes drew her on my knee and was kissing her, and

as at first she resisted my drawing her to my knee, I took occasion to

lay hold of her buttocks, which I found more developed than I could have

supposed. Gradually her resistance to these little liberties ceased and

she would quietly sit on my knee and return the kiss I gave. Her dress

was a little open in front, so from feeling her bubbies outside, I

gradually got to feeling their naked beauties inside. I now thought I

could attempt greater familiarities, so one day when seated on my knee

with one arm round her waist, I pressed her to my lips, and while so

engaged, whipt my free arm up her petticoats, and before she had become

aware of the movement, had got my hand upon her mount, a very nicely

haired one. She started up to a standing position, but as I held her

close clasped round the waist she could not get away, and her new

position enabled me the easier to get my hand between her thighs and

thus to feel her charming pouting little cunt. I began attempting to

frig her clitoris, but stooping she drew her cunt away, and looking at

me with a droll innocent expression of alarm, and with a perfect

unconsciousness of the import of her words, cried,—“Oh! take care what

you are at. You don’t know how a lodger this last summer suffered for

seizing me in that way and hurting me very much. I screamed out, aunt

came up, and, do you know, he had £50 to pay for his impudence.”

I could not but smile at the extraordinary innocence of the girl.

“But I do not hurt you, dear Jane,” said I, “and don’t mean to do so.”

“That was what he said, but he went on in a most horrible way, and not

only hurt me very much, but made me bleed.”

“It would not be with his hand, you see I only gently press this soft

hairy little thing. I am sure that don’t hurt you.”

“Oh, no! if that was all I should not mind it, it was when he pushed me

on the sofa, and pressed upon me, that he hurt me terribly, and you must

take care what you are about, or you, too, will have to pay £50.”

There was a curious air of innocence in all this; it was evident to me

the fellow had got into her, and broken her hymen with violence, and

then her screams had prevented his finishing his work. Her manner

convinced me that she was really not aware of the consequences, or

rather had not as yet really had her sexual passions aroused.

“Well, my dear Jane, I neither intend to hurt you or make myself liable

to pay £50, but you will not refuse me the pleasure of feeling this nice

little hairy nest, you see how gentle I am.”

“Well, if you will do me no more hurt than that I shan’t refuse you,

because you are a nice kind young gentleman, and very different from the

other rough fellow, who never chattered with me and made me laugh as you

do—but you must not push your fingers up there, it was something he

pushed up there that hurt me so.”

I withdrew my finger, and as, at my request, she had opened her thighs a

little, I felt and caressed her very nice little cunt, and with a finger

pressed externally above her clitoris, I could see that she flushed and

shivered on feeling me there. However, I did no more than gently press

and feel all her hairy mount and fat pouting cunt; she said I must let

her go, or her aunt would be coming up.

The first step was now gained. Gradually I progressed further and

further; felt her charming bare arse as she stood before me, got her to

let me see the beautiful curls she had got on her cunt, then came to

kissing it, until at last she opened her thighs and let me tongue it, to

her most exquisite delight. I made her spend for the first time in her

life, and soon she came to me for it. I had gradually introduced a

finger up her cunt while licking her clitoris and exciting her so much

that she was unconscious of my doing it; then two fingers, and after she

had spent deliriously, I made them perform an imitation of a throb,

which made her jump and ask what I was doing. I asked if she did not

feel that my fingers were inside of her sweet Fanny.

“You don’t say so. It was there I was so hurt.”

“But I do not hurt you, dear Jane?”

“Oh, dear no, it makes me feel queer, but it is very nice.”

“Well, now you know that I have two fingers inside, I will use my tongue

again against your charming little clitoris, and work the fingers in and

out.”

I did so, and she soon spent in an agony of delight, pressing my head

down hard on her cunt, and crying—“Oh! oh! it is too great a pleasure!”

and then died off, half insensible. Another time I repeated this she

told me not to forget to use my fingers. Having made her spend twice I

took her on my knee, and told her that I possessed an instrument that

would give her far more pleasure than tongue or finger.

“Indeed?” said she, “where is it? I should so like to see it.”

“You won’t tell.”

“Oh, no!”

So pulling out my stiff-standing prick, she stared in amazement. She had

really never seen a prick, although it was evidently a prick that had

deflowered her, for with my fingers I had explored her cunt, and found

no hymen there. I put her hand upon it, she involuntarily grasped it

firmly.

“This enormous thing could never get into my body, look, it is thicker

than all your fingers put together, and only two fingers feel so tight.”

“Yes, darling, but this dear little thing stretches, and was made to

receive this big thing.”

I was exciting her clitoris with my finger, she grew evidently

lasciviously inclined, so saying, “Just let me try, and if it hurts you

I will stop; you know I am always gentle with you.”

“So you are, my dear fellow, but take care not to hurt me.” She lay down

on the bed, as I desired, with feet up and knees laid open. I spat on my

prick, and wetted the knob and upper shaft well, then bringing it to her

cunt, well moistened by my saliva in gamahuching her, I held open the

lips with the fingers of my left hand, and half buried its knob before

getting to the real entrance.

“Don’t flinch, dearest, I shall not hurt.” And I got it well over the

knob, and buried it one inch further.

“Stop!” she cried, “it seems as if it would burst me open, it so

stretches me.”

“But it does not hurt you, dearest?” I had immediately stopped before

asking the question.

“No not exactly, but I feel as if something was in my throat.”

“Rest a little, and that will go off.” I slipped a finger down on her

clitoris, and as I frigged it she grew more and more excited, giving

delicious cunt pressures on my prick, it gradually made its way by the

gentle pushing I continued to make without other movements. It was more

than half in when she spent, this not only lubricated the interior, but

the inner muscles relaxing, a gentle shove forward housed it to the

hilt, and then I lay quiet until she recovered from the half fainting

state her last discharge had produced; soon the increased pressures of

the inner folds showed that her passions were awakening afresh. She

opened her eyes and, looking lovingly, said I had given her great

pleasure, but she felt as if something enormous was stretching her

inside to the utmost. Had I got it all in?

“Yes, dearest, and now it will be able to give you greater pleasure than

before.” I began a slow withdrawal and return, frigging her clitoris at

the same time, for I was standing between her legs. She soon grew wild

with excitement, nature prompting her, her arse rose and fell almost as

well as if she was mistress of the art. The novel combination of prick

and finger quickly brought on the ecstatic crisis. I, too, was wild with

lust, and we spent together, ending in an annihilation of all our senses

by the extreme ecstasy of the final overpowering crisis. We lay panting

for some time in all the after-joys. Dear Jane begged me to give her

some water, as she felt quite faint. I withdrew, still almost in a

standing state, got her some water, helped her up, seated her on the

sofa and kissed her lovingly as I thanked her for the exquisite joy she

had given me. She threw her arms round my neck, and with tears in her

eyes told me I had taught her the joys of heaven, and she should always

love me, and I must always love her, for now she could not live without

me. I kissed and dried her eyes, and told her we should in future enjoy

it even more when she got accustomed to it.

“Let me see the dear thing that gave me such pleasure.”

I pulled it out, but it was no longer at the stand; and this surprised

her. I explained the necessity of its being so, but said she would

quickly see it rise and swell to the former size if she continued to

handle it so nicely. It rose almost before I could say as much. She

fondled it, and even stooped and kissed its ruby head. We should quickly

have got to another bout of fucking if the ringing of the call bell had

not brought us to a sense of its imprudence; so after arranging her hair

and dress, she hastily descended with some of the breakfast things.

Of course, so good a beginning led to constant renewals and Jane quickly

became extremely amorous, and under my instruction a first-rate fucker.

As all my dear friends were not in London, I was fortunate in having

such a \_bonne bouche\_ to comfort me. My sisters passed every Sunday with

me, and both got some good fucking out of me in every way, without

raising any suspicions in the house.

A month after I had taken up my residence at Mrs. Nichols’s, Jane’s

sister arrived. She was a much finer woman than Jane, broad shouldered,

wide-spread bosom, which, in after-days, I found had not suffered by her

“misfortune,” but then she had not suckled it. Her hips were widely

projected, and she was grand and magnificent in her arse. Naturally of a

very hot temperament, when once she had tasted the magnificent weapon I

was possessed of, she grew most lasciviously lustful, and was one of the

best fuckers I ever met with. Her power of nip almost equalled by

beloved aunt’s. Jane was fair, Ann was dark, with black locks and black

hairy cunt—a very long cunt, with a small tight hole in it, and above it

a wide-spread projecting mount, splendidly furnished with hair. Her

clitoris was hard and thick, but with little projection. She also became

madly fond of arse-fucking, and particularly liked me to spend therein.

This was partly to prevent any consequences leading to a second

“misfortune.”

On her first arrival Jane was much afraid she would discover our

connection and we took every precaution, although I, in my heart, wished

this might occur, for as she occasionally waited on me, I grew lecherous

upon one whose charms, even covered, excited me greatly. I always

flattered and praised her magnificence of figure whenever she came alone

to me, but as Jane generally was running in and out, I did not attempt

further action. One morning I overheard Mrs. Nichols tell Jane to put on

her bonnet and go to Oxford Street on some errand; I knew thus that Ann

would attend on me, and there would be no chance of interruption from

Jane, so I determined to come at once to the point. We had become on

friendly, chatty terms, and when she had laid breakfast I asked her to

help me on with my coat, which done, I thanked her and with one arm

round her waist drew her to me and kissed her. “Hallo!” said she, “that

is something new,” but did not attempt to withdraw, so giving her

another kiss, I told her what a glorious woman she was, and how she

excited me—just see. I held one of her hands, and before she was aware,

placed it on my huge prick, that bulged out of my trousers as if it

would burst its way through.

She could not help squeezing it, while she cried—“Goodness, gracious!

what an enormous thing you have got!”

Her face flushed, her eyes sparkled with the fire of lust that stirred

her whole soul. She tried to grasp it.

“Stop,” said I, “and I will put it in its natural state into your hand.”

So pulling it out, she seized it at once, and most lasciviously gazed

upon it, pressing it gently. She evidently was growing lewder and

lewder, so I at once proposed to fuck her, and thinking it best to be

frank, and put her at her ease, I told her that I knew she had had a

“misfortune,” but if she would let me fuck her I should be on honour to

withdraw before spending, and thus avoid all chance of putting her belly

up.

She had become so randy that she felt, as she afterwards told me, she

could not refuse so splendid a prick of a size she had often dreamt of,

and longed for.

“Can I trust you?” said she.

“Safely, my dear.”

“Then you may have me—let me embrace that dear object.”

Stooping, she kissed it most voluptuously, shivering at the same time in

the ecstasy of a spend produced by the mere sight and touch. She gave

one or two “oh’s,” and drawing me to the bed by my prick, threw herself

back, pulling her petticoats up at the same time. Then I beheld her

splendid cunt in all its magnificence of size and hairiness. I sank on

my knees and glued my lips to the oozing entrance, for she was one who

spent most profusely, her cunt had the true delicious odour, and her

spunk was thick and glutinous for a woman.

I tongued her clitoris, driving her voluptuously wild. So she cried—

“Oh! do put that glorious prick into me, but remember your promise.”

I brought it up to that wide-spread, large-lipped, and immense cunt. I

fully expected that big as I was I should slip in over head and

shoulders with the greatest ease. So you may imagine my surprise to find

the tightest and smallest of entrances to the inner vagina I almost ever

met with, it was really with greater difficulty I effected an entrance

than I had with her little sister, whose cunt presented no such

voluptuous grandeur. It was as tight a fit as Ellen’s was to me on our

first coition. Tight as it was, it gave her nothing but the most

exquisite pleasure, she was thoroughly up to her work, and was really

one of the most voluptuous and lascivious fuckers I have ever met with,

excellent as my experience has been. I made her, with fucking and

frigging, spend six times before I suddenly withdrew my prick, and

pressing its shaft against her wet lips, and my own belly, spent

deliciously outside. Shortly after it rose again, and this time after

making her spend as often as before, for she was most voluptuously

lustful, when I withdrew, she suddenly got from under me, and seizing

its shaft with one hand, stooped and took its knob between her lips, and

quickly made me pour a flood of sperm into her mouth, which she eagerly

swallowed and sucked on to my great delight.

We should have had a third bout but for the necessity of her going down

to her aunt.

I breakfasted, then rang to take away. Again we had a delicious fuck,

and a third when she came to make the bed and empty the slops. This

third time I begged her to kneel on the sofa, and let me see her

gloriously grand arse, and when I had to retire I would show her a way

that would continue both our pleasure. So after fucking her from behind,

and making her spend far oftener than me, I withdrew, and pushing it up

between the lips over the clitoris, with my hand round her waist, I

pressed it tightly against her cunt and clitoris, and continued to

wriggle my arse, made her spend again as I poured a flood all up over

her belly. She declared it was almost as good as if inside.

After this very shortly I proposed to push its nose into her

bottom-hole, and just spend within.

With reluctance at first, it ended in her not only liking the point

there, but deliciously enjoying my whole prick within, and eventually it

was always the receptacle of a first discharge induced by fucking, and a

second fuck completely carried on in that more secret altar of lust. She

became a first-rate \_enculeuse\_.

It soon happened that both sisters knew of the other enjoying me, and it

ended in their slipping down from their attic, where both slept in the

same bed, to my room, and we had most delicious fucking and double

gamahuching.

Ann was by far the finest and the most lascivious fuck, but little Jane

had a certain charm of youth and also of freshness, which got her a fair

share of my favours.

We carried this on for several weeks until use made us careless and

noisy.

The aunt, when no lodgers occupied the room, slept overhead, and,

probably being sleepless one morning, when it was early daylight, heard

our voices, came down and surprised me in the very act of fucking Ann

and gamahuching Jane, who stood above her and presented her cunt to my

lecherous tongue. A loud exclamation from their aunt roused us up at

once.

“Get to bed, you dreadful hussies.”

They fled without a moment’s hesitation.

Mrs. Nichols then began to remonstrate with me on the infamy of my

conduct. I approached the door apparently to get my shirt, for I was

stark naked, but in fact to shut and lock my door, and then to turn on

Mrs. Nichols, who apparently had quite forgotten she had only her short

shift on, which not only allowed the full display of very fine, firm,

and ample bubbies, but not falling below the middle of her thighs,

showed remarkably well made legs and small knees, with the swelling of

immense thighs just indicated.

My stiff-standing prick in full vigour, and if anything, still more

stimulated by the unexpected beauties shown by Mrs. Nichols, I turned

upon her and seizing her round the waist from behind, pushed her

forward, and before she could recover herself I had hauled up her “cutty

sark,” seen a most magnificent arse, and into her cunt—not without

somewhat painful violence, before she could recover from the surprise of

the attack.

She screamed out murder, but there was no one who could hear but the

girls, and they knew better than to interrupt me. I kept fucking away in

spite of cries, and passing an arm round her body, with my finger I got

to her clitoris, which sprang out into considerable proportions. My big

prick and the frigging of her clitoris produced their natural result. In

spite of herself she grew full of lust. I felt her cunt pressures, and

knew how her passions were rising. Speedily, in place of resisting, she

began to cry, “Oh, oh,” and breathe hard, and then most gloriously

wriggled her splendid arse, and as I spent she too was taken in the

delicious ecstasy of the final crisis. She lay throbbing on my delighted

prick until it stood as stiff as before. I began a slow movement, she

made no resistance, except crying out, “Oh! dear, oh! dear,” as if in

spite of regrets, she could not help enjoying it; indeed, at last she

said—

“Oh! what a man you are, Mr. Roberts; it is very wrong of you to do

this, but I cannot resist enjoying it myself. It is years since I did

such a thing, but as you have done it, it makes me wish you should do it

again. Let us change position.”

“Very well, but you must throw off this tiresome chemise, or I won’t

withdraw.”

As her lust was so excited, she made no objection, so withdrawing we

stood up; she drew her shift over her head, and displayed a far more

splendid form, with an exquisitely fair and dimpled skin, than I could

have thought possible.

“My dear Mrs. Nichols, what a fine perfect form you have got, let me

embrace you in my arms.”

She was nothing loath, flattered by my praise. She laid hold of my cock

with one hand, and closely clasped me with the other arm, while I threw

an arm and hand round on her truly magnificent arse, and with my other

hand pressed on a wonderful pair of bubbies as hard and firm as any maid

of eighteen. Our mouths met in a loving kiss, our tongues exchanged

endearments. She said—

“You have made me very wicked, let me have this enormous and dear fellow

again.”

I said I must first gaze on all her beauties, especially on her gorgeous

and enormous bottom. She turned herself round in every way, delighted to

find that I so ardently admired her.

She then lay down on her back, and spread wide her legs, and called to

me to mount and put it in.

“First I must kiss this beautiful cunt, and suck this superb clitoris.”

Her mount was covered with closely curled brown silky locks; her cunt

was large with grand thick lips and well-haired sides. Her clitoris

stood out quite three inches, red and stiff. I took it in my mouth,

sucked it, and frigged her cunt with two fingers, which went in with the

greatest ease, but were nipped tightly the moment the entrance was

gained, and I frigged and sucked until she spent madly with absolute

screams of delight. I continued to suck and excite her, which quickly

made her cry out—

“Oh, darling boy, come and shove your glorious prick into my longing

cunt.”

I sprang up and buried him until our two hairs were crushed between us.

She held me tight for a minute without moving, then went off like a wild

\_Bacchante\_, and uttered voluptuous bawdy expressions.

“Shove your delicious prick further and harder. Oh, you are killing me

with delight.”

She was a perfect mistress of the art, gave me exquisite pleasure, and,

I may add, proved afterwards a woman of infinite variety, and became one

of my most devoted admirers. Our intrigue continued for years, while her

age, as is the case with good wine, only appeared to improve her. Her

husband was not a bad fucker, but having only a small prick, had never

stimulated her lust as my big splitter had done.

We had on this first occasion three other good fucks, which she seemed

to enjoy more and more.

As I had previously fucked the girls pretty well, my prick at last

refused to rise and perform. We had to stop fucking, but I gamahuched

her once more after again posing her, and admiring her really

wonderfully well made and well-preserved body. She had a good suck at my

cock, without bringing him up again.

At last we separated, but not before she made a promise that she would

sleep with me that night, and a glorious night we had. I had the more

difficult task of reconciling her to my having her nieces. I used to

have them one night, and sleep with her the next.

Ann, as I have said, was one of the lewdest and most lascivious women I

had ever known. I had told them of the beauty of their aunt’s whole

person, and of her wonderful clitoris, and how she liked me to gamahuche

it. This awakened the tribadic passions of Ann to gamahuche her aunt.

I, at last, persuaded her to let Ann join us, and both were afterwards

extremely glad I had done so, for both were thorough tribades, and

lasciviously enjoyed each other, while being fucked by me in turns. Mrs.

Nichols too, once she got used to arse-fucking, delighted in it, and we

had the wildest orgies together.

Meanwhile, my very dear friend MacCallum had returned to town. He lived

in the outskirts, but had taken a small set of chambers at Lyon’s Inn, a

sitting room and bedroom, where he had a complete library of bawdy books

and pictures to excite to new efforts passions palled with excess. It

was here I took my sisters, and every Sunday we four, stripped to the

buff, indulged in every excess the wildest lust could prompt.

At Christmas, uncle, aunt, the Dales, and Ellen all came to town, and

taking the same rooms with others that uncle and Mrs. Dale and her son

had formerly down in Norfolk Street, we had the most glorious orgies.

I confessed that I had debauched my sisters during the weary months I

had been left alone with them, and advised their initiation into our

society. Uncle greedily snatched at the idea, so did aunt and Harry

Dale, but his mother and Ellen rather discouraged it. However, the

majority had it, and aunt went to the school, and took them away for the

holidays. I had instructed them to keep up the idea of a late initiation

by me, and how much they liked it when done, carefully avoiding the

least reference to former freedoms.

They afforded a very effective aid to the wild variety of our orgies.

Uncle especially affected them, and was never tired of fucking, sucking

or gamahuching their splendid charms. Aunt, whose lech was for fresh

young women, was unbounded in her admiration and tribadic use of their

bodies.

I made a confident of Harry Dale about our re-unions at MacCallum’s,

and, with the latter’s leave, introduced him to our orgies in the Inn.

MacCallum took greatly to the fine tight arse of young Dale. He also

wished to have Ellen introduced. I took occasion to break the matter to

her, and in the end she made a delicious addition to those private

orgies. In March Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Egerton, and husbands came up to

town.

I had written to the Benson, and got a note from her the moment she

arrived. I called immediately, and finding her alone, her husband having

gone to the city, was received with delight. After flying into each

other’s arms, nature was too fierce for any amorous preliminaries. A

sofa received our ardent bodies, and before one could think, legs were

opened, cunt invaded, and a most rapid fuck, too rapid for luxury, was

run off. Then while recovering from our first delirium of pleasure, we

had time for a few words of mutual praise and admiration of improvements

in both; but it was not until I had fucked her four times, and made her

spend at least twice as often, that we found time to enter into close

converse upon past events.

I had known by letter of the intrigue with the Count, Mrs. Egerton, and

herself, and now heard, from her own mouth, more exciting details. She

told me how Mrs. Egerton was eager to possess my unusually great prick,

adding—

“By the way, she must be alone at this hour. Come along, we may have

some fun today.”

I had not seen Mrs. Egerton for many years, in fact, for long before I

had fucked Mrs. Benson. We went. Her reception was all I could wish.

Mrs. Benson told us to lose no time, but to run off at least an

introductory embrace when the field was so clear. Mrs. Egerton made no

objection; the Benson acted mistress of the ceremonies, pulled out my

prick and lifted the Egerton’s petticoats, turning both sides to view,

and making the Egerton handle and admire the nobleness of my prick, then

telling her to kneel and present her fat arse to my lustful gaze, guided

my longing prick into her really delicious cunt; and a most excellent

fuck we had, which, as Mrs. Benson said, would put us at our ease in an

interview she had planned for next day, in which the Count was to join

us, and telling me I should have to show my mettle to rival the Count.

We met next day at a quiet house in Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road.

The ladies had gone to the Soho Bazaar, leaving their carriage in Soho

Square, going out by another entrance in a back street, and driving up

in a cab to us in Percy Street.

At an evening call I had made, to be introduced to Mr. Egerton, I had

met and been introduced to the Count. We had walked home as far as his

apartments, in Berners Street, and arranged to meet in Percy Street,

before the arrival of our beautiful and dear friends. Thus we were

impatiently awaiting their coming when they arrived.

It is needless to say no sooner had they entered, and the mere embrace

and kiss of welcome been given, than they retired to another room,

opening into the one where we were, to take off all encumbrances to the

wildest lust, while we, too, disencumbered ourselves of all our clothes.

We were quicker than they were, and the Count was in the act of handling

and admiring the grandeur of my prick when the two beautiful creatures

entered in nature’s only robe, and well might we exclaim—

“Woman, when unadorned is adorned the most,” for two more beautiful

women or more perfectly lovely in shape could hardly be seen. Women,

too, as voluptuous and lascivious in their passions as any of their sex

could be, and it was now our delight to enjoy and satisfy their ardent

lust by fucking them in every way, as well as for the first time giving

them the joy of having two real pricks in them at once. The charming

Benson, as my original initiator in love’s mysteries, claimed my first

embrace, the Count fucking Mrs. Egerton. We were so placed that each

could see the other, and thus enjoy the excitement of the scene. The

dear creatures spent thrice to our once.

Then the Egerton claimed me while the Count refilled the cunt I had just

quitted.

Again we made them spend thrice to our once. They preferred these

preliminary encounters to the more lascivious excesses we were about to

enter upon as exciting and preparing their passions for more voluptuous

embraces.

Both the dear creatures loved a prick \_in culo\_ from time to time, but

as yet they had not had the opportunity of having a prick in each

aperture at once.

The Egerton, to whom my prick was as yet a novelty, said she must have

it in her cunt while the Count planted his lesser but very fine prick in

her arse.

The Count’s prick was quite as long, or nearly so, as mine, and even

thicker close to the roots, but tapered up to a small pointed knob, so

that for the \_enculage\_ he had greater facility, than my huge-knobbed

affair, whose head was as thick as any part of it. This difference of

formation made the dear creatures both prefer my prick in front while

the Count attacked them in the rear. They generally each got two, with

me below and the Count above. But, although it was at first somewhat

painful when my huge prick took the rearward side with the Count in

front, they soon got accustomed to it, although invariably beginning,

after our preliminary fucking, with the Count first \_in culo\_.

The Egerton, as I said before, made her first trial of two pricks

fucking her at once, by having me below her. I had laid down on my back,

she straddled over me, the Benson claimed the place of conductress to

the instruments of pleasure, and, first giving a suck to my prick, she

guided it into the delicious cunt of her friend, who sank down upon my

stiff-standing prick, deliciously impaling herself thereon, and went off

in a voluptuous discharge on feeling its huge head engulphed to the

utmost; she rose and fell upon it in an upright position, until she had

spent a second time, and had brought up her passion to the wildest rage

of lust, then falling into my longing arms, she called out to the Count

to shove his prick at once into her arse.

The Benson had, meanwhile, sucked and moistened the Count’s fine prick,

making him as eager as the Egerton to be into her beautiful arsehole.

The Benson conducted it to the divine entrance of that rapture-giving

receptacle, which he entered at first with little difficulty, but as the

thickening of his prick by its further entrance began to stretch the

tender folds between our two pricks, the Egerton cried out for a

momentary pause, as it was producing the strange sensation that one

prick alone produces in the earlier stage of sodomitic embraces.

The Benson came to her aid by desiring the Count to withdraw about half

the distance he had gained and having whipt up some warm soapsuds she

well wetted his lower shaft and then he more easily recovered lost

ground, and gained a complete lodgement within the tremendously

stretched affair, for as I have said, the lower part of his shaft was

thicker than I could grasp.

