



THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID

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**THE WAY OF A MAN
WITH A MAID**

**BY
ANONYMOUS**

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The Way of a Man with a Maid By Anonymous.

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VOLUME I - THE TRAGEDY

CHAPTER ONE

I, the man, will not take up the time of my readers by detailing the circumstances under which Alice, the maid, roused in me the desire for vengeance which resulted in the way I adopted and which I am about to relate. Suffice it then to say that Alice cruelly and unjustifiably jilted me! In my bitterness of spirit, I swore that if I ever had an opportunity of getting hold of her, I would make her voluptuous person recompense me for my disappointment and that I would snatch from her by force the bridegroom's privileges that I so ardently coveted. But I had to dissemble! Alice and I had many mutual friends to whom this rupture was unknown; we were therefore constantly meeting each other, and if I gave her the slightest hint of my intentions towards her, it would be fatal to the very doubtful chances of success that I had! And so successfully did I conceal my real feelings under a cloak of generous acceptance of her action that she had not the faintest idea (as she afterwards admitted to me) that I was playing a part. But, as the proverb says, everything comes to the man who can wait. For some considerable time, it seemed as if it would be wise on my part to abandon my desire for vengeance, as the circumstances of our daily lives were such as did not promise the remotest chance of my getting possession of Alice under conditions of either place or time suitable for the accomplishment of my purpose. Nevertheless, I controlled my patience and hoped for the best, enduring as well as I could the torture of unsatisfied desire and increasing lust.

It then happened that I had occasion to change my residence, and in my search for fresh quarters, I came across a modest suite of a sitting-room and two bedrooms which would by themselves have suited me excellently; but with them, the landlord desired to let what he termed a box or lumber-room. I demurred to this addition, but as he remained firm, I asked to see the room. It was most peculiar both as regards access and appearance. The former was by a short passage from the landing, furnished with remarkably well-fitting doors at each end. The room was nearly square, of a good size and lofty, but the walls were unbroken, save by the one entrance, light and air being derived from a skylight, or rather lantern, which occupied the greater part of the roof and was supported by four strong and stout wooden pillars. Further, the walls were thickly

padding, while iron rings were let into them at regular distances all round in two rows, one close to the floor and the other about a height of eight feet; from the roof beams dangled rope pulleys in pairs between the pillars, while the two recesses on the entrance side, caused by the projection of the passage into the room, looked as if they had at one time been separated from the rest of the room by bars, almost as if they were cells. So strange indeed was the appearance of the whole room that I asked its history, and was informed that the house had been built as a private lunatic asylum at the time when the now unfashionable square in which it stood was one of the centres of fashion, and that this was the old 'mad-room' in which violent patients were confined, the bolts, rings and pulleys being used to restrain them when very violent, while the padding and the double doors made the room absolutely soundproof and prevented the ravings of the inmates from annoying the neighbours. The landlord added that the soundproof quality was no fiction as the room had frequently been tested by incredulous visitors.

Like lightning the thought flashed through my brain. Was not this room the very place for the consummation of my scheme of revenge? If I succeeded in luring Alice into it, she would be completely at my mercy, for her screams for help would not be heard and would only increase my pleasure, while the bolts, rings, pulleys, etc., supplemented with a little suitable furniture, would enable me to secure her in any way I wished and to hold her fixed while I amused myself with her. Delighted with the idea, I agreed to include the room in my suite. Quietly, but with deep forethought and planning, I got certain furniture made which, while in outward appearance most innocent, as well as most comfortable, was in truth full of hidden mechanisms planned for the special discomfiture of any woman or girl that I might wish to hold in physical control. I had the floor covered with thick Persian carpets and rugs, and the two alcoves converted into nominal photographic laboratories, but in a way that made them suitable for lavatories and dressing-rooms. When completed, the 'Snuggery' (as I christened it) was in appearance a distinctly pretty and comfortable room, while in reality it was nothing more or less than a disguised torture chamber!

And now came the difficult part of my scheme.

How to entrap Alice? Unfortunately she was not residing in London but a little way out. She lived with a married sister, and never seemed to come to town except in her sister's company. My difficulty was therefore how to get Alice by herself for a sufficiently long time to accomplish my designs, and sorely I cudgelled my brains over this problem!

The sisters frequently visited town at irregular intervals as dictated by the contingencies of social duties or shopping. True to my policy of *l'entente cordiale*, I had welcomed them to my rooms for rest and refreshment and had encouraged them to use my quarters; and partly because of the propinquity of the rooms to Regent Street, partly because of the very dainty meals I invariably placed before them, but mainly because of the soothing restfulness induced by the absolute quiet of the Snuggery after the roar and turmoil of the streets, it soon became their regular practice to honour me with their company for luncheon or tea whenever they came to town and had no special engagement. I need hardly add that secretly I hoped these visits might bring me an opportunity of executing my revenge, but for some months I seemed doomed to disappointment. I used to suffer the tortures of Tantalus when I saw Alice unsuspectingly braving me in the very room I had prepared for her violation, within actual reach of me and of hidden machinery that would place her at my disposal, did I set it working, were it not for her sister's presence!

In fact, so keenly did I feel the position that I began to plan the capture of both sisters together, to include Marion in the punishment designed for Alice, and the idea in itself was not unpleasing, as Marion was a fine specimen of female flesh and blood of a larger and more stately type than Alice (who was 'petite'), and one could do much worse than have her at one's disposal for an hour or two to feel and fuck! So seriously did I entertain this project, that I got an armchair made in such a way that the releasing of a secret catch would set free mechanisms that would be actuated by the weight of the occupant and would cause the anus to fold inwards and firmly imprison the sitter. Furnished with luxurious upholstery and the catch fixed, it made the most inviting of chairs, and from its first appearance, Alice took possession of it, in happy ignorance that it was intended to hold her firmly imprisoned while I tackled and secured Marion!

Before, however, I resorted to this desperate measure, my patience was rewarded! And this is how it happened.

One evening, the familiar note came to say the sisters were coming to town on the next day and would come for lunch. A little before the appointed hour Alice, to my surprise, appeared alone! She said that, after the note had been posted, Marion became ill and had been very poorly all night and so could not come to town, though better. The shopping engagement was one of considerable importance to Alice, and therefore she had come up alone; she had called to explain matters to me, but would not stop to lunch, she would get a cup of tea and a bun somewhere.

Against this desertion of me, I vigorously protested, but I doubt if I would have induced her to stay had not a smart shower of rain come on. This made her hesitate about going out into it with the dress she was wearing, as it would be ruined, and finally she consented to have lunch and leave immediately afterwards.

While she was away in the spare bedroom used by the sisters on their visits, I was in a veritable turmoil of excitement! Alice in my rooms by herself! It seemed too good to be true! But I remembered I yet had to get her into the Snuggery; she was absolutely safe from my designs everywhere but there! But it was imperative that she should be in no way alarmed, and so, with a strong effort, I controlled my panting excitement, and by the time Alice rejoined me in the dining-room I was my usual self.

Lunch was quickly served. At first, Alice seemed a little nervous and constrained, but by tactful conversation, I soon set her at ease and she then chatted away naturally and merrily. I had craftily placed her with her back to the window so that she should not note signs that a bad storm was brewing: and soon, with satisfaction, I saw that the weather was getting worse and worse! But it might at any moment begin to clear away, and so the sooner I could get her into my Snuggery, the better for me - and the worse for her! So, by every means in my power, I hurried on the procedure of lunch.

Alice was leisurely finishing her coffee when a rattle of rain against the window panes, followed by an ominous growl of thunder, made her start

from her chair and go to the casement. 'Oh! Just look at the rain!' she exclaimed in dismay, 'how very unfortunate!'

I joined her at the window: 'By Jove, it is bad!' I replied, then added, 'and it looks like lasting. I hope that you have no important engagement for the afternoon that will keep you much in the open?' As I spoke, there came a vivid flash of lightning closely followed by a peal of thunder, which sent Alice staggering backwards with a scared face.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, evidently frightened; then, after a pause, 'I am a horrid little coward about thunderstorms: they just terrify me!'

'Won't you then take refuge in the Snuggery?' I asked with a host's look of concern. 'I don't think you will see the lightning there and you certainly won't hear the thunder, as the room is soundproof. Shall we go there?' and I opened the door invitingly.

Alice hesitated. Was her guardian angel trying to give her a premonitory hint of what her fate would be if she accepted my seemingly innocent suggestion? But at that moment came another flash of lightning, blinding in its intensity, and almost simultaneously a roar of thunder. This settled the question in my favour! 'Yes, yes!' she exclaimed, then ran out. I closely following her, my heart beating exultingly! Quickly she passed through the double doors into the Snuggery, the trap I had so carefully set for her! Noiselessly I bolted the outer door, then closed the inner one. Alice was now mine! mine!! At last I had entrapped her! Now my vengeance was about to be consummated! Now her chaste virgin self was to be submitted to my lust and compelled to satisfy my erotic desires! She was utterly at my mercy, and promptly I proceeded to work my cruel will on her!

CHAPTER TWO

The soothing stillness of the room after the roar of the storm seemed most agreeable to Alice. She drew a deep breath of relief and turning to me she exclaimed: 'What a wonderful room it really is, Jack! Just look how the rain is pelting down on the skylight, and yet we do not hear a sound!' 'Yes! there is no doubt about it,' I replied, 'it is absolutely soundproof. I do not suppose that there is a better room in London for my special purpose!'

'What might that be, Jack?' she asked interestedly.

'Your violation, my dear!' I replied quietly, looking her straight in the face, 'the surrender to me of your maidenhead!'

She started as if she had been struck. She coloured hotly. She stared at me as if she doubted her hearing. I stood still and calmly watched her. Then indignation and the sense of outraged modesty seized her.

'You must be mad to speak like that!' she said in a voice that trembled with concentrated anger. 'You forget yourself. Be good enough to consider our friendship as suspended till you have recovered your senses and have suitably apologised for this intolerable insult. Meanwhile I will trouble you only to call a cab so that I may remove myself from your hateful presence!' And her eyes flashed in her wrathful indignation.

I quietly laughed aloud: 'Do you really think I should have taken this step without calculating the consequences, Alice?' I rejoined coolly. 'Do you really think I have lost my senses? Is there not a little account to be settled between us for what you did to me not very long ago? The day of reckoning has come, my dear; you have had your innings at my cost, now I am going to have mine at yours! You amused yourself with my heart, I am going to amuse myself with your body.'

Alice stared at me, silent with surprise and horror! My quiet determined manner staggered her. She paled when I referred to the past, and she flushed painfully as I indicated what her immediate future would be. After a slight pause I spoke again.

'I have deliberately planned this revenge! I took these rooms solely because they would lend themselves so admirably to this end. I have prepared them for every contingency, even to having to subjugate you by force! Look!' And I proceeded to reveal to her astonished eyes the mechanism concealed in the furniture, etc. 'You know you cannot get out of this room till I choose to let you go; you know that your screams and cries for help will not be heard. You now must decide what you will do. I give you two alternatives, and two only, and you must choose one of them. Will you submit yourself quietly to me, or do you prefer to be forced?'

Alice stamped her little foot in her rage: 'How dare you speak to me in this way?' she demanded furiously. 'Do you think I am a child? Let me go at once!' and she moved in her most stately manner to the door.

'You are no child,' I replied with a cruel smile, 'you are a lusciously lovely girl possessing everything that I desire and able to satisfy my desires. But I am not going to let you waste time. The whole afternoon will hardly be long enough for the satisfaction of my whims, caprices and lust. Once more, will you submit or will you be forced? Understand that if by the time the clock strikes the half-hour, you do not consent to submit, I shall without further delay proceed to take by force what I want from you! Now make the most of the three minutes you have left.' And turning my back on her, I proceeded to get the room ready, as if I anticipated that I would have to use force.

Overcome by her feelings and emotions, Alice sank into an armchair burying her face in her trembling hands. She evidently recognised her dreadful position! How could she yield herself up to me? And yet if she did not, she knew she would have to undergo violation! And possibly horrible indignities as well!! I left her absolutely alone, and when I had finished my preparations, I quietly seated myself and watched her. Presently the clock chimed the half-hour. Immediately I rose. Alice quickly sprang to her feet and rushed to the far side of the large divan-couch on which I hoped before long to see her extended naked! It was evident that she was going to resist and fight me, and I welcomed her decision, as now she would give me ample justification for the fullest exercising of my lascivious desires!

'Well, Alice, what is it to be? Will you submit quietly?'

A sudden passion seemed to possess her. She looked me squarely in the eyes for the first time, hers blazing with rage and indignation: 'No! no!' she exclaimed vehemently, 'I defy you! Do your worst. Do you think you will frighten me into satisfying your lust? Once and for all I give you my answer: No! No!! No!!! Oh! you cowardly brute and beast!!' And she laughed shrilly as she turned herself away contemptuously.

'As you please,' I replied quietly and calmly, 'let those laugh that win! I venture to say that within half an hour, you will not only be offering yourself to me absolutely and unconditionally, but will also be begging me to accept your surrender! Let us see!'

Alice laughed incredulously and defiantly: 'Yes, let us see!! Let us see!!' she retorted contemptuously.

Forthwith I sprang towards her to seize her, but quick as thought she darted away, I in hot pursuit. For a short time she succeeded in eluding me, dodging in and out of the furniture, like a butterfly, but soon I manoeuvred her into a corner and pouncing on her gripped her firmly, then half dragged and half carried her to where a pair of electrically worked rope-pulleys hung between two of the pillars, she struggling desperately and screaming for help. In spite of her determined resistance, I soon made the ropes fast to her wrists, then touched the button; the ropes tightened, and slowly but irresistibly, Alice's arms were drawn upwards till her hands were well above her head and she was forced to stand erect by the tension on her arms. She was now utterly helpless and unable to defend her person from the hands that were itching to invade and explore the sweet mysteries of her garments; but what with her exertions and the violence of her emotions she was in such a state of agitation that I deemed it wise to leave her to herself for a brief space, till she became more mistress of herself, then she would be better able to appreciate the indignities which she would now be compelled to suffer!

Here, I think, I had better explain the mechanical means I had at my disposal for the discomfiture and subjugation of Alice.

Between each two of the pillars that supported the lantern-skylight hung a pair of strong rope-pulleys working on a roller mechanism concealed in the beams and actuated by electricity. Should I want Alice upright, I had

simply to attach the ropes to her wrists, and her arms would be pulled straight up and well over her head, thus forcing her to stand erect, and at the same time rendering her body defenceless and at my mercy. The pillars themselves could be utilised as whipping posts, being provided with rings to which Alice could be fastened in such a way that she could not move!

Close by the pillars was a huge divan-couch upholstered in dark green satin admirably to enhance the pearly loveliness of a naked girl. It stood on eight massive legs (four on each long side), behind each of which lay, coiled for use, a stout leather strap worked by rollers hidden in the upholstery and actuated by electricity. On it were piled a lot of cushions of various sorts and consistencies, with which Alice and Marion used to make nests for themselves, little dreaming that the real object of the 'Turkish Divan' (as they had christened it) was to be the altar on which Alice's virginity would be sacrificed to the Goddess of Love, the mission of the straps being to hold her in position while being violated, should she not surrender herself quietly to her fate!

By the keyboard of the grand piano stood a duet-stool upholstered in leather and with the usual mechanical power of adjustment for height, only to a much greater extent than usual. But the feature of the stool was its unusual length, a full six feet, and I one day had to satisfy Alice's curiosity by telling her that this was for the purpose of providing a comfortable seat to anyone who might be turning over for the pianist! The real reason was that the stool was, for all practical purposes, a rack actuated by hidden machinery and fitted with a most ingenious arrangement of straps, the efficacy of which I looked forward to testing on Alice's tender self.

The treacherous armchair I have already explained. My readers can now perhaps understand that I could fix Alice in practically any position or attitude and keep her so fixed while I worked my sweet will on her helpless self.

All the ropes and straps were fitted with swivel snap-hooks. To attach them to Alice's limbs, I used an endless band of the strongest and softest silk rope that I could get made. It was an easy matter to slip the band (doubled) round her wrist or ankle, pass one end through the other and draw tight, then snap the free end into the swivel hook. No amount of

plunging or struggling would loosen this attachment, and the softness of the silk prevented Alice's delicate flesh from being rubbed or even marked.

CHAPTER THREE

During the ten minutes grace that I mentally allowed Alice in which to recover from the violence of her struggles, I quietly studied her as she stood helpless, almost supporting herself by resting her weight on her wrists. She was to me an exhilarating spectacle, her bosom fluttering, rising and falling as she caught her breath, her cheeks still flushing, her large hat somewhat disarranged, while her dainty well-fitting dress displayed her neat comely figure to its fullest advantage.

She regained command of herself wonderfully quickly, and then it was evident that she was stealthily watching me in horrible apprehension. I did not leave her long in suspense, but after going slowly round her and inspecting her, I placed a chair right in front of her, so close to her its edge almost touched her knees, then slipped myself into it, keeping my legs apart, so that she stood between them, the front of her dress pressing against the fly of my trousers. Her head was now above mine, so that I could peer directly into her downcast face.

As I took up this position, Alice trembled nervously and tried to draw herself away from me, but found herself compelled to stand as I had placed her. Noticing the action, I drew my legs closer to each other so as loosely to hold her between them, smiling cruelly at the uncontrollable shudder that passed through her when she felt the pressure of my knees against hers! Then I extended my arms, clasped her gently round the waist, and drew her against me, at the same time tightening the clutch of my legs, till soon she was fairly in my embrace, my face pressing against her throbbing bosom. For a moment she struggled wildly, then resigned herself to the unavoidable as she recognised her helplessness.

Except when dancing with her, I had never held Alice in my arms, and the embrace permitted by the waltz was nothing to the comprehensive clasping between arms and legs in which she now found herself. She trembled fearfully, her tremors giving me exquisite pleasure as I felt them shoot through her, and murmured beseechingly: 'Please don't, Jack!'

I looked up into her flushed face, as I amorously pressed my cheek against the swell of her bosom: 'Don't you like it, Alice?' I said

maliciously, as I squeezed her still more closely against me. 'I think you're just delicious, dear, and I am trying to imagine what it will feel like, when your clothes have been taken off you!'

'No! No! Jack!' she moaned agonisedly, twisting herself in her distress, 'let me go, Jack; don't ... don't ...' and her voice failed her.

For answer, I maintained her against me with my left arm round her waist, then with my right hand, I began to stroke and press her hips and bottom.

'Oh! ... don't Jack! don't!' Alice shrieked, squirming in distress and futilely endeavouring to avoid my marauding hand. I paid no attention to her pleadings and cries, but continued my strokings and caressings over her full posteriors and thighs down to her knees, then back to her buttocks and haunches, she, all the while, quivering in a delicious way. Then I freed my left hand, and holding her tightly imprisoned between my legs, I proceeded with both hands to study over her clothes the configuration of her backside and hips and thighs, handling her buttocks with a freedom that seemed to stagger her, as she pressed the front of her person against me, in her efforts to escape from the liberties that my hands were takings with her posterior charms.

After toying delightfully with her in this way for some little time, I ceased and withdrew my hands from her hips, but only to pass them up and down over her incurving sides; thence I passed to her bosom which I began lovingly to stroke and caress to her dismay. Her colour rose as she swayed uneasily on her legs. But her stays prevented any direct attack on her bosom, so I decided to open her clothes sufficiently to obtain a peep at her virgin breasts, and set to work to unbutton her blouse.

'Jack, no! no!!' shrieked Alice, struggling vainly to get loose. But I only smiled and continued to undo her blouse till I got it completely open and threw it back on to her shoulders, only to be balked as a fairly high bodice covered her bosom. I set to work to open this, my fingers revelling in the touch of Alice's dainty linen. Soon it also was open and thrown back - and then, right before my eager eyes, lay the snowy expanse of Alice's bosom, her breasts being visible nearly as far as their nipples!

'Oh! ... oh! ...' she moaned in her distress, flushing painfully at this cruel exposure. But I was too excited to take any notice; my eyes were riveted

on the provokingly lovely swell of her breasts, exhibiting the valley between the twin globes, now heaving and fluttering under her agitated emotions. Unable to restrain myself, I threw my arms round Alice's waist drew her closely to me and pressed my lips on her palpitating flesh which I kissed furiously.

'Don't, Jack!' cried Alice, as she tugged frantically at her fastenings in her wild endeavours to escape from my passionate lips; but instead of stopping, my mouth wandered all over her heaving bosom and to her delicious breasts, punctuating its progress with hot kisses which seemed to drive her mad to such a pitch that I through it best to desist.

'Oh! my God!' she moaned as I relaxed my clasp and leant back in my chair to enjoy the sight of her shamefaced distress. There was not the least doubt that she felt most keenly my indecent assault, and so I determined to worry her with lascivious liberties a little longer.

When she had become calmer, I passed my arms round her waist and again began to play with her posteriors, then, stooping down, I got my hands under her clothes and commenced to pull them up. Flushing violently, Alice shrieked to me to desist, but in vain; in a trice, I turned her petticoats up, held them thus with my left hand and with my right I proceeded to attack her bottom now protected only by her dainty thin drawers!

The sensation was delirious! My hand delightedly roved over the fat plump cheeks of her arse, stroking, caressing and pinching them, revelling in the firmness and elasticity of her flesh under its thin covering, Alice all the time, wriggling and squirming in horrible shame, imploring me almost incoherently to desist and finally getting so semi-hysterical, that I was compelled to suspend my exquisite game. To her relief, I dropped her skirts, pushed my chair back and rose.

I had in the room a large plate-glass mirror nearly eight feet high which reflected one at full length. While Alice was recovering from her last ordeal, I pushed this mirror close in front of her, placing it so that she could see herself in its centre. She started uneasily as she caught sight of herself, for I had left her bosom uncovered, and the reflection of herself in such shameful dishabille in conjunction with her large hat (which she

still retained) seemed vividly to impress on her the horror of her position!

Having arranged the mirror to my satisfaction, I picked up the chair and placed it just behind Alice, sat down on it, and worked myself forward on it till Alice again stood between my legs, but this time with her back to me. The mirror faithfully reflected my movements and her feminine intuition warned her that the front of her person was now about to become the object of my indecent assault.

But I did not give her time to think. Quickly I encircled her waist again with my arms, drew her to me till her bottom pressed against my chest, then, while my left arm held her firmly, my right hand began to wander over the junction of her stomach and legs, pressing inquisitively her groin and thighs, and intently watching her in the mirror.

Her colour rose, her breath came unevenly, she quivered and trembled on her legs as she pressed her thighs closely together. She was horribly perturbed, but I do not think she anticipated what then happened.

Quietly dropping my hands, I slipped them under her clothes, caught hold of her ankles, then proceeded to climb up her legs over her stockings.

'No! no! for God's sake, don't Jack!' Alice yelled, now scarlet with shame and wild with alarm at this invasion of her most secret parts. Frantically she dragged at her fastenings, her hands clenched, her head thrown back, her eyes dilated with horror. Throwing the whole of her weight on her wrists, she strove to free her legs from my attacking hands by kicking out desperately, but to no avail. The sight in the mirror of her struggles only stimulated me into a refinement of cruelty, for with one hand, I raised her clothes waist high, exposing her in her dainty drawers and black silk stockings, while with the other, I vigorously attacked her thighs over her drawers, forcing a way between them and finally working up so close to her mount of Venus that Alice practically collapsed in an agony of apprehension and would have fallen had it not been for the sustaining ropes which alone supported her as she hung in a semi-hysterical faint.

Quickly rising and dropping her clothes, I placed an armchair behind her, and loosened the pulleys, till she rested comfortably in it, then left

her to recover herself, feeling pretty confident that she was now not far from surrendering herself to me, rather than continue a resistance which she could not but see was utterly useless. This was what I wanted to effect. I did not propose to let her off any single one of the indignities I had in store for her, but I wanted to make her suffering the more keen through the feeling that she was, to some extent, a consenting party to actions that inexpressibly shocked and revolted her. The first of these I intended to be the removal of her clothes, and, as soon as Alice became more mistress of herself, I set the pulleys working and soon had her again standing erect with up-stretched arms.

She glanced fearfully at me as if trying to learn what was now going to happen to her. I deemed it as well to tell her, and to afford her an opportunity of yielding herself to me, if she should be willing to do so. I also wanted to save her clothes from being damaged, as she was really beautifully dressed, and I was not at all confident that I could get her garments off her without using scissors to some of them.

'I see you want to know what is now going to happen to you, Alice,' I said. 'I'll tell you. You are to be stripped naked, utterly and absolutely naked: not a stitch of any sort is to be left on you!'

A flood of crimson swept over her face, invading both neck and bosom (which remained bare); her head fell forward as she moaned: 'No! ... No! ... oh! Jack ... Jack ... how can you ...' and she swayed uneasily on her feet.

'That is to be the next item in the programme, my dear!' I said, enjoying her distress. 'There is only one detail that remains to be settled first, and that is, will you undress yourself quietly if I set you loose, or must I drag your clothes off you? I don't wish to influence your decision, and I know what queer ideas girls have about taking off their clothes in the presence of a man; I will leave the decision to you, only to say that I do not see what you gain by further resistance, and some of your garments may be ruined - which would be a pity! Now, which is it to be?'

She looked at me imploringly for a moment, trembling in every limb, then averted her eyes, but remained silent, evidently torn by conflicting emotions.

'Come, Alice,' I said presently, 'I must have your decision, or I shall proceed to take your clothes off you as best as I can.'

Alice was now in a terrible state of distress! Her eyes wandered all over the room without seeming to see anything, incoherent murmurs escaped from her lips, as if she was trying to speak but could not, her breath went and came, her bosom rose and fell agitatedly. She was endeavouring to form some decision evidently, but unable to do so.

I remained still for a brief space as if awaiting her answer; then, as she did not speak, I quietly went to a drawer, took out a pair of scissors and went back to her. At the sight of the scissors, she shivered, then with an effort, said, in a voice broken with emotion: 'Don't ... undress me Jack! ... if you must ... have me, let it be as I am ... I will ... submit quietly ... oh! my God!!' she wailed.

'That won't do, dear,' I replied, not unkindly, but still firmly, 'you must be naked, Alice; now, will you or will you not undress yourself?'

Alice shuddered, cast another imploring glance at me, but seeing no answering gleam of pity in my eyes but stern determination instead, she stammered out: 'Oh! Jack! I can't!! have some pity on me, Jack, and ... have me as I am! I promise I'll be ... quiet!'

I shook my head. I saw there was only one thing for me to do, namely, to undress her without any further delay; and I set to work to do so, Alice crying piteously: 'Don't Jack, don't! ... don't!'

I had left behind her the armchair in which I had allowed her to rest, and her blouse and bodice were still hanging open and thrown back on her shoulders. So I got on the chair and worked them along her arms and over her clenched hands on to the ropes; then gripping her wrists in turn one at a time, I released the noose, slipped the garments down and off and refastened the noose. And as I had been quick to notice that Alice's chemise and vest had shoulder-strap fastenings and had merely to be unhooked, the anticipated difficulty of undressing her forcibly was now at an end! The rest of her garments would drop off her, as each became released, and therefore it was in my power to reduce her to absolute nudity! My heart thrilled with fierce exultation, and without further pause, I went on with the delicious work of undressing her.

Alice quickly divined her helplessness and in an agony of apprehension and shame cried to me for mercy! But I was deaf to her pitiful pleadings! I was wild to see her naked!

Quickly I unhooked her dress and petticoats and pulled them down to her feet, thus exhibiting her in stays, drawers and stockings, a bewitching sight! Her cheeks were suffused with shamefaced blushes, she huddled herself together as much as she could, seemingly supported entirely by her arms; her eyes were downcast and she seemed dazed both by the rapidity of my motions and their horrible success!

Alice now had on only a dainty Parisian corset which allowed the laces of her chemise to be visible, just hiding the nipples of her maiden breasts, and a pair of exquisitely provoking drawers, cut wide especially at her knees and trimmed with a sea of frilly lace, from below which emerged her shapely legs encased in black silk stockings and terminating in neat little shoes. She was the daintiest sight a man could well imagine, and, to me, the daintiness was enhanced by her shamefaced consciousness, for she could see herself reflected in the mirror in all her dreadful dishabille!

After a minute of gloating admiration, I proceeded to untie the tapes of her drawers so as to take them off her. At this she seemed to wake to the full sense of the humiliation in store for her; wild at the idea of being deprived of this most intimate of garments to a girl, she screamed in her distress, tugging frantically at her fastenings in her desperation! But the knot gave way, and her drawers, being now unsupported, slipped down to below her knees, where they hung for a brief moment, maintained only by the despairing pressure of her legs against each other. A tug or two from me, and they lay in snowy loads round her ankles and rested on her shoes!

O that I had the pen of a ready writer with which to describe Alice at this stage of the terrible ordeal of being forcibly undressed, her mental and physical anguish, her frantic cries and impassioned pleadings, her frenzied struggles, the agony in her face as garment after garment was removed from her and she was being hurried nearer and nearer to the appalling goal of absolute nudity! The accidental but unavoidable contact of my hands with her person, as I undressed her, seemed to upset her so terribly that I wondered how she would endure my handling and playing with the most secret and sensitive parts of herself when she was naked!

But acute as was her distress while being deprived of her upper garments, it was nothing to her shame and anguish when she felt her drawers forced down her legs and the last defence to her cunt thus removed! Straining wildly at the ropes with cheeks aflame, eyes dilated with terror, and convulsively heaving bosom, she uttered inarticulate cries, half choked by her emotions and panting under her exertions.

I gloated over her sufferings and would have liked to have watched them - but I was now mad with desire for her naked charms and also feared that a prolongation of her agony might result in a faint, when I would lose the anticipated pleasure of witnessing Alice's misery when her last garment was removed and she was forced to stand naked in front of me. So unheeding her imploring cries, I undid her corset and took it off her, dragged off her shoes and stockings and with them her fallen drawers (during which process I intently watched her struggles in the hope of getting a glimpse of her holy of holies, but vainly), then slipped behind her; unbuttoning the shoulder-fastenings of her chemise and vest, I held these up for a moment, then watching Alice closely in the mirror, I let go! Down they slid with a rush, right to her feet! I saw Alice flash one rapid stolen half-reluctant glance at the mirror, as she felt the cold air on her now naked skin. I saw her reflection stark naked, a lovely gleaming pearly vision; then instinctively she squeezed her legs together, as closely as she could, huddled herself coweringly as much as the ropes permitted - her head fell back in the first intensity of her shame, then fell forward suffused with blushes that extended right down to her breasts, her eyes closed as she moaned in heartbroken accents: 'Oh! oh!! oh!!!' She was naked!

Half delirious with excitement and the joy of conquest, I watched Alice's naked reflection in the mirror. Rapidly and tumultuously, my eager eyes roved over her shrinking trembling form, gleaming white, save for her blushing face and the dark triangular mossy-looking patch at the junction of her belly and thighs. But I felt that, in this moment of triumph, I was not sufficiently master of myself fully to enjoy the spectacle of her naked maiden charms now so fully exposed, besides which, her chemise and vest still lay on her feet. So I knelt down behind her, forced her feet up one at a time and removed these garments, noting as I did so the glorious curves of her bottom and hips. Throwing these garments on to the rest of her clothes, I pushed the armchair in front of

her, and then settled myself down to a systematic and critical inspection of Alice's naked self!

As I did so, Alice coloured deeply over face and bosom and moved herself uneasily. The bitterness of death (so to speak) was past, her clothes had been forced off her and she was naked; but she was evidently conscious that much indignity and humiliation was yet in store for her, and she was horribly aware that my eyes were now taking in every detail of her naked self! Forced to stand erect by the tension of the ropes on her arms, she could do nothing to conceal any part of herself, and, in an agony of shame, she endured the awful ordeal of having her naked person closely inspected and examined!

I had always greatly admired her trim little figure, and in the happy days before our rupture, I used to note with proud satisfaction how Alice held her own, whether at garden parties, at afternoon teas or in the theatre or ballroom. And after she had jilted me and I was sore in spirit, the sight of her invariably added fuel to the flames of my desire, and I often caught myself wondering how she looked in her bath! One evening, she wore at dinner a low-cut evening dress and she nearly upset my self-control by leaning forward over the card table by which I was standing, and unconsciously revealing to me the greater portion of her breasts! But my imagination never pictured anything as glorious as the reality now being so reluctantly exhibited to me!

Alice was simply a beautiful girl and her lines deliciously voluptuous! No statue, no model, but glorious flesh and blood allied to superb femininity! Her well-shaped head was set on a beautifully modelled neck and bosom, from which sprang a pair of exquisitely lovely breasts (if anything too full), firm, upstanding, saucy and inviting. She had fine rounded arms with small well-shaped hands, a dainty but not too small waist, swelling grandly downwards and outwards and melting into magnificent curves over her hips and haunches. Her thighs were plump and round, and tapered to the neatest of calves and ankles and tiny feet, her legs being the least trifle too short for her, but adding by this very defect to the indescribable fascination of her figure. She had a graciously swelling belly with a deep navel, and, framed by the lines of her groin, was her mount of Venus, full, fat, fleshy, prominent, covered by a wealth of fine silky dark curly hairs, through which I could just make out the lips

of her cunt. Such was Alice as she stood naked before me, horribly conscious of my devouring eyes, quivering and trembling with suppressed emotion, tingling with shame, flushing red and white, knowing full well her own loveliness and what its effect on me must be; and in dumb silence I gazed and gazed again at her glorious naked self, till my lust began to run riot and insist on the gratification of senses other than that of sight!

I did not however consider that Alice was ready properly to appreciate the mortification of being felt. She seemed to be still absorbed in the horrible consciousness of one all-pervading fact, viz. that she was utterly naked, that her chaste body was the prey of my lascivious eyes, that she could do nothing to hide or even screen any part of herself, even her cunt, from me! Every now and then, her downcast eyes would glance at the reflection of herself in the faithful mirror, only to be hastily withdrawn with an access of colour to her already shame-suffused cheeks at these fresh reminders of the spectacle she was offering to me!

Therefore, with a strong effort, I succeeded in overcoming the temptation to feel and handle Alice's luscious body there and then, and being desirous of first studying her naked self from all points of view, I rose and took her in strict profile, noting with delight the arch of her bosom, the proudly projecting breasts, the glorious curve of her belly, the conspicuous way in which the hairs on the mount of Venus stood out, indicating that her cunt would be found both fat and fleshy, the magnificent swell of her bottom! Then I went behind her, and for a minute or two revelled in silent admiration of the swelling lines of her hips and haunches, her quivering buttocks, her well-shaped legs! Without moving, I could command the most perfect exhibition of her naked loveliness, for I had her back view in full sight while her front was reflected in the mirror!

Presently I completed my circuit, then standing close to her, I had a good look at her palpitating breasts, noting their delicious fullness and ripeness, their ivory skin, and the tiny virgin nipples pointing outwards so prettily, Alice colouring and flushing and swaying herself uneasily under my close inspection. Then I peered into the round cleft of her navel while she became more uneasy than ever, seeing the downward trend of my inspection. Then I dropped on my knees in front of her, and

from this point of vantage, I commenced to investigate with eager eyes the mysterious region of her cunt, so deliciously covered with a wealth of close curling hairs, clustering so thickly round and over the coral lips as almost to render them invisible! As I did so, Alice desperately squeezed her thighs together as closely as she could, at the same time drawing in her stomach in the vain hope of defeating my purpose and of preventing me from inspecting the citadel wherein reposed her virginity!

As a matter of fact, she did to a certain extent thwart me, but as I intended before long to put her on her back and tie her down with her legs wide apart, I did not grudge her partial success, but brought my face close to her belly. 'Don't! oh don't!' she cried, as if she could feel my eyes as they searched this most secret part of herself; but disregarding her pleadings, I closely scanned the seat of my approaching pleasure, noting delightedly that her mount of Venus was exquisitely plump and fleshy and would afford my itching fingers the most delicious pleasure when I allowed them to wander over its delicate contours and hide themselves in the forest of hairs that so sweetly covered it!

At last I rose. Without a word, I slipped behind the mirror and quickly divested myself of my clothes, retaining only my shoes and socks. Then, suddenly, I emerged and stood right in front of Alice. 'Oh!' she ejaculated, horribly shocked by the unexpected apparition of my naked self, turning rosy red and hastily averting her eyes - but not before they had caught sight of my prick in glorious erection! I watched her closely. The sight seemed to fascinate her in spite of her alarmed modesty, she flashed rapid glances at me through half-closed eyes, her colour coming and going. She seemed forced, in spite of herself, to regard the instrument of her approaching violation, as if to assess its size and her capacity!

'Won't you have a good look at me, Alice?' I presently remarked maliciously, 'I believe I can claim to possess a good specimen of what is so dear to the heart of a girl!' (She quivered painfully.) After a moment I continued: 'Must I then assume by your apparent indifference that you have in your time seen so many naked men that the sight no longer appeals to you?' She coloured deeply, but kept her eyes averted.

'Are you not even curious to estimate whether my prick will fit your cunt?' I added, determined, if I possibly could, to break down the barrier of silence she was endeavouring to protect herself with.

I succeeded! Alice tugged frantically at the ropes which kept her upright, then broke into a piteous cry: 'No, no ... my God, no!' she supplicated, throwing her head back but still keeping her eyes shut as if to exclude the sight she dreaded, 'Oh! ... you don't really mean to ... to ...' she broke down, utterly unable to clothe in words the overwhelming fear that she was now to be violated!

I stepped up to her, passed my left arm round her waist and drew her trembling figure to me, thrilling at the exquisite sensation caused by the touch of our naked bodies against each other. We were now both facing the mirror, both reflected in it.

'Don't, oh! don't touch me!' she shrieked as she felt my arm encircle her, but holding her closely against me with my left arm, I gently placed my right forefinger on her navel, to force her to open her eyes and watch my movements in the mirror, which meant that she would also have to look at my naked self, and gently I tickled her.

She screamed in terror, opening her eyes, squirming deliciously: 'Don't! oh don't!' she cried agitatedly.

'Then use your chaste eyes properly and have a good look at the reflection of the pair of us in the mirror,' I said somewhat sternly; 'look me over slowly and thoroughly from head to foot, then answer the questions I shall presently put to you. May I call your attention to that whip hanging on that wall and to the inviting defencelessness of your bottom? Understand that I shall not hesitate to apply one to the other if you don't do as you are told! Now have a good look at me!'

Alice shuddered, then reluctantly raised her eyes and shamefacedly regarded my reflection in the mirror, her colour coming and going. I watched her intently (she being also reflected, my arm was still round her waist holding her against me) and I noted with cruel satisfaction how she trembled with shame and fright when her eyes dwelt on my prick, now stiff and erect!

'We make a fine pair, Alice, eh?' I whispered maliciously. She coloured furiously, but remained silent.

'Now answer my questions: I want to know something about you before going further. How old are you?'

'Twenty-five,' she whispered.

'In your prime then! Good! Now, are you a virgin?'

Alice flushed hotly and painfully, then whispered again: 'Yes!'

Oh! my exultation! I was not too late! The prize of her maidenhead was to be mine! My prick showed my joy! I continued my catechism.

'Absolutely virgin?' I asked, 'a pure virgin? Has no hand ever wandered over those lovely charms, has no eye but mine seen them?'

Alice shook her head, blushing rosy red at the idea suggested by my words. I looked rather doubtingly at her.

'I include female eyes and hands as well in my query, Alice,' I continued; 'you know that you have a most attractive lot of girl and woman friends and that you are constantly with them. Am I to understand that you and they have never compared your charms, have never, when occupying the same bed ...' but she broke in with a cry of distress. 'No, no, not I, not I, oh! how can you talk to me like this, Jack!'

'My dear, I only wanted to find out how much you already knew so that I might know what to teach you now! Well, shall we begin your lessons?'

And I drew her against me, more closely than ever, and again began to tickle her navel.

'Jack, don't!' she screamed, 'oh don't touch me! I can't stand it! really I can't!'

'Let me see if that is really so!' I replied, as I removed my arm from her waist and slipped behind her, taking up a position from which I could command the reflection of our naked figures in the mirror, and thus watch her carefully and note the effect on her of my tender mercy.

CHAPTER FOUR

I commenced to feel Alice by placing my hands one on each side of her waist, noting with cruel satisfaction the shiver that ran through her at their contact with her naked skin. After a few caresses, I passed them gently but inquisitively over her full hips, which I stroked, pressed and patted lovingly, then bringing my hands downwards behind her I roved over her plump bottom, the fleshy cheeks of which I gripped and squeezed to my heart's content, Alice the while arching herself outwards in a vain attempt to escape my hands. Then I descended to the underneath portion of her soft round thighs, and finally worked my way back to her waist, running my hands up and down over loins and finally arriving at her armpits.

Here I paused, and to try the effect on Alice, I gently tickled these sensitive spots of herself. 'Don't!' she exclaimed wriggling and twisting herself uneasily, 'don't, I am dreadfully ticklish, I can't stand it at all!' At once I ceased, but my blood went on fire, as through my brain flashed the idea of the licentious lovely spectacle Alice would afford if she was tied down with her legs fastened widely apart, and a pointed feather-tip cleverly applied to the most sensitive part of herself - her cunt - sufficient slack being allowed in her fastenings to permit of her wriggling and writhing freely while being thus tickled, and I promised to give myself presently this treat together with the pleasure of trying on her this interesting experiment.

After a short pause, I again placed my hands on her waist, played for a moment over her swelling hips, then slipped them on to her stomach, my right hand taking the region below her waist, while my left devoted itself to her bosom, carefully avoiding for the moment her breasts.

Oh! what pleasure I tasted in thus touching her pure sweet flesh, so smooth, so warm, so essentially female! My delighted hands wandered all over her body, while the poor girl stood quivering and trembling, unable to guess whether her breasts or cunt were next to be attacked.

I did not keep her long in suspense. After a few circlings over her rounded belly, my right hand paused on her navel again, and while my

forefinger gently tickled her, my left hand slid quietly on to her right breast which it then gently seized.

She gave a great cry of dismay! Meanwhile my right hand had in turn slipped up to her left breast, and another involuntary shriek from Alice announced that both of her virgin bubbies had become the prey of my cruel hands!

Oh! how she begged me to release them, the while tossing herself from side to side in almost uncontrollable agitation as my fingers played with her delicious breasts, now squeezing, now stroking, now pressing them against each other, now rolling them upwards and downwards, now gently irritating and exciting their tiny nipples! Such delicious morsels of flesh I had never handled, so firm and yet so springing, so ripe and yet so maidenly, palpitating under the hitherto unknown sensations communicated by the touch of masculine hands on their virgin surfaces. Meanwhile Alice's tell-tale face reflected in the mirror clearly indicated to me the mental shame and anguish she was feeling at this terrible outrage; her flushed cheeks, dilated nostrils, half-closed eyes, her panting heaving bosom all revealing her agony under this desecration of her maiden self! In rapture, I continued toying with her virgin globes, all the while gloating on Alice's image in the mirror, twisting and contorting itself in the most lasciviously ravishing way under her varying emotions.

At last I tore my hands away from Alice's breasts. I slipped my left arm round her waist, drew her tightly against me, then while I held her firmly, my right hand passed gently over her stomach and slowly approached her cunt! Alice instantly guessed my intention! She threw her weight on one leg, then quickly placed the other across her groin to foil my attack, crying: 'No no, Jack! ... not there ... not there!' at the same time endeavouring frantically to turn herself away from my hand. But the close grip of my left arm defeated her, and disregarding her cries, my hand crept on and on till it reached her hairs! These I gently pulled, twining them round my fingers as I revelled in their curling silkiness. Then amorously, I began to feel and press her gloriously swelling mount of Venus, a finger on each side of its slit. Alice now simply shrieked in her shame and distress, jerking herself convulsively backwards and twisting herself frenziedly. As she was forced to stand on both legs in order to maintain her balance, her cunt was absolutely defenceless, and

my eager fingers roved all over it, touching, pressing, tickling, pulling her hairs at their sweet will. Then I began to attack her virgin orifice and tickle her slit, passing my forefinger lightly up and down it, all the time watching her intently in the mirror. Alice quivered violently, her head fell backwards in her agony as she shrieked: 'Jack, don't! ... for God's sake don't!! ... stop! ... stop!' But I could feel her cunt opening under my lascivious attentions, and so could she! Her distress became almost uncontrollable. 'Oh, my God!' she screamed in her desperation as my finger found its way to her clitoris and lovingly titillated it; spasmodically she squeezed her thighs together in her vain attempts to defend herself. Unheeding her agonised pleadings, I continued to tickle her clitoris for a few delicious moments, then I gently passed my finger along her cunt and between its now half-opened lips till I arrived at her maiden orifice, up which it tenderly forced its way, burying itself in Alice's cunt till it could penetrate no further into her! Alice's agitation now became uncontrollable; she struggled so violently that I could hardly hold her still, especially when she felt the interior of her cunt invaded and my finger investigate the mysteries of its virgin recesses.

Oh! my voluptuous sensations at that moment! Alice's naked quivering body clutched tightly against mine! My finger, half buried in her maiden cunt, enveloped in her soft warm throbbing flesh and gently exploring its luscious interior!! In my excitement I must have pushed my inquisitiveness too far, for Alice suddenly screamed: 'Oh! ... oh! you're hurting me! ... stop! stop!' her head falling forward on her bosom as she did so! Delighted at this unexpected proof of her virginity and fearful of exciting her sexual passions beyond her powers of control, I gently withdrew my finger and soothed her by passing it lovingly and caressingly over her cunt; then releasing her from my encircling arm, I left her to recover herself. But, though visibly relieved at being at last left alone, Alice, trembled so violently that I hastily pushed her favourite armchair (the treacherous one) behind her, deftly released the pulley-ropes and let her drop into the chair to rest and recover herself, for I knew that her distress was only temporary and would soon pass away and leave her in a fit condition to be again fastened and subjected to some other torture, for so it undoubtedly was to her.

CHAPTER FIVE

On this occasion, I did not set free the catch which permitted the arms of the chair to imprison the occupant. Alice was so upset by her experiences that I felt sure she would not give me any trouble worth mentioning when it became time for her torturing to recommence, provided of course that I did not allow her too long a respite, and this, from my own point of view, I did not propose to do as I was wildly longing to play again with her naked charms! I therefore let her coil herself up in the chair with her face buried in her hands, and greedily gloated over the voluptuous curves of her haunches and bottom which she was unconsciously exhibiting, the while trying to make up my mind as to what I should next do to her. This I soon decided. My hands were itching to handle again her virgin flesh, and so I determined to tie Alice upright to one of the pillars and while comfortably seated close in front of her, to amuse myself by playing with her breasts and cunt again.

She was now lying quietly and breathing normally and regularly, the tremblings and quiverings that had been running intermittently through her having by now ceased. I did not feel quite sure if she had recovered herself yet, but as I watched her, I noticed an attempt on her part to try and slip her wrists out of the silken nooses that attached the ropes to them. This settled the point, and, before she could effect her object and free her hands, I set the ropes working, remarking as I did so: 'Well Alice, shall we resume?'

She glanced at me affrightedly, then averted her eyes as she exclaimed hurriedly: 'Oh no, Jack! not again, not again!' and shuddered at the recollection of her recent ordeal.

'Yes, my dear!' I replied, 'the same thing, though not quite in the same way; you'll be more comfy this time! Now Alice, come along, stand up again!'

'No!' she cried, fighting vainly the now fast tightening ropes which were inexorably raising her to her feet! 'Oh, Jack! no! ... no!!' she pitifully pleaded while opposing the upward pull with all her might but to no avail! I simply smiled cruelly at her as I picked up a leather strap and awaited the favourable moment to force her against the nearest pillar.

Presently she was dragged off the chair and now was my time. I pounced on her and rushed her backwards to the pillar, quickly slipping the strap round it and her waist and buckling it, and thus securing her. Then I loosened the pulleys and lowering her arms, I forced them behind her and round the pillar, till I got her wrists together and made them fast to a ring set in the pillar. Alice was now helpless; the whole of the front of her person was at my disposal! She was securely fastened, but, with a refinement of cruelty, I lashed her ankles together and bound them to the pillar! Then I unbuckled the strap round her waist and threw it away, it being no longer needed, placed the armchair in front of her, and sitting down in it, I drew it so close to her that she stood between my parted legs and within easy touch, just as she did when she was being indecently assaulted before she was undressed, only then we both were fully clothed, while now we both were stark naked! She could not throw her head back because of the pillar, and if she let it droop, as she naturally wanted to do, the first thing that her innocent eyes would rest upon would be my excited prick in glorious erection, its blushing head pointing directly towards her cunt as if striving to make the acquaintance of its destined bride.

Confused, shamefaced and in horrible dread, Alice stood trembling in front of me, her eyes tightly closed as if to avoid the sight of my naked self, her bosom agitatedly palpitating till her breasts seemed almost to be dancing! I leant back in my chair luxuriously as I gloated over the voluptuously charming spectacle, allowing her a little time in which to recover herself somewhat before I set to work to feel her again.

Before long, the agitations of her bosom died away; Alice's breathing became quieter. She was evidently now ready for another turn, and I did not keep her waiting, but gently placed my hands on her breasts.

'No, Jack, don't!' she pleaded piteously, moving herself uneasily. My only response was to stroke lovingly her delicious twin globes. As her shoulders were of necessity drawn well back by the pull of her arms, her bust was thrown well forward, thus causing her breasts to stand out saucily and provokingly; and I took the fullest advantage of this. Her flesh was delicious to the touch, so smooth and soft and warm, so springy and elastic. My fingers simply revelled in their contact with her skin! Taking her tempting bubbies between my fingers and thumbs, I

amorously pressed and squeezed them, pulled them this way and that way, rubbed them against each other, finally taking each delicate nipple in turn in my mouth and sucking it while my hands made as if they were trying to milk her! Alice, all the while, involuntarily shifted herself nervously, as if endeavouring to escape from my audaciously inquisitive fingers, her face scarlet with shame.

After a delicious five minutes of lascivious toying with her maiden breasts, I reluctantly quitted them, first imprinting on each of her little nipples a passionate kiss which seemed to thrill through her. As I sank back into my chair she took a long breath of relief, at which I smiled, for I had only deserted her breasts for her cunt.

Alice's legs were a trifle short, and her cunt therefore lay a little too low for effective attack from me in a sitting position. I therefore pushed the chair back and knelt in front of her. My intentions were now too obviously plain to her, and she shrieked in her dismay, squirming deliciously.

For some little time, I did not touch her, but indulged in a good look at close quarters at the sweet citadel of her chastity.

My readers will remember that, immediately after I had stripped Alice naked, I had closely inspected her cunt from a similar point of view. But then it was unsullied, untouched; now it had experienced the adoring touch of a male finger, and her sensitive body was still all of a quiver from the lustful handling her dainty breasts had just endured! Did her cunt share in the sexual excitement that my fingers had undoubtedly aroused in her?

It seemed to me that it did! The hair seemed to stand out as if ruffled, the mount of Venus certainly looked fuller, while the coral lips of the cunt itself were distinctly more apart! I could not see her clitoris, but I concluded that it participated in the undoubted excitement that was prevailing in this sweet portion of Alice's body, and of which she evidently was painfully aware by her shrinking quivering movements!

I soon settled the point by gently placing my right forefinger on her slit and lovingly stroking it! An electric shock seemed to thrill through Alice, her limbs contracted, her head fell forward as she screamed: 'Don't Jack! ... oh my God! how can you treat me so?' while she struggled frantically

to break the ropes which lashed her legs to the pillar to which she was fastened.

'Don't you like it, dear?' I asked softly with a cruel smile, as I continued gently to play with her cunt.

'No, no,' she shrieked, 'oh stop! ... I can't stand it!' And she squirmed horribly. The crack of her cunt now began to open visibly.

I slipped my finger in between the parted lips: another despairing shriek from Alice, whose face now was scarlet! Again I found my progress barred by the membrane that proved her virgin condition! Revelling in the warm moistness of her throbbing flesh, I slowly agitated my finger in its delicious envelope, as if frigging her: 'Jack! don't!!' Alice yelled, now mad with distress and shame, but I could not for the life of me stop, and with my left forefinger, I gently attacked her virgin clitoris.

Alice went off into a paroxysm of hysterical shrieks, straining at her fastenings, squirming, wriggling, writhing like one possessed. She was a lovely sight in herself, and the knowledge that the struggling shrieking girl I was torturing was Alice herself and none but Alice added zest to my occupation.

Disregarding her cries, I went on slowly frigging her but carefully refrained from carrying her sexual excitement to the spending point; till I had pushed her powers of self-control to their utmost I did not want her to spend, this crowning humiliation I intended to effect with my tongue. Presently, what I wished was to make Alice endure the most outrageously indecent indignities I could inflict on her virgin person, to play on her sexual sensitiveness, to provoke her nearly into spending, and then deny her the blessed relief; so, exercising every care, and utilising to the utmost the peculiarly subtle power of touch I possessed, I continued to play with her cunt with both my hands, till I drove her nearly frantic with the sexual cravings and excitement I was provoking.

Just then I noticed certain spasmodic contortions of her hips and buttocks, certain involuntary thrusting out of her belly, as if she were begging for closer contact with my busy fingers; I knew this meant that her control over her sexual organs was giving out and that she would be driven into spending if I did not take care; so, most reluctantly, I stopped torturing her for the moment, and leaning back in my chair, I gloatingly

watched Alice as little by little she regained her composure, my eyes dwelling delightedly on her trembling and quivering naked body so gloriously displayed.

She breathed a long sigh of heartfelt relief as she presently saw me rise and leave her. She did not however know that my object in doing so was to prepare another and perhaps more terrible ordeal for her virgin cunt!

From a drawer, I took out a long glove-box, then returned and resumed my seat in front of her with the box in my hand. She watched me with painful intensity, her feminine intuition telling her that something horrible was in store for her, and she was not wrong!

Holding the box in such a way that she could see the contents, I opened it. Inside were about a dozen long and finely pointed feathers. Alice at once guessed her fate, viz, that her cunt was to be tickled; her head jerked in her terror as she shrieked: 'Oh, my God! not that, Jack! ... not that!! ... you'll kill me! I can't stand it!!' I laughed cruelly at her and proceeded to pick out a feather, whereupon she frantically tugged at her fastenings, screaming frenziedly for mercy!

'Steady, dear! steady now, Alice!' I said soothingly, as if addressing a restive mare, then touched her palpitating breasts with the feather's point. 'Jack, don't!' she yelled, pressing herself wildly back against the pillar in a impotent effort to escape from the torture caused by the maddeningly gentle titillation, her face crimson. For response, I proceeded to pass the tip of the feather along the lower portion of her glorious bubbies, touching the skin ever so lightly here and there, then tickling her maiden nipples! With redoubled cries, Alice began to squirm convulsively as much as her fastenings would permit, while the effect of the fiendishly subtle torture on her became manifest by the sudden stiffening of her breasts, which now began to stand out tense and full! Noting this, I thought it as well to allow her a little respite, so dropped my hand, but at the same time leant forward till my face touched her breasts, which I then proceeded to kiss lovingly in turn, finally sucking them amorously till they again became soft and yielding. I then made as if I would repeat the torture, but after a touch or two (which produced piteous cries and contortions) I pretended to be moved by her distress, and again dropping my hand, leant back in the chair till she became less agitated.

But as soon as the regular rise and fall of her lovely bosom indicated the regaining of composure, I proceeded to try the ardently longed for experiment, viz. the effect of a feather when applied to a girl's cunt! And no one could have desired a more lovely subject on which to test this much debated question than was being offered by the naked helpless girl now standing terrified between my legs!

Pushing my chair back as much as was desirable, I leant forward, then slowly extended my right arm in the direction of Alice's cunt. A great cry of despair broke from her as she noted the movement, and she flattened her bottom against the pillar in a vain attempt to draw herself back out of reach. But the only effect of her desperate movement was to force forward her mount of Venus, and thereby render her cunt more open to the attack of the feather than it previously was!

Carefully regulating my motions, I gently brought the tip of the feather against the lowest point of Alice's cunt hole, then very softly and gently began to play up and down on and between its delicate coral lips! Alice's head had dropped on to her breast the better, I fancy, to watch my movements; but as soon as the feather touched her cunt, she threw her head backwards, as if in agony, shrieking at the top of her voice, her whole body twisting and contorting wildly. Not heeding her agonised appeals, I proceeded to work along her slit towards her clitoris, putting into play the most subtle titillation I was capable of, sometimes passing the feather all along the slit from one end to the other, sometimes tickling the orifice itself, not only outside but inside; then, ascending towards her clitoris, I would pass the tip of the feather all round it, irritating it without so much as touching it.

The effect of my manipulation soon became evident. First the lips of Alice's cunt began to pout, then to gape a little, then a little more as if inviting the feather to pass into it - which it did! Then Alice's clitoris commenced to assert itself and to become stiff and rigid, throbbing excitedly; then her whole cunt seemed as if possessed by an irresistible flood of sexual lust and almost to demand mutely the immediate satisfaction of its cravings! Meanwhile Alice, firmly attached to the pillar, went into a paroxysm of contortions and convulsions, wriggling, squirming, writhing, tugging frantically at her fastenings, shrieking, praying, uttering incoherent exclamations and ejaculations, her eyes

starting out of her head, her quivering lips, her heaving bosom with its wildly palpitating breasts all revealing the agony of body and mind that she was enduring!

Fascinated by the spectacle, I continued to torture her by tickling her cunt more and more scientifically and cruelly, noting carefully the spots at which the tickling seemed most felt and returning to those ultra-sensitive parts of her cunt, avoiding only her clitoris - as I felt sure that were this touched, Alice would spend - till her strength became exhausted under the double strain. With a strangled shriek Alice collapsed just as I had forced the feather up her cunt and was beginning to tickle the sensitive interior. Her head fell forward on her bosom, her figure lost its self-supporting rigidity, she hung flaccidly, prevented from falling only by her wrists being shackled together round the pillar! There was nothing to be gained by prolonging the torture, so quickly I unfastened her, loosed her wrists and ankles from their shackles, and carried her to the large divan-couch, where I gently laid her, knowing that she would soon recover herself and guessing that she now would not need to be kept tied and that she had realised the futility of resistance.

CHAPTER SIX

The couch on which I had placed Alice was one of the cunning pieces of furniture that I had designed for use, should I succeed in capturing her. It was unusually long, nearly eight feet by about three and a half feet wide, upholstered in dark green satin and stuffed in such a way as to be delightfully soft and springy and yet not to allow one's person to sink into it. In appearance it resembled a divan, but in stern reality it was a rack, for at each end there was a concealed mechanism that worked stout leather straps, its object in life being to extend Alice at full length, either on her back or her front (as I might wish), and to maintain her fixed thus while I amused myself with her or worked my cruel will on her! From about halfway down the sides, there issued a pair of supplementary straps also worked by a mechanism, by means of which Alice's legs could be pulled widely apart and held so, should I want to devote myself to her cunt or fuck her against her will.

I did not wish to fatigue her with another useless struggle, so before she recovered the use of her faculties, I attached the corner straps to her wrists and ankles, leaving them quite loose and slack, so that she could move herself freely. Hardly had I effected this when Alice began to come to herself; immediately I quitted her and went to a part of the room where my back would be turned to her, but from which I could nevertheless watch her by means of a mirror.

I saw her draw a deep breath, then slowly open her eyes and look about her as if puzzled. Then, almost mechanically, one of her hands stole to her breasts and the other to her cunt, and she gently soothed these tortured parts by stroking them softly, as if to relieve them of the terrible tickling they had been subjected to! Presently she raised herself to a sitting position, then tried to free herself from the straps on her wrists and ankles.

I now considered that she must have fully recovered, so I returned to her and without a word, I touched the spring and set the mechanism working noiselessly. Immediately the straps began to tighten. As soon as she observed this, Alice started up in fright, at once detecting that she would be spread-eagled on her back if she did not break loose! 'No, no, no!' she

cried, terrified at the prospect; then she desperately endeavoured to slip out of her fastenings, but the straps were tightening quickly and in the struggle she lost her balance and fell backwards on the couch, and before she could recover herself, she was drawn into a position in which resistance was impossible! With cruel satisfaction, I watched her, disregarding her frenzied appeals for mercy! Inch by inch, she was pulled flatter and flatter, till she rested on her back; then, inch by inch, her dainty legs were drawn asunder, till her heels rested on the edges of the couch! Then I stopped the machinery. Alice was now utterly helpless! In speechless delight, I stood gazing at her lovely body as she lay on her back, panting after her exertions, her bosom heaving and fluttering with her emotions, her face rosy red with shame, her lovely breasts and virgin cunt conspicuously exposed, stark naked, a living Maltese cross!

When I had sufficiently gratified my senses of sight and she had become a little calmer, I quietly seated myself by her waist, facing her feet, then bending over her, I began delightedly to inspect the delicious abode of Alice's maidenhead, her virgin cunt, now so fully exhibited! With sparkling eyes, I noted her full, fleshy mount of Venus, the delicately tinted coral lips quivering under sensations hitherto alien to them, the wealth of close clustering curly hair; with intense delight, I saw that, for a girl of her height and build, Alice had a large cunt, and that her clitoris was well developed and prominent, that the lips were full and her slit easy to open! Intently I scanned its every feature - the sweet junction of her belly and thighs, her smooth plump thighs themselves, the lines of her groin - while Alice lay trembling in an agony of shame and fright, horribly conscious of the close investigation her cunt was undergoing and in terrible dread of the sequel!

Shakespeare sings (in Venus and Adonis):

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?

So it was with me! My hands were tingling to explore the mysteries of Alice's cunt, to wander unchecked over her luscious belly and thighs. My prick was in a horrible state of erection. I could hardly restrain myself from falling on her and ravishing her as she lay there so temptingly helpless. But with a strong effort, I did suppress my rioting lustful desires and tore myself away from Alice's secret charms for a brief spell.

I turned round so as to face her, still seated by her waist, and placed my hands on her lovely breasts. As I lovingly squeezed them, I lowered my face till I almost touched hers, then whispered: 'You delicious beauty, kiss me!' at the same time placing my lips on hers. Alice flushed hotly, but did not comply. I had never yet either kissed her or received a kiss from her and was mad for one! 'Alice kiss me!' I repeated somewhat sternly, looking threateningly at her and replacing my lips on her mouth. Reluctantly she complied, I felt her lips open as she softly kissed me! It was delicious! 'Give me another!' I demanded, putting my right cheek in position to receive it. She complied. 'Yet another!' I commanded, tendering my left cheek. Again she complied. 'Now give me two more, nice ones, mouth to mouth!' Again came the sweet salute, so maddeningly exciting that, hastily quitting her breasts, I threw my arms round her neck, drew her face to mine, then showered burning kisses on her mouth, eyes and cheeks till she gasped for breath, blushing rosy red. Reluctantly I let her go; then to her dismay, I again turned round and bent over her cunt, and after a long look at it, expressive of the deepest admiration, I gently placed my hands on her belly and, after softly stroking it, began to follow the converging lines of her groin. Alice shrieked in sudden alarm, 'No, no - Oh! my God, no, no ... don't touch me there! ... Oh! no! not there!' and struggled desperately to break loose. But I disregarded her cries and continued my invasion; soon my itching fingers reached the forest of hairs that covered her mount, she squirming deliciously, then rested on her cunt itself. An agonised shriek of 'Oh! ... Oh!!!' from Alice, as she writhed helplessly with quivering hips, proclaimed my victory and her shame!

Shall I ever forget the sensations of that moment? At last, after weary longings and waitings, Alice's cunt was at my mercy. I not only had it in the fullest possible view, but was actually touching it! My fingers, ranged on either side of the delicate pinky slit, were busy amorously pressing and feeling it, now playing with its silky curly hairs and gently pulling

them, now tenderly stroking its sweet lips, now gently opening them so as to expose its coral orifice and its throbbingly agitated clitoris. Resting as I was on Alice's belly, I could feel every quiver and tremor as it passed through her, every involuntary contortion induced by the play of my fingers on this most delicate and susceptible part of her anatomy, the fluttering of her palpitating and heaving bosom. I could hear the involuntary ejaculations, the 'ohs!' and the 'ahs!' that broke from her in her shame and mental anguish at thus having to endure this handling and fingering of her maiden cunt and the strange half-terrifying sensations thereby provoked!

Half mad with delight, I continued to toy sweetly with Alice's cunt, till sudden unmistakable wriggles of her bottom and hips and her incoherent exclamations warned me that I was trying her too much, if not goading her into spending, and as I had determined that Alice's first sacrifice to Venus should be induced by the action of my tongue on her cunt, I reluctantly desisted from my delightful occupation, to her intense relief.

Turning round, I again clasped her in my arms, rained hot kisses on her unresisting lips and cheeks, murmuring brokenly: 'O Alice! ... O Alice! ...' Then pressing my cheek against hers, I rested with her clasped in my arms, her breasts quivering against my chest, till we both grew calmer and her tremblings ceased.

For about five minutes there was dead silence, broken only by Alice's agitated breathing. Soon this ceased, and she seemed to have recovered command of herself again. Then softly I whispered to her 'Will you not surrender yourself to me now, Alice dear! surely it is plain to you that you cannot help yourself?'

She drew her face away from me, and murmured: 'No, no, I can't, I can't ... let you ... have me! O let me go! ... let me go!!!'

'No,' I replied sternly, releasing my clasp of her and resuming my sitting attitude by her waist, 'no, my dear! you shan't go till you've been well punished and well fucked! But as I said before, I think you will change your mind presently!'

She looked questioningly at me, fear in her eyes. I rose. Her eyes followed me, and when she saw me select another fine-pointed feather

and turn back to her, she instantly divined my intentions and frantically endeavoured to break the ropes that kept her thighs apart, shrieking: 'Oh no, no, my God no, I can't stand it! ... you'll kill me!'

