

ANONYMOUS

***THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A FLEA***

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EAN 8596547021353

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



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Chapter I

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Born I was—but how, when, or where I cannot say; so I must leave the reader to accept the assertion "per se," and believe it if he will. One thing is equally certain, the fact of my birth is not one atom less veracious than the reality of these memoirs, and if the intelligent student of these pages wonders how it came to pass that one in my walk—or perhaps, I should have said jump—in life, became possessed of the learning, observation and power of committing to memory the whole of the wonderful facts and disclosures I am about to relate. I can only remind him that there are intelligences, little suspected by the vulgar, and laws in nature, the very existence of which have not yet been detected by the advanced among the scientific world.

I have heard it somewhere remarked that my province was to get my living by blood sucking. I am not the lowest by any means of that universal fraternity, and if I sustain a precarious existence upon the bodies of those with whom I come in contact, my own experience proves that I do so in a marked and peculiar manner, with a warning of my employment which is seldom given by those in other grades of my profession. But I submit that I have other and nobler aims than the mere sustaining of my being by the contributions of the unwary. I have been conscious of this original defect, and, with a soul far above the vulgar instincts of my race. I jumped by degrees to heights of

mental perception and erudition which placed me for ever upon a pinnacle of insect-grandeur.

It is this attainment to learning which I shall evoke in describing the scenes of which I have been a witness—nay, even a partaker. I shall not stop to explain by what means I am possessed of human powers of thinking and observing, but, in my lucubrations, leave you simply to perceive that I possess them and wonder accordingly.

You will thus perceive that I am not common flea; indeed, when it is born in mind the company in which I have been accustomed to mingle, the familiarity with which I have been suffered to treat persons the most exalted, and the opportunities I have possessed to make the most of my acquaintances, the reader will no doubt agree with me that I am in very truth a most wonderful and exalted insect.

My earliest recollections lead me back to a period when I found myself within a church. There was a rolling of rich music and a slow monotonous chanting which then filled me with surprise and admiration, but I have long since learnt the true importance of such influences, and the attitudes of the worshippers are now taken by me for the outward semblance of inward emotions which are very generally non-existent. Be this as it may, I was engaged upon professional business connected with the plump white leg of a young lady of some fourteen years of age, the taste of whose delicious blood I well remember, and the flavour of whose—But I am digressing.

Soon after commencing in a quiet and friendly way my little attentions, the young girl in common with the rest of

the congregation rose to depart, and I, as a matter of course, determined to accompany her.

I am very sharp of sight as well as of hearing, and that is, how I saw a young gentleman slip a small folded piece of white paper into the young lady's pretty gloved hand, as she passed through the crowded porch. I had noticed the name Bella neatly worked upon the soft silk stocking which had at first attracted me, and I now saw that the same word appeared alone upon the outside of the billet-doux. She was with her Aunt, a tall, stately dame, with whom I did not care to get upon terms of intimacy.

Bella was a beauty—just fourteen—a perfect figure, and although so young, her soft bosom was already budding into those proportions which delight the other sex. Her face was charming in its frankness; her breath sweet as the perfumes of Arabia, and, as I have always said, her skin as soft as velvet. Bella was evidently well aware of her good looks, and carried her head as proudly and as coquettishly as a queen. That she inspired admiration was not difficult to see by the wistful and longing glances which the young men, and sometimes also those of the more mature years, cast upon her. There was a general hush of conversation outside the building, and a turning of glances generally towards the pretty Bella, which told more plainly than words that she was the admired one of all eyes and the desired one of all hearts—at any rate among the male sex.

Paying, however very little attention to what was evidently a matter of everyday occurrence, the young lady walked sharply homewards with her Aunt, and after arrival at the neat and genteel residence, went quickly to her room.

I will not say I followed, but I " went with her, " and beheld the gentle girl raise one dainty leg across the other and remove the tiniest of tight and elegant kid-boots.

I jumped upon the carpet and proceeded with my examinations. The left boot followed, and without removing her plump calf from off the other, Bella sat looking at the folded piece of paper which I had seen the young fellow deposit secretly in her hand.

Closely watching everything. I noted the swelling thighs, which spread upwards above her tightly fitting garters, until they were lost in the darkness, as they closed together at a point where her beautiful belly met them in her stooping position; and almost obliterated a thin and peach-like slit, which just showed its rounded lips between them in the shade.