The Egerton felt as if the two apertures were about to be torn into one,

and cried out for a few minutes’ cessation.

We both lay still, beyond the involuntary throbbing of our pricks,

pressed as they were against each other, for the at-all-times-thin

membrane dividing cunt from arsehole was now stretched to the fineness

of gold leaf, and to our sensations did not appear to exist at all.

These double throbbings soon stirred up all the wild lubricity of the

Egerton’s nature, first showing itself in the responsive inward

pressures of the delicate widely stretched folds of both receptacles,

then increasing in fiery lust, she cried out for us to begin gently our

first movements. We drew in and out in unison together, at first slowly,

but the Egerton finding that we were producing the most excessive

delight to her double-gorged receptacles, cried out—

“Oh! oh! It is heavenly; fuck faster, you angelic fuckers. I—Oh! faster,

faster. Oh! oh! it is too much.”

She spent in such an agony of ecstasy as to faint clean away.

We were not aware of this, not having ourselves spent as we had only

paused to let her enjoy her most heavenly discharge to the utmost. Then,

first with throbs, and then with in and outward movements, we soon

recovered her from her trance of excessive joy. Her passions were more

violently stirred than before. She wriggled her arse convulsively

sideways, she raved in the grossest bawdy terms, and so excited us that

we all three came to the final crisis in wild cries of the grossest

lust, and died away in an agony of bliss, so overpowering that we lay,

almost insensible, soaking in the sacred vases in which were compressed

our well-satisfied pricks. Meanwhile the Benson, wildly excited by the

scene enacted below her eyes, sought relief by kneeling beyond my head,

for we always fucked on the floor with mattresses spread widely around;

she then backed her splendid arse over my head, and brought her cunt to

my mouth, and I had gamahuched her continuously until my own delicious

spending annihilated all power of movement for the time being.

The Egerton, in the agony of her pleasure at the moment of the last

spend, had fastened her teeth on the glorious arse of the Benson before

her, and bit so hard as actually to draw blood and make the Benson

spring forward with a sudden start and cry. But we were all too lost in

the ecstatic joys to even hear the cry of pain she uttered.

At last the Egerton gave signs of returning life. The Benson had risen

and was eager for her turn, but Mrs. Egerton implored that she might

have once again a taste of these more than heavenly joys while both

pricks were still engulfed within her and thus avoid the pain of

entrance.

This was so reasonable that the Benson yielded with a good grace.

The Count, to indemnify her, begged her to stride over our two bodies,

so as to bring her delicious cunt to his mouth, which, as he was

kneeling, was just at the proper level; so he gamahuched, and embracing

her splendid arse, postillioned her at the same time; thus we were a

chain of delight.

This bout was drawn out to great length.

The Egerton must have spent half-a-dozen times, and when we both at last

jammed our pricks up in the ferocity of lust, making all three give down

life’s essence in an almost killing ecstasy, she really fainted quite

away, and so alarmed us that we withdrew to use such remedies as were at

hand to bring her to; even then she was quite hysterical. We laid her in

the bed; she was relieved by a copious flood of tears, which she assured

us were those of joy at the exquisite and overpowering delights we had

conferred upon her. She begged us now to gratify the Benson with the

same ecstatic joys we had bestowed upon her, and she would be a quiet,

and delighted spectator of our doings.

It was now my own loved Mrs. Benson’s turn to experience the

inexpressible delights of the double junction. From her love of my

splendid splitter, of which she had taken the first sweets, and which

had been initiated in her deliciously adulterous cunt into the divine

mysteries of love, and the still more sacred and secret joys of the

second altar dedicated to the worship of Priapean unutterably sensual

raptures; from this circumstance and the constant use of the rear

receptacle practised by her husband, whose prick was a very fine one,

the initiation into the \_double jouissance\_ was less nervously effected

than with the less used arsehole of the more delicate Egerton, but at

the same time two such pricks operating at once made her wince a little

before we were fairly engulphed to the cods, the banging together of

which in their close proximity added greatly to the stimulating of our

lust.

The sweet Benson lent herself most readily to the work, and seconded us

by her art in wriggling her arse and the delicious cunt and sphincter

pressures; enjoying herself at once and more rapidly than the Egerton,

she got four delicious discharges before our somewhat more sluggish

senses would allow us to come to the grand final crisis, which seemed to

stimulate the divine Benson to a point of raving lust, which showed

itself in cries of the grossest bawdy; shouting to us to shove our

pricks in further and faster, calling us all the loudest blackguard

names she could put her tongue to—absolutely roaring as the final

discharge seized her in the very same instant that we poured floods of

sperm into both interiors, she then sank, annihilated by the excess of

the voluptuous delights conferred upon her, but lay throbbing and

pulsating in all the after-joys of the utmost venereal satisfaction. We

lay long in this delicious inanition of such voluptuous excesses.

The darling Benson exercised her delicious “nippers” in both orifices,

which soon had their expected effect, and shortly the flesh gave

symptoms of its “resurrection” to mundane joys, after having passed

through the heavenly delights of Paradise, truly rising from the most

delicious graves in which they were lying so exquisitely buried. Like

her lovely predecessor she was eager for more, and if it were possible

our second course was superior to the first, at all events it was longer

drawn out, for the previous draughts on our slackening appendages made

the further delivery an effort requiring longer pumping, and thus

swelled the amount of pleasure by lengthening the process before

arriving at the grand final crisis.

The Benson, much more ungovernable in her passion than we were, must

have spent six or seven times in our last effort, and died away in, if

anything, greater abandon than in our first course, and eventually sank

completely overcome by the entire satisfaction of her raging lust for

the time being. We, too, both wanted a respite, so we all rose.

The two dear creatures when once on their legs found instant necessity

to evacuate their rear receptacles of the double cargo taken in, and

disappeared for a few minutes.

We all purified ourselves and well laved everything with ice cold water

to reanimate them the sooner. We then sat down to a stimulating

refreshment, in which we at least all drank a bottle of Champagne

apiece, in the midst of delightful and exciting bawdy wit and obscene

stories, in which our darling \_fouteuses\_ showed a witty proficiency.

In half an hour we began to take up our positions. It was my turn to

take them in the rear, but both begged off for that day. The pause for

refreshment had given time to make them feel sore after the great

stretching they had undergone for the first time, so my turn was delayed

for three days, that being the usual delay in their orgies to prevent

suspicion by too frequent absences, but not excluding any opportunity

that might occur for a rack-off in the mean time. So we only each fucked

them once and closed our exquisite orgy for that day; parting with every

expression of fully satisfied desires, and the warmest kisses and

embraces.

The Count and I walked to his apartments to refresh ourselves there with

hot tumblers of toddy; whiskey being a great favourite of his, and, in

his opinion, the best restorative after our exhausting efforts with the

two insatiable creatures.

He congratulated himself on my accession to these orgies, as being a

great relief to the burden he had had in satisfying both in both ways

when all alone with them.

However, the Count was an indefatigable and an unwearied fucker, but two

such insatiable cunts often had tried his powers to the utmost, and was

more than he liked to do at the interview, so he had found whiskey toddy

a remedy at once efficacious and agreeable. I myself with my private

excesses at home was glad to know so pleasant a restorative. The Count

and I became the most intimate and attached friends; through him I

perfected myself in Italian, and not many years after this, passed some

happy months with him in Italy after he had been amnestied, returned to

his country and recovered part of his once large property, but of that

hereafter.

I called next day on my adored Benson, who had developed into a glorious

woman, more lovely and lustful than ever.

We had but a moment to ourselves, and could not use it for amatory

purposes but as we both had much to relate we agreed to meet at our

house in Percy Street the next day.

This house was taken furnished for love purposes only, and merely an old

woman was kept to take care of and arrange matters when we were gone; it

was held in the Count’s name but paid for by the two fair users of it.

They had latch keys each, and the place was kept ready for everyday use.

The dear libidinous Benson avowed that she used it for other lovers

unknown to the Count or the Egerton; paying the old woman liberally, she

had all her own way.

We met there the next day, rushing into each other’s arms, and then

assisting in the undressing we had three exquisite fucks, during which

the delighted Benson spent seven times, and then we could have a long

and uninterrupted talk over old times, and my after-doings. I told her

all, and how the Vincent, my elder sister, Miss Frankland, my aunt, and

Mrs. Dale had all thought me an innocent, receiving his first lesson in

their delicious cunts, and how true and wise had been her sage counsels.

She listened in wonder and delight, drew from me descriptive pictures of

our conjunctions and thrice interrupted my narrative to have a delicious

fuck to calm the excitement raised by the lascivious descriptions of my

acts with all those most glorious women. I told her also of my intrigue

at my lodgings with the two sisters and the Count.

My description of the latter set her off in raging lust, and produced

another most excellent fuck. But afterwards she told me I must find

other quarters in some place where Mrs. Egerton and she, or either of

them, could call and receive comfort without observation.

I told her I was inscribed for chambers in the Inner Temple, which I had

reason to believe I should get in a week or two. This much pleased her,

and it will be seen that I succeeded in getting just such a set as

exactly suited the great object in view, approachable without being

under the observation of others; commodious and agreeable, where all

that the dear Benson wished to be added to our set were brought

together, and the wildest orgies of the most insatiable lust were

carried on.

My description of my aunt, of Mrs. Dale, and especially of Miss

Frankland, now Mrs. Nixon, excited all the tribadic passions for which

the dear Benson was so famous.

Her clitoris, which was formerly prominent, was more so now, and she

dearly loved to gamahuche her own sex. In that way she took a great

fancy to my sisters, especially Eliza, who had all the same instincts

very decidedly pronounced. So we had the prospect of the most consummate

orgies in near view, and most gloriously in the end we realised our

wildest expectations.

In men we were more restricted; the Count would only consent to have

Harry Dale and my uncle in any orgy of which he formed part. He was

nervously timid about his sodomistic tendencies being known to many, and

only yielded on account of the relationship and the closer ties of Harry

Dale and myself, who eventually shared my chambers, and we lived

together, so that perforce he was obliged to put up with his presence.

He soon came to delight in having Harry’s prick in his bottom when

fucking others at our orgies. It will thus be seen that the Count’s

timid exclusiveness shut out from these family orgies my dear and

esteemed friend and master MacCallum More. However, in a certain sense,

it was an advantage, as we had at least the pick of the young ones, in

my two sisters and Ellen, who wanted very little persuasion to join our

Lyon’s Inn orgies. And our excellent friend had some of his own set,

both male and female, to meet us either with one, two or all, for we

could not always manage to have the whole of the dear creatures

together. \_En revanche\_, dear MacCallum had several youthful ganymedes,

whose tight young bottom-holes were a great solace when cunts were

altogether absent.

We thus had two distinct and separate sets of orgies, which had all the

natural effect of novelty, and by exciting comparison, making us turn

from one to the other with renewed passions and power of enjoyment.

As my sisters could only come on Sundays, that was our exclusive day,

and we made an entire day of it, but I, in the end, persuaded Ann to

join our orgies with MacCallum, and she proved a first-rate addition in

every way.

I have already stated that she was of a most libidinous temperament, and

developed into one of the most lascivious and lustful of women one could

possibly find, and as she had rare beauties and splendour of form, she

was made to raise the most raging lust in man or woman, for she, too,

was as fond of tribadic indulgencies as my aunt or the delicious

Frankland. Her position as a servant prevented our introducing her to

Ellen or my sisters. As a matter of worldly prudency it was best not to

trust her with the knowledge of their complying with all our lustful

demands on their charming persons.

The Count, myself, and our two charming lovers met on the appointed day

to renew our delicious orgies. After both of us had fucked each dear

creature came the \_double jouissance\_.

We took the adorable Benson first, that the scene of our erotic sports

might stir the lust of the darling Egerton to a greater heat. It was my

turn to lay my offering on the secret altar of Priapus, while the Count

filled her cunt with delight.

As I have before said, the arsehole of the Benson was much more used

than that of the Egerton, whose husband never dreamt of such a horror,

as she would call it. Mr. Benson, on the contrary, delighted in it, and

seldom passed a night without paying his devoirs to that delicious

aperture. So, although it was but the second time she had indulged in

the \_double jouissance\_, yet her lust enabled her to take in with

greater ease my big prick in her arsehole, with the Count’s fine prick

in front, than when our parts were reversed. She revelled in the wild

fury of raging lust, created by the glorious ecstasy of having a prick

in each aperture—screamed with wild cries of heavenly joy, spent

furiously, and eventually died away in an overpowering and indescribable

felicity. She soon recovered her senses, and begged for another bout

before withdrawing. Of course there was immediate compliance and another

more soul-killing encounter was run off with the usual death-like

termination.

I had continuously gamahuched the Egerton who straddled over the two

bodies below her, and brought her delicious cunt to my mouth, while my

arms encircled her beautifully formed and cream-like coloured buttocks,

at the same time acting postillion with two fingers to increase her

lustful gratification.

We purified ourselves after this, and drank some Champagne, then

standing stiff at the prospect of now possessing the lovely body of the

Egerton, we took up the same position as before, the Count under, in

cunt, the Egerton above, with her deliciously fair arse exposed to my

embraces first, and my big prick afterwards.

The adored Benson gave it a suck first, and well wetting the knob,

guided it to the narrow entrance of love’s secret bower. Its head was

soon housed, and although still creating strange feelings, the previous

day’s attack had made the entrance more facile.

With little halting we drove on to the first delicious discharge. The

second bout was all divine pleasure, and ever after the delicious

Egerton enjoyed it completely.

These delicious orgies with these two lovely women were indulged in on

every third day.

I became a favourite with both their husbands, thanks to a kind of

sheepish innocence that I had the power of putting on.

At the same time as my education had been well attended to and as I

myself was fond of study, attentive to my college instruction, and

anxious for a knowledge of foreign languages, I had become fairly

proficient in German and Spanish, and well read in French and Italian.

The latter was perfected by the Count’s friendship, as we were much

together and spoke nothing else. Perhaps it was this which led to a

greater friendship for me on the part of Mr. Egerton, who was an

excellent Italian scholar. His wife’s intrigue with the Count had also

perfected her, so that when we all four dined together Italian was the

only language spoken among us.

The dear Benson, too, was a perfect mistress of the Count’s tongue, as

well she might, having it so often in her mouth; and as it is a soft

language that lends itself to love and lust, it became ours in all our

orgies.

The delicious Frankland, now Mrs. Nixon, returned to town with the

spring. By that time I was established in my chambers in the Inner

Temple, and had them simply furnished, but with every accessory for

love’s combats in couples, or in the wildest orgies. The adorable Benson

inaugurated and dedicated them to the service of holy mother Venus and

her son Cupid, as well as the more lustful Eros.

The Egerton and the Count afterwards came to consecrate them to the

worship of Priapus, and we had a most delicious orgy on that sacred

celebration.

It was on this occasion that those two wild lustful creatures insisted

on seeing the Count and me in conjunction together. The Benson guided me

into the Count’s bottom, while he was in the bottom of the Egerton, and

the Egerton conducted the Count into my bottom while I was luxuriating

in the delicious arsehole of my adored Benson. It satisfied a longing

desire on their parts to see man with man, and did not displease either

the Count or myself, who, in our secret hearts, had each wished to

possess the other.

The Count was a powerful and very hairy man, and had an especially very

full hairy arsehole, which to me was wildly exciting.

In that I differed from my dear friend MacCallum, who loved bare-arsed

youths with no hair there, telling me that coarse hairy arsed men rather

disgusted him, and although in his wide sodomitic experience he had had

such, it was with a certain repugnance that went against the grain.

In that I differed from him entirely, the hairier and the coarser a

man’s arsehole was the more it excited me. In that respect the Count was

exactly to my taste. He was very hairy all up the chink of his arse, and

had a very coarse skin and an almost black arsehole, so deep a brown it

was, the very sight of which always drove me mad with lust.

He as much loved me from another cause. His great letch was to frig a

fine prick while buggering the possessor, hence, as he had never met

with so fine a one as mine, he was insatiably fond of being into me and

frigging me at the same time.

We thus had two points of private attraction, that made us become the

closest of friends, but we did not let any of our dear female

participants know of the mutual joys of which they were not

participants.

The superb Frankland, now my guardian’s wife, also came alone to my

chambers, and we had a renewal of all our wildest experiences. She told

me it was such a comfort to her, for although her husband, Mr. Nixon,

was very loving, and did all he could, still it was nothing but exciting

her to long for others, especially for my own huge prick, of which she

never knew but that she had been the first initiator of it into love’s

delicious recess in either sacred grove.

So fresh and eager as she was for the fray you may easily imagine the

wild excess we indulged in, sucking, gamahuching, fucking, and

buggering. I cannot tell how often in every way her exciting and

glorious body carried me away to an excess beyond anything I could have

thought myself capable of.

When fairly exhausted, and we could uninterruptedly talk over all that

had occurred since I had left my mother’s house, she heard in full

detail, for the first time, all my adventures.

I had given her, at the time of her marriage, a hint of how matters had

gone, yet without any details, which now she was voracious to hear. I

told her of my aunt’s and uncle’s apparent seduction of me, nor did I

hide our goings-on with young Dale, and my after-possession of Ellen and

his mother, who was the last to believe herself my seducer, for as I

told the delicious Frankland (I can never bear to call her Nixon), I had

followed her sage advice, and up to the Dale had played off the innocent

game with perfect success; but now that I was a man I threw all that

overboard.

“Indeed,” said she, “and who have you been throwing it overboard with.”

I laughed at her ready taking of me up, and then went on to a full

confession of all my intrigues.

She did not like my having taken up with the two servants, the nieces of

my late landlady, thinking it derogatory in one endowed with a prick

that any lady would be too glad to possess, but she was very much struck

with my description of the superb body and wonderful lubricity of the

Nichols.

It excited her much, especially when I told her that she had given me

the idea of her near approach in body and wantonness to herself.

It will be seen hereafter to what a closer alliance with the Nichols

this led. Pressing her enquiries, I acknowledged my intrigue with the

Benson, Egerton, and Count. This evidently excited her lust, as I could

see by the wild sparkle of her eye. It led to an immediate and delicious

fuck, and when recovered from its ecstatic finish, to closer and more

searching enquiry as to how I got into such intimacy, but I had expected

this somewhat jealous scrutiny, and was quite prepared for it. I led her

to believe they had been here nearly all the winter. I told her my

mother had desired me to call and see the Bensons as friends of hers. I

had done so. The Bensons quickly observed how largely I was furnished,

very soon gave me encouragement, of which I did not want much after the

late intercourse I had had with herself, aunt, and Mrs. Dale.

Thus matters came quickly to their natural conclusion. She was perfectly

astonished at my powerful weapon, and as she and her dearest friend

already shared lovers, I was quickly introduced to her friend Mrs.

Egerton, and they had me together, and let me into the secret of their

intrigue with the Count, which was followed by my initiation into their

orgies.

My praises of these two ladies, and my saying how glorious it would be

for her to make a fifth, and my description of the exquisite body and

the tribadic tendencies of Mrs. Benson, fired her wild imagination, and

woke up all her tribadic lusts, and it ended in her begging me to give a

luncheon at my chambers to the Benson and the Egerton, that she might be

introduced to them, more especially as they really moved in a society

somewhat higher than Mr. Nixon’s connections, although, in point of

wealth, the Nixons were far superior.

The little luncheon came off most agreeably. The ladies all took to each

other most warmly; seeing which, I boldly broke the ice, and telling the

Benson and Egerton that dear Mrs. Nixon was my first initiator in love’s

mysteries, and as had both of them, the wisest thing we could do would

be to throw away all restraint and have a jollification all round. To

set them at their ease—for there was a momentary hesitation—I pulled out

my prick at full stand, and said—

“There’s a prick worthy of all your exquisite cunts, and one, too, that

has enjoyed them all, and been enjoyed by everyone of you. So throw away

all hesitation and let him enjoy you all again. Who is to have it

first?”

They laughed, and all approached and handled it, interchanging their

opinions upon its being the very finest one that any of them had ever

seen.

“Ah, now,” said I, “that is just the thing, you are at once put at ease,

then let us do it with ease; strip is the word, and let us have it

luxuriously.”

They laughed, kissed each other, and said the dear fellow must have his

way, and all at once proceeded to undress. The glorious and wonderfully

hairy body of the Frankland perfectly astonished them, and raised their

tribadic passions to fever heat, especially the Benson, who threw

herself on that glorious form in an ecstasy of delight, more especially

as the Frankland’s passions being excited, her long red clitoris stood

out from the dense black mass of hair which covered not only her belly

and mount, but all down and around her cunt. Nothing would satisfy the

Benson but an immediate mutual gamahuche, for, with true tribadic

instinct, these two beautiful and libidinous women divined their mutual

letch for that particular lascivious inclination, and at once proceeded,

one on the top of the other, to wildly gamahuche each other. The Egerton

and myself seized the opportunity of having a delicious fuck together,

which we brought to a conclusion before the others had satisfied their

immediate desires.

The Frankland, who at first was under, was now above, and as she knelt

and pushed out her stupendous arse to bring her cunt over the Benson’s

mouth, the sight of its hairy arsehole roused my desire to fuck it, and

my cock responded instantly, so kneeling behind her, I introduced it to

the well-known receptacle, and to her infinite additional delight,

sodomised her to perfection. This was another means of putting them all

at ease, and I fucked and buggered them all until neither handling nor

suction could get my prick to raise his head again.

You may easily imagine after this how delighted they were to make the

glorious Frankland a participator in our orgies with the Count. Nor

shall I forget the wild gaze of surprise and lust when the Count first

beheld the splendid and hairy form of the glorious Frankland when she

entered the room in all the dazzling splendour of her perfect nakedness.

These two natures were made for each other, both salacious to a degree,

both vigorous in body and untiring in the most libidinous excesses of

the wildest lust. Both hairy to a degree, showing the meaning of that

vast display all over both their bodies. They were instantly attracted

to each other, flew into the closest of embraces, and sinking on the

floor where they met, two strokes were racked off before they came to a

state of more moderation, amenable to our general operations. It had

been all the same an exciting scene to us.

The Benson was madly stimulated by the sight of the Frankland’s superb

body; her long red clitoris, not satisfied with the double rack-off with

the Count, appeared only to be more excited, and stirred the whole soul

of the adorable Benson. She threw herself in reverse upon the Frankland

before she had time to raise herself, seized with her mouth the

wonderful clitoris, called upon me to fuck her from behind, and then

with fingers up arsehole and cunt worked furiously. The dear Frankland

responded on the fine clitoris of the Benson, and postillioned me at the

same time. We ran off two bouts in this delicious position, and then

with more regulated passions rose to form more general combinations.

The Count had fucked the Egerton while we were engaged above the divine

Frankland. Our first pose was suggested by the Egerton, who had been as

yet less fucked than any. She had been also greatly taken with the

glories of the Frankland’s superb body, and especially struck with her

extraordinary clitoris, and had taken the curious letch of wishing to

have it in her bottom-hole while riding St. George on my big prick. We

all laughed at her odd choice, but agreed at once, especially the

Frankland, whose greatest letch was to fuck very fair young women with

her long and capable clitoris. A fairer creature than the lovely Egerton

could not be found. The Frankland admitted that in her inmost heart she

had longed thus to have the Egerton from the moment she had first seen

her, and her delight and surprise at finding the dear Egerton had

equally desired to possess her, fired her fierce lust with increased

desire. I lay down, the Egerton straddled over, and feeling the delight

of my huge prick when completely imbedded, she spent profusely with only

two rebounds. Then sinking on my belly she presented her lovely arse to

the lascivious embraces of the salacious Frankland, whose first act was

to stoop, embrace, kiss, and tongue the beautiful little pinky aperture,

wetting it with her saliva, she brought her fine long clitoris, stiff as

a prick, and plunged within. The letch that both had taken for the same

indulgence lent enchantment to the act, and their wild imaginations

created an excess of joy that the smaller size of the Frankland’s

clitoris, in comparison with the dimensions of our longer pricks, might

not have led one to suppose possible.

Twice we indulged in this excess, the women going off half-a-dozen times

to my once.

I had aided the Frankland by using a double dildo, which at once filled

both apertures. This excellent instrument was an invention of the

Frankland, which she had suggested to a Parisian dildo maker, and had

had it made in two or three sizes. It became very useful in our orgies,

as from disparity of numbers an odd couple were left out, when the

\_double jouissance\_ was in operation, and then the two outsiders, with

tongues and dildoes, could gamahuche with great satisfaction.

During our tribadic junction, with the Egerton fucked by the Frankland

in the arse, the Count had first fucked and then sodomised the Benson to

their mutual satisfaction. We all rose, purified, and refreshed with

wine and biscuits, while discussing what our next move should be. The

Count had not yet had the Frankland \_in culo\_, and suggested, as it was

her introductory meeting, that the greater honours should be conferred

on her on this happy occasion, so I was to fuck her while he enjoyed her

in the rear quarters. The Egerton and the Benson should use double

dildoes to each other, or in any other way amuse themselves.

This was a most exquisite encounter, and with such unutterable enjoyment

that we hardly paused between the first and second, and it was not until

we had deluged thrice both interiors that we withdrew. The delighted

Frankland had never ceased spending, but so vigorous a nature could

easily have taken twice as much; but the other dear creatures had now to

be conciliated.

The Count next took the Benson in cunt while I blocked the rear

aperture, and the Frankland once more enculed the Egerton, who dildoed

herself in cunt at the same time; all of us running two courses. We then

rose, purified, and refreshed. When our pricks were ready it was the

Egerton who took me in front and the Count behind, and the Benson, who

had grown lewd on the Frankland’s clitoris, was sodomised by her and

dildoed by herself. The Egerton still suffered a little in the double

stretching, so that we ran but one exquisite bout, enabling us, whose

powers began to fail to be re-excited, to finish with the \_double

jouissance\_ in the glorious body of the Frankland.