'Oh no, I won't!' I replied quietly, seating myself by her knees, so as to command both her cunt and a view of her struggles which I knew would prove most excitingly delicious! Then without another word, I gently directed the point of the feather against the lowest part of her cunt's virgin orifice, and commenced to tickle her.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A fearful scream broke from Alice, a violent quivering spasm shook her from head to foot. Her muscles contracted, as she vainly strove to break free. Arching her back she endeavoured to turn herself first on one side and then on the other, tugging frantically at the straps, anything as long as she could dodge the feather. But she could do nothing. The more she shrieked and wriggled, the greater was the pleasure she was affording me; so, deaf to her cries and incoherent pleadings, I continued to tickle her cunt, sometimes up and down the slit, sometimes just inside, noting with cruel delight how its lips began to gape open under the sexual excitement now being aroused and how her throbbing clitoris began to erect itself. Alice presented a most voluptuous spectacle: clenched hands, half-closed eyes, heaving breasts, palpitating bosom, plunging hips, tossing bottom, jerking thighs - wriggling and squirming frantically, uttering broken and incoherent ejaculations, she shrieked and prayed. I thought it wise to give her a pause for rest and partial recovery. I withdrew the feather from between the lips of her cunt, then gently stroked them caressingly. 'Ah! ... Ah! ...' she murmured half unconsciously, closing her eyes. I let her lie still, but closely watched her.

Presently, her eyes opened half dreamily, she heaved a deep breath. I made as if to resume the tickling. 'No, no,' she murmured faintly, 'it's no use! ... I can't stand it! ... don't tickle me any more!'

'Well, will you yield yourself to me?' I asked. Alice lay silent for a moment, then with an evident effort said, 'Yes!'

Letting the feather fall between her parted legs, I leant forward and took her in my arms: 'There must not be any mistake, Alice,' I said softly. 'Are you willing to let me do to you anything and everything that I may wish?'

Half opening her eyes she nodded her head in assent. 'And do you promise to do everything and anything that I may wish you to do?'

She hesitated: 'What will you want me to do?' she murmured.

'I don't know,' I replied, 'but whatever it may be you must do it. Do you promise?'

'Yes!' she murmured, reluctantly.

'Then kiss me, kiss me properly in token of peace!' I whispered in her ear, placing my lips on hers; and deliciously she kissed me, receiving at the same time my ardent reciprocations. Then I unclasped her and began to play with her breasts.

'Mayn't I get up now?' she murmured, moving herself uneasily as she felt her breasts being squeezed.

'Not just yet, dear,' I replied. 'I've excited you so terribly that it is only fair to you that I should give you relief, and as I know that in spite of your promise you will not behave as you should do, simply from inexperience, I will keep you as you are till I have solaced you!'

'Oh, what are you going to do to me?' she asked in alarm, in evident fear that she was about to be violated.

'Restore you to ease, dear, by kissing you all over; now lie still and you will enjoy the greatest pleasure a girl can taste and yet remain virgin!'

With heightened colour she resigned herself to her fate. I took her again in my arms, and sweetly kissed her on her eyes, her cheeks, her hair. Then releasing her, I applied my lips to her delicious breasts, and showered burning kisses all over them, revelling in their sweet softness and their exquisite elasticity. Taking each breast in turn, I held it between finger and thumb, then enveloping the dainty little nipple between my lips, I alternately played on it with my tongue and sucked it, all the while squeezing and toying with the breast, causing Alice to experience the most lascivious sensations she had yet known, except perhaps when her cunt was being felt. 'Stop! Oh, for God's sake stop!' she ejaculated in her confusion and half fright as to what might happen. 'For heaven's sake, stop!' she screamed as I abandoned one breast only to attack the other. But the game was too delightful: to feel her glorious throbbing ripe bobbies in my mouth and quivering under my tongue, while Alice squirmed in her distress, was a treat for a god; so, disregarding her impassioned pleadings, I continued to suck and tongue-tickle them till their sudden stiffening warned me that Alice's sexual instincts were being roused and the result might be a premature explosion when she felt the grand assault on her cunt.

So I desisted reluctantly. Again I encircled her neck with my arms, kissed her pleading mouth and imploring eyes as she lay helpless; then with my tongue I touched her navel. She cried, 'No, no, oh! don't,' struggling desperately to get free, for it began to dawn on her innocent mind what her real torture was to be. I did not keep her in suspense. Thrusting my hands under her and gripping the cheeks of her bottom so as to steady her plungings, I ran my tongue down lightly over the lines of her abdomen and began tenderly to kiss her cunt. She shrieked in her terror as she felt my lips on those of her cunt, and with frantic wriggings endeavoured to escape my pursuing mouth. At this critical moment, I lightly ran my tongue along Alice's slit. The effect was astounding! For a moment she seemed to swoon under the subtle titillation, but on my tongue again caressing her cunt, only this time darting deeper between its lips, she went off into a paroxysm of shrieks and cries, wriggling and squirming in a most wonderful way considering how strongly I had fastened her down; her eyes seemed to start out of her head under the awful tickling that she was experiencing; she plunged so frantically that although I was tightly gripping her buttocks she almost dislodged my mouth, the rigid muscles of her lovely thighs testifying to the desperate effort she was making to get loose. But the subtle titillation had aroused her sexual desires, without her recognising the fact in her distress. Her cunt began to open of its own accord, soon the clitoris was revealed turgid and stiff, quivering in sexual excitement, then her orifice began to yawn and show the way to paradise; deeper and deeper plunged my tongue into its satiny recess, Alice mechanically and unconsciously thrusting herself upwards as if to meet my tongue's downward dartings and strokes. Her head rolled from side to side, as, with half-closed eyes, she struggled with a fast increasing feeling that she must surrender herself to the imperious call of her sexual nature, yet endeavouring desperately not to do so under so long established notions of chastity. Her breath came in snatches, her breasts heaved and panted, half-broken ejaculations escaped from her quivering lips. The time had arrived for the sacrifice and the victim was ready. Thrusting my tongue as deeply into her cunt as I could force it, I gave her one final and supreme tickling, then taking her clitoris between my lips, I sucked hard at it, the while tickling it with my tongue ... It was too much for Alice 'Stop ... stop ... it's coming! ... it's coming!' she gasped. An irresistible wave of lust swept away the last barriers of chastity, and with a

despairing wail: 'Oh ... Oh ... I ... can't ... help ... it ... Oh ... Oh ... Oh!!!'
she spent frantically!

Feeling her go, I sprang to my feet to watch Alice as she spent. It was a wonderful sight! There she lay on her back, completely naked, forced to expose her most secret charm, utterly absorbed in the sensations of the moment, her body pulsating and thrilling with each sexual spasm, her closed eyes, half-open lips and stiff breasts indicating the intensity of the emotions that possessed her. And so she remained for a minute or two, as if in a semi-swoon.

Presently I noticed a relaxing of her muscles; then she drew a long breath and dreamily opened her eyes. For a moment she seemed dazed and almost puzzled to know where she was; then her eyes fell on me, and in flash she remembered everything. A wave of colour surged furiously over her face and bosom at the thought that I had witnessed her unconscious transports and raptures as she yielded herself to her sexual passions in spite of herself; stirring uneasily, she averted her eyes, flushing hotly again. I stooped down and kissed her passionately; then, without a word, I unfastened her, raised her from the settee and supported her to the large armchair, where she promptly curled herself up, burying her blushing face in her hands.

I thought it wisest to leave her undisturbed for a brief space, so busied myself quietly in pouring out two glasses of wine, and knowing what severe calls were going to be made on Alice's innate sexual powers I took the opportunity to fortify these by dropping into her glass the least possible dose of cantharides.

CHAPTER EIGHT

My readers will naturally wonder what my condition of mind and body was after both had been subjected to such intense inflammation as was inevitable from my close association with Alice dressed and Alice naked.

Naturally I had been in a state of considerable erotic excitation from the moment that Alice's naked charms were revealed, especially when my hands were playing with her breasts and toying with her cunt. But I had managed to control myself. The events recorded in the last chapter however proved too much for me. The contact of my lips and tongue with Alice's maiden lips, breasts and cunt and the sight of her as she spent were more than I could stand, and I was nearly mad with lust and an overwhelming desire that she should somehow provide me with relief.

But how could it be arranged? I wanted to keep her virgin as long as I possibly could, for I had not nearly completed my carefully prepared programme of fondlings and quasi torturings that impart double spice and salaciousness when perpetrated on a virgin. To fuck her therefore was out of the question. Of course there was her mouth, and my blood boiled at the idea of being sucked by Alice; but it was patent that she was too innocent and inexperienced to give me this pleasure. There were her breasts: one could have a delicious time no doubt by using them to form a tunnel and to work my prick between them, but this was a game better played later on. There were her hands, and sweetly could Alice frig me, if she devoted one dainty hand to my prick, while the other played with my testicles, but nothing would be easier than for her to score off me heavily, by giving the latter an innocent wrench which would throw me out of action entirely. The only possible remaining method was her bottom, and while I was feverishly debating its advisability, an innocent movement of hers and the consequent change of attitude suddenly displayed the superb curves and general lusciousness of her posteriors. In spite of my impatience, I involuntarily paused to admire their glorious opulence! Yes! I would bottom-fuck Alice, I would deprive her of one of her maidenheads!

But would she let me do so? True, she had just sworn to submit herself to my caprices whatever they might be, but such a caprice would no doubt

never have entered into her innocent mind, and unless she did submit herself quietly, I might be baffled and in the excitement of the struggle and the contact with her warm naked flesh, might spend and 'waste my sweetness on the desert air!' Suddenly a cruelly brilliant idea struck me, and at once I proceeded to act on it.

She was still lying curled up in the armchair. I touched her on her shoulder; she looked up hurriedly.

'I think you have rested long enough, Alice,' I said. 'Now get up, I want you to put me right!' And I pointed to my prick now in a state of terrible erection! 'See!' I continued, 'you must do something to put it out of its torment, just as I have already so sweetly allayed your lustful cravings!' She flushed painfully! 'You can do it either with your mouth or by means of your bottom - now say quick - for I am just bursting with lust for you!'

She hid her face in her hands! 'No, no,' she ejaculated. 'No, oh no! I couldn't, really I couldn't!'

'You must!' I replied somewhat sternly, for I was getting mad with unsatisfied lust. 'Remember the promises you have just made! Come now, no nonsense! Say which you'll do!'

She threw herself at my feet. 'No, no,' she cried, 'I can't!'

Bending over her, I gripped her shoulders: 'You have just sworn that you would let me do to you anything I pleased, and that you would do anything I might tell you to do; in other words, that you would both actively and passively minister to my pleasures. I have given you your choice! If you prefer to be active, I will lie on my back and you can suck and excite me into spending; if you would rather be passive, you can lie on your face and I will bottom-fuck you! Now which shall it be?'

'No, no, no!' she moaned in her distress, 'I can't do either! really I can't!'

Exasperated by her non-compliance, I determined to get by force what I wanted, and before she could guess my intentions, I had gripped her firmly round her body, then half carried and half dragged her to the piano duet stool which also contained a hidden mechanism. On to it I forced her, face downwards, and in spite of her resistance, I soon fixed the straps to her wrists and ankles; then I set the mechanism working,

sitting on her to keep her in the proper position, as she desperately fought to get loose. Cleverly managing the straps, I soon got Alice into the desired position, flat on her face and astride the stool, her wrists and ankles being secured to the longitudinal wooden bars that maintained the rigidity of the couch.

Alice was now fixed in such a way that she could not raise her shoulders or bosom, but by straightening her legs, she could heave her bottom upwards a little. Her position was perfect for my purpose, and lustfully I gloated over the spectacle of her magnificent buttocks, her widely parted thighs affording me a view of both of her virgin orifices, both now at my disposal!

I passed my hands amorously over the glorious backside now at my mercy, pinching, patting, caressing and stroking the luscious flesh; my hands wandered along her plump thighs, revelling in their smoothness and softness, Alice squirming and wriggling deliciously! Needless to say her cunt was not neglected, my fingers tenderly and lovingly playing with it and causing her the most exquisitely irritating titillation.

After enjoying myself in this way for a few minutes and having thoroughly felt her bottom, I left her to herself for a moment while I went to a cupboard, Alice watching my movements intently. After rummaging about, I found what I sought, a riding whip of some curious soft substance, very springy and elastic, calculated to sting but not to mark the flesh. I was getting tired of having to use force on Alice to get what I wanted and considered it would be useful policy to make her learn the result of not fulfilling her promises; and there is no better way of bringing a girl to her senses than by whipping her soundly, naked if possible! And here was Alice, naked, fixed in the best possible position for a whipping!

As I turned towards her, whip in hand, she instantly guessed her fate and shrieked for mercy, struggling frantically to get loose. Deaf to her pitiful pleadings, I placed myself in position to command her backside, raised the whip, and gave her a cut right across the fleshiest part.

A fearful shriek broke from her! Without losing time, I administered another, and another, and another, Alice simply now yelling with the pain, and wriggling in a marvellous way considering how tightly she was

tied down. I had never before whipped a girl, although I had often read and been told of the delights of the operation to the operator, but the reality far surpassed my most vivid expectations! And the naked girl I was whipping was Alice, the object of my lust, the girl who had jilted me, the girl I was about to ravish! Mad with exultation, I disregarded her agonised shrieks and cries. With cruel deliberation, I selected the tenderest parts of her bottom for my cuts, aiming sometimes at one luscious cheek, then the other, then across both, visiting the tender inside of her widely parted thighs! Her cries were music to my ears in my lustful frenzy, while her wriggles and squirms and the agitated plungings of her hips and buttocks enthralled my eyes. But soon, too soon, her strength began to fail her, her shrieks degenerated into inarticulate ejaculations. There was now little pleasure in continuing her punishment, so most reluctantly I ceased.

Soothingly I passed my right hand over Alice's quivering bottom and stroked it caressingly, alleviating in a wonderfully short time the pain. In spite of the severity of the whipping she had received, she was not marked at all! Her flesh was like that of a baby, slightly pinker perhaps, but clean and fresh. As I tenderly restored her to ease, her tremblings died away, her breath began to come more freely and normally, and soon she was herself again.

'Well, has the nonsense been whipped out of you, Alice?' I asked mockingly. She quivered, but did not answer.

'What, not yet?' I exclaimed, pretending to misunderstand her. 'Must I give you another turn?' and I raised the whip as if to commence again.

'No, no!' she cried in genuine terror, 'I'll be good!'

'Then lie still and behave yourself,' I replied, throwing the whip away into a corner of the room.

From a drawer I took a pot of cold cream. Alice who was fearsomely watching every movement of mine, cried in alarm: 'Jack, what are you going to do to me? ... oh tell me!' My only response was to commence to lubricate her arsehole, during which operation she squirmed delightfully; then placing myself full in her sight, I set to work to anoint my rampant prick. 'Guess, dear!' I said.

She guessed accurately. For a moment she was struck absolutely dumb with horror, then struggling desperately to get free, she cried: 'Oh! my God! ... no Jack! ... no! ... you'll kill me!'

'Don't be alarmed,' I said quietly, as I caressed her quivering buttocks; 'think a moment - larger things have come out than what is now going in! Lie still, Alice, or I shall have to whip you.' Then placing myself in position behind her, I leant forward till the head of my prick rested against her arsehole.

'My God! - no! no!' she shrieked, frantically wriggling her buttocks in an attempt to thwart me. But the contact of my prick with Alice's flesh maddened me; thrusting fiercely forward, I, with very little difficulty, shoved my prick halfway up Alice's bottom with apparently little or no pain to her; then falling on her, I clasped her in my arms and rammed myself well into her, till I felt my balls against her and the cheeks of her bottom against my stomach.

My God! it was like heaven to me! Alice's naked quivering body was closely pressed to mine! - my prick was buried to its hairs in her bottom, revelling in the warmth of her interior! I shall never forget it! Prolonging my rapturous ecstasy, I rested motionless on her, my hands gripping and squeezing her palpitating breasts so conveniently placed for my delectation, my cheek against her averted face, listening to the inarticulate murmurs wrung unconsciously from her by the violence of her emotions and the unaccountably strange pleasure she was experiencing, and which she confessed to by meeting my suppressed shoves with spasmodic upward heavings of her bottom - oh! it was paradise!

Inspired by a sudden thought, I slipped my right hand down to Alice's cunt and gently tickled it with it with my forefinger, but without penetrating. The effect was marvellous! Alice plunged wildly under me with tumultuous quiverings, her bosom palpitating and fluttering: 'Ah! ... Ah! ...' she ejaculated, evidently a prey to uncontrollable sexual cravings! Provoked beyond endurance I let myself go! For a few moments there was a perfect cyclone of frenzied upheavings from her, mixed with fierce down-thrustings from me, then blissful ecstasy as I spent madly into Alice, flooding her interior with my boiling tribute! 'Ah! ... ah! ...' she gasped, as she felt herself inundated by my hot discharge! Her cunt

distractedly sought my finger, a violent spasm shook her, and with a scarcely articulate cry indicative of the intensest rapture, Alice spent on my finger with quivering vibrations, her head falling forward as she half swooned in her ecstasy!! She had lost the maidenhead of her bottom!!!

For some seconds we both lay silent and motionless, save for an occasional tremor, I utterly absorbed in the indescribable pleasure of spending into Alice as she lay tightly clasped in my arms! She was the first to stir (possibly incommoded by my superincumbent weight), gently turning her face towards me, colouring furiously as our eyes met! I pressed my cheek against hers, she did not flinch but seemed to respond. Tenderly I kissed her, she turned her face fully towards me and of her own accord she returned my kiss! Was it that I had tamed her? Or had she secretly tasted certain pleasure during the violation of her bottom? Claspng her closely to me I whispered: 'You have been a good girl this time, Alice! a very good girl!!' She softly rubbed her cheek against mine! Did I hurt you?' I asked.

She whispered back: 'Very little at first, but not afterwards!'

'Did you like it?' I enquired maliciously. For answer she hid her face in the leather seat, blushing hotly. But I could feel her thrill!!

A moment's silence, then she raised her head again, moved uneasily, then murmured: 'Oh! let me get up now!'

'Very well,' I replied and unclasping my arms from round her, I slowly drew my prick out of her bottom, untied her - then taking her into one of the alcoves I showed her a bidet all ready for her use and left her. Passing into the other, I performed the needful ablutions to myself, then radiant with my victory and with having relieved my overcharged desires, I awaited Alice's reappearance.

CHAPTER NINE

Presently Alice emerged from her screen, looking much freshened up by her ablutions. She further had taken the opportunity to put her hair in order, it having become considerably disarranged and rumpled by her recent strugglings. Her face had lost the woebegone look, and there was a certain air of almost satisfaction about her which I could not understand, for she smiled as our eyes met, at the same time faintly colouring, and concealing her cunt with her left hand as she approached me.

I offered her a glass of wine, which she drank, then I passed my left arm round her waist and drew her to the armchair, into which I placed myself, making her seat herself on my thighs and pass her right arm round my neck. Then drawing her closely to me, I proceeded to kiss her ripe lips, to which she made no resistance but gave no response.

We sat in silence for a minute or two, I gently stroking her luscious breasts while trying to read in her eyes what her present frame of mind really was, but unsuccessfully. Undoubtedly, during the ravishment of her bottom, she had tasted some pleasure sufficiently delicious to make her condone for its sake her 'violation à la derrière' and practically to pardon her violator! - what could it be?

I thought I would try a long shot, so presently whispered in her ear, 'Wouldn't you like that last all over again?'

I felt her quiver. She was silent for a moment, then asked softly, 'Do you mean as a further punishment?' steadily keeping her eyes averted from me and flushing slightly.

'Oh! no,' I replied, 'it was so very evident that it was not "punishment" to you,' and I tried to catch her eyes as I pressed her amorously to me. 'I meant as a little entr'acte.'

Alice blushed furiously! I felt her arm round my neck tighten its embrace, and she nestled herself closer to me! 'Not all!' she murmured gently.

'How much then? ... or which part?' I whispered again.

'Oh! how can I possibly tell you!' she whispered back, dropping her face on to my shoulder and snuggling up to me, then throwing her left arm also round me, thereby uncovering her cunt.

I took the hint! 'May I guess?' I whispered.

Without waiting for a reply. I slipped my right hand down from her breasts and over her rounded belly, then began gently to toy with her hairs and caress her slit! Alice instantly kissed me twice passionately! She was evidently hot with lust, inflamed possibly by the dose of cantharides she had unknowingly swallowed!

'Am I right?' I whispered. She kissed me again!

'Then let me arrange you properly,' I said. 'Come, we'll sit in front of the mirror and look at ourselves!' Alice blushed, not quite approving of the idea, but willing to please me.

So I moved the armchair in front of the mirror and seated myself in it. I then made Alice place herself on my thighs, her bottom being right over my prick, which promptly began to return to life, raising its drooping head until it rested against her posteriors. Passing my left arm round her waist, I held her firmly to me. Then I made her part her legs, placing her left leg between mine while her right leg rested against the arm of the chair, my right thigh in fact separating her thighs.

Alice was now reflected in the mirror in three-quarters profile, but her parted legs allowed the whole of her cunt with its glorious wealth of hair to be fully seen! Her arms hung idly at her sides - I had made her promise not to use them.

We gazed at our reflection for a moment, our eyes meeting in the glass! Alice looked just lovely in her nakedness!

'Are you ready?' I asked with a significant smile. Alice wriggled a little as if to settle herself down more comfortably, then turning her face (now all aflame and rosy red) to me she almost shame-facedly nodded, then kissed me!

'Keep your cheek against mine, and watch yourself in the glass, Alice,' I whispered, then I gently placed my right hand on her sweet belly and slowly approached her cunt!

A thrill, evidently of pleasure, quivered through her as she felt my fingers pass through her hairs and settle on her cunt! 'Ah!' she murmured, moving deliciously over my prick as I commenced to tenderly frig her, now fingering her slit, now penetrating her still virgin orifice, now tickling her clitoris - causing her all the time the most deliciously lascivious transports, to which she surrendered herself by licentiously oscillating and jogging herself backwards and forwards as if to meet and stimulate my finger!

Presently Alice became still more excited; her breasts stiffened, her nostrils dilated! Noting this, I accelerated the movements of my finger, at the same time clasping her more firmly to me, my eyes riveted on her image in the glass and gloating over the spectacle she presented in her voluptuous raptures! Suddenly she caught her breath! Quickly I tickled her on her clitoris! 'Oh! ... Oh! ... oh!!!' she ejaculated - then spent in ecstasy, maddening me by the quiverings of her warm buttocks, between which my now rampant prick raged, held down!

I did not remove my finger from Alice's cunt, but kept it in her while she spent, slightly agitating it from time to time, to accentuate her ecstasy. But, as soon as I considered her sexual orgasm had exhausted itself, I began again to frig her. Then an idea flashed through my brain: why should I not share her raptures? Carefully I watched for an opportunity! Soon I worked her again into an awful state of desire; panting with unsatisfied lust and furiously excited (the result of the cantharides!), Alice jerked herself about madly and spasmodically on my thighs! Presently an unusually violent movement of hers released my prick from its sweet confinement under her bottom; promptly it sprang up stark and stiff! Quick as thought, I gripped Alice tightly and rammed myself fiercely into her bottom!! 'No! ... no! ... no! ...' she cried and strove to rise and so dislodge me, but I pressed her firmly down on my thighs and compelled her to remain impaled on my prick, creating a diversion by frigging her harder than ever!!

'Kiss me,' I gasped, frantic with lust under my sensations in Alice's bottom and the sight of her naked self in the glass, quivering, palpitating, wriggling!! Quickly Alice pressed her lips on mine, our breaths mingled, our tongues met, my left hand caught hold of one of her breasts and squeezed it as her eyes closed. An electric shock ran through her! ... then

Alice spent frantically, plentifully bedewing my finger with her virgin distillation! - at the same moment receiving inside her my boiling essence, as I shot it madly into her, my prick throbbing convulsively under the contractions of her rear sphincter muscles, agitated and activated by her ecstatic transports.

Oh! the sensations of the moment! How Alice spent! How I discharged into her!!

It must have been a full minute before either of us moved, save for the involuntary tremors that, from time to time, ran through us as our sexual excitement died away! Alice, now limp and nerveless, but still impaled on my prick, reposed on me, my finger dwelt motionless in her cunt, luxuriating in its envelope of warm throbbing flesh! And so we rested, exhausted after our lascivious orgy, both half unconscious!

I was the first to come to myself, and as I caught sight of our reflection in the mirror, the licentious tableau we presented sent an involuntary quiver through me which my prick communicated to Alice, thus rousing her! As she dreamily opened her eyes, her glance also fell on the mirror! She started, became suddenly wide-awake, flushed rosy red, then hid her face in her hands, murmuring brokenly: 'Oh! ... how horrible! ... how horrible! ... what ... have you ... made me do? ...' half sobbing in her shame now that her sexual delirium had subsided, and horribly conscious that my prick was still lodged in her bottom and impaling her. Foreseeing her action, I brought my right arm to the assistance of my left and held her forcibly down, so preventing her from rising and slipping off me.

'What's the matter, Alice?' I asked soothingly, as she struggled to rid herself of my prick.

'Oh! let me go! let me go!' she begged, still with her face in her hands and in such evident distress that I deemed it best to comply and let her hurry off to her bidet, as she clearly desired.

So I released Alice; she slowly drew her bottom off my prick and rushed behind her screen. Following her example, I repaired to my corner and after the necessary ablutions, I awaited Alice's return.

CHAPTER TEN

Pending Alice's reappearance, I debated with myself the important question, what next should I do to her? There was no doubt that I had succeeded in taming her, that I had now only to state my wishes and she would comply with them! But this very knowledge seemed to destroy the pleasure I had anticipated in having her in such utter subjection; the spice of the proceeding up to now had undoubtedly lain in my forcing her to endure my salacious and licentious caprices, in spite of the most determined and desperate resistance she could make! And once she became a dull and passive surrogate of a proud and voluptuous girl, I should practically be flogging a dead horse were I to continue my programme!

But there was one experience which on no account was to be omitted, forming as it did the culmination of my revenge as well as of my lust, one indignity which she could not and would not passively submit to, one crowning triumph over her which she could never question or deny - and this was ... her violation! - the ravishing of her maidenhead!!

Alice was now fully educated to appreciate the significance of every detail of the process of transforming a girl into a woman; my fingers and lips had thoroughly taught her maiden cunt its duty, while my prick, when lodged in the throbbing recesses of her bottom, had acquainted her with the phenomenon of the masculine discharge at the crisis of pleasure, of the feminine ecstasy in receiving it, while her transports in my arms, although somewhat restricted by the circumstances, had revealed to her the exquisitely blissful sensations mutually communicated by such close clinging contact of male and female flesh! Yes! I would now devote the rest of the afternoon to fucking her!

Hardly had I arrived at this momentous decision than Alice came out of her alcove after an unusually prolonged absence. She had evidently thoroughly refreshed and revived herself, and she looked simply fetching as she halted hesitatingly on passing through the curtains, shielding her breasts with one hand and her cunt with the other, in charming shame-faced confusion. Obedient to my gesture, she came timidly towards me; she allowed me to pass my arm round her waist and kiss her, and then to

lead her to the table where I made her drink a small tumbler of champagne that I had previously poured out for her, and which seemed to be most welcome to her. Then I gently whispered to her that we would lie down together on the couch for a little rest, and soon we were cosily lying at our ease, she pressed and held amorously against me by my encircling arms.

For a minute or two we rested in silence, then the close conjunction of our naked bodies began to have the inevitable result on me - and I think also on her! Claspng her closely against me, I murmured: 'Now, Alice darling, I think the time has come for you to surrender to me your maidenhead ... for you to be my bride!' And I kissed her passionately.

She quivered, moved herself uneasily as if trying to slip out of my encircling arms, trembled exceedingly, but remained silent.

I made as if to place her on her back, whispering: 'Open your legs, dear!'

'No! no! Jack!' Alice ejaculated, struggling to defend herself, and successfully resisting my attempt to roll her over on to her back, 'let me go, dear Jack! ... surely you have revenged yourself on me sufficiently!' And she endeavoured to rise.

I held her down firmly and, in spite of her determined resistance, I got her on her back and myself on her. But she kept her legs so obstinately closed that in the position in which I was, I could not get mine between them. I began to get angry. Gripping her to me till her breasts flattened themselves against my chest, I raised my head and looked her sternly in the eyes.

'Now, Alice, no more nonsense,' I said brusquely. 'I'm going to fuck you! Yield yourself at once to me and do as I tell you or I shall tie you down on this couch and violate you by force in a way you won't like! Now once and for all, are you going to submit or are you not?'

She closed her eyes in an agony of distress.

'Jack! ... Jack! ...' she murmured brokenly then stopped as if unable to speak in her emotion.

'I can only take it that you prefer to be ravished by force rather than be treated as a bride! Very well!' I rejoined. And I slipped off her as if to rise

and tie her down. But she caught my hand; looked at me so pleadingly and with so piteous an expression in her lovely eyes that I sat down by her side on the couch.

'Upon my word I don't understand you, Alice!' I said, not unkindly. 'You have known all along that you were to lose your maidenhead and you have solemnly promised to yield it to me and to conform to all my desires, whatever they might be. Now, when the time has arrived for you to be fucked you seem to forget all your promises!'

'But ... but ...' she stammered, 'I didn't know ... then! ... I thought ... there ... was ... only one way! ... so ... I promised! ... but you ... have ... had me twice ... another way! ... oh! let me off! ... do let me off! ... I can't submit! ... truly I can't ... have me again ... the ... other way ... if ... you must! ... but not ... this way! ... oh! ... not this way!! ...'

With my right hand, I stroked her cunt gently, noting how she flinched when it was touched! 'I want this virginity, Alice! this virginity of your cunt! - your real maidenhead! - and you must let me have it! Now am I to whip you again into submission? Don't be foolish! you can guess how this whip will hurt when properly applied, as it will be. You know you'll then have to give in! why not do so at once, and spare yourself the pain and indignity of a severe whipping?'

Alice moaned pitifully: 'Oh, my God!' - then was silent for a few seconds, her face working painfully in her distress! Then she turned to me: 'I must give in!' she murmured brokenly, 'I couldn't endure ... to be whipped ... naked ... as I am! ... so ... take me ... and do ... what you desire! ... only ... treat ... me as kindly ... as you can! ... Now ... I don't know ... why ... I ask it ... but ... kiss me ... kiss me ... let me think ... I'm ... your wife ... and on ... my wedding night! ... not ...' - she stopped, struggling with her emotions, then bravely put up her mouth with a pitiful smile to be kissed.

Promptly I took her lovely naked form lovingly in my arms, and pressing her to me till her breasts flattened against me, I passionately kissed her trembling lips again and again until she gasped for breath. Then stooping, I repeated the caress on each heaving breast and then on her palpitating cunt, kissing the latter over and over again and interspersing my kisses with delicate lingual caresses! Then I succeeded in soothing

her natural agitation at thus reaching the critical point of her maiden existence.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Thus at last Alice and I found ourselves together naked on the Couch of Love! - she, ill at ease and downcast at having thus to yield up her virginity and dreading horribly the process of being initiated by me into the mysteries of sexual love! - I overjoyed at the prospect of soon ravishing Alice and conquering her maidenhead! Side by side on our backs, we lay in silence, my left hand clasping her right, till she had regained her composure a little. As soon as I saw she had become calmer, I slipped my arms round her, and turning on my side towards her, I drew her tenderly to me, but still keeping her flat on her back; then I kissed her lips again and again ardently, murmuring lovingly between my kisses, 'My little wifie! ... my wee wifie!' - noting delightedly how her downcast face brightened at my adoption of her fantasy, and feeling her respond almost fondly to my kisses.

'May I learn something about my wifie?' I whispered as I placed my right hand on Alice's maiden breasts and began feeling them as if she was indeed my bride! Alice smiled tenderly, yielding herself to my caprice, and quivering anew under the voluptuous sensations communicated to her by my inquisitive fingers. 'Oh! what little beauties! oh! what darling bobbies!' I murmured amidst fresh kisses! - Alice now beginning to look quite pleased at my using her own pet name for her treasures and commencing to enter almost heartily into my game. I continued to fondle and squeeze her luscious breasts for a little longer, then carried my hand lower down her, but suddenly arrested it, whispering: 'May I?'

At this absurd travesty of a bridegroom's chivalrous respect for his bride Alice fairly laughed (poor girl! her first laugh in that room that day!) then gaily nodded, putting up her lips for more kisses! Overjoyed to see her thus forgetting her woes, I pressed my lips on hers and kept them there, punctuating with kisses the feigningly timid advance of my hand over her belly, till it invaded the precincts of her cunt! 'Oh! my darling! ... oh! my sweetheart! ... oh! my wifie! ...' I murmured passionately as my fingers roved wantonly all over Alice's virgin cunt, playing with her hairs, feeling and pressing insidiously but irritatingly its fleshiness, and toying with her slit but not penetrating it! Alice all the while abandoned herself freely to the lascivious sensations induced by my fingerings, jogging her

buttocks upwards, wagging her hips, ejaculating 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' in spite of my lips being glued to hers and nearly suffocating her with kisses!

After a few minutes of this delicious exploitation of the most private part of Alice's body, I stopped my finger on her virgin orifice. 'Pardon me, sweet!' I whispered; then gently inserted it into Alice's cunt as far as I could, as whispered; to assure myself as to her virgin condition, all the time smothering her with kisses. Keenly appreciating the comicality of my proceedings, in spite of the serious lover-like air I was assuming, Alice laughed out heartily, unconsciously heaving herself up so as to meet my finger and slightly opening her thighs to allow it freer access to her cunt, my tongue taking advantage of her laughter to dart through her parted lips in search of her tongue, which she then sweetly resigned to my ardent homage! 'Oh! wifie! ... my wifie! ... my sweet wifie! ... my virgin wifie! ...' I murmured, as if enchanted to find her a maid! 'Oh! what a delicious cunny you have! - so fat! so soft! so juicy! - wifie!! ... oh wifie!! ...' I breathed passionately into her ear, as I agitated my finger inside her cunt, half frigging her and stopping her protests with my kisses, till I saw how I was exciting her! 'Little wifie!' I whispered with a grin I could not for the life of me control, 'Little wifie! shall I ... make you come?' In spite of her almost uncontrollable and self-absorbing sexual irritation, Alice laughed out, then nodded, closing her eyes as if in anticipation of her now fast approaching ecstasy! A little more subtle titillation and Alice spent blissfully on my ministering finger, jerking herself about lasciviously and evidently experiencing the most voluptuous raptures and transports!!

I waited till her sexual spasm has ceased: 'Wifie!' I whispered, rousing her with my kisses, 'little wifie! oh you naughty girl! how you seemed to enjoy it! ... tell me, wifie! was it then so good?' As she opened her eyes, Alice met mine, brimming with merriment; she blushed rosy red, then clasped me in her soft arms and kissed me passionately, murmuring: 'Darling! oh! darling!!' then burst out laughing at our ridiculousness! And so we lay for a few delicious moments, clasped in each other arms.

Presently I murmured: 'Now, wifie! you'll like to learn something about me, eh?' Alice laughed merrily at the quaint conceit, then coloured furiously as she remembered that it would mean the introduction of her

virgin hands to my virile organs! 'Sit up, wifie! dear, and give me your pretty hands,' I said.

Alice, now rosy red with suppressed excitement and lust, quickly raised herself to a sitting position at my side. I took her dainty hands in mine, she yielding them rather coyly, turned on my back, opened my legs, and then guided her right hand on to my prick and her left to my testicles, then left her to indulge and satisfy in any manner she saw fit her senses of sight and touch, wondering whether it would occur to her that the fires she was about to excite in me would have to be extinguished in her virgin self when she was being ravished, as before long she would be!

For certainly half a minute, Alice intently inspected my organs of generation, leaning over me and supporting herself by placing her right hand on my stomach and her left on my thigh. I wondered what thoughts passed through her mind as she gazed curiously on what very soon would be the instruments of her violation and the conquerors of her virginity. But she made no sign.

Presently she steadied herself on her left hand, then timidly, with her right hand, she took hold of my prick gently, glancing curiously at me as if to note the effect of the touch of her soft hand on so excitable a part of my person, then smiling wickedly and almost triumphantly as she saw me quiver with pleasure! Oh! the exquisite sensations that accompanied her touch! Growing bolder, she held my prick erect and gently touched my balls with her slender forefinger, as if to test their substance, then took them in her hand, watching me eagerly out of the corner of her eye to note the effect on me! I was simply thrilling with the pleasure! For a few minutes she lovingly played with my organs, generally devoting a hand to each, but sometimes she would hold my prick between one finger and thumb, while with her other hand, she would amuse herself by working the loose folds of skin off and on the knob! At another time, she would place my prick between her soft warm palms and pretend to roll it. Another time she seized a testicle in each hand, oh! so gently! and sweetly caressed them! Had I not taken the edge off my sexual ardour by the two spendings in Alice's bottom, I must have discharged under the tenderly provocative ministrations of her fingers! As it was, I had to exercise every ounce of my self-control to prevent an outburst!

Presently I said quietly but significantly: 'Little wifie! may I tell you that between husband and wife kissing not only is sanctioned but is considered even laudable!' Alice laughed nervously, glanced quickly at me, then with heightening colour, looked intently at my prick, which she happened at that moment to be grasping tightly in her right hand, its head protruding above her thumb and fingers, while with her left forefinger she was delicately stroking and tickling my balls! After a moment's hesitation, she bent down, squeezed my prick tightly (as if to prevent anything from issuing out of it), then softly kissed its head! Oh! my delicious sensations as her lips touched my prick! Emboldened by the success of her experiment, Alice set to work to kiss my balls sweetly, then passed her lips over the whole of my organs of generation, showering kisses on them, but favouring especially my balls, which had for her a wonderful attraction, burying her lips in my scrotum, and (I really believe!) tonguing them! Such attentions could only end in one way! Inflamed almost beyond endurance by the play of her sweetly irritating lips, my prick became so stiff and stark that Alice in alarm thought she had better cease her ministrations, and with blushing cheeks and a certain amount of trepidation, she lay herself down alongside of me.

By this time I was so mad with lust that I could hardly control myself, and as soon as Alice lay down I seized her in my arms, drew her to me, showered kisses on her lips, then with an abrupt movement, I rolled her over on to her back, slipping on top of her. In an effort to counteract my attack she separated her legs the better to push me back! Quick as thought, I forced myself between them.

Now is she in the very lists of love,

Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.

SHAKESPEARE, Venus and Adonis

Alice was at my mercy! I could not have her at better advantage! She struggled desperately to dislodge, me, but to no avail!

Gripping her tightly, I got my stiff and excited prick against the lips of her cunt, then pushing steadily, I drove it into Alice, burying its head in her. Despite her fearful struggles and rapid movements of her buttocks

and hips, I made another thrust, entering still further into her cunt, then felt myself blocked! Alice screamed agonisedly, 'Oh! ... oh! stop! ... you're hurting me!' throwing herself wildly about in her pain and despair, for she recognised that she was being violated! Knowing that it was her maiden membrane that was stopping my advance into her, and that this now was the last defence of her virginity, I rammed into her vigorously! Suddenly I felt something give way inside her and my prick glided well up her cunt, and it did not require the despairing shriek that came from Alice to tell me that I had broken through the last barriers and had conquered her virginity!

Oh! my exultation! At last I had ravished Alice, I had captured her maidenhead, and was now actually fucking her in spite of herself! She, poor girl, lay beneath me, tightly clasped in my arms, a prey to the keenest shame, deprived of her maidenhead, transfixed with my prick, her cunt suffering martyrdom from its sudden distension and smarting with the pain of her violation! Pitying her, I lay still for some seconds so as to allow the interior of her cunt to stretch a bit, but I was too wrought up and mad with lust to remain inactive long in such surroundings.

With a final thrust, I sent my prick well home, Alice's hairs and mine interweaving. She shrieked again! Then agitating myself gently on her, I began to fuck her, first with steady strokes of my buttocks, then with more rapid and uneven shoves and thrusts, she quivering under me, overwhelmed by her emotions at thus finding her pure body compelled to become the recipient of my lust and by the strangely delicious pleasure that the movements of my prick inside her cunt were arousing in her! Alice no longer struggled, but lay passive in my arms, unconsciously accommodating herself to my movements on her, and involuntarily working her hips and bottom, instinctively yielding to the promptings of her now fast-increasing sexual cravings by jogging herself up as if to meet my down-thrusts!

Shall I ever forget my sensations at that moment? Alice, the long desired Alice, the girl of all girls, the unconscious object of my concupiscence - Alice lay underneath me, tightly clasped in my arms, naked, quivering, her warm flesh throbbing against mine, my prick lodged in her cunt, her tearful face in full sight, her breasts palpitating and her bosom heaving in her agitation! - gasping, panting in the acutest shame and distress at

being violated, yet unconsciously longing to have her sexual desires satisfied while dreading the consummation of her devirginisation! I could no longer control myself. Claspng her yielding figure still more closely against me, I let myself go - thrusting, ramming, shoving and agitating my prick spasmodically in her, I frenziedly set to work to fuck her! A storm of rapid tumultuous jogs, a half strangled 'oh! ... oh!! ... oh!!! ...' from Alice and I spent deliriously into her, deluging her with my hot discharge, at the same moment feeling the head of my prick christened by the warm gush that burst from Alice as she also frantically spent, punctuating the pulsations of her discharge by voluptuous upheavings of her wildly agitated bottom.

I remained master of myself notwithstanding my ecstatic delirium, but Alice fainted under the violence of the sexual eruption for the first time legitimately induced within her! My warm kisses on her upturned face however soon revived her. When she came to herself and found herself still lying naked in my arms and harbouring my prick in the freshly opened asylum of her cunt, she begged me to set her free! But she had not yet extinguished the flames of lust and desire which her provocative personality and appetising nakedness had kindled and which she had stimulated to white heat by the tender manipulations and kisses she had bestowed on my testicles and prick! The latter still remained rampant and stiff and burned to riot again within the deliciously warm and moist recesses of Alice's cunt - while I longed to make her expire again in the sweet agonies of satisfied sexual desire, and to witness and share her involuntary transports and wondrous ecstasies as she passed from sexual spasm to spasm while being sweetly fucked!

So I whispered amidst my kisses: 'Not yet, Alice! not yet! once more, Alice! you'll enjoy it this time!' - then began gently to fuck her again.

'No! no! ...' she cried, plunging wildly beneath me in her vain endeavours to dislodge me, 'not again! ... oh! not again! Let me go! ... stop! ... oh! please, do stop!' she implored, almost in tears, and in terrible distress at the horrible prospect of being ravished a second time.

I only shook my head negatively, and endeavoured to stifle her cries with my kisses. Seeing that I was determined to enjoy her again, Alice, now in tears, ceased her pleadings and resigned herself to her fate.

In order to control more easily her struggles, I had thrown my arms over hers, thus pinioning them in my grip of herself. Seeing now that she did not intend to resist me, except perhaps passively, I relaxed my embrace, set her arms free, passed mine round her body, then whispered: 'Hug me tightly, you'll be more comfy now, Alice!' She did so. 'That's much better, isn't it?' I murmured. She tearfully smiled, then nodded affirmatively, putting up her lips to be kissed.

'Now just lie quietly and enjoy yourself,' I whispered, then began to fuck her with slow and steady piston-like thrusts of my prick up and down her cunt. At once Alice's bosom and breasts commenced to palpitate under me, fluttering deliciously against my chest. Exercising the fullest control I possibly could bring to bear on my seminal reserves, so as to prolong to the utmost extent my voluptuous occupation, and that Alice should have every opportunity of indulging and satisfying her sexual appetites and cravings and of fully tasting the delights of copulation, I continued to fuck her steadily, watching her blushing upturned face and learning from her tell-tale eyes how she was getting on.

Presently she began to agitate her hips and jog herself upwards, then her breath came and went quickly, her eyes turned upwards and half closed, a spasm convulsed her ... she spent! I stopped for a moment. After a few seconds, Alice opened her eyes, blushing rosy red as she met mine. I kissed her lips tenderly, whispering 'Good?' She nodded and smiled. I resumed. Soon she was again quivering and wriggling under me, as a fresh wave of lust seized her; again her eyes closed and again Alice spent blissfully! I saw that I had now thoroughly roused her sexual desires and that she had surrendered herself to their domination and that they were imperiously demanding satisfaction!

I clasped her closely to me, whispered quickly: 'Now, Alice, let yourself go!' And set to work in real earnest, thrusting rapidly and ramming myself well into her! Alice simply abandoned herself to her sensations of the moment! Hugging me to her, she agitated herself wildly under me, plunging madly, heaving herself furiously upwards, tossing her head from side to side - she seemed as if overcome and carried away by a torrent of lust and madly endeavouring to satisfy it. I could hardly hold her still. How many times she spent I do not know, but her eyes were constantly half closing and opening again as spasm after spasm

convulsed her. Suddenly she ejaculated frenziedly: 'Now! ... Now! let me have it! ... let me have it all! ...' Immediately I responded - a few furious shoves, and I poured my boiling essence into Alice, spending frantically in blissful ecstasy! 'Ah! ... Ah! ...' she cried, quivering in rapturous transports as she felt herself inundated by my warm discharge! - then a paroxysm swept through her, her head fell back, her eyes closed, her lips opened as she spent convulsively in her turn!

She fainted right away! it had been too much for her! I tried to bring her to herself by kisses and endearments, but did not succeed. So I drew my prick cautiously out of Alice's cunt, all bloodstained, staunched with a handkerchief the blood, etc., that oozed out of Alice and bore unimpeachable evidence of the rape that had been committed on her virginity, and sprinkled her face with water.

When at length she came to, I assisted her to rise, as she seemed half dazed, and supported her as she tottered to her alcove, where she half fell into a low chair. I brought her a glass of wine which she drank gratefully, and which somewhat revived her. Then I saw that she had everything she could want - water, soap, syringe, towels, etc. She asked me to leave her, adding she was now all right. Before doing so, I stooped down to receive the first kiss she would give as a woman, having had her last as a girl. Alice threw her arms round my neck, drew my face to hers, then kissed me passionately over again, quite unable to speak because of her emotion! I returned her kisses with interest, wondering whether she was wishing to make me comprehend that she pardoned me for violating her!

Presently Alice whispered: 'May I dress now?' I had intended to have fucked her again, but I saw how overwrought she was; beside that, the afternoon was late and there was just comfortable time left for her to catch her train home. So I replied, 'Yes, dear, if you like; shall I bring your clothes here?' She nodded gratefully. I carefully collected her garments and took them to her, then left her to herself to dress; pouring out a bumper of champagne, I celebrated silently but exultingly the successful completion of my vengeance and my victory over Alice's virginity, then retired to my alcove and resumed my garments.

In about a quarter of an hour Alice appeared, fully dressed, hatted and gloved. I threw open the doors and she passed out without a word but

cast a long comprehensive glance round the room in which she had passed so memorable an afternoon. I called a hansom, placed her in it and took her to her station in plenty of time for her train; she was very silent during the drive but made no opposition when I took her hand in mine and gently stroked it. As the train started, I raised my hat with the customary salute, to which she responded in quite her usual pleasant way; no one who witnessed our parting would have dreamt that the pretty ladylike girl had just been forcibly ravished by the quiet gentlemanly man, after having first been stripped naked and subjected to shocking indignities! And as I drove home, I wondered what the outcome of that afternoon's work would be.

VOLUME II - THE COMEDY

CHAPTER ONE

I will now tell my readers that four months have elapsed since the events recorded in the previous volume. During this period, Alice and I had frequently met at the houses of mutual friends who were under the impression that by thus bringing us together, they were assisting in making a match between us. Our rapture was known only to our two selves, and Alice had quickly recognized that complete silence as to what had happened to her in my Snuggery was her safest policy. And really, there was some excuse for the incorrect impression under which our friends were laboring, for our mutual embarrassment, when we first met after her violation, and her inability to altogether subdue on subsequent occasions a certain agitation and heightened color when I appeared on the scene, were to be symptoms of the "tender passion" that was supposed to be consuming us both.

But Alice's manner to me insensibly became kinder and kinder as time went on. Unknown to herself, there was in her composition a strain of strong sensuality which had lain dormant under the quiet peacefully virtuous life of an English Miss that she had hitherto led; and it only wanted some fierce sexual stimulant to fan into flame the smoldering fires of her lust. This now had been supplied.

She afterwards confessed to me that, when the sense of humiliation and the bitter regrets for her ravished virginity had died down, she found herself recalling certain moments in which she had tasted the most exquisite pleasure, in spite of the dreadful indignities to which her stark naked self was being submitted, and then unconsciously beginning to long to experience them again till a positive, though unacknowledged, craving sprang up, which she was quite unable to stifle but did not know how to satisfy! When such promising conditions prevail, kind Mother Nature and sweet lady Venus generally come into operation. Soon Alice began to feel towards me the tender regard that every woman seems to cherish towards the fortunate individual who has taken her maidenhead! As I have just stated, she became kinder and kinder, till it was evident to me that she had pardoned my brutality. Instead of almost shrinking from

me, she undoubtedly seemed to welcome me and was never averse to finding herself alone with me in quiet corners and nooks for two.

On my side, I was beginning to experience a fierce desire once more to hold her naked in my arms and revel in the delights of her delicious person, to taste her lips as we mutually spent in each other's clasped embrace, in other words, to fuck her! Kind Mother Nature had taken us both into her charge: now sweet lady Venus came on the scene.

One evening, Alice and I met at the house of a lady hostess, who placed us together at the dinner table. I naturally devoted myself to Alice afterwards in the drawing room. When the guests began to depart, our hostess asked me if I would mind seeing Alice home in my taxicab, which, of course, I was delighted to do. Strangely enough, the possibilities of a tête-à-tête did not occur to me, and it was only when Alice returned to the hall cloaked and veiled and our hostess had told her that I had very kindly offered to take her home in my taxi that the opportunity of testing her real feelings was suggested to me by the vivid blush that, for a moment, suffused her face and elicited a sympathetic but significant smile from our hostess, who evidently thought she had done us both a good turn. And so she had, but not in the direction she fondly thought!

The taxi had hardly begun to move when we both seemed to remember that we were alone together for the first time since the afternoon on which Alice had been first tortured scientifically, and then ravished! Overcome by some sudden inspiration, our eyes sought each other. In the dim light, I saw Alice's face working under the rush of her emotion, but she was looking at me with eyes full of love and not of anger. She began to cuddle up against me perhaps unconsciously, at the same time turning her face up as if seeking a kiss. I could not resist the mute invitation. Quickly I slipped my left arm 'round her, drew her to me (she yielding to me without a struggle), pressed my lips on hers and fondly rained kisses on her mouth. "Jack!" she murmured lovingly. I felt her thrill under my kisses, then catch her breath and quiver again! I recognized the symptoms. Promptly I slipped my right hand under her clothes, and before she could offer any resistance (even had she desired to do so, which she evidently did not), my hand had reached the sweet junction of her belly and thighs and my fingers began to attack the folds

of her chemise through the opening of her drawers in their feverish impatience to get at her cunt! "Jack! Oh, Jack!" Alice again murmured as she pressed herself against me as closely as she could, while at the same time she began to open her thighs slightly, as if to facilitate the operations of my ardent fingers, which, just at that moment succeeded in displacing the last obstacle and were now resting on her cunt itself.

Alice quivered deliciously at the touch of my hand on her bare flesh as I gently and tenderly stroked her cunt, playing lovingly on its moist palpitating lips and twining her hairs 'round my fingers, but as soon as she felt me tickle her clitoris (time was short and we were fast nearing her rooms, besides which it would have been cruel to have aroused her sexual passions without satisfying them), she threw all restraint to the winds and madly agitated her cunt against my hand, wiggling divinely as I set to work frigging her. Soon came the first blissful ecstasy; a delicious spasm thrilled through her as she spent deliriously on my fingers - then another - and another - and yet another - till, unable to spend any more, she gasped brokenly: "Stop, Jack! ... I can't go on!" only half-conscious and utterly absorbed in the overpoweringly exquisite sensations of the moment and the delicious satisfying of the longings and cravings which had been tormenting her. It was full time that we stopped, for the taxi was now turning into her street.

Quickly (but reluctantly) I withdrew my hand from Alice's cunt, now moist with her repeated spendings, and I just managed to get her clothes into some sort of order when the cab stopped at her door. I sprang out first and assisted Alice to alight, which she did almost totteringly as she had not yet recovered from her trance of sexual pleasure.

"I'll see you right into your rooms, so that I may be able truly to report that I have faithfully executed the orders," I said laughingly, more for the benefit of the chauffeur than of Alice.

"Thanks very much!" she replied quietly, and, having collected her wraps, I followed her into the house and up the staircase to her apartments on the first floor, carefully closing the door after me.

Alice threw herself into my arms in an ecstasy of delight. I rather think that she expected me to take the opportunity to fuck her - and gladly would I have done so, as I was in a terrible state of lust: but I always

hated "snatchfucking" and if I started with her long enough for her to undress and be properly fucked, it might arouse suspicions that would damage her reputation.

So after a passionate embrace, I whispered, "I must not stop here, darling: when will you come to lunch?"

Alice blushed deliciously, instantly comprehending the significance of my invitation. "Tomorrow!" she murmured, hiding her face on my shoulder.

"Thanks, sweetheart - tomorrow then!" Now get to bed and have a good night's rest. Good night my darling!" and after a few more passionate kisses, I left her and rejoined my taxi.

Next morning, after ordering a lunch cunningly calculated to excite and stimulate Alice's lascivious instincts, I made the usual tour of inspection 'round my flat, and from sheer force of habit, I began to test the mechanism concealed in the Snuggery furniture, then suddenly remembered that its assistance was now no longer needed; it had done its duty faithfully; with its help I had stripped, tortured, and violated Alice - and today she was coming of her own free will to be fucked.

The reflection that I would now have to dismantle all this exquisite machinery caused me quite a pang - then I found myself wondering whether it would not be as well to let it remain - on the off chance of its being useful on some later occasion.

In my circle of acquaintances, there were many pretty and attractive girls, married and unmarried, and, if I could only lure some of them into the Snuggery, the torturing and ravishing of them would afford me the most delicious of entertainment, although the spice of revenge that pervaded my outraging of Alice would be absent!

But how was I to effect the luring? They were not likely to come to lunch alone with me, and if accompanied by anyone, it would simply mean that I should again experience the irritating disappointments that I suffered when Marion used to accompany Alice, and, by her presence, prevent the accomplishment of my desires. Besides this, many of the girls I lusted after were hardly more than casual acquaintances whom I could not

venture to invite to my flat, except in the company of some mutual friend.

Therein came my inspiration - why not try and induce Alice herself to act as decoy and assistant? If I could only instill in her a taste for Sadism and Sadique pleasures and a penchant for her own sex, and let her see how easily she could satisfy such lascivious fancies by cooperating with me, the possibilities were boundless!

A luncheon invitation to her and our selected victim would, in nine cases out of ten, be accepted by the latter; after lunch, the adjournment to the Snuggery would follow as a matter of course at her suggestion - and then her assistance in stripping the girls would be invaluable, after which we could, together, put the girl through a course of sexual torture, painless but distressingly effective, and quench in each other the fires of lust which would spring up as we gloated over our victim's shame and mental agony! Yes! Here was the solution of the difficulty; somehow or other, I must induce Alice to give me her cooperation.

CHAPTER TWO

I will not take up my readers' time by detailing the incidents of Alice's visit.

She was exceedingly nervous and so timid that I saw it was absolutely necessary for me to treat her with the greatest tenderness and delicacy and in no way to offend her susceptibility. She yielded herself to me with pretty bashfulness, blushing divinely when I drew off her last garment and exposed her naked body to my eager eyes; and her transports of delirious pleasure during her first fucking were such that I shall never forget! I had her four delicious times - and when she left, I felt certain that it only wanted a little diplomacy to secure her cooperation!

She, naturally, was more at her ease on her next visit, and I ventured to teach her the art of sucking! When her sweet lips for the first time received my eager prick between them and her warm tongue made its first essays in the subtle art of titillation, I experienced the most heavenly bliss - such as I had never tasted before at the mouth of any woman; and when, after prolonging my exquisite rapture till I could no longer restrain myself, I spent in her mouth in a delirium of pleasure, her pretty confusion was something to be remembered!

I thought I might safely venture to convert her when she paid her third visit, and to this end, I selected from my collection of indecent photographs several that told their tale better than could be expressed by words. Among these was a series known as the "Crucifixion," in which a lovely girl (evidently a nun from her despoiled garments scattered on the floor) was depicted bound naked to a cross, while sometimes the Lady Abbess (in her robes) alone, and sometimes in conjunction with one of the Sisters, indulged their wanton fancies and caprices on the poor girl's breasts and cunt as she hung helpless! One photograph showed the girl fastened naked to a Maltese Cross, the Lady Abbess had inserted her finger into the Nun's cunt while the Sister tickled the Nun's clitoris! In another photograph, a monk was introduced who, kneeling before the Nun (still fastened on a Maltese Cross) sucked her cunt while his uplifted hands, in the attitude of prayer, attacked her helpless breasts! Another

series, entitled "La Barrière" depicted various phases in the ravishment of a girl by two ruffians in a solitary part of the Bois de Boulogne.

The rest were mostly scenes of Tribadism and of Lesbian love, and interspersed with them were a few representing flagellation by a girl on a girl, both being stark naked!

I was puzzled how best to lead up to the subject, when Alice herself gave me the desired opening. We had just finished our first fuck and were resting on the broad couch, lying in each other's arms, her gentle hand caressing my prick with a view to its restoration to life. She had been rather more silent than usual, for she generally was full of questions which she used to ask with pretty hesitation and delicious naivety - and I was cudgeling my brains to invent a suitable opening.

Suddenly Alice turned to me and said softly, "Jack, I'd awfully like to know one thing! - when you had me tied up tight on that dreadful afternoon and...did all sorts of awful things to me, did it give you any pleasure besides the satisfaction of revenging yourself on me?"

"Will you hate me if I confess, dear, that the sight of your agony, shame, and distress, as you struggled naked, gave me intense pleasure!" I replied as I drew her once more closely against me. "I knew I wasn't hurting you or causing you bodily pain; and the knowledge that your delicious wriggling and writhing, as you struggled naked to get loose, was instigated by your shame at being naked and your distress at finding your sexual passions and instincts aroused in spite of yourself, and irritated till you could no longer control them, and so felt yourself being forced to do what was so horribly repugnant to you, in other words ... to ... spend! - and not only to spend, but to spend with me watching you! All this gave me the most extraordinary pleasure! When I stopped to let you have a little rest or else put you into another position, I felt the pleasure arising from vengeance gratified, but when I began again to torture you, especially when I was tickling your cunt with a feather, while you were fastened down on your back with legs tied widely apart, I must confess that the pleasure was the pleasure of cruelty! My God! darling, how you did wriggle then!"

"I thought I would have died!" Alice whispered as she snuggled up against me (apparently not displeased by my confession), yielding herself

sweetly to the pressure of my encircling arm. "I wasn't in pain at all, but oh! my sensations! My whole self seemed to be concentrated just ... where you were tickling me! and I was nearly mad at being forced to endure such indignity; and on top of it all came that awful tickling, tickling, tickling!"

She shuddered at the recollection; I pressed her still more tightly against me and kissed her tenderly, but held my tongue - for I knew not what to say! Presently Alice spoke again. "And so it really gave you pleasure to torture me, Jack?" she asked almost cheerfully, adding before I could reply, "I was very angry with my maid this morning and it would have delighted me to have spanked her severely. Now, would such delight arise from revenge or from being cruel?"

"Undoubtedly from being cruel," I replied, "the infliction of the punishment is what would have given you the pleasure, and behind it would come the feeling that you were revenging yourself. Here's another instance - you women delight in saying nasty, cutting things to each other in the politest of ways. Why? Not from revenge, but from the satisfaction afforded by the shot going home. If you had given your maid a box on the ears this morning, you would have satisfied your revenge without any pleasure whatever; but if I had been there and held your maid down while you spanked her bottom, your pleasure would have arisen from the infliction of the punishment. Do you follow me, dear?"

"Yes, I see it now," Alice replied, then added archly, "I wish you had been there, Jack! It would have done her a lot of good!"

"I sometimes wonder why you keep her on," I said musingly. "She's a pert minx and at times must be very aggravating. Let me see - what's her name?"

"Fanny."

"Yes, of course - a case of 'pretty Fanny's way,' for she certainly is a pretty girl and a well-made one. My dear, if you want to do bottom slapping, you won't easily find a better subject, only I think she will be more than you can manage single-handed, and it may come to her slapping your bottom, my love!"

Alice laughed. "Fanny is a most perfect maid, a real treasure, or I would not keep her on - for as you say, she is too much for me. She's very strong and very high-spirited, but wants taming badly."

"Bring her some afternoon, and we'll tame her between us!" I suggested, seemingly carelessly, but with well-concealed anxiety, for was I not now making a direct attempt to seduce Alice into Sadism?

Alice started, raised herself on her elbows, and regarded me questioningly. I noticed a hard glitter in her eyes, then she caught her breath, colored, and exclaimed softly, "Oh, Jack, how lovely it would be!"

I had succeeded! Alice had succumbed to the sudden temptation! For the second time, her strain of lascivious sexuality had been conquered.

"Shall we try?" I asked with a smile, secretly delighted at her unconcealed eagerness and noting how her eyes now brimmed over with lust and how her lovely breasts were heaving with excitement.

"Yes! Yes! Jack!" she exclaimed feverishly, "but how can it be managed?"

"That shouldn't be much trouble," I replied. "Take her out with you shopping some afternoon close by here, then say you want to just pop in to see me about something. En route, tell her about this room, how it's sound-proof. It will interest her and she will at the same time learn information that will come in useful later on. Once in here, follow my lead. I suppose you would like to have a hand in torturing her?"

"Oh! Jack! Will you really torture Fanny?" exclaimed Alice, her eyes sparkling with eagerness. "Will you fasten her down as you did me?"

I nodded.

"Yes! Yes! Let me have a turn at her!" she replied vivaciously. Then after a pause she looked queerly at me and added, "And will you..." At the same moment she significantly squeezed my prick.

"I think so, unless of course you would rather I didn't, dear," I replied with a laugh. "I suppose you have no idea whether she is a virgin or not?"

"I can't say!" Alice replied, blushing a little. "I've always fancied she was and have treated her as such."

"And what sort of treatment is that?" I queried mischievously, and was proceeding to cross-question Alice when she stopped me by putting her hand over my mouth.

"Well, we'll soon find out when we get her here," I remarked philosophically, much to her amusement. "But, darling, your lessons in the Art of Love are being neglected; let us resume them. There is just time for one - I think you must show me that you haven't forgotten Soixante-neuf!"

Alice blushed prettily, slipped out of my embrace, and soon her cunt was resting on my lips while her gentle hands and mouth busied themselves with my delighted prick and balls! She worked me so deliciously that she made me spend twice in her mouth, by which time I had sucked her completely dry! Then we reluctantly rose to perform the necessary ablutions and resume our clothes.

"When shall I bring Fanny here, Jack?" asked Alice as she was saying goodbye to me.

"Oh! You naughty, lustful, cruel girl!" I exclaimed with a laugh in which she somewhat shamefacedly joined. "When do you think?"

"Will ... tomorrow afternoon do?" she asked, avoiding my eyes.

"Yes, certainly," I replied, kissing her tenderly. "Let it be tomorrow afternoon!" And so we parted.

This is how it came to pass that Alice's first experiments in Sadique pleasures were to be made on the person of her own maid.

CHAPTER THREE

Next afternoon, after seeing that everything was in working order in the Snuggery, I threw open both doors as if carelessly, and taking off my coat as if not expecting any visitors, I proceeded to putter about the room, keeping a vigilant eye on the stairs. Before long, I heard footsteps on the landing but pretended not to know that any one was there till Alice tapped merrily on the door saying, "May we come in, Jack?"

"Good Heavens! Alice?" I exclaimed in pretended surprise as I struggled hurriedly to get into my coat. "Come in! How do you do? Where have you dropped from?"

"We've been shopping - this is my maid, Jack" - (I bowed and smiled, receiving in return a distinctly pert and not too respectful nod from Fanny) - "and as we were close by, I thought I would take the chance of finding you in and take that enlargement if it is ready."

By this time I had struggled into my coat. "It's quite ready," I replied. "I'll go and get it, and I don't know why those doors should stand so unblushingly open," I added with a laugh.

Having closed them, noiselessly locking them, I disappeared into the alcove I used for myself, and pretended to search for the enlargement - my real object being to give Alice a chance of letting Fanny know the nature of the room. Instinctively she divined my idea, and I heard her say, "This is the room I was telling you about, Fanny - look at the double doors, the padded walls, the rings, the pillars, the hanging pulley straps! Isn't it queer?"

Fanny looked about her with evident interest. "It is a funny room, Miss! And what are those little places for?" she asked, pointing to the two alcoves.

"We do not know, Fanny," Alice replied. "Mr. Jack uses them for his photographic work now."

As she spoke, I emerged with a large print which was to represent the supposed enlargement, and gave it to Alice who at once proceeded to closely examine it.

I saw that Fanny's eyes were wandering all over the room, and I moved over to her. "A strange room Fanny, eh?" I remarked. "Is it not still; no sound from outside can get in, and no noise from inside can get out! That's a fact; we've tested it thoroughly!"

"Lor', Mr. Jack!" she replied in her forward familiar way, turning her eyes on me in a most audacious and bold way, then resuming her survey of the room.