Presently Bella dropped her note, and being open, I took the liberty to read it.

" I will be in the old spot at eight o'clock to night, " were the only words which the paper contained, but they appeared to have a special interest for Bella, who remained cogitating for some time in the same thoughtful mood.

My curiosity had been aroused, and my desire to know more of the interesting young being with whom chance had so promiscuously brought me in pleasing contact, prompted me to remain quietly ensconced in a snug though somewhat moist hiding place, and it was not until near upon the hour named that I once more emerged in order to watch the progress of events.

Bella had dressed herself with scrupulous care, and now prepared to betake herself to the garden which surrounded

the country-house in which she dwelt.

I went with her.

Arriving at the end of a long and shady avenue the young girl seated herself upon a rustic bench, and there awaited the coming of the person she was to meet.

It was not many minutes before the young man presented himself whom I had seen in communication with my fair little friend in the morning.

A conversation ensued which, if I might judge by the abstraction of the pair from aught besides themselves, had unusual interest for both.

It was evening, and the twilight had already commenced: the air was warm and genial, and the young pair sat closely entwined upon the bench, lost to all but their own united happiness.

"You don't know how I love you Bella," whispered the youth. , tenderly sealing his protestation with a kiss upon the pouting lips of his companion.

"Yes I do," replied the girl, naively, "are you not always telling me? I shall get tired of hearing it soon."

Bella fidgeted her pretty little foot and looked thoughtful.

"When are you going to explain and show me all those funny things you told me about?" asked she, giving a quick glance up, and then as rapidly bending her eyes upon the gravel walk.

"Now," answered the youth. "Now, dear Bella, while we have the chance to be alone and free from interruption. You know, Bella, we are no longer children?"

Bella nodded her head.

"Well, there are things which are not known to children, and which are necessary for lovers not only to know, but also to practice."

"Dear me," said the girl, seriously.

"Yes," continued her companion, "there are secrets which render lovers happy, and which make the enjoy of loving and of being loved."

"Lord!" exclaimed Bella, "how, sentimental you have grown, Charlie; I remember the time when you declared sentiment was 'all humbug.'"

"So I thought it was, till I loved you," replied the youth.

"Nonsense," continued Bella, "but go on, Charlie, and tell me what you promised."

"I can't tell you without showing you as well," replied Charlie; "the knowledge can only be learnt by experience."

"Oh, go on then and show me," carried the girl, in whose bright eyes and glowing cheeks I thought I could detect a very conscious knowledge of the kind of instruction about to be imparted.

There was something catching in her impatience. The youth yielded to it, and covering her beautiful young form with his own, glued his mouth to hers and kissed it rapturously.

Bella made no resistance; she even aided and returned her lover's caresses.

Meanwhile the evening advanced; the trees lay in the gathering darkness, spreading their lofty tops to screen the waning light from the young lovers.

Presently Charlie slid on one side; he made a slight movement, and then without any opposition he passed his

hand under and up the petticoats of the pretty Bella. Not satisfied with the charms which he found within the compass of the glistening silk stockings, he essayed to press on still further, and his wandering fingers now touched the soft and quivering flesh of her young thighs.

Bella's breath came hard and fast, as she felt the indelicate attack which was being made upon her charms. So far, however, from resisting, she evidently enjoyed the exciting dalliance.

"Touch it," whispered Bella, "you may."

Charlie needed no further invitation, indeed he was already preparing to advance without one and instantly comprehending the permission, drove his fingers forward.

The fair girl opened her thighs as he did so, and the next instant his hand covered the delicate pink lips of her pretty slit.

For the next ten minutes the pair remained almost motionless, their lips joined and their breathing alone marking the sensations which were overpowering them with the intoxication of wantonness. Charlie felt a delicate object, which stiffened beneath his nimble fingers, and assumed a prominence of which he had no experience.

Presently Bella closed her eyes, and throwing back her head, shuddered slightly, while her frame became supple and languid, and she suffered her head to rest upon the arm of her lover.

"Oh, Charlie," she murmured, "what is it you do? What delightful sensations you give me."

Meanwhile the youth was not idle, but having fairly explored all he could in the constrained position in which he

found himself, he rose, and sensible of the need of assuaging the raging passion which his actions had fanned, he besought his fair companion to let him guide her hand to a dear object, which he assured her was capable of giving her far greater pleasure than his fingers had done.