We carried this on until the midsummer holidays, when at their desire I

introduced the Benson, Egerton, Frankland, and the Count to my uncle,

aunt, Mrs. Dale, Ellen, and Harry, and we had some glorious orgies in my

chambers.

The splendour of my aunt’s arse captivated the Frankland and the Count.

The latter soon got into young Dale’s arse, which he did one day when

arriving for the very purpose half an hour before the appointed time of

all meeting. I was present, and was so excited at the sight that I

seized upon the Count’s arse and delightedly astonished him by giving

the double enjoyment.

It was after this, as Harry remained to live with me, that he was

introduced to our general orgies, and thus we occupied all the dear

creatures at once, and most voluptuous and lascivious meetings we all

enjoyed, the Count occasionally giving us a private visit.

Meanwhile Ellen had been put to the same finishing school where my

sisters already were, with permission to go out with them on the

Sundays, when we always had a delicious orgy at our dear friend

MacCallum’s. He, like the Count, had taken a peculiar fancy for the

tight young arsehole of Harry Dale, without altogether deserting the

women, especially my sister Eliza, whose delight in rear sports was

supreme, and she never would be fucked but when she had a prick in each

aperture, preferring mine in her cunt with either Dale or MacCallum

operating in the rear.

Knowing the hours when I could not be interrupted by any of my lady

friends, I did not neglect the superb Nichols, but had her and Ann to

come together for an hour and a half, from half-past nine to eleven

a.m., and most delicious fucking I had with both. I had equally

initiated them into the mysteries of rear delights, and both took it

with great gusto. Upon finding this I gradually descanted on the

exquisite delights of the \_double jouissance\_ with two male pricks,

filling with ecstasies indescribable the two apertures at once.

When once I had excited their desires on this point, I mentioned my dear

friend MacCallum More, as one in whom we could all confide, and with

some little hesitation obtained their consent to introduce him. I had

already mentioned the matter to him; told him he might think the Nichols

too old, but she was gloriously superb in body, and so extraordinarily

well preserved that her body was twenty years younger than her face and

her lust and fucking powers were far superior to a woman of twenty-five.

Besides, I hinted that he might persuade Ann, and perhaps her sister

Jane, to join our Lyon’s Inn revels.

We met by appointment on a given morning. I advised MacCallum to come

sooner, and when the women came, under the pretence of his not being

able to join us that morning, I would get them stript, and when all was

ready he should appear in buff, and so break any \_mauvaise honte\_ they

might have at first undressing before him.

He was wonderfully struck with the superb body of the Nichols, and, as

the stranger, we gave him his choice. He clasped her in his nervous

arms, devoured her with kisses, and incontinently laying her down on the

mattressed floor, proceeded to fuck her in the good old English fashion,

with legs and arms around her body. Ann and I gazed for a little on the

splendid action of her aunt’s arse, and the evident way in which she

milked the teat as it withdrew each time he heaved his arse to re-enter

with exciting vigour. We could hold no longer and each ran a course of

ecstatic delight ending in all the frenzy of lust to die inanimate the

next instant.

Our charming partners had spent repeatedly during our encounter. They

wanted an immediate renewal, but MacCallum suggested a change of

partners and of position, that is to say, fucking them on their knees

with their splendidly developed buttocks turned up but taking them in

the cunt.

This change was rapidly effected. We placed ourselves in such a position

that each could see all the action of the other. It was a splendid fuck,

and as our edge was taken off we drew it out a considerable length,

giving the dear recipients the opportunity of spending four or five

times to our once.

After recovering from the soaking after-joys of this delicious

encounter, we had some champagne and some smutty talk, as well as

outspoken praise of their splendid power of fuck; feeling their cunts

and they our pricks, till renovated and renewed, we arranged for further

action. As it was their introductory lesson in the double enjoyment, the

splendid Nichols had, of course, first choice. She chose me for cunt,

and to his intense delight, our dear friend for the rear attack. Ann was

to straddle over her aunt and me, and be gamahuched both in cunt and

arsehole by our friend. We had no difficulty in hilting ourselves to the

cods in both apertures, but so excited was the Nichols that with the

mere throbbings of our pricks on completely housing ourselves, she

spent, squealing like a rabbit. We gave her time to fully enjoy it, and

then commenced a slow, regulated movement, which quickly drove the

Nichols into a state of furiously raving lust, and again she spent in an

almost killing agony of delight, screaming with excess of ecstasy. Again

we paused to allow of the utmost enjoyment, but renewed when her

delicious cunt and arse pressures announced a return of craving

appetite. These pauses enabled us to bring on seven overpouring

discharges on her part, until she was quite exhausted, especially when

we both came together in an excess of joy that ended in perfect

inanition, on recovering from which we relieved the Nichols of the

double cargo within her.

She had already almost strangled me with her embraces in the unutterable

joys I had procured her. Rolling off on her side she drew MacCallum also

to her, to embrace him for the intense gratification he had afforded

her. We again refreshed the inward man after a purification and laving

with cold water, as a restorative. Then Ann took up her position in her

turn, for she, too, wished to try the novel experiment with the smaller

prick in her arsehole.

The Nichols felt exhausted for the moment, so lay on the sofa and

enjoyed the sight of our three persons in all the delirium of raging

lust and sodomy. The experiment enchanted Ann as it had overpoweringly

enchanted her aunt. She, too, spent seven or eight times before joining

us in our soul-killing discharge. The Nichols had laid still for about

two thirds of the time this bout continued, she then rose to straddle

across Ann and me, and was about to present her magnificently large cunt

to be gamahuched by MacCallum, but he begged her to turn her bottom to

him and heave it well up, while resting her hands on Ann’s shoulders. He

then could first contemplate and handle her huge superb buttocks, then

transferring his hands to her clitoris and cunt, he licked and tongued

the grand aperture of her arse—rough, brown, and corrugated, just my

taste.

We had a most glorious bout, ending in all the ecstatic joys of spending

and after-delights. Ann was as greatly gratified with the \_double

jouissance\_ as her aunt had been before. We again laved and refreshed,

and closed this most delicious orgy with MacCallum first in the Nichols’

cunt, with my big and doted-on prick in her arse, which, now she was

used to it, pleased her more than ever.

In the same order we double-fucked Ann, although she expressed her

greater gratification of MacCallum in her arse and my splitter in her

cunt. Again we gamahuched them both, as time would not allow of our

resurrection, then they left us.

My guardian, at his marriage, had bought a house in Portland Place, but

the lease of its then tenant only expired on the 20th March this spring,

and before being occupied it had to be entirely new painted and

decorated, so that July was nearly at an end before they could

comfortably take up their residence in it. Meanwhile they had apartments

at a hotel near Hyde Park corner.

When once they were completely housed, which was not the case until the

middle of August, my guardian desired his wife to send the carriage for

the girls every Sunday morning. Hearing that Ellen was their intimate

friend, she became included in the invitation. This put an end to our

Sunday orgies in our friend MacCallum’s chambers, much to our mutual

regret.

As far as Harry and I were concerned the ever thoughtful and delicious

Frankland came to our aid. Pretending that the girls must need walking

exercise, she always after luncheon proposed they should walk down to

their brother’s chambers in the Temple, take him and Harry as their

further companions up to Kensington Gardens or the “Zoo,” and bring all

back to dinner.

As my guardian always took a siesta on Sundays after luncheon, for being

too old to fuck his wife every night, Saturday night, or rather Sunday

morning, when he had nothing in the way of business to trouble him, was

dedicated to two or three hours of extra dalliance with his adored wife.

She told me he was very amorous upon her, could not do much fucking,

indeed, she thought his efforts that way were even more than he ought to

do at his age, but he was never tired of gamahuching her and posing her

in every attitude when stark naked; of course she lent herself to every

wish of the old man, and had, even after great persuasion, which only

her love and attachment to him could have even made her consent, allowed

him the honours of her beautiful arsehole. This requiring, as he said,

an extra firmness of prick, she further did him the extra favour of

toying and sucking his prick up to the utmost stiffness. So she had made

him absolutely adore her, and she could turn him round her little

finger. Her word and will was law, so she could do as she liked.

She told me on several occasions that she thought he was exerting his

erotic powers to too great an extent, and that she did all she could to

moderate his excitement, but all to no purpose; he was infatuated with

the glorious charms of her body, or what is called cunt-struck, perhaps

the strongest passion that can seize on man and dangerous for a man of

advanced years. Well, his Sunday afternoon’s siesta was long, and left

the Frankland at liberty to come to my rooms with my sisters, where

strip was the word, and fucking in every variety followed.

I soon found we must have other help; the pace I was going at was

beginning to tell, so with the consent of the darling Frankland I made a

confidant of the Count, and asked him to join our Sunday’s orgy. You may

imagine with what joy he accepted, for apart from his delight in seeing

me in incestuous connection with my sisters, their young charms,

especially Eliza’s, had great attraction for him, and then the

Frankland, so similar in lust and temperament. We had thus most

delicious orgies every Sunday afternoon, until the end of October of the

following year, when my sisters had finished their schooling, and I,

too, had left college, entered at the Middle Temple, and had been for

three months in a conveyancer’s office, reading up previous to being

called to the bar.

It was then that Mr. Nixon’s health gave symptoms of serious

disturbance, and his doctor recommended him to pass the winter in a

warmer climate. His wife suggested the advantage travelling would be

both to the girls and myself; she had only to express the wish to have

us all together, and we were warmly invited to join them.

We passed through Switzerland, Milan, and Florence to Rome, where we

took up our residence for four months.

The Egertons and Bensons happily spent the same winter at Rome.

My rooms were in an adjoining palace to where Mr. and Mrs. Nixon and my

sisters resided, there not being accommodation for me. I thus had a

charming entresol of five rooms all to myself; one of which looked on

and over the Tiber, and was in no way overlooked. To this room we

constantly resorted for orgies.

The Egertons had passed some winters in Rome, and she had two or three

clerical lovers, and these had introduced two others to the Benson on

her former visits, and all had been accustomed to general orgies. You

may imagine the delight of these priestly debauchees when they found

themselves introduced to our circle of three fresh cunts, and such

splendid ones, and all without any mock-modest prejudices but up to

every excess of lubricity. So to five women we thus had six men, and

eventually a very handsome young priest, debauched by the others, joined

our party, and we carried on the wildest and most extravagant orgies of

every excess the most raging lust could devise. We made chains of pricks

in arseholes, the women between with dildoes strapped round their waist,

and shoved into the arsehole of the man before them, while his prick was

into the arsehole of the woman in his front.

These holy fathers had immense resources in the way of infinite variety,

stimulating to excesses of debauchery that very soon brought the rod

into requisition.

We all from time to time enjoyed the double coition, the women

invariably so at every meeting.

These holy fathers had all very fine pricks, but none so large as mine,

and many of them loved to have my prick in their arses when opportunity

offered. In such delights the winter passed rapidly away.

In the spring Mr. Nixon’s health seemed very precarious, and we moved to

Naples, where from necessity our extreme indulgence in venereal excesses

was much curtailed.

In May we returned to England, but poor Mr. Nixon was evidently fucked

out. The Frankland told me that the more his health failed the more lewd

he seemed to grow. His passion for gamahuching her cunt had increased,

and even his prick seemed to gather new life as life ebbed away, for

hardly a night passed without his fucking her, at night in the cunt, and

at morning, in full daylight, kneeling and feeling her splendid arse, he

took her in the rear aperture. He and she too felt it was killing him,

but his infatuation was overpowering, and he declared if it did kill him

he could not die a happier death. In fact a month after we returned he

had an apoplectic fit actually when his prick was spending in her

arsehole. He lived but a month afterwards. He left all his property to

his wife absolutely, with legacies of £2,500 to each of my sisters, and

£1,000 to me.

This sad event cast a gloom for some time over all our pleasures.

The Frankland took my sisters to reside with her, but all went down to

spend the first three months of mourning quietly with my mother. She,

too, took ill when we were with her, and died before the three months

were up. This drew me down to home, now mine, and the dear Frankland

continued to stay with us for two months longer, and then left for

London. We three orphans remained for all that winter in our old home,

settling a variety of things.

My sisters now with their succession to some £600 apiece, the £1,000

left them by our uncle, and the £2,500 by Mr. Nixon, and the £400 which

I promised them as a marriage present, and with their great beauty of

form and face, for both had grown into remarkably fine young women,

became very eligible matches.

Many country families sought us out after the first three months of our

mourning, and several offers were made to the girls. They were both

somewhat fastidious after the life they had led, but eventually both

were married. Mary to a very nice fellow, who proved, as she told me, a

first-rate fucker. He got her with child, and they had a son, a fine

boy, in the tenth month of their marriage. She was very happy, now and

then coming to see me, and getting a jolly good fuck from my renovated

prick, for now that he was lying fallow, my somewhat exhausted system

was getting quite recruited.

Alas! poor Mary lost her husband by cholera in the second year of their

marriage. He had a handsome estate, and left her well off, and sole

guardian to his son, who grew up a very fine fellow, and when at puberty

became the solace of his widowed mother, who had initiated him into all

love’s mysteries.

Eliza was not quite so fortunate as her sister in her husband; he was a

good sort of man who, one would have thought, would just have suited the

hot temperament of Eliza, well and powerfully built, and with an air of

being a man of erotic passions; but he turned out to be of a languid

unimpassioned nature, who could not imagine any other manner than simply

mounting on a woman’s belly and fucking her once a night, and with no

conception of using either preliminaries or aids to her passions. So

that he left poor Eliza only in a state of excitement instead of giving

any satisfaction to her lascivious nature. She did, eventually, work him

up to good night and good morning, but for her full satisfaction she

used to seek elsewhere, and even to content herself with the embraces of

a man servant, who, if not good looking, proved to have a splendid and

powerful prick, and nearly daily gave her comfort. She also occasionally

came to me, when she had both apertures well exercised, and left me much

comforted.

She never had any children, and so managed her intrigues as never to be

found out.

I returned to London in the spring, and was called to the bar.

I went the western circuit for odd assizes, and then abandoned the bar

as a profession.

Harry Dale, with more perseverance, as well as greater necessity for

exertion, continued in the profession, was duly called to the bar, and

eventually became a rising and successful barrister, and at this period

of our old age is now a distinguished judge.

But to return to our earlier days.

Harry and I carried on our intrigue with the Nichols and Ann, aided by

our dear friend MacCallum. Also from time to time with the Benson,

Egerton, and Count, to which generally the darling Frankland brought her

exquisite charms to intoxicate us with pleasure.

This delightful reunion was sadly affected by the loss of the Count, who

received an amnesty—I think I before have said he was a political

exile—returned to his own country, and we never again had his delightful

aid in our sadly shortened orgies.

The Count and I met in a future year at his old castle on the hills of

Pied, of which I shall have much more to say on a later occasion.

It was a sad loss, especially for the Egerton, who dearly loved the

Count. He had been her first lover, indeed, her initiator in the real

mysteries of Venus. It will be remembered that her husband was one of

those old insensible natures that think it is only necessary to hastily

“piss their tallow,” as Falstaff says, as quickly as they can, and leave

a poor woman just sufficiently excited to be madly anxious for a

thorough good fucking. It is these insensate cold-blooded husbands who

raise, without satisfying, their wife’s erotic passions, and drive them

perforce to seek salacious comfort in other arms.

Oh! how many women if only fucked with some regard to their own

naturally lewd feeling, would have never committed adultery or made a

scandal. Many are the women who have told me, with tears in their eyes,

of the cold insensible conduct of their husbands, who, never fucking

them but when their sluggish natures felt the want, then turning upon

them without the slightest preparatory handling or embracing, mount,

shove it in, give a few in-and-out movements, spend, and then withdraw,

just as they have done enough to excite their poor wives’ passions

without satisfying them, and thus leaving them a prey to inordinate

longing that forces them to seek the relief to their passions the

selfish brutes of husbands had only raised without allaying.

I remember an intrigue I had with an Italian Countess. Her husband, a

tall and very capable man, was an extreme bigot, who thought it deadly

sin to indulge in any caresses or carnal excitement, or even for his

wife to expose any naked flesh to raise concupiscent ideas, so she had

to have her nightgown closed up to her throat, with long sleeves and

skirts, in the centre a slit through which he performed his duty when in

want of relief to himself. He never kissed or embraced her body at any

time, but lay like a log by her side, with his back turned to her. When

his own passions prompted him to fuck, which was very seldom, he was

naturally quite ready and rapidly finished his coup. He used to turn to

her, waken her up with a shake, cry out, \_“Marietta, porgemi il vaso

generative”\_ (Marietta, reach me the generative vase), upon which she

stretched herself on her back, he got on her without lifting her

petticoats or feeling her cunt, but opening the slit, pointed his prick

to her cunt, thrust it up to the hilt, and being himself in want of

spermatic relief, in a very few strokes spent, just staying in long

enough to “piss all his tallow,” and then withdraw, turning his back

again to sleep, leaving his wife just sufficiently excited to have

enjoyed it, and thus left her madly longing for the satisfaction he did

not afford. She said he was quite capable, too, of giving satisfaction

if his bigotry had allowed him. We used to fuck at a tremendous rate,

and I always commenced with a \_“Marietta, Marietta, porgemi il vaso

generative,”\_ and then proceeded to fuck and laugh like mad.

Of course, irritated as her hot passions were by her booby of a husband,

she resorted, not only to me, but to whomsoever she could get to satisfy

the cravings of her irritated cunt.

The Bensons and Egertons again left in the autumn for Rome.

The Frankland, not yet out of her year’s widowhood, did not go much into

society, and we saw much more of her than before. She came at least

three times a week to my chambers, when Harry and I gave her the comfort

she so much required; first each fucking her singly twice over, and then

three double-pleasure fucks, with change about in the apertures:

finishing off with a mouth fuck from one or the other, and a double

gamahuche.

About once a week the amorous and delicious-fucking Nichols with Ann

would come of a morning, when we managed to send both away satisfied for

the day.

When winter drove our friend MacCallum home from his fishing, we renewed

some excellent orgies at his chambers, where Ann, and afterwards Jane,

occasionally came. By the way, Jane’s arse had developed in an

extraordinary manner, and became one of the most exciting delights of

our orgies at MacCallum’s. He also now joined in our morning encounters

with the Nichols and her niece.

At Christmas time the Frankland, Harry, and I all went down by

invitation to the Rectory, where uncle welcomed with great delight the

glorious and exciting Frankland. Mrs. Dale and Ellen joined our party.

Dear aunt positively devoured me with her caresses, and before I was

shown up to my room, had drawn me into her little room downstairs, had a

suck at my prick, leant her body on the table, stuck out her immense

arse, and had me into her cunt for a rapid rack-off; but this only

excited me to an immediate renewal, for the touch and sight of her

splendid buttocks instantly produced a stiffness, she herself in the

middle of my movements in front, drawing my prick out of her cunt and

guiding it into the inviting entrance to the secret altar of Juno and of

Venus Callipyge. Both courses were run off at a gallop, and were a

momentary allaying of the insatiable salacity of my most lewd and

lascivious aunt. She then next conducted the Frankland, I can never call

her Nixon, into her bedroom, under pretence of showing her to it. She no

sooner had her there than up went her petticoats, and aunt glued her

lips to the wonderful clitoris of the divine Frankland, and using

fingers up both apertures, made the Frankland quickly give down her

first offering to the obscene god.

As soon as aunt’s tribadic rage to possess the Frankland was thus abated

for the moment, she allowed Mrs. Nixon to remove bonnet and shawl, but

then as quickly demanded and obtained a double gamahuche. The Frankland

the more readily consenting as she knew aunt had taken the keen edge off

my lecherous appetite, and she would revel in the thick raging sperm I

had shot into both orifices. These preliminaries settled, we were able

to be much more tranquil all the afternoon.

The Dale and Ellen came to dinner; I slipt into their room when all were

dressing for dinner, and had a delicious rack-off in both their

lecherous and longing cunts. Uncle had equally enjoyed the tight

favourite arsehole of Harry Dale, he having conducted him to the

well-known summer house for that purpose as soon as we arrived.

We could all thus peaceably enjoy the good things set before us, and

during our wine after dinner exchange accounts of all events that had

passed since last we met, and they were varied, for Mr. Nixon’s death

and legacies to my sisters and myself were subjects of congratulation,

while the death of my mother was, on the contrary, one of condolence and

sympathy.

By ten o’clock we all broke up, but with the whispered request to all to

repair to aunt’s bedroom half an hour after the household had retired.

We were all too interested in the delicious orgy there to take place to

fail. Blazing fires in both that and the adjoining room had been kept up

all the afternoon; plenty of lights were burning so as to illuminate all

sides at once. We all met in mere night wrappers, and as soon as we were

assembled and the word given “off,” they were thrown aside, and we all

stood in nature’s lovely nakedness. Aunt, in her eager and lascivious

inspirations, flung herself on my naked body, drew me to the bed, and

had me into her longing and delicious cunt at once, and with legs and

arms thrown round me, was instantly pressing furiously forward,

notwithstanding the remonstrance of my uncle, who wished to arrange a

general plan of operations so as to include all at once. Aunt’s

voluptuous eagerness produced a rapid discharge on her part. Seeing

this, while she was in the momentary ecstasy of spending, he was enabled

to drag me from her arms, fortunately before I had weakened my powers by

spending for a fourth time that day. Aunt, too, was now in a condition

to listen to reason, and bring her ideas of our after-combinations into

play.

As we had brought the Count with us for a week’s stay, we were just four

cocks to four hens; so we could couple in the first instance on an exact

equality, it being necessary by previous good fucking to bring the

women’s passions up to a boiling heat of lust to make them enter into

our greater excesses with all the wild energy of the most salacious

lubricity. Aunt had taken a great fancy to the Count when up at

midsummer.

Uncle was most lecherous on the glorious Frankland. I took most readily

to the luscious and lascivious Dale, who was equally eager to repossess

the prick which she firmly believed she had initiated into all the joys

of cunt, and a most delicious fuck we had, she spending furiously and

frequently to my once.

Harry was equally pleased to pair off with his loved cousin, whose

maidenhead he had undoubtedly taken.

The women would gladly have had each fucker run a second course without

drawing. But both aunt and uncle opposed this, as both more exhausting

and less variety. So aunt chose me, uncle took the exciting young cunt

of Ellen, Harry turned on to his mother’s cunt, from whence he had

originally come into the world, and the Count got the glorious

Frankland, of whom he was never tired. This course was more prolonged by

the men than the first, with the object of somewhat allaying the

insatiable lust of the women by making them spend infinitely oftener

than their fuckers.

We so managed matters that we all came together or nearly so, and the

women followed suit at the last final crisis, which was ushered in with

wild cries of lust, and then a sudden overpowering silence fell on all

as they lay panting in all the after-joys that follow the ecstatic

discharge of life’s essence.

We rose for a general embrace of our naked bodies, then a romp, and a

mutual slapping of arses and seizing of pricks and cunts, a very

exciting game, which soon brought evidences of renewed vigour in all

except poor uncle, who required a longer pause and an extra excitement

before he could indulge in a third encounter.

The Count took the delicious arsehole of the Frankland, who begged for

me as her fucker. Aunt got Mrs. Dale under for a double gamahuche, while

Harry crammed his prick up aunt’s arse. Uncle enjoyed a delicious

gamahuche with Ellen, who sucked his limp prick all the time without any

success.

This was a delicious bout for us all, and ended in heavenly raptures.

Our second double couplings were: myself in my aunt’s cunt, which incest

stimulated uncle to a stand, and he took to his wife’s arse while her

nephew incestuously fucked her cunt. The Count took to the delicious and

most exciting tight cunt of the Dale, while her son shoved his prick

into his mother’s arse, to her unspeakable satisfaction. Ellen and the

Frankland amused themselves with tribadic extravagances.

This bout was long drawn out, and afforded inexpressible ecstasies to

all concerned. And after the wild cries and most bawdy oaths that

instantly preceded the final ecstasy, the dead silence and long

after-enjoyments were drawn out to a greater length than before. After

which we all rose and purified, and then took refreshment of wine and

cake, while discussing our next arrangement of couples.

Uncle had, fortunately for him, managed not to spend in the last bout;

he, therefore, was still capable of entering an arsehole, and he chose

the delicious arse of the Frankland to receive this final offering, for

after that he was done for that night. I was below engulphed in the

exquisite cunt of the Frankland. The Count fucked Ellen while Harry was

into her behind. Aunt and Mrs. Dale mutually gamahuched and dildoed each

other. This, too, was a long-drawn-out affair and ended in perfectly

convulsive ecstasies and cries of the wildest sensuality that our most

salacious passions could prompt.

I then took my aunt’s arse while the lecherous Dale was underneath

gamahuching and dildoing her, and by putting the Dale close to the edge

of the bed, the Count stood between her legs, which were thrown over his

shoulders, and thus he fucked her, having taken a letch to fuck her

cunt, which was an exquisite one for fucking: her power of nip being

nearly equal to the Frankland, and only beaten by aunt’s extraordinary

power in that way. We thus formed a group of four enchained in love’s

wildest sports together.

The Frankland was gamahuched by uncle while having Harry’s prick in her

arse, Ellen acting postillion to Harry’s arse while frigging herself

with a dildo.

The closing bout of the night was the Count into aunt’s arse, my prick

into the Frankland’s arse, Harry enjoying an old-fashioned fuck with his

mother, and Ellen under aunt to dildo and be gamahuched and dildoed by

aunt. We drew this bout out to an interminable length, and lay for

nearly half an hour in the annihilation of the delicious after-joys. At

last we rose, purified, and then restoring our exhausted frames with

Champagne, embraced and sought well-earned sleep in our separate

chambers.