While she was doing so, I hastily inspected her. She was a distinctly pretty girl, tall, slenderly but strongly built, with an exquisitely well-developed figure. A slightly turned-up nose and dark flashing eyes gave her face a saucy look, which her free style of moving accentuated, while her dark hair and rich coloring indicated a warm-blooded and passionate temperament. I easily could understand that Alice, with her gentle ways, was no match for Fanny, and I fancied that I should have my work cut out for me before I got her arms fastened to the pulley ropes.

Alice now moved towards us, print in hand. "Thanks awfully, Jack, it's lovely!" and she began to roll it up. "Now, Fanny, we must be off!"

"Don't bother about the print, I'll send it after you," I said. "And where are you off to now?"

"Nowhere in particular," she replied. "We'll look at the shops and the people. Good-bye, Jack!"

"One moment," I interposed. "You were talking the other day about some perfection of a lady's maid that you didn't want to lose" - (Fanny smiled complacently) - "but whose tantrums and ill tempers were getting to be more than you could stand." (Fanny here began to look angry.)

"Somebody suggested that you should give her a good spanking" - (Fanny assumed a contemptuous air) - "or, if you couldn't manage it yourself, you should get someone to do it for you!" (Fanny here glared at me.) "Is this the young lady?"

Alice nodded, with a curious glance at Fanny, who was now evidently getting into one of her passions.

"Well, as you've nothing to do this afternoon, and she happens to be here, and this room is so eminently suitable for the purpose, shall I take the young woman in hand for you and teach her a lesson?"

Before Alice could reply, Fanny with a startled exclamation darted to the door, evidently bent on escape, but in spite of her vigorous twists of the handle, the door refused to open, for the simple reason that, unnoticed by her, I had locked it. Instantly divining that she was a prisoner, she turned hurriedly 'round to watch our movements, but she was too late! With a quickness learned on the football field, I was onto her and pinned her arms to her sides in a grip that she could not break out of, despite her frantic struggles. "Let me go! Let me go, Mr. Jack!" she screamed. I simply chuckled as I knew I had her safe now! I had to exert all my strength and skill, for she was extraordinarily strong and her furious rage added to her power, but in spite of her desperate resistance, I forced her to the hanging pulleys where Alice was eagerly waiting for us. With astonishing quickness she made fast the ropes to Fanny's wrists and set the machinery going - and in a few seconds the surprised girl found herself standing erect with her arms dragged up taut over her head!

"Well done, Jack!" exclaimed Alice, as she delightedly surveyed the still struggling Fanny! The latter was indeed a lovely subject of contemplation, as with heaving bosom, flushed cheeks, and eyes that sparkled with rage, she stood panting, endeavoring to get back her breath, while her agitated fingers vainly strove to get her wrists free from the pulley ropes. We watched her in victorious silence, waiting for the outbursts of wrathful fury that we felt would come as soon she was able to speak!

It soon came! "How dare you, Mr. Jack!" Fanny burst out as she flashed her great piercing eyes at us, her whole body trembling with anger. "How dare you treat me like this? Let me loose at once, or, as sure as I am alive, I'll have the law on you and also on that mealy-mouthed smooth-faced demure hypocrite who calls herself my mistress. Indeed! She who looks on while a poor girl is vilely treated and won't raise a finger to help her! Let me go at once, Mr. Jack! and I'll promise to say and do nothing; but my God!" - (here her voice became shrill with overpowering rage) - "my God! if you don't, I'll make it hot for the pair of you when I get out!" And she glared at us in her impotent fury.

"Your Mistress has asked me to give you a lesson, Fanny," I replied calmly, "and I'm going to do so! The sooner you recognize how helpless you really are, and submit yourself to us, the sooner it will be over; but if you are foolish enough to resist, you'll have a long doing and a bad time! Now, if I let you loose, will you take your clothes off quietly?"

"My God! No!" she cried indignantly, but, in spite of herself she blushed vividly!

"Then we'll take them off for you!" was my cool reply. "Come along, Alice, you understand girl's clothes. You undo them and I'll get them off somehow!"

Quickly Alice sprang up, trembling with excitement, and together we approached Fanny, who shrieked defiance and threats at us in her impotent fury as she struggled desperately to get free. But, as soon as she felt Alice's fingers unfastening her garments, her rage changed to horrible apprehension, and as one by one they slipped off her, she began to realize how helpless she was!

"Don't, Miss!" she ejaculated pitifully. "My God! Stop her, Sir!" she pleaded, the use of these more respectful terms of address sufficiently proclaiming her changed attitude.

But we were obdurate, and soon Fanny stood with nothing but her chemise left on, her shoes and stockings having been dragged off her at the special request of Alice, whose uncontrolled enjoyment of the work of stripping her maid was delicious to witness.

She now took command of operations. Pointing to a chair just in front of Fanny she exclaimed: "Sit there, Jack, and watch Fanny as I take off her last garments."

"For God's sake, Miss, don't strip me naked!" shrieked Fanny, who seemed to expect that she would be left in her chemise and to whom the sudden intimation that she was to be exposed naked came with an appalling shock! "Oh, Sir! For God's sake, stop her!" she cried, appealing to me as she saw me take my seat right in front of her and felt Alice's fingers begin to undo the shoulder-strap fastenings which alone kept her scanty garments on her. "Miss Alice! ... Miss Alice! don't! ... for God's sake, don't," she screamed in a fresh outburst of dismay as she felt her

vest slip down her body to her feet and knew now her only covering was about to follow. In despair she tugged frantically at the ropes which made her arms so absolutely helpless, her agitated, quivering fingers betraying her mental agony!

"Steady, Fanny, steady!" exclaimed Alice to her struggling maid as she proceeded to unfasten the chemise, her eyes gleaming with lustful cruelty.

"Now, Jack!" she said warningly, then let go, stepping back a pace, herself the better to observe the effect! Down swept the chemise, and Fanny stood stark naked!

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed, crimson with shame, her face hidden on her bosom which now was wildly heaving in agitation. It was a wonderful spectacle! - in the foreground Fanny, naked, helpless, in an agony of shame - in the background but close to her was Alice, exquisitely costumed and hatted, gloating over the sight of her maid's absolute nudity, her eyes intently fixed on the gloriously luscious curves of Fanny's hips, haunches, and bottom!

I managed to catch her eye and motioned to her to come sit on my knees that we might, in each other's close company, study her maid's naked charms, which were so reluctantly being exhibited to us. With one long, last look she obeyed my summons.

As she seated herself on my knees she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me rapturously, whispering, "Jack! Isn't she delicious?"

I nodded smiling, then in turn muttered in her ear, "And how do you like the game, dear?"

Alice blushed divinely. A strange languishing voluptuous half-wanton, half-cruel look came into her eyes. Placing her lips carefully on mine, she gave me three long-drawn-out kisses, the significance of which I could not possibly misunderstand, then whispered almost hoarsely, "Jack, let me do all the ... torturing and be content this time, with ... fucking Fanny ... and me, too, darling!"

"She's your maid, and so-to-speak your property, dear," I replied softly, "so arrange matters just as you like. I'll leave it all to you and won't interfere unless you want me to do anything."

She kissed me gratefully, then turned her eyes on Fanny, who during this whispered conference had been standing trembling, her face still hidden from us, her legs pressed closely against each other as if to shield her cunt as much as possible from our sight.

I saw Alice's eyes wander over Fanny's naked body with evident pleasure, dwelling first on her magnificent lines and curves, then on her lovely breasts, and finally on the mass of dark curling moss-like hair that covered her cunt.

She was a most deliciously voluptuous girl, one calculated to excite Alice to the utmost pitch of lust of which she was capable, and while secretly regretting that my share in the process of taming Fanny was to be somewhat restricted, I felt that I would enjoy the rare opportunity of seeing how a girl, hitherto chaste and well-mannered, would yield to her sexual instincts and passions when she had, placed at her absolute disposal, one of her own sex in a state of absolute nakedness!

Presently Alice whispered to me, "Jack, I'm going to feel her!" I smiled and nodded. Fanny must have heard her, for as Alice rose, she for the first time raised her head and cried in fear, "No, Miss, please, Miss, don't touch me!" and again she vainly strained at her fastenings, her face quivering and flushed with shame. But disregarding her maid's piteous entreaties, Alice passed behind her, then kneeling down began to stroke Fanny's bottom, a hand to each cheek!

"Don't, Miss!" yelled Fanny, arching herself outwards and away from Alice, and thereby, unconsciously, throwing the region of her cunt into greater prominence! But with a smile of cruel satisfaction, Alice continued her sweet occupation, sometimes squeezing, sometimes pinching Fanny's glorious halfmoons, now and then extending her excursions over Fanny's round, plump thighs, once, indeed, letting her hands creep up them till I really thought (and so did Fanny from the way she screamed and wriggled) that she was about to feel Fanny's cunt!

Suddenly Alice rose, rushed to me and, kissing me ardently, whispered excitedly, "Oh, Jack! She's just lovely! Such flesh, such a skin! I've never

felt a girl before, I've never touched any girl's breasts or ... cunt ... except, of course, my own," she added archly, "and I'm wild at the idea of handling Fanny. Watch me carefully, darling, and if I don't do it properly, tell me!" And back to Fanny she rushed, evidently in a state of intense eroticism!

This time Alice didn't kneel, but placed herself close behind Fanny (her dress in fact touching her). Suddenly she threw her arms around Fanny's body and seized her breasts.

"Miss Alice ... don't!" shrieked Fanny, struggling desperately, her flushed face betraying her agitation.

"Oh! how lovely! ... how delicious! ... how sweet!..." cried Alice, wild with delight and sexual excitement as she squeezed and played with Fanny's voluptuous breasts! Her head with its exquisite hat was just visible over Fanny's right shoulder, while her dainty dress showed on each side of the struggling, agitated girl, throwing into bold relief her glorious shape and accentuating in the most piquant way Fanny's stark nakedness!

Entranced, I gazed at the voluptuous spectacle, my prick struggling to break through the fly of my trousers! Fanny had now ceased her cries and was enduring in silence, broken only by her involuntary "Ohs," the violation of her breasts by Alice, whose little hands could scarcely grasp the luscious morsels of Fanny's flesh that they were so subtly torturing, but which, nevertheless, succeeded in squeezing and compressing them and generally playing with them till the poor girl gasped in her shame and agony,

"Oh! Miss Alice! ... Miss Alice! ... stop! ... stop!" her head falling forward in her extreme agitation.

With a smile of intense satisfaction, Alice suspended her torturing operations and gently stroked and soothed Fanny's breasts till the latter indicated that she had, in a great degree, regained her self-control. Then Alice's expression changed. A cruel hungry light came into her eyes as she smiled wickedly at me. I saw her hands quit Fanny's breasts and glide over Fanny's stomach till they arrived at her maid's cunt!

Fanny shrieked as if she had been stung. "Miss Alice ... Miss Alice! ... Don't! Don't touch me there! Oh! ... Oh! My God, Miss Alice ... oh! Miss

Alice! Take your hands away!..." at the same time twisting and writhing in a perfectly wonderful way in her frantic endeavors to escape from her mistress's hands, the fingers of which were now hidden in her cunt's mossy covering as they inquisitively traveled all over her Mount Venus and along the lips of the orifice itself. For some little time they contented themselves with feeling and pressing and toying caressingly with Fanny's cunt; then I saw one hand pause while the first finger of the other gently began to work its way between the pink lips, which I could just distinguish, and disappear into the sweet cleft.

"Don't, Miss!" yelled Fanny, her agonized face now scarlet while in her distress she desperately endeavored to defend her cunt by throwing her legs in turn across her groin, to Alice's delight - her tell-tale face proclaiming the intense pleasure she was tasting in thus making her maid undergo such horrible torture!

Presently I noted an unmistakable look of surprise in her eyes; her lips parted as if in astonishment, while her hand seemed to redouble its attack on Fanny's cunt. She exclaimed, "Why Fanny, what's this?"

"Oh! Don't tell Mr. Jack, Miss!" shrieked Fanny, letting her legs drop as she could no longer endure the whole weight of her struggling body on her slender wrists. "Don't let him know!"

My curiosity was naturally aroused and intently I watched the movements of Alice's hand, which the fall of Fanny's legs brought again into full view. Her forefinger was buried up to the knuckle in her maid's cunt! The mystery was explained; Fanny was not a virgin!

Alice seemed staggered by her discovery. Abruptly she quit Fanny, rushed to me, threw herself on my knees, then, flinging her arms 'round my neck, she whispered excitedly in my ear, "Jack! She's been ... had by someone ... my finger went right in!"

"So I noticed, darling!" I replied quietly as I kissed her flushed cheek. "It's rather a pity! But she'll stand more fucking than if she had been a virgin, and you must arrange your program accordingly! I think you'd better let her rest a bit now; her arms will be getting numb from being kept over her head. Let's fasten her to that pillar by passing her arms 'round it and shackling her wrists together. She can then rest a bit and, while she's recovering from her struggles, hadn't you better ... slip your

clothes off also - for your eyes hint that you'll want ... something before long!"

Alice blushed prettily, then whispered as she kissed me ardently, "I'd like...something now, darling!" She ran away to her dressing room.

Left alone with Fanny, I proceeded to transfer her from the pulley to the pillar; it was not a difficult task as her arms were too numb (as I expected) to be of much use to her and she seemed stupefied at our discovery that her maidenhead no longer existed. Soon I had her firmly fastened with her back pressing against the pillar. This new position had two great advantages. She could no longer hide her face from us, and the backwards pull of her arms threw her breasts out. She glanced timidly at me as I stood admiring her luscious nakedness while I waited for Alice's return.

"When did this little slip happen, Fanny?" I asked quietly.

She colored vividly: "When I was seventeen, Sir," she replied softly but brokenly. "I was drugged ... and didn't know till after it was done! It's never been done again, Mr. Jack," she continued with pathetic earnestness in her voice, "never! I swear it, Sir!" After a short pause she whispered, "Oh! Mr. Jack! Let me go! ... I'll come to you whenever you wish ... and let you do what you like but ... I'm afraid of Miss Alice today ... she seems so strange! ... Oh! my God! She's naked!" she screamed in genuine alarm as Alice came out of her toilet room with only her shoes and stockings on, and her large matinee hat, a most coquettishly piquantly indecent object!

Poor Fanny went red at the sight of her mistress and didn't know where to look as Alice came dancing along, her eyes noting with evident approval the position into which I had placed her maid.

"Mes compliments, mademoiselle!" I said with a low bow as she came up.

She smiled and blushed, but was too intent on Fanny to joke with me. "That's lovely, Jack!" she exclaimed after a careful inspection of her now-trembling maid, "but surely she can get loose!"

"Oh, no!" I replied with a smile, "but if you like, I'll fasten her ankles together!"

"No, no, Sir!" Fanny cried in terror.

"Yes, Jack, do!" exclaimed Alice, her eyes gleaming with lust and delight.

She evidently had thought out some fresh torture for Fanny, and with the closest attention, she watched me as I linked her maid's slender ankles together in spite of the poor girl's entreaties!

"I like that much better, Jack," said Alice, smiling her thanks. Catching me by the elbow, she pushed me towards my alcove saying, "We both will want you presently, Jack!" Looking roguishly at me she continued, "So get ready! But tell me first where are the feathers?"

"Oh, that's your game!" I replied with a laugh. She nodded, coloring slightly, and I told her where she would find them.

I had a peep-hole in my alcove through which I could see all that passed in the room, and being curious to watch the two girls, I placed myself by it as I slowly undressed myself.

Having found the feathers, Alice placed the box near her, then going right up to Fanny, she took hold of her own breasts, raised them till they were level with the trembling girl's. Leaning on Fanny so that their stomachs were in close contact, she directed her breasts against Fanny's, gently rubbing her nipples against her own while she looked intently into Fanny's eyes! It was a most curious sight! The girl's naked bodies were touching from their ankles to their breasts, their cunts were so close to each other that their hairs formed one mass, while their faces were so near to each other that the brim of Alice's matinee hat projected over Fanny's forehead! Not a word was said! For about half a minute Alice continued to rub her breasts gently against Fanny's with her eyes fixed on Fanny's downcast face.

Suddenly I saw both naked bodies quiver, and Fanny raised her head and for the first time responded to Alice's glance, her color coming and going! At the same moment, a languorous voluptuous smile swept over Alice's face, and gently she kissed Fanny, who flushed rosy red, but, as far as I could see, did not respond.

"Won't you ... love me, Fanny?" I heard Alice say softly but with a curiously strained voice! Immediately I understood the position. Alice was lusting after Fanny! I was delighted! It was clear that Fanny had not yet reciprocated Alice's passion, and I determined that Alice should have every opportunity of satisfying her lust on Fanny's naked helpless body till the latter was converted to Tribadism with Alice as the object.

"Won't you ... love me, Fanny!" again asked Alice softly, now supplementing the play of her breasts against Fanny's by insinuating significant pressings of her stomach against Fanny's, again kissing the latter sweetly. But Fanny made no response, and Alice's eyes grew hard with a steely cruel glitter that boded badly for Fanny!

Quitting Fanny, Alice went straight to the box of feathers, picked out one, and returned to Fanny, feather in hand. The sight of her moving about thus, her breasts dancing, her hips swaying, her cunt and bottom in full view, her nakedness intensified by her piquant costume of hat, shoes and stockings, was enough to galvanize a corpse.

It set my blood boiling with lust and I could hardly refrain from rushing out and compelling her to let me quench my fires in her! I, however, did resist the temptation, and rapidly undressed to my shoes and socks so as to be ready to take advantage of any chance that either of the girls might offer; but I remained in my alcove with my eye to the peephole as I was curious to witness the denouement of this strangely voluptuous scene, which Alice evidently wished to play single-handed.

No sooner did Fanny catch sight of the feather than she screamed. "No! ... no! Miss Alice! ... don't tickle me!" at the same time striving frantically to break the straps that linked together her wrists and her ankles. But my tackle was too strong! Alice meanwhile had caught up a cushion which she placed at Fanny's feet and right in front of her, she knelt on it, resting her luscious bottom on her heels and, having settled herself down comfortably, she, with a smile in which cruelty and malice were strangely blended, gloatingly contemplated her maid's naked and agitated body, then slowly and deliberately applied the tip of the feather to Fanny's cunt! "Oh, my God! Miss Alice, don't!" yelled Fanny, writhing in delicious contortions in her desperate endeavors to dodge the feather. "Don't, Miss!" she shrieked, as Alice, keenly enjoying her maid's distress and her vain efforts to avoid the torture, proceeded delightedly to pass

the feather lightly along the sensitive lips of Fanny's cunt and finally set to work to tickle Fanny's clitoris, thereby sending her so nearly into hysterical convulsions that I felt it time I interposed.

As I emerged from my alcove, Alice caught sight of me and dropped her hand as she turned towards me, her eyes sparkling with lascivious delight! "Oh, Jack! Did you see her?" she cried excitedly.

"I heard her, dear!" I replied ambiguously, "and began to wonder whether you were killing her, so came out to see."

"Not to worry!" she cried, hugely pleased. "I'm going to give her another turn!" That declaration produced from Fanny the most pitiful pleadings, which seemed, however, only to increase Alice's cruel satisfaction, and she was proceeding to be as good as her word when I stopped her.

"You'd better let me first soothe her irritated senses, dear," I said, and, with one hand, I caressed and played with Fanny's full and voluptuous breasts, which I found tense and firm under her sexual excitement, while with the other, I stroked and felt her cunt, a procedure that evidently afforded her considerable relief although, at another time, it doubtless would have provoked shrieks and cries! She had not spent, though she must have been very close to doing it; and I saw that I must watch Alice very closely indeed during the "turn" she was going to give Fanny for my special delectation, lest the catastrophe I was so desirous of avoiding should occur, for in my mind, I had decided that when Alice had finished tickling Fanny, she should have an opportunity of satisfying her lustful cravings on her, when it would be most desirable that Fanny should be in a condition to show the effect on her of Alice's lascivious exertions.

While feeling Fanny's cunt, I naturally took the opportunity to see if Alice's penetrating finger had met with any difficulty entering and had thus caused Fanny the pain that her shrieks and wriggles had indicated. I found the way in intensely tight, a confirmation of her story and statement that nothing had gone in since the rape was committed on her. Although therefore I could not have the gratification of taking her virginity, I felt positive that I should have a delicious time and that practically, I should be violating her, and I wondered into which of the two delicious cunts now present I would shoot my surging and boiling discharge as it dissolved in Love's sweetest ecstasies!

"Now, Alice, I think she is ready for you!" I said when I had stroked and felt Fanny to my complete satisfaction.

"No, no, Miss Alice!" shrieked Fanny in frantic terror, "for God's sake, don't tickle me again!"

Disregarding her cries, Alice, who had with difficulty restrained her impatience, quickly again applied the feather to Fanny's cunt, and a wonderful spectacle followed; Fanny's shrieks, cries, and entreaties filled the room while she wiggled and squirmed and twisted herself about in the most bewitchingly provocative manner, while Alice, with parted lips and eyes that simply glistened with lust, remorselessly tickled her maid's cunt with every refinement of cruelty, every fresh shriek and convulsion bringing a delightful look on her tell-tale face.

Motionless, I watched the pair, till I noticed Fanny's breasts stiffen and become tense. Immediately I covered her cunt with my hand, saying to Alice, "Stop, dear, she's had as much as she can stand!"

Reluctantly, she desisted from her absorbing occupation and rose, her naked body quivering with aroused but unsatisfied lust.

Now was the time for me to try and effect what I had in mind: The introduction of both girls to Tribadism! "Let us move Fanny to the large couch and fasten her down before she recovers herself," I hastily whispered to Alice.

Quickly we set her loose, between us we carried her, half-fainting, to the large settee couch where we lay her on her back and made fast her wrists to the two top corners and her ankles to the two lower ones. We now had only to set the machinery going and she would lie in the position I desired, namely spread-eagled!

Alice clutched me excitedly and whispered hurriedly, "Jack, do me before she comes to herself and before she can see us! I'm just mad for it!" And, indeed, with her flushed cheeks, humid eyes, and heaving breasts, this was very evident! But although I was also bursting with lust and eager to fuck either Alice or her maid, it would not have suited my program to do so! I wanted Alice to fuck Fanny! I wanted the first spending of both girls to be mutually provoked by the friction of their excited cunts one against the other! This was why I stopped Alice from tickling her maid into

spending, and it was for this reason that I had extended Fanny on her back in such a position that her cunt should be at Alice's disposal!

"Hold on, darling, for a bit!" I whispered back. "You'll soon see why! I want it as badly as you do, my sweet, but am fighting it till the proper time comes! Run away now, and take off your hat, for it will now only be in the way," and I smiled significantly as I kissed her.

Alice promptly obeyed. I seated myself on the couch by the side of Fanny, who was still lying with eyes closed but breathing almost normally. Bending over her, I closely inspected her cunt to ascertain whether she had or had not spent under the terrific tickling she had just received! I could find no traces whatever, but to make sure, I gently drew the lips apart and peered into the sweet coral cleft, but again saw no traces. The touch of my fingers on her cunt, however, roused Fanny from her semi-stupor and she dreamily opened her eyes, murmuring, "Oh, Sir, don't!" as she recognized that I was her assailant, then she looked hurriedly 'round as in search of Alice.

"Your mistress will be here immediately," I said with a smile. "She has only gone away to take off her hat!" The look of terror returned to her eyes, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Jack, do let me go, she'll kill me!"

"Oh, no!" I replied as I laughed at her agitation. "Oh, no, Fanny, on the contrary, she's now going to do to you the sweetest, nicest, and kindest thing one girl can do to another! Here she comes!"

I rose as Alice came up full of pleasurable excitement as to what was now going to happen, and slipped my arm lovingly 'round her waist. She looked eagerly at her now trembling maid, then whispered, "Is she ready for us again, Jack?"

"Yes, dear!" I answered softly. "While you were away taking off your hat, I thought it as well to see in what condition her cunt was after its tickling! I found it very much irritated and badly in want of Nature's soothing essence! You, darling, are also much in the same state, your cunt also wants soothing! So I want you girls to soothe each other! Get onto Fanny, dear, take her in your arms, arrange yourself on her so that your cunt lies on hers and gently rub yours against hers! Soon both of you will be tasting the sweetest ecstasy! In other words, fuck Fanny, dear."

Alice looked at me in wondrous admiration! As she began to comprehend my suggestion, her face broke into delightful smiles, and when I stooped to kiss her, she exclaimed rapturously, "Oh, Jack! how sweet! ... how delicious!" as she gazed eagerly at Fanny.

But the latter seemed horrified at the idea of being submitted thus to her mistress's lustful passion and embraces, and attempted to escape, crying in her dismay: "No, no, Sir! - oh, no, Miss! - I don't want it, please!"

"But I do, Fanny," cried Alice with sparkling eyes as she gently, but firmly, pushed her struggling maid onto her back and held her down forcibly, till I had pulled all four straps tight, so that Fanny lay flat with her arms and legs wide apart in Maltese-Cross fashion, a simply entrancing spectacle! Slipping my hands under her buttocks, I raised her middle till Alice was able to push a hard cushion under her bottom, the effect of which was to make her cunt stand out prominently; then turning to Alice, who had assisted in these preparations with the keenest interest but evident impatience, I said, "Now dear, there she is! Set to work and violate your maid!"

In a flash Alice was on the couch and on her knees between Fanny's widely parted legs. Excitedly she threw herself on her maid, passed her arms 'round her and hugged her closely as she showered kisses on Fanny's still-protesting mouth till the girl had to stop for breath. With a few rapid movements, she arranged herself on her maid so that the two luscious pairs of breasts were pressing against each other, their stomachs in close contact, and their cunts touching!

"One moment, Alice!" I exclaimed, just as she was beginning to agitate herself on Fanny. "Let me see that you are properly placed before you start!"

Leaning over her bottom, I gently parted her thighs, till between them I saw the cunts of the mistress and the maid resting on each other, slit to slit, clitoris to clitoris, half hidden by the mass of their closely interwoven hairs, the sweetest of sights! After restoring her thighs to their original position, closely pressed against each other, I gently thrust my right hand between the girl's navels, and worked it along amidst their bellies till it lay between their cunts! "Press down a bit, Alice!" I said, patting her bottom with my disengaged hand.

Promptly she complied with two or three vigorous downward thrusts which forced my palm hard against Fanny's cunt while her own pressed deliciously against the back of my hand. The sensation of thus feeling at the same time these two full, fat, fleshy, warm and throbbing cunts between which my hand lay in sandwich fashion was something exquisite; and it was with the greatest reluctance that I removed it from the sweetest position it is ever likely to find herself in, but Alice's restless and involuntary movements proclaimed that she was fast yielding to her feverish impatience to fuck Fanny and to taste the rapture of spending on the cunt of her maid, the emission provoked by its sweet contact and friction against her own excited organ!

She still held Fanny closely clasped against her and with head slightly thrown back, she kept her eyes fixed on her maid's terrified averted face with a gloating hungry look, murmuring softly, "Fanny, you shall now ... love me!"

Both the girls were quivering, Alice from overwhelming and unsatisfied lust, Fanny from shame and horrible apprehension! Caressing Alice's bottom encouragingly, I whispered, "Go ahead, dear!"

In a trice her lips were pressed to Fanny's flushed cheeks on which she rained hot kisses as she slowly began to agitate her cunt against her maid's with voluptuous movements of her beautiful bottom.

"Oh! Miss..." gasped Fanny, her eyes betraying the sexual emotion that she felt beginning to overpower her, her color coming and going! Alice's movements became quicker and more agitated; soon she was furiously rubbing her cunt against Fanny's with strenuous downward thrusting strokes of her bottom, continuing her fierce kisses on her maid's cheeks as the latter lay helpless with half-closed eyes, tightly clasped in her mistress's arms!

A hurricane of sexual rage seemed to seize Alice! Her bottom wildly oscillated and gyrated with confused jerks, thrusts, and shoves as she frenziedly pressed her cunt against Fanny's with a rapid jogging motion: suddenly Alice seemed to stiffen and become almost rigid, her arms gripped Fanny more tightly than ever, her head fell forward on Fanny's shoulder as an indescribable spasm thrilled through her, followed by convulsive vibrations and tremors! Almost simultaneously Fanny's half-

closed eyes turned upwards till the whites were showing, her lips parted, she gasped brokenly, "Oh! ... Miss ... Alice! ... Ah ... ah!" then thrilled convulsively while quiver after quiver shot through her! The blissful crisis had arrived! Mistress and maid were deliriously spending, cunt against cunt, Alice in rapturous ecstasy at having so deliciously satisfied her sexual desires by means of her maid's cunt, while forcing the latter to spend in spite of herself, while Fanny was quivering ecstatically under heavenly sensations hitherto unknown to her (owing to her having been unconscious when she was ravished) and now communicated to her wondering senses by her mistress whom she still felt lying on her and in whose arms she was still clasped!

Intently I watched both girls, curious to learn how they would regard each other when they had recovered from their ecstatic trance. Would the mutual satisfaction of their overwrought sexual cravings wipe out the animosity between them, which had caused the strange events of this afternoon, or would Alice's undoubted lust for her maid be simply raised to a higher pitch by this satisfying of her sexuality on her maid's body, and would Fanny consider that she had been violated by her mistress and therefore bear a deeper grudge than ever against her! It was a pretty problem and I eagerly awaited the situation.

Alice was the first to move. With a long-drawn breath, indicative of intense satisfaction, she raised her head off Fanny's shoulder. The slight movement roused Fanny, who mechanically turned her averted head towards Alice, and as the girls languidly opened their humid eyes, they found themselves looking straight at each other! Fanny colored like a peony and quickly turned her eyes away; Alice, on the contrary, continued to regard the blushing face of her maid.

A look of gratification and triumph came into her eyes, then she deliberately placed her lips on Fanny's and kissed her, saying softly but significantly, "Now it's Mr. Jack's turn, my dear!" Raising her head, she, with a malicious smile, watched Fanny to see how she would receive the intimation.

Fanny darted a startled, horrified glance at me, another at her mistress.

Seeing that both our faces only confirmed Alice's announcement, she cried pitifully, "No, no, Mr. Jack! No, no! Miss Alice! Oh, Miss, how can you be so cruel?"

With a malicious smile, Alice again kissed her horrified maid, saying teasingly, "You must tell us afterwards which of us you like best, Fanny, and, if you're very good and let Mr. Jack have as good a fuck as you have just given me, we'll have each other in front of you for your special edification!"

She kissed Fanny once more and rose slowly off her, exposing as she did so her own cunt and that of her maid. I shot a quick glance at both in turn. The girls had evidently spent profusely, their hairs glistened with tiny drops of love-dew, while, here and there, bits were plastered down.

Alice caught my glance and smiled merrily. "I let myself go, Jack!" she laughed. "But there will be plenty when you are ready!" she added wickedly. "I'll just put myself right, then I'll do lady's maid to Fanny and get her ready for you!" With a saucy look, she whispered, "Haven't I sketched out a fine program!"

"You have indeed!" I replied as I seized and kissed her. I wish only that I was to have you first, dear, while I'm so rampant!"

"No, no," she whispered, kissing me again: "I'm not ready yet! Fuck Fanny well, Jack! It will do her good, and you'll find her a delicious mover!" And she ran off to her alcove.

I sat down on the couch by Fanny's side and began to play with her breasts, watching her closely. She was in a terrible state of agitation, her head rolling from side to side, her eyes closed, her lips slightly apart, while her bosom heaved wildly. As my hands seized her breasts gently she started, opened her eyes, and seeing that it was me she piteously pleaded, "Oh, Mr. Jack! Don't ... don't..." She could not bring herself to say the dreadful word that expressed her fate.

"Don't ... what, Fanny?" I asked maliciously. With effort she brought out the word.

"Oh! Sir! Don't ... fuck me!"

"But your mistress has ordered it, Fanny, and she tells me you are very sweet, and so I want it! And it will be like taking your maidenhead, only much nicer for you, as you won't have the pain that girls feel when they are first ravished and you'll be able to taste all the pleasure!"

"No, no, Mr. Jack," she cried. "Don't ... fuck me."

Just then Alice came up with water, a sponge, and a towel. "What's the matter, Jack?" she asked.

"Your maid says she doesn't want to be fucked, dear; perhaps you can convince her of her foolishness!"

Alice was now sponging Fanny's cunt with sedulous care, and her attentions were making Fanny squirm and wriggle involuntarily in the most lovely fashion, much to her mistress's gratification. When Alice had finished, she turned to me and said, "She's quite ready, Jack! Go ahead!"

"No, no, Sir!" yelled Fanny in genuine terror, but I quickly got between her legs and placed myself on her palpitating stomach, clasped her in my arms and directed my prick against her delicious cleft. I got its head inside without much difficulty. Fanny was now wild with fright and shrieked despairingly as she felt me effect an entrance into her, and as my prick penetrated deeper and deeper, she went off into a paroxysm of frantic plunging in the hope of dislodging me.

I did not experience half the difficulty I had anticipated in getting into Fanny, for her spendings under Alice had lubricated the passage, but she was exceedingly tight and I must have hurt her for her screams were terrible! Soon, however, I was into her till our hairs mingled. I lay still for a little while to allow her to recover a bit, and before long her cries ceased and she lay panting in my arms.

Alice, who was in my full sight and had been watching with the closest attention and the keenest enjoyment this violation of her maid, now bent forward and said softly, "She's all right, Jack! Go on dear!"

Promptly I set to work to fuck Fanny, at first with long, slow, piston-like strokes of my prick, then more and more rapid thrusts and shoves, driving myself well up into her.

Suddenly I felt Fanny quiver deliciously under me ... she had spent! Delightedly I continued to fuck her ... soon she spent again, then again, and again, quivering with the most exquisite tremors and convulsions as she lay clasped tightly in my arms, uttering almost inarticulate "Ahs" and "Ohs" as the spasm of pleasure thrilled her. Now I began to feel my own ecstasy quickly approaching! Hugging Fanny against me more closely than ever, I let myself go and rammed furiously into her as she lay quivering under me till the rapturous crisis overtook me. Madly I shot her my pent-up torrent of boiling virile balm, inundating her sweetly excited interior and evidently causing her the most exquisite bliss, for her head fell backwards, her eyes closed, her nostrils dilated, her lips parted, as she ejaculated, "Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!..." when feeling each jet of my hot discharge shoot into her.

Heavens! How I spent! The thrilling, exciting and provocative events of the afternoon had worked me up into a state of sexual excitement that even the ample discharge I had spent into Fanny did not quench my ardor, and as soon as the delicious thrills and spasms of pleasure had died away, I started fucking her a second time. But Alice intervened. "No, Jack!" she exclaimed softly, adding archly, "you must keep the rest for me! Get off quickly, dear, and let me attend to Fanny!"

Unable to challenge her veto, I reluctantly withdrew my prick from Fanny's cunt after kissing her ardently. I rose and retired to my alcove, while Alice quickly took Fanny into her charge and attended to her with loving care! When I returned, Fanny was still lying on her back, fastened down to the couch, and Alice was sitting by her and talking to her with an amused smile as she gently played with her maid's breasts.

As soon as Fanny caught sight of me, she blushed rosy red, while Alice turned and greeted me with a welcoming smile.

"I've been trying to find out from Fanny which fuck she liked best," she said with a merry smile, "but she won't say! Did she give you a good time, Jack?"

"She was simply divine!" I replied as I stopped and kissed the still-blushing girl!

"Then we'll give her the reward we promised," replied Alice, looking sweetly at Fanny. "She shan't be tied up any more and she'll see you fuck

me presently! Set her free, Jack," she added, and soon Fanny rose confusedly from the couch on which she had tasted the probably unique experience of being fucked in rapid succession first by a girl and then by a man!"

She was very shamefaced and her limbs were very stiff from having been retained so long in one position, but we supported her to the sofa where we placed her between us. We gently chafed and massaged her limbs till they regained their powers and soothed her with our kisses and caresses, while our hands wandered all over her naked and still trembling body, and soon she was herself again.

"Now!" exclaimed Alice, who was evidently in heat again, "are you ready?"

"Look, dear!" I replied, holding up my limp prick for her inspection, adding with a smile: "Time, my Christian friend!"

She laughed, took my prick gently in her hands and began to fondle it, but as it did not show the signs of returning life she so desired to see, she caught hold of Fanny's hand and made it assist hers, much to Fanny's bashful confusion.

But her touch had the desired effect, and soon I was stiff and rampant again! "Thanks, Fanny!" I said as I lovingly kissed her blushing face. "Now, Alice, if you will!"

Quickly Alice was on her back with parted legs. Promptly I got onto her and drove my prick home up her cunt. Claspng each other closely, we set to work and fucked each other deliciously till we both spent in delirious transports of pleasure which heightened Fanny's blushes, as with humid eyes she watched us in wondering astonishment and secret delight!

After exchanging ardent kisses, we rose. "Come, Fanny, we must dress and be off I didn't know it was so late!" exclaimed Alice.

Off the girls went together to Alice's alcove while I retired to mine. I was delighted that their departure should be thus hurried as it would bypass the possible awkwardness of a more formal leave-taking.

Soon we all were dressed. I called a taxi and put the girls into it, their faces discreetly veiled, and as they drove off, I felt that the afternoon had not been wasted!

CHAPTER FOUR

Two days after this memorable afternoon, I received the following letter from Alice:

My darling Jack, I must write and tell you the sequel to yesterday's lovely afternoon at the Snuggery.

Fanny didn't say a word on the way home, but was evidently deeply thinking and getting more and more angry. She went straight to her room and I to mine. I did not expect she would resume her duties, in fact I rather anticipated she would come in to say she was going away at once! But in about ten minutes she came in as if nothing had happened, only she wouldn't speak unless it was absolutely necessary.

At eight o'clock she brought me the dinner menu as usual for my orders. I told her I felt too tired to dress and go down, so would dine in my own room and that she must dine with me, as she was looking so tired and upset generally. She looked surprised, and I think she hesitated about accepting my invitation, but did so.

At dinner, of course, she had to talk. I saw she had refreshing and appetizing food and she made a good dinner. I also induced her to drink a little Burgundy, which seemed to do her a lot of good, and she gradually became less sulky.

When the table was cleared, she was going away, but I asked her to stay and rest comfortably if she had done her work for the day. To my surprise she seemed glad to do so. I installed her in a comfortable chair and made her chat with me about things in general, carefully avoiding anything that might recall the events of the afternoon!

After some little time so passed, she rose and stood before me in a most respectful attitude and said, "Miss Alice, you've always been a very kind mistress to me. You've treated me with every consideration, you've paid me well, you've given me light work. Would you mind telling me why you were so awfully cruel to me this afternoon?"

I was very surprised, but fortunately ideas came! "Certainly I will, Fanny," I replied. "I think you are entitled to know. Come and sit by me and we can talk it over nicely."

I was then on the little sofa with padded back and ends, and which you know just holds two nicely. Fanny hesitated for a moment and then sat down.

"I've tried to be a good mistress to you, Fanny," I said gravely, "because you have been a very good maid to me. But, of late, there has been something wrong with you; your temper has been so queer that, though you have never disobeyed me, you have made your obedience very unpleasant, and I found myself wondering whether I had not better send you away. But I very much didn't want to lose you - (here she half moved toward me) - and so I thought I'd talk the case over with Mr. Jack, who is one of my best friends and always helps me in all troublesome matters. He said something must be wrong with you, and there undoubtedly is - and you must presently tell me what it is - and advised that he should give you a good shock, which he has done!"

"My God, yes, Miss Alice!" Fanny replied almost tearfully.

"But there is a second reason, Fanny," I continued, "which will explain to you why you were forced to submit yourself to me and to Mr. Jack. Am I wrong in guessing that your queer temper has been caused by your not being able to satisfy certain sexual cravings and desires? Tell me frankly!"

"Yes!" she whispered bashfully.

"We felt sure of it!" I continued. "Mr. Jack said to me, 'Look here, Alice, isn't it absurd that you two girls should be living in such close relations as mistress and maid, and yet should go on suffering from stifled natural sexual functions when you could and should so easily soothe each other?' Then he explained to me how!"

I gently took her hand; she yielded it to me without hesitation, "Now, Fanny, do you understand? Shall we not agree to help each other, to make life pleasanter and more healthy for us both? We tried each other this afternoon, Fanny! Do you like me sufficiently?"

She blushed deeply, then glanced shyly but lovingly at me. I took the hint. I slipped my arm 'round her and she yielded to my pleasure. I drew her to me and kissed her fondly, whispering, "Shall we be sweethearts, Fanny?"

She sank into my arms murmuring, "Oh, Miss Alice!" her eyes shining with love! Our lips met; we sealed our pact with kisses! Just then ten o'clock struck. "Now we'll have a nightcap and go to bed," I said to her. "Will you get the whiskey and siphon, dear, and mix my allowance and also one for yourself, as it will do you good?"

Fanny rose and served me with the "grog" as I call it, and when we had finished, we turned out the lights and went to my bedroom.

After she had done my hair and prepared me for bed as usual, I said to her softly, "Now go and undress dear, and come back," and significantly kissed her. She blushed sweetly and withdrew. I undressed.

Presently there was a timid tap on the door, and Fanny came in shyly in her "nightie." "Take it off, dear, please," I said softly. "I want to see you. I was too excited to do so this afternoon!" Bashfully and with pretty blushes she complied. I made her lie on my bed naked and had a good look at her all over, back, front, everywhere! Jack, she is a little beauty! When I kissed her after I had thoroughly examined her, she put her arms around my neck and whispered, "May I look at you, Miss?" So in turn I lay down naked and she looked me all over and played with me, kissed me here and there till the touch of her lips and hands set my blood on fire. "Come, darling!" I whispered.

In a moment she was on the bed by me with parted legs. I got between them and on her, and in each other's arms we lay spending, she sometimes on me, I oftener on her, till we fell asleep still clasped against each other! Oh, Jack, you don't know what a good turn you did us yesterday afternoon! Today Fanny is another person, so sweet and gentle and loving! An indescribable thrill comes over me when I think that I have this delicious girl at my command whenever I feel like I'd like to be - naughty! You must come and see us soon, and have some tea, and my maid and me!

Your loving sweetheart, Alice

P.S. - I cross-questioned Fanny last night as to her experiences of that afternoon. I must tell you some day how she described what she went through; it will thrill you! But one thing I must tell you now! She says that she never felt anything so delicious as her sensations when in your arms, after you had got into her! I asked her if she would go to you some afternoon if you wanted a change from me. She blushed sweetly and whispered, "Yes, Miss, if you didn't mind!"

CHAPTER FIVE

Among our friends was a very pretty lady, Connie Blunt, a young widow whose husband died within a few weeks of the marriage. She had been left comfortably off and had no children.

She was a lovely golden-haired girl of about twenty-two years, slight, tall, and beautifully formed, a blue-eyed beauty with a dazzling skin and pure complexion.

She and Alice were great friends and she was Alice's pet chaperone. The two were constantly together, Alice generally passing the night at Mrs. Blunt's flat when they were going to a ball or any late entertainment, and I suppose that the sweet familiarity that exists between girl friends enabled Alice to see a good deal of her friend's physical charms, with the result that she fell in love with her. But hint as delicately and as diplomatically as she dared of the pleasures tasted by girl sweethearts, Mrs. Blunt never by word or deed or look gave Alice any encouragement. In fact, she seemed ignorant that such a state of affection could or did exist.

I used to tease Alice about her ill-success and she took my chaff very goodnatureedly, but I could see that she was secretly suffering from the "pangs of ill-requited love," and had it not been for the genuine affection that existed between her and her maid Fanny, which enabled Alice to satisfy with the help of Fanny's cunt the desires provoked by Mrs. Blunt, things might have fared badly with Alice.

Among ardent girls, an unrequited passion of this sort is apt to become tinged with cruel desire against the beloved one, and one day, when Alice was consoling herself with me, I saw that this was getting to be the case with her passion for Mrs. Blunt, and my fertile imagination suggested to me means by which she might attain to the desired end.

We were discussing Mrs. Blunt. "I am getting hungry for Connie, Jack!" Alice had said mournfully. "Very hungry!"

"Dear, I'd like to help you, and I believe I can," I remarked sympathetically, "but I shall want a lot of help from you. Could you bring yourself to torture her?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Alice briskly, "and I'd dearly like to do it!" And into her eyes came the Sadique glint I knew so well! "But it would never do, Jack! She'd never have anything to do with me again. I thought of this, but it won't do!"

"I'm not so sure!" I said reflectively. "Let me give you my ideas as clearly as I can, and you can tell me if you think them workable."

"Wait a moment, Jack!" she exclaimed, now keenly interested. "Let me get on you, it's better for both of us," she added archly, and soon she was lying flat on me, her breasts resting on my chest and my prick snugly lodged up her cunt while my arms retained her in position.

"Now are you ready to discuss matters seriously?" I asked with a mischievous smile.

She nodded merrily. "Go ahead, you dear old Jack, my most faithful friend," she added with sudden tenderness as she kissed me with unusual affection.

"Then listen carefully, dear. The gist of my plan is that you must pretend to be what Mrs. Blunt thinks you are, but which is precisely what you are not: an innocent and unsophisticated virgin!"

"Oh, you beast!" hissed Alice in pretended indignation but with laughing eyes. "And who's responsible for that, Sir?"

"I'm delighted to say that I am, dear!" I replied with a tender smile to which Alice responded by kissing me affectionately. "Anyhow, you've got to pretend to be what you're not! You must get Mrs. Blunt to chaperone you here to lunch. When we all are here afterwards, we'll manage to make her sit down in the Chair of Treachery" - (Alice's eyes lit up) - "which of course will at once pin her. Immediately I'll collar you and fasten you to one pair of pulleys - I'll have two pairs working that day - and I'll fasten Mrs. Blunt to the other pair, so that you will face each other." (Alice's face was now a study in rapt attention.) "You both will then be stripped naked in full sight of each other" - (Alice blushed prettily) - "and you both will also be tortured in front of each other! You must agree to be tortured dear, to keep up the swindle!"

"I shan't mind, Jack!" Alice whispered, kissing me.

"But there will be this great difference to your former experience, both when you were done by yourself and when we did Fanny together, the girl that is being tortured is to be first blindfolded." (Alice's eyes opened widely with surprise.) "I shall keep Mrs. Blunt fastened in the usual way, but for you, I shall use a new and most ingenious set of straps which can be put on and taken off in a jiffy by anyone knowing the trick. So when I have fastened Mrs. Blunt for, say, cunt tickling, I'll blindfold her, then I'll silently let you loose and let you tickle her..."

"Oh Jack! How lovely!" ejaculated Alice delightedly, again kissing me.

"...and tie you up quickly when you're finished, then I'll take off the bandage. She is sure to think it was me." Alice laughed merrily. "I must blindfold you, dear, when it's your turn, for your eyes may give you away while your mouth will be quite safe!" Alice nodded her head approvingly.

"I don't, however, propose to give you girls much torture. After you both have had a turn, I'll tie Mrs. Blunt to this couch just as we did Fanny. Then I'll threaten you with a whip, and you must pretend to be terrorized and consent to do everything I tell you. I'll first set you free and blindfold Mrs. Blunt, then order you to feel her, then to suck her and then to fuck her!"

"Jack, you're a genius!" ejaculated Alice admiringly.

"After you've fucked Mrs. Blunt, I'll have her while you look on!" Alice blushed. "Then it will be your turn. I'll terrorize Mrs. Blunt in reality and make her operate on you, and I'll have you in front of her!"

Alice here kissed me with sparkling eyes, then, in her delight, began to agitate herself on my prick.

"Steady, dear!" I exclaimed, slipping my hands down to her heaving bottom to keep her still. "I can't think and talk and fuck at the same time! Let me do the first two now and the third afterwards if you don't mind!"

"I'm very sorry, Jack!" Alice replied demurely but with eyes full of merriment. "I'll try and lie still on you, but your magnificent plan is exciting me most awfully! The very idea of having Connie, oh, Jack!" and again she kissed me excitedly.

"Where were we? - oh, yes," I continued. "I'll compel Mrs. Blunt to perform on you and then I'll have you in her presence. Under the threat of the whip, I'll make you both swear that you'll never let out what has been happening and send you home! You must choose some day when you are staying with her, dear, for then you'll go back together and pass the evening together, and if you don't establish a sexual relation with her, I'm afraid I can't help you! Now, what do you honestly and frankly think of my plan, dear?"

"Just splendid, and lovely, Jack!" she replied enthusiastically, and in a different tone of voice she whispered hastily, "Jack, I really must, now..." and began to work herself up and down on me. I saw she was too erotically excited to think seriously and so let her have her way. She fucked me most deliciously, quivering voluptuously when she spent and when she felt my warm discharge shoot into her. After the necessary ablutions, we dressed, as Alice had to leave early to keep a dinner engagement.

"Think it over carefully, dear," I said as I put her in a taxi. "Let me have your opinion from the point of view of a girl." And so we parted.

Next day, as I was about to commence my solitary lunch, who should appear but Alice and Fanny. I greeted them warmly, especially Fanny, whom I had not seen since the never-to-be-forgotten afternoon when Alice and I converted her. She blushed prettily as we shook hands.

"Have you had lunch?" was my natural inquiry.

"No," replied Alice, "but we didn't come for that. I wanted to discuss with you certain points about Connie."

"Lunch first and Connie afterwards!" I said laughing. "Sit down, Alice, sit down, Fanny, and make yourselves at home."

We had a merry lunch. I noticed with great approval that Fanny did not in any way presume, but was natural and respectful, also that she worshipped Alice! In due course we adjourned to the Snuggery where we settled ourselves down comfortably.

"Now, Alice, let's get down to business. Have you found some holes in my plan, or have you brought some new ideas?"

"Well, neither," she said smiling, "but there are one or two things I thought I ought to tell you. I hope, Jack, dear, you won't mind my having told Fanny - she is as gone on Connie as I am and so is keen on helping me in any way she can!"

Fanny blushed.

"Two heads are always supposed to be better than one, dear," I said with a smile, "and in a matter like this I am sure that two cunts should be better than one!"

Alice playfully shook her fist at me. "Well, Jack, Fanny says that she talked to Connie's maid and that her mistress is a virgin! Will this matter?"

I looked inquiringly at Fanny. "She was with Mrs. Blunt before her marriage and has never left her, Sir," said Fanny respectfully, "and she told me she was certain that marriage had never been ... I forget the word, Miss!" she added, looking at her mistress.

"Consummated, Jack!" said Alice. "Do you know that I believe it must be so; it explains certain things!"

"What things, dear?" I asked innocently.

"Things that you're not to know, Sir!" she retorted, coloring slightly, while Fanny laughed amusedly. It was delightful to me to note the excellent terms on which the two girls were and to think of my share in bringing about this "entente cordiale!"

"I don't see how it can matter!" I said reflectively. "It will certainly make the show more piquant, a virgin widow is a rarity, and if I am able to carry out my program as planned, it will fall to you, dear, to show her how her cunt works!"

Both girls laughed delightedly. "It will be very interesting!" I added.

"This brings me to the second point nicely, Jack," said Alice. "Fanny would like awfully to be present. Can it be worked, Jack?"

"It shall be worked if it is possible," I said as I smiled at Fanny's eager expression. "I consider I am in debt to her for the delicious time she gave

me when last here!" Fanny colored vividly while her mistress laughed merrily.

"Let me think!"

It was a bit of a poser, but my fertile imagination was equal to the occasion.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed as a sudden idea struck me, "I think it can be done! Listen you two." The girls leaned forward in pretty eagerness.

"You and Mrs. Blunt must come here together, Alice! That's inevitable. You'll be here by one o'clock, for we must have an early lunch and a long afternoon." Alice nodded significantly.

"Let Fanny follow you in half an hour's time, lunching at home, as I don't see how I can give her lunch here. She must not be seen by Mrs. Blunt, or the latter will be suspicious! When you arrive, Fanny, come straight into this room and hide yourself in my alcove! There's a peep-hole there, from which you will be able to see all that passes. If Mrs. Blunt's curiosity should lead her to wish to see my alcove, I will choke her off by saying it is my photographic dark room and there is something there which would spoil if light is admitted now. So you'll be certain to see the fun, Fanny." She smiled gratefully, as did also Alice. "When you see that I have worked my plan successfully and your mistress and Mrs. Blunt are fastened to the pulleys, take off your clothes noiselessly, even your shoes, and when I have blindfolded Mrs. Blunt, you can slip out and share with your mistress in the pleasure of torturing her! You mustn't speak and you must move noiselessly, for her senses will be very acute. What do you say to this, Alice?"

"Jack! It will be just lovely!" exclaimed Alice, while Fanny, too respectful to speak, looked her satisfaction and gratitude. "What a time Connie will have between the three of us!" she added, laughing more wickedly.

"Now, what's the next point?" I asked. Alice looked towards Fanny, then replied, "There is nothing more, is there, Fanny?"

"No, Miss!" she answered.

"Then we'll be off! Thanks awfully, Jack, I'm really very grateful to you for arranging about Fanny. Come, Fanny!" and they rose.

"Where to now?" I asked. "You are a pair of gadabouts!"

Alice laughed. "My dentist's, worse luck!"

"Poor fun!" I said. "For you or Fanny?"

"Me, unfortunately. Fanny will have to sit in the waiting room."

I glanced at her maid, and a sudden desire to have her again seized me.

"Look here, Alice," I said, "I'm going to ask you a favor! Will you allow me to have the company of your maid this afternoon?"

Fanny blushed rosy red over cheeks and brow. Alice laughed merrily as she regarded her blushing maid and caught her shy glances.

"Certainly, Jack, as far as I am concerned!" she replied. "What do you say, Fanny? Will you stay and take care of Mr. Jack?"

Fanny glanced shyly at us both. "Yes, Miss, if you don't mind!" And vivid blushes covered her face as she caught Alice's amused and half-quizzing look.

"Then I'll be off!" Alice exclaimed. "Don't trouble to come down, Jack. Byebye, Fanny, for the present."

But of course I wasn't going to let Alice leave unescorted, so I accompanied her downstairs and saw her into a taxi, under a shower of good-natured chaff from her. Then, two steps at a time, I hurried back to the Snuggery, where I found Fanny standing where we had left her, evidently very nervous at being alone with me.

I took her gently in my arms and kissed her blushing upturned face tenderly, sat down and drew her onto my knees.

"It is sweet of you to be so kind, dear," I said, looking lovingly at her. She blushed, then raising her eyes to mine she said softly, "I couldn't refuse, Sir, after you had been so very kind to me about Mrs. Blunt."

I laughed. "Not for my own sake then?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Sir!" she exclaimed hastily in pretty confusion.

"Then it is for my own sake, dear?" I asked with a smile.

"Yes, Sir!" she whispered bashfully as she looked into my eyes timidly but lovingly. I drew her to me and kissed her lips passionately. I gently began to unbutton her blouse.

"Do you wish me to ... undress, Sir?" she murmured nervously.

"Yes, please, dear!" I whispered back. "Use your mistress's room; does your mistress ... have you naked, Fanny?" I asked softly.

"Yes, Sir," she nodded blushing.

"Then I'll do the same!" I replied with a smile as I freed her and led her to Alice's alcove, then undressed myself in mine.

Presently Fanny emerged, stark naked, a delicious object, her face covered with blushes, one hand shielding her breasts and the other over her cunt! I sprang to meet her and led her to the couch and made her sit on my knee, thrilling at the touch of her warm, firm, soft flesh.

"What shall we do, Fanny?" I asked mischievously as I slipped my hand down to her cunt and lovingly played with it. My caress seemed to set her on fire; she lost her restraint, suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissing me passionately murmured, "Do anything you like to me, Sir!"

"May I suggest a little sucking first, and then some sweet fucking?" I said softly. Her eyes beamed assent.

I laid her flat on her back, opened her legs widely, and after feasting my eyes on her lovely cunt, I applied my lips to it and tongued her till she quivered and wriggled with delight. Alice had evidently taught her this delicious pleasure. I got on her and thrust my prick well up her; she clasped me delightedly in her arms, and letting herself go, passed from one spending to another, wriggling voluptuously, till she had extracted from me all I could give her, and which I shot into her excited interior with rapturous ecstasy - and between fucking and sucking we passed a delicious afternoon! In the enforced intervals for rest and recovery, I learned from her all about her sexual relationship with her mistress. She described the sensation of being provoked into spending by the sweet friction of Alice's cunt against hers as something heavenly, so much so that the girls seldom did anything else but satisfy their lustful cravings

and desires in this way. One evening, Alice apparently was very randy and insisted on frigging Fanny, first tying her down to the four bedposts, then making Fanny tie her down similarly and tickle her cunt with a feather till she spent three times. It was clear that the girls were devoted to each other. I asked Fanny what she thought would be the arrangement if we succeeded in converting Mrs. Blunt to their ways. She blushed and said she didn't think it would affect her and Alice's relations, and she hoped Connie would sometimes spend the night at Alice's and give her a chance!

CHAPTER SIX

A few days later I received a note from Mrs. Blunt saying that Alice was staying with her and she would be delighted if I would dine there with them quite quietly. I naturally accepted the invitation.

I was somewhat of a stranger to Mrs. Blunt. I had met her more than once and admired her radiant beauty, but no more. Now that there was more than a possibility that she might have to submit herself to me, I studied her closely.

She was more voluptuously made than I had fancied and was a simply glorious specimen of a woman, but she was something of a doll, rather shallow and weak-willed, and I saw with satisfaction that I would not have much trouble in terrorizing her and forcing her to comply with my desires.

During the evening Alice brought up the subject of my rooms and their oddity and made Mrs. Blunt so interested that I was able naturally to suggest a visit and a lunch there - which was accepted for the following day, an arrangement that made Alice glance at me with secret exultation and delighted anticipation.

In due course my guests arrived, and after a dainty lunch which drew from Mrs. Blunt many compliments, we found ourselves in the Snuggery. The girls at once commenced to examine everything, Alice taking on herself the role of showman while I, in my capacity of host, did the honors. I could see that Fanny was at her post of observation - and now awaited, with some impatience, the critical moment.

In due course Mrs. Blunt and Alice finished their tour of inspection and made as if they would rest for a while.

"What comfortable chairs you men always manage to get about you," remarked Mrs. Blunt as she somewhat critically glanced at my furniture.

"You bachelors do study your creature comforts - and so remain bachelors!" she added somewhat significantly, as she was among our deluded friends who planned a match between Alice and me.

"Quite true!" I replied with a polite smile, "so long as I can by hook or by crook get in these rooms what I want, they will be good enough for me, especially when I am permitted to enjoy the visits of such angels!"

"That's a very pretty compliment, isn't it Alice?" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt as she moved towards the Chair of Treachery which stood invitingly close, then gracefully sank into it.

Click! The arms folded on her. "Oh!" she ejaculated as she endeavored to press them back.

"What's the matter, Connie?" asked Alice, quickly hurrying to her friend, but in a flash I was onto her and had tightly gripped her. "Oh!" she screamed in admirably feigned fright, struggling naturally. I picked her up and, carrying her to the pulleys, made them fast to her wrists and fixed her upright with hands drawn well over her head, to Mrs. Blunt's horror! As I approached her. she shrieked, "Help ... help!" pressing desperately against the locked arms and striving to get loose.

"It's no use, Mrs. Blunt!" I said quietly as I commenced to wheel the chair towards the second pair of pulleys. "You're in my power! You'd better yield quietly!"

Seizing her wrists one at a time, I quickly made the ropes fast to them, set the machinery going and, just as she was being lifted off her seat, I released the arms and drew the chair away, forcing her to stand up. In a very few seconds she was drawn up to her full height, facing Alice, both girls panting and gasping after their struggle! "There, ladies," I exclaimed, as if well pleased with my performance, "now you'll appreciate the utility of this room!"

"Oh! Mr. Jack!" cried Mrs. Blunt in evident relief, "how you did frighten me. I was sure that something dreadful was going to happen!" With a poor attempt to be sprightly she continued, "I quite made up my mind that Alice and I were going to be..." she broke off with a silky, self-conscious giggle.

"I gladly accept the suggestion you have so kindly made, dear lady," I said with a smile of gratitude, "and I will do you and Alice presently!" She started, horrified, stared aghast at me as if she could not believe her ears. She seemed to be dumb with shocked surprise, and went dead

pale. I was afraid to glance at Alice lest I should catch her eye and betray her.

With an effort, Mrs. Blunt stammered brokenly, "Do you mean to say ... that Alice and I ... are going to be ... to be..." She stopped abruptly, unable to express in words her awful apprehension.

"Fucked is the word you want, I think, dear Mrs. Blunt!" I said with a smile.

"Yes, dear ladies, as you are so very kind, I shall have much pleasure in fucking you both presently!"

She quivered as if she had been struck, then screamed hysterically, "No, no! I-I won't! Help! Help! ... Help!"

I turned quietly to Alice (who I could see was keenly enjoying the trap into which Mrs. Blunt had fallen) and said to her, "Are you going to be foolish and resist, Alice?"

She paused for a long moment, then said in a voice that admirably counterfeited intense emotion, "I feel that resistance will be of no avail, but I'm not going to submit to you tamely. You will have to ... force me!"

"Me also!" cried Mrs. Blunt, hysterically.

"As you please!" I said equably. "I've long wanted a good opportunity of testing the working of this machinery; I don't fancy I'll get a better one than you are now offering me, a nice long afternoon - two lovely rebellious girls! Now, Mrs. Blunt, as you are chaperoning Alice, I am bound to begin with you." And I commenced to unbutton her blouse.

"No, no, Mr. Jack!" she screamed in dismay as she felt my fingers unfastening her upper garments and unhooking her skirt - but I steadily went on with my task of undressing her, and soon had her standing in her stays with bare arms and legs - a lovely tall slender half-undressed figure, her bosom heaving and palpitating, the low-cut bodice allowing the upper half of her breasts to become visible. Her flushed face indicated intense shame at this indecent exposure of herself, and her eyes strained appealing towards Alice as if to assure herself of her sympathy.

"Now I will give you a few minutes to collect yourself while I attend to Alice!" I said as I went across to the latter, whose eyes were stealthily devouring Mrs. Blunt's provoking dishabille. "Now, for you, dear!" I said, as I quickly set to work to undress her.

She very wisely was adopting the policy of dogged defiance and maintained a sullen silence as one by one her clothes were taken off her till she also stood bare-armed and bare-legged in her stays. But instead of pausing, I went on, removed her corset, unfastened the shoulder straps of her chemise and vest and pushed them down to her feet, leaving her standing with only her drawers on, a sweet, blushing, dainty, nearly-naked girl on whose shrinking trembling figure Mrs. Blunt's eyes seemed to be riveted with what certainly looked like involuntary admiration!

But I myself was getting excited and inflamed by the sight of so much unclothed and lovely girl-flesh, so eagerly returning to Mrs. Blunt, I set to work to remove the little clothing that was left on her. "No, no, Mr. Jack!" she cried piteously as I took off her stays. "Oh!" she screamed in her distress when she felt her chemise and vest slip down to her feet, exposing her in her drawers only, which solitary garment, she evidently concluded from the sight of Alice, would be left on her. But when, after a few admiring glances, I went behind her and began to undo the waist-band and she realized she was to be exposed naked, Mrs. Blunt went into a paroxysm of impassioned cries and pitiful pleadings. In her desperation she threw the whole of her weight on her slender wrists and wildly twisted her legs together in the hope of preventing me from pulling her drawers off. But they only required a few sharp tugs - down to her ankles they came! A bitter cry broke from her, her head with its wealth of now disordered golden hair fell forward on her bosom in her agony of shame. Connie Blunt was stark naked.

I stepped back a couple of paces and exultingly gazed on the vision that met my eyes. Close in front of me was revealed the back of Mrs. Blunt's tall, slender, naked figure, uninterrupted from her heels to her up-drawn hands, her enforced attitude displaying to perfection the voluptuous curves of her hips, her luscious haunches, her gloriously rounded bottom, her shapely legs.

Facing her stood Alice, naked save for her drawers, her face suffused with blushes at the sight of Connie's nakedness, her bosom heaving excitement not unmixed with delight at witnessing the nudity of her friend and trepidation at the approaching similar exposure of herself. I saw from the stealthy gloating glances she shot at Connie that she was longing to have a good look at her but dared not do so, lest her eyes should betray her delight, so I decided to give her the opportunity. I went over to her, slipped behind her, passed my arms around her and drew her against me and, holding her thus in my embrace, I gazed at the marvelous sight Connie Blunt was affording to us as she stood naked!

She was simply exquisite! Her pearly dazzling skin, her lovely shape, her delicious little breasts standing saucily out with their coral nipples as they quivered on her heaving bosom, her voluptuous hips and round smooth belly, her pretty legs, her drooping head exhibited her glorious golden hair, while, as if to balance it, a close clustering mass of silky, curly, golden-brown hairs grew thickly over the region of her cunt, hiding it completely from my eager eyes! In silent admiration I gloated over the wonderful sight of Connie Blunt naked - till a movement of Alice recalled me to her interests. She was keeping her face steadily averted from Connie, her eyes on the floor, as if unwilling to distress her friend by looking at her in her terrible nudity.

"Well, how do you like Connie now?" I asked loud enough for Mrs. Blunt to hear. She shivered; Alice remained silent.

"Aren't you going to look at her?" Alice still remained silent.

"Come, Alice, you must have a good look at her. I want to discuss her with you, to have your opinions as a girl on certain points. Come, look!" I gently stroked her naked belly.

"Oh! Don't, Jack!" she cried, affecting a distress she was not feeling. Connie glanced hastily at us to see what I was doing to Alice, and blushed deeply as she noted my wandering hands, which now were creeping up to Alice's breasts.

I seized them and began to squeeze them. "Don't, Jack!" again she cried.

"Then obey me and look at Connie!" I said sternly.

