

The Romance of Lust: A Classic Victorian erotic novel



Anonymous

Anonymous

The Romance of Lust: A Classic
Victorian erotic novel

PUBLISHER NOTES:

✓ **BESUCHEN SIE UNSERE WEBSITE:**

LyFreedom.com

VOLUME I.

CONTENTS

The Novice—Mrs. Benson—Mary—Mrs. Benson's Correspondence with Mrs. Egerton—Miss Evelyn—Eliza

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 bobbies, 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 proceeded 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 bobbies, 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 friggd 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 occurred 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 divine. 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 engulfed 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 shaken 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."