I slept the sleep of the just, and awoke late to find aunt sucking my

stiff-standing prick at the very instant it was filling her mouth with a

deluge of creamy spunk. She sucked up to the get all out, and in doing

so brought him up to the scratch again, so jumping out of my low bed I

made her kneel on it, stick out her enormous arse, and licked her

reeking cunt until I could stand it no longer. Then bringing my huge

prick I plunged in a single vigorous thrust up to the very top of her

cunt, and made her squeal and spend with that alone. Pausing to let her

enjoy it, I recommenced and ran a delicious course in that most

exquisite cunt, and would have done so a second time, after a pause of

ecstasy, if Harry Dale had not rushed into the room to say that all were

impatiently awaiting me to sit down to breakfast. Aunt just stayed to

give a final suck to my prick, and then vanished.

I hastened to wash and dress, having sent Harry off to beg they would

not wait for me.

On joining them the sly jokes they cut at my apparent laziness proved

that they knew of the cause of detention. I looked at dear aunt, and at

once saw by the air of gratification on her dear plump face, that she

herself had been boasting of her exploit, for it was all her own doing.

Being Sunday, we all went decorously to church. The doctor gave us a

very unctuous sermon on the goodness of virtue and chastity. It was a

really fine sermon, and delivered with an unction that forbade the

possibility of supposing that the preacher could be in reality the very

reverse of his doctrine. It much pleased some of the country families,

and one or two with their wives waited for the doctor leaving the

church, to compliment him on his eloquence and admirable teaching. The

flattered doctor ended by inviting two rather distant residents to

luncheon at the Rectory, so that we formed a numerous party, all on our

best behaviour. It was quite edifying to hear the pious and virtuous

remarks of the admirable Frankland, and the no less virtuous and correct

Dale. It gained them the entree into the exclusive set of both these

high country families, and eventually led to an excellent marriage for

the dear little Ellen. So much for the success of dissimulation. Vice

playing the part of virtue, and succeeding to perfection. So goes the

world. One thing is certain, that on this occasion it enforced chastity,

in one sense at least, that we had no opportunity of practising vice

that afternoon. The charming Frankland-Nixon made a great impression on

the wives as well as husbands, to be sure it was well known that she was

a very wealthy widow, and they may have had some design of securing her

for a son, nephew, or at least having the chance at it. She thanked them

with that grace and charming ease of manner which so distinguished her

and made her so captivating, excusing herself from visiting, during the

first year of her widowhood, anywhere but among family friends, and as

her late husband was Charles Roberts’s and his sisters’ guardian, she

considered his family as almost her own. They hoped to have the pleasure

of seeing her some future day.

The whole visit passed off very pleasantly, and left us only an hour for

a stroll in the garden and time to dress for dinner. It will be

recollected that the doctor was a great exacter of full evening dress at

dinner, as tending to keep up proper appearances.

We met at the accustomed hour at night in aunt’s room, in the full dress

of Adam and Eve before they munched the apple.

This night was dedicated chiefly to sacrifices to Venus Apostrophia, for

the doctor commenced by having the Count while he was fucking his wife,

and when able to get his fine old cock in for another go, would only

again have it in my arse, while I was doing the same to aunt’s glorious

immensity with the Count below fucking her.

That was the end of poor uncle’s powers for that night, but he

gamahuched all the women at the finish of their encounters with us three

men. We gave them all the \_double jouissance\_, while those unoccupied

carried on their own little game with tongue or dildo.

It was again a night of most exquisite enjoyment.

The following and remaining nights of our visit brought into requisition

the rod before uncle could get his dear old prick to stand, and myself

tailed off on the next Sunday night, the last of our visit, so that

uncle seeing what he called the laziness of my prick, seized the rod,

and gave me as sound a flogging as ever he had done in my schoolboy

days. The fact was that he had been longing to renew on my arse his

letch for giving a really severe whipping. He had already by dint of the

same punishment fucked the arses of the Count and the divine Frankland,

and was now so excited anew that his prick stood as stiff as ever it

did; and my red excoriated arse excited and renewed his very fine prick;

but first I insisted upon moving to aunt’s arse, who at the moment was

having a last fuck from the Count, and this incestuous group closed our

orgies on this occasion, for we left for town the next day.

After breakfast in the morning I slipt into the Dale’s room, and had a

parting fuck both with her and Ellen. Harry came in while we were at

work, Ellen under the Dale gamahuching her, and I above administering a

rear adieu. Harry stopped us for a moment until he could withdraw Ellen

and take her place, that he might have a parting fuck with his loved

mother, who thus had the two pricks she most loved in the world into her

together. We drew our pleasure out to the utmost length our lust would

allow of and spent in the most ecstatic joy that poor human nature could

support.

Aunt had gone to the Count’s bedroom at the very time we were meeting in

Mrs. Dale’s. Notwithstanding which, her insatiable cunt made her draw me

into her sanctum downstairs for a final fuck at the last moment of our

parting.

Harry Dale staying behind to pass a week at home with his mother, the

adorable Frankland, the Count and I returned to town together. On the

journey up we agreed to dine at Very’s in Regent Street, and have a

comparatively quiet night all together at my chambers, which we did,

luxuriating in having the glorious naked body of the delicious Frankland

between us. After we had each bedewed both her front and rear orifices

with our life’s balmy essence, we slept soundly till morning, when we

renewed our double offerings on those glorious and delicious altars,

then breakfasted.

This was the last occasion but one of our having the Count, whose time

for departure to his own country was drawing near.

He left that day on a visit to a family in Scotland, whose son and heir

was really the fruit of his loins.

On his return some fortnight later we again passed a night with our

exquisite friend the Frankland, and being both fresh from the country,

we administered so many delicious coups to both apertures as quite

contented her salacious love of prick. We parted next day with our loved

friend the Count, but not for the last time, as I shall relate in its

proper place—a delightful visit we paid to him in his old ancestral

castle, and an after-rencontre with him and his sister in Turin.

I saw my loved Frankland to her home and left town myself the same

afternoon for my home in the country, to arrange for various repairs and

alterations required on the property.

I took my dear friend MacCallum with me. We spent a pleasant ten days,

varied with a visit first from one of my sisters and then from the

other, for two nights each, and jolly nights we spent fucking in every

way.

Mary’s belly was up, but she declared it only made fucking more

delicious than ever to her, still more with the \_double jouissance\_, in

which she preferred the smaller prick of MacCallum to mine in her arse.

When Eliza came she stayed a third night, and taxed our powers to the

utmost; she was such a glutton for fuck on this occasion, declaring that

her husband’s want of power, as well as tact, left her more lewd after

his fucking her than she was before, so that she had been forced by the

excess of her unsatisfied lust produced by her husband to have recourse

to the fine prick of her footman, a powerful young fellow, otherwise

very plain, and not likely to inspire jealousy to any husband, but with

whom she rarely could do more than get a rack-off in a hurry, which was

far from satisfaction sufficient for her hot passions. It was this that

made her revel with such insatiable desires in the possession of our

almost untiring pricks. Differing from Mary in her love of rear-fucking,

it was my big prick she loved best to have in her arse, while

MacCallum’s lesser shaft satisfied her less exacting cunt. She was

certainly one of the lewdest creatures ever made, wildly lascivious and

full of variety. She had the most engaging ways with her, and could

raise a prick from the dead. She was a worthy pupil of the Frankland,

and had all the love and longing for prick, and cunt too, that our

deliciously insatiable aunt was so famous for. She grew older, and

becoming one of the most desirable women, I never tired of fucking her

in both orifices whenever the opportunity presented itself.

I returned to town just in time to have a parting orgy with the Count

and the Frankland in my chambers, which I before said was a night of the

wildest orgies.

MacCallum was called to the country by the illness of some of his

family, and was absent for six months, so I was left with Harry to have

occasional orgies together with the Frankland three times a week, and

with the Nichols and Ann or Jane once a week by way of variety, but as

they only came for a morning visit, these were not exhausting

encounters, so that we lay comparatively in fallow, till the return of

the Benson and Egerton, when they and the lovely Frankland taxed us to

the utmost twice or thrice a week.

Thus time progressed. The Frankland had been a widow for nearly two

years when she proposed to travel for two or three years without

returning in the interval to England. She wished me to accompany her,

and made a most surprising and unexpected proposition to me.

She said, “Charlie, my own darling, I love you more dearly than ever. It

is true I am considerably older than you, but you are now twenty-five

years of age, and, therefore, a full grown man. I wish to endow you with

all my great wealth, and I offer you my hand in marriage. Do not suppose

I want to monopolize this dear prick.” (We were in bed naked, and had

just concluded a most exquisite fuck.) “No, with our love of variety we

will still seek it out, but as husband and wife we can do so with

perfect ease and safety; whereas if not married and travelling together

we should be compromised at every city we stop at. What say you, my

darling Charlie?” Here she threw herself on my bosom with loving eyes

upraised to mine.

“Say, beloved of my soul! Why, look how the very idea has raised my

prick to instant life. If anything in the world could delight me more

than another it is your generous noble offer. To dedicate my life to the

woman I love more than any other is a joy greater than I can express. I

thank you from my soul, adorable creature as you are. Oh! come to my

arms as my future wife and let us revel in the glorious idea.”

Such was the way in which this happiness was conferred on me, which

endured for long years, although, alas, my widowed heart now all

hopelessly ever regrets that most lovable of women and best of wives.

Oh, what happiness it was as long as I possessed her.

We were married in a few days after this by special license.

The Benson and the Egerton were present and Harry Dale was my best man.

We adjourned to her house, now ours, to breakfast. They also stayed to

dinner and slept at our house, that we might celebrate our marriage with

a parting orgy, for we announced to our friends that in marrying, so far

from renouncing our orgies, we meant our union to promote ever varying

ones, and that on our return we would renew the exquisite ones we had so

often enjoyed with them.

Harry and I did all we could on that happy occasion to satisfy three of

the finest women in the world, whose delicious power of fucking was

never surpassed and rarely equalled.

Oh! we had such a delicious night. As to the women, their amorous

gamahuching of each other was ever renewed, and was most exciting to

see.

After breakfast that morning they stopped to see us off, and threw old

slippers after us for luck.

We posted down to aunt’s for a day and a night on our way to the

continent.

They were, of course, delighted with my marriage as bringing great

wealth into the family, indeed, my darling presented aunt with a cheque

for £1000.

Mrs. Dale and Ellen came over, and we had another delicious night’s

orgy, in which all exerted themselves to the utmost.

We parted from dear aunt and uncle, Mrs. Dale and Ellen, after luncheon,

and posted down to Dover; slept at Birmingham’s Hotel, where we had our

real first night’s fucking all to ourselves, enjoyed it in moderation

but in every endearment that two lovers could devise.

We crossed to Calais next day.

The sea was smooth at first, but we found it after passing the Foreland

very rough. My dear wife suffered severely; fortunately I myself never

felt better, and was thus able to devote every attention to the dear

sufferer. It left her even after we landed with nausea and a severe

headache, so that night at Devaux’s Hotel we slept each in one of the

separate beds in the same room, as is usual in French hotels, and indeed

in continental hotels in general.

My darling wife was far from feeling well next morning, but fancied that

posting on to Abbeville would rather tend to recovery than otherwise. We

accomplished this easily between breakfast and dinner, found a very

comfortable hotel with very fair cooking and excellent wines. My wife

enjoyed her dinner, and felt something like herself after it. We slept

together by bringing the two beds side by side, but only took a single

fuck before sleeping, and next morning a double one.

We spent the day at Abbeville, wandering through its quaint streets and

seeing its fine unfinished cathedral. The following day we posted to

Amiens, visiting its very beautiful cathedral, posted the following day

to Beauvais, again slept, passed next day there, and on the following

day posted up to Paris, and drove to Meurice’s Hotel in the rue de

Rivoli.

We had previously written for a set of rooms \_au premier\_, overlooking

the Tuileries Gardens, with orders to have dinner ready at a given hour.

We arrived just in time to change our travelling costume and to sit down

to a luxurious dinner. Here, as we had ordered, our bedroom contained a

proper large bed for both to sleep in. This hotel being much used by the

English was furnished with French taste but English comfort.

The dilatory manner of our journey, the agreeable breaks we had made at

different interesting towns had quite restored my beloved wife to all

her accustomed health, energy, and lubricity. The comfort of the bed,

the stimulating cheer, and the excellent wine also nerved me to meet her

utmost lasciviousness, and we had a night such as we used to have when I

first had her in my mother’s spare bedroom.

We recalled those happy days, and revelled in every lascivious act of

the hottest lust. My adored wife excelled herself, and I myself was

fully up to the mark; we fucked ourselves to sleep, with prick left

soaking in her deliciously tightest of cunts, so that on awaking in full

daylight I found my cock stiff standing in her cunt, which was giving it

most delicious pressures, quite involuntarily, for the darling was not

yet awake. I roused her by gentle movements, and the frigging of her

long delicious clitoris, so that she awoke to joys of which we never

tired. On this occasion natural wants compelled a temporary withdrawal

to relieve our distended bladders. We found that it was already past ten

o’clock, so she smacked my bare bottom and sent me off to my dressing

room, that both might get ready for breakfast, for which our appetites

were already craving. I slipt on a dressing-gown, went into our sitting

room, rang for a waiter, and ordered breakfast to be got ready

immediately, so that by the time we were dressed it was on the table all

smoking hot, and we sat down and did full justice to it.

We spent several days in visiting the wonders of Paris.

I had heard of a famous bawd residing at No. 60, rue Richelieu, and

another, Madame Leriche, in the rue de Marc, where they had rooms, from

which, through cleverly arranged peepholes, any operation in the next

room could be distinctly seen.

Madame Leriche’s girls were instructed to get the finest men they could

see in the street, to bring them in, and there to pretend to be so

struck with their beauty that they would not be content without having

them quite naked, stripping themselves also. When quite naked they

caressed their pricks, waltzed round the room, taking care to stop

exactly opposite each hidden opening, and there caress, handle, and show

the standing prick to any looker-on, eventually fucking in such a

position as all peepers could fully see and enjoy.

The fun of the thing was the perfect unconsciousness of the men as to

the purpose of all these gyrations. They took it proudly as a homage to

their virility, and the power of their charms over their new conquest,

and were doubly lustful in consequence, little imagining it was all a

well-acted scene, got up for an exhibition to please others, and show

all their virile gifts. Sometimes both man and girl were very

attractive, and I used to fuck my loved Florence while in the act of

peeping.

The place where we sat to see was a small narrow room, with just space

for a couch on one side and two chairs at the end, next to each

peephole. Three other similar narrow rooms looked into the same

operating room.

One day we had an exciting fuck from the exhibition of a very fine man

fucking his girl with a splendid prick. We were kneeling on the couch

with my prick soaking in the quietude of the after-joy. We heard a

scuffling with suppressed bawdy exclamations on the other side of the

thin partition next to us. We, too, had made use of bawdiness. I had

whispered to Florence how deliciously tight her hairy cunt was, and how

splendidly her enormous arse moved below my eyes as I fucked her.

We now discovered that the couple next to us had overheard us, for we

could just hear her ask if her arse’s movement and size pleased him as

much as their neighbour’s seemed to have done.

“Oh, yes, my angel, you wriggle your immense arse to perfection, and

your cunt is almost too tight.”

“Then fuck on with your splendid prick as hard as our neighbours were at

it.” A happy thought seized me. I put my finger to my lip to give the

hint to Florence, slipped out into the passage and peeped through the

keyhole, which commanded the whole of the narrow room. I beheld a

handsome man fucking a superbly stout woman, kneeling with her head down

low, but towards the door. Her arse uncovered and held aloft was a

remarkably fine one, wriggling indeed to perfection.

I slipped back, described it to my dear wife, and suggested our speaking

to them through the partition as soon as they were done, to avow that we

had heard all their goings-on, as they had ours, and to propose that we

should form a \_partie carrée\_.

Florence jumped at the idea, just as their sighs and shaking of their

couch against the partition announced the grand final crisis.

We allowed them some minutes for the after-satisfaction; we then heard

the lady beg him to do it again as she felt his cock was stiffening

within her cunt.

“No wonder,” said he, “when your delicious tight cunt is giving me such

exquisite pressures.”

We thought this a happy moment, as they were both in a state of

lasciviousness; so tapping at the partition, and raising my voice just

sufficient to be clearly heard, I said—

“You have been following our example, and seem as lustful as we are,

suppose we join parties and exchange partners. I am sure you must be two

desirable persons, and you will find us worth knowing. It will be a

novelty exciting to all, and will lead or not, as it may be, to a

further acquaintance or just a momentary caprice. What say you?”

A pause and a whisper was followed by—

\_“Eh! bien, nous acceptons.”\_

“Come to us, for I am half undressed,” cried the gentleman.

We rose and went in unto them, even in a biblical sense. My slight peep

had given me an idea of two handsome persons, but a full view proved

them to be eminently so. He was still up to the hilt from behind. She

lifted her head to look at us on entering, but left her splendid arse

exposed, and did not for the moment alter her position. We handled and

pressed it. The gentleman feeling my wife’s arse cried out to his

dearie—

“Here’s an arse equal to yours.”

Meanwhile, as I stood by her side feeling hers, she slipped her hand

into my flap, and in answer to his exclamation, said—

“There’s a prick bigger than yours. Oh, I see we shall all be

delighted.”

She rose and pulled out my standing prick to show it to her husband, for

like us they turned out to be a most salacious couple of married people.

My wife laid hold of the husband’s prick, and declared it to be a very

fine one, and a delicious variety which was always charming.

I proposed, as the room and couch could only accommodate one couple,

that I should take his wife into our room, and leave mine with him, and

as the two couches were close to the partition between, we could excite

each other by our mutual sighs and bawdy exclamations. This was at once

agreed to.

We all of us stripped to the buff; my new companion was magnificently

made—very much of my aunt’s figure, with a splendid arse, although not

so enormously developed as dear aunt’s. Her cunt was delicious, a grand

mons Veneris, sweetly haired with silky curls; her pouting cunt had the

true odour, and was very tight, and her pressures and action left

nothing to desire.

I gamahuched her first—her clitoris was well-defined and stiff. Her

bubbies were superb, and stood firmly apart, face charming with lovely

and lovable blue eyes, full of the sparkle of lust; lips red and moist,

inviting a tongue.

We indulged in delicious preliminaries; she had a good look at my prick,

declared she had thought her husband’s could not be beaten, but admitted

mine was longer and larger. She sucked its head. Then lying back on the

couch she begged me to mount on her belly, as she liked to commence in

that pose. I mounted upon her, got my prick gradually up to the crushing

of the two hairs, and then alternately tongueing her sweet mouth or

sucking a nipple of her lovely bosom, ran a most delicious course,

making her spend thrice to my once.

Our other equally occupied couple had evidently got a course ahead of

us, and were changing into the position in which we had first fucked our

wives.

We, too, followed in the same attitude, and really the fine arse of my

\_fouteuse\_, her naturally small waist, seen to perfection in this

position, and her noble shoulders beyond could hardly be excelled, and

were most inviting and inciting. I plunged with one fierce thrust up her

reeking cunt, and by the very violence of my attack made her spend on

finding it up to the cods, giving me at the same time a cunt pressure

almost equal to my loved wife’s.

She was so delightful a fucker that I fucked her thrice more before

drawing out of that exquisite receptacle.

On comparing notes afterwards I learnt that my wife’s fucker had just

done as much, and though not so cunt-satisfying a prick as mine, the

variety and novelty gave it an extra charm that more than made up for

any diminution of size.

We were thus all mutually delighted with our change of partners. An

acquaintance begun so delightfully led to a warm friendship and a

constant interchange of these most agreeable refinements, including

every variety of the gamahuche and \_la double jouissance\_ to all

parties.

We all went together to witness some rear-operations between two men,

for which the old bawd’s house, No. 60, rue de Rivoli, was quietly known

to be the rendezvous. I made a first visit alone to see if it would be

worth our while; had an interview with the old bawd, a bold masculine

woman of a certain age, who must have been very desirable in her younger

years, for even now many who frequented her house finished off in her

fully developed charms. Her habit being, as I was told, to come in to

the man after one of the girls had left him to purify herself, and

herself to lave his prick from mere love and excitement of handling a

prick, and from long practice she had an art of doing it in a way to

raise another perpendicular, which led to its being allayed in the

full-blown charms of the bawd herself.

I was shown into her sanctum, and there I told her that I knew she could

arrange an exhibition of sodomy. I said that I only wanted to see the

operation, as it appeared to me impossible, and I should like the two

fellows to be well hung and good looking, if such she could procure.

“I have the very thing for you under my hand if you care to wait a

quarter of an hour.”

As that exactly suited my purpose I said I would.

She rose, rang the bell, and when a tap came to the door, went out and

gave some orders. When she came back she said to me, “I have some very

fine girls, all entirely without prejudices, would you like to have one

up? I have them of all ages, from twelve to twenty-five; and also one or

two handsome boys to have in company with them, to excite the slower

powers of elderly men or those who like such additions.”

I thanked her, but told her my only object at present was to see an

actual scene of sodomy. So to occupy me she opened a small cupboard, and

took out some bawdy books, admirably illustrated. The examination of

these was exciting; her experienced eye detected the effect in the

distention of my trousers, the extent of which seemed so to astonish her

that she laid her hand upon it, gave an exclamation of surprise at its

size, and said she must see so noble a prick, unbuttoned my trousers,

and pulled it out. She handled it charmingly and looked so lewd that I

don’t know what might have happened, for I had already slipped a hand up

to an enormous big and hard arse, when a tap came to the door, and a

voice announced simply that all was ready. This at once recalled me to

myself, although the bawd would willingly have made me before adjourning

to the other room.

She said, “What a pity not to let me have this magnificent prick into

me. I wish the fellows had not come so soon, I am certain I could have

got it if we had not been interrupted, and I can tell you you would have

found me as good a fuck yet as the finest young woman you could meet

with.”

I laughed, and to quiet her, said, “We may have that another time, for

you are a very fine and desirable woman.” With this placebo she rose and

accompanied me to the room where the two men awaited us. They were two

tall, good-looking young men, evidently \_garçons de cafés\_, a class much

addicted to this letch, and acting as paid minions to those wanting

them.

They naturally concluded that such was my object. They were already

stript, and both their very fair pricks were nearly at full stand. They

each turned themselves round, and asked which arse I wished to operate

on, and which prick was to operate upon me.

The old bawd, whose interest it was to induce me to have them, handled

their pricks with great gusto, and pointed out the firmness and

attractiveness of their arses, bid me feel how hard they were, as well

as the stiffness of their pricks and the rough crispness of their

ballocks.

I felt them, and would gladly have had them both, but I knew they had an

infamous habit of \_chantage\_, that is of denouncing to their gang

well-to-do men who were got within their meshes, and go where he would

in Europe he was sure to be waited on and money screwed out of him by

threatening to denounce his practices; so shaking my head and refusing

to let the old bawd pull out my prick, which might then have become too

unruly, I firmly told her she knew I only came there to see what the

operation was like, and had no idea of having my own person handled by

them.

A mutual glance of disappointment was exchanged between the bawd and

them, but they put themselves at my disposal, and asked which was to be

the recipient and which the operator. I pointed out the largest prick as

the operator. They drew a sofa into the best light, and one knelt on it,

presenting a very tempting arsehole to his fellow minion; after

moistening it and spitting on it, the old bawd, with apparent relish,

guided the prick of the other to the aperture, and it glided with all

ease into the well-accustomed receptacle.

I was seated by their side with my eyes on a level and close to the

point of junction. A very exciting scene, for he went up to his cods,

and fucked right earnestly while the recipient wriggled his arse to

perfection, and seemed really to enjoy it. They spent with cries of joy

in great delight, it excited me very much, and the observant old bawd

could see my prick bounding within the confinement of my trousers.

Hoping to overcome my reluctance to take part in the programme, she

stimulated them to change places, and the recipient became the operator,

and the other the recipient. I was awfully lewd, but resisted even that;

after they had done I gave them a Napoleon apiece in excess of the price

paid to the bawd, and left them to dress, and retired with the bawd to

make other arrangements.

On shutting the door and entering the corridor I perceived at once some

doors opening upon small rooms adjoining the operating room, I guessed

their destination; on attempting to open one the bawd seized my arm in

great alarm, and said—

“You must not go there.”

I smiled and said, “Oh, I understand, come along.”

When once more in her sanctum I said, “I see you have had peepers

watching the operations, so it is well I resisted any complicity in the

action, but the discovery that you have the peepholes already simplifies

my object. I have come here to report upon the effect of this scene of

sodomy. A friend who dares not do as much requires such a stimulant to

enable him to fuck a woman he much desires to have, and who is my

mistress. Now it so happens I want very much to fuck his mistress, and

we have made a compact that if this scene is likely to excite him, we

are to come to your peepholes, and while he is thus enabled to fuck my

woman I shall fuck his. I am thus explicit that you may know our real

object. I suppose that now the witnesses to our operations today have

left, so let me see the rooms that I may judge how far they will suit

and which will most favour our object.”

The old bawd complied directly, but still longing to have my big prick

into her, pulled her petticoats up to her navel, showing an enormous

mons Veneris, thickly haired, and turning round a still finer arse,

said, would I not like to assuage my excited prick in one or other of

her really splendid attractions.

I said not at present, thank you. And tightening my trousers over it,

showed her that it had quite drooped its head, and was no longer in the

humour.

She undertook to raise it very quickly, but I politely declined, on the

play of want of time, to thoroughly enjoy so splendid a woman.