Slowly Alice raised her head, as if most reluctantly, and looked at Connie, who colored hotly as her eyes met Alice's. "Forgive me, darling!" cried Alice tearfully, "I can't help doing it!" But her throbbing breasts and excitedly agitated bottom told me how the little hypocrite was enjoying the sight of Connie's nakedness!

"Now, no nonsense, Alice!" I said sternly, and I gave her breasts a twist that made her squeal in earnest and immediately rivet her eyes on her friend lest she should get another twist. And so, for a few minutes, we silently contemplated Mrs. Blunt's shrinking form, our eager eyes greedily devouring the lovely naked charms that she was so unwillingly exhibiting to us! Presently I said to Alice, whose breasts were still captives in my hands, "Now, the plain truth, please - speaking as a girl, what bit of Mrs. Blunt do you consider her finest point?"

Alice blushed uncomfortably, pretended to hesitate, then said shamefacedly, "Her ... her ... private parts!"

Connie flushed furiously and pressed her thighs closely together as if to shield her cunt from the eager eyes which she knew were intently looking at it! I laughed amusedly at Alice's demure phraseology and said, "I think so too! But that's not what you girls call it when you talk together. Tell me the name you use, your pet name for it!"

Alice was silent. I think she was really unwilling to say the word before Mrs.

Blunt, but I mischievously proceeded to get it out of her. I gave her tender breasts a squeeze that made her cry, "Oh!" and said, "Come, Alice, out with it!"

Still she remained silent. I let go of one of her breasts and began to pinch her fat bottom, making her wriggle and squeal in grim reality, but she would not speak!

Seeing that Mrs. Blunt was watching closely, I moved my hand away from Alice's bottom and made as if I was going to pass it through the slit in her drawers.

"Won't you tell me?" I said, moving my hand ominously.

"Cunny!" whispered Mrs. Blunt in hot confusion.

"You obstinate little thing!" I said to Alice with a laugh that showed her that I was only playing with her. "Cunny!" I repeated significantly. "Well, Alice, let Mrs. Blunt and I see your cunny!" - and as I spoke, I slipped the knot off her drawers, and down they tumbled to her ankles before she could check them with her knees, exposing by their disappearance the lovely cunt I knew so well and loved so dearly, framed so to speak by her plump rounded thighs and her sweet belly.

I sank on my knees by Alice's side and eagerly and delightedly inspected her delicious cleft, the pouting lips of which, half-hidden in their mossy covering, betrayed her erotic excitement! She endured with simulated confusion and crimson cheeks my close examination of her 'private parts,' to use her own demure phrase! At last I exclaimed rapturously, "Oh! Alice, it is sweet!" As if overjoyed, I gripped her by her bottom and thighs and pressing my lips on her cunt, I kissed passionately! "Don't, Jack!" she cried, her voice half-choked by the lascivious sensations that were thrilling through her.

Seeing that Alice was perilously near to spending in her intense erotic excitement, I quitted her and went across to Mrs. Blunt, by whose side I knelt in order to study her cunt.

"Oh, Mr. Jack! Don't look, please don't look there!" she cried in agony of shame at the idea of her cunt being thus leisurely inspected by male eyes - and she attempted to thwart me by standing on one leg and throwing her other thigh across her groin.

"Put that leg down, Connie!" I said sternly.

"No, no," she shrieked, "I won't let you look at it!"

"Won't you?" said I, and drew out from the bases of the pillars between which she was standing two stout straps, which I fastened to her slim ankles in spite of her vigorous kicking. I set the mechanism working. A piercing scream broke from her as she felt her legs being pulled remorselessly apart, and soon, notwithstanding her desperate resistance and frantic struggles, she stood like an inverted Y with her cunt in full view!

"Won't you?" I repeated with a cruelly triumphant smile as I proceeded to blindfold her, she all the while pitifully protesting. I noiselessly set

Alice loose and signaled to Fanny to join us, which she quickly did, stark naked as directed. The three of us knelt in front of Connie, I between the girls with an arm around each, and with heads close together delightedly examined her private parts, Alice and Fanny's eyes sparkling with undisguised enjoyment as we noted the delicate and close-fitting, shell-pink lips of her cunt, its luscious fleshiness, and its wonderful covering of brown-gold silky hairs! She quivered in her shame at being thus forced to exhibit the most secret part of herself to my male eyes.

I motioned to the girls to remain as they were, detached myself from them, leaned forward and gently deposited a kiss on Connie's cunt. Taken absolutely by surprise, Mrs. Blunt shrieked: "O-h-h!" and began to wriggle divinely, to the delight of the girls, who motioned to me to kiss Connie's cunt again, which I gladly did. Again she screamed, squirming deliciously in her fright. I gave her cunt a third kiss, which nearly sent her into convulsions, Alice and Fanny's eyes now sparkling with lust. Not daring to do it again I rose, slipped behind her noiselessly and took her in my arms, my hands on her belly!

"No, no, Mr. Jack!" she cried, struggling fiercely, "don't touch me! ... Oh-h-h!" she screamed as my hands caught hold of her breasts and began to feel them! They were smaller than Alice's, but firmer, soft, elastic and strangely provoking - most delicious morsels of girl-flesh. I toyed and played with them, squeezing them lasciviously to the huge delight of the girls, till I felt it was time to feel her cunt. Releasing her sweet breasts, I slipped my hands over Mrs. Blunt's stomach and her cunt.

"Oh! My God!" she shrieked, her head tossing wildly in her shame and agony as she felt my fingers wander over her private parts so conveniently arranged for the purpose. Over her shoulder I could see Alice and Fanny's faces as they watched every movement of my fingers, their eyes humid, their cheeks flushed, their breasts dancing with sexual excitement! From the fingers' point of view, Alice's cunt was the more delicious of the two because of its superior plumpness and fleshiness, but there was a certain delicacy about Connie's cunt that made me revel in the sweet occupation of feeling it.

Presently I inserted my forefinger gently between the close-fitting lips. The girls' eyes glistened with eagerness and they bent forward to see if Fanny's information was true, and I smiled at the disappointment

expressed in their faces when they saw my finger bury itself in Connie's cunt up to the knuckle! She was not a virgin! But she was terribly tight, much more so than Fanny was when I first felt her, and Mrs. Blunt's screams and agonized cries clearly indicated that, for want of use, her cunt had regained its virgin tightness.

Keeping my fingers inside her, I gently tickled her clitoris in order to test her sexual susceptibility. She gave a fearful shriek accompanied by an indescribable wriggle, then another - then bedewed my hand with her sweet love-juice, her head falling on her bosom as she spent, utterly unable to control herself. I kept my finger inside her till her ecstatic crisis was over and her spasmodic thrills had quieted down - then gently withdrew it as I lovingly kissed the back of her soft neck and left her to herself.

As I did so, Alice and Fanny rose, their eyes betraying their intense enjoyment of the scene. With an unmistakable gesture they indicated each other's cunts, as if seeking mutual relief - but I shook my head, for Alice had now to be tortured. Quickly I fastened her up again while Fanny noiselessly disappeared into my alcove. I removed the bandage from Connie's eyes. As she wearily raised her head, having scarcely recovered from the violence of her spending, I clasped her to me and passionately showered kisses on her flushed cheeks and trembling lips. I saw her eyes seek Alice's as if to learn her thoughts as to what she had witnessed. Both girls blushed vividly as if in symphony. I pushed a padded chair behind Connie, released her legs and lowered her till she could sit down in comfort and left her to recover herself while I went across to Alice, who was now to be the prey of my lustful hands.

But I was now in an almost uncontrollable state of lust! My erotic senses had been so irritated and inflamed by the sight of Mrs. Blunt's delicious person naked, her terrible struggles, her shame and distress during her ordeal, that my lascivious cravings and desires imperiously called for immediate satisfaction. And the circumstances that all this had taken place in the presence of Alice and Fanny, both stark naked, both in a state of intense sexual excitement and unconcealed delight at witnessing the torturing of Mrs. Blunt, only added further fuel to the flame of my lust. But to enjoy either Connie or Alice at the moment did not suit my program, and my thoughts flew to Fanny now sitting naked in my alcove

and undoubtedly very excited sexually by Mrs. Blunt's struggles and cries!

Slipping behind Alice, I took her in my arms, seized her breasts, and said not unkindly while watching Mrs. Blunt keenly, "Now, Alice, it's your turn! You've seen all that has happened to Mrs. Blunt and how in spite of her desperate resistance she has been forced to do whatever I wanted - even to spend! Now I'm going to undress." Mrs. Blunt looked up in evident alarm.

"While I am away, let me suggest that you consult your chaperone as to whether you had not better yield yourself quietly to me!" I disappeared into my alcove, where Fanny, still naked, received me with conscious expectancy, having heard every word!

I tore off my clothing, seized her naked person and whispered excitedly as I pointed to my rampant prick, "Quick, Fanny!" She instantly understood. I threw myself into an easy chair. In a moment she was kneeling between my legs with my prick in her mouth, and she sucked me deliciously till I spent rapturously down her throat! Having thus delightfully relieved my feelings, I drew her onto my knees and whispered as I gratefully kissed her, "Now, dear, I'll repay you by frigging you, while we listen to what Alice and Connie are saying." Slipping my hand down to her pouting and still excited cunt, I gently commenced the sweet junction, she clasping silently but passionately as my active finger soothed her excited senses. From our chair we could clearly see Connie and Alice and hear every word they said.

Their embarrassed silence had just been broken by Alice, who whispered in admirably simulated distress: "Oh, Connie! What shall I do?"

Connie colored painfully. With downcast eyes as if fearing to meet her friend's agitated glances, she replied in an undertone, "Better yield, dear! Don't you think so?"

"Oh! No! I can't!" cried Alice despairingly, playing her part with a perfection that brought smiles from Fanny and me. With a change of voice she asked timidly, "Was it very dreadful Connie?"

Connie covered her face with her hands and replied in broken agitation. "I thought I should have died! The awful feeling of shame! The terrible

helplessness! The dreadful position into which I was fastened! The agony of having a man's hand on my ... cunny! Oh-h-hh!"

Fanny began to wriggle deliciously on my knees as she felt her pleasure approaching. Her eyes closed slowly; she strained me against her breasts.

Suddenly she agitated herself rapidly on my finger, plunging wildly with quick strokes of her buttocks. She caught her breath, murmured brokenly, "Oh-h-h!" and inundated my finger as she spent ecstatically! My mouth sought hers as, little by little, I slowed down the play of my finger in her cunt till she came to, deliciously satisfied!

"Now I'd better go to them," I whispered, and after a few more tender kisses I went out. My appearance, naked save for my shoes and socks, caused Mrs. Blunt to hurriedly cover her face with her hands as she hysterically cried, "Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh!"

I ignored her and took Alice into my arms as before and said to her encouragingly, "Well, dear, what is it to be?" whispering inaudibly in her ear, "You're to be tickled!"

Alice stood silent with downcast eyes. In her anxiety to hear Alice's decision, Mrs. Blunt uncovered her face and looked eagerly at us! At last it came! "No," spoken so low that we could just hear her.

"Oh, Alice! You are a silly girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt, now afraid about herself. Alice cast a reproachful glance at Connie and said, almost in tears, the little humbug, "I can't! Oh, I can't!"

Without a word I fastened straps to Alice's pretty ankles and dragged her legs apart till she stood precisely as Mrs. Blunt had done. I carefully blindfolded her and seated myself just below her on the floor within easy reach of her, and began to amuse myself with her defenseless cunt, knowing that Mrs. Blunt could see over my shoulder all that passed.

With both hands I felt all of Alice's private parts, touching, pressing, stroking, parting her lips, even pulling her hairs every now and then, and peering into her interior - an act invariably followed by an ardent kiss as if in apology, she squirming deliciously. She submitted herself to the sweet torture in silence till I pretended to be trying to push my finger

into her cunt, when she screamed in horror, "Don't, Jack, don't!" as if unable to endure it! "Hurts, does it, Alice!" I said smiling meanly. "Then I won't do it again! I'll try something softer than my finger!" After fetching a feather, I resumed my position on the carpet.

Alice's color now went and came and her bosom began to heave uneasily, for she guessed what was now going to be done to her, and although she rather liked having her cunt tickled, the existing conditions were not what she was accustomed to. She awaited her ordeal with a good deal of trepidation.

Quietly I applied the tip of the feather to her cunt's now slightly pouting lips with a delicate yet subtle touch. "O-h-h!" she ejaculated, quivering painfully. I gave her three or four more similar touches, after which she began to wriggle vigorously, crying: "Oh! ... Oh! ... Don't, Jack!" I was just beginning to tickle her cunt in real earnest when Connie, horrified at the sight, shrieked: "Stop! ... stop! ... oh, you awful brute! ... you coward! ... to torture a girl in that way! ... oh! my God!" she moaned, quite overcome at the sight of Alice being tortured!

How thankful I was that I had blindfolded Alice! I am sure that she otherwise would have given the game away - she must have laughed! In fact, some of her convulsions were undoubtedly caused by suppressed laughter and not by her torture!

"There's no better way of curing a girl of obstinacy than by tickling her cunt, Connie," I said unconcernedly, and I again commenced to tickle Alice.

"No, no, stop!" Connie shrieked frantically. "Oh! You cruel brute! ... you'll kill her!"

I laughed. "Oh, no, Connie, she's all right - only a little erotic excitement!" I explained equably as I resumed the tickling, this time making Alice wriggle and scream in real earnest. She had not been allowed to satisfy her lustful cravings, induced by the sight of Connie's agonies, and by now she was in a terrible condition of fierce concupiscence and unsatisfied desires, dying to spend, but so far unable to do so for want of the spark necessary to provoke the discharge! More and more hysterical became Connie's prayers and pleadings, shriller her cries of genuine horror at the sight of Alice's cunt being so cruelly tickled

- wilder and wilder became Alice's struggles and screams, till suddenly she shrieked, "For God's sake, make me spend!" Immediately I thrust the feather well up her cunt and rapidly twiddled it, then tickled her clitoris! A tremendous spasm shook Alice, her head fell back, then dropped on her bosom as she ejaculated: "A-h-h ... ah-h-h!" in a tone of blessed relief, quivering deliciously as the rapturous spasm of the ecstasy thrilled through as she spent madly!

As soon as she came to herself again, I said to her, "Well, will you now yield yourself to me, or do you want some more?"

"Oh, no! No! - my God, no!" she cried, feigning to be completely subdued.

"You'll then be a good girl?"

"Yes!" she gasped.

"You'll do whatever I tell you to do?"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried.

"You'll let me ... fuck you?"

"Oh, my God!..." she moaned, remaining silent. I touched her cunt with the feather. "Yes! Yes!" she screamed. "Yes!"

"That's right, dear!" I said encouragingly. Quickly I released her and put her into a large and comfortable easy chair in which she promptly coiled herself up, as if utterly exhausted and ashamed of her absolute surrender, but really to escape the sympathetic and pitying glances from Connie. It was as clever a piece of acting as I had ever seen!

I went across to Mrs. Blunt and without a word, I touched the springs and set the machinery at work. "Oh! Oh!" she cried as she felt herself drawn up again and her legs being remorselessly dragged asunder till she had resumed her late position. When I had her properly fixed, I said to her, "Now, Connie, I am going to punish you for abusing me. You'll have something to scream about!" I applied the feather to her lovely, but defenseless, cunt!

"Don't, don't! ... Oh, my God!" she screamed. I saw we were about to have a glorious spectacle, so I stopped, blindfolded her, and beckoned to

Fanny, who promptly came up, Alice also. Handing a feather to each, I pointed to Connie's quivering cunt.

Delightedly both girls applied their feathers to Connie's tender slit, Alice directing hers against Connie's clitoris, while Fanny ran hers all along the lips and as far inside as she could, their eyes sparkling with cruel glee as they watched Connie wriggle and listened to her terrible shrieks and hysterical ejaculations. It was a truly voluptuous sight! Connie naked, struggling frantically, while Alice and Fanny, also naked, were goading her into hysterics with their feathers! But soon I had to intervene. Connie by now was exhausted; she couldn't stand any more. Reluctantly, I stopped the girls, signaled to Fanny to disappear and Alice to return to her chair while I released Connie's bandage.

She looked at me seemingly, half-dazed, panting and gasping after her exertions.

"Now will you submit yourself to me, Connie?" I asked.

"Yes! Yes!" she gasped.

"Fucking and all!"

"Oh, my God! ... Yes!"

I set her free. As she sank into her chair, Alice rushed to her as if impelled by irresistible sympathy. The two girls fell into each other's arms, kissing each other passionately, murmuring: "Oh, Connie!..."

"Oh, Alice!" The first part of the play was over!

CHAPTER SEVEN

I produced a large bottle of champagne and, pretending that the opener was in my alcove, I went there, but my real objective was to satisfy in Fanny the raging concupiscence which my torturing of Alice and Connie had so fiercely aroused in me.

I found her shivering with unsatisfied hot lust. I threw myself into a chair, placed my bottom on the edge and pointed to my prick in glorious erection.

Instantly Fanny straddled across me, brought her excited cunt to bear on my tool and impaled herself on it with deliciously voluptuous movements, sinking down on it till she rested on my thighs, her arms 'round my neck, mine 'round her warm body, our lips against each other's. Working herself divinely up and down on my prick, she soon brought on the blessed relief we both were thirsting for, and in exquisite rapture we spent madly.

"Oh! Sir! Wasn't it lovely!" she whispered as soon as she could speak.

"Which, Fanny," I asked mischievously. "This! - or that!" pointing to the room.

She blushed prettily, then whispered saucily, "Both, Sir!" as she passionately kissed me.

I begged her to sponge me while I opened the champagne, which she did sweetly, kissing my flaccid prick lovingly, and soon she removed from it all traces of our bout of fucking. I poured out four large glasses and made her drink one, which she did with great enjoyment, and took the other three out with me to the girls.

I found them still in each other's arms and coiled together in the large armchair, Alice half-sitting on Connie's thighs and half resting on Connie's breasts - a lovely sight. I touched her; she started up while Connie slowly opened her eyes.

"Drink this, it will pull you together!" I said, handing each a tumbler. They did so, and the generous wine seemed to have an immediate good effect and to put new life into them. I eyed them with satisfaction.

Raising my glass, I said, "To your good health, dears, and a delicious consummation of Connie's charming and most sporting suggestion!" then gravely emptied my tumbler.

Both girls turned scarlet, Connie almost angrily. They glanced tentatively at each other but neither spoke.

To terminate their embarrassment, I pointed to a settee close by, and soon we arranged ourselves in it, I in the center, Alice on my right and Connie on my left, their heads resting on my shoulders, their faces turned towards each other and within easy kissing distance, my arms clasping them to me, my hands being just able to command the outer breast of each! Both girls seemed ill at ease. I think Connie was really so, as she evidently dreaded having to be fucked by me, but with Alice it was only a pretense.

"A penny for your thoughts dear!" I said to her chafingly, curious to know what she would say.

"I was thinking how lovely Connie is ... naked!" she murmured softly, blushing prettily. I felt a quiver run through Connie.

"Before today, how much of each other have you seen?" I asked interestedly.

Silently, both girls pointed to just above their breasts.

"Then stand up, Connie dear, and let us have a good look at you," I said, "and Alice shall afterwards return the compliment by showing you herself! Stand naturally, with your hands behind you."

With evident unwillingness she complied, and with pretty bashfulness she faced us, a naked blue-eyed daughter of the gods, tall, slender, golden-haired, exquisite - blushing as she noted in our eyes the pleasure the contemplation of her naked charms was giving us!

"Now in profile, dear!"

Obediently she turned. We delightedly noted her exquisite outline from chin to thigh, her proud little breasts, her gently curving belly, its wealth of golden-brown hair, standing out like a bush at its junction with her thighs, the sweep of her haunches and bottom, and her shapely legs!

"Thanks, darling," I said appreciatively. "Now Alice!" And drawing Connie onto my knees, I kissed her lovingly.

Blushingly Alice complied, and with hands clasped behind her back, she faced us, a piquant, provoking, demure, brown-eyed, dark-haired little English lassie, plump, juicy, appetizing. She smiled mischievously at me as she watched Connie's eyes wander approvingly over her delicious little figure!

"Now in profile, please!"

She turned, and now we realized the subtle voluptuousness of Alice's naked figure, how her exquisitely full and luscious breasts were matched, in turn being balanced by her glorious fleshy bottom and her fat thighs, the comparative shortness of her legs only adding piquancy to the whole, while her unusually conspicuous Mount Venus, with its dark, clustering, silky hairs, proudly proclaimed itself as the delightful center of her attractions! "Thanks, darling!" we both exclaimed admiringly as we drew her to us and lovingly kissed her, to her evident delight and gratification.

"Now, Connie darling!" I said. "I want you to lie down on that couch!" I removed my arm from her waist to allow her to rise.

"No, Jack!" she begged piteously and imploringly, her lovely eyes not far from tears. "Please, Jack! Don't insist!"

"You must do it, darling!" I said kindly but firmly as I raised her to her feet. "Come, dear!" and I led her to the couch and made her lie down.

"I must put the straps on you, Connie, dear," I said, "not that I doubt your promise, but because I am sure you won't be able to lie still. Don't be frightened, dear!" I added, as I saw a look of terror come over her face. "You are not going to be tortured, or tickled or hurt, but you will be treated most sweetly!"

Reluctantly Connie yielded. Quickly Alice attached the straps to her wrists, while I secured the other pair to her ankles. We set the machinery to work and soon she was lying flat on her back, her hands and feet secured to the four corners, the dark-brown upholstery throwing into high relief her lovely figure and dazzling fair hair and skin! I blindfolded her very carefully in such a way that she could not get rid of the bandage

by rubbing her head against the couch. Now that Connie was at our mercy, I signaled to Fanny, who gleefully rushed to us noiselessly and hugged her mistress with silent delight.

"Now, Alice, dear!" I said, "make love to Connie!"

"Oh-h!" cried Connie in shocked surprise, blushing so hotly that even her bosom was suffused with color. But Alice was already on her knees by Connie's side and was passionately kissing her protesting mouth in the exuberance of her delight at the arrival at last of the much-desired opportunity to satisfy her lusts on Connie's lovely person, cunt against cunt.

I slipped into a chair and took Fanny on my knees, and in sweet companionship, we settled ourselves comfortably to watch Alice make love to Connie! My left arm was 'round Fanny's waist, the hand toying with the breasts which it could just command, while my right hand played lovingly with her cunt.

After Alice had relieved her excited feelings by showering her kisses on Connie's lips with whispered fond endearments, she raised her head and contemplated, with an expression of intense delight, the naked figure of her friend which I had placed at her disposal! She proceeded to pass her hands lightly over Connie's flesh. Shakespeare sings, substituting the feminine pronoun for the masculine one he uses: To win her heart she touched her here and there, - Touches so soft that conquer chastity! This is what Alice was doing! With lightly poised hands, she touched Connie on the most susceptible parts of herself: her armpits, navel, belly, and especially the soft tender insides of her thighs - evidently reserving her breasts and cunt for special attention.

Soon the effect on Connie became apparent. Her bosom began to palpitate in sweet agitation, while significant tremors ran through her limbs. "Is it so nice then, darling?" cooed Alice, her eyes dancing with delight as she watched the effect of her operations on Connie's now quivering person. She rested her lips on Connie's and gently took hold of her breasts!

"Oh, Alice!" cried Connie, but Alice closed her lips with her own, half choking her friend with her passionate kisses. Raising her head again, she eagerly and delightedly inspected the delicious morsels of Connie's

flesh that were imprisoned in her hands. "Oh, you darlings!" she exclaimed as she squeezed them. "You sweet things!" she said as she kissed them rapturously.

"Oh, what dear little nipples!" she cried, taking them in turn into her mouth, her hands all the while squeezing and caressing Connie's lovely breasts till that worthy woman faintly murmured, "Oh, stop, darling!"

"Oh, my love! Was I hurting you, darling?" cried Alice with gleaming eyes, as with a smile full of mischief towards us she reluctantly released Connie's breasts. For a moment she hesitated, as if uncertain what to do next. Her eyes rested on Connie's cunt, so sweetly defenseless. An idea seemed to seize her.

With a look of delicious anticipation, she slipped her left arm under Connie's shoulders so as to embrace her, placed her lips on Connie's mouth, extended her right arm and, without giving Connie the least hint as to her intentions, she placed her hand on Connie's cunt, her slender forefinger resting on the orifice itself!

"Oh-h, Alice!" cried Connie, taken completely by surprise and wriggling voluptuously.

"Oh-h-h, Connie!" rapturously murmured Alice between the hot kisses she was now raining on Connie's mouth, her forefinger beginning to agitate itself inquisitively but lovingly! "Oh darling! Your cunny is sweet!" she murmured as her hand wandered all over Connie's private parts, now stroking and pressing her delicate Mount Venus, now twisting and pulling her hairs, now gently compressing the soft, springy flesh between her thumb and forefinger, now passing along the delicate shell-pink lips, and finally gently inserting her finger between them into the pouting orifice! "I must! ... I must look at it!"

Quickly she withdrew her arm from under Connie's shoulders, gave her a long, clinging kiss, and shifted her position by Connie's side till her head commanded Connie's private parts. She squared her arms, rested herself on Connie's belly, and with both hands proceeded to examine and study Connie's cunt, her eyes sparkling with delight.

Again she submitted Connie's delicious organ of sex to a most searching and merciless examination, one hand on each side of the now slightly

gaping slit, stroking, squeezing, pressing, touching! With fingers poised gently but firmly on each side of the slit, Alice gently drew the lips apart and peered curiously into the shell-pink cavity of Connie's cunt, and after a prolonged inspection, she shifted her finger rather higher, again parted the lips and with rapt attention gazed at Connie's clitoris which was now beginning to show signs of sexual excitement, Connie all this time quivering and wriggling under the touches of Alice's fingers.

Her curiosity apparently satisfied for the time, Alice raised her head and looked strangely and interrogatively at me. Comprehending her mute enquiry, I smiled and nodded. She smiled back, then dropping her head, she looked intently at Connie's cunt, and imprinted a long clinging kiss in its very center.

Connie squirmed violently. "Oh-h-h!" she ejaculated in a half-strangled voice. With a smile of intense delight, Alice repeated her kiss, then again and again, Connie at each repetition squirming and wriggling in the most delicious way, her vehement plunging telling Alice what flames her hot kisses had aroused in Connie.

Again she opened Connie's cunt, and keeping its tender lips wide apart, she deposited between them and right inside the orifice itself a long lingering kiss which seemed to set Connie's blood on fire, for she began to plunge wildly with furious upward jerks and jogs of her hips and bottom, nearly dislodging Alice. She glanced merrily at us, her eyes brimming with mischief and delight, then straddled across Connie and arranged herself on her so that her mouth commanded Connie's cunt while her stomach rested on Connie's breasts and her cunt lay poised over Connie's mouth, but not touching it. Her legs now lay parallel to Connie's arms and outside them.

Utterly taken aback by Alice's tactics, and in her innocence not recognizing the significance of the position Alice assumed on her, she cried, "Oh, Alice! What are you doing?" Alice grinned delightedly at us and lowered her head, ran her tongue lightly half a dozen times along the lips of Connie's cunt and set to work to gamahuch her!

"Oh-h-h!" shrieked Connie, her voice almost strangled by the violence of the wave of lust that swept over her at the first touch of Alice's tongue. "Oh-h-h! ... Oh-h-h..." she ejaculated in her utter bewilderment and

confusion as she abandoned herself to strangely intoxicating and thrilling sensations hitherto unknown to her, jerking herself upwards as if to meet Alice's tongue, her face in her agitated movements coming against Alice's cunt, before it dawned on her confused senses what the warm, moist, quivering hairy object could be! In wild excitement Alice thoroughly searched Connie's cunt with her active fingers, darting deeply into it, playing delicately on the quivering lips, sucking and tickling her clitoris, and sending Connie into such a state of lust that I thought it wise to intervene.

"Stop, dear!" I called out to Alice, who at once desisted, looking interrogatively at me. "You are trying her too much! Get off her now and let her recover herself a little or you'll finish her, which we don't want yet!"

Quickly comprehending the danger, Alice rolled off Connie, turned 'round, contemplated for a moment Connie's naked wriggling figure, then got onto her again, only this time lips to lips, bobbies against bobbies, and cunt against cunt. She clasped Connie closely to her as she arranged herself, murmuring passionately, "Oh, Connie! ... At last! ... At last!..." then commenced to rub her cunt sweetly on Connie's.

"Oh-h-h, Alice!" breathed Connie rapturously as she responded to Alice's efforts by heaving and jogging herself upwards. "Oh-h-h ... darling!" she panted brokenly, evidently feeling her ecstasy approaching by the voluptuous wriggles and agitated movements, as Alice now rubbed herself vigorously against her cunt with riotous down-strokes of her luscious bottom.

Quicker and quicker, faster and faster, wilder and wilder became the movements of both girls, Connie now plunging madly upwards, while Alice rammed herself down on her with fiercer and fiercer thrusts of her raging hips and buttocks till the delicious crisis arrived! "Connie! ... Connie!" gasped Alice, as the indescribable spasm of spending thrilled voluptuously through her.

"Ah-h-h ... ah-h-h! ... AH-H-H!..." ejaculated Connie rapturously as she spent madly in exquisite convulsions, dead to everything but the delirious rapture that was thrilling through her as she lay tightly clasped in Alice's clinging arms!

The sight was too much for Fanny! With the most intense interest, she had watched the whole of this exciting scene, parting her legs the better to accommodate my hand, which now was actually grasping her cunt, my forefinger buried in her up to the knuckle, while my thumb rested on her clitoris, and she had already spent once deliciously. But the spectacle of the lascivious transports of her mistress on Connie set her blood on fire again. She recollected her similar experience in Alice's arms, the sensations that Alice's cunt had communicated to hers, the delicious ecstasy of her discharge, and, as the two girls neared their bliss, she began to agitate herself voluptuously on my knees, on my now active finger, keeping pace with them, till with an inarticulate murmur of, "Oh! ... Oh-h, Sir-r," she inundated my hand with her love-juice, spending simultaneously with her mistress and her mistress's friend.

As soon as she emerged from her ecstatic trance, I whispered to her inaudibly, "Bring the sponge and towel, dear!"

Noiselessly she darted off, sponged herself, then returned with a bowl of water, a sponge, and a towel just as Alice slowly raised herself off Connie with eyes still humid with lust and her cunt bedewed with love-juice. I took her fondly in my arms and kissed her tenderly, while Fanny quickly removed all traces of her discharge from her hairs, then proceeded to pay the same delicate attention to Connie, whose cunt she now touched for the first time.

Presently we heard Connie murmur, "May I get up now, Jack!"

"Not yet, darling!" I replied lovingly as I stooped and kissed her. "You have to make me happy now!"

"No, Jack! Please," she whispered, but Alice intervened. "Yes, darling, you must let Jack have you! You must taste again the real article," she cooed. "Let me work you into condition again!" And she signaled to Fanny, who instantly knelt by Connie and began playing with her dainty little breasts and feeling her cunt, her eyes sparkling with delight at thus being permitted to handle Connie who, not noting the difference of touch as Fanny's ministrations to her cunt had accustomed Connie to her fingers, lay still in happy ignorance of the change of operator.

Soon Fanny's fingers began to bring about the desired recovery. Connie's breasts began to stiffen and grow tense, and her body began to tremble in gentle agitation. She was ready - and so was I!

Without a word I slipped onto her. "Oh, Jack!" she murmured as I took her into my arms, holding up her lips to be kissed - no reluctance now! My rampant prick found her sweet hole and gently made an entrance; she was terribly tight, but her discharge had well-lubricated the sweet passage into her interior, and inch by inch, I forced myself into her till my prick was buried in her cunt, she trembling and quivering in my clasp, her involuntary flinchings and sighs confessing the pain attending her penetration! But once she had admitted me all the way into her and I began the sweet up-and-down movement, she went into transports of delight, accommodating herself deliciously to me as, with lips closely against each other, we exchanged hot kisses! I set to work to fuck Connie in earnest.

Straining her to me till her breasts were flattened against my chest and I could feel every flutter of her sweet body, I let myself go, ramming into her faster and faster, more and more wildly - till, unable any longer to restrain myself, I surrendered to love's delicious ecstasy and spent madly into Connie just as she flooded my prick in rapturous bliss, quivering under me in the most voluptuous way! We lay closely clasped together till our mutual ecstatic trance slowly died away.

With a sign, I bade Fanny disappear. As soon as she had vanished, Alice removed the blindfold from Connie's eyes. As they met mine, bashfully and shamefacedly, blushing deeply at thus finding herself naked in my arms, Connie timidly held up her mouth to me. Instantly my lips were on hers and we exchanged long lingering kisses till we panted for breath. Gently I released her from my clasp and rose off her, and, with Alice's help, unfastened her. Alice gently led her to her alcove where she sedulously attended to her, while Fanny silently but delightedly did the same for me.

It was now only four o'clock. We had a good hour before us. There was now no possible doubt that Connie had surrendered herself to the pleasures of Tribadism and Lesbian love as far as Alice was concerned. So when the girls rejoined me, Connie with a tender look on her face, and we had refreshed ourselves and recovered our sexual appetites and

powers, I said to Connie, "Now, dear, you are entitled to take your revenge on Alice - will you?"

She cast a look of love at Alice, who blushed sweetly, then turning to me she murmured, "Please, Jack!" at the same time giving me a delicious kiss.

"Come along, Alice!" I said as we all rose, and I led her to the couch - the veritable Altar of Venus. "How will you have her, Connie?" I asked as Alice stood nervously awaiting the disposal of her sweet person.

Connie blushed. With a glance at Alice, she replied, "Tie her down, Jack, just as you did me!"

Blushingly Alice lay down, and soon Connie and I had her fastened down in the desired position.

"Will you have her blindfolded, dear?" I enquired.

Connie hesitated, looking oddly at Alice, then replied, "No, Jack! I want to see her eyes!" so significantly that Alice involuntarily quivered as she colored hotly again.

"May I do just whatever I like to Alice, Jack?" asked Connie, almost hesitatingly with a fresh access of color.

"Anything within reason, dear!" I replied with a smile. "You mustn't bite her bobbies off, or stitch up her cunt, for instance." Alice quivered while Connie laughed. "And you must leave her alive, for I am to follow you!"

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Alice at this intimation, blushing prettily.

Connie turned eagerly to me. "Are you going to fuck her?" she asked with sparkling eyes. I nodded, smiling at her eagerness.

"And may I watch you?" she demanded.

"Why, certainly, dear - and perhaps help me! Now what are you going to do to Alice? See how impatiently she is waiting!"

Both girls laughed, Alice a trifle uneasily. Connie looked intently at her for a moment. Seating herself by Alice's side, she began playing with Alice's breasts, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on Alice's.

"Your bubbies are too big for my hands, darling!" she said presently as she stooped to kiss her. "But they are lovely!" She squeezed them tenderly for a while, then deserted them, shifting her position, and began to feel Alice's cunt, which she lovingly stroked and caressed.

"Your cunny is fat, darling!" she exclaimed presently with heightened color as she held Alice's cunt compressed between her finger and thumb and gently squeezed the soft springy flesh, while Alice squirmed involuntarily.

Suddenly Connie leaned forward, took Alice's face in her hands and whispered, "Darling, I'm going to fuck you twice, eh?" and lovingly kissed her while Alice's eyes sought mine shamefully.

Quickly Connie got onto Alice, took her into her arms and, keeping her head raised so as to look right into Alice's eyes, she began to rub her cunt against Alice's, gently and slowly at first with a circular grinding sort of movement. Presently her action quickened and became more and more irregular. Soon Connie was rubbing herself up and down Alice's cunt with quick agitated strokes of her bottom, all the while intently watching Alice's eyes as if to gauge her friend's sensations. Soon both girls began plunging and heaving riotously, Alice especially, as they both felt the crisis approaching.

Then came a veritable storm of confused heaving, thrusting and plunging.

"Kiss ... me ... darling!" ejaculated Alice, now on the verge of spending. But Connie only shook her head with a loving smile, rammed her cunt against Alice's fiercely, intent on Alice's now-humid eyes, and apparently restraining her own discharge! A frantic heave from Alice - "Ah-h-h, darling" she gasped as her eyes half closed in ecstasy - then she spent with delicious quivering. Immediately Connie glued her lips to Alice's, agitated herself rapidly against Alice's cunt. "Alice!" she breathed in her delirious frenzy as a spasm thrilled through her, and Alice's cunt received her lovejuice as she spent ecstatically.

For some moments the girls lay silent, only half-conscious, motionless save for the involuntary thrills that shot through them. Then Connie raised her head and, with the smile of the victor, surveyed Alice, whose eyes now began to open languidly. She blushed deliciously as she met

Connie's glances and raised her mouth as if inviting a kiss. Instantly Connie complied with passionate delight.

"Wasn't it nice, darling?" I heard her whisper.

"Oh, Connie, just heavenly!" murmured Alice tenderly and with loving kisses.

"Are you ready again, darling?" whispered Connie eagerly.

"Yes! Yes!" replied Alice softly, beginning to agitate herself under Connie.

"Our mouths together this time, darling, eh!" whispered Connie with excitement. "Don't stop kissing me, darling!" she added tenderly as she responded to Alice's movements under her and set to work to rub her cunt against Alice's. Soon both girls were hard at work with their cunts squeezed against each other, slit to slit, clitoris against clitoris - Connie's bottom and hips swaying and oscillating voluptuously while Alice jerked herself up madly. With mouths glued to each other they plunged, curveted, wriggled, squirmed, till the blissful ecstasy overtook them both simultaneously, when madly they bedewed each other with their love-juice to the accompaniment of the most exquisite quivering, utterly absorbed in rapture!

With a deep-drawn sigh of intense satisfaction, Connie presently rose slowly off Alice and tenderly contemplated her as she lay - still fastened by her widely extended limbs - to the four corners of the couch, her closed eyes and her involuntary tremors indicating that she was still tasting bliss.

Connie turned to me and whispered rapturously, "Oh, Jack, she is sweet!" I kissed her lovingly and resting her on my knees, I sponged and dried her, then begged her to perform the same office to Alice, whose cunt was positively glistening with her own and Connie's spendings. As soon as Alice felt the sponge at work, she dreamily opened her eyes, and, on recognizing me, she made as if to rise; but when she found herself checked by her fastenings and realized that she was now to be fucked by me, she smiled somewhat uneasily as our eyes met, for as often as she had tasted love's ecstasy in my arms, she had invariably, after that first time, been free. Now she was tied down in such a way as to be absolutely

helpless, and in this equivocal position, she had to accommodate herself to me and to satisfy my lustful passions and desires.

But I smiled encouragingly back to her, seated myself by her side, and tenderly embracing her defenseless body, I whispered, "Darling, may I have you like this?"

Her eyes beamed gratefully on me, full of love; she was now perfectly happy because I had left it to her to say whether or not she would be fucked while tied down in the most shamelessly abandoned attitude in which any girl could be placed in. So with love's own light in her shining eyes and with pretty blushes on her cheeks, Alice whispered back tenderly, "Yes, darling, yes!"

Promptly I got on her, took her in my arms, and gently drove my prick home up her cunt. "Do you like it like this, darling?" I murmured softly. "Shall I go on?" She nodded sweetly, our lips met, and I began to fuck her.

Tied down as she was, she was simply delicious! I had had first Fanny and then Connie in precisely the same attitude, but voluptuous as was the act of fucking them so, the pleasure fell short of what I was now tasting! To a certain extent, both Fanny and Connie were unwilling recipients of my erotic favors.

Fanny was really ravished and Connie practically so, and their movements under me were the outcome of fright, shame, and even pain; but Alice was yielding herself sweetly to my caprices and was doing her best to accommodate her captive body to my movements. Perhaps her little plump rounded figure suited the attitude better than the taller and more slender forms of Fanny and Connie - but whatever may have been the reason, the result was undeniable, and Alice, fucked as a helpless captive, was simply delicious. Her double spend under Connie made her usual quick response to love's demands arrive more slowly than was customary with her, and as this was my fourth course that afternoon, our fucking was protracted to a delicious extent, and I adopted every method and variation known to me to intensify our exquisite pleasure.

Commencing slowly, I fucked Alice with long strokes, drawing my prick nearly out of her cunt and then shoving it well home again, a procedure which always delighted her and which she welcomed with appreciative

and warm kisses. I agitated myself more rapidly on her, shoving, pressing, thrusting, ramming, now fast, now slow, holding her so tightly clasped that her breasts were flattened against my chest while she, panting and gasping, plunged, wriggled, and heaved herself wildly under me in her loyal endeavors to cooperate with me to bring about love's ecstasy. Presently she thrilled exquisitely under me!

Fired by her delicious transports, I re-doubled my efforts, as did she also. I began to feel my seminal resources respond to my demand on them. Soon we both were overtaken by the tempestuous prelude to the blissful crisis, and then came the exquisite consummation of our wildly sexual desires! With a half-strangled, "Ah-h ... Jack," Alice spent in rapturous convulsions just as I madly shot into her my boiling tribute!

Oblivious to absolutely everything except the delicious satisfaction of our overwrought feelings, we lay as if in a trance! We were roused by Connie's gentle warning voice, "Alice! ... Alice! ... Alice, dear!" as she set to work to undo Alice's fastenings. Taking the hint, I rose after giving Alice a long lingering parting kiss. We helped her to get up and Connie tenderly took her off at once to the girl's alcove, while I retired to mine, where Fanny deliciously attended to me, her eyes sparkling with gratified pleasure at the recollection of the voluptuous spectacle she had been permitted to witness through the peep-hole.

As it was getting late. We all dressed ourselves, and after a tender parting, I put Connie and Alice into a taxi and started them off home. On returning to my room, I found Fanny ready to depart. She was full of delighted gratitude to me for having managed that she should see all that went on and also have a share in the afternoon's proceedings, and when I slipped a couple of sovereigns into her hand, I had the greatest difficulty making her accept them. Finally she did so, saying shyly and with pretty blushes, "You've only got to call me, Sir, and I will come." I kissed her tenderly, put her into a hansom and sent her home.

I wended my way to my Club, where I drank to the three sweet cunts I, that afternoon, had enjoyed, and their delicious owners; Alice, Connie, and Fanny!

CHAPTER EIGHT

I did not see anything of Alice for some little time after the conversion of Connie, but I did not distress myself, for I knew she would be in the first flush of her newly developed Tribadic ardor and newly born passion for her own sex and would be hard put to satisfy Connie and Fanny, and I felt sure that she would, of her own volition, come to me before long. Meanwhile, another matter began to occupy my serious attention.

A few months ago, I had made the acquaintance of Lady Betty Bashe at the house of a mutual friend. She was a consolable widow of something under forty and was busy introducing her daughter into Society, and for some perverse reason, she took it into her head that I would make an excellent son-in-law and proceeded to hunt me persistently, her daughter aiding and abetting her vigorously till they became a real nuisance.

I had taken a dislike to both mother and daughter from our first meeting, although they both were decidedly attractive. Lady Betty was a tall, robust, buxom woman of under forty, after the type of Ruben's fleshy females, but somewhat over-developed, and owed a good deal to her corseter. I guessed that without her stays she would be almost exuberant, but nevertheless a fine armful. Molly, her daughter, was a small and dainty edition of her mother, and with the added freshness and juiciness of her eighteen years, she was really a tidbit. But both mother and daughter were silly, affected, insincere, and unscrupulous, and Lady Betty's juvenile airs and youthful affectations only tended to confirm my distaste for her.

I had told Lady Betty plainly one day that I was not in the matrimonial market; but she nevertheless continued to pursue me pertinaciously till it became intolerable, and I determined I would stop her at any cost.

Matters culminated at a dinner given by the same hostess whose kindly suggestion brought about the reconciliation of Alice and myself, as already related in the first chapter. She, of course, again gave me Alice as my dinner partner, an arrangement that did not commend itself to Lady Betty. I think she must have taken a little too much of our hostess' champagne, but in the middle of dinner she called out in a tone that

attracted everyone's attention and checked the conversation, "Jack, we're coming to lunch day after tomorrow; mind you're in!"

I was intensely annoyed, first by the use of my Christian name and then by the intolerable air of proprietorship she assumed, but the look of distress on my dear little hostess's face impelled me to face the music. I promptly responded with a smile, "That will be very nice of you, Lady Betty; you shall have some of my famous soufflé, and you will be the first to see my new curios!" The conversation turned on my curios and soon became general, much to my hostess's relief, and the rest of the dinner passed off pleasantly.

As I was driving Alice home, she said sympathetically, "Poor Jack, what a bad time you'll have day after tomorrow."

"Not at all, dear," I replied cheerily, "somebody else will have the bad time, for unless I am greatly mistaken, there will be a lot of squealing in the Snuggery on that afternoon. Her Ladyship will be made to remember the pleasures of married life, and there will be one virgin less in the world!"

Alice started in surprise. "You don't mean to say, Jack, that you mean to ... to..."

"I do!" I said stoutly. "I'm sick of this annoyance and mean to stop it. Will you come and see the fun, dear?"

"I will, gladly," Alice replied energetically. "But, Jack, do ask Connie also, for we both have a certain bone to pick with her Ladyship."

"Why not include Fanny as well, dear?" I asked mischievously.

"Jack! That would be just lovely!" Alice exclaimed with sparkling eyes. "Yes, Jack! Please let Fanny come! We'll then be three couples, very convenient, Sir, and we'll be three couples in the undressing and the ... the ... sponging! Yes, Jack! Let's have Fanny also. We can have a regular orgy with Lady Betty and Molly as the main attraction!" she added, eagerly hugging me in her excitement while one hand wandered down to the fly of my trousers.

I was hugely taken by her idea - luscious woman and a voluptuous maiden on whom to exercise our lustful ingenuity! "A most excellent

idea, darling," I replied. "You bring Connie with you, let Fanny follow and hide in my alcove till she's wanted, as before, and we'll give Lady Betty and Molly an afternoon entertainment they won't easily forget, and also have a heavenly time ourselves!"

Alice smiled delightedly. Cuddling up to me she whispered, "Now, Jack, I'm going to ask a favor. I'm longing to be fucked in my own little room in the middle of my own familiar things on my own bed! Come in tonight, darling, and do me!"

"Yes! ... Yes ... Yes!" I whispered passionately, punctuating my reply with kisses and noting with delight how she thrilled with sweet anticipation. Soon we arrived at her flat. Fanny, with pretty lashes, ushered me into Alice's dainty bedroom and on her little bed in the quaint surroundings of her most intimate self, Alice, stark naked, received me in her arms and expired deliciously five times, while I twice madly spent into her. So excited was I by my voluptuous experience of fucking an unmarried girl in her bedroom, and on her own bed, that I began a third course, but Alice murmured, "No, Jack, darling! Not again! I've got to console Fanny presently, and she'll be very excited!" Whereupon I reluctantly rose off her, dressed, and after a hundred kisses (not confined to her mouth by any means) I went home, imagining on my way Fanny in her mistress's arms, the cunts of both in sweet conjunction.

The eventful afternoon came around. Lady Betty was disgusted at finding that she and Molly were not going to have me at their mercy by myself all the afternoon, and vented her spite on Alice and Connie more than once in her ill-bred way. But they knew their vengeance was at hand and they took her insulting impertinence with well-bred indifference. In due course we were all collected in the Snuggery, Fanny concealed in my alcove.

"Jack, why don't you have those nasty pulleys taken down; they are not pretty, they're useless, and they're horridly in the way!" exclaimed Lady Betty after she narrowly escaped coming up against one.

"Why, they form my gymnasium, your Ladyship!" I replied. "I couldn't do without them!"

Molly now joined in eagerly. "How do you work them, Jack?" she asked.

"What's the idea of the loops? I'm a dab at gymnastics but never saw this arrangement before."

"The loops are wristlets, Miss Molly," I replied. "You must fasten them 'round your wrists and then grasp the rope with your hand - thus you divide your weight between wrist and hand instead of it all coming on the fingers as in a trapeze."

Of course all this was nonsense and rubbish, yet this "dab in gymnastics" believed it all solemnly; it was a fair sample of her ways.

"Oh, how clever!" Molly exclaimed in her affected fulsome way. "Let me try, Jack! Alice, please fasten me!" Alice complied demurely with a sly glance at me.

"I used to be the best girl at gymnastics in school," said Lady Betty complacently. "Molly takes after me." By this time, Alice had fastened the ropes to Molly's wrists and the latter began to swing herself slowly and gently, backwards and forwards.

"Oh, Mother, it is jolly!" cried Molly. "Do try it!"

Ever anxious to show herself to be a juvenile, Lady Betty rose briskly. "Will you fasten me, Jack?" she said as she raised her arms for the purpose. "I'm afraid I'm too old and heavy for this sort of thing now! Will the ropes bear me, Jack?"

"They carry me, Lady Betty," I replied as I fastened the wristlets to her arms. "Why malign yourself so cruelly?"

Lady Betty glanced at me approvingly for my pretty speech, little dreaming that she and Molly were now our prisoners by their own actions. Alice and I exchanged exulting looks; we had our victims safe!

Following Molly's lead, Lady Betty swung herself gently to and fro a few times, then stopped, remarking, "I can't say I like it, dear, but I'm not as young you are! Let me loose, Jack!"

Instead of doing so, I passed my arms 'round her buxom waist, and drew her to me as I replied, "Not yet, dear Lady Betty. We're going to have some fun with you and Miss Molly first!"

Something significant in my voice or in my eyes told her of what was in store for her and her daughter! She flushed nervously, then paled, while Molly, startled, stopped swinging herself as Alice and Connie quietly took up positions, one on each side of her.

For a moment there was dead silence, then Lady Betty said somewhat unsteadily, "I don't follow you at all Jack. Loose us both at once please. I don't mind a joke in the least, but you're going too far, Sir!"

"Will this help you to understand our ideas, dear Lady Betty?" I rejoined with a mischievous smile as I slipped my hand under her clothes and pulled them up till they rested on her fat thighs.

"Oh!" she screamed, utterly taken aback by the quickness of my action and its most unexpected nature. "How dare you, Sir!" she shrieked as she felt my hand forcing its way upwards and between her legs. "Stop! ... Stop!" she yelled, now furious with rage at such an outrage, while Molly screamed sympathetically, horror-stricken!

I withdrew my hand. "You're awfully nice and plump dear Lady!" I remarked cruelly as I watched her flustered face and heaving bosom. "If the rest of you is like what I have just had the pleasure of feeling, you'll give us even a more delicious time than we expected! We really must undress you to see. You won't mind, will you?"

"WHAT!!!" cried Lady Betty, staring wildly at me as if unable to believe her ears, while Molly shrieked hysterically, "No, no!"

"Make Molly comfortable in that easy chair, dears, till we want her," I said quietly to Alice and Connie, who instantly pushed the Chair of Treachery up to Molly and gently forced her into it till the arms firmly held her prisoner.

They took the ropes off her wrists, as she was sufficiently under control now, Molly, all the time struggling frantically, shrieking, "Oh, Mother! Help! Help!" But Lady Betty had her own troubles to attend to, for to her bewilderment, Fanny suddenly appeared before her in response to my signal, and the sight of this trim smart lady's maid ready to commence to undress her was evidently an awful proof that we intended to carry out our intentions as to her and her daughter.

"Undress Lady Betty, Fanny," I commanded quietly, and Fanny instantly began to do so!

"I won't have it! I won't have it! Stop her Jack," screamed Lady Betty, now purple with wrathful indignation and the sense of her powerlessness, for her frantic tugs at the ropes availed her nothing.

"Mother! Oh mother dear!" yelled Molly in an agony of dismay as she saw Fanny deftly remove Lady Betty's hat and proceed to unfasten her dress. Intent on going to her mother's aid, she made desperate efforts to drag the heavy armchair after her, but Connie easily frustrated her attempts at rescue, and seeing that Molly was safe in Connie's hands, I signaled to Alice to assist Fanny, which she was delighted to do. Between the three of us, Lady Betty's clothes slipped off her in a way that must have been marvelous to her. By the time we had reduced her to her stays, bare-legged and bare armed, she evidently saw she was doomed, and in place of threats she began to plead for mercy. But we were deaf to her prayers and entreaties. Off came her stays, then her chemise and vest, leaving her standing with only her drawers on! "For God's sake, Jack, don't strip me naked!" she shrieked in terrible distress, her face crimson with shame. I simply nodded to Alice. A twitch at the tape and down came the drawers leaving Lady Betty standing naked from head to foot!

"Oh!" she wailed as her agonized eyes instinctively sought Molly's and read in her daughter's face her horrible anguish at the sight of her naked mother.

"Cover me up! For God's sake, cover me up, Jack!" she piteously pleaded as she involuntarily squeezed her legs together in a despairing attempt to shield her private parts from view. I touched the spring and made the ropes draw her off the ground, so that Alice and Fanny could remove the tumbled mass of her garments. "Oh-h-h!" she shrieked as she found herself dangling by her wrists, her struggles to touch the ground exposing her person deliciously.

Quickly Fanny cleared away Lady Betty's clothes. I let her down till she could stand erect comfortably, and joined Alice and Connie at Molly's side, my intention now being to compel Molly to inspect her naked mother and to harrow her already tortured feelings by criticizing Lady Betty's naked charms! She must have been a simply magnificent woman in her prime; even now, in spite of an exuberance of flesh, Lady Betty

was enough to provoke any man into concupiscence with her massive, though shapely, arms and legs, her grand hips and round fat thighs, her full ample belly, and her enormous breasts, which though naturally pendulous, still maintained their upstanding sauciness to a marvelous degree. But what attracted all our eyes (even her daughter's) was the hair which grew over her cunt. I do not think I ever saw such an enormous tract. A dinner plate would not have covered it! It seemed to spring from somewhere between Lady Betty's legs; it clustered so thickly over the cunt itself that her crack was quite invisible. It extended all over her groin and abdomen and reached her navel, closely curling and silky and fully two inches deep all over her Mount Venus! A simply wonderful sight! In spite of the attraction of Lady Betty's naked figure, I closely watched Molly. She had been terribly distressed during the undressing of her mother, especially when the naked flesh began to be exposed, and she hysterically joined in her mother's futile prayers and piteous pleadings as she watched her quickly growing nudity with a fascination she could not resist; but when the terrible climax arrived and Lady Betty stood naked, the poor girl uttered a heart-broken shriek as buried her face in her hands. I could see that every now and then she glanced stealthily through her fingers at her mother's naked body as if unable to resist the fascinating temptation.

I turned to the three girls, who with gleaming eyes were devouring Lady Betty's naked charms, their arms around each other. Our eyes met. "Isn't she splendid, Jack!" cried Alice enthusiastically. "What a lovely time she'll give us all!" And they laughed delightedly as Lady Betty shivered.

"And you, my pet!" cooed Connie to Molly, "are you anything like Mummy?" And she began to pass her hands over Molly's corsage as if to sample her body. The girls' individual predilections were clear even at this early stage.

Alice was captivated by Lady Betty's fleshy amplitude, while Connie coveted Molly's still-budding charms.

"Oh, don't, Mrs. Blunt, please, don't!" cried Molly, flushing deeply as she endeavored to protect herself with her hands, thereby uncovering her face.

This was what I desired. I intended that Lady Betty should now be felt in front of her daughter, and that Molly should be forced to look at her mother and witness her shame and anguish and involuntary struggles while my hands wandered lasciviously over Lady Betty's naked body and invaded her most private parts.

"Sling Molly up again, girls," I said quietly. "No, no," screamed Molly in an agony of apprehension, but in a trice she was standing upright with her hands secured over her head, her eyes full of silent terror! "Do you think you could slip Molly's drawers off her without disturbing the rest of her garments?" I asked.

"Yes, of course!" replied Connie, and the three girls dropped on their knees 'round Molly. Their hands disappeared under her skirts, her wriggles and cries and agitated movements proclaiming how she was upset by their attacking hands. Then came a shriek of despair from her, and Connie rose with an air of triumph, waving Molly's drawers.

"Good!" I exclaimed, a smile of congratulation on my lips. "Now, Connie, take Molly in your arms and hold her steady. Alice and Fanny, slip your hands under Molly's clothes and behind her till you can each command a cheek of her bottom!" Merrily the girls carried out my commands, Molly crying, "Don't, don't!" as she felt the hands of Alice and Fanny on her bottom.

"Now, Molly, I'm going to amuse myself with your mother! You must watch her intently! If I see you avert your eyes from her, whatever may be the cause, I'll signal to Alice and Fanny, and they will give you such a pinching that you won't repeat the offence. Now be careful!" and I turned towards Lady Betty who, having heard every word, was now trembling with nervous apprehension as she brokenly ejaculated, "Don't touch me!" Ignoring her pleading, I passed behind her, slipped my arms 'round her and caught hold of her large, full breasts! "Oh-h-h!" shrieked Lady Betty.

"Oh, Mother!" screamed Molly, coloring painfully as she watched her mother writhing in my embrace with her breasts in my hands.

"Don't Jack," again shrieked Lady Betty as I proceeded to squeeze and mould and toy with her voluptuous semi-globes, reveling in their exquisite fleshiness, now pulling now stroking, now pressing them

against each other, causing her intense distress but affording myself the most delicious pleasure! I glanced at the group of four girls facing Lady Betty. Alice, Connie, and Fanny were simply beaming with smiles and gloating at the sight of Lady Betty's sufferings, while poor Molly, with staring eyes and flushing face, gazed horror-stricken at her tortured and naked mother, not daring to avert her eyes! After a few more minutes of toying with Lady Betty's huge breasts, I suddenly slipped my hands downwards over her hairy, fat belly and attacked her cunt!

"Mother! Oh, Mother!" shrieked Molly hysterically as she saw my eager fingers disappear in the luxuriant growth that so effectually covered her mother's cunt. Utterly unable any longer to endure the sight of her mother's shame and agony, she let her head drop on her heaving bosom.

"Oh, my God! Don't, Jack!" yelled Lady Betty, her face crimson with shame, her eyes half-closed, as she frantically attempted to defeat my hands by squeezing her plump thighs together. But it was useless! With both hands, I set to work to thoroughly explore the fattest and longest cunt I had ever touched, at the same time nodding meaningfully to Alice. Instantly came a series of ear-piercing shrieks from Molly, whose wiggles were almost more than Connie could subdue. She continued to keep her face averted for a few seconds, then the agony of the pinches became more than she could endure, and slowly and reluctantly she nerved to again contemplate her mother, who now was writhing and wriggling frenziedly while filling the room with her inarticulate cries as my fingers tortured her cunt with their subtle titillation, one indeed being lodged up to the knuckle! For a minute or so I continued to explore and feel Lady Betty's delicious private parts till it was evident I was testing both her and her daughter beyond their powers of endurance, for Lady Betty was now nearly in convulsions while her daughter was on the verge of hysterics. Unwillingly, I removed my hands from her cunt and left the tortured lady to recover herself, first gently placing her in the Chair of Treachery and releasing her arms.

"What does she feel like, Jack?" cried Alice and Connie excitedly as I joined them by Molly.

"Gloriously ripe flesh, dears," I replied, "and the biggest cunt I ever came across!" They looked joyously at each other, their eyes sparkling with pleasurable anticipation.

"And Molly?" I asked in my turn.

"Just delicious, Jack!" replied Alice delightedly. "Do let us undress her now!"

"Certainly!" I replied. Whereupon Molly screamed in terror. "No, no, no, oh, Mother, they're going to undress me!"

"Oh, no, Jack! For pity's sake, don't!" cried Lady Betty, now fully roused by the danger threatening her daughter. "Do anything you like to me, but spare my Molly, she's only a girl still."

But Connie, Alice, and Fanny were already hard at work on Molly's clothes, the stays of which were now visible in spite of her frantic exertions to thwart their active hands. As the girls did not require any help from me, I returned and stood beside Lady Betty, who with the intense anguish in her face, was distractedly watching the clothes being taken off her daughter. "For God's sake, Jack, stop them," she cried agonizingly, stretching her clasped hands towards me appealingly, as if unable to endure the sight.

"No, Lady Betty!" I replied with a cruel smile. "Molly must contribute her share to the afternoon's entertainment! We must have her naked!"

"Oh, my God!" she wailed, letting her head drop on her agitated bosom in her despair.

Just then Molly screamed loudly. We looked up and saw her in her chemise struggling in Connie's grasp, while Alice and Fanny dragged off her shoes and stockings. Promptly, they proceeded to undo the shoulder fastenings of her two remaining garments and stepped quickly clear. Down these slid, and with a bitter cry of, "Oh-h-h, oh, Mother!" poor Molly stood naked.

"Oh, my God," Lady Betty shrieked again, frantically endeavoring, chair and all, to go to her daughter's rescue, but I quietly checked her efforts. "My darling! I can't help you," she wailed, hiding her face in her hands in her anguish at the sight of her daughter's helpless nakedness. My eyes met the girls' - they were gleaming with delight. They joined me behind Lady Betty and together we stood and critically inspected poor shrinking Molly's naked person! Alice had chosen the correct word - Molly naked

was just delicious, so exquisitely shaped, so perfectly made, so lithe and yet so charmingly rounded and plump, so juicy and fresh, so virgin! She took after her mother in her large, firm, upstanding breasts with saucy little nipples, and few girls could have shown at eighteen the quantity of dark moss-like hair that clustered so prettily over her cunt, which, like her mother's, was peculiarly fat and prominent. I noticed with secret pleasure how Connie's eyes glistened as they dwelt rapturously on Molly's tender organ of sex.

For a minute or so we gazed admiringly at Molly's charming nudity. Then Alice whispered, "Jack, let us put them side by side and examine them."

"An excellent idea!" I replied, rewarding her with a kiss. We moved Molly's pulleys closer to the pillar on her left and wheeled Lady Betty across to Molly's right and quickly slung her up in spite of her stubborn resistance.

Mother and daughter stood naked side by side! They formed a most provoking, fascinating spectacle. It was delicious to trace how Molly's exquisite curves were echoed by her mother's exuberant fleshiness, how both the bodies were framed on similar lines, how the matron and the virgin were unmistakably related! Conscious that our eyes were devouring them greedily and traveling over their naked persons, both mother and daughter kept their faces down and stubbornly averted their eyes from us.

"Turn them so that they face each other," I said presently. Quickly Connie and Alice executed my order, Connie taking Molly. "Oh, how can you be so cruel?" moaned Lady Betty as Alice forced her 'round till she faced Molly.

There was just space to stand behind each of them while mother and daughter were about four feet apart. I saw their eyes meet for a moment, horrible dread visible in both.

Their profiles naked were an interesting study - Molly: lithe, graceful, with exquisite curves - Lady Betty: paunchy and protuberant, but most voluptuous. One striking feature both possessed: the hair on their cunts stood out conspicuously like bushes.

After we had to some extent satisfied our eyes, I said to the girls, "I've no doubt Lady Betty and Molly would like to be alone for a few minutes, so let us go off and undress." And we disappeared into the alcoves, Fanny coming into mine so as not to crowd her mistress and Connie.

We undressed quickly in silence, being desirous of hearing all that passed between our naked victims, and presently we heard Molly whisper agitatedly, "Oh, Mother, what are they going to do with us?"

"Darling, I can only guess!" replied Lady Betty faintly. "Their going off to undress makes me fear that you and I will have to satisfy their ... lust! Darling, I'm very afraid that Jack will violate you and outrage me, and then hand us over to the girls - and girls can be very cruel to their own sex."

"Oh, Mother!" stammered Molly, horror-stricken. "What shall I do if Jack wants me?" And her voice shook with terror.

Before Lady Betty could reply, Connie appeared, naked save for shoes and stockings. She went straight up to Molly, threw her arms 'round the shrinking girl and passionately kissed her flushed face, gently rubbing her breasts against Molly's and murmuring, "Oh, you darling! Oh, you sweet thing!" She slipped behind Molly and gently seized her lovely breasts.

"Don't, Mrs. Blunt!" shrieked Molly, now turning and twisting herself agitatedly. Just then Alice emerged, and seeing how Connie was amusing herself, she quickly slipped behind Lady Betty and caught hold of her huge breasts and began to squeeze and handle them in a way that drew cries from Lady Betty. It was delicious to watch the mother and the daughter writhing and wriggling, but I did not want their cunts touched yet by the girls and so appeared on the scene with Fanny, whom I had refrained (with difficulty) from fucking when she exposed herself naked in my alcove.

"Stop, darlings!" I commanded, and reluctantly Connie and Alice obeyed.

Under my instructions they pushed the padded music-bench under the skylight. We released Lady Betty's wrists from the pulleys and forced her onto her back on the bench, where I held her down while Alice and Connie and Fanny fastened first her arms and then her legs to the

longitudinal bars of the bench, in fact, trussed her like a fowl, her arms and legs being on each side of the bench, her knees being separated by the full width, thus exposing her cunt to our attack! Having thus fixed the mother, we turned our attention to her trembling daughter. We placed a chair in a position to command a view of Lady Betty. I seated myself on it, and the girls dragged Molly to me and forced her onto my knees with her back to me. While I held her firmly, they drew her arms backwards and made them fast to the sides of the chair. Seizing her delicate ankles, they forced her legs apart and tied them to the chair legs. In short, they tied Molly onto the chair as she sat in my lap, thereby placing her breasts and cunt at my disposal and in easy reach of my hands.

It is needless to say that this was not effected without the most desperate resistance from both Lady Betty and Molly. The former struggled like a tigress till we got her down on the bench, while Molly had really to be carried and placed on my knees. But now both were satisfactorily fixed and nervously awaited their fate, their bosoms panting and heaving with their desperate exertions.

"Now, my darlings, Lady Betty is at your disposal!" I said with a cruel smile.