Nothing loth, Bella's grasp was the next moment upon a new and delicious substance, and either giving way to the curiosity she simulated, or really carried away by her newly-roused desires, nothing would do, but she must bring out and into the light the standing affair of her friend.

Those of my readers who have been placed in a similar position will readily understand the warmth of the grasp and the surprise of the look which greeted the first appearance in public of the new acquisition.

Bella beheld a man's member for the first time in her life, in the full plenitude of its power, and although it was not, I could plainly see, by any means a formidable one, yet its white shaft and red-capped head, from which the soft skin retreated as she pressed it, gained her quick inclination to learn more.

Charlie was equally moved; his eyes shone and his hand continued to rove all over the sweet young treasure of which he had taken possession.

Meanwhile the toyings of the little white hand upon the youthful member with which it was in contact had produced effects common under such circumstances to all of so healthy and vigorous a constitution as that of the owner of this particular affair.

Enraptured with the soft pressures, the gentle and delicious squeezings, and artless way in which the young

lady pulled back the folds from the rampant nut, and disclosed the ruby crest, purple with desire, and the tip, ended by the tiny orifice, now awaiting its opportunity to send forth its slippery offering, the youth grew wild with lust, and Bella, participating in sensations new and strange, but which carried her away in a whirlwind of passionate excitement, panted for she knew not what of rapturous relief.

With her beautiful eyes half closed, her dewy lips parted, and her skin warm and glowing with the unwonted impulse stealing over her, she lay the delicious victim of whomsoever had the instant-chance to reap her favours and pluck her delicate young rose.

Charlie, youth though he was, was not so blind as to lose so fair an opportunity; besides, his now rampant passions carried him forward despite the dictates of prudence which he otherwise might have heard.

He felt the throbbing and well-moistened centre quivering beneath his fingers, he beheld the beautiful girl lying invitingly to the amorous sport, he watched the tender breathings which caused the young breast to rise and fall, and the strong sensual emotions which animated the glowing form of his youthful companion.

The full, soft and swelling legs of the girl were now exposed to his sensuous gaze.

Gently raising the intervening drapery, Charlie still further disclosed the secret charms of his lovely companion until, with eyes of flame, he saw the plump limbs terminate in the full hips and white palpitating belly.

Then also his ardent gaze fell upon the centre spot of attraction—on the small pink slit which lay half hidden at the foot of the swelling mount of Venus, hardly yet shaded by the softest down.

The titillation which he had administered, and the caresses which he had bestowed upon the coveted object had induced a flow of the native moisture which such excitement tends to provoke, and Bella lay with her peach-like slit well bedewed with nature's best and sweetest lubricant.

Charlie saw his chance. Gently disengaging her hand from its grasp upon his member, he threw himself frantically upon the recumbent figure of the girl.

His left arm wound itself round her slender waist, his hot breath was on her cheek, his lips pressed hers in one long, passionate and hurried kiss. His left hand, now free, sought to bring together those parts of both which are the active instruments of sensual pleasure, and with eager efforts he sought to complete conjunction.

Bella now felt for the first time in her life the magic touch of a man's machine between the tips of her rosy orifice.

No sooner had she perceived the warm contact which was occasioned by the stiffened head of Charlie's member, than she shuddered perceptibly, and already anticipating the delights of venery, gave down an abundance of proof of her susceptible nature.

Charlie was enraptured at his happiness, and eagerly strove to perfect his enjoyment.

But Nature, which had operated so powerfully in the development of Bella's sensual passions, left yet something

to be accomplished, ere the opening of so early a rosebud could be easily effected.

She was very young, immature, certainly so in the sense of those monthly visitations which are supposed to mark the commencement of puberty; and Bella's parts, replete as they were with perfection and freshness, were as yet hardly prepared for the accommodation of even so moderate a champion as that which, with round intruded head, now sought to enter in and effect a lodgment.

In vain Charlie pushed and exerted himself to press into the delicate parts of the lovely girl his excited member.

The pink folds and the tiny orifice withstood all his attempts to penetrate the mystic grotto. In vain the pretty Bella, now roused into a fury of excitement and half mad with the titillation she had already undergone, seconded by all the means in her power the audacious attempts of her young lover.