With a sigh of disappointment, for the size of my prick had evidently

raised her lewdness to fiery zest, she led the way. Two or three of the

peeping rooms were too small for four, but one was arranged for a

\_partie carrée\_. I made an arrangement for the second day from then, and

requested, if possible, to have four buggers together, to do it in

various positions, and once at least in a chain of three pricks into the

arses before them at the same time; I paid in advance half of the high

price we were to pay, and fixed the hour of one o’clock in the

afternoon, in order to have plenty of daylight to see and thoroughly

enjoy all the excitement.

I left but allowed the old bawd just on going away to take out my prick

and give it a suck by the way of allaying a little the great desire she

had for it. She doubtless expected to raise such a heat as would compel

my passions to satisfy her, but I had now sufficient command of it to

keep it down.

Our grand scene of sodomistic encounters took place as arranged, the De

Grandvits, as our new friends were called, and ourselves, with a basket

containing two bottles of champagne, biscuits, and glasses, betook

ourselves to No. 60, and were installed in the chosen chamber some five

minutes before the arrival of the sodomites. We saw them undress, slap

each other’s arses, and feel each other’s pricks to get them in fighting

order.

The old bawd was there and lent an effective helping hand where wanted.

They all declared it would much assist their operations if she would

strip and let them see her flitting round and aiding in their efforts.

She knew herself to be much more attractive in body than face, and

complied directly, and really added much to the excitement of the scene.

They began by coupling in threes, so that one after the other held the

delicious position of middle man—be fucked and fucking. The spare fourth

fucking the old bawd, much to her gratification and ours.

The first outsider was now placed in the middle, and the previous

recipient became his attacker in the rear, while the previous

rear-fucker became the recipient of the outsider. The late middle man,

instead of fucking the bawd, buggered her to her apparent satisfaction.

This was just what I wanted, for we had not as yet in our \_parties

carrées\_ with the De Grandvits indulged even in bottom-fucking the

women, but this, as we afterwards found, was equally indulged in private

by them as well as ourselves. Now we enjoyed the sight of the old bawd

wriggling in delight with loudly uttered exclamations of pleasure at

having her bottom well fucked, for it was the largest prick of the four

and a very fine one that was into her arse.

We had already racked off in the cunts of each other’s wives at the

first display.

“Let us try that,” whispered my wife to De Grandvit, “it appears to give

the old woman vast delight.”

It was what De Grandvit had been longing for in his inward soul. At the

proposition of my adored wife his cock sprung into its utmost stiffness.

She knelt on a chair before a peephole. De Grandvit brought his fine

prick, which he had moistened with his spittle, up to her delicious

hairy arsehole and with very little effort housed it to the hilt.

At the whispered wish of my darling Florence he did not press to a rapid

conclusion, but drew the fuck out to a most exciting length, and to an

ecstatic ending in which they had great difficulty in suppressing

exclamations of the delight afforded.

I had followed the lead given, the delicious big arsed De Grandvit had,

like her husband, a long previous wish to be so fucked, and from

practice of that divine coition had no difficulty in taking in with vast

pleasure my bigger prick.

We both ran two exquisite courses in their delicious arseholes, and

then separated that all might see the grand finale of the four sodomites

each in the arse before him, and the fourth front man into the immense

and magnificent arse of the old bawd. This ended their exhibition.

I should add that all in turn had either fucked or buggered the old bawd

to her infinite gratification both in person and nurse for she claimed

afterwards and received a good additional douceur for the extra sight of

her own fine body, naked and in double action.

When they were dressed she got out the liqueur bottle and gave them all

a dram and a biscuit. We, too, partook of our champagne and biscuits

while discussing the charms of the scenes just witnessed.

My darling wife chimed in with the remark of how much more the middle

man had seemed to enjoy it than the two outsiders.

I added a remark that I had heard that such a position was the \_ne plus

ultra\_ of delight.

“Then why should we not try it?” said the glorious De Grandvit.

“I quite agree with you,” said the husband.

“Who shall begin?” I thought, as the idea of trying it was first

suggested by his wife, she ought to have her own idea first realised in

her magnificent person. I would fuck her while he went into her arse.

This was immediately adopted. I lay down on my back, the delicious De

Grandvit mounted on me, rose and fell, and spent before she stooped on

my belly and presented her splendid arse to her impatient husband, who

for some minutes knelt prick in hand behind her. With gentle care and

well-moistened prick he got housed at last in his wife’s delicious

arsehole, and then slowly at first, but more energetically afterwards,

we ran a most exquisite course.

As no one was now in the adjoining chamber, no restraint was put upon

our lascivious exclamations. The De Grandvit was in such a delirium of

ecstasy that she screamed again and died away in absolute annihilation

of all sense but that of the utmost satisfied lust.

My darling wife had straddled across us and been gamahuched deliciously

by De Grandvit while \_enculant\_ his wife. We next changed the venue; he

fucked my wife while I plunged into her glorious arse; the De Grandvit

straddled across the others, was gamahuched by me as her husband had

gamahuched my wife. This course, too, was run in an ecstasy of enjoyment

to all concerned, and ended our orgy on that occasion. We arranged our

dresses, finished our champagne, called up the old bawd, satisfied her

demands, and thanked her for the exciting scene she had procured us. On

asking her, she admitted that the other peeping rooms had been occupied

by couples, and that one elderly gentleman had had two of her page boys

to operate and be operated upon while the scene before him excited him

to the necessary extent to take a part in it himself. He had just left,

having stayed to listen to our proceedings and had told her the two

gentlemen had in consequence of the scene witnessed initiated the women

into the \_double jouissance\_, and the excitement of listening and

hearing had enabled him once more to get into the handsomest boy, and

have the other in him.

She hinted that we ought to come again, and have the boys in, for she

said the gentlemen, that is ourselves, would find an immense additional

pleasure in letting the boys penetrate their bottoms while they were

into their ladies in both apertures.

We laughed, and said we should consider her offer, but for the present

we were fucked out.

We did not forget the bawd’s proposal of having a boy to fuck us while

\_enculant\_ the dear women. A hint to my darling wife brought this out at

our next meeting. After the dear creatures had both enjoyed the \_double

jouissance\_, my wife said to Madame De Grandvit—

“We are really quite selfish, here are our two loved husbands giving us

the unutterable joys of the double junction, and yet not enjoying it

themselves. You remember how the old woman at No. 60 spoke of the

raptures the addition of her boys would be to the bottoms of our

husbands while administering the double coition to us. Why should they

not try the same on themselves, and give us the delight of seeing them

in all the ecstasies their double embrace confers upon us? We know how

they delight in being postillioned, which shows how much they would like

the real thing if they dared avow it. It is for us to break down the

barriers of prejudice and false shame. Here, Charlie, let me dedicate

your bottom to the lust of our dear friend De Grandvit.”

My beloved wife was at the moment handling the prick of De Grandvit, and

whose full-standing stiffness showed he was ready to face any

difficulty.

I pretended a fear of its size being too great to allow of entrance into

that narrow path of bliss without great pain to the recipient.

“You can never know that till you try,” cried my darling wife.

In all this she was only acting a part prompted by myself, for I was

most anxious not only to have De Grandvit into my own arse, but was

longing to be into his great, coarse, hairy, corrugated deep-brown

arsehole. In this I differed greatly from our dear friend MacCallum, who

loved the delicate unfledged arseholes of youths, while to me it was

necessary to be the very reverse of the fair sex, whose arseholes in

general are of a delicate pink with puckered-up charming little

orifices, which, of course, have their charm; but when with men to me it

was twice as exciting to find them like my dear friend the Count’s,

quite contrary to those of the fair sex. Dark-brown, roughly corrugated,

and coarse hairs all round them were the arseholes that raised all my

lust, and made sodomy a delicious contrast to merely fucking the

arseholes of women; such an arsehole as I most loved to fuck was M. De

Grandvit’s.

I had suggested to my wife to tempt him with mine for the sole object of

getting into his. He bit at the bait, so I shoved my prick into his

wife’s arse, my wife conducted his prick into my delighted bottom. I

made some affected grimaces, but of course took him in with the greatest

ease. My darling wife had acted postillion to him, and had frigged his

wife with her other hand, so we ran a delicious course of the wildest

lust.

As we had already served out our wives too many fucks one trial was

sufficient for the moment. De Grandvit was in ecstasies at the delight I

had afforded him, especially as he appeared to be revenging the affront

I gave to him by being into his wife \_in culo\_.

My adored wife, with her happy art of handling and exciting a prick,

nonetheless willingly that she was getting it up to go into her own

hungry and delicious arsehole, soon brought De Grandvit to the necessary

stiffness.

I wanted no other stimulant than the expected satisfaction of a letch I

had long had to be into his fine, rough, hairy arsehole. As soon as he

was fairly hilted in my adored wife’s splendid bottom, his better half

took my prick in hand, put it into her mouth to suck and moisten it, and

then guided it into that narrow abode of bliss I so longed to possess.

It really was the first time De Grandvit’s arsehole had ever been

penetrated by a prick, although he had long wished for such an

experience; there was therefore some real grimacing, for mine was not a

prick of the ordinary dimensions, that might penetrate any arsehole, but

a prick of the biggest, so I was obliged to be very gentle and make

frequent halts.

My darling wife was obliged to exert all her delicious means of keeping

his fine prick in her arse at full stand by cunt pressures and her

delicate handling of his ballocks; at last I was fully engulphed, and

pausing until all strange feelings had subsided, a gentle movement and

my darling wife’s admirable seconding enabled us to end the course in

the wildest ecstasies of the most delicious delight, and to sink on the

broad back of my splendid wife, completely annihilated by the most

exquisite joys of satiated lust.

Once this delicious practice had been indulged in, you may be sure it

did not end with a single experience, but as thereafter the \_bonne

bouche\_ or finish of all our after-orgies.

My beloved wife, whose eye for a capable man was infallible, had

observed a genteel, tall, good-looking young German waiter in the hotel,

who looked superior to his place. He turned out to be the son of a

wealthy hotel proprietor at Frankfort, who had sent his son to Meurice’s

in a sort of apprenticeship, to learn how a large Parisian hotel was

managed. In such a situation they receive no wages and have even in

general to pay a premium for the privilege—this practice, which is

general with German innkeepers, accounts for the number of

genteel-looking waiters that are met with in the large hotels of great

capitals, and who are found to be of superior education and information

when spoken to in a friendly and familiar manner.

This was eminently the case with our friend Carl. My wife had taken

rather a fancy to him, not at first erotic, but observing that after she

had talked to him familiarly that he began to be very deferential to her

and with a certain manner that she, with the instinct of a woman, saw at

once arose from amorous admiration. Casting her eye downwards she

detected the effect produced in his trousers whenever she was kindly

civil to him. She increased her familiar conversation, which evidently

allayed any fear he might have had, and she could soon see by the

increased bulging out of his trousers, not only that he was growing more

lewd upon her, but that he was evidently very well furnished.

Learning that he was the son of a wealthy father, well educated, only

now placed in the position of a servant, in order to know, by obeying,

how to command, and also to gain the experience which large and

well-frequented hotels alone could teach how best to conduct his own

hotel hereafter.

She told me all about it, and thought he might be moulded to our

purposes. Even if not she had taken a caprice to him so that in any case

it would be a gratification to her to possess him.

So I lent myself to aid her by purposely absenting myself either at

breakfast or luncheon, under pretext of going to take one or the other

with bachelor friends.

As Carl was told off to especially attend upon us, and no other servant

ever came near unless rung for, my wife had easy opportunity, and with

her practised skill in seduction, had him into her on the second day.

He proved an admirable stallion; grew passionately lewd on the splendid

person of my wife, and became in fact cunt-struck upon her, probably the

strongest bond that can entangle a man. It becomes an infatuation that

makes him the slave of the cunt that has attracted him. There are few

men of hot temperament who have not experienced this overmastering

infatuation, and they know that even supposing the object becomes

perfectly unworthy, unfaithful, abusive, and with every vice indulged

openly before them, they may wince, they may thoroughly despise her, but

the chain holds them fast in adamantine bonds, which neither the

persuasion of friends nor their own knowledge of the perfect

unworthiness of the object can tear asunder.

Such became the fate of Carl, and my wife moulded him, with all her wily

skill, to our lascivious purposes. When once under her enchantment, I

made a run over to England on some urgent matters—purposely leaving the

field open—my wife completed her conquest, had had him in every way, had

postillioned him, and wormed out of him that at college he had indulged

in sodomitical practices with young students like himself; but knowing

how prejudicial it would be to him in his profession, he had weaned

himself from the habit with men, but dearly loved the \_enculage\_ with

women, and doubly adored my wife when he found her extraordinary and

exquisite talent in that way. She also, after much apparent hesitation,

in answer to his eager and continual questioning, omitted that her

husband was much addicted to worshipping her bottom, and had taught her

its divine use. She even cautioned him against any imprudence on my

return, for she said she had her suspicions that I had a letch for men,

and if I discovered their liaison, would be apt to avenge myself that

way.

“Oh, if he would still allow me to possess your enchanting person he

might make what use he pleased of me.”

This was the point aimed at from the beginning. My wife wrote to me, and

we arranged that I should announce my return for a certain morning, and

that she should have Carl to sleep with her the previous night.

I arrived in the middle of the night, walked into the room, found him in

bed, played the angry husband, swore I must have revenge, and that as he

had cuckolded me I must avenge the affront in being into his person.

He objected, for form’s sake, but said he would yield to anything if I

would not drive him away from the adorable Madame.

“That will depend upon the manner in which you satisfy my desires.”

“Oh, do what you like, dear sir, if only you will allow me to love

Madame.”

“We shall see, we shall see; let me look at your prick. Oh, a good size,

even when down. Let me see it at full stand.”

My wife here interfered, and said Carl was so good that she was sure he

would prove a satisfaction to me. She took his prick in hand, and with

her art of handling a prick, had it at full stand in a minute and asked

me if she could possibly have refused so handsome a prick as that. And,

indeed, it was a very fine one.

Carl was a very fair young man, with a most beautiful and satiny skin.

His prick was exquisitely white, and the blue veins showed themselves

coursing through in a most tempting way—it was seven and a half inches

long, by quite six in circumference, was thick up to the vermilion nut,

although gently diminishing from the roots, the glans was smaller than

the shaft close up to it; a hollow, like what you sometimes see in the

neck of a bottle, ran all round the edge of the nut, and thus made it a

head to the shaft. My wife declared that its shape gave her great

pleasure in both orifices. It certainly was a very attractive prick, and

now that it was at full stand I made him lie on his back on the bed,

took it in my mouth, sucked and frigged it until he spent in an agony of

delight.

I then made him turn over on his belly, that I might admire his

ivory-like buttocks, which I caressed and kissed in every way. My wife

slipping her hand under his belly soon recovered the stiffness of his

prick. I now desired him to kneel that I might be into his bottom.

His exquisitely white buttocks, marble-like in polish, hardness, and

coldness to the touch, were most attractive to women as well as to me.

While thus kneeling with head low, and the chink between the buttocks

well spread open, his exquisite small, pink, corrugated arsehole with

almost invisible fair, short ringlets around it was truly lovely and

exciting.

As a rule, I like to fuck a rough, hairy-arsed man, but I can all the

same appreciate the delight in such an exquisite arsehole as Carl

possessed. To me also it had the attraction of its first possession.

When thus first fully displayed to my delighted eye, I flung myself on

my knees, kissed and tongued the exquisite and delicious orifice, and

speedily got furiously lewd upon it; and rarely have I fucked an arse

more deliciously incentive to sodomy.

“Oh, poor fellow,” cried my wife, “you must let this fine object (his

prick) be housed in me first, and then he will less feel the

introduction of your large instrument.”

I immediately consented, on which he cried out in delight—

“Oh do what you like with me, as long as your adorable lady will permit

me to possess her.”

“Well,” said I, “see, her cunt is reeking with your spunk, so I will

first bathe my prick therein, to make it go easier into your arse.”

We took up kneeling positions. He filled the delighted cunt of my wife,

and presented his really beautiful arse to my raging lust. I humoured

the entrance a little, but once within over the nut, I plunged

recklessly forward, somewhat too roughly, for it made him wince, and he

would have escaped from me if he had not been doubly imprisoned. The

pause I gave him after being fully engulphed calmed the strange

sensation, and we gradually increased our movements until both died away

in excessive delight, especially to him, for it was his first experience

of \_la double jouissance\_, and it gave him such exquisite enjoyment that

he begged me not to withdraw, but to run a second course. My darling

wife thinking it would increase his lewdness if she changed his prick

from her cunt to the more divine orifice, withdrew it, and placed it in

the grove sacred to the secret rites of Priapus.

He enjoyed the ecstasies of paradise on this last occasion, and we all

fell on the bed completely overcome by the soul-killing joys of the

discharge, and lay soaking in all the after-pleasure for some time,

until my darling wife begged us to relieve her of our overpowering

weight. We rose and purified ourselves, and then I posed him standing

up, admiring the really fine proportions and beauty of his handsome fair

form. I sucked his prick until it stood, and then told him he must give

me the pleasures of the middle, which he was so highly praising as the

utmost exquisite enjoyment he had ever experienced.

My darling wife was delighted. She got on her knees. I entered her

delicious cunt in the first bout, and I quickly housed Carl’s prick in

my arse.

We ran an exquisite course, and then a second with only a change of my

prick to Florence’s arse instead of cunt. Carl was after this obliged to

leave us, as the morning was getting on.

I sent him away the happiest of men by telling him as long as he placed

his arse at my disposal, he should have my wife always at the same time.

Thus we had secured another fine prick to our general orgies. We told

the Grandvits of our fortunate \_trouvaille\_.

Monsieur made some difficulty about his being a servant, and the fear of

discovery of our orgies through his indiscretion; but hearing that he

was much superior to a servant he consented to his introduction.

After they had seen and admired him, they expressed their extreme

satisfaction at the result of his joining us—for both Madame and

Grandvit loved to have him into all their orifices. We could now fuck

both women at once, and the double pleasure could be given to either sex

without there being any outsider.

Every third night they slept in our hotel, and that night we never

ceased conjunctions in every variety, with pauses for refreshment,

purification, pleasant bawdy talk, fun, and frolic. For a month longer

this delicious existence lasted, and then it was time for us to proceed

southward. We parted from the Grandvits with much regret, but promised

to return in the spring and visit them at their country house. I may

here add that we did so, and enjoyed our visit to the utmost; and, in

the second year of our absence, they accompanied us into Germany, where

at last we left dear Carl. He had begged us to let him go as my valet

with us to Italy.

His intended stay in Paris was within a month of its termination; he

wrote to his father that the opportunity of travelling through Italy

under the offer we had made was too advantageous to be lost. His father

consented, and thus for eighteen months he was our constant companion

and participator in all our lascivious conjunctions.

Carl accompanied us to London on our first return home, and resided with

us for three months. I told the Benson and the Egerton of our good

fortune in discovering him, and the exquisite addition to our party of

us and the De Grandvits he had been.

They were instantly alive to the delight of possessing him.

I had continued the occupation of my chambers in the Temple, in which

Harry Dale still resided; it was there we erected our altar to the

Apostrophian Venus, and held our orgies.

Carl delighted our old friends, who were never tired of having him one

way or another, while Harry or I administered to the \_double

jouissance\_.

A new prick to a woman is like a fresh cunt to a man, and for the time

gives additional zest to the lust which rages in us. So it is with the

darling Benson and the lovely Egerton. They revelled in the possession

of Carl. They knew they could only have him but a short time, and they

made the most of him.

My beloved wife, with that kindly consideration for everyone which

distinguished her, quite abandoned Carl to these two dear insatiable

cunts, and contented herself with presiding over our orgies, dictating

new and exciting poses to our two friends, leaving Carl and me to their

embraces, and consoling herself with a fuck now and then from Harry

Dale, when we two were simply fucking each his dame. She told them, “I

can have Carl and Charlie whenever I like at home, so must leave them to

you for the three months that Carl can only give us.”

We met thrice a week. My wife used to drive to the dear creatures and

take them up, the husbands being much gratified at the affection shown

by my wife to them, and never having the slightest suspicion of the

object my wife had in taking them out. As to our own servants they knew

the chambers belonged to their master, and they knew we lunched there,

but they never imagined their mistress would take ladies to share in

their master’s embraces. So that we carried on our intrigue in perfect

safety and impunity.

It was a sad day when we left with Carl, who never again returned to

England. Our darling companions had become much attached to him, and

parted with close embraces, and with bitter tears bade him adieu.

We parted from him at Frankfort, where his father, retiring to a country

life, left him proprietor of a capital hotel, to which in after-years we

often resorted when going to and from the German spas, and always stayed

some days to renew the orgies we all so loved. His love for my adored

wife’s cunt endured for ten or twelve years, when an advantageous

marriage softened it, perhaps more through the jealousy of his wife who,

suspecting, caused us to desist from using his hotel. He had also got a

family of a boy and two girls growing up, which completely ended our

acquaintance.

To return to the time of our conducting him to Frankfort with the

Grandvits, they afterwards accompanied us in a tour in Switzerland, but

left us at Sion, when we turned our steps across the Simplon to Italy.

We were invited by our friend the Count to visit him for a month at his

old castle in the hills of San Giovanni, overlooking all the ground of

Bonaparte’s earlier battles in his first Italian campaign.

We followed the right bank of Lake Maggiore to Arona and Allessandria,

and thence by Acqui gained the castle of the Count on the hill above. It

was situated in the midst of glorious scenery. From the summit of a hill

near the glorious line of the Alps could be seen Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc,

Mont Cenis, Monte Giovi, and thence round the Apennines, while the Gap

leading to Savona gave a view of the sea, the southern suburb of Genoa,

and the line of coast leading to Spezia.

It was a glorious view, and we often directed our steps to the summit

from whence it was seen during our month’s stay with our loved and

delightful host.

His old castle was only partially ruinous, but quite habitable. However,

his father had built a comfortable house in the garden, at the base of

the rock.

The castle crowned a perfect perpendicular detached mass of rock, half

round which rushed a mountain torrent, the approach being a very steep

zigzag with now ruinous defences, a very steep and difficult ascent. It

is true from a low entranced cave at the foot a secret stair led up from

the garden, of which I shall have more to say in relating some incidents

of the Count’s earlier history, as confessed to us in our close and

intimate intercourse.

We were warmly welcomed by our dear friend, who, leading us to our

rooms, had a rack-off of his waste steam in the ever delicious cunt of

my loved wife, who, it will be recollected, had a great penchant for the

Count, when she used to prefer him at our Percy Street orgies. When the

Count retired, I plunged my excited prick into the balmy bath he had

prepared for me in my wife’s cunt, fucking her fast and furiously the

instant he retired, a change she loved above all things; this calmed us

for the moment, and enabled our waiting for night.

We had expected to find a young sister of the Count with him but at our

orgy at night he told us that since his return home he had had this

sister, and that in fact at that moment she was staying with an

\_accoucheuse\_ at Turin, and he expected to hear of her delivery by every

post. We congratulated him on finding so delicious a bit of incest to

his hand on his return to his country.

“Ah!” said he, “it is much more delicious than you think.”

“Indeed, how is that?”

“She is my own daughter as well as sister.”

“What a delicious idea!” cried I, “what a cockstand, and what a fuck it

must have been to you! But you must have had your own mother to bring

about such a delicious result. Do let us hear all about it, my dear

Count, it will excite us all to renewed efforts, as incest always does.”

This conversation occurred during a long pause we had made in our first

night’s orgy when quietly seated after purification, restoring our

powers with Champagne and some slight refreshments prepared by our host

for the occasion. We had already had three hours of the most delicious

fucking in every possible combination, being all, especially the Count,

fresh and in excellent order for a thorough excess. So we all were glad

of a respite, and listened to the exciting story of the Count’s

delicious double incest. As we did not hear all at that sitting, I will

finish an account of our doings, and then give a connected narrative or

sketch of that strange intrigue, and some other of his earlier

escapades, merely adding that his account of his affair with his mother

set us all off in such an excitement of lust, followed by such an excess

of fucking in bouts of \_double jouissance\_, in which not only my adored

and most lascivious wife came in for her full share, but both the Count

and myself enjoyed the double bliss in our turn. We carried on to such

an excess that we were quite knocked up, and were so overpowered with

sleep the next evening that by common consent we quietly went to bed,

and deferred till morning any fresh deeds in the fields of love and

lust.

We found this so refreshing to our powers of fucking that we regularly

adopted the system of lying fallow the earlier portion of every other

night.

We passed a most agreeable time with walks and rides through the lovely

scenery, and explorations of the old castles.

The Count himself had two, but the one immediately above his house was

by far the most interesting and was the original seat of his ancestors,

wild robber barons of their day; and a black deed was reported in the

traditions of the peasantry around.

The castle, although in a valley between the hills, stood on a high

perpendicular isolated rock some hundred and fifty feet above its base;

it was crowned with a very high building to make up for want of space at

the foundation, and had besides a very lofty and bold round tower,

rising high enough above the sides of the valley to serve as a lookout

beyond them. The habitable part was reached from the main gate by a

steep stair, at one of the landings was a trap door opening upon a

profoundly deep shaft; tradition said that this was a trap for personal

enemies, who, on pretence of reconciliation were invited to the castle;

on passing over the trap it opened, and they were precipitated to the

bottom. It was the common tradition of the peasantry that wheels with

scythes attached chopped them to pieces at the bottom.

It is a curious fact, and one showing how tradition may preserve a truth

where least expected. Our friend the Count for six months lay hidden in

the secret recesses of this old castle at the time a price was set on

his head for treason. This had led him to all sorts of explorations, in

which he had discovered many hiding places.

Knowing of this tradition about the cutting up of bodies at the bottom

of this deep shaft he got his two younger brothers to let him down by a

long cord, and really found the remains of machinery and wheels with

rusty blades attached.