"I'll take charge of Molly! My pet," I added, as the girls hastily arranged among themselves how to deal with Lady Betty, "I'll try and make you comprehend what your mother is feeling, from time to time!"

"Let me have charge of Lady Betty's breasts," cried Connie.

"Excellent!" said Alice. "Fanny and I want her cunt between us! Now, your Ladyship," she added as Fanny knelt between Lady Betty's legs and Connie stationed herself by her shoulders, greedily seizing Lady Betty's breasts in her little hands, "you're not to spend till we give you leave!" And kneeling down between Connie and Fanny and opposite the object of her admiration, she placed her hands on the forest of hair and while Fanny's fingers attacked Lady Betty's crack, Alice proceeded to play with Lady Betty's cunt.

"Oh, my God! Stop!" yelled the unhappy lady as her breasts and private parts thus became the prey of the excited girls. "Mother! Oh, Mother!" shrieked Molly at the sight of her naked mother being thus tortured. I

seized Molly's breasts. "Don't, Jack!" she screamed, agitating herself on my lap, her plump bottom roving deliciously on my thighs and stimulating my prick to wild erection. Molly's breasts were simply luscious, and I handled them delightedly as I watched her mother's agonies and listened to her cries.

Steadily and remorselessly, Connie's hands worked Lady Betty's breasts, squeezing, kneading, stroking, pulling, and even pinching them. She simply reveled in the touch of Lady Betty's ripe flesh, and while she faithfully attended to the duties committed to her, she delightedly watched Alice and Fanny as they played with Lady Betty's cunt. Every now and then they would change positions, Alice devoting herself to the gaping orifice itself, while Fanny played with the hairs. It was while they were thus dividing the duty that Alice suddenly rose and fetched the box of feathers.

Connie's eyes glittered delightedly as Fanny lent herself to Alice's caprice by carefully parting the dense mass that clustered on Lady Betty's cunt and thus cleared the way for the feather. With a finger on each side of the pouting slit, she kept the curling black hairs back. Then Alice, poising her hand daintily, brought the tip of the feather along the tender lips.

A fearful shriek burst from Lady Betty, followed by another and another, as Alice continued to tickle Lady Betty's cunt, now passing the feather along the slit itself, now inside, now gently touching the clitoris! Every muscle in Lady Betty's body seemed to be exerting itself to break her fastenings and escape from the terribly subtle torture that was being so skillfully administered. She wriggled her hips and bottom in the most extraordinary way, seeing how tightly we had fastened her. She would arch herself upwards, contorting herself frantically and disturbing Connie's grasp of her breasts, all the time shrieking almost inarticulate prayers for mercy. It was a wonderful sight - a fine voluptuous woman, naked, being tortured by three pretty girls, also naked - and my lust surged wildly in me.

So far, I had confined my attentions to Molly's delicious breasts so that she should not have her attention distracted too much from her mother by her own sensations. She was wild with grief and terror at the sight of the cruel indignities and tortures being inflicted on her naked and helpless mother, and with flushed face and horrified eye, she followed

every movement. But when she saw the feather applied to her mother's cunt and heard her fearful shrieks and witnessed her desperate struggles, she completely lost her head.

"Mother, dear, dear! Oh! My darling! "Stop them, Jack! Stop, Alice, you're killing her! Oh, my God, stop!" she yelled as she desperately endeavored to get loose and go to her mother's aid. I really had to hold her tightly, lest she hurt herself in her frantic efforts. But it was now time for me to intervene, for Lady Betty was fast being driven into madness by the terrible tickling of so sensitive a part of herself; so I called out to Alice, who reluctantly stopped, Connie and Fanny at the same time ceasing their attention.

"Oh-h-h!" moaned Lady Betty with evident heartfelt relief as she turned her head unconsciously towards us, her eyes half-closed, her lips slightly parted.

The three girls gloatingly watched her in silence while I soothed poor Molly; and, before long, both Lady Betty and her daughter regained comparative command of themselves.

I intercepted an interrogating glance from Lady Betty to her daughter as if seeking to learn what had happened to the latter. I thought it as well to answer. "Molly is all right, Lady Betty. She was so interested in watching you that I haven't done more than play with her breasts; but now that you are going to have a rest and can watch her, we'll proceed!" I slid my hand down to Molly's virgin cunt!

"Oh!" the girl shrieked, utterly upset by the sensation of a male hand on her tender organ.

"No, Jack, don't!" cried Lady Betty, again horrified at the sight of Molly's distress.

Promptly the three girls crowded 'round me to watch Molly, taking care not to interfere with Lady Betty's view of her daughter.

"Oh, don't Jack!" Molly again shrieked as she felt my fingers begin to wander inquisitively over her cunt, feeling, pressing, stroking, and caressing it tenderly but deliberately and rousing sensations in her that frightened her by their half-pleasant nature.

"Don't be afraid darling!" cooed Connie. "You'll like it presently!"

I continued my sweet investigations and explorations, my fingers moving gently all over Molly's private parts, playing with her silky hairs, stroking her cunt's throbbing lips. As she became calmer and submitted herself more quietly to having her cunt felt, I tenderly tested her for virginity by slowly and gently pushing my finger into her.

"Stop, Jack!" she cried agitatedly. "Oh, stop! You're hurting me!" her face crimson with shame, for it was evident to her what my object was! I smiled congratulatingly at Lady Betty, whose eyes never left Molly in her maternal anxiety and distress.

"I congratulate you, your Ladyship," I said. "Your daughter is a virgin, and as I haven't had a virgin for some time, I'm all the more obliged to you for allowing me this opportunity and the privilege of taking Molly's sweet maidenhead."

"No, no! Oh, Mother!" cried Molly in terrible distress, while her mother, now knowing that remonstrances would be to no avail, moaned heartbrokenly, "Oh, Jack! How can you be so cruel?"

Suddenly, Molly seemed to be seized with a fit of desperation. "You shan't have me! Oh, you brute! You coward! You shan't have me!" she shrieked as she frantically struggled to break loose. "Oh, oh, Molly," I said chidingly.

"What a naughty temper, darling."

"Let me loose, you beast!" she cried, making another furious struggle. "You shan't have me! I won't let you, you beast!" she hissed. "Leave me alone! Take your hand away, you cruel lustful brute! Oh! Oh!" she shrieked, as again I forced my finger into her cunt and began to agitate it gently. "Help, mother," she yelled, again struggling desperately. "Oh! Jack! Do stop! Oh, you're hurting me," she pleaded as she relapsed into her usual mood.

I nodded to Connie who at once came up. "Get a feather, dear, we must punish Molly. You can tickle her cunt; it will perhaps cure her temper."

Quickly and in huge delight, Alice handed Connie a sharp-pointed feather.

"No, no, Mrs. Blunt, don't tickle me!" she cried in terror as the recollection of her mother's agony flashed through her mind. But Connie was now on her knees before us, and with a smile of delight, she applied the feather to Molly's tender cunt! "Oh, my God!" shrieked Molly.

"Jack, don't!" cried Lady Betty, appreciating from her recent experience what her daughter must be feeling.

"Stop, Mrs. Blunt - Mrs. Blunt, do stop! Oh, my God, I can't stand it! Oh, Mrs. Blunt! Dear Mrs. Blunt! Stop it. Stop! I'll be good. I'll do anything you like, Jack! You can have me, Jack! Oh, Mrs. Blunt! Mrs. Blunt!" shrieked Molly, mad with the awful tickling she was getting.

"Stop for a moment, Connie," I said. With a tender forefinger, I soothed and caressed Molly's tortured and irritated cunt till the girl was herself again.

"Now, Molly," I said gravely, "of your own free will, you've declared that you'll be good, that you'll do anything I want, and that you'll let me have you. You were rather excited at the time; what do you say now?"

Molly shivered. "Oh, Jack," she stammered, "I'll be good - but ... but ... I can't do the rest!"

"Go on, Connie," I said briefly.

"No, no, Jack, not again!" cried Molly, but the feather was now being again applied to her cunt - only this time I pulled its lips apart so that Connie could tickle Molly's delicately sensitive interior, which she gleefully did.

Molly's screams and struggles now began to be something fearful, and poor Lady Betty, horror-stricken at the sight of her daughter's agony, cried, "Promise everything darling, you'll have to submit!"

"Yes, Jack! I'll submit! I'll do it all! Oh, stop, stop, Mrs. Blunt! I can't stand it any longer!" shrieked Molly.

Again I stopped Connie and soothed Molly's cunt with a loving finger, and when she had regained her self-control, I said, "Molly, there must be no mistake. You'll have to do whatever I tell you, whether it be to

yourself, or to me, or to any of the girls, or even to your mother. Do you promise?"

"Yes, Jack, yes!" she gasped brokenly. Quickly the girls set her free and she fell half-fainting off my knees into Connie's arms, whose caresses and kisses soon restored her.

By now we all were in a terrible state of sexual excitement. Connie was absorbed with Molly, but Alice and Fanny were casting hungry glances towards Lady Betty as she lay on her back with widely parted legs, invitingly provocative. I could hardly contain my lust, but to fuck Lady Betty now would be to spoil her for the girls, so I decided to let them have her Ladyship first. Quickly I lengthened the bench on which she was fastened down by adding the other half. Bending over the agitated woman, I said with a cruel smile, "Now, Lady Betty, we're all going to have you in turn, Alice first!"

"Oh, my God, no! No!" she screamed, but Alice was already on her, and Lady Betty felt herself gripped by Alice's strong young arms as she arranged herself on her, so that her cunt pressed against Lady Betty's fat, hairy organ, and then slowly began the delirious rubbing process which she loved, but which was new to Lady Betty, for, woman of the world though she was, she had never been fucked by one of her own sex.

It was delicious to watch her in Alice's arms, utterly helpless, forced to lend her cunt to satisfy Alice's lust. Her color went and came, she began to catch her breath, her eyes shot wavering glances at us - especially at her daughter, who, seated on Connie's knees, was watching her mother with undisguised astonishment, blushing furiously as Connie in loving whispers and with busy fingers made her understand all that was happening. Soon she began to feel the approach of love's ecstasy as Alice agitated herself more and more quickly against Lady Betty's cunt. Soon Lady Betty surrendered herself to her sexual impulses, now fully aroused by the exciting friction communicated to her by Alice's cunt, and began to jerk herself upwards wildly as if to meet Alice's downward thrusting. Her eyes closed and her lips slightly parted as the spasm of ecstasy thrilled through her and Alice simultaneously. Alice quivered deliciously as she hugged Lady Betty to herself frantically, caught up in the raptures of spending! Presently the spasmodic thrills ceased. Slowly Alice rose, her eyes still humid with the pleasure she had tasted on Lady Betty, who

lay motionless and only half-conscious, absorbed in her sensations. Mutely I invited Connie to take Alice's place, and before Lady Betty quite knew what was happening, she found herself in Connie's embrace.

"Oh, please don't, Mrs. Blunt!" she ejaculated, flushing hotly as she felt Connie's cunt against hers and the exciting friction again commencing.

Connie was evidently very much worked up, and she confessed afterwards that the consciousness that she was fucking Molly's mother in Molly's presence sent her into a feverish heat. She plunged furiously on Lady Betty as she frenziedly rubbed her cunt against hers, Lady Betty's hairy tract intensifying the delicious friction till both were overtaken by the ecstatic crisis, Connie spending with divine tremors and evident rapture.

As she rose, I nodded to Fanny, who by now was just mad with desire. Like a panther, she threw herself on Lady Betty, who had hardly recovered from the spend provoked by Connie. Fiercely she clasped Lady Betty to her and began to rub her cunt furiously against Lady Betty's now moist organ. "Don't, Fanny, don't!" cried Lady Betty, utterly helpless in Fanny's powerful grip and half alarmed by Fanny's delirious onslaught, but Fanny was now in the full tide of her sexual pleasure and reveling in the satisfaction of her imperious desire by means of Lady Betty's voluptuous body. With fast increasing impatience to taste the joys of the sweet consummation of her lustful passions, she agitated herself frenziedly on Lady Betty's responsive cunt until the rapturous moment arrived, then spent madly, showering hot kisses on Lady Betty's flushed cheeks as she felt her quiver under her in the involuntary thrills of her third spending! As Fanny rose, the girls looked significantly at me, evidently expecting to see me seize Lady Betty and fuck her, but I had something else in my mind.

"Sponge and freshen Lady Betty, Fanny," I said quietly, and quickly the traces of her three fuckings were removed, the operation affording Lady Betty a little time in which to recover herself.

"Now, Molly, fuck your mother, dear!" I said.

She looked at me as if she could not believe her ears, then turned to Connie as if seeking confirmation, noting as she did so the look of delightful anticipation on the faces of her companions.

Connie rose to the occasion. "Yes, darling," she said soothingly as she gently pushed Molly towards Lady Betty, "go and get your first taste of the pleasures of love from your mother's cunt!"

"Oh Mrs. Blunt, I couldn't! It's too horrible!" cried Molly aghast, while Lady Betty, utterly shocked at the idea of being submitted to her own daughter's embraces, frenziedly cried, "No, no!"

"Come along, Molly," I said as I pointed to her mother. "Come along - remember your promise!"

"Oh Jack, no, no, it's too horrible!" she cried as she buried her face in her hands, shuddering at the idea.

I took her gently but firmly by her shoulders and pushed her towards the bench on which her mother lay in terrible distress. "Now, Molly, please understand that you've got to have your mother," I said sternly. "If you won't live up to your promise, we'll tie you onto her and whip your bottom till your movements on and against her make her spend!"

"Oh, my God!" she moaned, then breaking from me, she threw herself on her knees by her mother and cried agitatedly as she kissed her. "Oh, Mother darling, what shall I do?"

Lady Betty's face became a lovely study of maternal love contending with personal predilections. For a moment she was silent, then she murmured faintly, "Come, darling."

Slowly poor Molly rose. Unwillingly she placed herself between Lady Betty's legs, then gently let herself down on her and took her helpless mother in her arms, then lay still as if reluctant to begin her repugnant task.

"Just see that Molly has placed herself properly, Connie!" I said, and delightedly Connie arranged Molly so that her cunt rested on her mother's, Fanny and Alice at the same time arranging Lady Betty's breasts so that her daughter should rest hers on them.

"Now she's fine, Jack," cried Connie excitedly. "Now, my pet, fuck Mummy!"

Unwillingly, Molly complied. Slowly and gently she agitated herself on her mother, cheek to cheek, breast to breast, cunt to cunt. Presently she began to move herself faster. Her sexual passions seemed to begin to dominate her. She clasped her mother closely to her as she strenuously worked her cunt against Lady Betty's, rubbing harder and harder, more and more wildly till the ecstatic climax arrived with an indescribable ejaculation of "Oh-h-h, mother! Oh-h-h!!" She spent on her mother's cunt in delicious transports, Lady Betty's quivers under Molly showing that she too was spending! In admiring silence we watched the unusual spectacle of a mother and daughter spending in each other's arms till their thrillings and involuntary tremors died away. Then Molly seemed suddenly to remember where she was. Slowly she raised her face from against her mother's cheek where it had rested while she was absorbed in the bliss of her spending, and wailed, "Oh, Mother, forgive me! I couldn't help it! They made me do it!" And she passionately kissed her. Lady Betty, who had kept her eyes closed while her daughter was fucking her, now opened them and, with a look of infinite love, she put her lips up as if inviting a kiss. Passionately Molly pressed hers on them, and for a few moments, mother and daughter showered kisses on each other, a sight which drove my already over-excited self into an absolute fury of lust. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I seized Molly, pulled her off her mother, and pushed her into Connie's arms. I threw myself on Lady Betty, and with one excited stroke, I drove my prick right up her cunt as I madly gripped her luscious, voluptuous body in my arms and clasped her tightly to me.

"Oh-h-h!" she shrieked as she struggled wildly under me, her cunt smarting with the sudden distention caused by the violent entrance of my rampantly stiff organ into it. "No, no, Jack! Don't have me!" she cried as she felt herself being genuinely fucked. I heeded nothing but my imperious desires and rammed madly into her, reveling in the contact with her magnificent flesh and the delicious warmth of her excited cunt, inflamed as it was by the four girl-fuckings she had just received, which however, had not exhausted her love-juice, for I felt her spend as my prick raged wildly up and down her already well-lubricated cunt. Clenching my teeth in my desperate attempts to restrain the outpouring of my lust, and to prolong the heavenly pleasure I was tasting, I continued to fuck Lady Betty madly, her quivers and tremors and

inarticulate ejaculations along with her voluptuous movements under me, telling me that her animal passions now had control over her and that she had abandoned herself absolutely to the gratification of her aroused lust. But soon I could no longer control myself. I felt Lady Betty spend again with delicious thrills, inundating my excited prick with her hot love-juice. This broke down all my resistance. Wildly I rammed into her till our hairs intertwined. Clutching her against me in a frenzy of rapture, I spent madly into her, flooding her interior with my boiling essence, she ejaculating brokenly, "Ah! Ah! Ah!" as she felt the jets of my discharge shoot into her.

When she came to, she found herself still lying under me and clasped in my arms, my prick still lodged in her cunt, for I was loathe to leave such delicious armfuls. The storm of lust that overwhelmed her had died away with the last quivers of her ecstasy, and she was only conscious of the appalling fact that she had been forcibly outraged. In an agony of grief and shame she wailed, "Oh, Jack, what have you done?" her eyes full of anguish.

"I've only fucked you, dear Lady Betty!" I replied with a cruel smile. "And I found you so delicious, that after I've taken your daughter's maidenhead, I'll have you again!" I laughed delightedly at the look of horror that came into her eyes, then continued, "Molly must now amuse us while you rest and recover yourself sufficiently to allow you to endure the further tortures and outrages we've arranged for your amusement - and ours!" And with this appalling intimation, I rose off Lady Betty, unfastened her, and made her over to Alice and Fanny to be sponged and refreshed while I went off to my alcove for a similar purpose.

When I returned after a few minutes, I found Lady Betty in the fateful armchair with Molly's arms around her, the girls having allowed mother and daughter a little time to themselves. Connie eagerly advanced to meet me, asking excitedly, "What now, Jack?"

"Would you like to fuck Molly now, dear?" I asked with a smile.

"Oh, yes! Please let me, Jack! I'm dying to have her," she exclaimed, blushing slightly at her own vehemence.

"Very, well," I replied, "but don't take too much out of her just now. I'll violate her as soon as I'm myself again, and then we'll just work them

both for all we can. Do you approve, dears?" I asked, turning to Alice and Fanny.

They both nodded delightedly. "Jack, please turn Lady Betty over to Fanny and me. Connie wants Molly left to her, and you can fuck them both whenever you wish. We want to do the torturing!" said Alice softly, looking coaxingly at me.

"Just as you please, dears," I said with a smile, distinctly pleased with the arrangements and delighted to find the girls so keen on exercising their refined cruelty on their own sex! Together we approached Lady Betty and Molly, who had not heard a word, being absorbed in the terrible fate indicated by me as awaiting them, regarding which they no doubt were whispering to each other softly.

"Molly, Mrs. Blunt wants to fuck you - come along!" I said quietly, as Connie advanced to take her.

"Mother! Oh, Mother!" cried Molly, clinging apprehensively to Lady Betty.

"Come, darling!" cooed Connie as she gently passed her arms 'round Molly's shrinking, trembling body and drew her away from her distressed mother who moaned in her anguish as she watched her daughter forced to lie down and separate her legs. Connie arranged herself on her, breasts to breasts, cunt to cunt. Shocked beyond endurance, Lady Betty covered her face with her hands, but Alice and Fanny (who had now assumed charge of her) promptly pulled them away and shackled her wrists together behind her back, thus compelling her to witness Molly's martyrdom under Connie, who now was showering hot and lustful kisses on Molly's trembling lips as she lasciviously agitated herself on her unwilling victim.

To the rest of us, it was a lovely spectacle. The two girls fitted each other perfectly - while the contrast between Connie's look of delighted satisfaction as she gratified her lust after Molly, and the forlorn, woebegone, distressed expression of the latter, as she passively let her cunt minister to Connie's concupiscence, was enough to rekindle my ardor and determined me to ravish Molly as soon as Connie had finished with her.

She did not keep me waiting unnecessarily. After testifying by her hot salacious kisses her satisfaction at holding Molly in her arms, cunt to cunt, she began to girl-fuck her ardently and with fast increasing erotic rage, rubbing herself raspingly against her victim's cunt till she felt Molly beginning to quiver under her. Redoubling her efforts, she went into a veritable paroxysm of thrusts and shoves and wild friction, which quickly brought on the delicious spasm of pleasure to both herself and Molly, whose unresisting lips she again seized with her own as she quivered and thrilled in the delicious consummation of her lust.

"There, Lady Betty, Molly has spent!" cried Alice gleefully as she gloated over the spectacle with eyes full of desire, which she turned hungrily on Lady Betty and then on me, as if begging leave to inflict some torture on her. But I shook my head. Lady Betty had now to witness her daughter's violation.

Presently Connie rose, after giving Molly a long clinging kiss expressive of the most intense satisfaction. Molly began to raise herself, but I quickly pushed her down again on her back and, lying down myself beside her, I slipped my arms 'round her so that we rested together, her back against my chest, her bottom against my prick, while my hands commanded her breasts and cunt.

"Let me go, Jack!" she cried in alarm, hardly understanding, however, the significance of my action, but it was quite patent to Lady Betty who screamed, "No, Jack, no!" while Alice and Fanny exchanged smiles of delight.

"Lie still, Molly dear!" I said soothingly, gently seizing one of her delicious breasts, while with my remaining hand, I played with her cunt.

"Oh, Jack, don't!" she cried, quivering exquisitely as she submitted reluctantly to my wishes and let my hands enjoy themselves, still not comprehending what was to follow! Presently I whispered loud enough for the others to hear, "Molly, you're quite ready now, let me have you, darling!"

She lay still for a moment. As her fate dawned on her, she made one desperate furious spring, slipped out of my hands, and rushed to Lady Betty.

She fell at her mother's knees and, clasping her convulsively, cried, "Don't let Jack have me, Mother! Oh, save me! Save me!" Alice and Fanny again exchanged delighted smiles with Connie, all three girls intently watching for the order to bring Molly back to me.

I rose from the couch and nodded to them. Like young tigresses, they threw themselves on Molly and dragged her away from her mother's knees in spite of her frantic resistance as she shrieked, "Mother, save me," while Lady Betty, frantic at her helplessness and distracted by her daughter's cries as she was being thus dragged to her violation, cried hysterically, "Jack! For God's sake, spare her!"

The girls had by now forced Molly on the couch again. I saw she would not yield herself quietly to me, so while they held her, I fastened the corner cords to her ankles and wrists and set the machinery to work. As soon as the girls saw the cords tightening, they let go of Molly, who immediately sprang up, only to be arrested and jerked onto her back on the couch. Inch by inch, she was extended flat with widely parted arms and legs as she shrieked with terror, while Lady Betty went into hysterics, which Alice and Fanny soon cured by twitching a few hairs off her cunt.

I seated myself by Molly, bent over her, and said gravely, "Now you've again broken your promise, Molly. I shall consequently amuse myself with you before I violate you!"

"No, no, Jack!" she shrieked as she again struggled to break loose. "Let me go! Don't ... shame me! Oh! Don't ... have me!"

I ignored her pleading and began to play with her breasts, which I caressed and squeezed to my heart's content, finally putting her little virgin nipples into my mouth and sucking them lovingly, at which the three girls laughed gleefully as they now knew that another part of Molly would also be sucked while virgin. Then I tickled her navel, a proceeding which made her squirm exquisitely. After that, I devoted myself to her cunt!

First I stroked and caressed it, she all the while frantically crying out and jerking herself about in vain endeavors to escape my hands. The girls now wheeled Lady Betty alongside the couch. Her hands were still tied behind her back so that she could not use them to shut out the dreadful

sight of Molly spread-eagled naked, and was forced to look on and witness the violation of her daughter right in front of her eyes!

When Lady Betty had been properly placed so as to see all that went on, I leaned over Molly, seized one of her breasts with my left hand, and while squeezing it lovingly, I gently ran my right forefinger along the tender lips of her cunt, intently watching her telltale face as I did so.

A great wave of color surged furiously over her cheeks, even suffusing her heaving bosom as she screamed, "Don't, Jack, don't!" her eyes full of shame while her involuntary movements of hips and bottom betrayed her sexual agitation. It was simply delicious to have her thus at my absolute disposal, to know that the feeling of utter helplessness and the knowledge that her private parts were utterly defenseless was intensifying the mental and physical agony that my proceedings were making Molly suffer, and despite her prayers and her mother's imploring, I continued delightedly to tickle Molly's cunt with my finger till I considered she was sufficiently worked up to be sucked. I quietly rose, placed myself between her thighs and began to kiss her cunt, keeping my eyes on Lady Betty, so as to note the effect on her of this fresh torture to her daughter.

Lady Betty's eyes opened wide in shocked surprise and, as a half-strangled shriek broke from Molly, she screamed, "Oh, my God! Don't Jack! You'll drive Molly mad!" My tongue commenced to play on Molly's cunt, working along her lips, darting between them when they began to pout and every now and then caressing her clitoris, the subtle titillation sending Molly into shrieking convulsions as she felt she was being slowly driven against her wishes to the spending point!

Again Lady Betty screamed, "Stop, Jack, for God's sake, stop!" as she saw her daughter squirming and quivering and heard her now half-inarticulate cries. I made a sign to the girls and promptly Alice and Fanny seized Lady Betty's breasts, while Connie forced her hand between Lady Betty's thighs and tickled her cunt! "Oh, my God! Leave me alone!" she shrieked, struggling frantically but unavailingly, her eyes remaining fixed on her daughter's now violently agitated body, for I had forced her to the verge of spending. A great convulsion shook Molly. "Oh-h-h," she ejaculated, then spent with exquisite tremors and thrills while an

unmistakable shriek from Lady Betty proclaimed that Connie's fingers had brought about an unwilling but nevertheless delicious discharge.

Impatiently I waited till the thrills of pleasure had ceased. I sprang on her, seized her in my arms, brought my prick to bear on her cunt, and with a vigorous shove, I succeeded in forcing its head inside her maiden orifice in spite of her cries and frantic struggles. There her virgin barrier blocked the way. Gripping her tightly to me, I rammed fiercely into her, evidently hurting Molly dreadfully, for her shrieks rang through the room as I strove to get into her, Lady Betty, also terribly upset by the sight of her daughter's agonies and cries, frenziedly crying, "Stop, stop!" Molly was very tight, and in spite of her being tied down, she wriggled her strong young body so desperately that it was some little time before I could get a real good thrust, but presently I managed to pin her for a moment, then shoving furiously in her, I burst through her virgin defenses.

A fearful shriek announced her violation, Lady Betty (whose breasts and cunt were still being handled and fingered by the girls) crying hysterically, "Oh, my darling! My darling!" as with eyes dilated with horror, she watched her daughter being ravished right in front of her and, indeed, recognized the very moment when Molly lost her maidenhead!

Now firmly lodged inside Molly, I drove my prick up to its roots in her smarting cunt and lay motionless on her for a moment till her cries ceased.

Then I set to work to fuck her in real earnest, first with long slow strokes, then with quicker and more excited ones, Molly submitting passively, as if recognizing that resistance now was useless. The deed had been done, her virginity had been snatched from her! Presently however, she began to agitate herself under me involuntarily as she succumbed to the imperious demands of her now fully aroused sexual emotions and erotic impulses. As my movements on her became more and more riotous and unrestrained, she responded half-unconsciously, half-mechanically, by jogging and heaving her bottom and hips upward as if to meet my vigorous down strokes.

Soon our movements became a tempest of confused heaves, shoves, thrusts, and wiggles, then the heavenly climax overtook us! I felt a warm discharge from her as she quivered voluptuously in my arms. I spent madly, pouring my boiling essence into her virgin interior in rapturous ecstasy as I deliciously consummated Molly's violation, reveling in her exquisite thrills and tremors as she felt my hot discharge shoot into her, her movements being astonishingly like those of her mother when I spent into Lady Betty. But such was the violence of the sexual orgasm that shook Molly for the first time in her life that she went off into a semi-trance!

CHAPTER NINE

As soon as I had recovered from the delirious ecstasy of my spending, I kissed Molly's still-unconscious lips, rose gently off her and cruelly displayed my blood-stained prick to Lady Betty and the excited girls. After exulting over Lady Betty's distress and the sight of this evidence of her daughter's violation, I said, "I fancy you would like to attend to Molly yourself, your Ladyship. If I let you both loose for that purpose, will you promise to allow yourselves to be fastened again in such a way as I may indicate?"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried feverishly in her maternal anxiety to attend to Molly.

Immediately we set them free. Hastily, Lady Betty caught up Molly in her arms and, after passionately kissing her, led her away to the girls' alcove, while they delightedly bathed and sponged away the marks of my victory from my rejoicing prick, kissing and caressing it as if in sweet congratulation.

"Now we'll wind up with a great orgy of cruelty, dears," I said. "You heard Lady Betty's promise?" They nodded excitedly. "It would hardly have been possible for us to have forced them into the soixante-neuf position; at any event it would have been very difficult. We'll now make them place themselves so, on the half-bench, then tie them down, Lady Betty on Molly.

We can command their cunts for feeling and fingering and tickling and frigging. By slightly moving Lady Betty backwards, we could suck them and I could fuck them standing upright, but you won't be able to do so. Do you want to do it?"

They glanced at each other for a moment, then shook their heads. "We shall be quite content to satisfy our desires when they get too imperious by fucking each other, Jack!" said Alice merrily. "Connie and Fanny haven't tried each other yet and will be delighted to do so presently." The two girls glanced tenderly at each other and blushed deliciously. "My God, Jack! What a doing the poor things will have had by the time we let them away. Do you think they can stand it?"

"Oh, yes, dear!" I replied with a smile. They are very strong. And it is about time we all had a little refreshment."

So I opened some champagne and poured out six tumblers, adding a little brandy to the two glasses meant for Lady Betty and Molly, who just then emerged from the alcove, Molly with both hands shielding her cunt. Lady Betty covered hers with one hand, while her other arm was passed 'round her daughter. Both looked terribly forlorn and disconsolate as they approached us, and when the girls crowded 'round Molly and congratulated her on having become a woman, poor Lady Betty's eyes sought mine with a look of shocked horror. I handed the champagne 'round and we all partook of it with relish, especially Lady Betty and Molly, who seemed to revive.

"Now let us resume," I cried cheerfully. "Come along, girls, come, Lady Betty, bring Molly with you." I moved towards the bench with the girls while our unhappy victims followed slowly and reluctantly.

"Now, Molly, you just lie down on your back on this bench, just as your mother was made to do. Open your legs, put one on each side." Reluctantly she obeyed, and soon she was lashed firmly to the bars by her wrists and ankles, a lovely sight.

"Now, Lady Betty, place yourself on your daughter reverse ways, your head between her thighs, her head between your legs. Lie on her, and when we have arranged you properly, we'll tie you down!"

Lady Betty flushed painfully, horror-stricken. "Oh, Jack, I can't! Really, I can't do it! It's too horrible!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands and shuddering at the idea.

"Now remember your promise, Lady Betty," I said somewhat sternly, as if I was annoyed. "Come, no nonsense - lie down on Molly."

"Oh, my God!" she wailed. With an effort, she slowly went up to the bench on which poor Molly was lying, bound down and helpless, and shivering with dread. She stood still for a moment as if struggling with repugnance, then stooping down, she kissed her daughter passionately, whispering, "My darling, I can't help it!" Reluctantly she passed one leg over Molly's face and laid herself down on her daughter as ordered. Promptly Alice and I adjusted her so that her cunt came within reach of

Molly's lips while her mouth commanded Molly's cunt. We strapped her arms by the wrists and her legs by the ankles to the crossbar of the bench, one on each side of Molly, pulling the straps as tightly as we could, thereby further securing Molly, who now lay between her mother's arms and legs and was pinned down by her not inconsiderable weight.

The pair afforded a remarkable spectacle to us and for some little time we stood in gloating admiration. Neither could move in the slightest degree without the other being instantly conscious of it, and realizing its significance.

Lady Betty now had her daughter's freshly violated cunt right under her eyes and only a few inches off. Right above Molly's eyes, and also only a few inches off, hung her mother's cunt. Neither could avoid seeing what was being done to each other's private parts! Were ever a mother and a daughter so cruelly placed?

After a few moments of gloating, I said quietly, "Molly, dear, I'm going to see how your cunt has been altered by your having been deflowered!" I knelt down between her widely parted legs while the girls crowded 'round to watch, Molly crying imploringly, "Don't touch me there, Jack, it's so sore!" at which the girls laughed delightedly.

Critically, I examined Molly's delicious organ of sex. "I think it is swollen a bit, and that the slit is longer. Don't you believe so, Lady Betty?" I remarked.

She only moaned inarticulately, evidently feeling her position acutely. With a gentle forefinger I proceeded to touch and press Molly's soft, springy flesh, each touch producing a cry of pain from her and involuntary writhing which even her mother's weight could not subdue. I gently drew apart the tender lips and inspected with curiosity the gash-like opening into which I had, with so much difficulty, effected an entrance, poor Molly crying, "Oh, don't, Jack!" Her cunt was clearly inflamed and she must have suffered a good deal of pain while being ravished, and, as I closed the lips again, I gently deposited a loving kiss on them as if seeking their pardon, Molly ejaculating, "Oh!" and quivering deliciously as my caress tingled through her. Then I slowly and gently introduced my forefinger into her cunt!

"Oh!" shrieked Molly, writhing with pain. "Don't Jack!" cried Lady Betty, her eyes full of agony at the horrible sight she was being forced to witness.

Remorselessly I pushed my finger into Molly's cunt till it was buried up to the knuckle, and retained it there, gently feeling her interior and reveling in the warm, soft flesh, still moist with my spendings, and noting delightedly how her gentle muscles were involuntarily gripping my finger as I tenderly touched her clitoris with my free hand and generally excited her. She was still deliciously tight, and the corrugations of her tender flesh clasped my finger in a way that augured exquisite pleasure to my prick when next it was put into her cunt.

After a little while I withdrew my finger, to Molly's great relief, then said to Lady Betty, "Now I'll exhibit your cunt to your daughter, your Ladyship!" She moaned inarticulately, knowing that it was no use asking for mercy.

So 'round I went to Molly's side, the delighted girls following me. When there, I leaned over Lady Betty's bottom from one side of her, and as I looked down into Molly's flushed and pitiful face, I said quietly to her, "Now, Molly, remember the pinchings and keep your eyes on your mother's cunt!" Gently, with both hands, I drew its lips well apart and exhibited the large pink gap through which she had entered the world, saying, "Look, Molly, this is the first thing you came through!"

She was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of her mother's gaping cunt and ejaculated tremulously, "Oh, Jack! How can you be so cruel!" at which the girls laughed amusedly.

To her horror I pushed my finger in and began to feel her mother just as I had done to her. "Don't, Jack!" cried poor Lady Betty, agitating herself spasmodically on Molly as my curious finger explored her sensitive interior, reveling in her luscious flesh which throbbled in the most excited fashion. But after Molly's exquisite interior, her mother's seemed almost coarse, and very soon I drew my finger out of her and said softly to Alice, "Get a couple of feathers, dear, and we'll tickle them both at the same time!"

"No, Jack, no!" shrieked Molly in horrible distress at the approaching dreadful torture.

"What is it, darling?" cried Lady Betty, who had not heard what I said.

"They're going to tickle us together at the same time!" she cried agitatedly.

Immediately a shriek of terror came from Lady Betty. "My God! No, Jack! For pity's sake, don't!" Frantically both mother and daughter tugged at their fastenings in desperate but unavailing endeavors to get free, thereby affording us a delicious sample of the struggles we were about to witness when the feathers were applied to their tender cunts. Alice came back with half-a-dozen long feathers. She picked out one for herself and Connie selected another and, without any prompting from me, Alice placed herself by Lady Betty's cunt while Connie knelt between Molly's legs, then simultaneously applied the feathers to their respective victims' defenseless slits!

Two fearful shrieks filled the room. "Don't, Mrs. Blunt!" cried Molly, wriggling in a perfectly wonderful way, seeing how tightly she had been tied down and that she also had her mother's weight to contend against while Lady Betty writhed and contorted, twisted and squirmed as if she was in a fit, plunging so wildly on Molly as to make the poor girl gasp for breath. She seemed to feel the torture much more keenly than Molly did, possibly because of Alice's skill as torturer and her quickness in realizing the points where the touch of the feather had the cruelest effect. At any event, Lady Betty shrieked, yelled, curveted and wriggled till I thought it wise to stop the torture for a little while, and signaled to both girls to desist, which they unwillingly did, then rose and rushed excitedly to me with eyes glistening with lust and cruelty.

"Oh, Jack! Wasn't it lovely!" cried Alice rapturously. "Fanny, you take a turn now at Lady Betty; I'd like to watch her!" she continued, handing the feather to Fanny, whose eyes gleamed delightedly at the opportunity of torturing Lady Betty. She and Connie impatiently took their places by their trembling victims and awaited my signal.

A refinement of cruelty suddenly struck me. "Look here, dear," I said to Alice, "suppose you sit astride on Lady Betty's backside and looking down on Molly - you'll feel Lady Betty's struggles, you'll see the feather play on her cunt, and you'll be able to watch Molly's face at the same time!"

"Jack! You're a genius!" she cried delightedly. "Help me up, darling!" In a moment she was arranged astride Lady Betty, whose plump, fleshy buttocks she grasped firmly so as not to be dislodged by her Ladyship's struggles and plunges, her weight forcing Lady Betty's cunt almost onto Molly's face, so that Fanny had to poise her hand delicately so as not to bring the feather into play.

"Go ahead, dears!" Fanny cried, and immediately both feathers were applied to their respective cunts. Again Lady Betty and Molly shrieked frantically as their cunts were slowly and cruelly tickled and irritated and goaded almost into spending, but not allowed to taste the blessed relief! Lady Betty was going nearly mad, and, in spite of Alice's weight, plunging so wildly that Alice had some difficulty in sticking on, while poor Molly, whose chest had now to bear the weight of her mother as well as Alice, had scarcely enough breath to keep her going and so had to endure the terrible torture absolutely passively. Soon both of our victims had again been pushed to the extreme point of endurance, Molly being nearly in hysterics, while Lady Betty was fast going into convulsions - whereupon I stopped Connie and lifted Alice off.

"Hadn't we better soothe the poor things by stroking their cunts?" asked Alice as she watched our panting, quivering, trembling victims.

"I'm going to force them to suck each other now, dear," I whispered with a smile.

"Jack, how lovely!" she ejaculated in rapture, eagerly eyeing Lady Betty and Molly, who by now were getting more normal, though the involuntary heaves and tremors that ran through them showed significantly the nature of the relief they were craving.

I leaned over Lady Betty and whispered, "You can tell by your own feelings and by the sight of Molly's cunt what she wants! Suck her!"

"Oh," she ejaculated, shocked beyond expression.

"Suck her, Lady Betty!" I repeated. "Then she'll understand and she'll suck you!"

"Oh, I couldn't!" she cried. "Suck my own daughter?"

"Yes, suck your own daughter, Lady Betty, and she'll suck her own mother! You've got to do it, so you'd better do it quietly at once without further nonsense. Now suck Molly!"

"No, no!" she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

I turned to Alice. "Get me that cutting riding whip dear," I said quietly.

Quickly she brought it. I swished it through the air close to Lady Betty, who trembled with fright.

"Now, Lady Betty, please understand me clearly. You've got to do whatever I tell you. If you refuse, you'll be whipped into submission! Now suck your daughter's cunt!"

"Oh! Jack! I can't!" she wailed.

Down came the whip across her splendid bottom. She shrieked wildly as she writhed with the pain. I dealt her another cut - more shrieks; then a third - yet no compliance, but I could see that her obstinacy was giving way. I did not want to hurt her unnecessarily, so I aimed the fourth cut crossways, making the lash curl around her buttock and flick her cunt. A fearful yell of pain broke from Lady Betty. "Stop, Jack!" she screeched, then hurriedly she commenced to lick Molly's cunt!

"That's right!" I said encouragingly. "Keep on till I tell you to stop, Lady Betty!" Delightedly we all watched the piquant spectacle of a daughter being licked by her mother! Their faces were a study - Lady Betty's showing her disgust and repugnance at thus having to apply her tongue to her daughter's cunt, while Molly's was full of shame at being thus forced to spend by her mother. Heroically, she tried to retain herself - to refrain from spending - but in vain. Soon her control of herself broke down, and in sheer despair, she ejaculated brokenly, "Oh! I can't ... help it! Ah! Ah!" as she spent frantically!

The sight was more than the girls could stand. Alice and Connie flew into each other's arms, too excited to rush to the couch. They fell on the soft thick carpet and madly cunt-fucked each other till their feelings were relieved.

Fanny, hardly knowing what she was doing, threw her arms 'round me and clinging closely to me whispered excitedly, "Oh, Mr. Jack, please frig

me!" which I delightedly did. I would have gladly fucked her, but I had determined to have Lady Betty as she lay on Molly, making Molly lick my balls during the process, so I could spare nothing at the moment for Fanny.

Presently Alice and Connie rose, looking somewhat sheep-faced, but their countenances cleared when they saw that Fanny had been also obliged to relieve her excited feelings by means of my finger, and they exchanged sympathetic and congratulatory smiles as we again clustered 'round Lady Betty and Molly, whom we had left tied down and who began to tremble with dread as they saw that they were to be submitted to further indignities and tortures.

"Now, Molly, it's your turn, dear - suck your mother's cunt!" I said to her as I flicked her tender cunt sharply with the lash of my riding whip so as to stop the useless protest and pleadings I knew she was sure to make at receiving such a demand.

"Don't, Jack!" she screamed with pain. With loathing horror in her face, she placed her mouth on her mother's cunt and commenced to tongue its lips.

"Oh! Molly, don't!" cried Lady Betty, involuntarily wriggling her bottom and hips voluptuously as her daughter's tongue began to arouse her sexual appetites in spite of herself. Molly was too terrified by my whip to disobey me and so continued to tease and torture her mother's cunt with her tongue for some little time till I stopped her. Straddling over her head with my balls just touching her face, I shoved my rampant prick into Lady Betty's now gaping cunt till I had buried it inside her up to its root. As I did so, my balls traveled over Molly's face till they rested on her mouth, my thighs holding her head so firmly gripped between them that she could not avoid the shocking contact with my genital organs.

"Now, Molly, you're to lick my balls while I fuck your mother!" I said with a smile at the delighted girls, who in turn peeped between my thighs to view the extraordinary conjunction of Lady Betty's cunt, my prick and balls, and Molly's mouth. Lady Betty all the while inarticulately moaned in her distress at being thus fucked by me so unexpectedly and in such a position! I heard stifled cries come from Molly. I could feel her warm breath on my balls but not the velvet of her tongue, so I again sharply

flicked her cunt. A smothered shriek of agony - then something exquisitely warm, soft, and moist began to caress my scrotum. It was Molly's tongue - the poor girl was licking my balls!

Oh! My delicious sensations at that moment as my prick luxuriated in the cunt of the mother while the mouth of the daughter reluctantly, but deliciously, was exciting me into spending! For some moments, I remained motionless save for thrills of exquisite pleasure, until I could no longer control my imperious desires. With piston-like strokes I began to work myself backwards and forwards in Lady Betty's cunt, moving faster and faster and getting more and more furious, till I spent rapturously into her, just as her quivering, wriggling backside proclaimed that she too was discharging, her head unconsciously resting on her daughter's cunt as the spasm of her pleasure vibrated through her!

When I had become myself again, I drew out my prick, and after gloating cruelly over the sight of poor Molly's flushed, shame-stricken, quivering, face and tearful, but tearless eyes, I pointed to her mother's cunt now visibly wet and bedewed from my discharge and said, "Now go on, again, Molly!"

She closed her horrified eyes with an expression of sickening, loathing and repugnance and moaned, "Oh, my God! Jack, I can't! I simply can't!"

"You can, and you shall, Molly!" I replied sternly as I sent the lash of my whip sharply across her tender cunt, drawing from her a terrible shriek which brought Lady Betty out of her semi-stupor.

"Go on, Molly!" I said, pointing to her mother's cunt as her eyes sought mine as if imploring mercy. Again she dumbly refused; again I caught her a sharp cut full on her cunt.

She yelled in agony, then slowly and with horrible repugnance, nerved herself to touch her mother's greasy and sticky cunt with her lips, nearly choking as her tongue slowly transferred the remains of my spend from her mother's gaping slit into her own mouth and down her throat! As soon as I saw she was fairly started, I put her in charge of Connie with instructions to keep her at it, whatever happened. placing myself between Molly's legs, my prick all wet and semen-soiled close to Lady

Betty's face. I touched the latter with my whip and said, "Now suck me clean, Lady Betty!"

"Oh!" she cried in horror, shuddering violently as she let her head again fall on her daughter's cunt. Raising the whip, I slashed her fiercely right down her left buttock, then along the other, my lash cutting well into her soft, plump flesh and evidently giving her intense pain from the lovely way in which she writhed and screamed. "Suck me clean, Lady Betty!" I sternly repeated as I sent cut after cut on her wriggling plunging backside till she could no longer endure the pain, and half-hysterically raised her head and opened her mouth. Instantly I ceased the flagellation and popped my humid prick between her unwilling lips, which closed softly but reluctantly on it as a look of intense repulsion passed over her agonized face!

For some time, Lady Betty simply held my prick in her mouth passively and in shamefaced confusion, for she had never before sucked a man and really did not know what to do! But I didn't mind! Her mouth was deliciously warm and moist, while the touch of her lips was voluptuousness itself, and as I watched her, gloating over her misery and shame, I could see her throat convulsively working, as from time to time she forced herself to swallow the accumulated saliva, now highly impregnated with our mingled spendings.

With the stimulus afforded by Lady Betty's mouth, my virility began quickly to revive. "Pass your tongue over and 'round my prick, Lady Betty," I recommended. "Lick and suck simultaneously!" Painfully, she complied. The action of her tongue was something exquisite, so much so that in a very short time my prick began to swell and stiffen (to her silent horror) till her mouth could just hold it! I was ready for action again. Should I spend in Lady Betty's mouth or fuck Molly again? Hurriedly, I decided in favor of Molly! Quickly, I pulled my prick out of Lady Betty's mouth. "Untie her," I cried to the girls as I pushed up the second half-bench and fastened it to the piece on which Molly was lying, still tied. Soon the girls freed Lady Betty and lifted her off her daughter, then guessing what was coming, they held her between them in such a way that she was compelled to see what happened to her. As soon as Molly caught sight of me with my prick in rampant erection, she instinctively divined that she was again to be ravished, and screamed for mercy. But I

threw myself on her, took her in my arms, brought my prick to bear on the orifice of her cunt, and fiercely rammed it into her, forcing my way ruthlessly into her, while she shrieked with a pain hardly less keen than had accompanied her violation. Mad with lust and the exquisite pleasure of holding the voluptuous girl again in my close embrace, and stimulated by the spectacle of the lovely naked bodies of Alice, Connie, and Fanny. The three girls controlled Lady Betty's frantic struggles to go to her daughter's assistance while they made free with her breasts and her cunt. Watching the spectacle, I let myself go and, ramming myself furiously into the still shrieking Molly, I fucked her exquisitely, self rapturously, till love's ecstasy overtook me when I spent deliriously into her, flooding her smarting interior with the soothing balm of my boiling love-juice, which she received into her with the most voluptuous thrills and quivers, the sudden transition from the pains of penetration to the raptures of spending sending her into a semi swoon as she lay locked in my arms!

Reluctantly I quitted her, unfastened her, and made her over to her mother, who quickly took her off to the girls' alcove, while said girls crowded 'round me with delicious kisses as they congratulated me on my prowess in having fucked mother and daughter twice, each in each other's presence, and to the accompaniment of such exquisite licentiousness. Solicitously and tenderly, they bathed and sponged my prick and generally refreshed me.

"Now, what next?" I asked.

"I'm afraid we must be going, Jack," said Connie, "as we have to dine out!"

"And I think you've had enough, Sir," said Alice archly.

"Miss Molly looked quite played out, Mr. Jack," said Fanny, who had gone to offer her services but evidently had been brusquely refused.

"Well, perhaps we had better let the poor things off now!" I said musingly, "I don't think they will offend any of us again!" They laughed. "Well, dears, thank you all very much for your help today. We've had a lovely orgy, punished our enemies, and had a fine time ourselves. Now run away and dress. Perhaps you won't mind Fanny attending to Betty and Molly as they resume their clothing, Alice?"

Just then Lady Betty and Molly came out. They were evidently utterly exhausted. I hastily poured out some champagne for them, which greatly revived them. As they tremblingly awaited the resumption of their tortures, I said gently, "Now you can go, Lady Betty, with your daughter. Fanny will help you to dress yourselves. Now, if ever you breathe a single word as to what has happened here this afternoon, or if in word, or deed, or suggestion, you say or do anything to harm or wound these girls or myself, I'll get you both brought here again and what you've undergone today will be mild compared to what you'll then taste. Now each of you kneel in turn before Alice first, then Connie, then Fanny, and then me - kiss each cunt three times, also my prick three times, in token of apology and in promise of good behavior - then dress yourselves."

We arranged ourselves in the order indicated, standing in a line with our arms 'round each other. Shamefacedly, Lady Betty and Molly performed their penance, my prick quivering as their lips touched it. We all resumed our clothing; I put Lady Betty and Molly into a taxi, only breaking the contained silence with the remark, "Now don't forget!" then returned to the girls whom I found chatting eagerly and delightedly, all now daintily dressed.

"I'd like to fuck you all just as you are, dears!" I said as I eyed them lasciviously in their provoking daintiness.

"Think what our clothes would look like!" laughed Connie.

"Jack, we owe you a lot!" said Alice, more seriously. "Now Connie and Fanny, let's say good-bye in a new way. One by one, Jack, we'll let you suck us just as we are, through our drawers; then we'll make you lie down, take your prick out through your trousers, and suck you good-bye! I claim last turn so as to receive all that you've left in you!"

Delightedly, Connie and Fanny complied. One by one, they seated themselves in an easy-chair, while the other two pulled up the clothes and I, kneeling between their legs, sucked a tender farewell to each cunt through the opening of their dainty frilly drawers; then I lay down on my back on the couch. With a trembling hand, Connie excitedly opened my fly and gently pulled out my prick, kissed and sucked it lovingly. Fanny followed suit, her tongue provoking it into life again. Then Alice took charge and sucked and tongued me till she forced my seminal reserves to

yield all they held, receiving in her sweet mouth my love-juice as I spent in quivering rapture.

We all four entered the waiting taxi and the girls drove me to my Club, where they left me with tender and insistent injunctions to "Do yourself well, darling!"

VOLUME III

CHAPTER ONE

It was about a week after the exciting events in the Snuggery that I had a rendezvous with my beloved Alice and her charming French maid Fanny once again.

During that week I was exceptionally confident, but then I had enough memories to suffice me. And when a virile man like myself finds himself without female solace, there is always the prerogative of finding to one's hand one's male emblem, and while closing one's eyes, dreamily conjuring up those lewd and delicious episodes of past lechery-until suddenly fantasy becomes reality and one feels one's manhood bursting with the pent-up sap one has saved since the last encounter with a handmaiden of our goddess Venus.

I must confess that I had half a notion that Lady Bashe and her pretentious daughter Molly might just possibly complain of their treatment in the Snuggery. In our England and in these times of Good Queen Victoria, the female is always the outraged one, and our barristers and justices bow solicitously to their complaints. Now if this plump matron who wished to palm off on me her delightful but rather spoiled and petulant daughter as a mate, had taken it into her vain head to consult a learned solicitor and discover the state of affairs at the Chamber of the Assizes, then I have no doubt that he would have urged her to bring strong action against me. After all, had I not taken her daughter's virginity and compelled them to perform the most intimate acts which one female can perpetrate upon another?

But as the weeks went by, I felt more confident that Lady Betty would not take any such action and that she would try rather to go out of her way never to cross my path lest my presence remind her of the shameful surrender she and Molly had had to make while at the mercy of Connie Blunt, Alice and Fanny.

Connie, alas, had gone to Italy for a fortnight, or I should certainly have called upon her and demanded a private seance, for I needed it now. She had forgotten the rigors of her widowhood and had discovered her own full-blown passionate nature. Connie, that lovely golden-haired girl of

about twenty-two years, slight and tall and beautifully formed, with delicious blue eyes and a dazzling skin, had been married only a few weeks when her husband had sustained a heart attack. Whimsically I asked myself whether that heart attack might not have been caused by the initiation of his beautiful blonde wife to the joys of fucking. But then, of course, I recalled that Connie's name was the same as that of her mistress, that she was still a virgin and the marriage had never been consummated. I myself in the Snuggery had discovered this when I probed a delicate forefinger into the delicate pink lips of her snatch and found that she had actually forfeited her maidenhead, though from the tightness of that delicious orifice, one might properly call her an unfucked maiden.

Well, I promised myself that the next time I found Connie Blunt alone, I should ask her to give me the details of her initiation. Perchance she had lost her maidenhead to someone prior to her marriage for that short time. But knowing her voluptuous beauty and how passionately warm-blooded she was, I felt I could ascribe her husband's death to the shattering risk he must have felt when his swollen organ reached for the first time the portals of Connie Blunt's dainty mons veneris. And - if he truly had been the one to press through her virgin seal - feel his organ clamped by the tight, moist walls of her exciting channel.

Yes, it would be at least a fortnight before I could confront Connie with my memories of her first fucking, which Alice had so ingeniously arranged. And a week lay ahead of me until Fannie and Alice would return from a trip which the latter had made to visit an elderly aunt in Nottingham.

But I confess the prospect of sublimating my passions in the way that Onan did was not very enticing, not after all these thrilling adventures which I had enjoyed in my newly created Snuggery, and with which doubtless you are familiar, having read the first book of my memoirs. You remember, I am sure, that I began those memoirs by telling you how I had plotted to get Alice into my power after she had cruelly and unjustifiably jilted me. Then, once I had her in my power, after I had literally unveiled the thresholds of her womanly emotions and compelled her to admit to the ardent lust which burned within her

tender maiden quim, she became my most passionate ally as well as lover.

I may say at this point that in my thirties I was given the opportunity which few men at my age achieve - that of living like a retired gentleman. My father had been an importer from Australia who had struck it rich in a shop in London. He had befriended a distinguished son of a still more distinguished and influential banker, when the latter found himself set upon by footpads while adventuring one night in Soho and being set upon by thieves while he himself, rash young man, had been in the pursuit of some bordello beauty for whom he lusted. Without boring you with such lengthy victories, suffice it to say that the young man's father was so grateful to me for having saved his son from possible injury and certain scandal, that he made known to my father certain advance information concerning debentures and shares and stocks and bonds, which enabled my father to become very comfortably well off. At his death, I, the only heir, received a sizable fortune. Till that time I had been an assistant in a shipping company office for travel and its glamour fascinated me. When I became the sole heir of my father's wealth, I first took a trip around the world and then found myself this apartment in London. I had courted lovely Alice fully expecting to wed her, when the fickle wench jilted me, as you know from the first volume of my memoirs.

But now as I faced a week of inertia, I bethought myself of her married sister, Marion. After the break with Alice which led to so happy an outcome for both of us - even she had said that! - she resorted a little way out of London with a married sister and never seemed to come to town except in her sister's company.

Now I had an interest in this married sister because Alice's lovely maid, whom you may be sure I fucked with as much gusto as I did Alice herself, had confided to me that Marion had only just a few weeks before separated from her husband, having caught him in flagrante delicto with a milliner's girl. She had also, Fanny told me, having learned this by listening to her own lovely mistress's gossip, poisoned Alice's mind against me and told Alice that I was no husband for her and still less of a lover.

I gave the darling girl a gold sovereign for that piece of news, which I put away at the back of my mind, intending to pursue it and profit from it when opportunity should provide an occasion. The occasion was now!

I knew that now that I had made Alice mine and also made of her a conspiratress against Connie Blunt as well as against Lady Bashe and her daughter Molly, that she could not and would not be too vexed with me if I should initiate Marion into those delicious and exciting pleasures which she herself had come to love. More than that, I foresaw that it could be a tableau of absolutely breathtaking and pulse-stirring triumph. If I could actually make Alice apply love potions to her very own sister in the Snuggery.

The more I considered this, the more I wished, helplessly at first, to enjoy Marion all to myself. And that was when I sent a note by messenger to her quarters in Kingsbridge, about three miles to the south of London, asking that she call upon me two days hence at two in the afternoon, as I had information of great importance to her regarding her future happiness now that her marriage had been concluded.

I knew that the curiosity of a woman would be such that, even recognizing my name as one she had damned to Alice many a time, she would not be content until she found out what piece of information it was I had that so concerned her.

From chance fancy of mine, as you shall see, a whole new sequence of the most thrilling and lascivious events was destined to take place in the privacy of my little harem, my torture chamber, my bordello deluxe... namely, my Snuggery!

CHAPTER TWO

I was not certain that Alice's sister would accept my guileful invitation. Oh, of course I knew that by this time my beautiful mistress must surely have explained to her that all was not well between us. Nevertheless, I could not so easily forgive the brash young woman the annoyance which her wagging tongue had caused me, an annoyance which surely had had a great deal to do with the rift between Alice and myself. I was greatly surprised, therefore, to receive a note back the very next day by messenger informing me that Marion Murdock - that was Alice's sister's married name - would be pleased to call upon me the next day at two in the afternoon as stipulated. She had added a postscript which made me chuckle:

"I must confess I fail somewhat to see what good can be gained by this visit. However, since Alice has told me that she is reconciled with you, I feel I owe it to her future welfare to visit you and decide for myself your true intentions regarding my dear sister, whom I recall you did not treat too well in the past." - and it was signed with her initials, "M.M."

You may recall, if you have read the first volume of my memoirs, that I had originally planned to capture both sisters together and to include Marion in the punishment designed for Alice. Initially that idea had itself not been unpleasing, because Marion was a fine specimen of female flesh, flesh and blood rather, and a larger and more stately type than Alice, who was rather petite. One could indeed do much worse than to have Marion at one's disposal for an hour, to feel and to tickle and to whip and to fuck!

That stimulus had been so entertaining to my vengeful mind that I had an armchair made specially at a shop which did such work, for the project.

The release of a secret catch would set free a mechanism in this chair that would be actuated by the weight of the occupant, which would instantly cause the arms to fold and firmly imprison the sitter. The shop owner had furnished it with luxurious upholstery, and when the catch was fixed and hidden it surely made the most inviting of chairs. As you will recall, Alice unsuspectingly chose this chair when she entered the

Snuggery... You will also recall that on the fateful day of my rendezvous with Alice which led to the defloration of her maiden charms and her complete conversion to my will and to the service of my fucking pleasures, Alice had appeared alone and had told me that poor Marion had become ill and had spent such a bad night that she could not come to town. So in reality you can see, dear reader, I was only now accomplishing what I had long since planned.

You can imagine with what impatience I sat in my salon until the bell rang announcing the presence of the long-awaited married sister, who had caused me such displeasure and hampered my courting of my beloved Alice. In order to give her no suspicions, I had refrained from putting on only my drawers, dressing gown and slippers; from the first time I had met this paragon of female pulchritude, she had impressed me as being somewhat sanctimonious and prudish as regards such intimate matters as sucking and kissing and cuddling. One of the things I planned to discover for my very own self this exciting afternoon would be an admission from her own soft lips as to how far she had proceeded with her lately lamented spouse before he had had to shuffle off this mortal coil. So, dressed in my very best, and with my most welcoming smile on my face, I opened the door and greeted Marion.

As I have said, she was a handsome figure of a woman. Alice had been twenty-five at the time of her surrender to me, a true virgin untouched; Marion, unvirgined but for my purposes practically as pure, was two years older. With a swift glance I constated her charms and my heart began to pound. At the same time, too, I must confess to a twitching of my private parts, a trustworthy and never-failing indication that Marion had already begun to rouse the basest carnal desires of which my bachelor nature was capable.

She was about five feet six inches in height, and magnificently proportioned for that stature. Her hair was jet black, whereas Alice's was dark brown; and she wore it in a popular style at the time: a delicious little fringe of affectations curb all along the top of her high arching forehead, and a prim, huge oval-shaped bun at the back of her head, which suggested somewhat the semblance of a crown. Well, perhaps it was symbolic, for surely she would be my queen of lust for this entire afternoon; and I vowed to myself that I would have her hair unbound

and falling in a glossy sheath against her naked skin before she was allowed to dress and return to her own home.

Her nose was a trifle snub, which gave her an aspect of disdain, quite in keeping with what I already knew about her. Her nostrils were widely flaring, quite sensuous, as was her mouth, somewhat small with a pronouncedly ripe upper lip that completed the delineation of insolence and contempt which she appeared so rancorously to show to the male sex. Her eyes were a dark imperious blue, very widely set apart from the bridge of her exquisite nose, and surmounted by exaggeratedly thin-plucked eyebrows and extremely short but thick lashes.

In this period, to be sure, women wore far too many clothes for my immediate savoring pleasure - though contrarily I must admit it was always delightful to prolong the moment of my conquest by having to remove the many garments turn by turn! This paradox heightened my pleasure a good deal, as there was always the element of suspense in wondering just what treasures I should at last espy naked when all the outer conventional costume should be removed and the bare flesh come into ardent view. And from the victim's viewpoint, to be sure, it was far more agonizing, as her suspense was being constantly augmented till the supreme moment of humiliation in finding herself Eve-naked in my presence while I remained fully clothed.

Hence, seeing Marion appear in nominal attire of the fashion would heighten my own excitement, as I could not be too certain as to the embodiment of her delightful curves nor physical charms, save that I had recalled her to have a somewhat slender waist from which - if the bustle's contours could be faithfully believed - there flared impudently rounded, full and ample hips. She did not have so goodly a girth as Lady Betty Bashe, but she nonetheless gave in every way the prospect of being an absolutely breathtaking morsel of pulchritude when she should finally be stripped down to the indisputable state of helpless nakedness that I meant to exact from her as a part of the expiatory punishment she had earned by flouting my courtship of her sister Alice. There can be no male who finds the opposite sex fascinating and provocative who cannot tremble with hardly suppressed excitement at the anticipation of fulfilling all his most lustful whims. I dare say that in each of us an incipient sadism lingers, product of earlier, less gentle ages when women

were slaves and men their lawful masters. Who has not chafed under some haughty girl or woman's scorn, baffled and raging at the knowledge that no retaliatory move is possible under society's code that treats the female as the helpless, weak creature that must be protected at all costs from villainy and violence. And when an inconstant female dares to slap a man solely because he seeks to steal a flattering kiss, he is deemed a blackguard if he even yields to the impulse to raise his hand and give her back measure for measure.

Thus in a sense, man being a rationalizing animal, one might say that in the project of entrapping Marion to atone for her having set my beloved Alice against me, I meant to strike, as it were, a blow for all men who had endured frustration and sarcastic treatment at a woman's hands. And I felt certain that I could dare affronting her without danger from the authorities, precisely because Alice was now fully converted and on my side.

It would have been ideal could Alice have been present on this occasion; I had thought of the fantasy of having her aid me as a lovely, inventive executioner against her very own sister. Then, knowing this to be impossible because of Alice's unavailability in town, I had thought of summoning the eager Fanny, that charming maid who herself was so exquisitely acquiescent in passionate games. But no, this vengeance was rightly mine and no one else's; it must not be shared with any stranger, as Fanny would be to Marion in such a game.

You can therefore imagine with what impatience I awaited the ringing of my bell this fateful afternoon, having envisaged all kinds of the most mouthwatering plans for the consummate and gradual humbling, stripping and fucking of arrogant Marion, who, slightly older than my dear Alice, represented an even more pedestalled and smugly secure kind of female goddess from whose pedestal I meant assuredly to topple her step by infinitely subtle step down to the mire of her degradation and despairing shame!

So all was in readiness at last. I wore presentable attire, not wishing to flout or shock Marion at the very outset - that would come later, when her suspicions had been lulled. It was curiosity that had killed the proverbial cat; it was the same precept which was bringing Marion to my apartment where she would come as respected guest to parlay warily - so

she thought! - as to my future intentions towards her sister, only to discover in good time that Alice's fate had already been settled and it therefore impinged upon me only to determine her very fitting own!

And now the moment had come; the bell pealed at my door, and my heart began to beat more quickly as I went to answer it.

I silently applauded my own impulsive decision to adopt propriety in my clothing, since had I shown myself in dressing gown, Marion would well have believed that "the leopard cannot change his spots" and suspected a trap forthwith. No, in waistcoat and trousers of the finest Ascot cut, even with spats to gild the lily as it were, she could not see me otherwise than as an elegantly attired if worldly gentleman to whom she was coming for a cup of tea and an earnest discussion on her sister's possible betrothal and marriage. Doubtless, I told myself even as I went to the door, she would come full of sententious and pious maxims, ready to sermonize me as to the wrongdoing of my past and her prayerful hopes that my nature would be sanctified in future as regards her only living kin, dear Sister Alice. And to be sure, such a lecture would allow her full occasion for delivering those famous rejoinders full of underlying sarcasm at my expense, while she would bask in the comfortable knowledge that the social code prescribed my accepting them in all meek humility, leaving her safe from reprisal. And then, oh my lady, what a fall from grace there would be!