The membrane was strong and resisted bravely until, with a desperate purpose to win the goal or burst everything, the youth drew back for a moment, and then desperately plunging forward, succeeded in piercing the obstruction and thrusting the head and shoulders of his stiffened affair into the belly of the yielding girl.

Bella gave a little scream, as she felt the forcible inroad upon her secret charms, but the delicious contact gave her courage to bear the smart in hopes of the relief which appeared to be coming.

Meanwhile Charlie pushed again and again, and proud of the victory which he had already won, not only stood his

ground, but at each thrust advanced some small way further upon his road.

It has been said, "ce n'est que le premier coup qui coute," but it may be fairly argued that it is at the same time perfectly possible that "quelquefois il coute trop," as the reader may be inclined to infer with me in the present case.

Neither of our lovers, however, had, strange to say, a thought on the subject, but fully occupied with the delicious sensations which had overpowered them, united to give effect to those ardent movements which both could feel would end. As for Bella, with her whole body quivering with delicious impatience, and her full red lips giving vent to the short excursive exclamations which announced the extreme gratification, she gave herself up body and soul to the delights of the coition. Her muscular compressions upon the weapon which had now effectually gained her, the firm embrace in which she held the writhing lad, the delicate tighs[?] of the moistened, glove-like sheath, all tended to excite Charlie to madness. He felt himself in her body to the roots of his machine, until the two globes which tightened beneath the foaming champion of his manhood, pressed upon the firm cheeks of her white bottom. He could go no further and his sole employment was to enjoy—to reap to the full the delicious harvest of his exertions.

But Bella, insatiable in her passion, no sooner found the wished for junction completed, than relishing the keen pleasure which the stiff and warm member was giving her, became too excited to know or care further aught that was happening, and her frenzied excitement, quickly over-taken

again by the maddening spasms of completed lust, pressed downwards upon the object of her pleasure, threw up her arms in passionate rapture, and then sinking back in the arms of her lover, with low groans of ecstatic agony and little cries of surprise and delight, gave down a copious emission, which finding a reluctant escape below, inundated Charlie's balls.

No sooner did the youth witness the delivering enjoyment he was the means of bestowing upon the beautiful Bella, and became sensible of the flood which she had poured down in such profusion upon his person, then he was also seized with lustful fury. A raging torrent of desire seemed to rush through his veins; his instrument was now plunged to the hilt in her delicious belly, then, drawing back, he extracted the smoking member almost to the head. He pressed and bore all before him. He felt a tickling, maddening feeling creeping upon him; he tightened his grasp upon his young mistress, and at the same instant that another cry of rapturous enjoyment issued from her heaving breast, he found himself gasping upon her bosom, and pouring into her grateful womb a rich tickling jet of youthful vigour.

A low moan of salacious gratification escaped the parted lips of Bella, as she felt the jerking gushes of seminal fluid which came from the excited member within her; at the same moment the lustful frenzy of emission forced from Charlie a sharp and thrilling cry as he lay with upturned eyes in the last act of the sensuous drama.

That cry was the signal for an interruption which was as sudden as it was unexpected. From out the bordering shrubs

there stole the sombre figure of a man and stood before the youthful lovers.

Horror froze the blood of both.

Slipping from his late warm and luscious retreat, and essaying as best he could to stand upright, Charlie recoiled from the apparition as from some dreadful serpent.

As for the gentle Bella, no sooner did she catch sight of the intruder than, covering her face with her hands, she shrank back upon the seat which had been the silent witness of her pleasures, and too frightened to utter a sound, waited with what presence of mind she could assume to face the brewing storm.

Nor was she kept long in suspense.

Quickly advancing towards the guilty couple the newcomer seized the lad by the arm, while with a stern gesture of authority, he ordered him to repair the disorder of dress.

"Impudent boy," he hissed between his teeth, "What is that you have done? To what lengths have your mad and savage passions hurried you? How will you face the rage of your justly offended father? How to appease his angry resentment when in the exercise of my bounden duty. I apprise him of the mischief wrought by the hand of his only son."

As the speaker ceased, still holding Charlie by the wrist, he came forth into the moonlight and disclosed the figure of a man of some forty-five of age, short, stout, and somewhat corpulent. His face, decidedly handsome, was rendered still more attractive by a pair of brilliant eyes, which, black as jet, threw around fierce glances of passionate resentment.