After he had finally escaped, a more regular search was made, and it was

discovered that a communication with the torrent on a former higher

level had let the water pass underneath the castle, and turn a water

wheel which cut up the bodies and made them float away by the outlet.

Human skulls and bones were found, singularly verifying the truth of

tradition.

At the time the Count was a fugitive hiding therein, the old apartments

were used as a granary to store the rent in kind of his father’s

tenantry. As there were suspicions of his having taken refuge here, the

place had been two or three times ransacked by the police without their

discovering him—thanks to the ingenious hiding places he had discovered.

But for this very reason every precaution had to be taken, and no beds,

bedding, or plates, knives, chairs, or tables were there; he slept on

the corn, spread three feet thick on the floor, or sat on it when tired.

His mother, with provisions under her petticoats, would saunter in the

garden, and, when unobserved, slip into the low cavern and ascend by the

secret stairs, and seated on the corn by his side, would wait until he

had done, to take everything away, and leave not a trace of anyone being

provisioned up there. These details are explanatory of what follows. The

Count had been one of the Royal Guard for two years at Turin, and being

a handsome young fellow, had as much fucking at command as he could wish

for. When shut up for months in his asylum the passions that had been

kept under by constant gratification began to torment him; from the

loopholes of the castle he could see the peasant women working on the

mountainside, and, in stooping, showing their legs even up to the bare

skin, and this used to drive him mad with desire. He did not frig

himself, but at night stole down to the garden, secured a large pumpkin

or two, took them up to his retreat, cut small holes in their sides, and

then thrust his stiff-standing prick into them, forcing the hole to the

size of his prick, and then working the pumpkin with both hands till he

spent deliciously; he used to get six or seven fucks in these artificial

cunts, then throw away the finished one on the torrent side of the

castle. This was so far a relief, but his lust grew fiercer every day,

and on one occasion became uncontrollable.

His mother, who had married at fifteen, was now a fine ripe woman in her

thirty-sixth year. One day, after setting down the things she had

brought up, she lifted her outer gown that she might not show she had

been sitting on corn; the Count was already seated much below her body

on the low corn. His mother accidentally on this occasion drew up all

her clothes, showing the whole of her fine arse, and in stooping

backwards to seat herself all her fine hairy and gaping cunt was visible

to his lower sight. This was too much for the Count, in a moment his

prick sprang to the fiercest stand, he instantly unbuttoned his

trousers; his mother finding she had brought her bare arse onto the

corn, leant over on the side opposite to her son to tuck her petticoats

under her arse, but the Count seized her round the waist with one arm,

with his body pressed on her already bent body, forced her quite down on

her side and was into her cunt up to the hilt, he thrust it up so

fiercely as not only to make her shriek with surprise, but also with

pain. She struggled to be free, but was held down with all the energy of

his ferocious lust. Very few thrusts in and out were required to bring

down the first rush of his sperm; this lubricated her cunt, his prick

never yielded, but stood as stiff as ever, and with hardly an instant’s

pause he recommenced a more delicious action than the previous one. His

mother, however, was much distressed in mind at the first horror of the

incest, but being a ripe woman of hot lubricity, could not feel a fine

prick deliciously belabouring her cunt without having her lust excited

in spite of herself. As all pain of the unprepared forcing of her cunt

had passed away, and the plentiful rush of her son’s spunk lubricated

all the passage, she soon could not control her passions, and seconded

him with an art which left nothing to desire. His long deprivation fired

him to unusual efforts, and he fucked her five times before he withdrew.

When she sat up she said, “Oh! Ferdinand, what have you done! How could

you do so? Violate your own mother. It is dreadful.”

The poor Count, seeing her much distressed, burst into tears, threw his

arms round her neck, and weeping told her he could not help it.

She patted his head, and said. “Poor fellow, poor fellow.”

On this he lifted his head to kiss her. She, too, wept, and they mingled

tears and caresses together; this almost instantly restored his prick to

its pristine stiffness. He bent his mother back on the corn, and

although she resisted a little, and said it was too dreadful his wanting

to commit such a sin again, she opened her legs when he got over her,

and did not prevent his pulling up her petticoats.

He was into her this-time-well-moistened and really longing cunt, for

her passions were now become lascivious.

Thrice more did he fuck her, each time more delicious than the others,

and in all seconded by the most splendid action of his mother’s arse,

and the most exciting pressures of the inner folds of her really

delicious cunt.

At last she left him, but after so delightful a commencement every day

saw a renewal of these delicious encounters.

His mother proved an adept in every resource of lust. Being a splendidly

made woman, and salacious in the extreme, when once she had given way to

her lubricity, she indulged in every whim of lust. She always, after a

few days’ fucking, came very lightly dressed, with no stays or other

encumbrances, so that they used to strip and fuck at ease in every way.

The Count assured us that much as he had since enjoyed some of the

finest women, never had one given greater pleasure than his delicious,

lewd, and salacious mother, doubtless the fact of it being incest added

to the usual gratification given by a ripe, well-made, luscious-cunted

woman.

After the first week of their delicious encounters, his mother said to

him, “My dear Ferdinand, we are very imprudent, you may get me with

child if we do not adopt precautions. Your father does not wish to have

any more children, and takes care not to get them.”

“How does he prevent it, my dear mamma?”

“Well dearest, he goes slowly to work, and while he has it in me rubs

his finger on the point where you are now feeling (he was gently rubbing

up her clitoris, a well-developed one) until he has made me enjoy it

several times, and when he finds he is about to discharge he suddenly

withdraws it, and pushes the head of it into my bottom and spends there.

You must do the same, but you must not put all this long thick fellow

in. Oh! come to my arms, my son, you have excited me until I must have

it immediately.”

Upon which the Count mounted and fucked so deliciously that with arms

and legs round his body and loins, devil a bit would she allow him to

withdraw, but spent with him most ecstatically, and quickly called for

more, so that it was not until the third time of his being about to

spend, that throwing her fine legs high in the air, and bringing her

arse with a heave well up, and taking his prick out with her hand, she

guided it to the delicious smaller orifice, and as all was reeking with

the previous discharge, slipped it in, not the head only, but the whole

shaft. She cried out, “Not so far, not so far,” but as he began shoving

in and out she quickly got excited, and wriggled her arse with all her

accustomed skill, and spent deliciously again as he shot his spunk right

up into her incestuous entrails.

He passed a hand between their bodies to press a finger on her clitoris,

this made her cunt throb, which was felt by his prick, and quickly sent

him up upon another delicious enjoyment of the tight recess of obscene

lust, and a second most exquisite and luscious course was run, equally

to his mother’s as to his satisfaction. Then he withdrew to relieve her

body of the weight she had so long sustained, they mutually embraced

their naked bodies, and sweetly conversed on the exquisite joys they had

just participated in. His mother declared his father gave her nothing

like the lascivious joys she received from his dear son. They toyed and

kissed until, handling his prick with skill, she got two more delicious

fucks, one in each receptacle, and parted for the day.

By the second month she discovered that what she dreaded had happened.

Her son had got her with child; she wept when she communicated this

unfortunate result, but the Count, like me, always stood fiercely at a

woman’s tears. Several splendid fucks followed, all in the cunt—the

mischief was done, and precautions were no longer necessary.

His mother abandoned herself to him with a greater excess of lust than

she had ever yet done, and fucked with an excellence, vigour, and energy

that drew from him eight discharges in a wonderfully short time. The

fact of his having put a baby into her appeared to stimulate both their

passions. She declared she never in her life had enjoyed fucking more.

They used the grossest bawdy terms in their intercourse, as if it was

one barrier more broken down between them, and made their incestuous

love more exciting and a greater destruction of all natural ties between

them.

Before parting they consulted about how best to fix the parentage on her

husband.

He was a man of fifty-five, and, therefore, past the ardour of

passion—taking even his fucking coolly—and, therefore, more difficult to

hoodwink.

She knew that he awoke with a cockstand, although that did not always

lead to a fuck. Upon this they founded their hopes, and at last arranged

she should drug his coffee, and when still asleep in the morning she

should handle his prick, get him up, turn her bum, put it into her cunt,

work him gently, make him spend which would awake him, hold him in,

pretend she herself was in the acme of delight, but on coming to her

senses, upbraid him with having spent inside.

This all happened as planned, he did awake on spending, but his wife

exerted such unusually delicious pressures upon his delighted prick,

that he got so excited as to fuck her and she took care he should spend

inside a second time—she pretended to be carried away by passion as much

as he was. But remonstrating afterwards upon the imprudence of what he

had done, especially in having so excited her that she could not help

spending at the instant he did, which made it more dangerous. She did

not know how it was but she had never before seemed to receive such

pleasure from him as he had given her that morning.

“Well, my darling, it is a curious coincidence, but you never seemed to

me more delicious or more lasciviously excellent in your fucking than

you did just now. As it is but once let us take more care in future, and

hope nothing will come of this little and delightful imprudence.”

But of course there did, as the Count related to us, and seven months

after this morning fucking my mother gave birth to a daughter. “I had

already been in exile for five months when this event came off, I had

letters from my mother after she got about and for some years

afterwards, telling me that my sister was a beautiful child, and growing

up \_the image of her father\_, underlining those words for me, to put the

true construction on them. Poor darling mamma, she died four years ago,

and my father followed her two years later. I never saw either of them

again.

“Before I escaped from Italy I had passed five months in the constant

possession of my beloved mother. As her pregnancy advanced her salacious

avidity for my embraces seemed to increase. She was insatiable, but with

such variety of charm and art that I never failed to answer to her call.

Every refinement and excess of the wildest and grossest lust was

practised by us.

“My father possessed a small collection of the grossest bawdy books; my

adored and salacious mother purloined from time to time the lewdest, we

read and excited ourselves in the realisation of the wildest and

grossest scenes therein depicted.

“My mother was an instance of a woman getting once out of bounds and

then stopping short of no excess, and became boundlessly corrupt. There

was no horror we two could possibly commit that we did not indulge in.

“My father, when once the pregnancy was undoubted, was less reticent of

his fucks. My mother at my request used to stimulate him to fuck her

just before coming up to me, so that I used to shove my prick into the

paternal sperm, sometimes in her cunt, and sometimes in her arse, and

eventually used to lick it up before fucking her either way. The incest

of her son upon the immediate fuck of her husband was, she said, the

most stimulating to her excessive lust of anything I could possibly do.

“My father was obliged to go to Turin for ten days; it was the time of

new moon, when nights were dark. My mother used to put on a dark cloak

and come up to me; we lay down on her cloak, and, stark naked, gave

ourselves up to the wildest lust until dawn, when mother slipt away to

the house and left me well inclined to sleep until she returned with my

food.

“Oh! it was a happy time, its combinations of solitude and incest,

combined with my lusty youth, for I was only nineteen years old at that

time, made me be constantly at her call, and she never went away before

her excessive lust had been satisfied for the moment. Had circumstances

permitted her to stay with me longer than she usually did, she would

have got more frequent fucks out of me; at night, when she could come,

she got ten and sometimes eleven discharges from me, and probably

herself spent twice as often. I was indefatigable.

“In all her after-letters to me she constantly avowed grief that she had

lost her most loved son; that she was inconsolable, punning on the con

in the word, which is French for ‘cunt.’

“Various allusions of that sort were in all her loving letters. Often

and often when I have been slack in fucking a woman, and my prick not

answering when called on, I had only to conjure up some of these scenes

with my mother when my cock would spring to the stand instantly, to the

immense satisfaction of my momentary \_fouteuse\_, and it is so yet, a

thought of her reanimates it at once.”

Here my adored wife slipped her hand under his dressing-gown, and found

his prick standing fiercely, she seized it, and pretending to be his

mother, cried out—

“Come, oh, come! my beloved Ferdinand, into your own loving mother’s

arms.”

She fell back on the couch, he got between her legs, kneeling on the

floor, having thrown off his robe, exhibiting his fine hairy arse—one of

those I so dearly loved. The sight fired my salacious prick, so kneeling

behind, I guided it into his arsehole, and while he fucked my adored

wife, I sodomised his superb arse. We ran two delicious courses, then my

wife took me in her cunt, while the Count buggered his supposed mother,

for that stimulating idea was kept up. A second fuck followed in the

same pose, with both her apertures filled to satiety.

This concluded that delicious orgy; we had a half night’s rest the

following night, as usual, to recruit, that we might better enjoy a

perfect excess on the subsequent night.

It was in this way we kept up our powers, and only near the end of our

visit had we any occasion to apply the birch, and that to no great

excess.

It was in the middle of the second night that the Count continued his

recital of the result of the intrigue with his mother. His sister-child,

for she was both, was born in his first year’s exile. Beyond his

mother’s description of her, that she was growing up a beautiful girl,

the image of her father, meaning her son, the Count, he had no other

intelligence of her. She had just turned eleven when her mother died;

for two years after that sad event she kept house for her father.

He then dying, the second brother took possession of the property. As

the state had deprived him of all civil rights, the property was given

up to the brother. On his return, after being amnestied, the Count had

to go to law with his brother to get back his property. His

sister-daughter, who had been unhappy with her brother’s wife, gladly

left them to keep house with the Count. She was then in her seventeenth

year, splendidly developed in bosom and bottom, lovely and lustful

deep-brown eyes, the very image of her father, although she only knew

him as her brother. The recollection of the fierce joys he had had with

his own and her mother, drove him wild with lust to possess the

incestuous fruit of his intrigue with his own mother. He used of an

evening after dinner to have her sit on his knee while he related his

adventures abroad, intermingled with kissing and toying. He praised her

splendid bubbies and felt them; he said he could not believe that her

immense prominence behind was real unless he felt the bare skin. With

little resistance this was permitted once, then indulged in, until from

less to more he got to feeling and frigging her cunt, while he put his

own standing prick into her caressing hand. There could be but one end

of this. He took her maidenhead, and then she crept into his bed every

night. He initiated her into every excess of venery, and ended by

getting her with child. It was concealed as long as possible, and then,

on pretence of a visit to a friend at Turin, to see some fetes, he

conducted her to an \_accoucheuse\_, and left her there until her

parturition was over.

I may here mention that just five weeks after that event came off we met

them at Turin, on our way home from Venice. She was a beautiful girl.

The Count introduced us as old friends, with whom everything could be

done in common.

We stopped a fortnight, and initiated her into all the mysteries and

extravagancies of the wildest lust, and she proved apt a scholar that

she almost equalled in action and enjoyment the greater experience of my

beloved wife.

The Count had taken apartments at Turin for the winter, and finding his

sister-daughter so facile a pupil he intended getting up a \_partie

carrée\_ to continue these delightful orgies. His child was a lovely

fruit of double incest, and gave promise of being a lovely woman. Her

mount was charmingly plump, and the pouting lips of her delicious little

cunt were already lust-exciting. The Count hoped he would be able to

fuck her when old enough and promised me a participation when the time

came.

I may here add he had her always to bed with him, and his sister-mother

every morning, and in the bath with him.

She grew up admirably developed. From between seven and eight years old

he gamahuched her delighted cunt; at eight began rubbing his prick on

her clitoris, and by nine had gradually stretched it that he could enter

nearly his whole length, and spend there.

We long knew each other, and he always said he was practising the lesson

my adored wife Florence had instructed him in, when relating to us the

incidents of her earlier days, and of her gradual violation by her own

father.

I shall defer this story that I may at once describe the after-fate of

this beautiful child, whom I and my wife have since often enjoyed

between us, when she was entrusted to us by her father.

After a visit to us in England he left her to perfect her English for

six months with us. We certainly perfected her erotic education while

she perfected herself in English by her own ready talent for language,

for although only in her sixteenth year, she spoke five languages

perfectly, besides all the local dialects of Italy, which differ greatly

from each other. Her stay with us was much prolonged, for at the time

she was about to leave us she proved to be with child by me. In due

course of time she was safely delivered of a daughter.

Her father, who came over to take her home after the advent, ceded the

dear little object of my connection with her mother to my wife’s

prayers.

We had no children of our own, and she would adopt her. The Count, who

in his heart was delighted at the proposition, left her with us. He

afterwards had a son by this beautiful and charming daughter and

granddaughter of his at one and the same time.

It is now long years ago, and that son legally adopted is now Count in

succession after his father’s death.

We paid many visits during these years to each other, during which the

Count related to us some of the episodes in his life, which I give in

his own words—

“You ask me to relate my first experiences. My earliest initiation into

the secret mysteries of love’s recess was rather a curious one, and one

which ended very disagreeably for the fair nun who sought to teach me

the gentle art of love.

“You must know that after Bonaparte’s first conquest of Northern Italy,

when he had turned the Alps by the Savona depression, and by the battles

of Montenotte and others in that neighbourhood, gained the interior

plains and carried all before him, Piedmont was annexed, and after the

then French fashion, all church property was seized. Monks and nuns were

turned loose in the world, with a promise of small pensions which never

were paid. A nun of a convent in our neighbourhood was one thus thrown

on the world. To sustain life she opened a little school for boys and

girls of tender age. The neighbouring gentry, willing to assist a worthy

creature reduced to poverty by no fault of her own, sent their children

to her for primary instruction; my mother had taken a great fancy to

Sister Bridget, as she was called, and I was sent to her school. I had

just entered into my twelfth year, but was a fine grown boy of my age,

and I can remember that my prick when standing in the morning had

already shown proofs of fair development, which gave promise of its

future prominence I think I was the biggest boy in the school, all the

others being two or three years my juniors. I was in perfect ignorance

as to the relation between the different sexes. The nun seemed to have

taken a fancy to me, she used to embrace me with her arms, and kiss me

with very pouting lips, and I could feel that she seemed to suck in my

breath. She made me stand very close to her in repeating my lessons, her

arms or elbows, apparently by accident, were always pressed against the

spot where my, at first insensible, prick lay hid. Without knowing how

it came about, these sort of accidental pressures at last excited it to

stand, which she, no doubt on the watch, was delighted to perceive.

Seeing how she could now excite it to the point she wished to arrive at,

she said aloud one day—‘Fernandino, you must stay to repeat that lesson

after the school rises. You want a little extra instruction which I

cannot give you while occupied with all the class.’ I thought this a

kindness on her part, but her object was very different. When all had

gone and we were left alone, she desired me to come nearer, the elbow

played its usual game, my cock stood, she pressed harder against it,

then cried out, ‘Dear me! what is that hard thing in your trousers? let

me see.’ She unbuttoned them, put in her soft hand, and drew out my

prick. ‘How curious that is. Is it always so?’ ‘No, not always.’ ‘When

how comes it so now?’ ‘I don’t know, but sometimes in moving to show me

my lesson your elbow touches it, and it gets into that state.’ All this

time she was handling my prick in the gentlest and most exciting manner,

indeed she very quickly produced the spasmodic joys of heaven thus

brought down to mortal man, of course with only the nervous result. This

was all that was attempted the first time, when she told me to button

up, saying that it was a very bad thing to encourage that habit, and I

must be prudent and not let others know of its being improperly hard and

stiff.

“This sort of thing continued for a day or two. Finding I had said

nothing about it to anyone, she proceeded to effect her grand object. I

was kept in as before. She excited me as usual, and soon had it out

stiff-standing. ‘Now,’ said she, ‘I will initiate you into love’s

mysteries. I see you are discreet and can be trusted; lie down on your

back on this school form.’ I did so. She lifted my shirt, my trousers

were already down on my legs, she felt the shaft and appendages, then

kneeling by my side she sucked it deliciously until it felt as if it

would burst. She then rose and straddled over the low form and my body,

pulled her petticoats up to her navel, and to my great surprise showed

an immense thick mass of hair, covering the whole of her lower belly.

Guiding my prick to the entrance of her cunt, she gradually engulphed

the little object by letting her body descend upon it. I felt a certain

smarting of pain in her first movements, and my prick partially

softened, but quickly regained all its stiffness by the pleasure she

gave me by her up and down movements on it. I went off as before in a

paroxysm of choking delight; she, too, spent, for I was conscious of a

stream of warm liquid flowing on my cock. She tightly held me where I

was, and by cunt pressures quickly brought it up to full stiffness

again, and a second delightful paroxysm followed.

“After this I fairly shrank to nothing, and dropped out. On rising I saw

that there was a wetness streaked with blood all over my cock and cods;

boylike, the sight of blood frightened me, and I began to cry, she wiped

it all off, and skinned back my prick to wipe under it but here the raw

surface made it painful, and even drew a show of blood; previously my

foreskin had been attached to the projecting edge of the nut, her action

of sinking on it had torn it off and forced it down on the shaft,

doubtless this is the maidenhead of a boy, and hence the first smarting

pain and the slight loss of blood that followed. She tried to detain me

that she might get some warm water, which she told me would put it all

to rights. I was too frightened, and ran off home crying all the way,

and like a stupid lubberly boy, sought my mother and told her all what

Sister Bridget had done and showed how sore she had made my cock. My

mother, enraged, ran at once to the school, where in a back room Sister

Bridget resided—berated her well, and in her anger let it all out, so

that the poor woman, lost all her scholars, and was reduced to perfect

poverty. However, a young Count in the neighbourhood, who had been long

trying to have her, now persuaded her to accept his protection; she had

the wisdom to make him settle indefeasibly a pension upon her, so as to

be safe from future abandonment. I, of course, soon regretted the

stupidity of my conduct. As soon as cured of the slight soreness of my

cock, my imagination recurred to the pleasure her handling and sucking

had given me, and the delicious paroxysms she had produced, but, alas!

all too late. However, now I was awakened to the true use of a prick,

and our women servants and the peasant girls in the neighbourhood, who

knew of my affair with the nun, gave me encouragement, and I fucked them

right and left, in the fields, under the bushes, in stables or lofts,

and carried on this for a year; but at last I was discovered by my

father, and sent off to college at Savona. Colleges in Italy have

schools attached for younger students like your King’s College, in

London.

“Here I found a youngster but six months older than me, the son of a

friend of my family. I told him the story of my affair with the nun. We

used to get leave to go to the water closet from different masters, so

as not to be supposed to go together by design. From feeling our cocks

and frigging ourselves until we spent, which we both now could do, my

friend suggested that I should put it into his bottom, which a young

usher in his first school had taught him to do. He was a plump,

good-looking lad, with wonderfully large buttocks, and with an arsehole

which from the usher’s practice, whose cock was full grown, was so

widened and sunk in that it really looked more like a vulva than an

arsehole. By this time my cock was nearly as large as it is now,

notwithstanding it entered up to the hilt without difficulty, and I used

to fuck him most deliciously. It is a curious fact that he liked to be

the recipient, and to be frigged by me at the same time. Although he got

into my arsehole a few times it was merely from curiosity; his letch was

to be fucked and frigged. While at college together this quite satisfied

us, and we never sought the dangerous intercourse of the strumpets of

the town, and so avoided the horrible diseases that so many of our

fellow students suffered from, many for all their lives after. For years

this agreeable intercourse lasted, and was only cut short by my exile.

“Meanwhile, on my return home for the vacation, I had not forgotten

Sister Bridget, and longed intensely to renew my acquaintance with her.

I easily discovered her abode; meeting her one day she scowled at me,

and turned off in another direction. But I found out she had a favourite

walk in a lonely direction. I hid myself until she approached too near

to get away, seized her hand, implored her to forgive the folly of a

mere boy, who had ever regretted his ignorant stupidity, but who was now

a man, and longed to prove his devotion to her. Here I had unbuttoned my

trousers with the other hand, and pulled out a very fair prick, at full

stand.

“‘There!’ cried I, ‘see how the recollection of the paradise I lost

grieves him to the heart, let the poor dumb creature plead for me.’

“I placed the hand I held upon it, she grasped it tightly—

“‘O! Fernandino, I always loved you, and but for your indiscretion

should have had you all myself for months.’ I threw my arms round her

neck, our mouths met in a loving kiss, her tongue darted fire into my

soul. I drew her, a willing participator, into some side bushes. She

sank on the ground, her legs fell apart; I lifted her petticoats, her

rich fleece and palpitating cunt were irresistible, I flung myself upon

her, I gamahuched her until she spent twice, and then fucked her three

times before I withdrew. I would willingly have continued the delicious

junction, but that she implored me for prudence’ sake to rise. We

parted, but not before arranging for other meetings, which took place in

woods and barns, wherever most convenient. Her protector going for a

week to Turin during one of my vacations, I was admitted to her room at

night by climbing the roof of an outhouse, and then stark naked we

indulged in every excess. She was hot and lewd to the utmost, a

splendidly made woman, with an insatiable cunt when once our sports

began. She was, as I before mentioned, most hairy, had a well-developed

clitoris, and fucked with as much pleasure in the rear attack as in her

tight delicious throbbing cunt. She loved above all things to gamahuche

a prick, sucked it most charmingly, but with greater art licked around

the hollow below the nut, and down the under side of the prick, with an

occasional lick of the ballocks, all in so exciting a manner that no

matter how often I had fucked her, she was sure to get another and

another. This charming intrigue continued until I went to Turin.

“During my connection with Sister Bridget I learnt the whole history of

her convent life. She was forced to take the veil by her family, much

against her will, for she even then felt the prickly sensation of

desire, making her cunt throb at the idea of coition with the male sex.

She quickly found a friend with similar desires, but more experienced,

who first taught her all the art of tribadism, and then confessed to

having connection with the youngest father confessor. This priest came

once a week to confess the nuns, to confess their liaison, and to let

him inflict what penalty he liked. He told her he would flog her, and

then punish her where she sinned, which, in fact, meant putting his

prick into her cunt when in a kneeling position. This sort of thing was

done to see if she took it in with gusto, and when it was found that was

the case, their hour of confession was a scene of every excess, stark

naked, for neither wore aught but the frock of monk or nun. This

delicious indulgence lasted until the dissolution of the convent, and

you know the rest.”