I opened the door to her. My pulses leaped at the sight that greeted my eager eyes. In an adorable little felt hat with a feather that set a jaunty note of imperious sophistication, cape and rustling silken dress whose hems descended to her ankles, Marion stood before me, her lovely haughty face a bland mask of disdain and smug security; oh, yes, from the very lineaments of her features there could be no doubt she had come to rub salt into my wounds by archly recalling to me that she had never approved of me and that if her sister proved weak enough to succumb to my manly virtues-whose existence she herself still doubted-it was vital that she remain the calm, dispassionate counselor and guide to steer her sister safely through the reefs and treacherous currents which my questionable character was inexorably certain to set before poor helpless Alice as a way of life.

There was a kind of fitting justice to Marion's visit I had, as my readers will recall, originally had that treacherous armchair in my Snuggery fashioned expressly for the purpose of holding Marion in it and rendering her quite helpless while I went about the delicious procedure of ensnaring her sister Alice and compelling her to submit to my desires. And as you also know, at the last moment, Marion had not been able to keep the appointment-though Alice surely had no reason to complain of lack of attention she had received from me on that occasion!

I kept my face as bland as I could to bide the sudden delighted emotion that surged through me as I beheld Marion here on the very threshold of my apartment, the first step across which would lead to her coerced surrender and my own sweet revenge! And I congratulated myself upon my wisdom in having agreed to the landlord's insistence that I rent not only my modest suite of sitting-room and two bed-rooms but the unusual "lumber room" - so he had called it - which had once actually been a confinement chamber for lunatics; the house had once been built as a private lunatic asylum, and to this room which I now referred to as my Snuggery, inmates who ultimately were destined for Bedlam had been confined. I may say with some little pride as well as amusement that since my acquisition of this admirably equipped room, it had been put to far better diversions!

Marion wore a fashionable green frock with high collar and full bodice and long, low skirts that were puffed and descended over her ankles. Her fashionable little bonnet tied with laces under her rounded chin, and altogether she was a most prepossessing sort of female. Alice had told me that she had been married three years, and of course I knew that she had been separated from her husband because of his crass infidelity. In my mind, the man must have been a fool to have allowed his wife to discover his penchants for liaisons with other females, since my first glance at Marion made my pulses race and my vital order throb with eager anticipation. There is an old adage that one should be able to eat one's cake and have it too, and assuredly Marion's husband would have done better to have practiced that adage. Never mind, I told myself, I would practice it for him!

"I am here, as you see," she spoke in a cold, disinterested voice, whose inflections showed a rich contralto, whereas Alice had always the most

delicious soprano voice - whose timbre never failed to make me shudder with lust when she was undergoing the delightful dalliance with feather or lips or tongue or fingers under my ministrations. Marion's voice pleased me enormously, more than I can say; it suggested such a poise and worldliness as to convince a stranger at first impression that here was a creature who would be in complete control of herself at all times, no matter what the situation. Well, my beauty, I told myself gleefully, this afternoon will see whether or not you are capable of the normal reactions of a trapped and helpless victim! I do not think there's a man alive who has not played with himself the delightful game of conjectural imagery. By which I mean the fanciful visualization of what a fully clothed female must look like when she is bereft of everything except her blushes. As I have already commented, the overly modest and even bulky clothing which was currently fashionable heightened my interest in this little game, and in a sense I had to admit that the more clothing the woman wore, the longer it would take to bring her to this desired state of Eve-nudity. And prolongation is always one of the most exquisite nuances of carnal gratification.

All this flashed through my mind in the space of an instant, needless to say, for I was already replying to Marion's disdainful comment: "And it shall be my pleasant duty, dear Marion, to provide you with a justifiable reason for having made this visit to me. Would you not take a cup with me in my sitting room?"

She swept in, glancing about with her lips pursed in evident contempt of my surroundings, though even Alice had complimented me on their decor and neatness for a bachelor. That was another black mark against Marion's account which, I, promised myself, I meant to settle to the very fullest measure of my capacities - and hers! - before this afternoon wended its way to its exciting end. Finished with her inspection, she turned back to me and remarked almost insolently, "Mind you, I shan't stay long. The only reason I came, if you must know, was that I had some shopping at the milliner's and at a book store not far from your apartment. And since you made such an important point of communicating with me, I decided to grant you this meeting."

"I'm happy that you did, Marion. Alice has always spoken so favorably of you, and even though you did oppose our knowing each other, I shall

hope to persuade you that I am not so black as I have been painted." I did not feel it necessary to add at that point that the painting had been done by Marion herself. Alice had inherently a warm and generous nature-which, to be sure, the sweet pursuit of her conquest had fully unleashed! But I could tell at once that Marion preferred this icy veneer as a kind of shield. Therefore the question was: Was she totally frigid and devoid of warmth and a capacity for passion, or was this veneer only assumed to hide her true outlook? Well, that was precisely the question I had posed myself to have answered for me in my snugery. I also determined to learn from Marion just how thoroughly her former husband had indoctrinated her into the sweet mysteries of physical bliss. Perhaps he had left me two of her three virginities; the very thought of that nearly made me spill the cup of tea that I was bringing to her and setting beside her with the utmost deference and gentlemanly courtesy. For if you have never had in your apartment an arrogant and cool young woman who treats you as if you were beneath her notice while at the same time you are conjuring up visions of her rosy lips deferentially fixed about your manhood, then you cannot begin to understand the riotous images that filled my mind and the shuddering impulses which titillated all my nerves and sinews! After having poured out my own tea and added cream and sugar to my preference, I seated myself opposite her and fixed upon her the most intent and gracious look it was in my power to muster.

An uneasy silence fell over us, and then finally, after a ladylike sip or two from her cup, she set it down in the saucer almost with a clatter as, fixing her dark, widely spaced blue eyes upon me, she remarked, "What chiefly brought me to agreeing to visit you here, Jack, is the inexplicable part of your note to me. I cannot for the life of me understand how you could possess any kind of information about my future happiness, as you termed it, that would be of the least concern to me. Will you please explain your meaning?"

"Now that is a most intimate matter, and I will not be so brash as to give you a direct answer in a single sentence or two, my dear Marion," I told her speciously.

Her supercilious eyebrows arched, and her blue eyes were extremely cold as she retorted, "If you continue the insolence of treating me like a child,

Jack, I shall leave at once. I'm already beginning to regret my visit. Now I insist that you be direct with me and explain precisely how you take upon yourself the audacity of telling me that you could possibly know anything about my person or my thoughts or my hopes for the future. You are well aware, I trust, that my husband and I have parted company. You never knew him, and this is the first time that you have really met me, and yet out of a clear sky you presume upon yourself to be some sort of judge. This is sheer temerity on your part, and I know now why I was so opposed to my sister's infatuation with you. It appears to me, sir, that you have in you the traits of a scoundrel!"

Mentally I rubbed my hands with glee at this little tirade of hers. How beautifully she had added to her account. She had started a brand-new page and it was already scored most heavily against her. Oh, Marion, Marion, how little you know me but how well you will before too many hours have passed, I told myself, and I confess that I was hard put to it to keep from smiling like a predatory beast of prey who finds that the elusive gazelle has unwarily entered his lair!

"You have made an accusation, Marion," I said as coldly as she had done to me, "that is not seemly, for now you have taken upon yourself the temerity - to use your own picturesque term - of judging me without even knowing me, just as you did before when I first knew Alice. I had never met you when I first knew your lovely sister, and I'm now fully convinced that she jilted me precisely because you had already formed your own opinionated notion of what my character must be. I blamed her at the time, I no longer do so, for we are reconciled. But if your own marriage has come to such a drastic end, Marion, would it not be more reasonable to ask yourself if it is perhaps not you who are at fault and therefore, if that is so, that your opinions and your judgments of people may play you false?"

Color flamed in her cheeks and she imperiously rose. "I knew it was a mistake to come here. I should have known that you would regale me with such an ignoble accusation, sir," she flung at me. "You are a bachelor and an adventurer, and even though Alice tells me that she is most happy in your company, I begin to think that you have had some evil influence upon her. Yes, it must be so. And it is a shocking thing for even a married woman to have to say to a supposed gentleman, that I

believe this: I believe that you and my sister have entered upon an illicit liaison which is the more shameful because I had warned her of your selfish and cruel nature, and I am certain that you have no honorable intentions concerning marriage, no matter what favors she may already have granted you."

"I will take you up on that at once, Marion," I told her angrily, for I could not much longer contain my irascibility at these insulting charges. "If indeed there is anything which stands between Alice and myself towards the ultimate happiness of wedlock, it is your own perspicacious determination to set us apart and to make us at odds with each other as you did before. But I have effected this reconciliation and I think that Alice is now wise enough and mature enough in her own emotions as a woman to be no longer influenced by your shrewish whimsies and pronouncements. By what right, I now ask you, do you dare to come into my apartment and to insult me with the epithet of vile seducer and adventurer? What do you know of me except perhaps that which you may have heard by rumor only, since only this day do we first meet face to face?"

At this, Marion tossed her head in high dudgeon and then darting me a look of implacable distaste she haughtily responded: "I see that it is utterly useless, sir, to prolong this discussion further. It is a great mistake for me to have come at all, for I consider you unregenerate and determined to offend me with the tone and tenure of your remarks. I shall ask you, therefore, to show me to the door, and I will take my leave of you. I can only hope that my poor sister comes off better than I begin to believe she will, once having returned to you. But you may be sure that I shall counsel her to the utmost of my abilities to make a complete break with you, sir, and to find herself a gentleman of greater courtesy and proper demeanor when in the presence of the tender sex."

Her formal and, indeed, sanctimonious speech almost made me burst out laughing. She was still a very young woman, for all her marital adventure, and yet she dared to set herself up as a kind of sermonizer, a veritable Mrs. Grundy, who characterized and labeled that which displeased her as necessarily being false and meretricious. Decidedly what Marion needed was being pulled down abruptly and rudely from

the preening pedestal on which she had so vauntedly perched herself. And I knew precisely how to bring about that downfall in the Snuggery!

"Why, my dear Marion," I said as blandly as I could, "I deeply regret your hasty conclusion about my motives and my character. I wish you would allow me to demonstrate to you a greater and more reassuring proof that I have only the warmest regard for you just as I have for dear Alice."

You may well conclude, dear reader, that I was not at all mendacious in telling Marion this: for, after all, the attentions which I intended to show her forthwith were as warm as any female, however pretentious or regal of degree, could dream of. And this as quickly as possible! Yes, I was fairly itching to undress the haughty and arrogant older sister of my beloved Alice, to find where the veneer ended and the woman began, where the secret emotions which were bottled up under the elegant gown and the overly modest altogether could be probed and brought to the surface. In a word, dear reader, now more than ever I had determined to make haughty Marion pay dearly for having flouted and insulted me in my own quarters. She had come as a welcome guest, only to pay me back with acid and vinegar for the sweet mead of friendship which I had offered to her.

This little speech of mine did not in the least dissuade her from her intention to leave my apartment without further ado. "You will show me to the door, I trust," she said with a sniff, as she drew herself up to her full stature.

"Of course I will, dear Marion." I smiled as I took her arm and inclined my head in the most humbly deferential of gestures. Even duchesses of the blood royal would have been satisfied with my observance of gallant protocol.

"I did not ask for the support of your arm, sir," she gave me a glacial look as she promptly disengaged her rounded arm, while a look of annoyance made her cheeks flush with anger. "Merely come with me and see that I am properly out of your abode, inside which I never mean to set foot again."

Now, to the right of my sitting room on which the main door to my apartment opens, was the door of the Snuggery. It had doors at each end, and the room was nearly square, of an excellent size and quite lofty. The

walls, however, were unbroken, save by the one entrance, as light and air came in from a lantern which occupied the greater part of the roof, and was supported by four strong and stout wooden pillars. The walls were thickly padded, with iron rings let into them at regular distances all around in two rows, one close to the floor and the other about a height of eight feet. From the roof beams dangled rope pulleys in pairs between the pillars; while the two recesses on the entrance side which were caused by the projection of the passage into the room looked as if they had at once time been separated from the rest of the room by bars, as if they were cells at one time. This of course, as I have already indicated and which information I gathered from my landlord at the time when he let my rooms, had come about because the house had initially been used as a private asylum for the mentally unbalanced. It was grim, ironic justice, I thought, that Marion should now make the acquaintance of the Snuggery, because in my estimation she was emotionally unbalanced!

I had had the floor covered with thick Persian carpets and rugs, and the two alcoves converted into nominal photographic laboratories, but in a way that had made them suitable for lavatories and dressing rooms. As it now appeared - just as it had to dear Alice - it seemed a most pretty and comfortable room where one could chat in quiet and take a glass of port. Of course, it was actually an admirably disguised torture chamber.

I had, in advance of Marion's coming this afternoon, placed a pair of black velvet drapes over the door entering this secret chamber, and I now adroitly led the way towards to that draped entry rather than to my front door. I was able to do this principally because Marion was still reacting from her choler towards me, and did not notice that instead of taking a straight line to the front door through a little antechamber, she was in reality turning slightly to the right and finding herself against the draped entranceway. I quickly whisked aside the drapes, put my hand to the knob of the door and flung it open, and, with a haughty toss of her head, she passed, not across the little antechamber door, but rather over into that room which was to spell her ultimate downfall and surrender!

CHAPTER THREE

No sooner had Marion crossed the threshold than I closed the door and turned a secret spring lock, artfully concealed to one side of a mechanism of the regular knob and lock I had had this installed shortly after my conquest of dear Alice, and possibly it was a stroke of Providence which had furnished the inspiration. Perhaps subconsciously I had always dreamed of subjugating and mastering haughty Marion, and this little mechanism would aid me greatly in making the dream now come true!

She glanced around, and then turned to face me, a look of indignation plainly written on her beautiful, insolent features: "Where have you taken me, sir? I told you I wanted to be quits of you, and yet you have led me into another room. Is this part of your trickery and cunning?"

"No, it is part of yours," I said coldly to her, and it amused me to see her recoil and her face turn crimson with anger at this audacious and discourteous retort.

"How dare you!" she drew herself up to her full height, her eyes flashing daggers of enmity at me.

"It appears, Marion, that a man must dare a great deal to overcome your intolerably detestable nature. Even if I had been furnished no details whatsoever, I should be able to conclude for my own analysis of your personality exactly why your husband found it necessary to leave your bed and board," I said with a casual shrug.

She uttered a little cry and then, taking a step forward, slapped me across the cheek. It was a smart, stinging blow, and my eyes widened with delighted surprise. Now she had really added to her account; in fact, she would need an extra page just for that one mark of disfavor in our little ledger. It was already looming into quite a debt.

"Good!" I said, "because now we can be on equal terms. You have insulted me, you have deprecated and disparaged my character without reason or cause, and now you strike me simply because I am candid enough to tell you that it is unfair of you to use your sex as an immunity. If you were a man, Marion, and had dared titter a third of these irritating syllables you have already uttered in my presence, to say nothing of this

last courtesy of yours, you would already have merited a sound thrashing with my fists, if not at worst a challenge to a duel. But since you are a woman, and I do not believe and never have believed that a member of the supposedly tender sex should go unrebuked and unscathed for taking unfair advantage of the differences between the sexes; you shall have to be punished in a different way. And I think we shall begin this way."

Saying this, I pushed her into the famous armchair which I have already described, and bent down to touch the mechanism which at once folded its arms around her and clutched her to it as if, inanimate object though it was, it already shared my growing desire for her tasty charms!

"Ohh! What have you done to me? You villain, you brute, you scoundrel! Help!" Marion cried frantically, as she tried to kick her legs and to lift herself out of the chair. But she was pinned as in a vise, and there was no help for her.

"Cry out as much as you like, my dear," I told her coldly, "the room is padded. It was once used to harbor deranged patients, who could evoke a veritable bedlam with their clamoring and yet go unheard outside these walls. If it pleases you to vent your rancor and your thoroughly spiteful nature by shouting, I shall not make any attempt to stop you. In centuries past, they used to bleed patients possessed of a temper; but I find that your cries and your indignation will help to alleviate some of the hot blood that must be surging in your unfriendly self."

Evidently no one had ever talked like that to Marion before, for she regarded me with gaping mouth and dilated eyes, while the heaving of her magnificent bosom told me that she was far from being impervious to my gibes. Also, her struggles had rumbled her skirts and petticoats, so that I was able to catch a glimpse of a very well-turned pair of ankles and the most deliciously sleek calves in all the world, calves which could comparably be displayed side by side with those of her delicious sister Alice and not come off second best.

I contemplated her for a few moments, watching her fume and struggle and send murderous looks in my direction. Indeed, if looks had been able to kill, I should not have been able to accomplish my devious purpose with this very tasty and delectable victim. But instead, I nonchalantly strolled over to two of the pillars, and touching the button

set in a panel in the wall, lowered a pair of rope-pulleys so that they would be at the proper height when I moved her under them. For I meant to fasten her by the wrists and hoist her and then leisurely proceed at my own discretion and inclination to her disrobing. And it would be even more prolonged and discomfiting to her lofty and indomitable nature than the manner in which I had proceeded with sweet Alice.

I nonchalantly lit a cigar and studied her. With her face colored with anger, her large eyes flashing furious thunderbolts which, alas for her, were powerless to deter my will, clutched by the insidious mechanical arms of this ingenious chair, Marion was really a mouthwatering morsel. I could hardly wait to get her undressed and naked, with her legs hugely straddled to bare the most intimate secrets of her anatomy and then to discover whether, for all her lofty airs and impertinent nastiness, she was really possessed of as ardent a temperament as I secretly divined she was. Because I felt certain that all these hostilities displayed in my direction originally stemmed from Marion's own sexual frustration and the disappointment she must have incurred at her husband's infidelity. She was simply trying to take out her own personal deprivations on others usually unfortunate to come in contact with her. But in me, I knew that she had more than met her match!

"Are you feeling more kindly disposed toward me now, and less intent upon doing me bodily harm?" I mockingly asked her as I approached the perfidious chair which clamped her so tightly.

I drew in a long savory puff of my cigar, and then breathed it out through my nostrils, till the aromatic heavy smoke reached her and she began to splutter and to choke and cough: "Aaaaah-oh, you wretch, you beast, to treat me like this! I shall go for a constable directly I'm out of this miserable hovel! I shall charge you with assault and bodily harm, sir, and you'll be taken to the Bow Street prison where you belong! Oh, you'll pay for this dearly, sir, and my sister will never again make the tragic error of returning into your clutches!"

It took masterful self-control to stand there listening to her tirade while all the time my glittering eyes surveyed her squirming figure and conjecturing what it would be like once the thick outer and inner garments had been removed one by lingering one. I asked myself all

sorts of exquisitely salacious questions, such as, would the hair around her cunt be as thick and luxurious and silky as dear Alice's? How would her nipples react to a good tickling with the feather? Would the lips of her cunt moisten and twitch as quickly and as readily as Alice's when the feather was brought to bear against them? What would she do when a man's profaning finger invaded the sacrosanct portals of her body? True, her husband must have had conjugal relations with her, yet in this prudish age in which we lived, my supposition was that he had never attempted anything more than the cohesion between prick and cunt, so therefore Marion must still retain the two entrancing virginities, the dainty little shadowy groove between the cheeks of her voluptuous bottom - would she willingly or unwillingly confess her possession of these treasures?

These and a thousand other stirring queries leaped into my febrile mind at this moment while I enjoyed my cigar and listened to her cries and groans and protests and threats. The more she struggled to be sure, the more she expended her nervous energy and so would become easier prey when the time came to remove her from the chair and to transfer her under the pulleys so that she could be properly fettered, hoisted and stripped.

I had already laid out over an armchair at the other end of the room, a silk dressing gown and slippers. Once I had tied Marion, I should let her wait my pleasure while I calmly proceeded to make myself thoroughly comfortable and at my ease. The thought of having her at my mercy while my naked flesh was covered only by the delightfully soft, titillating silk robe was already an enormous delight to anticipate. Yes, I have often felt pity for the man who, while undoubtedly possessed of as much virility and passion as I myself contain, but lacks the ingenuity and inventive knowledge to draw out his pleasures, to taste every possible subtle nuance of mental and visual stimulus, which is the only sensible way to enjoy the pleasures of Cythera which our goddess Venus has vouchsafed to mankind apt and astute enough to profit from her generosity.

Finally, when I had almost finished my cigar, I asked her, "If I release you from the chair, will you apologize for striking me and for all these insults?"

Her bosom heaving, in a hoarse, shaking voice, she immediately responded, "Never! I would rather die than apologize to a scoundrel like you! Oh, you have not heard the last of this, sir! You coward, to take advantage of me and to trap me, to hold me here against my will, to bruise me with this diabolical chair which is crushing me abominably! I shall bring civil suit against you, once you have spent a suitable time in prison for your nefarious conduct this afternoon!"

I asked myself whether Marion used this high-flown verbiage when she had been in bed with her former husband. Decidedly if she had, I could see one reason the more why he had left her for another woman who talked less and acted more honestly. I even asked myself whether she had ever yielded herself to him completely naked, as Alice had learned to do with me. Or whether, yielding at all, she had achieved pleasure for herself and would be honest enough to admit it Well, all these questions and many more which would arise at the moment and by and from the moment, would be answered by the delicious Marion before she would be allowed to set foot outside the Snuggery. That was my resolve, and the pursuit of my resolve is what I shall now narrate.

CHAPTER FOUR

I took a last look around the Snuggery, to remind myself once again of all its delightful propensities for subjugating a naughty, rebellious young woman like Marion. Not far from the pillars was an immense divan-couch upholstered in dark leather, standing on eight massive legs (four on each side), behind each of which lay, coiled for use, a strong leather strap which was worked by rollers hidden in the upholstery. Cushions were piled all over it to dissemble its actual role, that of a coercional whipping bench or couch of amorous surrender. Yes, everything was in place, and now the moment had come to transfer Marion from her immobilized pose in the armchair to a standing position from which I could leisurely proceed to caress and undress her to my heart's content... a euphemistic expression if ever there was one, for actually it would be to my prick's content!

I took a last puff of my cigar and crushed it out in a copper ashtray on a little tabouret next to the armchair in which the fuming beauty was incarcerated. She gave me a furious look of hatred, glancing at the cigar, which I had purposely not put out, so fumes of smoke still rose towards her.

"So you are still of a mind not to apologize, Marion!" I resumed my preliminary interrogation.

She did not deign to reply, but instead turned her face away and drew a long, shuddering breath. It was obvious that she was trying to impress me with the attitude that she could not bear the sight of me. Ah, but I would - bare the sight of her, and then poor Marion would just have to grin and bear it!

"Oh, well," I said calmly, "I shall let you go."

"And high time, too!" she angrily retorted. "But don't think, sir, that you can attempt to soothe my feelings by releasing me. I am still determined to prefer charges against you for your rude and ungentlemanly assault upon my person. You had absolutely no right to hold me here against my will, sir. It is a criminal thing, as you will soon find out!"

"That we shall see, my dear Marion," I replied as I touched the secret mechanism of the chair. The arms folded back and Marion was able, with a smothered cry of frustrated anger, to put her arms on the edges and to lift herself to her feet. Hardly had she done so, however, when I pounced upon her, grasping her by the shoulders and forcing her over to the dangling rope pulleys.

Now, these rope pulleys had already been admirably tested on her sister, as you will recall, and I had then used an endless band of the softest, strongest silk rope I could get made. The ropes and straps in the Snuggery were all fitted with swivelsnap hooks. All I had to do was slip a double band around Marion's waist or ankle, pass one end through the other, draw it tight, and then snap the free end into the swivel hook. No matter how much she should struggle or twist or plunge about, she could not loosen this attachment, a fact I had already learned when I conquered Alice. Moreover, the softness of the silk would prevent her finely grained skin from being rubbed or even marked, yet at the same time I could proceed with the utmost ruthlessness.

Marion had been taken by surprise, as I had hoped she would be. She was practically under the rope-pulleys by the time she recognized my purpose, and she began to utter wild cries, and to struggle and to strike at me with her fists. I disregarded her buffets entirely, concentrating on seizing her wrists with both hands; then, grasping the nearest rope-pulley, I fastened it securely around her wrists. This done, it was a matter of another moment or two to attach her other wrist the same way. I then touched the button, the ropes tightened inexorably, Marion's arms were drawn upwards until they were stretched to the maximum, and she was forced to stand erect from the pull exerted on her slender wrists.

"You villain! Untie me at once! How dare you treat me this way, you abominable man? What are you going to do to me? I warn you, you will suffer for this brutality!" Marion cried in a vibrant, shaking voice as she began to kick, while at the same time dragging on her bound wrists.

I watched carefully, and when I was certain that the admirable device of the silk bands attached to the swivel hooks would surely hold and that she absolutely could not free herself, I calmly went to the other armchair at the other end of the room, where my dressing gown and slippers awaited me. I had put up a Japanese shop screen beside the armchair,

and I retired behind it now, leaving Marion to cry out and inveigle against me while I simply undressed completely, then donned the dressing gown and belted it tightly, thrust my bare feet into slippers, and emerged from behind the screen.

When she saw me approach her in such intimate attire, her large eyes enormously dilated and her mouth gaped with the most consternated surprise I have ever seen on a woman's face. All she could say was "Ohhh!"

It was certainly a good beginning. I had managed at last to divert her arrogant and selfish nature from the righteous indignation which was consuming her. Now, perhaps for the first time, she realized that she had been most rash in flouting me and behaving in no way as a well-bred feminine guest should ever do in a gentleman's apartment.

Decidedly, she was quite feminine. The charming little fringe of exaggerated curls all along the top of her forehead contrasted with the prim bun into which her black hair was gathered at the back of her haughty head. Her dark blue eyes were glistening with undisguised rage, and I could not help but mark the angry curl of her ripe upper lip. Her complexion was quite good, and it foretold the most indescribably delicious moments for me when I should at last have every inch of it exposed to my eager gaze. Alice had ivory skin, but Marion's skin in some ways excited me now even more: it was a warm olive in tone, and that is a complexion which I had always believed to denote an ardent temperament.

"Are you quite through staring, yon contemptible brute?" she suddenly ranted, and before I could anticipate her conduct, kicked out her right foot at me. It was by great good luck only that I managed to recoil, or she might have kicked me very painfully in the shin or kneecap.

"I have hardly begun, Marion," I answered, "but it seems to me that you are trying to impede my view." It was evident to me, however, that, unlike Alice, who finally realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable, Marion was made of sterner stuff and would continue to rebel against my intentions and therefore hamper my full enjoyment of her luscious charms. "I shall have to take measures to quiet your angry spirit," I said jestingly.

Now there were rings set at the base of the pillars as well as at a point about eight feet from the floor. These lower rings would be extremely handy, for as I moved to one side of Marion, she launched another perfidious kick at my person, indicating that she did not intend to submit quite so readily as might be hoped.

So I procured two long silken ropes, after having measured the distance between the pillars and where she stood, and I moved to her right, squatted down, seized her left ankle with my left hand and wound the silken rope around her slim ankle with several turns, making a good strong knot. Next I secured the other end through the ring at the base of the pillar, which immobilized that leg. It did not take long to treat the other leg the same way, and by then, I assure you, Marion was in a perfect frenzy of hateful rage. To her credit, I must say that she had as yet displayed no fear, and I must say also that the sight of her sparkling eyes, her furiously flushed face, her defiant wriggling against her bonds, and the hoarse and insulting threats which she poured forth against me as I proceeded to immobilize her for the preliminary conquest of her person whetted my sexual appetites to a boundless flight of rapture.

"That's better, Marion. Now we shall be able to conduct a rational conversation, without your being able to interrupt it with unladylike kicks," I said as I approached her.

"You utter swine," she hissed between her teeth, "you are showing yourself in your true colors at last. Oh, I knew from the start, I knew intuitively what a dreadful mistake my poor sister made in ever becoming attached to you. But you wait, you dreadful monster, till I get out of here, and you will not be able to assault and maltreat any more helpless girls, I promise you."

"And I, for my part, Marion," I told her deliberately, staring into her eyes with a mocking expression on my face, "promise you that you shall not leave here till you have given me even more than your lovely and gentle sister has done, and that many times over."

She read my meaning all too well. She seemed to recoil in her bonds, as if throwing herself backwards away from me. Her eyes widened enormously, and then a sudden, fiery color suffused her olive-sheened cheeks.

"Since you have had the advantage of marital experience and estate over dear Alice," I resumed in my most taunting tones, "I expected that you would be more perceptive and would require less explanation of my feelings for you, Marion. You have an admirable figure, and it is plain to see why you attracted your husband. What I intend to find out, however, is why you failed to hold him, always assuming that he was as virile and appreciative a man as I myself. Yes, quite an excellent figure, although I personally should not choose so thick a fabric for your dress. It only hides the elegance of your bosom."

"How dare you!" she managed in a shuddering, low, husky voice.

"I shall dare a great deal before you leave here, Marion. And before you do, you will have paid me back for every slander, every slur, every haughty and insolent look, every threat and curse and vilification. And then there is that infamous slap you rendered me, thinking yourself beyond reprisal simply because of your sex. It is going to be a long afternoon for you, I fear. Let me see now, how shall we begin? But of course - I must see if those splendid breasts are as firm as they seem to be through your bodice!"

"What do you mean? You infernal fiend - I forbid you to touch me! If you do - I will kill you, I swear I will, as soon as I am free," she cried in an almost hysterical frenzy.

Looking up at the ceiling, she dragged ferociously on her wrists, but she did not succeed in loosening them to the slightest degree. And, much to my delight, her violent maneuvers made her breasts jiggle in the most suggestive way. I watched her greedily, waiting for her to come to the awareness that, despite all her bravado and defiance, she was doomed.

But from the savage rancor on her lovely, arrogant face, the fulminating surge of her magnificent bosom, and the convulsive jerks she continued to give to her pinioned wrists, it was evident that she was still a long way from that realization. As for myself, my cock was swelling and aching with the infinitesimal relish of the mysterious delights I meant to provide for it before this long and delicious afternoon had been concluded.

"Can it be, my dear Marion," I pursued a new track now, "that all this hostility of yours originates from your jealousy of Alice?"

She was startled by this unexpected question, for she looked at me with a piercing, questioning gaze, and her fine forehead furrowed as she strove to catch my meaning. Before she could reply, I continued in the same bantering tone, "Perhaps with you it is a case of sour grapes, my charming sister-in-law to be."

"You contemptible liar!" was her angry, hoarse retort. "You have no more intention of marrying Alice than does the man in the moon, and you will not have the chance, for I intend to inform her once and for all of your heinous character, you odious blackguard!"

"It has been said by many a famous writer, my dear Marion," I ignored her furious insult, "that hate is akin to love. Well, presuming that is so, you must secretly love me very dearly to hate me so, or at least to profess that you do."

"I - love you! Oh, you are impossible! I will not say another word to you except to warn you that if you do not release me at once, you will repent it till your dying day!" was her panting reply.

I drew up a chair and seated myself before her. She caught her breath and bit her lower lip, staring down at me. Now, perhaps for the first time, I could detect a hint of fear in those dark blue, imperiously cold eyes, for they now held a shadow of uncertainty. Almost instantly, however, she looked upwards and jerked strongly at her wrists, finding it difficult to balance herself, for the ropes at her ankles had drawn her legs slightly apart - though not to their fullest extent - and the traction in two directions was proving to be a sore trial for her.

"I assure you they will hold you fast till I deign to let you down, Marion. Yes, you are quite attractive, and I think you know it. I think perhaps you give yourself too many fine airs, and this may be one reason why you are no longer united with your husband. But quite beyond that, and let us be honest at this moment if at no other," I blandly continued, "is it not the truth that having learned that I am really not such an odious person after all and that my prospects and my person are quite sanguine, you resolved that if you could not have me you would make certain Alice would not either? This, my dear Marion, is the very quintessence of sour grapes."

"You are absolutely insane, sir, to even suggest such a despicable thing," and her voice trembled as her magnificent bosom began to heave wildly again. "I detest and abominate you, do you understand? If it meant my very life, I would never submit myself to you, and the thought that you have been able to enjoy my sister as intimately as I know you have - for her stupidly radiant behavior has told me that without her having had to say a word about what has passed between the two of you - really makes me quite ill!"

"But if Alice has not told you - to use your words, my dear Marion - what has passed between us two, you have no realistic basis for your repugnance. I mean to put you in a practical way of understanding just what does occur between a man and a woman. It may well be a lesson that you stand in need of, considering that you could not hold your husband for all your delightful charms. And now, with or without your leave, I am going to learn for myself something of their nature."

I had seated myself in this chair, just as I had done with her sister, only with Alice I had not bothered to bind her ankles because she had not thought of kicking me. I now placed my hands on Marion's waist, and she at once uttered an angry cry and twisted herself back from me.

"I warn you, sir, I warn you," she panted. "If you do me any indignity, you will expiate your crime in prison and for as long a time as I can have my solicitor charge you!"

"Well, since you have already determined to have me languish in a cell, my dear sister-in-law to be," I retorted merrily, "I may as well be hanged for a wolf as a sheep." So saying, I slipped my hands behind her shapely back and moved them round until they were at the sides of her breasts.

Marion uttered a wild cry and twisted and dragged at her wrists, to no avail. Gnashing her teeth, her eyes bulging with fury and now a definite fear, she tried to evade my unwanted caresses. I prolonged the moment to the longest possible degree, and then I boldly cupped the globes of her bosom through her clothes!

"Ohh! I forbid you - you inhuman monster. Stop that at once, you vile, lecherous fiend - Oh, help, for God's sake, help me! I am at the mercy of a monster," she shrieked.

I dropped my hands at once, letting her think she had won her point, for when I next pursued my devious designs upon her, it would be the more shattering to her enervated psyche. I stared up at her, seeing how violently her face was flushed, her lips trembling, her eyes exorbitant, her forehead deeply furrowed, and, delicious telltale sign, a bead or two of sweat appearing along her high forehead at the fringe of those flouncy, affectatious curls. Her breath was erratic, and her nostrils flared and shrank as she tried once again to wrest herself free.

Now, Alice's breasts were firm, upstanding, saucy, and inviting. Perhaps a trifle too full for perfection, but they were also set rather widely apart, and the aureolae were wide and of a most delicious soft pink hue, in whose centers nuzzled dainty little crinkly buds. Yet from the first tentative palpation I had had of Marion's bosom, it had seemed to me that her breasts were rather closely set together and splendidly shaped like firm ripe pears with an uptilting verve to their crests. Even through the thickness of dress and bodice and perhaps the camisole which she must be wearing, her flesh seemed to me to be wonderfully resilient and jouncy. It was a magnificent augury of what was to come.

In the pocket of my dressing gown I had deposed a pair of shears. These I had used to dispossess Alice from the confinements of her final veils. There can be no doubt that once a woman is stripped naked, and no matter how obdurate or insolent her nature, she cannot but sense an atrocious loss of pride and dignity when in the presence of her disrober. Well, I was counting on that in my plans for the final subjugation of arrogant and beautiful Marion.

I should say that she was about an inch taller than Alice, though the rather bulky way she was dressed suggested an even greater plumpness than her sister had in fact. This is why the disrobing of a charming woman is such a treat for a connoisseur of feminine pulchritude: until the very last moment he is kept in suspense as to the true beauties of the body he is about to lay bare for his carnal appeasement.

When I saw that the heaving of her bosom had somewhat subsided, I took hold of her waist again with both my hands and caressed it. Marion shuddered and closed her eyes, setting her teeth to keep from uttering a word. It was evident that she wished to give her executioner not one ounce of satisfaction. It was equally evident that she wished to give the

impression of death before dishonor, which was rather ludicrous, after all, in a married woman. But it was totally in keeping with her affectations and holier-than-thou personality. Yes, Marion, we are going to strip away that veneer of yours along with your clothes, I told myself.

Again and completely at my leisure, I considered her. She was damnably delicious, now that there was proof of her being somewhat less than an icy, untouchable goddess, a statue posed high above me on a pedestal. Now the gleam of sweat was more evident than before on her forehead, and long, shivering tremors swept along her tractioned arms and shoulders, while her face was flushed and taut with a mounting anxiety that insidiously began to gnaw against all her angry and heroic defiance. She realized that she was well caught and vulnerable, but I do not think she believed, even at this moment, that I would really go so far as I planned to do; undoubtedly the prim propriety of her upbringing and her outlook on marriage - though here, I will confess, I was speculating - made it absolutely inconceivable that a man should take and pinion and strip and feel and then have his way with her.

"If you were not quite so rebellious, my dear Marion," I now coolly remarked, "the two of us could be far more comfortable than I fear you are at this moment. However, Goethe has an admirable proverb which I shall render for you in the English translation. 'What you can do without, do without.' I fear, therefore, that I must content myself with the sparse means at my disposal till you show a less unruly nature."

And with this, rising from my chair, I pressed myself against her till our knees met and my hands moved round to press against her shoulders so her bosom could not evade my eager chest. Thus her face was posed inches from mine, and I could hear the rapid, agonized stress of her breathing as well as see the broadening of her lovely nostril-wings and read also in her dilated eyes the glazed shadows of her rising dread. She jerked convulsively against my hands, but I nonetheless thrilled to feel her fine, firm breasts mashing against my chest, outlining their rondures against the thick cloth which kept their olive-satiny goblets from my entranced gaze and touch. She twisted her face to the left, closing her eyes as another long shiver ran through her. Now I could see the fine beads of sweat all along her forehead and at the sides near those dainty ears, indisputable proof of her terrifying uncertainty, of the loss of her

vaunted poise and arrogance... the first true triumph against this embattled, beautiful young virago!

I could savor each triumph in its turn and time, and I was not greedy, though I confess it required the most powerful self-control of which I was capable to keep from altering my schedule of divestiture of Marion's raiment and the progression to tactual and erotic torments and tauntings which would finally wreak havoc on her delicious, naked, helpless person.

The cords of her round throat surged against the warm olive skin, and I saw the triphammering of the lovely little pulse at the soft hollow which told of her overwrought excitement and increasing anxiety. She had compressed her lips and kept her eyes tightly closed, trying to obliterate me in the manner of the ostrich which thrusts its head into the sand to deny the existence of the oncoming hunter. The time had therefore come to show her that I could not simply be wished away and that my will was stronger than hers, to say nothing of my desire.

So, stealthily releasing her quivering shoulders, I placed my palms at her waist, just at the curve of her rounded hips, which seemed much fuller than they probably were because of the width and fullness of the skirt, and then, without warning, I clapped my palms solidly against the cheeks of her bottom!

"Aahhh! You filthy devil - oh, my God, take your dirty hands away at once, you unspeakable, detestable, horrible beast!" was Marion's almost hysterical outburst. She lunged from side to side, throwing back her head towards the ceiling, but all she could see was the ceiling and the inexorable pulleys fixed in that firmament, and there was no reprieve in either. I pressed my palms more firmly against her behind, and with a groan, Marion pressed herself more closely against me, meanwhile glancing back and down at herself as if hoping that this was a nightmare and what she was experiencing was only a figment of her feverishly exercised imagination.

To rid her of that absurd notion, I spread my fingers fantail against the plump globes of her bewitching backside, and then I squeezed!

"Ohh! You beast - no, I don't want you to touch me! You infamous scoundrel, you blackguard - take your hands away from me at once!" she

stormed. Her voice trembled and shook with agonized and powerless rage as she trembled and shook with anger. Even as I stared at her contorted face, I could see the deepening of her blushes; and the effect of crimson against that olive skin, was, I must tell you, devastatingly exciting for me. My cock was now impatiently demanding some kind of participation in the fray, for I felt it swell and throb violently, lifting out the folds of my dressing gown until, had Alice's sister chanced to lower her eyes and peer down between our bodies, she could not have mistaken the nature of my own excitement.

"From the frantic wriggings my touch seems to produce in you, Marion," I remarked as I momentarily relaxed the grip of my sinewy fingers, "I am beginning to believe that your nuptials must have been thoroughly intellectual rather than carnal. What? Do you intend to imply to me that your husband did not hold you this way when he took his conjugal rights?"

"Ohhh!" Her gasp was utterly scandalized. She turned her face to the other side now, but her eyelids blinked rapidly and I thought I saw the suspicion of glistening tears in their shadowed depths. Her fingers clawed the air, and once again she wrenched feverishly at her bound wrists.

"Yes," I continued banteringly, "one would think you a virgin, Marion, from the way you squirm and gasp at the slightest liberty one takes with your delightful person. But surely the marriage must have been consummated in the time of three years."

"Oh, you - you demon - you horrid, overbearing, boorish swine!" she panted, and she turned on me such a withering look of feverish hatred that I almost quailed.

"As I remarked a little earlier," I at last countered her insult, "in the olden days physicians used their lancets to bleed a patient whose humor was choleric, lest he have apoplexy or be stricken with an attack of overly tautened nerves. You are overly hot, and I think the reason is the excessive clothing you are wearing. It is true the room is somewhat close. So instead of bloodletting, Marion, I shall put you somewhat more at your ease by removing some of your apparel."

"Oh God, no! You have no right! I forbid you - this is criminal, horrible, vile. Oh, help! Help, in the name of mercy! Will no one help me from this monster?" she shouted. Again she twisted to and fro and dragged at her ropes.

I put my left arm around her waist and with my right hand began to stroke her hip and bottom, totally ignoring her cries and gasps and groans, and managing her desperate wriggings with the grip of my circling arm. Again her head fell back, but this time her eyes were closed and only the trembling of her lips and the convulsive flickering of her nostrils told me what she was experiencing. So, too, did the tumultuous surging of her bosom which strained at the stuff of her dress as if longing to be liberated from its prison.

"Patience, Marion," I told her mockingly. Now seating myself on the chair again and keeping my left arm around her waist, I verified the appraisal I had already made of her hips and bottom by pressing my right hand even more firmly and tightly against those delicious curves. From what I could determine, she was about to show me a figure at least as enticing as sweet Alice's. How could a husband have left such a treasure without having educated her into all the ways of bliss that can be procured between a man and a maid? It must only be because she was not willing, or too prudish, or finally, because her husband was an utter fool. I would not make the same mistake he had made, I told myself.

At last I finished with the examination of her bottom, all throughout which she had groaned and squirmed and jerked uselessly at her wrists. She also made desperate attempts to close her widened thighs, quite unaware what a suggestive pose she was proffering even against her will, but of course the ropes at her ankles refused to yield even so much as an inch.

I released her waist also, and for a long moment I stared up at her, gloating at her confusion and feverish anxiety.

She was biting her lower lip repeatedly now, and I could see that the beads of sweat had fallen from her forehead, down her cheeks almost like tears. Her thick, long lashes fluttered almost incessantly. Decidedly, Marion's nerves were at a state of flux and she was at that

impressionable stage when she could no longer be mistress of herself so long as there was a master like myself present to direct her course.

CHAPTER FIVE

Once again I rose from my chair and, pressing myself tightly against the fuming young woman, cupped my hands around her voluptuous, firm behind and pressed her tightly up against me. She uttered a raging cry and struggled vainly to break loose, tilting back her head until the cords of her neck stood out against the soft, warm olive skin in the most obvious display of aversion to my person. Her lips curled back to bare fine, strong, white teeth, and altogether she presented the most alluring portrait of rebellious femininity at bay that I had ever encountered. I was greatly pleased with Marion; by contrast, sweet Alice had succumbed with far less hostility. But this duel which I foresaw between Marion and myself could only procure me a thousand more new and seductive joys which would redound to the more crushing defeat of Marion herself!

By this time, also, she could have no doubt of the state of my own emotions as I kept her pressed tightly against me. My angrily stiff prick at last demanded its rightful emergence into the sphere of action, so to speak, and thrust out boldly through the folds of my dressing gown. The broad meatus, that valiant spearhead on which I proposed to skewer haughty Marion's proud citadel, rubbed against the hollow of her dress where I knew her crotch to be. And the burning waves of furious, crimsoning shame which beleaguered her now told me that she was quite sensible as to my intent, as well as to the adequacy with which I had come prepared to wreak my male vengeance for her effrontery.

My hands now left her bottom to rove down the backs of her thighs, pressing her full skirts tightly up against them so I could shape out those luscious columns. I felt them quivering and jerking against my appraising palpations, and stifled gasps emerged from between her clenched teeth, while her lashes fluttered and her eyelids blinked repeatedly as she stubbornly twisted her face as far from me as she could get it. But her body, rather more than her face, deliciously told me that she was not quite so impervious to my ministrations as she would have it appear, and as I pressed the head of my cock directly against her veiled grotto, I knew that the moment had come at last to carry out my decision of disrobing her, step by mortifying step.

Without a word of warning, therefore, I released her thighs, at which she gave a gasp, no doubt of relief, only to commence with the dainty mother-of-pearl buttons down the middle of her handsome chest. One by one I began to open these, while she stared at me for a long moment as if unwilling to believe that I would go so far as this.

But when I had reached the final button, she said in a shuddering, hoarse voice: "You villain, what are you going to do to me now? I warn you, treating a decent woman like this will mean prison for life for an unprincipled wretch like you!"

"Why, my dear Marion, since it is already certain that you mean to send me to prison for merely tying your wrists above your head just to give you pause for meditation," I tauntingly replied, "I may as well have some little pleasure for my trouble, to provide some pleasant memories for the period of my incarceration in a cell. Don't you think so?"

I now unfastened the two tiny buttons of the high collar of her frock, and this gave me full leeway to take hold of the yawning flaps from her throat down to the lower curves of her bosom and energetically rip the frock asunder at the front, exposing a short pink crinoline blouse under which was evidently a tight, white linen bodice. I smiled with amusement at this discovery, for it showed me that Marion was not only fastidious but also extremely prudish in keeping herself so voluminously veiled. For once, therefore, I did not regret this abundance of garments; the removal of each in turn would augment her anxiety and shame and frustrated rage, and thus heighten my own exquisite and gloating pleasures in this conquest of Alice's over-righteous sister.

"I shall, of course, replace this ruined frock, Marion," I remarked as I proceeded to unfasten the blouse. She uttered a cry of horror and resumed her struggles to get free. She lunged backwards and then to the side, energetically tugging at the tethered wrists, but her face, was congested and red with the violent waves of crimson sweeping over her, both from her exertion and her mortification. The visions I had of the skin of her warm upper chest and throat were enough to inflame my determination to husk her completely naked. There was on her collarbone to the left a most adorable little brown, oval-shaped birthmark, which I playfully stroked with a fingertip while I paused to let her take stock of her situation. In this disheveled disarray, standing with

legs slightly spread and arms tractioned above her head, her face scarlet and her teeth chattering, her sensuous nostril-wings flaring and shrinking, and her large eyes blinking uncontrollably as, no doubt, she fought away the treacherous tears of anguish which all this was causing her, Marion at this moment excited me even more than had my beautiful Alice at the moment of the latter's subjugation.

I was not ashamed of myself for this fickle transfer of affections; a prick has no conscience and it is entirely a creature of hedonism, no matter how cerebrally its owner may be motivated. Had Alice been in Marion's place at this moment, my prick would doubtless have had as great an exuberance, but Marion must now bear the brunt of its desires.

Now at last I reached the bodice, and I extended my right hand toward the dainty buttons, while my left moved behind her to palm the small of her back so that she might not lunge away from me. As my fingers touched the first button, she panted in a choking voice: "In God's name, no - don't do this to me, sir - if - if you mean to frighten me, then be sure you have. I am dying of shame - I - I entreat you to be merciful!"

"But I am being merciful, Marion; for all your jibes and slander, as well as for your slap, I might, had I been more ruthlessly inclined, have taken a whip to those soft shoulders and that plump backside whose dimensions I am longing to behold, after having felt you just now. No, quite the contrary, Marion. You see in me an admiring spectator standing ready to salute your hidden charms, and you cannot accuse me of cruelty. It is rather you who are guilty of that for hiding your delicious person with such a confining amount of garments."

"Ohh, you - you wicked, heartless, infamous man!" she breathed, turning her face to the left, closing her eyes and compressing her lips, while a long shudder rippled through her body.

I now unbuttoned her bodice, and as the last button gave way to my impetuous fingers, she uttered a low groan and bent her head a little, trembling convulsively as she felt me drag apart the folds and expose in all their glory the sumptuous turrets of her naked bosom.

I almost gasped myself in ecstatic admiration. Marion's breasts were really splendid, boldly uptilting pears with the sauciest, firm dark coral nipples imaginable. The aureolae were wide and of a brownish-orangeish

hue, and I could not take my eyes off them for a long, devouring moment. But when at last I extended my hands and cupped those firm, satiny-warm gourds, my thumbpads delicately pressing the pert buds back into their centers, Marion uttered a shriek of shame and rage, and violently flung herself backwards to escape the ignominious palpation.

How I reveled in the warm, palpitating feel of her naked breasts against my eager hands! Her panting, sobbing and tumultuous breathing made them flutter like doves in my avid grasp, while she turned her face from side to side, her forehead now damp with agony-sweat, continuing to jerk at her bound wrists and claw the air uselessly with her long, slim fingers. I knew that she longed to rip and shred my face with her sharp-buffed nails if she were free, and the knowledge that she was utterly at my mercy and must endure all that I cared to inflict upon her, filled me with a glorious exuberance and an incomparable vitality. My prick ached so savagely that I determined to give her a brief respite so that she could once more reappraise her situation, which was certainly no more desperate than at the outset.

I seated myself before her while I planned the next step in my campaign to subjugate haughty Marion. You will recall that I had had to undress Alice forcibly, though I had not needed to use the scissors; I very much doubted, however, that Marion would give me the same kind of passive resignation, allowing me to work her clothes over her clenched hands, over the ropes, then release each rope in turn, slip the garments down and off, then refasten the noose. No, it would actually be more exciting to cut away Marion's clothes when the moment came to expose the most intimate parts of her body. I had already ripped her frock down to the waist, badly enough so that it would certainly need replacement.

I therefore lit a fresh cigar and sat there silently watching her while I puffed away, sending puffs of smoke into her scarlet, contorted face. She coughed, twisted her face from side to side, clenched her teeth and moaned, trying her best not to look at me during this prolonged interlude. All this while I feasted my eyes on the shuddering rise and fall of those heaving loveglobes, whose nipples seemed to have darkened and stiffened now that they were exposed to the air and to the burning caresses of my enraptured gaze.

"Well, Marion, are you beginning to realize that your sharp tongue and impulsive belligerence have condemned you to reprisal?" I mockingly asked after this long silence.

"Have - have you no decency in your nature, s - sir?" she at last forced herself to speak, and her voice was low and husky and trembling with the effort it must have cost her. "Very well. I admit that I behaved rudely to you, and I should not have slapped you, but that gave you no right to abuse me and to shame me in this way, which is criminal, as you surely know. Let me go now, at least, to make some amends for your disgraceful and horrid conduct. In return, I - I will apologize for having slapped you."

"What, so soon contrite, after so determined and embittered a resolve to have me imprisoned, Marion?" I chuckled, as I took a long puff at my cigar and sent a wreath of aromatic blue smoke into her contorted face. "I confess I like you better as an enraged Amazon, ready to claw and rend and decimate me at all costs. So you are willing to apologize for the slap, are you? And do you think, Marion, that will even the score between us, Marion? You, who from the outset tried in every way to hamper my romance with your sister. You, who constantly blackened my character, even before we had come to that first rift which was your doing, trying to set her mind against me and to deny her her own natural inclinations."

"You are a heartless wretch to have so entrapped me," she panted, frantically glancing down at her front and biting her lips again as she saw how lewdly the ripped front of her frock, the yawning blouse and bodice, exposed the glories of her olive-sheened, panting naked bosom. "You dared lure me here by saying that you could inform me of my future happiness, only to brutalize and manhandle me in this abusive and criminal way - surely whatever I have done to you is more than wiped out by the offense you have given me this afternoon."

"Not by one thousandth part, I fear," was my reply as I leaned back in my chair and leered up at her, giving her a taste of her own medicine, as it were. "You very nearly cost me my sweetheart, you dared to set yourself up as judge and jury over me, whereas now I merely pay an admiring tribute to your womanly attributes, Marion. Indeed, I have been asking myself all this time if you were truly a woman, to have so little heart and so much spleen and so much vindictiveness."

"And that is a damnable lie!" she burst out, her naked bosom heaving, wildly as she struggled with the bonds that held her. "I could not possibly in all the world have the slightest regard for a beast and traducer like you, even if you were the only man alive!"

"Now that is much better, and I much prefer it. It comes from the heart and is therefore more credible," I mockingly told her. "And I did not lie when I told you I would give you information as to your future happiness. I shall proceed to do that, Marion, by continuing with my plan to draw from you even more truthful and sincere reactions which will once and for all set to rest in my mind the doubts I have had. For all this while you have represented yourself as a stone statue, with no more heart than that and no more soul and no more understanding of what may pass between a man and a maid who desires him. Prepare yourself, then, to learn the absolute truth about yourself before this afternoon is ended."

I crushed out my cigar in the ashtray and rose from my chair. Marion sucked in her breath, her eyes widening supremely, and tried to fling herself backward at my approach. Once again I put my hands out to those splendid naked globes of her bosom and lovingly squeezed and stroked them, feeling her nipples stiffen and tingle as my palms lingeringly grazed those crinkly tidbits. Then once again I seated myself and, while I kept my eyes on her scarlet and contorted face, I lowered my hands under her voluminous skirts and suddenly yanked them up.

"Oh my God, no! Don't do that! Oh, I'll kill you for that - stop it - oh, help me, help me, for God's sake, won't somebody help me?" Marion shrieked. With all her might she lunged this way and that, trying to jerk her ankles against the confining pinions, dragging on her tractioned wrists, while her beautiful bare breasts jiggled and danced in the most delicious choreography.

The skirt was exceptionally full, and besides this she wore two attractive lawn petticoats. When I had grasped all this bulky fabric in my left hand and lofted it up to her waist, I found to my rising excitement the vulnerable target of her loins and bottom sheathed in dainty lace-trimmed pink silk drawers, whose legs reached nearly to mid-thigh and whose snugness shaped out the plump prominence of her Mount of

Venus. I even fancied I could see the thick bush of black silky curls which framed and shielded her luscious cunt.

"Nooo!! Let my clothes down, for God's sake. Oh, you infamous brute, you vile, despicable fiend!" Marion screamed hoarsely, beside herself to find herself in such desperate straits. She wriggled and twisted frantically, straining to clench her thighs, which of course she could not do. I kept the mass of garments lifted high and now, leaning forward, I began to stroke her shapely thighs, sheathed in black silk stockings which disappeared under the legs of her drawers. I could see the white satin-elastic sheath of her stays framing the sides of her drawers and girdling her about the waist, and I now temporarily released the up-rucked mass of skirt and petticoats to use both hands in unfastening the stays, which dropped to the floor between her legs. At that she uttered another agonized shriek of indescribable fury and despair.

I felt I must, in all conscience, though I had no great love for Marion, grant her at least a gentlemanly alternative of release without force, and so, removing my hands and letting her skirt and petticoats drop down, I demanded, "If you will agree to remove all of your clothing and offer yourself to me as a sign of contrition for the wrongs you have done me, Marion, I will let you down from the ropes and treat you with that kind of honor that a man accords a woman who willingly yields herself."

"Oh my God, you must be raving mad!" was Marion's hoarse, almost shouted reply, and she glared at me as vindictively as she had from the very outset "I will give you no satisfaction, you hideous monster, you blackguard, you debaucher of innocent and helpless women! Oh God, why did not my poor deranged sister tell me of your cowardly and perverted nature? What hypnotic coercion did you use to force her to your bestial desires?"

"Better and better," I complimented her in jest. "For this abhorrence of yours for me is almost genuine. As such, it is a challenge I cannot gainsay. You have asked a question, and I shall give you an answer. Yes, Marion, I propose to use on you those same methods of hypnotic coercion, as you so picturesquely term them, that I used on sweet Alice. Then you will be in a fair way to make honest comparisons, which will, I trust, prevent you in the future from jumping to malicious and

mendacious conclusions. I am going to strip you, my beauty, and I am going to get to the very roots of you. You may prepare yourself!"

With this, despite her frenzied cries and struggles, I pitilessly rose and, seizing the rent folds of her frock, gave an energetic yank that tore the fine material down to the very hems, so that the tattered frock hung loosely around her shuddering and straining body. I found the drawstrings of the petticoats and loosened them, although of course, because of the slight spread of her lower legs, they remained clinging to her lower limbs.

The scissors were deftly applied to them and in a few minutes, all these garments festooned her as she stood exposed to me now in the magnificent deshabelle of drawers, stockings and shoes, with her upper body slightly covered only by the unbuttoned blouse and bodice that yawned on either side to bare the tempting glories of her warm olive-skinned breasts.

She began to cry out for help in a hoarse, agonized voice, throwing herself this way and that, making her naked bosom globes dance and jiggle in the most lascivious manner. My prick could not stand such excitement without a further respite, for it bulged out of my dressing gown in all its stiff and inflamed virility. So once again I seated myself and tried to regain my composure, for I had no intention of hastening the conquest of this beautiful virago. Meanwhile she hung there in her bonds, panting and gasping, her face crimson and damp with sweat, her nostrils shrinking and flaring erratically, staring at me as if I were the very Devil himself, an attitude of fearful respect which I, for one, found most appropriate to the occasion!

"Now that is better," I at last commented in a clam, composed tone which told me I had at last succeeded in regaining mastery over myself and that I could proceed with full dignity and calculation to the conquest of Marion's tasty and most secret charms. "With all of that oppressive clothing removed, you are not likely to get so heated, and you are therefore much more suitably prepared to appreciate the nature of my hypnotic coercion."

"I will kill you for this, you monster!" she murmured, flashing me a savage look of undisguised look of hatred.

I can assure you, dear reader, that far from wishing to accede to her murderous desire, I had every intention of living a good long while, or at least so long as I could do justice to the mouthwatering treasures which Marion so unwillingly displayed before me. Now I could really appreciate the gracious and ample contours of her voluptuously mature body. A good inch taller than my sweet Alice, she was magnificently formed. Her thighs were somewhat longer than Alice's, and gradually rounding as they neared the appetizing hemispheres of her bottom. Her calves were sleek and rather sinuous, beautifully muscled and sculptured in the tight cling of her black silk stockings. Her knees were delightfully dimpled and suavely rounded. Going behind her for a moment to appraise her bottom, which portion of a woman's anatomy has always given a special impetus to my erotic passions, I was entranced to find that her posterior was in some ways even more exciting in conformation than sweet Alice's. The cheeks were broadly oval and highset, with a flare and jut to the summits that was absolutely impudent and audacious. The sinuous furrow that separated them widened at the base to suggest a most delicious access to both her sexual orifices, only one of which I knew to be virgin - or at least, guessed it to be as much. Also there was a wonderfully sensual mobility to that backside of hers, for as she sensed me behind her and contemplating her, Marion tightened her sphincter muscles with a supreme effort, making the full oval globes flex and contract lasciviously, as she tried to diminish the contours of her luscious posterior and to defend herself against both gaze and touch.

Standing behind her, at last I reached out and around her to cup the delicious lovegourds of her bosom and to pinch the nipples between thumbs and forefingers. As I expected, Marion gave a shriek and lunged and twisted, but I stood up close and I felt her resilient bottom grind and rub against my belly and loins, further agitating my aching prick until the sensation of lust was almost insupportable. Violent shuddering spasms wrenched her voluptuous body as she fought to disengage her naked bosom from my profaning clutches. The smell of her body was equally exciting to me; she had used a delicate verbena perfume, and coupled to it was the aphrodisiacal scent of sweat and of female flesh to which clung, also, the scented odor of her clothing. I detected a fine sachet. And this compound of both artificial and natural bodily effluvia whetted me as my nostrils savoringly drank it in.

Now my hands glided down her naked sides and towards the front of her drawers and, finally, to my indescribable delight, I had one palm right over Marion's cunt! Oh, how plump and enticing it was through this single thickness of fabric! My other hand rested on her inner left thigh, and I could feel the flexions of her muscles in fierce protest against my sullyng touch of the most private portion of her delicious anatomy.

"Take your filthy hand away from my person - oh my God, you beast, you contemptible swine!" she panted. She jerked her bottom back to remove her front from my attack, only to feel the prodding jab of my swollen cock right up against the cleft between her bottomcheeks. She was between Scylla and Charybdis, on the very horns of a Damoclean dilemma, and she realized it at once, for as she felt the rude jab of my enraptured prick against her scantily sheathed bottom, Marion plunged forward again with a wailing cry: "Aaaahhh! For God's sake, no - don't shame me like this - you brute, you monster, you shameless blackguard!"

"For one who was about to apologize in the most contrite manner, my dear Marion," I told her, "you seem to have renounced that temporary humility and determined once again to defy me. Good - I accept your challenge gladly. Do you feel where my hand is, Marion! Did your husband ever caress you thus in the privacy of your conjugal chamber?" and with this I pressed my hand tightly over the prominent Mount of Venus. You cannot imagine the sensations I derived therefrom; not only the bliss of realizing that haughty Marion was at least completely in my power, mine to do with as I chose, hers to endure what I chose to inflict - but also the physical awareness of her womanhood. Oh, she was abundantly fleeced! I could feel the mass of silky curls right under the thin material of her drawers, and I knew those curls must hide the bower of her most intimate femininity.

I could no longer control my lustful urge to see those supreme charms of hers completely unveiled, and so I attacked the tapes of her drawers, which were quite tightly knotted as if in advance she had determined to provide her loins with the most infrangible of barriers.

"Oh, no don't - Oh merciful God, you can't intend to do that - Oh God, come and help me - somebody help me - he's going to ruin me!" she shrieked aloud.

It was almost ludicrous, this call of hers for help, this declaration of her dreaded "ruination". From a virgin I would have expected it as a normal reaction to the initiation into the sweet mysteries of fucking; but Marion had been married for three years and could not, surely, boast of having retained her maidenhead. Or - sudden, titillating hypothesis - had she actually held off a man of normal appetites with every marital right to gratify them by denying him access to this furry niche on which my palm pressed so greedily? I paid no attention to her shrieks and clamorous cries, and I let her struggle and twist and wrench herself about all she chose while I concentrated on the unknotting of those drawstrings which denied my eyes and hands and cock the accessibility to both of her womanly grottoes.

At last I felt them yield, and I grasped the tops and then rolled them downwards with a single husking jerk.

"Aaahhh! Oh, dear God in heaven - no, stop it, you hateful brute - let me go!" Marion hysterically screamed, turning her congested face back over one shoulder as if to appeal to me for mercy.

Her drawers had been tugged down just below her buttocks and would go no further, owing to the slight spread of her writhing, stockinged legs. Oh, magnificent vista, the olive-smooth, warm satiny resilience of her naked bottom, those two full oval cheeks tightening now as poor Marion sought to dissemble her nakedness from my blazing eyes, from my perfidious, searching fingers! The ambery-shadowy cleft almost disappearing in this supreme contraction of her bottom muscles, Marion, hinging and twisting; tried frenziedly to break her bonds and get free from what was in store for her!

Her bottom was absolutely breathtaking in its configuration and its satiny smoothness. It possessed a mobility, an agility and a musculature which promised the most lubricious joys under the assailing onslaught of my possession of her flesh. There was at her chinkbone a most adorable kind of dimple, so that the prominent jut of the buttocks became that much more accentuated.

But before I tortured myself further with palpating the naked flesh of her behind, I must see her cunt, I told myself. And so, stepping around her, pushing back to the chair, I devoured her with my gaze while her face,

scarlet and contracted, glistening with beads of agony and shame-sweat, the haughty black-haired sister of my beloved Alice writhed and groaned in a tumult of distraught emotions. Yes, it was as I had surmised: the plump triangulated aperture of her cunt was completely covered with a thick forest of glossy, silky black curls which extended from the lower abdomen and grew in profusion right over the lips of her delicious snatch, disappearing below the orifice and doubtless growing along the intimate and humid connecting groove which led to her nether slit!

Words cannot describe the exquisitely salacious picture Marion made with her silk drawers rucked down just under that appetizing cunt, stretched by the slight spread of her shaking stockinged thighs, with the sweet, delicately rounded goblet of her belly adorably marked by that tempting kiss-nook which was the navel.

I was shuddering with desire and my eyes were blazing. Alice's cunt was full and plump and fleshy and prominent, but that of her sister had, shall I say, an even more seductive allure for me. At first glance, even though the thick black curls concealed its conformation, it appeared that the outer labia were somewhat more pronounced and also that the aperture was deeper than sweet Alice's tender slit I now placed my left palm on her naked hip, and Marion started convulsively as if she had been touched with a red-hot poker, uttering a wild gasp: "Ohh no, for God's sake, no Don't touch me, you horrid villain! Kill me - kill me instead!"

"But that would be punishment in great excess of what you really deserve, my beloved sister-in-law to be," I jested. "No, Marion, I promise you that you shall be kept alive, and that you will never be more alive in all your life than during the next hour or so. Ah, I see that nature has given you as protective a veil as that which you selected in your choice of attire. But let us see just how hardy it is against the siege of my eager fingers."

With this, I applied my right forefinger to the thicket of jet-black curls and Marion, with a wild scream, lunged her bare bottom backwards in a futile attempt to evade my profanation. But the first touch I had of those thick ringlets made my cock throb with elysian anticipation. Thick though they were, they had a softness and curliness to them that bespoke an absolute treasure trove of Venus beneath their protective foliage. My left hand moved round to palm her naked bottom over both cheeks,

bridging the shadowy gap which separated their contracting hemispheres, and thus I could force her back to the peregrinations of my invading finger. She glanced back at that ungentlemanly hand, then once again dragged with all her strength on her wrist bonds, while tremor after tremor rippled through her tractioned body.

For a moment I was playfully content to press my forefinger here and there over the large mound and to feel the thick silky curls of that delectable quim. But now the time had come to explore her innermost secrets. And so, leaning forward in my chair, my left palm pressing hard against her naked, squirming posterior, forcing her to thrust out her loins willy-nilly, I began to probe with the tip of my searching finger. Just as I had imagined, the exquisite fleshy fig of Marion's cunt was much deeper than Alice's. The outer lips formed a soft gash in that lovely mound, and they were as yet dry - a condition which I meant soon enough to alter - but deliciously crinkly-soft to my discriminating touch.