Another recital of the Count much amused us. The Count was admitted at

seventeen into the Royal Guard, where each private was born a gentleman,

and held the rank of sub-lieutenant in the army. Here he had many

intrigues, and took the maidenhead of a charming and beautifully made

girl, who was being brought up for the stage as an opera dancer, for

which she showed early capacity. She proved a great success when brought

forward. She dearly loved our friend, and was supposed to be faithful to

him, although she had developed excessive wantonness and lubricity under

his able tuition. His flight and exile separated them.

Years afterwards he met a lovely, magnificent, fully developed woman,

splendidly attired, walking in the Regent’s Park, He did not recognise

her, but was looking at her with longing eyes, when suddenly she seized

him by the arm, and exclaimed in the patois of Piedmont, \_“Ces tu si!

Buzaron.”\_ (Is that thou thyself, Buzaron). This latter word is a

familiar expression of carnal affection, but, literally, is “big

bugger.”

Their intercourse became of the warmest, she was now a first-rate

\_danseuse\_, very highly paid.

The Count had first had her, she really loved him, and in London stuck

faithfully to him, for love alone, for she never would accept even the

smallest present. She, of course, had plenty of splendid offers from

noblemen, but as long as the Count would have her she was faithful to

him. When, which a knowing woman’s tact senses, she saw a falling off,

she released him, and, although never refusing her person to him, took

to others as well. She was a very lovely bird, and used to relate the

erotic experiences of her previous years. Many of these were most

amusing, but one in especial showed the ardent nature of her

temperament. She had accepted, when dancing at Genoa, an eligible offer

from the Lisbon Opera proprietors, and had to take passage on an Italian

brig; she was the only passenger, and her berth was in the same open

cabin as that of the captain and mate. On the second day out the captain

showed signs of wishing to have her. She was already longing for a fuck,

to which she had been daily habituated on shore, so she lent herself

most willingly to his desires; from him to the mate, and eventually to

all the ship’s company, without any jealousy of captain or mate; for the

system in those days made captain and crew all equally interested in the

success of the voyage from the terms of their agreement.

The captain, mate and carpenter were owners of the vessel. The crew of a

boatswain and four picked men received food, mostly dried fish, but no

wages. They were entitled to a certain share of the profits of the

voyage, and thus were interested in its success, and on very different

terms of intimacy with the captain to what ordinary sailors could be.

The voyage lasted six weeks, and during all that time she had every man

in the ship into her every day, and from fair front-fucking had

eventually satisfied them in both apertures, and often had had one in

each orifice, and sucked a third to spending point, which she

deliciously swallowed; she had even taken the \_premisses\_ of the little

twelve-year-old cabin boy, and she declared that she never enjoyed so

complete a satisfaction of her excessive lascivious lust as in that

happy voyage of six weeks’ duration.

The Count, who had split his sides with laughter as she recounted this

extraordinary indulgence in every enjoyment of lust, related in the

amusing patois of Piedmont, told us that notwithstanding such excessive

indulgence in both orifices, and by pricks, many of which were of

immense dimensions, not the slightest appearance of such ample

stretching could be detected on the closest examination, and that in

either orifice she could almost nip your prick off. One of those

exceptional constitutions and splendid forms that no excess injures, and

who are ready for any number of pricks and reducing them all to

inanition, while she remained as ready as ever to recommence the utmost

excess of lust as soon as anyone set had exhausted themselves.

As a sequel to the Count’s confessions, I shall here give my adored

wife’s account of her early life in the form of a narrative, for when it

was told to me it was interrupted by various lustful encounters produced

by the lascivious and exciting nature of her revelations.

She was the daughter of a Greek mother, married to a high clergyman of

the Church of England, a man of great erudition, who had taken the

highest honours at Oxford. When Fellow of his college he was tutor to a

great nobleman’s son, had travelled for years with him, and hence his

wide acquaintance with the languages of modern Europe. In Greece he had

fallen over head and ears in love with her mother, had tried to seduce

her, and, failing that, married her. He was a man of most lustful

propensities, her mother was of a beauty most attractive and exciting to

such a man, having lustrous and most lustful eyes, extraordinary wealth

of hair, which when undone reached to her heels; thick and meeting

eyebrows, and a well-defined moustache, all enough to drive a sensualist

like her father mad. So failing all other means to have her, he married

her, and, as far as she could afterwards learn from him, was in all

voluptuously lewd, carnal acquirements, everything the wildest

imagination of lust could desire. It was from her mother she inherited

all that deliciously haired body, and from both parents her intensely

lascivious passions. She lost her mother just as she had attained her

eighth year. During her mother’s life she had generally crept into their

bed in the mornings to have a cuddle, and had often been a witness to

the fucking of her mother by her father, and had, at other times, played

with his prick until it stood, and even made him spend with her toyings.

She owned to a sense of sensual gratification in this, but at that early

age without any idea of the possibility of its being put into her. She

always accompanied papa to his bath, and he invariably dried her and

finished by kissing her mount and her cunt, and without tongueing it.

After her mother’s death he always had her to sleep the whole night with

him, and when in her ninth year he had commenced by gamahuching her

clitoris, which even at that early age he declared gave promise of

exceeding in projection the fine one with which her mother had been

provided.

In this manner he soon awakened all the latent lubricity of her nature.

Afraid to force an entrance at that early age, after exciting both her

and himself, he used to rub his great prick between the lips of her

cunt, and against her clitoris, until worked up to spending point, when

he transferred his prick to her mouth, and spent therein, he having

taught her to practise that voluptuous and delicious method.

It was naturally impossible to stop short \_dans un tel beau chemin\_, and

it ended by his first getting the knob of his prick into her small tight

slit and spending there, gradually forcing his way further and further

in, until she, driven mad by such excitement, felt the utmost desire to

have it into the deepest recess of her longing cunt, and begged him to

shove it in harder and further.

With such a spur to his passions, unable to control himself, he burst

through all obstacles, and completely deflowered her, giving her greater

agony than she expected, which was subsequently completely alleviated

and converted into the most exquisite sensations. Once he had fairly

fucked her, he continued to do so constantly until the age of puberty,

which declared itself by the coming-on of her monthly courses even

before she was twelve years of age. Already an extensive moss-bed of

sable silky short curls adorned her mount and body.

At this period her father told her he must take precautions against

getting her with child; at first he drew out and spent in her mouth,

which she dearly loved, but becoming lewd on her bottom-hole, which he

constantly fingered, he declared it was too much derangement of position

to get it into her mouth, and suggested merely driving the knob into the

arsehole, and spending therein, which he could do by her merely heaving

up her arsehole as high as her cunt had been, and so entering without

any change of position on his or her part. Of course it soon came from

the knob only to the utmost length of his prick in her arse, and

gradually she came so to like it that often the entire encounter of

three or four coups was delivered in her arsehole to her infinite

satisfaction; and thus her father enjoyed the first fruits of every

aperture in her body.

He it was that instructed her so deeply in classic literature as well as

modern languages, but always choosing such lewd works to carry out her

education, such as Meursius and Suetonius in Latin, Athenaeus with his

supper conversations in Greek, especially drawing her attention to his

chapter on boy love, Boccaccio and Casti in Italian, the uncastrated

editions, the adventures of Casanova, and the hundreds of other French

bawdy books, with the most exciting illustrations of all these works and

many others besides. The lecture on them always led to good fucking in

one aperture or the other, practising the particular description that

excited their lewdness.

He thus depraved her mind that she soon longed for other experiences

than all he could give, and she cast about for an \_aide-du-con\_. This

she first found in their young and handsome footman, who proved not only

discreet, but completely up to his work, and uncommonly well furnished.

They occupied in every voluptuous excess the hours papa had to attend to

the extensive and rich parish of which he was the rector. I must tell

the rest in her own words; she said—

“Continued immunity in our excesses led to excessive in-cautiousness,

and caused the discovery of our intrigue by my father, who appeared

shocked and distressed at the discovery, but he was quickly reconciled,

as it ended in his having the youth himself, and his introduction into

our incestuous orgies, in which he both fucked and was fucked by my

father when not giving me the exquisite delight of having both together.

And for five or six years I had but these two charming satisfiers of my

lust.

“At this period a beautiful youth of fourteen, the son of a younger

brother of my father, and, consequently, my first cousin, came to live

with us. He was an orphan, left by his mother under the guardianship of

my father. I was some three years his senior and he took to me as an

elder sister, was very loving in that character only, and used to

embrace and kiss me most affectionately. I, for my own part, soon began

to have other feelings.

“On his first arrival, in grief at the loss of his only surviving

parent, he feared to go to bed alone, so I used to accompany him, and

help to undress him. He was all innocence, his mother, up to her recent

death, had done the same, so he had no \_mauvaise honte\_, and I helped

off his shirt and helped on his nightgown, and even witnessed his

diddling before he got into bed, which I tucked him in and kissed him

before leaving.

“Of course with my then complete knowledge and practice of every art of

lust, I could not but look for and discover all his secret charms, then

always in a state of repose, but promising a future development. I grew

lewd upon him one morning, after an orgy with papa and the footman, who

had not altogether satisfied me. I was tempted to go along to my cousin

Henry, to waken and cuddle him, knowing that he would probably awaken

with a cockstand, as usual with youths, and even men.

“I slipt along, and at once saw, as I expected, for only partially

covered with the sheet, the prominence of his prick was unmistakable. I

gently removed the sheet, and was delighted to see that his instrument,

insignificant enough when down, was of a very respectable volume when

erect, and quite capable of giving any woman perfect satisfaction from

its excessive hardness. I gently took it in my hand to feel it, it

throbbed at the touch, and felt like a piece of wood in hardness, with a

velvet covering.

“I got into his bed by his side without awakening him, taking care to

pull up my chemise so as to let him feel the contact of my bare skin. I

pulled the sheet over us, took him in my arms, and woke him with a kiss.

“He was surprised and delighted at finding me by his side, but as yet

had no idea but that of cuddling and caressing me. In throwing my arms

around him I had taken care to pull his nightgown up to his loins, so

that his naked body pressed against mine as we embraced.

“In apparent surprise I cried out what is that pressing so hard against

my body; at the same time moving my hand and laying hold of it. It

throbbed violently to the touch. I threw the sheet off to see what it

could be.

“‘Dear me,’ said I, ‘how is this? What a change! it was not like that

when I put you to bed last night. How has it become in this strange

state?’

“‘It is so, dear cousin, when I want to pee in the morning, and goes

down afterwards.’

“‘Then jump up and pee, and I want to do the same.’

“He took the pot and piddled. I took another and piddled, standing with

legs wide apart, and holding the chamber pot partly between and partly

under my thighs, so that he could perfectly see the whole of my cunt,

and the flow of water from it.

“He stared with astonishment; it was really the first time he had any

knowledge that women were differently formed down there than he was.

“‘How funny,’ cried he, ‘you piddle from a chink, and have no doodle. I

should like to see it nearer.’

“I told him I should lie down on my back on the bed, and he could look

as much as he pleased, but he must never tell anybody what he would see,

because it was a great secret.

“He promised, of course. I lay down on my back, having first thrown off

my chemise, stretched wide my legs, told him he would see better if he

knelt between my legs, some slight distance from the object to be seen.

“He got up and began a close examination, admiring the immense quantity

of hair I had already got, opened the lips, caressed what he called the

little doodle, my clitoris, which was rampant with lewdness. I told him

to feel inside with his middle finger; he pushed it up—I nipped it, to

his astonishment, so that he could hardly withdraw it. Nature, unknown

to him, acted her part; his cock, which had gone down after piddling,

stood stiffer than ever. I laid hold of it, and said—

“‘How comes this, Henry? You can’t want to piddle again.’

“‘No, no, but I feel queer all over, I don’t know why, and it seems to

have raised my doodle as you see.’

“‘If you will keep it secret I will show how it comes about.’

“He promised that he would never, never, tell anything I should teach

him. So I said—

“‘Come to my arms, lie down on my belly, and I will teach you. There

that is it.’

“His cock beat fiercely against my cunt. I passed my hand down, guided

it into my longing cunt, then placing my hands on his buttocks pressed

down and forced his charming shaft up to the hairs of my longing cunt,

foaming with my father’s and the footman’s sperm, so that he slipped in

with the greatest ease; but no sooner was he hilted than one of my

exquisite cunt pressures made him cry out with unexpected pleasure,

while I spent with the delicious conviction that I was enjoying the

first fruits of a beautiful youth. I told him how to move in and out,

nature did the rest the moment he knew what to do. A very few thrusts

brought down his first tribute on the altar in the exquisite recess of

Venus, the voluptuous goddess of love. I joined in the delicious

discharge.

“Once experiencing the joys of coition the dear boy fucked me five times

before I could get him to withdraw, and it was only the fear of

discovery that induced him at last to get off me. We had a delicious

cuddle, and I promised to come every morning I could do so with safety.

Impressing upon him the absolute necessity of secrecy and caution, if he

wished to have any repetition of the delightful lesson I had given him,

I returned to my room gratified beyond measure in having taken a maiden

tribute. Women who have the luck of such good fortune alone know the

exquisite delight of initiating a virgin prick into love’s mysteries and

our longing cunts.

“We carried on this delicious intercourse for months before it was

discovered, but use begets want of caution, and my father at last

discovered it. Poor Henry thought himself happily excused by allowing my

wanton parent to take possession of his bottom while fucking me. My warm

embraces enabling him to support the great and curious pain and pleasure

attending a first penetration of that delicious narrow aperture,

dedicated to the obscene god. It ended in his complete initiation into

our orgies with the footman. His addition to the orgy enabling more

complex and lustful combinations than two men and a woman alone could

indulge in.

“My father, who lived quite up to his income, died and left me with a

very small capital at his death, which happened after the coming of age

of my cousin Henry, to whom I had become violently attached. Indeed, it

was my first love, and had all the devotion and ardour of that passion.

He had a small independence, and we lived together for two years after

my father’s death, secretly sleeping together.

“The interference of relatives who, without suspecting our real sensual

intercourse, preached upon what the world would say, &c., induced me to

undertake a governesship, for which the great instruction I had received

from my papa more than fully qualified me. I saw the reasonableness of

this, and also thought it was more likely to strengthen Henry’s love

than otherwise. But the parting was a great trial. He had grown a fine

man, with a superb prick, although far inferior to this monster,” laying

hold of mine at the moment standing stiff and wanting but her touch to

make me bend her back and fuck her off hand, so exciting had been her

recital.

She resumed after this episode, by saying her system of teaching was

eminently successful. From time to time she was comforted by interviews

with her loved Henry, besides satisfying the lust of both the father and

sons of the families she lived with, teaching and taking the maidenheads

of several youths, but in none receiving the gratification her loved

Henry had given her, until, as she flatteringly said, she had the good

fortune to enter our family and find such a jewel as I possessed.

She had occasionally found girls of such a warm temperament that she was

induced to initiate them into the art of gamahuchery. It was in this

character of instructress that she had first used the rod to the bottoms

of her pupils, and it was seeing the erotic effect produced on them as

recipients that first gave her the letch of being herself birched. After

this she had had a vast variety of youths, fathers of families, and old

worn-out patients, whom she birched into action.

From one situation to another she had arrived at ours; since which time

I knew all her doings.

The Count’s son and my daughter meanwhile grew up to puberty. We watched

their progress with great interest. They were both initiated in all

love’s delicious mysteries by their respective parents.

My lovely little Florentia, for we christened her in my adored wife’s

name Italianized, which became familiarly Entee, was a great comfort to

us. From childhood she always came to cuddle us in bed before we rose.

She was so beautifully made that we used to strip her naked and kiss her

whole body, which always gained my dear wife an extra fuck, especially

after she reached her tenth year, when her form was rapidly developing

into puberty. Being from infancy familiar and accustomed to be always

stript by us, she had no shyness; indeed she became so exciting that

often I grew rampant and fucked my dear wife while she was present. She

grew to like to see us do it, and used to play with my big cock, and

bring him up to the scratch. It ended as it was sure to end, in my

gradually toying with her from one excitement to another, until she was

completely fucked in her thirteenth year.

Ten years after that epoch I lost my beloved wife, and would have been

quite inconsolable but for the sympathizing endearments of this darling

child, who became so necessary to my existence that twelve months after

my adored wife’s decease I married her. She was a perfect Italian

beauty, and no one supposed she was other than an orphan adopted by my

late wife.

Now, in my old age, she is the comfort of my life and the mother of my

beautiful son, whom we have named Charley Nixon, in memory of both my

first adored wife and my guardian, through whom he will inherit great

wealth. The dear little fellow is now eighteen years of age, handsome,

well grown, and very well furnished, although not so monstrous in that

way as his father. His dear mother has initiated him in every delight,

and he has all the fire of lust that his old father had before him. He

often comes to us at night, indeed, it is the only thing that enables me

from time to time to get a cockstand and a fuck at his mother. To see

them in all the agonies of lust, fucking furiously before my delighted

eyes, so excites me now and then, for, alas, it has come to be a

gratification few and far between. But occasionally to suck up his young

sperm after the excitement of their love combat produces a stiffness for

my beautiful wife to mount upon me and then have our charming son to put

his prick into her bottom for this, too, is necessary to my failing

vigour, and the contact of his vigorous young prick against the thin

filmy substance separating us feels as nothing. I am long in spending,

and his delighted mother gets two and sometime three delicious

discharges in her arse before my lazy prick deluges her cunt with my

incestuous sperm.

We are thus a happy family, bound by the strong ties of double

incestuous lust. It is necessary to have these loved objects to fall

back upon, for alas! all the earlier partakers of my prick are now dead

and gone. Aunt and uncle, the Dales, the Nichols, my beloved Benson, and

her friends the Egertons.

I have already mentioned the Count’s death, and both my sisters have

left me alone, and I should have been a dreary and solitary old man but

for my beloved wife and son, who solace me and replace the void in my

heart I should otherwise have so sadly felt.

I shall here end this long tale of my erotic life.

A curious event has happened lately, the divorce of a Mr. Cavendish from

his wife for adultery with the young Count de la Rochefoucault. The

details brought before the court were of the most scandalous nature,

especially the letters exchanged between them when the Count had to go

to Rome, where he was attaché to the French Embassy. When the husband’s

counsel handed up the letters with the sworn notary’s translation, he

remarked that he thought they were too horribly scandalous to be read in

court. The judge scanned a few of them, and, addressing the counsel

said—

“I am perfectly of your opinion, my learned brother, I shall take them

home and make a point of them in my address to the jury.”

It will be seen that they were of such a nature that doubtless the old

judge, who was no other than my dear old chum Harry Dale, gave his wife

two or three extra fucks on the strength of the lust produced by those

exciting and extraordinary lascivious letters from a young man of only

twenty-one years of age, showing quite as early an initiation into all

the luxury of the utmost depravity as any of my own details of my early

experiences with my darling old aunt.

Some of the letters are a string of imaginary events as to how far they

could carry their imaginations. The Count constantly alludes to the

inferiority of his descriptions to those given in her replies. Alas! as

he possesses those exciting replies of the lady, they cannot be got at,

but from his descriptions, and the remarks on certain gross

familiarities, it’s evident she was gifted with as lascivious and

lustful a temperament as either my aunt or the divine Frankland.

A chance threw these interesting letters into my possession, and I can

assure the reader they are the veritable sworn translations of the

letters found in Mrs. Cavendish’s davenport when it was broken open by

her husband, and produced on the trial. The Count had evidently dreaded

such an event, and it will be seen he constantly implores her to destroy

his letters as soon as read. But, with the infatuation of her sex, she

kept them to furnish the sole evidence by which she lost her place in

society and became a lost woman. It is added that she was a woman of

forty-five, and the mother of several children, but it is these randy

voluptuous matrons who have the most attractions to a young man who

feels flattered and is proud of, as he thinks, conquering a woman in a

good position in society. It is evident enough that she was no tyro in

every depravity of lust, and probably had passed through many hands

before he gained her. He appears to have been really cunt-struck, which,

as I have before observed, is one of the strongest infatuations that a

man can have.

END OF VOLUME IV.

ADDENDA

LETTERS

PRODUCED IN THE DIVORCE-CASE

CAVENDISH

\_v\_.

CAVENDISH AND ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Rome, \_Saturday\_

\_August 6th, 1859, 10 o’clock\_.

I tried last night, my angel, to write you a half sheet, but it was as

much as I could do to read your letter a second time, and it was only by

making a great effort that I was able to write a few lines. However,

this morning I will try and continue, in order to reward you, not for

that one which you have deprived me of from pique, but for those

bewitching ones which I have lately received.

I have just received your letter 17, begun August 3rd, 11 o’clock at

night, and bless you for the idea of addressing it to Pal. B., it is

infinitely preferable, and there is no fear of any risk (“indiscretion”

in original) either now or later.

I am delighted when I think of the pleasure you derived from what I sent

you the other day. I only decided upon it in fear and trembling. I do

not understand what you mean by letter direct to Albert. If you do not

send it per Embassy bag I should not have it here till Monday; you would

have done much better to have put it in the parcel. All last night I

slept very badly, no doubt in consequence of a presentiment I had that I

should not receive a half sheet, and that you were annoyed at my going

to Albano, and I thought of a mass of things as disagreeable as they are

painful. Of your birthday, for instance, the 1st of October, which will

be an opportunity for II \* [\* II stands for her husband] to make you a

present in return for the set of studs which you gave him on his

birthday, when you, no doubt, will give him something.

As to your brown cloak which II gave you, &c. &c., I request that on

your birthday when he makes you his usual present, whatever it may be,

you accept it and say, “I thank you,” and, without even looking at it,

put it upon the table, immediately speak of something else, and when he

has left the room, put it away out of sight without ever speaking of it

again, or appearing to know what has become of it.

I have just been interrupted for an hour and a half by M. de

Fiennes—very agreeable is it not? You must forgive me if I am unable to

write to you at length; what I have said to you above is for the future,

but the past is over since he has those studs. I forbid you to give him

something in future, unless you cannot possibly do otherwise; and, in

that case, you must give cigarettes or anything which does not last. I

will see what is to be done about your shawl, was it not II who gave it

to you? Thanks, my treasure, to walk so far from II; it is so good of

you to give up to me that walk, which I hate when you take it with him.

Ah! new projects again, but let us hope these will be the last, how I

pity you. You were so well you told me two days ago, and now you are

already obligated to take some powders—it is II system. Nice health you

seem to have; you have good reason for believing that the regimen you

have hitherto followed is a good one, it succeeds so well! Poor darling

I can comprehend how uncomfortable these frequent agitations must make

you. I suffer from them so often myself.

I will make you some drawings later. I have not the time today. Those

uncertainties of your mother are terrible. Oh, yes, I am in despair at

that departure, particularly before my lot is decided, and knowing, as I

do, that you are unhappy. But, my child, do not fear to let it be known

in every direction that you cannot endure II, and that you have taken a

disgust to him. Do not hesitate to give the true reasons when you refuse

to do anything, simply, “Yes, or No, the hand, but with ……… it is not

necessary. I can dispense with it, nothing of that sort is necessary.”

And then, when that has produced the desired effect, add, “We can only

live under the same roof upon those conditions, for sooner would I go

away altogether than that it should be otherwise.” Speak in this manner;

it won’t answer very well at first perhaps; but he will soon get

accustomed to it, “How do you do?” in the morning, and “Good night,” at

night. Then gradually get into the way of saying “Mr. C.” when talking

of, or speaking to him. You may be told it is not the custom. Answer you

don’t care, it is not the custom to be such an idiot as he is. Ah, you

are too sad, poor child, all that is charming, and all our

superstitions. Moreover, one must think of what has been, not of what

will be, and compare it with what is. The progress is very delightful

and consoling.

Do not be unhappy about my horse, he did not go very well, and then I do

not care about driving in a carriage when you are on foot.

I have made two drawings, one prettier than the other, and I have had a

copious emission.

Mrs. S. has made no tentative overtures towards me. She is often that

way inclined, and with everybody. Be calm then; but, after all, you are

perfectly so, only you pretend to be otherwise. God bless you for

speaking so often of your pretty rose-coloured silk stockings. I like

them so much, and adore you for wearing \_them\_, although it is not the

custom, above all in the day time. Doubtless it is very coquettish,

pretty, and wondrously exciting. Even only to think of them gives me an

erection. And that rice powder! how divine you must look. It is to be

hoped that the powder in your hair will not give ideas to II and

embolden him—take care. Thanks for thinking so often of me, my idolized

angel. Adieu, my good, my best treasure, I love and embrace you

tenderly. I will have my revenge, for I, too, had prepared a half sheet,

but will not send it till tomorrow.

Rome, \_Saturday, for Sunday’s Post\_

\_August 6th, 1859, 2 o’clock\_.

I wish to give you a little surprise, my own dear little darling, in

sending you this letter, which you will receive with a half sheet upon

which you had not reckoned on Tuesday morning, so as to supply the place

of Sunday’s post. It was to give you this little surprise, and in no way

of retaliation, that I did not send a half sheet in my letter of this

morning. It was very unkind of you not to send yours upon the pretext

that I was at Albano, but you will have been ashamed of it since.

Besides, even supposing that I had been there, I should not have

committed any indiscretion with your envelopes, which are so excellent,

and, if one had felt inclined to do so, your letter was sufficient to

make me indifferent to it. I suspect you of not having prepared what is

necessary, I shall be sure to see if it be so; tomorrow’s letter ought

to contain two. I continue your letter 17, and I perceive with rapture

that you have had a thick cream-like emission of enjoyment. How

delicious it would be in my tea. How I should like to send you some like

it also. It is a good thing that my letter to the little girl was

successful. Will you tell Madame de Delmar that I am sorry to hear that

she is suffering, particularly as her ordinarily detestable disposition

only becomes more thick and more execrable. Suppress this latter part if

you think it better.

Ah! you think that Madame Salvi has played her cards well and in what

way, I ask? You are too bad, too implacable. I do not like that in you.

I have told you that your suspicions wounded me, and I think you can

believe me when I tell you that I have completely changed my conduct in

that respect. Besides, what can I possibly do. I am very uncomfortable

here. The Abdol don’t want me; besides, the Duke has given me to

understand that I ought occasionally to go and see his wife, and the

Borgh bother me with all their children.

Thanks, my good angel, for the letter Des Pierre. If it be decided that

you leave, I shall go for a few days to Civita—sad and mournful

consolation. Why do you tell me that you will go barefooted when I go to

see you. I am quite of your opinion that your feet are only too

delicious. The costume rather disgusted me than otherwise, without,

however, producing any effect upon me. Tomorrow I shall pay the Duchess

de Grano a visit, and since it seems to put you out, shall not return

again to Albano.

Heaven knows that the pleasure is not great, and that I care very little

for it. The other day I did not even find it any cooler there. The

Duchess of St. Alban’s leaves on the 20th for Schwalback and England on

account of the apprehensions about war—another subject of uneasiness for

me—such is life. I can go and live with the Duchess de Grano and Salvi.

No one would say anything about the one, and not much about the other,

whatever you yourself might say, but that annoys me exceedingly, and

disgusts me, and I dare not do so with you. You might, however, have

been my ambassadress, see what it is to be so seductive, so graceful, so

pretty, so kind and gentle. Just fancy, dearest, that I have not

answered Madame Rudiger. I must really do so today. She is a person one

must be careful with.

I have always this phrase before my eyes. “I prepared a divine half

sheet yesterday evening, but dare not send it!” Very agreeable, and very

kind of you! well, I do not complain.

They have been so heavenly during the last three days, and mine are so

shameful. How nice it is for me to think that I should have sufficient

influence over you to get you to sit perfectly naked at my table. Long

ago might you have had that influence over me, and even have enforced

requirements more depraved, and more degrading than that if you had

wished it, and with what rapture! Adieu, my angel, what a happiness to

give you this trifling pleasure.

When I shall have undressed my adorable little mistress it will be nine

o’clock, she will be mad with desire, delirious from passion and

rapturous exactions (exigencies), her maddening look exciting me in the

highest degree will arouse all the strength I possess, and enable me to

exhaust her so completely that she herself will attain the height of

happiness; the greater the refinement and delicacy of my caresses the

greater will be your happiness, the more languishing will your eyes

become, the more will your pretty mouth unclose itself, the more will

your tongue become agitated, the more will your bosoms, firm and soft as

velvet, become distended, and their nipples grow large, red, and

appetizing; then will your arms grow weaker and then will your angelic

legs open themselves in a voluptuous manner, and then seeing ourselves

reflected on all sides in the mirrors, shall I take you in my arms in

order to excite you (\_branler\_, frig) with my hand, whilst your little

rosy fingers will similarly excite me with vigour, and I shall suck your

divine nipples with passion. When the agitation of your little legs, of

your lovely little bottom (\_derrière\_), of your head, and those murmurs

of pleasure (\_rugissements\_) prove to me that you are at the point of

emission, I shall stop and carry you to a piece of furniture made to

sustain your head, your back, your bottom, and your legs, and having

near your cunt (\_con\_) an opening sufficiently wide to allow my body to

pass erect between your legs; then shall I fuck (\_enfiler\_) you with

frenzy with my enormous and long member, which will penetrate to the

mouth of your womb; being squeezed by your pretty legs, which will bring

me closer to you, I shall wriggle (\_remuerai\_) my strong pretty member,

which you love, with more vigour than ever; my private parts (\_organes

mâles\_, testicles) will touch your little bottom, and this contact will

provoke such an abundant flow of the essence of love in your little cunt

that I shall be as if I were in a bath.

How I fear to leave off there! But we shall see. Do not write to me by

the night post, it is useless! It is true that when I am near you in a

carriage I have difficulty in remaining quiet. Oh, no, do not alarm me

by your insatiability, mine is much greater than yours, there is not the

slightest comparison to be drawn between us in a physical point of view,

but as far as our moral nature and heart is concerned we can rival each

other, and I am very happy on that account.

1:40. I was most annoyingly interrupted by the luncheon bell, and

afterwards I played a game of Fourreau (a game all the fashion at

Verteuil), and here I am again. I have just refused to accompany my

father and mother in a drive in the neighbourhood, so that I shall be

able to write to you more at length, unless, indeed, I write to

Fallenay.

You tell me that you like the little costume, but that is all you say,

and you give me no details as to the colours, the length and shape. I

will believe my treasure, my jewel, that your bosoms will be white,

swollen and soft as velvet, and it is very nice of you to tell me that

my hands will have difficulty in holding them and putting their ruby

lips to my mouth.

You are quite right in saying that you will develop my virility, it is

you who have made my member what it is now. I repeat, on my word of

honour, perhaps you will not like to hear these details, but,

nevertheless, I shall say it, you are the first woman in the world who

has stimulated that essence which flows from my prick (\_queue\_), which

your kisses have rendered so pretty, and it is you who have plucked the

flower of my virginity. Never have I had (\_baisé\_) any other woman, and

whatever may be the misfortunes to which I may be destined, it will

always be an immense and ineffable happiness to me to think that I have

given and lost it through the luscious draughts you offer (\_par tes

délices\_). It is, and it will be, perhaps, the greatest blessing, and

the only consolation of my life. But before God it is a great one, and

my enjoyment has not been such as one can expect to find in this world.

I do not believe that he who had the madness to rob you of yours was as

pure as myself, and as for voluptuous pleasures, if there be any greater

than that which I know, I promise you never to learn or seek it,

although I don’t require this at your hands. I do not wish to have any

other woman spoken of, they all disgust me, even to look at them. You

know it, and you know that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in you

to disgust me, but all that belongs to you maddens me, and I love and

adore all; it has become a madness, and you know it; for when you are

kind you give at least the idea by letter of that which you would not do

if you had the slightest doubt.

You know that I have sucked you between the legs at those delicious

moments when you made water, or when you had your monthly courses, and

that my happiness will be complete when you will allow me, and when

circumstances will allow you, to let me lick (\_passer la langue\_) at

that ineffable moment when your little love of a jewel of a bottom has

just relieved itself. In you everything appears different and pure, the

purity which reigns in your every feature, the excess of refinement

which exists in your whole body, your hands, your feet, your legs, your

cunt, your bottom, the hairs of your private parts, all is appetizing,

and I know that the same purity exists in all my own desires for you. As

much as the odour of women is repugnant to me in general, the more do I

like it in you. I beg of you to preserve that intoxicating perfume … but

you are too clean, you wash yourself too much. I have often told you so

in vain. When you will be quite my own, I shall forbid you to do so too

often, at most once a day. My tongue and my saliva shall do the rest.

If it is necessary let the doctor cauterize you (\_toucher\_), that is to

say with his instrument, and mind he does not fall in love with you; I

bet he has never before seen anything so seducing, so pretty, or so

perfect. It is to be hoped that the irritation does not proceed from the

size of my member.

You did quite right to go to the play, and I regret sincerely to have

spoilt the pleasure you had in going, it shall not happen again.

As to the place George had, that is perfectly indifferent to me.

Ah! you think that the portrait was done afterwards. You are not sure of

it, but it is a matter of no moment, my much loved one. I shall not be

the less happy to have the photograph if you are good enough to give it

to me, not too much in miniature. I shall be very grateful for it.

If I said that Galitzin was clever, I was wrong; he has a kind heart,

and is very fond of me. Now that he has lost his mother, I shall be more

kind to him. He is a person one can depend upon; his letters are silly

productions. Those Russians have always the imagination easily excited.

Yes, my father has always the same answer. Thanks for your obliging

offer of gloves, my mother must settle about it.

I shall still have lavished the following caresses upon you, angel of my

delight, were I a little calmer. I had a dream, such as it was, about it

last night, and only remember it just now by way of explanation of my

mad excitement of this morning. I saw you as I was asleep, you were by

my side frigging me with your fingers of love, and you heard me say to

you, “I see you there.” You are as lovely as Venus, your lusciousness

and lasciviousness are at their very height, your body is completely

perfumed with your urine, in which I forced you to bathe yourself for my

enjoyment, so that I might lick you. You have painted the most seductive

parts of your person. Your shoulders are white, your rosy bosoms reveal

themselves through a rose-coloured gauze, trimmed with bows of the same

hue. Your thighs, as well as your navel and your heavenly bottom, are

revealed through a heavenly gauze, your legs are clad in rose-coloured

stockings. The sperm flows; but how much I needed it! This is true, for

my testicles were swollen in an alarming manner.

Oh, my child, my pretty little mistress, if you only knew how much I

suffer from the excessive heat, and the privation in which I live!

Without exaggeration, my testicles are enormous. My member is as large,

straight, and stiff as my arm. I am mad from desire for you. I had the

unhappy idea of going to bed again. My mind was full of a dream I had

had, and of which you were, of course, the subject. Then I thought of

the caresses which you would have been obliged to submit to, and at

last, in consequence of your yesterday’s half sheet, so pretty at the

beginning and at the end, but yet quite beside the question, and found

myself engaged in the act of rubbing myself with frenzy, and of stroking

myself and of frigging my prick (\_la pine\_) until I was exhausted,

before I could discharge the merest drop; that was too much for me, and

now I desire you like a mad man. If a delicious half sheet does not

arrive by the Embassy bag, I know not what will become of me. I have had

an emission. I am saved. I shall feel myself so relieved. You have

forbidden my going with other women. You are determined that I shall not

have a discharge with anyone but yourself, and that I have fucked

(\_baisé\_) no one but you. Oh! how I must love you.

It is two o’clock in the morning, I have violated and well worked you,

kissed, frigged, licked, and sucked you, obliged you to yield to my

desires, the most debauched, the most shamelessly degrading during the

whole of the afternoon. All the afternoon, too, I have got you to suck

my member and my testicles. I have made you pass your tongue between my

toes and under my arms. I have compelled you to paint your body, to

drink my urine. I was almost on the point of getting you sucked and

licked by a pretty Lorette, perfectly naked, between your legs, and to

make you piss into her cunt in order to make the depravation more

debased than ever. I have had discharges from jealously. I have

discharged at least forty times; and when, after having left you to go

to my club, I returned home, and finding you fast asleep from

exhaustion, I awakened you and insisted upon your frigging me with your

rosy fingers, all the while licking my several parts. You implore me.

You are wearied, but I am intractable. You must do it in order to excite

you as much as I am myself excited. I suck your breast with frenzy. The

sucking that I have given your bosoms, and the fear you have lest I

should fetch a young girl to violate you with her breasts in your cunt,

filling your womb with her milk, excite your senses, and then you hear a

voice whose sound alone so pleasingly tickles your womb, saying to you,

“My pretty mistress, I implore you to abandon your (?) to me. I will

love you so fondly. I will be too kind and gentle, I am so handsome, I

will do all you can possibly wish. I know so well how to have and suck a

woman, my member is enormous, it is beautiful, rose-coloured, large,

long, hard and vigorous. Yield yourself to me.”

Tell me if you like this one.

When you are ready you will call me so that I may come and say my daily

“How do you do?” You will begin by taking my —— out of my trousers, then

half opening your gown, you will lift up your pretty chemise with one

hand, and will pass your other arm, soft as satin, round my neck. I

shall embrace you tenderly, then I shall lick your snow-white shoulders,

your bosoms, which seem to be bursting from the imprisonment of your

rose-coloured stays embroidered with lace. I shall lick between your

legs, over your divine little bottom, your nymph-like thighs being at

that moment on my knees; then you will place your angelic little feet,

with your stockings on, one after the other in my mouth. After this you

will send me into the dining room, in order to get rid of the servants,

and, by this time, filled with an amorous and impassioned languor, each

of your movements breathing forth the frenzy and voluptuousness of

passion, you will come and join me. There will be only one chair, and

the table will be laid for only one person. We shall each of us have

only one hand free, I the right, and you the left; then you will sit

upon my left leg, which you have found the means to make naked; you will

have unfastened your gown in such a way that it will hang down behind,

and your right hand will caress and stroke my enormous prick, which you

will have taken between your legs without putting it into your angelic

cunt, whilst my left arm will wind itself round your lovely waist in

order to bring you still nearer to me.

After breakfast, which will have lasted till half-past twelve, and which

will have given you strength, we will go into the little rose-coloured

boudoir. I shall place myself in a low narrow chair, and as I shall be

very much excited by your enchanting looks, my enormous member will come

out of its own accord from its prison, and you will sit astraddle upon

me, introducing, with the greatest difficulty, my pretty and vigorous

prick into your pretty girl-like cunt, when wriggling about from sheer

enjoyment you will stop its movements every time I tell you I am on the

point of discharging, so as to increase my desires and my transports of

happiness. Then in half an hour’s time you will get up and place

yourself upon the sofa, whilst I, at your desire, shall rip off all my

clothes; then you will get up from the sofa and take off your

dressing-gown only keeping on what you have underneath. In my turn I

will stretch myself on the sofa, getting every moment more delirious

with passion, for your dress, betraying the delicious outlines of your

figure, without revealing them entirely, will render me almost beside

myself, and will make my prick so long and so stiff that you will hardly

be able to sit on its point without being fucked, in spite of its size,

which will force from you sighs and murmurs of rapture. At last, when

once seated, fucked by my manly and powerful prick, you will throw

yourself backwards. I should lean my enraptured legs against your

bosoms, in order that you might lick my feet, while you would pass your

amorous and divine legs, softer, whiter, and more rose-tinted every day,

over the whole breadth of my chest, placing your tiny goddess-like feet

in my mouth. As our desires would augment at every moment, you would

allow me, would even ask me to take off your garters, your pretty

stockings, and your slippers, in order to procure me the luxury of

licking every part of your body there, and of realising in the most

perfect manner the intense enjoyment arising from the contact of the

most delicate, the most woman-like, the most voluptuous member of your

body. My hands would frig your little love of a member, my manly prick

would kiss your celestial womb, and my thighs would caress your

delicious bottom. When I have worked you in this way for hours, ceasing

every moment you were on the point of emission, I should, as I withdrew

my member, let you at last discharge, and then an immense stream of love

would flow into my mouth, which suddenly and as if by enchantment would

find itself in the place of my member while your bosoms would be covered

with that white essence of which you are the only source in my eyes (I

had never known it before Homburg), and which would escape from my

amorous member.

Every day after dinner, reclining voluptuously on a couch, you would

snatch a few moments of repose while I was taking off all my clothes.

When I had finished, and when I, filled with love, had shown myself to

your contemplation, you would give up to me your place upon the sofa,

and assuming the most seductive, the most coquettish, and the most

graceful attitudes, would come and play with my member, whose vigour

would arise solely from the sight of your pretty costume, which, I am

convinced, would render you more delicious than the most graceful fairy.

You would love me so deeply that I should cease to have any power of

will, you would have exhausted me, sucking me completely dry, nothing

would remain in my prick, which would be more full of desire, more

enormous, and stiffer at every moment. My languishing eyes, gentle as

love itself, surrounded by large dark blue circles caused by your look,

your tongue, your bosom, your cunt, your member, your heavenly little

bottom, your legs, your fingers, and your angelic little feet would tell

you how complete was my happiness, my intoxication, my ecstasy, and my

faint, exhausted but happy voice would give you the same assurance,

would murmur with rapture in your ears—“Oh how I love you, my lady love,

my divine little virgin, caress me yet once more, again, still again, it

is a dream. Thank you, oh, thank you and yet again. Oh I am in heaven,

do not pause, I implore you, suck me harder than ever; lick me well; oh!

what rapture; ask me what you will, it shall be yours. You are my

mistress, no other but you in the whole world can transport me in this

way. Frig me with your knees. Oh! oh! oh! I am going to discharge,” and

my half-opened mouth would prove to you my enjoyment, and the thirst I

had for the bliss you could confer.

Then, more full of passion than ever woman lover had ever been, and

enraptured as you listened to my voice, so completely beneath your sway,

listening only to your own love, you would raise your little coquettish

petticoat, and pressing dear little loves of calves more closely

together, for you could be on your knees, resting upon my little blue

veins, you would frig me in this manner, with greater vigour than ever

sitting down every now and then upon your fine little heels, in order

the better to release my beautiful prick, perfectly straight and rudely

swollen and inflamed with passionate desires, from between your divine

thighs, as soft as satin, and as white as snow, to better introduce the

wet tips of your lovely and velvet like bosoms into the seductive little

hole of my member, whilst my knees raised slightly behind would gently

caress your bottom, so as to give you some little satisfaction in your

turn; and at last, unable any longer to retard the moment of emission,

you would bend forward, resting upon both your hands, to increase my

desire, and keeping yourself back a little distance from me, while your

petticoats would now cover my head, and act almost like an electrical

conductor upon me, you would intoxicate me with the perfume exhaled from

your legs, from your member, from your cunt, from your bottom, and

lastly, you would slake my thirst and complete the celestial transport

by pissing, with eager rapture, between my burning lips some of that

woman’s nectar which you would alone possess, and which, emanating from

you alone in the world, is worthy of the gods. It would be half-past

eight.

You cannot form any idea of my excitement at this moment. I hope you

will like this, and will answer me prettily. Am I sufficiently in love?

And do you believe there will be another woman in the whole world beside

yourself for whom I shall have any desire? Oh, how wild is the longing

that I have for you at this moment; and this nectar I have spoken of,

from whom else could I care for it, could I endure it even, whilst from

you what mad delight! Tell me, do you believe this? You know it

perfectly well, I am sure; these are not mere words. Tell me that you

will piss into my mouth again when I ask you. I am now going to try to

sleep, but what chance of doing so with this love that consumes me. I

must await your pretty letter of tomorrow morning, for it is that alone

which will excite the flow and stream.

At half-past eight you would like to conform to the usages of this room

of mirrors, and as your desires have become greatly inflamed by my own

state, and by the soft and sensual temperament of our bodies, you would

ask me to undress you, in order that, being completely naked, I might

the more easily overwhelm you with my most passionate caresses. I should

then strip you of everything, except that in order that your feet might

not come into immediate contact with the looking glasses upon which we

should be walking, I would slip on your feet a pair of tiny little

slippers, with little silk soles, at a distance they would hardly be

visible.

Someone is coming. Adieu till tomorrow.

And larger and stouter than that of my little darling, and so

indifferently shod with shoes. (Their boots are pretty.)

Adieu, my angel, I finish this so as to be enabled to add a few lines to

the picture—it is late. I love you with all my soul, with love, respect,

and adoration. Nothing yet has been heard about de L. R. It is very bad

weather, and my father is still no better.

I would take you for a drive either in a pretty barouche or in a

phaeton, your toilette would be beautiful but simple. I would only

insist upon your wearing a veil, for my love and happiness would render

me somewhat egoistical with regard to others. We should not be serious

all the time of our drive, for at every instant I should steal a kiss,

and your feet would be resting on mine.

We should return home about half-past five to dress for dinner. You

would change everything, and without paying any attention to what our

servants might think, I should put on a loose pair of trousers, prettier

than what I had worn this morning but, like them, opening in the front.

As for you, my own love, I should insist upon your dressing yourself as

a ravishingly pretty little \_danseuse\_, with some little difference,

however, in my favour. Your hair would be in curls, falling all round

your head, upon your beautiful naked shoulders. You would crown them

with a pretty garland of flowers, such as I like for Aimée. You should

wear a light-coloured muslin dress, very low and very short, up to the

knees, your arms bare, and the skirts exceedingly full (the body of

which would be transparent, and refine and reveal the divine shape of

your angelic bosoms), your legs, perfectly naked, would be visible

amongst a mass of folds of muslin, and would be covered by little

open-work stockings of rose-coloured silk, fastened at the instep by

bows, like the dress, and on your tiny virgin feet you would have little

satin shoes, without soles. To pass into the dining room, so as to avoid

catching cold, and also prevent the servants revelling in the sight of

my treasure, you would envelope yourself from head to foot in a long

veil. During dinner I would try to remain tolerably quiet so that you

might eat and strengthen yourself for the evening, which would be a

fatiguing one. Our servants would have directions not to enter until we

rang; during each course you would open your veil, and turning towards

me (for you would be on my right hand), you would place your pretty legs

across mine; immediately my manly prick, which your love would render

daily more and more delicious, would display its vivacity, and you would

caress it with your lovely satin-like calves, your chair enabling you to

do this, being tolerably large, with only one arm on the right, while

mine would be much lower, that would not fatigue you much, and this is

what you would say to me, “Am I not bewitching and delicious? Do you not

think me voluptuous? and regard me as your mistress, holding you under

my entire subjection? I am very happy to please you this way.” And I

should answer, “Yes, I am your slave; you give me the greatest enjoyment

that can be had; there is not a woman in the world who possesses the

attractions you have; you make me do anything, you are the queen of

voluptuousness, of enjoyment. No one knows how to make love as you do.”

At last at the dessert you would glide gently upon my lap, allowing your

petticoats to flow behind. I should suck your bosoms, for as the

servants would be getting their own dinners, I should have thrown your

veil quite off, and you would then appear enveloped in all your many

charms. Then I should give you your dessert, which would consist of a

biscuit moistened with that white essence which you alone in the whole

world have known and know how to produce in me, and for my reward you

would allow me to make my wine for dessert. I would then place my

wine-glass between your legs, opened voluptuously wide, and you would

let that delicious urine flow into it. The intoxication that this

fragrant liquor would produce would be the signal for my most passionate

caresses.

You would begin by placing yourself astride me, and I should thrust with

the greatest difficulty my virile member between your legs. In this

position we should leave the dining room, I carrying you along by the

stiffness of my member, while every step I took would make you wild with

excess of enjoyment. We should go into a pretty boudoir, the floor of

which would be completely covered with looking glasses, and filled with

furniture intended by their shape and softness to augment the

voluptuousness of our embraces. No costume whatever would be put on in

this room. Nudity alone would have a right to remain there. There would

be pieces of furniture to excite the senses and whereon to recline,

others enabling us to suck each of our members, to lick, to frig, to

kiss, to enjoy, to complete our performance, to discharge, to fuck, in

one word, to supplement and promote the extremest refinements of the

most celestial and most perfect of all enjoyments.

The continuation on some future occasion my fear of exciting you will

depend somewhat upon my letter of this evening or tomorrow, and

particularly upon the frank and sincere reply for which I ask you for

the day after tomorrow.

Send me back the beginning.

You cannot have the faintest idea of my dread when one of these sheets

is on its way.

Why do you trouble yourself to pay so much attention to style and

writing—that takes time. I never read mine over, and that is so much

time gained.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER WRITTEN BY THE COUNT ALMOST ENTIRELY

IN CYPHER

Here is the response of my heart, my beloved adored one.

Thou shall have it as soon as I shall dare to send it to you.

Thou shalt belong to me entirely one day, perhaps in eighteen months,

and then here is the existence which you shalt have the grief to be

compelled to lead.

In the apartment which I depicted to you the other day, and with the

toilette that I require of my beloved lady, my lady mistress is to

render herself every day between eleven o’clock and noon.

She will find there thy loving husband, all fresh and in every respect

desirable (\_gentil\_), clothed in a dressing-gown of very light texture.

From noon until three o’clock this is the programme.

At noon thou wilt stretch thyself on thy easy chair, thou wilt loosen a

little thy girdle and open thy pretty dressing-gown. I on my bent knees

at your side shall lick you with my tongue, while my arm shall encircle

thy divine waist and thy two naked arms shall encircle my neck;

afterwards softly widening thy virgin legs thou will cast aside all that

which hides from the eyes, and you will place me between those divine

legs.

Successively I shall lick with voluptuousness thy neck, thy shoulders,

under thy arms, thy breasts. I shall suck with force those chaste little

bosoms, which by their swelling would desire to escape from the pretty

little rose-coloured stays; then passing to thy intoxicating cunt, I

should suck it with such an amount of frenzy that thou wouldst discharge

for the first time in my mouth.

This done it will have so much excited me that, taking thy place, it

will become your turn to mount between my legs, and licking all my chest

thou wilt finish by frigging with passion my prick, which will become

longer and straighter than ever.

As soon as thou shalt feel the enjoyment coming thou wilt cease, in

order to lick the parts adjoining.

At one o’clock thou wilt want to make water, then my mouth adhering

between thy legs, thou wilt allow me to swallow all, then lying down

again on thy little belly, I shall lick with fury thy bottom so

voluptuous, and thy delicious legs.

Afterwards it will be thy turn to continue thy caresses upon me.

At two o’clock both of us elevated in a supreme degree, lifting up thy

little chemise in front we shall do the business, that is to say, that

surrounding me with vigour with thy legs, thou wilt make efforts in

order to fuck thyself (\_enfiler\_), but my member will be to such a

degree enormous that we shall have all the trouble in the world (the

delights corresponding to the efforts). At last, once entered thou wilt

procure, by my movements and my pauses, such enjoyments that I shall

hear you uttering the softest murmurs of thy voice, and so that thou

wilt wriggle thyself on my ravished prick which will still further

augment thy transports.

Thou wilt enjoy thyself thus three times. At the third time I shall suck

thy breasts with such passion that thy eyes depicting a heavenly languor

and a divine abandonment, thou wilt empty out upon me thy

delirium-causing seminal fluid.

That will last until half-past two o’clock, then we shall sleep together

thus until three o’clock, and at three o’clock thou wilt go to dress

thyself in order to go out or to receive visits.

Behold, the following part shall come to you if the commencement pleases

you.

Mem. The commission herein is returnable in Paris, 24th June, 1866.

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