As my fingertip brushed that sensitive outer gateway which led to Marion's lovechannel, she uttered a low, sobbing groan, twisting her face to this side and then the other, her eyes tightly closed and her fists tightly clenched, but the trembling of her jaw and the flaring of her nostrils told me that she was not at all impervious to what she was experiencing. Her breasts too entered into this tumultuous anguish, thrusting out with panting exhalations, and her stertorous breathing gave the lie utterly to her attempt at stoic indifference. To my great delight, as my finger passed slowly all along that delicious aperture, first at the base of the outer lips and up to the top, then down the other lip to the base where it joined its sweet sister, I felt the membrane twitch and flutter and quiver. Oh no, Marion, for all her prudery and prim hauteur, was by no means the stone statue of righteousness she fancied herself!

"You coward, to try to avenge yourself in this disgusting, bestial way," she suddenly flung at me in a voice that was choked with rancor and sobs.

I blithely ignored this outburst, and I proceeded to tickle the outer lips of that soft pink chalice relentlessly back and forth, till gradually I could feel them twitch and tremor and flutter almost uncontrollably, until I could hear Marion's gasps and whimpering moans exude more frequently from between her clenched lips, and until I felt the spasmodic

tightenings of her bottom muscles and the squirming, restless, uneasy movements of her naked behind against my restraining left palm.

Slyly then, I probed deeper, and I found the smaller, more delicate and slightly moist lips of the inner membrane which led to the vaginal sheath, the furrow down which at not too far distant a moment I knew my raging prick must needs surfeit its hungers for her tasty woman-flesh.

CHAPTER SIX

Just above the inner lips, my forefinger moved to discover the nodule of her clitoris, that fleshy little jewel, that lodestone, that kernel of passion which was the key to all Marion's womanly emotions and which should unlock the door to all her portals, no matter how much she fought to retain her defensive frigidity against my "abhorred" advances, and the prospect of my mastery and domination.

As my fingertip touched this tender morsel, Marion uttered a stifled groan, her head falling back, her eyes wide and exorbitant and her nostrils flaring delicately as a feverish spasm swept her entire body. Her body shook under the shock of this impulsion, and my left palm felt the convulsive jerk of the agile muscles under the satiny skin of her naked bottom. To distract her a little, I withdrew my left hand and suddenly ran it up under the leg of her rucked-down drawers, to find the stocking top. I detected the tight and flouncy rosette garter high on her thigh which kept the black silk sheath in such impeccably unwrinkled caress of her long, shapely leg. Plucking it out, I snapped it wickedly, and drew a startled little cry of "Ohh! d-don't!" and a convulsive wriggling that made my cock jump with savage ecstasy.

Again my right forefinger pressed against the nodule of her love-button, pressing it back into its protective cowl of soft, pink, protective loveflesh, then releasing it so it could bob up. This maneuver also produced a whimpering gasp and a convulsive twist from the frantic, helpless beauty, and she restlessly turned her face from side to side, her eyes again closed, her lips grimaced to show her clenched yet chattering teeth.

Now my finger withdrew, but only to attack the inner lips of her cunt again and to rim them with soft, tickling caresses, round and round, till I felt them fairly open and twitch and quiver in the insidious attunement which indisputably showed that for all her faults and her profession of disdainful contempt for the male animal, Marion was very much a warm-blooded female.

"You are extremely sensitive, it would appear," I told her, forcing my hoarsening voice to remain mockingly calm, to show her she could expect no wavering or indecision from me. "I wonder if your husband

must have utilized this hypnotic coercion, again to borrow your very graphic phrase, to bring you down from your aloof and untouchable pedestal."

"Damn you, damn you for your brutal, vulgar and vicious conduct to me, a helpless woman," she panted. And now she tried desperately to clench her thighs and wrench herself backwards away from my probing finger. I still had my left hand on her upper thigh, and I now snapped her garter viciously, stinging her tender flesh and drawing an anguished little "Oww-oww! End this-end this horror! Haven't you had revenge enough, you dirty brute?"

"I have hardly begun to wipe out your first sarcastic remark this afternoon, my charming sister-in-law to be," was my answer.

I now felt it necessary to call a momentary halt to the proceedings, because my plans had somewhat altered for the subjugation of Alice's sister. Marion was, after all, twenty-seven, two years older than Alice; and where Alice had been a virgin, Marion most assuredly could not be after three years of marriage. Yet to this point, though I had already stripped her and felt her a good deal, I had not actually ascertained her true hymeneal status, and this I meant to do forthwith. Moreover, Marion had grossly insulted and injured me and therefore deserved a sterner reprisal than I had given her delicious sister for holding me off yet still tantalizing me. No, I had steeled my heart; Marion should not be reprieved into receiving any of the tender and creature comforts which I had bestowed on Alice.

She stood there shuddering and groaning, her face turned to one side, resolute in her intention not to look at me and continuing her ridiculous ostrich-like attitude of trying to banish all this unpleasantness from her mind.

So, finally pushing the chair backwards, I knelt down and clasped her slim ankles in the black silk hose, and gradually ran my hands upwards, gently squeezing the fine calves and knee-hollows and thighs. While Marion cried out hysterically for help, and made the most violent contortions which her bonds permitted to try to close her thighs against my amorous inroads. She was closer to her moment of truth than she knew, for the sight of her in this scandalous half-nakedness had inflamed

me even more than the stripping of her sister had done, very possibly because of her resistance and defiance and continued arrogance.

"From the way you carry on, Marion," I said cruelly, "you would have me believe you to be an untouched, blushing, shy virgin who is ready to faint dead away at the first lustful touch of a man. Now I cannot credence this after three years of marriage, even though they terminated unhappily. I must therefore determine for myself what your marital condition bestowed upon you. In a word, my charming sister-in-law to be, I am going to see whether you still retain your maidenhead."

A look of horror passed over her face now as she stared down at me, her nostrils furiously dilating and shrinking, her lips trembling, and finally in a husky, stifled voice she panted, "I see that I am helpless now and that, cowardly dog that you are, you are determined to abuse me. Very well, I cannot prevent it, but I warn you that you shall pay dearly for what you have done to me. Oh, God, if I only had a brother or my husband to avenge me, you would be dead now!"

I did not reply to his, for I was staring eagerly at her cunt. The thick, abundant black curls which covered it themselves gave me no clue as to her sexual nature, but I now passed my right forefinger against the center of that hidden grotto and pressed it on between the fleshy outer lips of Marion's pleasure channel. She caught her breath and tilted back her head, her eyes desperately closed as tightly as she could get them, and her body went rigid. It was a magnificent spectacle to observe how the muscles of her sleek calves, so beautifully and provocatively sheathed in the clinging black silk stockings, flexed and trembled from the nervous stress upon her system in this beleaguered pose. I paid no heed to it except to constate it as a further proof that she would have me believe her immaculate and untouched ere this. And I foraged my finger onward, past the smaller inner labia of her slit, till I felt myself intrude within that tender mysterious groove which nature has afforded for the gratification of my sex. Up to the hilt I plunged my finger, and I looked up triumphantly: she was decidedly no virgin!

Her teeth were chattering again, and all her muscles were in mobile tension as she stood there, stiffened and quivering with baffled fury and shame. Once again her olive cheeks were dyed a flaming scarlet hue, and

the pulse-hollow in her aristocratic throat was even more visibly hammering from her agitated senses.

Whisking my finger out of her cunt, I straightened before her, and I boldly cupped her breasts, tickling her nipples with the tips of my forefingers as I stared into her congested face. My cock prodded against the silky hairs of her mount; and, sucking in her breath again very sharply, Marion executed a violent, convulsive recoiling with the intent of placing her most vulnerable niche at a distance from my person.

"So," I gloatingly remarked, "you are not quite the blushing maiden you would have me believe you to be. Now how is it that after three years of supposedly blissful conjugal relations, you decided to dispense with your husband? Can it be that he did not know how to satisfy your true secret passions, Marion?"

"Ohhh!!" It would be impossible to describe the horrified tone with which she pronounced this expletive. And for a moment, her large eyes opened and inflicted upon me a withering, raging look. Yes, I had hurt Marion in her secret woman's pride, I had implied that this haughty and patrician goddess had feet of clay and could not hold her man. I had impugned the most intimate part of her life, but you will observe that I had rather placed the blame on her husband than on her, lasciviously suggesting that her lusts were inordinate, whereas my belief was that it was quite the other way around and that very likely Marion was a deficient lover to the point where her husband had sought his amorous diversions elsewhere.

"Well," I continued, for I had now determined to carry on this delightful little ruse, "I will try my humble best to satisfy your desires, Marion. At the same time, my method should acquaint you with the capabilities I have for satisfying your sister whom I seriously intend to marry, and this time without brooking any further interference or nastiness from you. In a word, Marion, I am going to fuck you and I am going to try to satisfy the urges which I am certain give you such an irascible temperament... which can only come about when a woman is not sexually satisfied!"

"No! I shan't let you - I'd rather die, you loathsome beast! Help me, Oh, for God's sake won't someone help me? You shan't have me, you shan't!"

she cried in a loud hoarse voice as she flung herself this way and that against her bonds.

For answer, I unbelted my dressing-gown and slipped it off my shoulders, letting it fall behind me, and I was naked. My prick was in violent erection as you may well suppose, and the head was swollen and purplish with pent-up ardor. I stepped closer to her, and I reached round and palmed the lower cheeks of her bottom, luxuriating in the warm satiny smoothness of those impudent and resilient globes, in the frantic contractions with which all the muscles now came into play as she realized that her defeat was imminent.

Putting my lips to one of her nipples, I took it between them and nuzzled it delicately, flicking it with my tongue, and she uttered another hoarse shout, absolutely beside herself at the liberties I was taking with her fair person: "Ohh-no, no, you monster, you wretch, I don't want you to have me, I won't let you, I'd sooner die, oh let me go, you contemptible coward!"

Keeping my left palm against her quivering bare bottom, I shifted my right hand in front of us and with my forefinger I again attacked her cunt. This time, I went directly to the tender hidden lodestone of her clitoris, and I began to rub it insistently and lingeringly, making her thighs jerk convulsively with the erotic stimulus. I could see that beads of sweat were gathering in her finely downed soft armpit-hollows, and the scent of her sweat and of her naked flesh now began to overpower the artificial perfume with which she had doused herself. Her eyes rolled, her nostrils opened and closed convulsively and at a more accelerated pace, while she made a frenzied effort to clench her thighs and, of course, could not I cannot tell you what maddening pleasure I experience as I kept my left hand firmly pressed against her jerking, squirming, contracting naked bottom and my forefinger pressed against the nodule of her very life. And as I continued to suck and nibble at her nipple, I felt it stiffen and turgify, indisputable proof that she was, for all of her injurious and embattled behavior, a mature woman of ardent flesh and blood, quite capable of being stimulated to the point of yielding to the good fucking I meant to give her.

Now inarticulate groans exuded from her gaping mouth, as she relentlessly turned her face from side to side, and from time to time

dragged mercilessly on her bound wrists. It was evident that all of her senses were now being tumultuously awakened, try as she would to deny them. She had set me a magnificent challenge, and I was extremely grateful to her!

I swore to myself that I would topple her from this pedestal of exalted aloofness and that I would make of her a more humble and willing slave than even Alice was! Moreover, I would bring Alice with me as my assistant at a not too distant day, and the two of us would proceed to indoctrinate arrogant Marion into all the exquisite and perversely lustful pleasures that a man and a maid may take with a defiant woman!

But now the time had come for me to seek some momentary relief from the frenzied torment which I myself had suffered in this lengthy ordeal of hers. For a moment I took my forefinger out of her cunt, letting her gasp and shudder and slowly bow her head, while long rippling tremors of enervation swept over her. The down-rucked drawers festooning the tops of her straining thighs effectively hampered her movements, but they would not prevent my penetration of her soft fleshy cunt in the least. Later, to be sure, she would be further stripped and made even more acquiescent to my desire, I savoringly promised myself.

This brief respite left her more agitated than ever, Judging from the spasmodic heavings of her naked breasts. The sweet tidbit which I had sucked and nibbled at glistened with my saliva, and it was darker and stiffer, too. I had at last reached this aloof and disdainful creature and brought her. to a sensual awareness of herself, though I could only speculate on what emotions were truly roused by my so doing. For I had not yet learned the reason for her husband's breaking off with her, and I assuredly meant to before the afternoon was done.

Now, releasing her bottom, I used the median and forefinger of my left hand to delve through that thick verdure and press open the fleshy outer labia of her slit, while grasping my cock exactly at the groove with my right thumb and forefinger, I advanced my savagely rigid weapon towards its goal!

As soon as she felt my fingers on her cunt, Marion uttered a wild cry and again began to struggle with all her might, wriggling backwards, twisting from side to side, wildly dragging at her tractioned wrists, turning her

contorted, scarlet face in every direction as she supplicatingly besought some supreme reprieve. But this time there would be none for her!

For slowly, following her jerky spasms hither and yon in the short space which her bonds permitted, and keeping her cuntlips widely yawned apart, I at last entered my prick into the opening thus afforded, and, feeling myself well inside the outer portals of her slit, now gripped the lower curves of both buttocks with eager and sinewy fingers as I ruthlessly forced myself inside her till I was buried in her to the very balls!

Marion uttered a gurgling scream, and, in a supreme effort of contempt and maddened fury, spat fully into my face!

How I loved her at that moment, how I gloatingly savored this new and outrageously unladylike manifestation of her spleen! For now she had added not one but several fresh pages to the ledger of her account. She would be soundly punished for what she had done - after I had fucked her.

But the overpowering sensation of being inside of Alice's sister's cunt took full possession of me now. How wonderfully tight and warm she was, almost as if she were a virgin after all! I felt myself sheathed and clamped upon in her warm snatch, and I had no desire to move about, so rapt was I in tasting the myriad sensations of my sweet confinement. With my fingers digging into the cheeks of her bare behind, feeling the sporadic flexions and the quiverings of that resilient olive-satiny flesh, I once again bent my head to her other nipple now and began to suck it noisily, to embarrass and spite her, to suggest that we were the tenderest of lovers instead of the deadliest of enemies.

And when she felt that suction, the frantic jerkings which her body gave vent to provided me with the most delirious pleasure, for she was providing her own friction to my imbedded cock.

"Beast! Monstrous rapist! Filthy degenerate!" she panted in a sobbing, strangled voice. "Is this the way you overpowered my poor sister and made her your degraded slave? Oh God, if there is any justice, you will never live to boast of the bestial thing you are doing to me!"

"But again, you needlessly malign me, dear Marion," I twitted her as I pushed myself back till I was crammed inside her to the very hilt, wanting that luxuriating completeness of being thoroughly and fully housed inside her warm narrow quivering grotto. "Far from needing to force your sister, I may say that she delights in the attentions that I pay her. As I promise you that you will do before I have finished with you, my dear sister-in-law to be!"

"You selfish, vainglorious, hypocritical beast of a man!" she burst out tearfully, "So smug in your belief that because you are a brutal animal, you can make a decent woman yield to you and share your ignoble, filthy pleasures! You shall have nothing of me, you shall have to force me every step of the way, I will resist, I will rebel - Owww!"

I had found it rather repetitiously boring to listen to her jeremiads and upbraiding, so I had stealthily applied my left thumb and forefinger to the base of her right buttock and inflicted a painful quick pinch, which was the reason for her sudden rather ludicrous squeal of pain and the sudden wild jerk of her naked hips, which almost unsheathed my weapon from her amorous depths.

"That, my dear Marion, is a little advance on the punishment due you for spitting at me. I perceive that you are a nasty cat and such animals must thoroughly be shown who is master."

And as she writhed and groaned, I cupped both her naked breasts in my eager hands and began to suck first at one nipple and then the other, whilst arching myself forward so that every inch of my blade would be consummately burrowed in that tight warm sheath of hers. A sobbing groan responded to this new maneuver of mine, a sweet and thrilling promise that haughty Marion would ultimately abandon her raging defiance and become mine as surely as her sister had become!

CHAPTER SEVEN

At last I had achieved my long-dreamed-of match with haughty Marion. And yet I was a long way from having achieved full satisfaction - by that I do not mean climax, for the way her tight warm cunt clung to my imbedded cock told me that very shortly I should have to pay a tribute to her which would not be due entirely to her delicious powers, but rather to my own cumulative passion. No, the satisfaction I intended was to turn this aloof and contemptuous young matron into as submissive a love-slave as ever Alice now was... more than that, to make her humbly beg pardon for having so insulted and perjured me, to say nothing of the slap and the spittle which had been her tender gifts to me thus far. And even beyond that, I foresaw that I would have Alice and her lovely maid Fanny, and possibly even lovely Connie Blunt participate in a fucking and feathering and frigging fray wherein Marion would be the piece de resistance.

She had, to be sure, adopted the only possible attitude for herself; totally helpless, arms dragged high above her head, legs slightly spread and ankles tethered by the silken ropes to the opposing wall rings, she had tried first the ostrich trick of pretending that this was not happening to her, and now finally she had resorted to furiously defiant bravado, warning me of my demise for the great affront I had done her. She had not even begun to know the full measure of my capacity for subjugation.

For I wished her to enjoy the subtle psychological nuances of her own defeat as thoroughly as I now meant to enjoy her voluptuous, olive-skinned loveliness. To conquer her flesh was only half the battle, therefore.

I paused once again, grinding my teeth to hold back the sudden spasmodic urge to ejaculate my boiling balsam, and I contemplated her scarlet, congested face, admiring the lascivious offertory which her yawning blouse and bodice made to expose the heaving turrets of her beautiful bare breasts. Both nipples now were stiff and wet with my saliva, and that stiffness suggested a carnal attunement which I was not yet certain she actually felt. I would bring her to it, never fear!

"You are extremely tight to my fit," I now mockingly observed as my fingers sank into the quivering hillocks of her behind. "I ask myself, dear Marion, whether this presupposes an infrequency of pleasure between yourself and your so-recently departing husband. Can it be that he neglected you and did not perform his marital duties as often you would have liked?"

At this she stiffened and uttered a low, sobbing groan, twisting her face far to one side to avoid me, and I felt her trembling against me. You cannot imagine the fluttering, delicious sensations directed against my rutting prick by those tremors of her body which almost felt as if they came from her vaginal sheath itself. I realized also that her long sojourn in this vertical position which imposed such pitiless upward traction on her arms must by now be extremely irksome for her, but in no way did I feel tender-hearted enough to grant her mercy as I had done with Alice when I had allowed my sweet beloved to take her fucking on the couch.

Of course, to be perfectly truthful about that first glorious affair with the sisters, I must admit that Alice had not initially come to the couch at first of her own free will, for I had had at first to tie her over the stool and apply the whip smartly to her hindquarters to compel her obedience, after which I had bottomfucked her. Only then had she realized the uselessness of further struggles and decided to cast herself on my tender mercies and make the most - or actually the best! - of her situation.

But Lady Marion - or so I ironically termed her in my mind - should not have any such concessions. Her account was long overdue and it was by now far in excess of its original debt. I meant to humiliate her and shame her all I could, because by moral and mental suffering alone would it be possible to strip away this hypocritical smugness and holier-than-thou veneer with which she had cloaked herself so effectively.

Drawing my cock out to the very brink of her warm slit, while my fingers luxuriantly pinched and squeezed her bare bottom cheeks, I pursued my taunting interrogation: "No, I think we may both admit on good authority that you were not a virgin when you came to me this afternoon, by dear Marion, and so let us both seek to analyze what it was that drove your husband away and give me this golden opportunity to be alone with you in this cherished intimacy!"

"Oh, you vicious, unprincipled dog, you wretched scoundrel!" she, suddenly groaned, and blinked her large dark blue eyes, full of sudden tears, "it is no affair of yours, you monster, you demon! Yes, have your pleasure now, for I can't defend myself because of your vicious cowardice, but my turn will come, I swear it will! When the judge pronounces sentence upon you for your vile rape and disgusting treatment of a decent woman, then it will be your turn to quail."

"I rather doubt that you will prefer charges against me, my dear sister-in-law to be," was my reply as I gave her a nasty little pinch at the base of a jouncy bottom cheek by dint of squeezing thumb and forefinger together, making her squeal and wriggle in the most delightful way - which of course further rasped the tender lining of her amorous fissure against my hilted cock. "It would be your word against mine, and I may say that I have some fair reputation in the City and good acquaintanceship amongst many illustrious judges and notable barristers. But more than that, my defense would be that you shamelessly came, bereft of a husband who had not been enough to satisfy your carnal needs, seeking to seduce me. And when you found you could not by your blandishments, you ragingly set upon me, spitting and slapping at me like a common shrew. Now if you would attempt to give this the lie, my charming sister-in-law to be, it would be necessary for you to go into precise and intimate detail as to my modus operandi. I think you far too prim and puritanical for that. So you see, Marion, you will just have to resign yourself to the punishment which you so richly have deserved."

"You blackguard! A decent woman could not - would not have the vulgarity, the shamelessness - to speak of such monstrosities as you are committing now with me!" she moaned.

"Exactly. This shall be our secret between the two of us, unless you want me to tell Alice that you sought me out here in her absence so that you could partake of the sweet pleasures which till now have been hers solely to enjoy."

"You would not do that," she suddenly gasped, and her eyes were enormous now with a shadowing fear.

Aha! I said silently to myself. Can it be that I have unwittingly stumbled upon some secret difference between these two beauties which will really solve my domestic problems in the most delicious manner? So, pursuing this line of thought, I countered: "Yes, I rather think I shall do precisely that, Marion. Alice is likely to be jealous, you know, and since you are the older sister, she will resent your poaching in her premises. And the more so as, as I have told you, I intend to wed your sister as soon as she will have me."

Now I will confess in all honesty that I did not have an immediate intention of espousing my beautiful Alice, but I also hasten to add as a gentleman that it was not because I had already tasted her charms and known her favors. She was not any less desirable for all of that. No, it was simply that I had enjoyed my freedom all these years, and it gave me an inordinate sense of well-being and mastery to remain free of shackles and to proceed with a delicious woman like Alice as if I were the lord and she the concubine and quivering slave. However, it seemed to me that if I played my cards well this afternoon I might well achieve the most incredibly rewarding and complex of relationships, for let us say that I did wed Alice and now fully conquered her sister, would I not have two harem beauties to my beck and call? This mental process almost unnerved me to the point of losing all my gism, and it was only with a supreme effort that, grinding my teeth and closing my eyes, I could force back the furious ejaculation rising in my testicles.

It was salacious enough to conduct such a heated conversation with a beautiful young matron who was practically naked and bound to my desires, so salacious indeed that the mental awareness of it alone was enough to produce loss of control.

"Sir, I implore you, if you have any mercy in you, say nothing to my sister - and - and - " she could not finish.

"And what, then, Marion?" I pursued. Once again I pinched the base of her buttock to spur her to alacrity of response, and again she squealed and jerked this way and that, affording to my imbedded cock most delightful sensations.

"Aah! Oh don't, don't sir! It is dreadful to treat a woman this way, dreadful! Have you no kindness, no mercy?"

"Why? Did you expect any, after the way you stormed at me from the first moment you entered my apartment? And then after you slapped me and spit into my face? Oh no, I cannot credit you with any of the tender virtues which I most respect in womanhood," I answered. "But you have not yet answered my question: If I do not tell Alice about this little seance of ours, what will you do?"

"Have pity on me - I am so weak - I am helpless, and you are torturing me, shaming me. It's brutal and vile. Be merciful and let me go, and I swear I will forget what I said about denouncing you to the authorities," she finally quavered.

"I could not be certain of your word, Marion, since you have already broken it half a dozen times over since we entered the Snuggery," I said sternly. "No, you are going to give me full satisfaction. You are going to answer all my questions, you are going to obey my orders, and you are going to act like a woman at long last and not a creature of spells and tantrums and insolence. I do not recognize in you at all any of those sweet attributes which Alice so lovingly possesses. And to think it was you who came between us so long ago and postponed our happiness. If she were here now, Marion, I think she would want to stand here beside me and share my role of judge, jury and executioner."

This shaft struck home, to my great delight! She gasped and stared at me with tear-brimming eyes, her lips trembling feverishly, her naked breasts heaving in a tumult of agitation.

Then suddenly she stammered, closing her eyes and shivering as with ague, "Oh, in God's name, you mustn't tell Alice. Oh, please, have pity on me and don't do that, sir!"

"And why not? Do I owe you anything after the way you have flouted me, after the way you appeared a year ago between Alice and myself, and even now you harbor thoughts of estranging us," I warmed to my theme which by chance shot I had so fortunately discovered.

Yes, haughty Marion had her Achilles' heel after all; somehow, though till now I had not known it, there existed some kind of strained relationship between these two beauties, and much to my surprise I found that Marion was actually afraid of letting her younger sister learn about this exciting little interlude. But why?

"I know... I've treated you very badly. But you must understand - oh, how can you make me speak this way, tied as I am so indecently at your mercy? Let me down, sir, oh, please let me down and give me a chance to think," Marion stammered in a faint, husky voice which thrilled me to my very core. I was not yet ready to grant her this favor; I much preferred the hostile patrician who lorded it over me. To have her humbled thus suddenly was not entirely in my scheme of things. Yet I had to consider the alternatives.

Meanwhile, while she waited to learn my decision, I meant to appease the agony of my inflamed cock, which all this while had remained dug into the very vitals of her, tasting her warm, tight channel and appreciating with a savoring rapture this intimate cohesion between two people who had certainly not seemed at the outset predestined as lovers!

"I will afford you every opportunity to reveal your inscrutable nature to me, Marion, but only when I have fucked you," I told her coldly, and then sinking my fingers deeply into her velvety bottomcheeks, I drew back slightly and plunged to the balls inside of her, drawing a gasp from my beautiful victim. Now my self-control somewhat deserted me. The prospect of subjecting her and bending her to my will had seemed such a remote possibility and now was unexpectedly shown to me as an immediate possibility, and it quite destroyed my carefully conjured plans. So, with a groan, after two or three more deep thrusts inside her quaking cunt, I felt myself explode and spatter her to the depth of her matrix with my bubbling juices.

She gave a moaning sob at this knowledge of her sullyng, and, turning her head to one side, she let the tears run down her cheeks - abject and helpless, really a pitiable object, were it not that her damnably arrogant beauty had inflamed me to think of her more as a rebellious Amazon than as a pleading and humble mistress.

I withdrew myself and repaired to the water closet to sponge myself and make my proper ablutions. When I returned, it was to pose before her the large plate glass mirror nearly eight feet high which reflected her at full length. Stark naked, I moved to one side and studied her as she remained panting and groaning, and I could see the thick black tufts of her private hairs stickled with my copious libation to Venus. With her drawers still down just below the sweet grotto from which I had so

recently emerged, with the blouse and bodice swinging open to frame for my entranced view the sight of her two dark-nippled, heaving breasts, Marion was absolutely ravishing.

And now the second phase of my conquest was to begin, laying more stress on the psychological than on the physical, until I should draw from her all those secrets which as yet were denied me, so that I might taste her very marrow as no man had ever done before. Insofar as this could be done, Marion remained a virgin to me, an unknown quantity, whose unfathomed depths I meant to probe.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The mirror which I had placed in front of my quivering captive was not only tall enough but also wide enough so that it would reveal me behind her. By now I meant to pass to the second phase of her ordeal, which would be in part psychological and part physical, both parts meant to punish and humble and shame her to the utmost so that she would at last reveal the real reasons for her stubbornness and apparent frigidity and haughty cruelty towards me.

In my cupboard I kept a riding whip of a soft substance which was quite springy and elastic, and which had the particular propensity of stinging but not marking the naked flesh it kissed. I also had a long globe-box in which I kept about a dozen and finely pointed feathers. Both the whip and the feathers had scored Alice off especially well, and there was no reason to suppose that they could not effect a similar subjugation of her older sister, especially as Marion had finally begun to divulge to me some hint as to the reason for her inexplicable disdain of me.

First, taking the scissors, I cut away the blouse and bodice so that she was absolutely naked down to the tops of her thighs. Then, since her drawers would be no further use to her and only an impediment to the whip as well as the feathers, I cut them off too. Marion, who seemed to be languishing there with bowed head, trembling from time to time and uttering an inarticulate sigh or two, raised her head and tried to turn her face back over one shoulder to learn what this maneuver signified.

"You will find that mirror much more comfortable for your watching, my dear Marion," I amusedly told her. "Indeed, it will let you anticipate in advance what I am about to do to you. And the extent of this part of your ordeal, my girl, will depend to a large extent upon your willingness to be truthful with me. The absolute, the utter truth, without adulteration or faction, Marion, is what I want from you!"

Now she stood only in those black silk stockings high along her beautiful thighs, with flouncy rosette garters holding them up on her lovely long legs. Otherwise, she was magnificently naked, and the olive sheen of her bare flesh, the deep chiseled hollow of the supple back, seemed all the

more alluring and libidiously enticing against the contact which those stockings made.

And now that she was thus naked, I could feast my eyes undeterred upon her charms and compare her with her sister. Alice's legs were, as I have already remarked, the least trifle too short for her, but this very defect had added to the indescribable fascination of her figure. Alice had plump and round thighs which tapered to the neatest of calves and ankles, and tiny patrician feet. Her waist was dainty but not too small, and she had fine rounded arms with small well-shaped hands. The magnificent curves of hips and haunches, the graciously swelling belly with its deep navel, and the full, fat, fleshy and prominent mount of love together with her rather full, firm and outstanding bobbies, made her really mouthwatering. Yet Marion was visibly more mature, and, slightly taller-she seemed taller still because of the traction of the wrist ropes-which added further to her seductiveness. The jouncy, spacious ovals of her naked bottom fairly invited the whip as well as pinches and slaps, and the beautifully pronounced curve of her back and the dimple at her chinkbone which marked that beginning of the sinuous, shadowy groove separating her superb buttocks set my cock to aching all over again.

It would not be long before Marion would be called upon to service me, and this time in a more leisurely and thorough way than the first fuck had been. For when a man initially conquers a beautiful, defiant and spirited girl, the excitement of the procedure very often defeats him, and he cannot withhold himself to make the conquest so complete as he would like. This had been the case with me, as I have just narrated, for the feeling of my prick inside Marion's choice, haughty and seemingly unattainable cunt had overcome even my own excellent staying powers. But now that the first furious libation to Venus had been poured out, I knew that I would be easily able to prolong my pleasure with this brown-haired beauty.

The first step, now that I had stripped her except of hose, which I meant her to keep for the sake of contrast and voluptuous naughtiness (a draped female, no matter if she wears only stockings, is infinitely more prick-hardening than a totally nude girl), would be the psychological one. Now, her attire in visiting me had been so voluminous and so overly modest as to let me suppose that she was untouchable, unattainable and

far above my unworthy person. And since these had been stripped away and her act as a poseur found out, I wished to alter her coiffure, for it too symbolized her very disdain of me. As I moved behind her, I saw that she was glancing in the mirror, and that her eyes were very wide and her lips parted, that she almost was leaning forward a little as if to perceive what I meant to do to her next. This was an admirable state of mind, and I therefore did not hurry. The first danger was over, she had as much as retracted her furious threats of having me incarcerated in prison for my "rape" of her. Well, it was not really a rape. But there were curious circumstances concerning Marion's attitude which needed explanation. This second phase of my endeavors against her would provide precisely that.

Now her coiffure added an ambiguity which exactly indicated the duel nature of Marion's personality. Along the top of her high forehead was that little fringe of frilly curls, which suggested a saucy, rather coy girlishness, an almost juvenile ingenuousness. Yet at the back of her stately head, the mass of her glossy black hair was fixed into an exaggeratedly large oval-shaped bun, which I had already remarked on as resembling a kind of crown. That portion of her coiffure indicated her innate and insolent wish to dominate and to "lord it over" even her betters. And that was why I at last reached up both hands and began to unknot that arrogant crown.

Once again I had hit home directly. For Marion started, uttered a husky sobbing "Ohh, what are you doing to me now, you villain?" after perceiving my action in the mirror in front of her, then tried to turn her head.

I gave her hair a little yank and rudely told her, "Hold still unless you want to feel pain. And since you have called me villain and blackguard and scoundrel often enough in the short time you have spent here, I may as well have the game as well as the name."

This momentarily quelled her, but when she saw me loosen her hair and rumple it out with my fingers till it fell in a rich ebony cascade to her shoulderblades, she caught her breath again and closed her eyes and bowed her head in resignation. Decidedly I had attacked her vulnerability this time. And now there was a wonderful femininity and grace to her which she had not had before. Now she was more softly

alluring and not quite so harshly embittered. And more than ever, now, being able to adapt my own views as circumstances changed and altered, I resolved that I would make Marion my passionate, complaisant mistress while marrying her sister and thus having to myself a secret harem of infinite quality. There would also be Fanny, Alice's lovely maid, and delicious Connie Blunt. The future prospect was dazzlingly bright indeed!

I stood there for a long moment behind her, with my cock in full erection, my hands on my hips, as if pondering her fate. Actually, I had long since decided on it, but this pause was purposely chosen to agonize her, to heighten her suspense, to weaken her nervous resistance to the point where she would be frantically willing to grant me what I yearned of from her tasty olive-tinted, vibrant flesh.

For openers, I now passed my hands round and in front of her, grabbing her beautiful bobbies and squeezing them lingeringly, while I moved up close behind her so that the tip of my aching cock just brushed the base of her behind and suggestively prodded the warm, slightly humid furrow that divided that magnificent posterior.

Once again Marion caught her breath and stiffened, uttering a long, heartrending sigh. And she also closed her eyes, so that she would not have to be shamed by watching my sinewy strong fingers close like tentacles over her swelling, glorious breasts!

"Are you feeling a little more humble now, dear sister-in-law to be?" I sarcastically demanded. I felt her bottom twitch and contract against my gently, slyly, prodding cocktip, and I stared over her right shoulder to follow her reactions in the huge mirror placed before her. A wave of scarlet suffused her lovely haughty face, and her chin was trembling as she bit her lips, not able to answer. I tightened my fingers over those luscious bobbies, and I hissed "You are going to have to learn to answer me when I ask you a question, Marion, or take the consequences! Now, what do you say?"

"Oh, please - my b-b-breasts - they - they're very sensitive - please don't hurt them like that - I - Ohh, s-sir, I-I already told you I-I'm sorry I did what I did. I should have left and not argued with you - but you were so

hateful! Oh please, now that you've had your revenge, won't you let me go and hide my shame? You-you have my word I won't inform on you!"

The low, vibrant and tremblingly husky voice in which she expressed this supplication was really amusing to my ears. Exactly why she changed so quickly from the spiteful and furiously threatening happy to the pleading, acquiescent captive?

"That was not exactly a direct answer, but it will do for the moment," I coldly told her. "Now, why are you so intent upon my not acquainting Alice with our little tete-a-tete this afternoon?"

Now the large dark blue eyes did open, and she groaned and then tried to rum her face round to look at me, while I kept my fingers tightened over her heaving titties.

"You - oh give me your word - I'll keep mine - please, please, sir, be merciful! I would die of shame if Alice ever knew that I've allowed you such liberties..."

"Evidently it causes you great chagrin. But why? I insist on knowing, and that is what you are going to tell me. Or shall I pinch your nipples - thus?" and, suiting action to word, I made pincers of my thumbs and forefingers and plucking out her darkened stiffened nipples from their coral centers, I insidiously squeezed.

"Aiii!! Ohh, don't, don't, for God's sake, let go of them! Oh please, I'll tell you what you want to know, but please don't pinch me there!" she wailed.

"Then speak before I lose my patience with you, Marion!" I commanded.

Bowing her head, and in a voice choking with sobs, she stammered, "I-I've always been a sort of older aunt to Alice, you s-see, and I was first to marry and I thought I'd made a catch. I boasted to Alice, even when I soon learned that - well, that I had made a mistake. But I was too proud to admit it. And then, when I first heard that she was infatuated with you, sir, I-I resolved that she should not have the chance to c-compare, as it were."

"Now we are getting to the heart of the matter. I commend you for your veracity so far. And now you are going to tell me precisely why you

learned you had made a mistake. Yet you spent three years with this man, did you not?"

Again she bowed her head, and her face turned a furious scarlet from forehead to throat. Her eyes closed, her eyelashes fluttering, and with a great effort she managed to stammer in a low and trembling voice, "Oh, sir, if you've any mercy at all for me, have pity on my shame and - and don't ask me to tell you that. Please - please be content with - with what you've had of me and let me be now."

For answer, while I kept my left thumb and forefinger at her nipple, I plunged my right hand down to the furry moss of her cunt and, and, plucking a sprig of silky black hair, I drew on it ominously, intimating that I was ready to yank it out by the roots. "The truth, Marion!" I insisted and gave it a tiny tug.

"Owww!! Oh don't, not there, oh I couldn't stand it, oh please have mercy, I'll tell, I'll tell!" she cried hysterically, trying to maneuver her tethered body so as to ease the tension on her sensitive pussy-hair.

Without relaxing my grip. I countered. "Then speak at once, or I will pluck it out. You are much too well protected in that area anyway."

Her bubbies rose and fell with violent turbulence now, as, head bowed, eyes tightly shut, Marion vouchsafed in her husky, tear-filled voice the explanation which I had been so curiously eager to possess: "He-he was ten years older than I, and very wealthy and, I had heard considered quite a distinguished gentleman. Our parents died when we were young, and an elderly aunt brought us up till we were about nineteen. She left only a little money for us, and Alice is so extravagant at times, you've no idea..."

I gave the sprig of silky private hair another encouraging little yank to hasten her story.

"Oww - don't, I'm going to tell, please don't do it, please!" was the frightened outcry.

"Be quick then!" I warned, and I gave her nipple a sly little pinch which made her sob and groan and squirm about.

"I'll tell, I'm going to tell. Oh, please don't hurt me - you see, I wanted security, and he had so much to offer. And I thought, well, it would mean money for Alice to buy fine clothes and things she liked, too and I did admire him, I truly did at first."

"Well, what happened to change your rosy outlook?"

"He-he revealed his true colors on our w-wedding n-night," she faltered, again averting her face and keeping her eyes closed while her blushes continued to flame on that soft olive skin of hers. "I-I had been a virgin till then, and I was proud of it. And I was shy, but he behaved like an animal. He-he practically tugged off my clothes, and I started to cry, and he laughed at me as being a silly girl much too old for such vapors. And then he-he h-had me. And it hurt a good deal and there-wasn't any p-pleasure in it."

"Was it always that way during your marriage?"

She nodded with a sniffle. "Nearly always. But after about a year, he grew weary of my pleading with him to be more tender and considerate. He-he kept a girl in a flat in Soho, I found out. And then he seduced my young maid Lucille. I-I found them together one afternoon when I came back from shopping earlier than expected. He only laughed at me and told me if I wouldn't give him what he wanted, he knew where he could get it. I held out only because I didn't want the disgrace of ending our marriage right away. And for Alice's sake, too. I knew that he would have to make a settlement when the marriage was over. And - and now you know. And I've never even told Alice. She's thought me flighty or too particular, but she didn't know. And I thought you - you were a brute the way he was."

It had truly been an amazing afternoon, though it was far from being over! From a raging leopard, my beautiful black-haired sister-in-law to be had turned into a trembling lamb. And I confess that I felt a little sympathy for her now which she had not previously deserved. Only an inconsiderate brute would have tried to force such a magnificent figure of a woman when with patience and voluptuous skill he could have exacted from her what I already had and would still more.

"Very well, Marion," I said at last. "I shall not give away your story, and it will be our secret. But all the same, my girl, I cannot let you off scot-free after the wicked tantrum you displayed in slapping me and spitting at

me. You have alienated my admiration and potential affection for you by such ill-bred manners, and you must agree to accept your punishment for this naughtiness before I can relent and seek a new start with you as your brother-in-law to be."

She drew a long shuddering breath, lifted her head, then bowed it, and then, while my cockhead lightly nuzzled at the shadowy groove between her luscious bare bottomcheeks, falteringly responded: "If only you will give me your word that you won't tell Alice, then I will submit myself. But what else could I think, sir, when you went at me so brutally? It was like Harry all over again."

"He never once gave you pleasure in all the time he made love to you?" I demanded.

She shook her head, her blushes deepening.

"Well, he was a fool, and you were a greater fool to tolerate him for three years." I harshly stated. "So after all I did not lie to you when I wrote you that note saying that I had information involving your future happiness. For, Marion, I propose in the time ahead of us to initiate you into the unknown mysteries of passion which will surely gratify you as much as they will me. But you must make up your mind that there will be also some pain, and that will be your punishment. Do you agree to this?"

"What-what else can I do, s-sir?" she faintly quavered.

As I released the soft curly sprig of intimate hair, I put my forefinger boldly through the mossy fur and touched the petulant fleshy lips of her cunt, and I said: "Now you are showing wisdom. And in due course I will show you the mercy you have implored."

So saying, I went to the cupboard and procured the glove-box of feathers and the springy whip, and resumed my place behind her. Taking up the whip first, I put my left hand to the back of her neck, and I demanded, "When you and Alice went to school, Marion, were you ever birched or caned?"

"N-no, o-only on my hands once," she said in a faint trembling voice.

"Suppose," I pursued ironically, "you had slapped your teacher? How many strokes do you think you should have received then?"

"Oh dear!" she groaned, "More than I could bear, I'm sure of it!"

"And then if you had spat in her face?"

"Oh please, don't torture me so! If-if you must have your revenge, take it, while I still have the courage to endure it! But if you only knew how uncomfortable I am, how all my limbs ache, you would show kindness and put an end to it," she sobbed.

"Very well, I shall pronounce sentence. For the slap, eight good cuts with the whip on your naked behind."

"Oh! Oh dear!"

"For spitting, twice as many, half to be inflicted on your naked bottom, the other half on the fronts of your thighs. You may prepare yourself, Marion, and I shall keep exact count, because this being your first whipping, I very much doubt your ability to retain an accurate accounting."

I pushed her lovely cascading black hair to one side so that I could grip her neck firmly with my left hand and, standing off to the left and with the whip in my right, raised it slowly so that she could not help but see it in the mirror in front of her. She uttered a sob, closed her eyes, and tensed herself with all her might. The lovely play of her muscles under the rippling satiny olive skin was enchantment itself.

My cock was as hard as it had been at the very start of our afternoon in the Snuggery. But now there was a difference. Now I had learned much of Marion's secret nature, and now I could proceed undaunted to adapt and to shape it as Pygmalion fashioned his immortal Galatea, to my very own whims and fancies and lusts!

CHAPTER NINE

I kept Marion waiting a long, languishing moment with my whip upraised and my left hand gripping the back of her slim neck. I must say that she showed now more bravery than could have been expected after her emotional breakdown and her confessional. I daresay if I had been thoroughly pacific with my intentions, I could have shown a nobility of character by forgiving her and releasing her and then cozening her into making love with me. But I think I correctly estimated that this would be a show of weakness on my part in turn and that she might try to regain her lost terrain and be haughtier than ever with me. No, I must harden my heart - just as my cock was hardened! - and proceed to a thorough subjugation of my beautiful sister-in-law to be.

At last I brought the whip down rather smartly across the top of her hips. It made a soft smacking sound, but it left no mark, although Marion sucked in her breath and nervously jerked, perhaps more from the torturing suspense than from the first stripe itself.

"That is one," I counted aloud.

She bent her head, closed her eyes, while I stared over her shoulder at the mirror, feasting my vision to the utmost. You cannot have any idea how really mouthwateringly tasty Alice's sister was, standing there stark naked except for her black stockings and the flouncy rosette garters, her legs slightly spread apart, her arms drawn up so high that her pectoral muscles were in fine bold relief, and the uptilting insolent pears of her bobbies surged out with a really dazzling elegance as if she would not be ashamed to enter them in a contest of love goddesses - including glorious Venus herself! Indeed, she would not have come off too badly in such a contest, in my private opinion.

I dealt the second cut a little lower down, just over the tops of her prominent firm bottom ovals, and I enjoyed the sight of the lash clinging across those tensing hemispheres and the tip flicking round towards her tender groin. Marion gasped a little more loudly this time, nervously tried to shift from foot to foot, and dragged on her wrists. From the way her sides were trembling, and I could see the lovely ribcage plainly outlined against her taut warm olive skin, I knew that she must really be

fatigued from the long duration of her atonement. But as this would join in the overall stress upon her nerves and her psyche to bring me the most delicious nuances of voluptuous gratification, I again hardened my heart and directed the third cut about an inch below the place where the second lash had kissed.

Her hips gave an involuntary swerve to this side, and to that; her head tilted back a little and her eyes opened. Intently following the reflection of her features - as well as her body to be sure! - in the huge mirror in front of her, I perceived that they were full of tears and that her nostrils were beginning again to dilate rather rapidly.

I did not keep her waiting for the fourth cut, but applied it almost instantly thereafter, yet exactly over the last place attacked. A reiterative stroke on bare flesh which has already been sensitized produces much more than a double effect of irksome heat, which radiates throughout the entire feminine nervous system and thus aggrandizes the suffering - and also the voluptuous titillations which a whipping always produces in a female of any sensitivity whatsoever, as any connoisseur of flagellation can tell you from experience.

The fifth lash took a little longer, and Marion nervously glanced back for a second, then again bowed her head and stiffened herself. It cut directly across the plumpest curves of both naked hindquarters, producing a faint sob of "Aahh!" and a convulsive squirming which I found maddeningly stimulating to my roused and now again savagely excited cock.

I made her wait almost a minute for the sixth lash, which wrapped the soft-substanced whip around the base of that mouthwateringly contoured backside of hers and possibly may have darted the tip of the lash in toward her furry gap, for she lunged to the left, sticking her bottom practically back at my swollen prick, while with a plaintive groan she entreated, "Ohh, please, please, s-sir, it hurts, it hurts!"

"To be sure it does, Marion, and it is meant to. What will it be, I wonder, when you receive your final eight strokes across the fronts of your thighs? You may ponder on that question while I complete the first portion of your whipping," I said. I now applied the two final cuts of that first sentence of eight lashes for the slap, placing them straight across,

once more, the jounciest region of the summits of her naked olive-satiny behind. She groaned and sobbed a little, twisted and jerked, but in the main I had to admit that she had borne her eight strokes with relatively good grace, far better than a naughty teenager would have done if bent over a desk to receive chastisement for poor lessons or inattentiveness or rudeness to her mistress.

But now I had an ingenious interlude to accord her which I knew would further surprise her tender flesh, unused as it certainly must have been during her three years of marriage to such imaginative treatments. Placing the whip on a tabouret to my right and behind her, I now took up the glove-box, opened and took out the longest, softest feather of the dozen, then closed the box and put it down beside the ship. During this pause, Marion again lifted her head and opened her eyes and stared into the mirror, doubtless to determine what I next intended. Her eyes widened a bit when she saw the feather in my hand, and then she blushed vividly and again closed her eyes and bowed her head, while a long tremor passed through that bewitching supple body of hers, tethered by the silken ropes at her ankles and by the rope-pulleys at her updrawn wrists.

I squatted, and after a moment's study of her lovely quivering bare bottom and the beautiful merger of those long supple thighs sheathed so provocatively in the tightly moulding black silk hose, I extended the feather in my right hand and began to graze her sleek calves, then her kneehollows, and then on upwards along her thighs till I had reached the tops of the fine hose and was titillating the bare olive skin itself. Marion fidgeted throughout this unexpected treatment and glanced back once or twice at me, and I also noticed that her thighs made involuntary jerks as if to clench together which, of course, the ropes at her ankles utterly prevented. I stroked her naked thighs a long moment, next artfully passed the side of the feather over the swelling curve at the base of her left buttock, then moved it to the other cheek at the same place, lulling her by this stroking and caressing but at the same time making her all too conscious of her nakedness before me and of all that she exposed so vulnerably to my slightest whim.

Suddenly I passed the tip of the feather into the shadowy groove which separated her tensing naked bottomcheeks, and with the very tip of the

plume tickled the secretive niche of her arse-hole. I made no attempt to open the cheeks of her behind to locate it definitely, but I knew that I had attained it from the sudden horrified little squeal of "Aahhh, oh, good Lord, what are you doing to me now, s-s-sir?" and her immediate violent contraction of all her bottom muscles to defend that most sensitive and most shameful of orifices.

Quite satisfied with her reaction, I resumed my little game, grazing the feather all over the quivering cheeks of her bare bottom, especially where the springy lash had inflicted its warm kisses on her choice firm satiny olive-tinted flesh. Her head tilted back again, and her breasts began to rise and fall with an erratic cadence, while long rippling tremors surged up and down her shapely long thighs.

Yes, in many ways, Marion surpassed dear Alice in the complexity and deeply rooted latency of her feminine and sexual nature! What a treasure I had found in this black-haired beauty who had come to score me off, but who was now herself in the process of being scored!

I covered her entire bottom with those feathery caresses, ending at the chinkbone with its pronounced dimple, and Marion squirmed and wriggled salaciously at this last phase of the tickling, finally gasping, "Oh, for God's sake, s-s-sir, finish my punishment, I can't stand much more of this!"

"I am afraid you will just have to stand it, Marion, for as long as it pleases me. And I would not advise you to be insubordinate or surly at this stage, considering how nicely you are fixed for whipping, as I can readily add to your sentence."

With this, I moved round to face her, and she gasped aloud: "Ohh!" and her eyes were huge and glazed with her tears, for she beheld the furious erection of my prick, jiggling audaciously between my sinewy thighs as I stood with the feather in my right hand and my left hand moving out to cup one of her beautiful bobbies and to squeeze and lovingly fondle it.

As I did this, I began to tickle the nipple of the other globe, and Marion sucked in her breath and twisted her face away, groaning, "Oh don't make sport of me, you shame me so, it is disgraceful to take such advantage of a helpless woman!"

"If your husband had taken such advantage of you, I do not believe that you would be here this afternoon," I retorted as I continued to titillate the rosy bud of her nipple till I could see it quiver and tingle and stiffen with tumescence. Her face was absolutely flaming again and her eyes were closed, but her lashes could not help a restless nervous fluttering, nor could she control the rapid flaring and shrinking of her delicate nostrils.

I playfully paraded the feather down her belly and spent a moment or two tickling the sweet niche in that deliciously smooth basin which would surely cushion a man mounted astride her in the very joust of love. The time had not yet come to tickle her cunt, but I certainly intended to do this without too much further delay. For it was time for the second part of her flogging.

With Alice, my readers may recall, I had induced the slightest dosage of cantharides into a glass of wine which I had given her before I had taken the maidenhead of her bottom. Now this was because she was such a pure virgin intact; but as Marion was not, I determined to guide her along the path of lust myself, relying not only on my own ability and vigor, but also on her own unleashed feminine powers - for unleashed they would surely be by the time I had finished with what I had in store for her.

I went behind her again, replaced the feather in the glove-box and took up the whip again. This time, without any warning, I drew back my arm and dealt her a cut right across the fleshiest part of her backside, but in a diagonal way, from right to left and giving the whip the slightest possible flick of my wrist as I concluded the stroke. This sent the tip whisking round the top of her hip and on towards the tender sloping basin of the groin and the lower abdomen, and she uttered a wild cry: "Aaarr! Oh, don't, it hurts, oh how it hurts me! Oh do let me off now, sir, please do!"

"Nonsense," I heartily rejoined, "You shall have seven more cuts just like that one on your naked bottom Marion, and then I am going to make you count off the final eight strokes across the front of your bare thighs. You are not even marked from your punishment thus far, so you need not try to deafen my ears with your entreaties for mercy. You are paying off your debt, which you have already agreed is grievous. Prepare yourself!"

With this, and with a backhanded stroke from left to right, I cut across her bottom to form a kind of X. Only the faintest pink mark showed on the warm olive skin of her backside, but the burning sting, and especially where the lash criss-crossed its predecessor, caused her to lunge forward with a piercing shriek and to turn her face back over her right shoulder to appeal to me with hugely dilated, tear-filled eyes:

"Ahhh! Oh my Lord, I can't bear such pain, oh, how it hurts my poor flesh! Do have mercy, I repent the things I did to you, sir!"

"For a woman of your maturity and marital experience, Marion, you disappoint me with your lack of originality," I taunted as I slowly raised the whip again to let her see what awaited her. "Why, a minx of twelve, up to be thrashed by the headmistress in a boarding school would have more ingenuity in trying to beg herself off. The most wicked sinner is always ready to repent when the lash begins to fall. No, Marion, it is only after you've had your punishment that I shall treat with you as to your future behavior towards me."

With this, I gave her the third cut, but this a horizontal slash from right to left just over the upper summits of her juddling, jerking, squirming bare bottomcheeks. Now I was using the full force of my arm, but I knew that the substance of this ingeniously fabricated whip would not break the skin and would hardly mark it, for all my vigor. But it was thrilling in the extreme to watch the difference between the first part of Marion's whipping and this second portion, for now she cried out at every cut in genuine anguish; and the way her body plunged and jerked and twisted, her hips jiggling and contracting and weaving, made me almost afraid that my cock would explode with admiration long before it had a chance to pay that ardent tribute deep within her cunt or arse-hole, depending where my burning needs might lead me.

I paused a little while to let her regain her strength as well as her voice; and as she twisted and squirmed, sobbing and tearful, I patted her tensing bottom with the whip and told her to get ready for the final strokes upon its sensitive terrain.

Next I gave her a very severe cut which made the whip cling across the base of both nether globes while the tip darted round to sting her tender inner thigh perilously near her furry cunt, as I could well see in the

mirror ahead of her. This lash produced the most piercing cry yet of the whipping, and a sudden furious tugging at her bound wrists as well as a hastily sobbed-out appeal for pardon. But I was deaf to all this. Now my eyes alone savored the joys she was providing me so unwillingly.

I made her wait for the last few strokes, but she had no reason to complain of their vigor when they finally attacked her tender oval-cheeked bare bottom. Each time the little whip visited the plump jouncy summits of her seat, Marion yelled out wildly and juttred herself forward in a kind of semi-arc like a bow, thus projecting out the furry nook of her cunt to the mirror in the most shameless way imaginable.

Seeing that she was rapidly losing the aplomb and courage which she had so admirably sustained through the first portion of her punishment, I decided to speed my own tempo in the hope that it would produce an even more complete annihilation of her will. I therefore moved round to face her, whip in hand, and I told her cruelly, "Now you are going to count aloud eight cuts across the tops of your bare thighs, enunciating each in a clear, loud voice so that there will be no mistake. For each cut that you do not count, you shall have an extra. Do you follow me?"

And before she could stifle her sobs and groans and make any kind of affirmation, I drew back my right hand and slashed the little whip against the top of her left thigh, so that the lash wrapped round the lovely lithe column just below the groin.

"Arrrhhh! Ohh, no more, oh please stop, oh I cant stand it there, I can't, sir, do forgive me and let me off now!" Marion wailed as she lunged and twisted from side to side, dragging on her bonds above her head.

I waited a moment, and then I applied another cut over the very same place, wrapping the thong entirely around the lovely column, which jerked madly under the stinging bite. A prolonged scream of anguish tore from Marion's gaping mouth as she twisted and jerked, but pitilessly I moved over to my left and sent the whip around the top of her right thigh this time as viciously.

"Eeeeowwl! Oh my Lord, oh you are killing me - three, oh - three, oh end it, I cannot bear such suffering!"

"But it can hardly be three when you have not yet counted one, Marion," I told her. "It will go on being one until I hear you say so." And with this I applied a new slash which coiled the wicked little whip like a serpent hungrily clinging round her left thigh.

"Aiiii!! Ohh, don't, I'll do whatever you want, I swear I will, sir, only for God's sake don't hit me on my legs again, please don't!"

I lowered the whip, trembling with the keenest land of anticipation, and the veins along the shaft of my bulging prick were dark and gnarled with triumph lust. At last I had compelled haughty, arrogant Marion to offer herself of her own free will to escape from merited punishment. But I was not yet sure of what I wished of her, so I decided to test her compliance.

"You mean that if I suspend the remaining lashes, Marion, you will agree without struggle or resistance, insult or injury, to do exactly as I order?" I demanded.

And, just to make certain that she understood my own obduracy in the matter, I doubled the little whip in my hand and shoved it right up against the mossy gape of her furry cunt, staring sternly into her tear-blurred eyes.

She shuddered violently, glancing down, then shrinking and squirming as she tried to remove that most vulnerable part of her delicious anatomy from the menace of the lash, and she huskily and sobbingly panted, "Oh, my God, yes, I can't stand this anymore, I really can't! Do what you want with me, and let me go!"

And thus, dear reader, my long-desired goal, that of the conquest of Alice's sister, was very nearly within sight!

CHAPTER TEN

Now that I had skillfully led this beautiful black-haired virago from a state of inimical warfare to imploring surrender, I proposed to teach her that which her husband had utterly failed in attempting, namely, the achievement of complete voluptuous bliss in the gentle art of mutual fucking. This logically was the only way I could thoroughly convert my intended sister-in-law if I did not wish her at some future time to think back in retrospect and entertain malicious and spiteful recollections of the afternoon, which might even lead her to commit audacious folly. Yes, if I could tap the hidden reservoirs of her female emotions, spin out all the latent, pent-up feverish urgencies in her luscious flesh to such a point that she no longer had control or prudery in her reactions, then I should have made her as ardent a love-slave as her beloved sister had now become.

So, although I longed to lie with her upon the luxurious couch and to take my fill of kisses and caresses and demand the same from her once I had wakened her to passion, I had again to steel myself in not granting her any respite from her by now quite uncomfortable poses and bondage.

I went behind her to take up the glove-box again and returned with it to my chair, seating myself directly in front of her. She gave a little cry and looked down at me, blinking her tear-filled eyes as she stammered, "Oh, what are you going to do to me now? Won't you have pity on me and let me go? My limbs ache everywhere, and it burns where you w-whipped me so awfully!"

"Presently, Marion, presently," I told her. Opening the glove-box, I choose the two very longest feathers and then put the box onto the floor at one side of my chair. With a feather in each hand, I leaned forward, seated on the edge, so that I could command the full expanse of her legs and middle as well as reach up without too much strenuous exertion to attack the panting turrets of her delicious bobbies.

I advanced the feather in my left hand towards her navel, flicking all around into that delightful nook, and then with my right hand swept the plume at the socket of her svelte, quivering left hip, tickling the shivering skin with a lingering peroration. She gasped and wriggled, bit her lips,

and then closed her eyes, apparently resolved to show me with her stoicism that she was truly repentant and submissive. Now the feather in my left hand glided down her stockinged thigh and stroked the fine black silk sheath about the knee up to where that lovely column joined her hip, while the feather in my right hand began to brush against her lower abdomen where the first black curls of her pubis flourished.

As I lowered the tip of this feather toward the top of her cunt, Marion uttered a low sobbing groan and hoarsely stammered, "Oh, s-sir, I can't resist you any longer, I'm so exhausted and I hurt so, I'm ready to grant you whatever you wish if you'll only let me go!"

"Be patient, my gentle dove," I mockingly retorted, "for what I am doing will guarantee your newly found desire to show me kindness!" And with this, I lowered the feather in my right hand down toward the very top of her cunt and began to tickle her. Marion's eyes widened as she stared down at herself, and all of a sudden a fiery blush suffused her contorted, flushed tear-stained cheeks. Then she gnawed her lower lip and stiffened herself, but she could not help a sporadic trembling which shook her body from head to foot. I stared greedily at the thick verdure of that black crisp silky growth which so luxuriantly and protectively fleeced her slit. And I prodded the feather till the tip probed through the curls and touched the tip of her outer labia, then began very deftly to rasp it up and down the lip nearest me so as to sensitize it.

Meanwhile the other feather continued its gliding touches all along her trembling thigh, now visiting the back of her leg with long and deliberate caresses. A tiny whimpering gasp escaped the naked victim as she tried to flex her muscles and renew their intrepid resistance to my blandishments.

Now the feather in my right hand moved over to the top of the other fleshy outer lip which helped to form that lovely fig, that sweet conch-shell which was her voluptuous cunt, and I proceeded to tickle it the same way. But now I glided the feather down to the very base of her slit and then back up again along that crinkly, fleshy pink lovelet, while the other feather now moved to the inside of her right thigh very near the furry gape which I was so intently beleaguering.

"Ohh, Oh what are you doing, oh my Lord, please stop - oh, I can't stand this - truly I can't - oh, sire, sire, be merciful, I'm only a helpless woman - ahh - ooohh-oh, no more, no more, in the name of mercy!" Marion panted as she began to jerk and twist, trying to wriggle her hips from side to side to disengage those feathers from their stealthy and relentless attack.

Now, slyly, I moved the feather in my left hand over to her cunt and in a trice had the soft downy tips of both of them moving up and down the two fleshy portals which concealed the road to paradise. Marion uttered a shriek and lunged her bottom backwards to escape this dual siege of her most sensitive and sacrosanct region. But all I had to do was pull my chair up an inch or so forward, and continue my ministrations. The ropes at her ankles as well as those dragging up her arms confined her to an extremely limited range of movement, just enough to excite me with her convulsive gyrations and her buckings and lungings which made her thighs and bobbies jounce and jiggle and express the luscious resilience of her naked flesh. And once again both feathers directed their diabolically persuasive caresses up and down the outer labia of Marion's twitching cunt.

"Aah - oh my G-God in heaven, oh, you'll drive me crazy, oh please, sir, oh, in the name of heavenly mercy I beseech you don't - oh do stop - eeeowww - oh, Lord, oh, it's too much, I can't bear it any longer, oh do have mercy on a poor helpless woman and spare me, sir!" Her vibrant voice was choked with sobs and gasps and groans as she twisted and arched and wriggled back and forth, her eyes now fixedly staring down at the two white plumes aimed at her crotch, whose tips were slyly tickling the quivering coral petals of her love-slit.

I drew them away so that I could have a look at the threshold of my coming attainment. Yes, definitely the curly thicket of Marion's pussy-hair was ruffled, and here and there I could perceive the exquisite crinkly surfaces of that voluptuous mucous membrane which was her temple of Venus, her nymph's grotto of satyr's delight. And then, with a cool little smile as I stared up at her, I thrust the tips of both feathers deep into her cunt and worked them back and forth!

The effect was magical! Marion emitted a wild, piercing shout of "Aaaah, Ohh, noooooooo!!!" and madly jerked her bottom backwards to draw

herself away from the twin torments. But I followed, rapt with excitement, my prick throbbing with a ferocious urgency that told me I must not overestimate my powers of self-control in the face of such bewitching naked loveliness and enervation as my charming mature naked captive now evinced in my presence.

Once again the feathers dug into her quaking slit as far as I could shove them, then drew slowly out. Marion's head rose and fell, turned from side to side, her eyes rolling and brimming with great tears which broke and rolled down her contorted and flushed cheeks, and her trembling lips exuded whimperings, sobs, and moans, while her glorious bubbies heaved with furious turbulence. The spasmodic flexions which visited her straining, slightly gaping thighs demonstrated that she had reached a state of feverish approach toward the very voluptuousness which I meant to unleash.

I laid the feathers down on the arm of my chair and then I knelt down before her, as an acolyte might to his high priestess. I gripped the backs of her stockinged thighs and I put my tongue to the warm twitching and palpitating olive skin of her left thigh just above the rosette. How warm and tasty it was to savor! Not only was there the subtle perfume with which she had evidently sprayed herself before her visit, but the stronger and more exciting compound of perspiration and the tang of her woman-smell coming from her delicious Venus-vent.

"Oh, don't do that, for God's sake!" Marion fairly shrieked, as she dashed her bottom backwards as far as her pinions would permit. But my fingers rose up to grip the base of those olive-sheened nether ovals, and I forced her back to me and my tongue rasped upwards till it attained the sensitive, soft twitching flesh of the groin as I made my way towards the sweet fig of her voluptuous cunt.

"Nooooo!!! Oh my God, don't do that to me! Oh, I won't, I won't let you - oh, it's shameful - please stop, Oh, sir, oh my God, don't do it!" Marion wailed.

I did not deign to answer. For now I pressed my lips full against the furry mound and I applied a loud smacking kiss on Marion's exquisite slit!

Her head fell back, her eyes lifting to the ceiling as if appealing to supernatural powers to save her from my onslaught. The perfume of her

loins was like a potent aphrodisiac in my own excited system. And now, thrusting out the tip of my tongue, I rasped through the fleece until I came into contact with the palpitating prism of her cunny, until I felt the fleshy outer lip of her love-hole in helpless contact with my ardent and expert tongue!

Another wild yell burst from her throat as she desperately tried to clench her thighs, but all she did was to arch and squirm herself further against me, so that my tongue could furrow this way and that, making the sweet circle of that plump fig of hers, and the violent shudders that ran up and down her tethered body only added to my rising erotic fury.

Now I thrust my tongue as far as I could, deep into her cunt, finding the inner lips and prying between their constrained vigilance. Marion acted like one possessed, jerking her hips, sobbing and brokenly pleading with me not to shame her thus, tugging at her wrist-ropes, raising and lowering her head, her body shaken with constant tremors.

And at last I found the dainty clitoris, that nucleus of all her life, that harbinger of all her innermost yearnings and womanly passions. And my tongue dug at it and flicked at it and rubbed it back and forth till the convulsive jerkings of her hips and belly indicated that she was instinctively responding to my artful gamahuching!

"Ohh! Aahh, Oh dear God - oh no, oh please, sir, mercy - you're killing me - I can't bear it, truly I can't, oh I can't, I can't! Do stop - oh I am going to faint, I am going to die - aahh - oohhouuuu!!!"

The tearful, husky, almost incoherent tone of her voice was in itself a powerful stimulant to my desires. So, too, was the magnificent mobility of her naked bottom which my fingers so lustfully gripped, for I could feel the frantic contractions of her sphincter muscles as she tried to clench herself and to close that beleaguered vent which I was so salaciously saluting.

Now, finding the throbbing little button of her clitoris with my eager lips, I sucked at it and nibbled at it, and she fairly went mad with wriggings and lungings, her shrieks clamorous as she implored me to desist. And then the glorious miracle of conquest - with a wild scream "Ahrrrr-oh, I'm dying-oh, you've killed me, oohh-houuuu!!!", Marion arched herself against me, grinding her cunt wildly against my mouth and nose, as if

she frantically sought the very caresses which she was announcing as being so hatefully odious to her, and then I felt the earthquake shatter her besieged naked body... and I felt at once the sticky sweet flow of her love-juices as I sucked her stiffening clitoris to the point of hot, abandoned come!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I had at last proved that Marion was not nearly so frigid as she would have wanted me to believe, and at the same time I had also been roused to the most ferocious desire, as the aching pangs in my swollen prick insistently informed me. I went to the wall and touched the button, lowering the ropes that tractioned Marion's beautiful arms above her head, and she slumped, moaning softly in the aftermath of her furious climax.

Squatting, I untied the knots around her slim ankles and then quickly unsnapped the swivel-hooks of the pulleys and deftly lifted her up in my arms, my right arm under her stockinged calves, my left arm around her bare shoulders, and strode to the padded couch. I stared hungrily down at her panting bobbies and the stickied muff between her long, quivering thighs, signs of the fulfillment which my feathering and gamahuching had brought her. And now I was in the driver's seat, so to speak, for I had not brutally raped her, nor could she claim such indignity. No, aloof and imperious Marion had to admit her own female weakness in this just-concluded bout of nervous excitement. For if she had been frigid, she would never have achieved the shuddering spend to which I had compelled her. And thus her attitude toward me was bound to have significant alteration, which could only be in my own favor.

As I carried her towards the couch, she slowly opened her eyes and stared at me, then her face turned a vivid scarlet, and she immediately closed her eyes again, with a faint "Ohh!"

"I have freed you, as you entreated, my lovely sister-in-law to be," I told her, "and now I shall take you at your word, that you will no longer resist my desires. Does your whipping still hurt you?"

"A-a little - Ohh, what must you think of me - I'm so ashamed to be like this, I can't bear to look at you, sir," she faltered, turning her face away from me and closing her eyes. I have no doubt that the spectacle of seeing herself carried naked in only her stockings and shoes, in the arms of a totally naked man who had first fucked her and then gamahuched her, was a really shattering blow to her cool poise and her affectatious haughtiness. And I was most curious, as you may well imagine, to know

to what ends her new psychologically induced awareness of me would lead her.

I laid her down gently on the couch, telling her that I would bring her a glass of wine, but as I rose to leave her, Marion stammered, "Mayn't I go to the W.C. a moment, please?"

To hear that once vibrantly timbered voice take on so plaintive and child-like a tone to ask such a question almost made me laugh, but I maintained a straight face and told her that of course she might have a few moments to freshen herself, adding with just a hint of malicious irony, so as to show her that I was still lord and master in the Snuggery, "When you return, Marion, leave off your shoes. You have no idea how charming you are in just those stockings and rosettes."

At this she uttered another gasp, glancing down at herself as if for the first time, and the vivid color in her cheeks was evidence that she had lost completely the bold and insolent assurance she had brought with her at the outset of her visit to my apartment. As for myself, I settled myself in a chair near the couch and watched her walk to the bidet, observing how the magnificent spacious cheeks of her olive-sheened behind undulated and shifted with her rather hesitant tread.

For a moment I sat in rapt contemplation of the rosy future I had just assured myself.

Yes, why not enter upon the sea of holy matrimony with delicious Alice, I asked myself. Certainly she was as tasty a morsel in bed as could be found, and in our era, when the hypocritical double standard of the male forbade the female to evince the slightest interest in sexual matters or to show - an even more heinous sin - the least ardor in conjugal relations, I surely could find no more amiable wife than sweet Alice, who was already my passionate, willing and submissive lover.

And now that I had this hold on her beautiful sister, I felt that I could summon Marion to my bed when I wished, to entertain her with my favors, and make my wife-to-be, Alice, as enthusiastic and conspiratorial an aide in subjugating Marion to my bed-urges as could be wished for. No, marriage would not ordain the slightest cessation of my activities; on the contrary, because of the marriage I would have from the outset, it

would be practically as uninhibited a life as could be lived in a Moorish harem.

These delightful thoughts occupied me until Marion emerged, her head bowed and not daring to look at me and - Oh, naive creature that a woman is, no matter what her age! - with one hand clasped shieldingly over the thatch of her cunt. She moved towards me, then stopped, obviously hesitant and suddenly shy, because now she was not acting under duress or the coercion of the bonds and fetters.

"Rest a bit, my dear," I told her gently, "while I bring you a glass of wine. I am in need of one myself."

"Mayn't I-I put on a robe or something over me, sir?" she hesitantly murmured, still not daring to look up at me. "To be like this before you is-is so shameful... I-I feel like a fallen woman."

"But I prefer you this way, Marion, exactly because you are a woman now, and perhaps for the first time in your life," was my answer as I rose to fill the wine glasses and again, very surreptitiously, drop in another tiny dose of cantharides into hers. For now was definitely not the time for her to retrench from the passionate plateau to which I had so ingeniously brought her. She must not be allowed to go back to her once vaunted and arid realm of imperviousness. I came back to the couch on which she had seated herself, her thighs tightly clenched and with her hand still pressed tightly over her mossy groove. I handed her the glass and then clinked mine against it as I said cheerfully, "To our better understanding of each other, Marion, and to an ending of hostilities."

I took a hearty sip of my wine, watching her intently all the while. Finally, with a certain sigh which appeared to be that of resignation, she lifted her glass to her quivering lips and sipped daintily at it.

"Come now, I mean it," I urged. "We were enemies once, so let us be friends now, for it unthinkable that after what has occurred between us, you should still wish to be at my throat. Confess it now, Marion, did you not deserve your punishment?"

She shivered, and those beautiful bubbies of hers swiftly rose and fell, while the tell-tale crimson once more deeply colored her cheeks, as she at last whispered, "Is - is this the way you h-had my sister?"

"I will forget you have asked such an audacious question, my dear," I chuckled "I am not the kind of man who boasts over his conquests or scabrously dwells on the details. It could only be offensive to another woman. Do you then forget Alice, for she is away from the city and you are here beside me. It is to you I pay my admiration for your beauty. Are we friends now?"

"You-you must give me a little time to gather my senses about me," she petitioned in a low, sweet voice, while she continued to blush and avert her eyes from me. "It - it is like a terrible dream that I cannot believe I have dreamed... to find myself like this, so shamelessly unclothed, beside you whom I so detested."

"And do you still?" I pursued as I moved closer to her. "Finish your wine before you answer."

She did so, and I took the glass from her and set it down on the little tabouret near the couch, along with my own empty glass, and put my arm around her waist. She shivered violently and tried to move a little away from me.

"Do you still?" I repeated.

"I-I don't know what to think, either of myself or of you, sir," was her faltered answer.

"But you will admit that, just now, what I did to you was not so displeasing and that you did experience some pleasure from it?"

"Oh, please, I dare not think of such things... I am your prisoner and your victim, I am helpless and I cannot resist you longer, I know. Please, sir, do not shame me further by talking to me this way, I beg of you!" the black-haired young woman stammered.

"Very well, then we shall not talk, for I am disposed to action. Look down there," I ordered as I took one of her slim hands and drew it toward my sinewy thigh. She gasped and blinked her eyes, shrinking a back a little, for she had just gazed upon my boldly swollen prick.

"It is you who have put me into this state, Marion, and it is you who must now alleviate my pangs," I added smilingly.

"Oh, will you not be content with what you have had from me now? Is that not a sign that I am contrite for what I did to you?" she implored.

I pondered a moment. Now I had compelled Alice under the lash to submit to bottom fucking, but I very much doubted I could bring Marion to voluntary submission to this demanding ritual. Possibly I could ultimately train her to frig me sweetly before the conclusion of this afternoon, but I also doubted that she would of her own accord salute my prick with her sweet lips and tongue. Of course, after the interlude with Lady Betty Bashe and her daughter Molly, Alice had sucked and tongued me, as had her lovely maid Fanny and the lovely young widow Connie. But to expect so salacious and intimate a procedure from the so-recently embattled brunette beside me during the course of a single afternoon - even granting I had already altered her concepts of fucking and loveplay to an incredible extent - would be much too greedy. I was content to pursue the rehabilitation of Marion at a leisurely gait, for only a greedy glutton seeks to eat up all the tidbits at a single repast. And the prospect of having more delightful games to play with her and things to teach her in the future was certainly an enticing one.

So, tightening my arm about her bare waist and moving until my naked thigh pressed firmly against hers, I whispered, "But if I were to let you go now, Marion, you would never really know my feelings toward you. You would not conceive their true sincerity. I wish you to believe this, for it is the truth. And as for yourself, you have not yet answered my question. Did you not, there at the last when I was kneeling before you, find greater pleasure than your husband had ever given you?"

"Oh, please - I don't dare speak of such a thing. Please be satisfied, sir, and don't press me."

"You must call me Jack now, for we are soon to be related by marriage," I chuckled, as I took one of her hands and held it in mine, my eyes feasting on the turbulent rise and fall of her splendid bubbies. "But I do insist on an answer, or I am very much afraid I shall have to treat you to another taste of the whip on your lovely bottom. And this time, Marion, I shall tie you down over that piano stool, which will project the cheeks of your naughty behind upward in a most tight and inviting way, to make the whip bite much more cruelly than you felt it before."

"Oh, no - I couldn't bear any more. Please, no! Oh, J-Jack, how can you be so heartless toward me?" and she turned her beautiful dark blue eyes to me, filled with tears. She was absolutely devastating in this new penitent and submissively fearful mood!

"The fact of the matter is, my dear Marion," I replied, "that your marriage failed because you were mated to an incompetent oaf who did not realize what a sensitive, charming and utterly desirable girl you are." At this she shivered a little and stared wonderingly at me. Once again I had found a key to her personality: for all she referred to herself as "Alice's strict aunt" there could be no doubt that she was susceptible to flattery and that she had a vain streak in her makeup.

Pressing my advantage, therefore, I resumed: "That is undoubtedly why you were unhappy with him. That is also why, as moreover you yourself plainly intimated a little while ago, you had such a low opinion of me, and you lumped me with this intolerable and dull-witted boor. Now, you asked me just a moment ago what methods I had used to seduce your sister. Well, I will tell you this: she is now unshakably my sweetheart because I knew how to plumb her emotional depths and to bring her to the happiness which she did not realize was latent within her own lovely body. That can be done only by a man who has both appreciation and consideration for a woman whom he possesses. And I thus promise you that I believe I can change your contemptuous opinion of men if you will surrender yourself and let me take the initiative I know best how to take."

"You - you mean you want to h-have me again?" she whispered as her blushes deepened furiously this time.

"I do indeed. Was it so horrible then for you, just after your whipping?" again I demanded.

I felt her shivering against the circle of my left arm. She bowed her head and finally, after a long moment, slowly shook it.

"There, you see, Marion," I exulted, "because what I did was not out of selfishness at all, but solely to convince you that you were capable of the deepest and most loving emotions a passionate woman can have. And since I have thus allayed your fears of how a man can act when he has

imagination, do you now submit yourself so that together we may both achieve pleasure from this afternoon's engagement."

"If - if only it wasn't so w-wanton, J-Jack," she quavered. "If it were at night and the lights out and we couldn't see each other..."

"But that would be to deny the feast of love which is provided as surely through the eyes as through the rest of our bodies, Marion," I smilingly explained. "And now, enough of talk. You have said you will submit yourself, and I now call upon you to redeem that pledge. You have my word that I will not hurt you if you so surrender."

Her little nod was again one of resignation, followed by a deep sigh of almost melancholic proportions. I rose, then gently cupped her panting bobbies and gently forced her down upon her back. The couch was amply wide and long, and as she lay cushioned there upon it, clad in only those black silk hose and the flouncy rosettes, I stood for an idyllic moment contemplating her delicious charms, while she put a hand over her face in the most charmingly childlike of gestures.

"Now, Marion, I am going to make love to you in such a way that when we come together, you will be eager for me as well as ready," I told her.

With this, I knelt down and, almost reverently cupping her right bubbie with both my hands, began to kiss it gently and slowly, covering the luscious pear-shaped globe with tender, grazing little kisses, but at first avoiding the aureole and nipple. Marion's free hand lay at her side, as she continued to cover her eyes with the other, and I glanced quickly down at her legs and noticed that her dainty toes were curling and twisting, a sign that she was torn between anxiety and enervation. The cantharides would be my ally now, I knew. Already her nipples were darker and more turgid than when I had first stripped her and reveled in the first view of her delectable nudity.

"Do you find this distressing?" I murmured, as I brushed my lips just over the dark coral lovebud.

"N-no. Ohh-ohh, n-no!" she breathed.

I now took the nipple between my tips and delicately sucked it. Marion uttered a strangled gasp and suddenly put her hand against my forehead,

as if to shove me away, so I sternly commanded, "You are not to interfere or to forbid me anything now, on pain of a good sound whipping over the piano stool, my girl," and then I took her nipple between my lips and this time slowly ran my tongue over the crinkly bud.

Marion squirmed on the couch, and now her hand resumed its place over her eyes, while she turned her head towards the back of the couch so as to hide from me. Her free hand was now clenched, the nails dug into her dainty palm, as no doubt she tried to steel herself against all these new sensations which, although she had been a married woman for three years, she had never tasted until this very afternoon.

Continuing to cup her bubbie with my left hand, I now moved my right down over her belly, caressing it in a most soothing manner. Her thighs were still clenched, and nervous spasms made the muscles flex exquisitely under the warm, olive skin, quite visible through the fine gauge of her black silk stockings. As my right hand lowered down to the abdomen where her black silky love-hairs began to flourish, she uttered a gasp and again her free hand clutched at mine.

"Do that again," I told her, "and over the stool you go, Marion, and you will have at least twenty cuts over your naked bottom, so be warned."

At this she drew her hand away as if she had touched a red-hot stove, and now covered her face with both hands, shivering in a paroxysm of apprehension and nervous titillation. I thereupon resumed my sucking and tonguing of her swollen and darkened nipple, while I passed my right hand over the plump mound of her cunt, and I began to stroke the silky thick curls which veiled that amorous orifice.

I felt her thighs stiffen as she summoned all her muscles to her defense. My forefinger entered through the thicket and found the moist twitching outer labia of her cunt. "Ohh! Oh, please don't tickle me there! Please don't, Jack," she moaned, and again she rushed a hand to grasp at my wrist.

"You know what I promised you, Marion," I said sternly. "I am going to tie you down over the stool very firmly and give you a whipping you won't forget for disobeying my orders."

"Oh, Jack, please - Oh, please don't! Please don't be cruel to me now. You've already whipped me so hard - please don't, Jack! It's all so new to me, Jack Please be merciful to me and don't wh-whip me again," she pleaded brokenly.

"Then will you give me your solemn word not again to restrain me or make me take my hand away while I am preparing you for love, Marion?" I demanded.

"Y-yes-ohh, I never dreamed a man could do such things to a woman - oh, hurry then, before I die of my shame," Marion groaned.

Thus given carte blanche, I nibbled at her swollen nipple for a bit, then let my right forefinger slip between the fleshy, moist outer lips of her slit to find her clitoris. The moment I touched it, she uttered a sobbing gasp of "Ohh, please, you mustn't tickle me there, you'll kill me, you'll drive me crazy touching me there! Oh Jack, if you've any feeling for me at all, don't do that!"

"It's because I do have feeling for you that I do what I do, so let's have no more complaints, my girl, or it will be over the stool with a vengeance," I warned.

All this while, dear reader, I could feel the rigidity of my prick savagely insisting upon alleviation, but fortunately I was able to master the urge, because I knew what delicious bliss I could accomplish by purposeful prolongation with my beautiful, enervated captive.

My forefinger began to graze her clitoris this way and that, till finally with a sobbing groan, Marion lifted up her knees and dug her stockinged heels into the couch, flexing her muscles and wriggling her toes in a very dither of sensual awareness. Her head also began to move restlessly from side to side, and now she had removed her hands from her face and had them clenched just to the side of her panting bobbies. I moved forward to attack her left breast now, my lips at once attacking the perky bud, sucking and nibbling at it, while my tongue tip flicked at it repeatedly. Her low groans and sobbing little whimpering cries excited me enormously, and it was all I could do to remain deliberately calm so I could be the mentor and guide to Marion's first really cooperative fuck.

This new attack brought me into closer proximity with Marion's naked flesh, and she gasped again as my forefinger pressed her clitoris down into its secretive lair of pink, moist warm loveflesh. I heard her groan, "Ohh my Lord! Ohh!" and then her knees clamped and her bottom squirmed in an unmistakable rhythm of response. My finger and the cantharides had begun to waken her long-rejected passions to the kindling point; I had now ignited a fire in her womb which needs must be put out with the extinguishing jet of my virile spunk. But I wished that blaze to be so incendiary that it would consume her entirely and thus purge her forevermore of her affected aloofness.

My tongue rubbed against her throbbing nipple as I sucked and loudly kissed the sweet turgid bud. Now my left hand slipped under her shoulders, and our bodies thus conjoined. Her knees swung apart and her stockinged heels rubbed erratically back and forth over the surface of the couch as she became gradually overpowered by the myriad sensations teeming in her matrix. Yet deliberately I continued to frig her stiffened lovebutton, which would soon knell the doom of her prodigious chastity. For that chastity came out of denial of self as well as denial by the stupid selfishness of her former husband, and I had no pity on it because it would destroy her and sour and dry her up before her time. I meant her to burgeon as a true woman, perhaps more passionate even than lovely Alice had become.

Now I left her bobbies to glide my lips down her waist and to her belly, pausing lingeringly at her sweet navel, which I licked all around with the tip of my tongue, as she arched and squealed, "Aaahh! What are you doing to me, Jack? I can't stand all this - I'm going to faint, I know I am!"

Every time my finger pressed down her clitoris, her body jerked and arched and wriggled in the most fascinating way. And then - oh, miracle of conversion - I suddenly felt her arms grasp my neck, but not in hostility. Her fingers were trembling as they pressed against my flesh with a kind of pleading urge to go on with what I was doing. And thus Marion first gave me her womanly accolade, which bestowed on me the right and the might to topple her citadels of prudery, pernicious chastity, and hypocritical frigidity!

I glanced at her as I continued to suck and nibble at her left bubbie-bud, the while my right forefinger continued its titillation of her turgid

clitoris. Her eyes were wide and glassy now, and it was not entirely the effect of the cantharides which had brought this about. Her nostrils flared and shrank interminably and her lips were parted and moist, her face turned slowly from side to side as if seeking restlessly some point of comfort, some fulcrum of repose which was denied her. But her lovely slim hands were clasped together just above her bosom and her fingers were twisting nervously in her stress. My chest pressed down upon her right bare bubble, and I felt to my exultation the shuddering upheaval of that luscious globe, the rasping friction of her stiffened dark coral nipple against my prickling skin.

For a moment I left off tickling her lovebutton so that I might frig the inner lips of her cunt, and Marion moaned, "Ohh, Jack, Oh dear God, I can't stand it, I just can't, I'm going to faint, I know I shall!"

"Are you ready to be had, then, my dear?" I hoarsely asked her, for I must admit that by now my own powers of control were waning fast.

"Oh yes, yes. Do what you want to me, before I go mad with all this torture," she gasped.

"Then you must ask me to fuck you, Marion," I replied. How I savored that graphic, colorful word, which conjures up in the mind all the salacious images of welded bodies, straining flesh, soft trembling lips and flaring nostrils, the sweet dig of agitated supple fingers under the tension of lustful frictional impalement!

"Jack, what are you making of me - what have you done to me - Ahh! Ohh! How it tickles, how it burns me there!" she panted as my forefinger now returned to frig her swollen love-button. Her knees rose further into the air, her stockinged heels digging restlessly at the couch, spurning it as once she had wished to spurn me in her vengeful and haughty mood. But now this spurning was of a different caliber, induced by the womanly pangs which now beset her vitals. Now she had been stripped to the moment of truth and it was approaching for her in the devastating and over-powering compulsion of all her carnal lusts! For assuredly she felt these, just as I, the male dominator, experienced the glory of my virile rut.

"I want to hear you say that, Marion, or I shall have recourse to the whip again," I warned. Tell me you are ready to be fucked, my beauty. Ask me humbly and sweetly to fuck you, Marion!"

And with this, I gouged my forefinger between the inner lips and on into her tight, warm sheath, exactly as I meant to do with my fulminating prick.

Her hips weaved and jerked about, then her knees flung out, only to clamp shut again as she arched up her pelvic basin to the inroads of my fingers. It was as if she had given up the struggle and was now yielding up her body to its own volition, its own greedy and hungry quest for satisfaction. No longer could stately, haughty Marion boast of the veneer which had protected her and at once blighted her married life. Now she was melted into wanton flesh and throbbing sinews and nerves and hot veins and pulsing membranes that burned with a single furious fire... the fire of uninhibited lust!

"Aahh-oh, Jack - Oh my Lord - yes, ooohhh - don't tickle me there any more, please - oh yes, f-fuck me instead, oh yes, please fuck me now!" at last my beautiful captive averred in a sobbing, husky voice!

I mounted onto the couch, lying on my left side towards her, slipping my left arm under her shoulders, and I pressed on her trembling lips the most passionate of kisses. Her lips opened under mine, and I delved my tongue in between them to take prompt and gracious advantage of her sweet, helpless invitation. A shudder seized her as my right hand boldly glided round her hip and under her firm juicy bottom, reveling in its warmth from the lashing and from the additional glow of her own smoldering womanly passions.

"Put your left arm around me, Marion," I commanded, and was obeyed. "Now with your other hand feel for yourself to what a state you have brought my cock."

"Oh, I could never do that - don't make me do such a thing - oh, you wicked man to ask so much of a helpless woman! Aren't you satisfied with this? You have shamed and disgraced me, defeated me, and I have begged you to do that to me which I never thought I would want any man to do again, after Harry - and still you are not satisfied?" she sobbed.

Now was the time for me to be harsh and relentless with my captive, if ever I wished to make her my love slave, and that was why I cynically retorted, "I can as easily strap you down on this couch with your bottom upturned to the whip if you continue to act like a spoiled and pampered child! Reach down your hand and take hold of my cock. You are going to guide it to your cunt, Marion. Yes, your cunt, my girl. Did your famous Harry ever use that word, Marion?"

"Ohh!" she gasped in an aghast tone, her eyes fixed on me in anguished appeal.

"What did he call it, then?" I asked, as I seized her hand and brought it down upon my stalwart prick.

"Oh, don't make me tell you - Oh, please take me, have me but don't shame me in this unendurable way, Jack!" Marion whimpered.

I forced her hand down upon my hard, rigid weapon. She tried to draw it away, but I held it in a vise of steel as I went on: "Grasp it. Feel it. Put your fingers over it, and learn its dimensions. Squeeze it gently. It will soon be inside of you, my girl, and you must know its measure and girth so as to prepare yourself for it."

Trembling, her slim long fingers gripped my bulging shaft and - oh what delicious pleasure was in that sweet touch of hers - doubtless the first time she had so held a man in all her life, even as wife and consort.

"I will not only use the whip on your bottom, I will use a feather in between the cheeks of that impertinent backside," I threatened. "Speak. Tell me how he described that place I have been tickling. At once!"

I felt her fingers convulsively clutch against my prong as she forced herself to utter in a dying voice, "My - my p-pussy. Oh, Jack, now you know everything about me, you have all my dreadful secrets, and I am so ashamed!"

"Shame is exactly what turned you into a hateful jade, Marion," I declaimed. "From this moment on I shall change all that. And now prepare yourself for fucking, my beauty. Go ahead, pass your fingers all over my cock and balls. Discover for yourself what is going into that

tight, eager cunt of yours - for I know it is eager now. You cannot deny any longer your own desires, for your flesh betrays you, Marion."

She put her hand over her eyes again, while with the other she docilely though hesitantly palpated my aching prong. I kissed her trembling lips and then the hollow at her throat, where I could feel the triphammer, pressing pulse in the feverish cadence of her life-rhythm. Her skin was moist and sweet as never before, and her naked body writhed and squirmed on the couch, and now the cantharides were doing their work along with her first honest affirmation of her sensual yearnings:

"Now prepare yourself for the sacrifice, Marion," I told her. Then I mounted between her quivering stockinged legs, kneeling and lowering myself towards her, my prick bobbing like a cork on an angry sea as I commanded, "Take your hand and open up that sweet, inviting cunt of yours to welcome me!"

She groaned and turned her face to one side, but all the same, her sweet, trembling hand did as bidden. Oh wonder of delight, to watch this transformation in a virago who had become a passionate and submissive slave in so short a span!

Guiding my cock with my right hand, I approached it to the pink, twitching, moist aperture and let the broad head of my spear engage itself just inside the lobby of her exquisite cunt. Then, tightening my grip under her shoulders with my left arm, I slowly lowered myself.

As she felt my pride press between the inner lips of her citadel, Marion uttered a sobbing groan: "Oh, Jack! Oh my Lord! Jack, Jack!" and then suddenly, miraculously, her bare arms enfolded me as if to bring me down upon her. Her eyes closed, her head flung back, her nostrils flaring and shrinking wildly, my sister-in-law to be thus symbolically gave up the final vestige of her resistance and welcomed the man she had sworn to defame and degrade and destroy!

I slowly felt myself sink to the very balls inside that narrow sheath, and words cannot depict the thousand and one raptures I felt in gouging along that heavenly channel of Venus. My left hand passed under her bottom, to support as well as steer her, to inculcate in her the meaning of the thousand subtle signs by which a man informs his lover of his pace, his gait, his cadence in the sweet art of fucking. Her fingertips pressed

harshly into my back, and this too was an additional joy to me. For it was as if she had been reborn and was awaiting tensely and vibrantly the moment of voracious passion to which her beauty entitled her, to which her long-denied ardent personality had shaped her, only to be warped by the lusterless and selfish initiation of a doltish husband.

Slowly I drew myself back to the very brink of her cunt, and a long gasp evinced her pleasure in this maneuver. My lips on hers, my tongue delving repeatedly along the roof and the gums of her mouth, I savored her sweet nectar, while my prick foraged with long slow digs to the very ell-length of my weapon and then back to the quaking portals that guarded the way into her mature matrix.

"Am I hurting you now, Marion?" I demanded.

"Ohhh-ohh-Jack-n-no oh Lord - is this possible? Oh, I am trembling all over, I am going to faint away - it's unbearable - oh Jack - oh please - oh-oh-oh!"

Now both my hands slipped down to the velvety warm cheeks of her bottom and, gripping them solidly, I began to quicken my pace within her agitated, squirming cunt; with long skewering thrusts, I furrowed her, and her body began to jerk and twist and arch under my repeated prongings. Now, to my utter bliss, she was kissing me of her own accord, and her fingers were digging into my bare shoulders and gouging the skin in her agitated enervation, in her longing to meet me more than half way along the road of rut!

To feel her naked bobbies flatten against my heaving chest, to feel our bodies clash in a sweet conflict which was a thousand-fold distant from that conflict which she had promised me upon her visit, to feel best of all the damping, tightening, constricting pressures of her vaginal wall against my embedding prick was to taste the most bounteous rapture of which man is capable on this ephemeral earth.

I ground my teeth to hold back my frenzied, bubbling spunk, so that I could bring her with me to that apex of amorous ecstasy. Now each time my prick delved down to the hilt inside of her, Marion uttered a little whimpering sigh and clutched me all the tighter, and now her legs came into play as she wound her stockinged calves tightly against my sinewy

legs and gave herself up totally to the abandonment of all her former prudery.

How her bottomcheeks clenched and flexed and jerked against my digging fingers! Her eyes were hugely dilated, glazed and unseeing as they stared into my looming face, and her mouth attacked mine now with a voracity which could not have been believed an hour or so ago.

I quickened the stabbing momentum of my thrusts, feeling myself almost upon the brink of explosive fury. I felt her bottom jerk and bound and arch as she met me, plying me with her velvety flesh, digging herself against me to take every inch into her very depths.

And then suddenly, with a wild cry, Marion twisted her face to one side, her nails pitilessly digging into my armpits, and a loud shriek clamorously burst from her; I felt her body heave and buck against mine as, with a final savage fury, I drew myself back and thrust myself to the hilt, and then felt my prick vibrate with the hot lashing vigor of my seed into her warm, tight sheath.

As she felt that hot gismic tribute burst against the tender flesh of her womb, Marion uttered another loud cry and pressed her lips to mine as she lifted herself to absorb all of me.

And then it was over, and she lay moaning and gasping, with me atop her, my limpening prick still burrowed in her quaking cunt. The moment of truth had come for Marion. She was beyond dissembling now; all her body vibrated and shook with the tempestuous elemental fury that had overpowered her and made her mine.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I held Marion trembling and shuddering in my arms long after her first true spasm had passed. Her face was crimson, her nostrils uncontrollably flared and shrank, and the turbulent swelling of those beautiful bubbies showed unequivocally that this was perhaps the most sincere manifestation she had ever shown in the act of love, or so at least I could conjecture after what she had already disclosed concerning her frustrating marital experiences.

When I was certain she was quieted, I withdrew from her and hastened to my water closet to repair the wounds of the fray. I returned with a wet hand towel and knelt beside her and gallantly did her toilet for her, much to her sighing embarrassment. To my great delight, she showed no inclination to move from her sprawled and completely abandoned pose on my couch, and the enhancement of her olive-warm nakedness against the cushions and the dark upholstery of my couch of love was a most pleasant vista for my eyes.

"Whatever has become of me?" she murmured in a low, faint voice, passing a hand in front of her eyes, and then she burst into convulsive tears and sobs. It was doubtless the reaction of being aware that despite all her prudery and haughtiness, she discovered she was simply mortal, after all, a discovery which had, as you may well imagine, entranced me to the utmost!

"But my dear Marion," I gallantly protested, "there is no need to feel such despondency with yourself. You have been for the past half hour the most amiable of consorts, and you have absorbed my attentions to the fullest. I could not have paid any other woman a more enthusiastic and passionate tribute than I have shown you, which should console you completely and force you to take a more sanguine view of yourself, at least as seen through my eyes."

"But I have been shameless... wicked and wanton... like the worst trollop on the streets who hires herself out to any man. Oh, what shame is mine, to have been so weak! If I had only had more courage, you could not have made me yield myself so lewdly!" she sobbed.

Now doubtless her reaction was also caused by the immortal maxim which, rendering from the Latin, holds that after love, every animal is sad. But I felt no such sadness; quite the contrary, I felt a geniality and zest for her companionship, for she had now entered into my sphere and was of considerable import to my future hopes and aspirations for pleasure. I would certainly be loath to relinquish so delicious a mistress, now that she had shown her true capacities for fucking. Oh, by no means was her education yet complete in this tender art, and she had not even touched upon some of its more secretive and exciting variants, such as the sweet bliss a woman of her beauty and proportions could give to a man by taking his prick into her softly beautiful warm lips and plying her tongue nimbly and delightfully upon it, or by using her fingers to frig her delicately and whet his virility to a supreme manifestation of his lust for her soft cunny. Nor had I even introduced her into bottom-fucking, a variant with which I had begun her sister's amorous training so memorably.

I took her hand and brought it to my lips and kissed it as tenderly as any gallant at court, and I said to her soothingly, "My dear sister-in-law to be, be of good heart and cheerful disposition, for you have done away with your hateful past and with your embittered philosophy, which held you back from realizing the joys of the honest and eager flesh. You have my promise, nay, my solemn word, that this will be a secret between us. But I tell you admiringly and in all honesty myself, that I hope this will not be the only time I shall be privileged to enjoy your lovely body. And particularly this tender and delicious grotto which has served my prick so ably just now."

And with this, putting my hands to her quivering hips, I bent my head and implanted on her mossy cunt the most prolonged and tender and adoring of kisses.

At once her hands clutched at my head, and in a sobbing, piteous tone, she implored, "Oh, Jack, how can you plunge the dagger deeper into my wounded heart, when you have left me so desolate and with so little respect for myself? I dare not show my face in your presence, or even in my sister's, for I shall know every time what has passed between us. I have given you more than ever I gave poor Harry, for all his faults, and the dreadful thing is, oh, that you have forced this from me, and I know

that I am not your equal in cleverness or in cunning - but when you were having me just now, I very nearly swooned away and was no longer mistress of myself. For a moment I forgot the shame and the odium of being forced to obey your wicked passions."

"But think on it gently for a moment, dear Marion," I urged, as I retained my soothing and caressing hold of her sleek naked hips and kept my face but inches from that mossy groove which had done my cock such sweet service, willy-nilly. It was as if, indeed, I were addressing that portion of her which had suddenly become so vital to my pleasure. "If, as you have just said, my passions were truly wicked, then you yourself would not have shared them with me. For you were ardently moved, my beautiful Marion, as if you truly were in love with me, to see the tumult of your lovely breasts, to feel the tremoring of your voluptuous bottom, and best of all to feel the quaking surges of those secret walls along your temple of love as they besieged my on-rushing prick; was to know that I was not selfish in letting you glimpse what divine bliss there can be in fucking!"

The use of this word, so violently terminating my flowery discourse, dear reader, was purposely intended, first to lull the beautiful Amazon into a flattered state wherein her vanity would be restored and she could preen herself much after the manner of a peacock that has momentarily had its glorious tail go unnoticed. Then, the lecherous word, the word that would evoke in her secret mind all the sweet naughtiness of what she had just done, even though she had tried to desperately to hold back her response to my priapic powers.

At any rate, my ruse partly succeeded, for she managed to lower her hand and to stare at me with wide and humid eyes, although at this moment she suddenly maneuvered her other hand to cover that delightful Mount of Venus. And she stammered, "Is it really true, Jack, that you do not think me cheap or wanton? Is it possible that the two of us, such enemies at the beginning, could really have shared what loving husband and wife can know?"

"It is, it is indeed, my beautiful sister-in-law to be," I cried exultantly, "and if you will but let me try a final time before I release you from your sweet captivity, I will prove it And I vow that I will never think you cheap, for that would be to think myself cheap too, and then I would not

be a fitting mate for your dear sister whom I love, not only with all my heart... but with this too, dear Marion.'

As I said "this too," I drew her fingers off her cunt and, moving slightly forward on my knees, forced them to clasp my thoroughly limpened but newly cleansed prick.

"Ohhh! Oh, I dare not - oh, Jack, oh, this is so new and dreadfully embarrassing, will you not spare me? Have I not paid my debt to you now many times over?"

"Yes, in all sincerity, I would be an ingrate and a dour wretch if I were to hold you to further payment of our score," I told her truthfully. "But now I ask you, since you have taken this first tremendous step toward taking me for what I am and not for what you thought I must be, can it not be done in honest endeavor and in token of friendship?"

"What - what must I do then, to show you that I do not any longer bear rancor against you, s-sir?" she tremulously quavered.

"Why, then," I told her jubilantly, for I knew her now to be upon the brink of total surrender and of renunciation of all previous enmity between us, "you can begin by seeing me as I am, just as I have seen you as you are, Marion. Frankness and honesty is a precept as highly regarded in fucking as in every walk of life and in every endeavor. Each part of your charming person is delicious, and cumulatively the total comprises the most entrancing lover. But you, in turn, must regard, the male instrument of your newly acquired pleasure, constituted as separately and then again as cumulative, by which I mean, do not shy from looking, nay, from touching that which you see perhaps in its rightful state perhaps for the first time, just as this..." and here I lifted up her sweet hand which had sought to cover her lovely cunt and which I had brought to touch my prong, "is now a thousandfold more dear to me than when I did not know your person save in the formidable prudery of your garments and judged you as dull of mind and clouded of spirit as you made your body seem by hiding it."

Oh, yes, I knew how specious was my argument with Marion, but remember I had brought her a considerable distance, and in so short a time as to make this alteration in her almost inconceivable. I confess I had not dreamed to have gone so far. Oh, there was no question that by

my artful frigging and feathering and gamahuching I could bring about the vengeance I had always sought over her, but it was evident that I had mastered her, truly mastered her, and she startled me by participating in the battle so that it was not always so one-sided, and thereby she had gained both my respect and my newly kindled desire. Yes, I wished to fuck her again, but this time it would be in joy, not in enmity, and would be enjoyed on both sides. This, then, was the thread of my argument.

And I added, while she was wavering, her face once more scarlet, still staring at me, considering this revelation of male wisdom, "Was it because you were brought up to believe that to show one's body even to one's husband is sinful and wanton? Was it also because during your marriage to that inconsiderate brute, he never once undertook to explain to you the mysteries of Cythera and of Priapus, but sinfully and brutally took that which he believed to be his right, without considering your own fair estate in the matter?"

I saw her nod and close her eyes, then turn her face away. Her fingers tightened in mine, but I drew them forcibly again to my cock, which was beginning to show signs of new life, thanks to all this philosophical discussion whilst in the nude, and I confess that seeing her naked on the couch, clad only in those delicious and naughty black hose with their provocative rosettes to hold them firm and unwrinkled to her lovely legs, was even more whetting to my lustful appetites than all the philosophy of heaven and hell combined.

"Then," I resumed, feeling her fingers shrink and nervously jerk as I continued to press them against the candid manifestation of my manhood so that she could not mistake it for what it was, "is it not true, by the same token, that as a woman of beauty and wit and spirit, you yourself have a right to expect tenderness and the snaring of mutual joys in lovemaking?"

Again she nodded, lowering her eyes and blushing hotly. We were at least well on the right track now, I knew. All her shibboleths and old-wives' tales which had made her frigidly disdainful towards this exquisite cohesion between man and maid were now being brought into the piercing and fierce light of discussion and debate, and I meant to purge her mind of them so that she would no longer be cluttered by unfounded distaste for the joyous sport of fucking.

"Well, then, in that event, my dear Marion," I murmured, "let us joyously, as friends who have nothing to hide from each other, become acquainted with each other's capabilities and whims, and enter into a companionship which cannot but be wholesome for us both. Try to forget the pain I caused you, but if you do remember it, tell yourself that it was merited and that it led to this happy understanding between the two of us. Now, are you more inclined to view me as a friend than as an enemy?"

She had averted her face toward the back of the couch, but she did not try, I noticed, to pull her fingers away from my cock. They seemed to quiver as if half afraid and half eager to assay the knowledge she had so long shunned.

I moved closer to her on the couch now, and took her in my arms. To my great delight she did not draw away, nor did she withdraw her hand from my soft cock, which by its new tremors under her soft touch once again warned me that its amorous energies were not yet exhausted. My left arm moved under her armpit and around, so that my hand might taste and cup and palpate the sweet, shuddering goblet of her bubbie, and I bent my head to kiss the nipple of that other sweet love-turret nearest me, whilst my right hand stroked the shivering, silk-sheathed contours of her lovely thighs.

Momentarily I pondered on the dilemma which might be mine should Alice discover that I had turned her strict and somewhat feared sister into a passionate accomplice, but as you will see, dear reader, Marion herself solved this predicament most happily for me and all others concerned in my happy entourage of loving partners.

"What beautiful breasts you have, dear Marion," I murmured. "One might well spend an entire night praising and adoring them. And to each facet of your luscious form, another night might be entirely devoted. When I think that your oafish consort ignored such loveliness for so long, I sorrow for the stupidity of my own sex. But in my humble way, let me compensate you as best I can, not only to give you back your self-esteem, but the pleasurable knowledge that as a woman who can inspire passion and adoration, you are surely in the foremost rank."

I heard her sigh and saw her blush more deeply. At last she turned her face toward me, her eyes shimmering with a lovely light through those penitential tears. Her lips trembled as if to speak, and then she glanced down at her slim hand, which was still lying atop my cock, and she gave a little gasp of "Ohhh, how wicked I have suddenly become, and it's all your fault, sir!"

I laughed aloud in my joy at seeing her thus happily reconciled to destiny, and I said, "Sweet Marion, give me your lips and let us seal our bargain, our past of peace and companionship henceforth."

She smiled then and nodded, and then my mouth was on hers, gently at first, until I felt the soft, moist petals quiver in acquiescence, and very delicately I advanced the tip of my tongue to hers. She quivered and moaned a little, and her fingers squeezed very slightly my now invigorated cock. Correspondingly, my left hand tightened on the soft thrust of her bubbie, my fingertips brushing the sweet, softly crinkly bud until I felt it turgify. And now my right hand, which had been dallying so gently and lingeringly over first one stockinged thigh and then the other, boldly marched along the bare olive-sheened skin towards the furry nest between them. With my forefinger, I began to tickle the lips of Marion's soft, moist and quivering cunt.

As she felt that titillation she groaned a little, and then her arms flung round me and locked me to her as she sank back on the cushions, and the shifting of her beautiful naked body granted me total access to her most secret charms. My forefinger unhesitatingly moved back to find that lodestone of her being, the crux and kernel of all her womanhood. And very gently I began to rub the dainty button of sweet love-flesh, while my tongue foraged more audaciously still inside her nectared mouth.

When at last I released her lips she was panting and sighing, her thick lashes fluttering wildly, incontrovertible proof that she was withholding nothing from me now and that all hostility and mistrust had vanished. Exultance filled me, along with eager lust, to know that I had not only de-pedestalled Marion from that lofty and unattainable peak of hatred and contempt but brought her to the warm ebullience of communal passion.

"You are not afraid of me any longer, my darling Marion?" I whispered.

She shook her lovely head, closing her eyes and lowering her head demurely.

"Good! Now, since I have taken such liberties with your person, it is only fair that you should take equal freedom with mine," I told her. "Explore with that sweet hand and learn the nature of this instrument which rises to your command and droops at your neglect. Constate its powers and its deliverance from ennui and frustrating frigidity. Touch it where and as you will, and learn its portents for that happiness to which nature destined you in giving you so delicious a body - yes, and so sweet and hot and tight a cunt in which to accept my willing weapon!"

She kept her face averted, but nonetheless the lovely brunette began hesitantly and shyly, like a new bride on her eve of wakening, to graze and tickle, to press and squeeze, to explore, to observe the dimensions of my now thoroughly erect phallus.

Her touch was velvety and soft and quivering, perhaps subtly different from Alice's, and so the more enjoyable because of that delicious difference. She was perhaps more inquisitive because, older, she had denied herself so long and been denied in turn by that wretched Harry, to whom I daresay I should be heartily grateful; had he not withered the sprouts of affection in her voluptuous form, I might this afternoon have had no such triumph, a greater one than I had first envisioned when I had first lured her into my Snuggery.

"You must touch my balls too, Marion darling," I instructed her, "for these are the sacks which contain the balm and the balsam of intense pleasure, a panacea to the most reluctant, the driest, the most frigid cunt."

"Is-is that what you call my s-s-spot?" she naively queried, while her cheeks and throat and forehead flamed at her own sweetly scandalous obscenity. I observed the quivering curve of her red, moist lips as she said that naughty, image-provoking word, and my pulses leaped in salacious ecstasy.

"Yes, my dear Marion, that and 'pussy' and 'cunny', too. The more imaginative the lover, the more descriptive his names for that temple of

Venus, that grotto of all delight, that haven of exquisite repose and languishing fulfillment." I spoke in a mellow and poetic tone, to bring her still further from that pathway of guilty prurience which one finds in those of little imagination who still believe that the art of fucking should be under a cloud, in the dark and secretive and sinful.

Her fingertips grazed my balls, and they throbbed and ached, telling me that they still contained the wherewithal to offer tribute to my newly acquired mistress. All this while, my finger was touching her clitoris, though I had not been too active, so as not to bring her too quickly to climax. I wished that climax to be shared with me, to seal the bond infrangibly between us. For once thoroughly appeased of all her secret ardors, my beautiful sister-in-law to be would not again hold me in contempt or deem me guilty of insufficient homage to her charms.

But her sweet cunt was moistening, and the love-juices which had been gathering for so long were now readily appearing as Nature graciously showed my beautiful black-haired innamorata the felicitous bounty which comes only with candor and honesty in the way between a man and a maid.

She no longer clutched her thighs so perilously tight, and though her muscles shivered and flexed as I brushed the tender lodestone inside her temple, Marion in no way withheld herself. Once again I kissed her, and this time my tongue was met by her, with a little moaning sigh that welcomed me to take the amorous initiative, knowing it would be met and abetted by my beautiful partner. I left off touching her clitoris to rim the twitching inner lips of her cunt with the tip of my forefinger, and they were swollen and moist with the sweet cream of this prelude to bliss.

"Will you love me now, dear Marion?" I murmured, for now I meant to give her the choice, to let her see she was no longer the slave but freest of lovers, and I waited impatiently to learn whether she had profited by this lesson in the strategy of courtship and of fucking, between prick and cunt, between man and maid.

Oh, how well she had! With a little cry, she flung both her arms around me and dragged me down upon her, my chest mashing down the heaving goblets of her bubbies, and her tongue rapiered its way into my own eager mouth. Our tongues thus commenced a friction that was a portent

of that greater and more glorious friction soon to be effected between us. I fitted myself to her, and my cockhead rubbed her inner thigh and then prodded at the gates of her domain, imploring entrance. With another little moan of acquiescence, she squirmed a bit, as if to make room for me, and with a shout of joy I felt the tip of my spear probe easily now into her moistened cunt, and as my hands slipped under her bottom to hold her tightly, I felt myself press forward into that gloriously tight channel to the very hilt.

She groaned, her eyes closed, her nostrils flaring wildly, as I slowly drew myself back to the gateway of this paradise of pussy, only to sink back as slowly again till I was buried again to my balls. Her buttocks jerked against my grasp, and their contractions told me there need be no more words between us, only sweet fucking.

Now, withdrawing my right hand, I edged it between us, and my forefinger once more sought the button of Marion's clitoris, as I drew back from that charming nook which held my cock so snugly. Indeed, if I was any judge, Marion's cunt was equally as tight as sweet Alice's, which was not surprising since, despite three years of conjugal union to the dolt Harry, she was herself truly a virgin to fucking.

The moment my finger touched her lovebutton again, Marion uttered aloud, "Ohh my Lord! Oh, Jack!" in such a tone of panting rapture and wondrous delight that I shuddered with the afflux of an almost overpowering lust. It was as if she had come upon the gates of paradise itself! Flattening that tumescent nodule with my fingertip, I now thrust myself slowly back down into her depths, and even I was not prepared for the convulsive and frenzied clutching of her arms and of her legs, too - yes, her stockinged thighs and calves coiled over me as might the attacking serpents, pinioning me to her with such ardor that my pulses hammered wildly in sheer erotic joy. My lips met hers, and now our tongues had free coming and going, and I felt her fingernails dig into my tensioned back while under my left palm her naked, velvety bottom weaved and lunged and squirmed uncontrollably.

Back I drew again and again to the brink of her sweet cunt, whilst my forefinger prodded and pushed and flattened her stiffening clitoris. Her moans and sobs and whimpering cries were stifled in my mouth as I drank with savoring relish the onomatopoeia of her mounting rapture.

Now I quickened my gait, and my finger furred and pressed and rolled the stiffening little button; and Marion could not control her responses as her climax neared. Her legs threshed round me with their feverish lock, her nails gouged my back, her eyes opened and rolled and glazed, while her tongue slashed and stabbed and daggered at me, as she now seemed to thrust up her pelvis to meet my every down-digging plunge. She began to gasp and groan, and her bubbies wildly surged against my dominating chest, flattening their sweet turrets with such a brash exuberance as to belie completely the formidable prudish countenance she had once put on things... was it centuries ago?

Then suddenly she twisted her face away, her eyes wild and staring. She arched up her loins just as I thrust to the very hilt, and just as my finger thrust and flattened the love button back into its soft, protective cowl of pink love-flesh, Alice's sister uttered a piercing scream that vibrated in my ears like the heralding of all the angels of heaven: "Ohhh-ahhhh! Ohhhh, Jack, I am going to die! Oh, Jack, hurry - oh, darling, oh Jack-oh-oh-oh!" And with this she cleaved unto me, our bellies grinding together as I poured forth my last libation of the afternoon and felt it met by the responding torrent of her ecstatic climax-cream.

It was the little death the philosophers write of, and it was renascence for both of us, but most of all for Marion, whose lovely face was contorted in the sweet rictus of passionate fulfillment for what was undoubtedly the first time in all her lovely life.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I let her quit me for a much-needed respite in the bidet, while I put back on my silk dressing gown and poured out two glasses of wine, this time without any addition of cantharides to her glass. Seeing me in my dressing gown, she blushed again, and at once put her hand over her mount, murmuring sweetly, "You have the advantage of me again, Jack, so won't you let me put back on my things?"

"Not quite yet, my dear, for your beauty should never be veiled and before you leave, I shall certainly wish to bid you a last tender farewell," I gallantly answered as I handed her her glass. She seated herself on the couch, leaning back, arching out those wonderfully firm bubbies, whose nipples were very definitely darkened and turgified by all the excitement they had met in so short a space of time, concentrated into one afternoon and thus acquiring far more experience within that span than she had known throughout her three years of domesticity.

She looked so naughtily wanton in just her stockings that I could not resist rushing over to salute her on the throat and then on each gorgeous bubbie in turn, at which she actually giggled, then blushed divinely. Nonetheless, she crossed her legs one over the other, letting me admire the play of muscles and the firm swelling contours of her uppermost thigh, and then, to distract her from self-consciousness, I remarked, "Did you know that Alice has learned from me how to chastise her maid, Fanny, when the latter is impertinent, as she so often is?"

This struck a responsive chord in Marion's bosom, evidently, for she looked up at me, with those dark blue eyes quite wide with surprise, and shaking her head, replied, "Good heavens, I can hardly believe that, Jack. I have seen Fanny a great deal, as you know, but I never dreamed that my meek little sister could ever dominate her."

"No, because you were such a past mistress at dominating her yourself," I chuckled. She bit her under lip at this and glanced down, and I realized I was on a rather touchy subject, so I hastened on: "But it is quite true, and you have only to ask Alice yourself. Why, she has had Fanny here in the Snuggery, and bound her and tickled her and smacked her - and, I might add, loved her."

"Loved her?" Marion gasped in echo, her eyes wider than ever.

"Why, yes, to be sure. You cannot mean to tell me you have never heard of the art whereby two lovely women can find affection in their own persons?" I chanced.

"No! Assuredly, no. But how can such a thing be?"

Yes, Marion's sexual education had quite evidently been limited, and apparently it was going to fall to me as her initiator to edify her on many subjects. What a pleasant prospect to have before one!

"Yes, it's quite common indeed," I said casually, as I lit a fresh cigar and took a sip of my wine. "There is nothing so strange about it, for it took place thousands of years ago on the Island of Lesbos, when dear Bilitis was the favorite of the priestess Sappho."

"That is all very well," Marion primly remarked, "but it tells me nothing, Jack."

"Is this my former haughty Marion speaking?" I laughed. "Here you are pressing me for the most intimate details and on a still more intimate subject, and only a little while ago you thought me the most contemptible brute and blackguard."

"Oh, please, do forget that, won't you, Jack?" she entreated, and she sent me the most exquisitely appealing glance from those lovely blue eyes.

I could not gainsay her now, after she had proved herself so passionately cooperative on the couch of love, and so I went over and kissed her again on the mouth, and I drew her free hand down toward my dwindled prick as a new test of her compliance. To my delight, she did not withdraw her hand or shrink in the least, but instead took hold of my weapon boldly and sweetly stroked the head and felt the balls, which had considerably diminished, as one can imagine.

"Well, now," I went on as I seated myself beside her, "the fact simply is, Marion, that girls have as much passion as men, as you yourself have just demonstrated so beautifully."

At this she drew in her breath sharply, and her blushes deepened. It was delightful to see her like this, almost like a virgin.

"And," I went on as I shifted myself still closer to her, "sometimes some of the bolder and more ardent females even try to duplicate nature by artificial means to make up for the absence of that which you are so delightfully touching now."

At this she drew her hand away from my cock, but I seized her wrist and drew it back to my cock, for I was beginning to appreciate her caresses. I did not think myself capable of still another spend, for I thought I had given her all my essence, but if we went on this way I could well chance the strenuous taxation on my vigor by assaying further amorous passages with this delectable young woman.

"Whatever do you mean, you wicked man?" she said with another slurred little giggle. "I knew it was a dreadful mistake as soon as I walked into your apartment, and now I am more convinced of it than ever."

"But not nearly so unhappy about it as when you first did, eh?" I whispered, and she blushed and nodded. "Well then," I said as I finished my wine and set the glass down, "it is really quite elementary. And there are numerous ways in which women can make love together, just as there are between ourselves. For example, one may lie upon the other and with their arms about them, each will lass and rub back and forth to create the most diverting friction and passionate glow imaginable in their sweet cunts."

"Ohh my!" Marion gasped at this illuminating edification, and I saw the rosy hue of her cheeks grow even more fiery as she averted her face from me.

"And then, they may wish to use their mouths and tongues, as I did with you when you were standing there, so pretty, with arms held high above your head and legs spread apart so you could not resist my blandishments," I continued.

"Oh dear! If you ever dare breath a word to Alice, I-I don't know what I'll do!" she tremulously confessed. I held her hand tightly now against my cock, and I leaned over to kiss her sweet rosy mouth.

"The time will come," I murmured, "when you will tell her everything yourself, and for pleasure, mark my words, Marion."

"Oh, I should never dare! What would Alice think of me, after I have treated her so severely?" she breathed.

"As I was going to say," I resumed my didactic lecture, "they may emulate my example with you by placing themselves in reverse over each other, and while one kisses and tongues the soft cunt of the other, the latter in turn requites her in kind. And then again, there are those who are passive by nature, and wish to have love made to them but wish someone else to take the initiative. So as you were lying on the couch a little while ago, the other girl will simply kneel between her thighs and kiss and lick and suck her there."

"Do you mean, Jack, that Alice and Fanny do those things together?" She stared directly at me, and her eyes were huge as saucers.

"I rather think they do, but again, as I told you, you can learn all this from Alice simply by consulting with her," I said slyly.

"Jack! Now you are being too bold! If I were to do such a thing, do you not think Alice would at once guess what had happened between us today?"

"I rather think she would, for your sister is almost as alert and vivacious of mind as yourself, Marion," I praised her. "That is why you must deliberate as to the wisdom of taking the bull by the horns and telling her yourself, in a manner which will turn it to your own best advantage."

"But to get back to Fanny and Alice," Marion pursued, for evidently this was piquing her quite a good deal, "you know, I have a maid also who is in my opinion certainly more impertinent than Fanny on many occasions, and I have been beside myself to know what tack to take with her to teach her more deference and humility."

"I will make the same offer to you that I made to Alice before you," I chuckled. "Bring her here and enlist my aid, and between the two of us, we will teach this saucy baggage her place, my dear."

"Good heavens, I couldn't do that! But still..."

"But still?" I questioned as I kissed her left nipple, taking it between my lips and flicking it with the tip of my tongue till she moaned with pleasure.

"Now, you're not-not to do that anymore, because I am all quieted down now and you mustn't drive me giddy again so soon," my sweet brunette innamorata chided. But from a delicious glint in her eyes and the sudden erratic heaving of her gorgeous bubbies, I could see I had not at all displeased her by my attentions.

"You are begging the question again, you impertinent minx, and you know what that will cost your bottom if you persist in it," I teased her.

"Oh, that was so humiliating I don't dare think of it. Please, don't let's speak of it," Marion stammered, blushing. "But you were saying about Kay - that is my maid's name - that you and I could together make her toe the mark. Why, do you know what she did yesterday afternoon?"

"I haven't the slightest notion, Marion dear."

"Well, I wanted her to run an errand for me, you see," Marion earnestly began, "and the saucy vixen had the temerity to tell me that she was already occupied with laying out my clothes for dinner last night and she certainly would not have time for such a commission."

"And you didn't even box her ears for her?"

"Heavens, no, she is as tall as I am and quiet determined in her ways."

"And so am I, unless you have by chance forgotten it," I said with a mocking little smile, at which she colored and lowered her eyes.

"Decidedly this Kay needs a good birching or bottom-smacking to teach her manners to her mistress. And as your new protector, Marion, I herewith engage myself to that task. You will enjoy assisting me, I am certain."

"You mean, you would tie her up as you tied me, and then..."

"And then disrobe her? I would indeed, with your permission, to be sure."

"Oh, Jack! It would be delightful. And she does have it coming, the impertinent hussy."

"How old is this paragon of virtue of yours?"

"Twenty-three, and she leads the poor hostlers and clerks a merry chase, from all she tells me. Why, do you know, she boasts openly of flirting, and then when these unhappy men make overtures to her, scoring them off, and she boasts of it to me."

"She is what the French call a demi-vierge, a half-virgin, who enjoys using her powers of allure to agonize and frustrate her victims. Decidedly, she is in need of a good lesson, Marion."

"Then, Jack, I will bring her to you tomorrow afternoon. Oh dear, what time is it? I must go, really I must, dear Jack."

She tried to rise from the couch, but my hands were cupping her bobbies and it was no easy task. My lips once more met hers, and now I felt my cock throb and stiffen in a last farewell manifestation of its hunger for Marion's sweet, hot, encompassing flesh. I kissed her on the mouth and let my tongue roam at will, and she answered as avidly as I. My hands slipped down from her breasts to caress the insides of her olive-sheened upper thighs, and soon I had my forefinger on the twitching lips of her cunt again and was delving to find the clitoris.

Marion's breath came quickly now, erratically, and she moaned and tried to clench her thighs together. But my finger had taken its inroads and it was already far too late for her to make such a defensive maneuver. Squirming on that lovely bottom of hers, leaning back, her eyes closed, she moaned as my finger plied her love-button with the most insidious touchings and caresses.

"And one thing more, Marion," I remarked as I ended a long, passionate kiss which left her quivering in my arms, "once you have helped me strip and smack this naughty maid of yours, you can, if you wish, reconcile yourself with her in the manner I have just described, and she will be your sweet prisoner of love."

"Oh dear Heavens! What you say is so outlandish and naughty that I ought to be terribly vexed with you," she panted, but again the flash in her dark blue eyes would have me believe that she did not find my words so terrible after all.

At last I allowed the beautiful naked brunette to rise from the couch to dress again, to dress and to be free of me. I watched her, for to see a

female restore her clothes to order over her naked beauty has always been for me one of the choicest regalia of this life.

"My blouse and my bodice and the front of my dress will hardly hold together after your outrageous treatment," she chided me, with a hasty glance in my direction.

"I will lend you a cape to put over you to hide the disarray, and I shall keep my word as to replacing that pretty frock. My sister-in-law to be must surely accept a present of friendship which it will be my pleasure to offer you. You will go to the Sandys Salon on Fleet Street and have them send the bill to me for anything you wish."

"Oh, how nice you are now, and how I had misjudged you, Jack!" she cried ecstatically as she clung her arms around my neck and hugged me. My right hand continued to forage in the sweet region of her cunt, while my left hand at the back of her neck forced her panting, most, warmly red mouth against my lips.

At last I escorted her to the door of my apartment, and it was a far different Marion that I led there than I had let enter. Now she was an arch-conspiratress who was destined to bring into my life new pleasures and delights, and who would not now stand in the way of my happiness with Alice.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Unhappily, the next day a messenger came round with a note from Marion saying that she regretted not being able to keep our tentative assignation, but my heart bounded with joy when I read the postscript which she had added:

"I think if all goes well you may expect a visit from me tomorrow afternoon, and I shall take my maid shopping with me."

History was about to repeat itself! How well I remembered the exquisite way in which my beloved Alice had taken to the bait of demonstrating that she, too, could couple sweet sadism to love's alluring ways and brought vivacious Fanny to my Snuggery. In so doing, naturally, as you, my patient readers, no doubt remember, she had offered me an additional inamorata for my private harem, the incomparable Fanny. Not only that, this introduction had resulted in a sweet rapport between Fanny and her young mistress, so I may be said to have diversely contributed to the happiness of others than myself, and thus could not be charged with the epithet of selfish, unprincipled rogue and bachelor.

Via the same messenger, whom I tipped handsomely, I sent back an answering note that I should be quite at Marion's disposal the following afternoon, and I bade the energetic young man who had conveyed this message to execute a further commission for me by pausing on his way back to Marion at a florist's and there purchasing a dozen dark red roses with which my card was to be enclosed.

I dined at Simpson's that evening to replenish my vigor, which I foresaw I should sorely need when not only Marion herself but the intrepid Kay, whom I had not once met, should visit my Snuggery. My dreams that night, as you may well expect, were full of the most titillating and lascivious scenes and images of my fertile dalliance and voluptuous chastisements which I proposed to inflict not only upon Kay but upon her mistress as well.

All my preparations were made and the apartment was in excellent order. I lunched early, ordering a glass of wine to drink a solitary toast to

the oncoming pleasures, and then I waited with impatience. The doorbell rang at two o'clock.

I was immaculately dressed, as I had been when I received Marion, and when I opened the door, my eyes widened with admiration. Standing just behind Marion, who wore an entrancingly attractive blue frock and a dainty matching bonnet, was a young woman as tall, perhaps more svelte, with a profusion of coppery-red curls and the most impertinently sulky face one can imagine, with dainty snub nose, insolent and very ripe mouth, high-set cheekbones, and a complexion of pale ivory flecked by tiny rosy dots, the genuine and ardent complexion of a true redhead. Her eyes were gray-green and very closely set together, while her lashes were extremely long and thick, and her eyebrows full and eloquent. I looked forward to testing whether her mercurial nature and secret amorous proclivities were in keeping with her spirited and sensually enticing countenance.

"Well, a pleasant afternoon to you, Jack," Marion blithely greeted me. "I was out shopping and found myself nearby, so I asked our driver to let us off here so that I can thank you for those beautiful flowers. How thoughtful you were, Jack."

"It was my pleasure," I bowed low, "and it was only a humble tribute to your beauty and warmth."

I saw the red-haired maid prick up her ears at this, and she shot me a covert glance full of mischief and malice. Aha, I thought to myself, I know the cut of your jib well enough already, my fine wench! Yes, this Kay was the sort who would spy on her mistress to gain a hold over her, and I knew she was speculating on what might have passed between us for me to have addressed Marion in so warm a manner and for Marion to reply to me in kind. Well, I should soon disabuse her of this unjustified status-seeking, I told myself, as I invited Marion to enter my domain.

I asked her if she would not take a cup of tea with me and Marion gratefully acquiesced, graciously inviting Kay to share with us, but the pert wench tossed her head and tartly replied, "No thank you, ma'am. I'll wait till high tea, if you don't mind."

Marion's eyes met mine, and I saw a sort of facial expression on her charming features which told me this was quite typical of the maid. Ah, the wench was overdue for chastisement months ago.

"As you like," I said airily, "but at least, since I am a mere man, you may be gracious, Kay, to help me prepare the tea exactly the way your mistress wishes it."

She came forward with a sort of sulky resignation, and I watched her handle my tea things with summary dispatch. I said nothing, but I glanced again at Marion, who smiled and nodded. Yes, I had her approbation in my proposed scheme of things, and judging from the grimace of annoyance she made when Kay placed her cup before her with an annoying clatter of the saucer, I was sure she would give me not only moral support but also physical assistance when it came to the disciplinary measures I meant to take with this coppery-haired young vixen.

I recalled only too well how Alice and I had conspired to bring Fanny along that memorable afternoon, how the two of us had administered a voluptuous chastisement to the dark-haired maid, who is now as thoroughly impassioned as my beloved sweetheart. But Fanny at least had had a redeeming demureness and sweet humility, even with all her persiflage, whereas my impression of red-haired Kay was that she was spoiling for the rod in pickle, to turn a phrase. I did not know how long Marion had had her in service, but it was evident at once that she lacked the proper breeding for being a discreet confidante between a man and a maid of higher social plateau than her own. So I resolved that while providing Marion with her debut as a loving flagellant, I should requite on my own account this saucy baggage's brash manner, not only toward her mistress during the episode of tea, but also toward myself. I saw that Marion was somewhat ill at ease, obviously not knowing how to proceed in making this debut which would once and for all proclaim her superiority and dominance over her red-haired vixen of a maid, so I deemed it meet to commence the proceedings.

"There is something I should like you to examine, Marion," I soberly remarked, "because I, being a bachelor, cannot be expected to know much about decor, and I have probably committed several errors in taste and judgment."

"I should be happy to give what little advice I can, Jack," Marion flushed as she replied in a low voice, "but you must realize that since Harry and I have been separated, I have had little occasion to think of such relatively inconsequential matters as furnishing and decorating."

"Surely you are not a recluse yet, my dear," I jokingly replied with twinkling eyes, "for you are far too young and lovely to sequester yourself in a mausoleum and hide your charms from an appreciative society."

I saw Kay give her mistress an almost sneering look at this, and I could scarcely contain myself with glee, because it was obvious at once that this impertinent creature dared censure her betters. I blandly urged Marion, therefore, to come with me into what I termed my "photographic salon" so that I might have her valuable opinion. She did so, and, glancing back over her shoulder, casually added, "come along, Kay, please."

"If you don't mind, ma'am, I'll stay here. I'm sure you'd just as soon prefer that anyhow," was the bold jade's pert answer. Marion's face flamed, because the maid's quip was an arrow shot far too close for comfort, and she looked at me helplessly, hoping I could right the situation.

I eyed Kay with a crushing glance and thereupon remarked, "Do you know, Marion, I wonder how long you have had this sharp-tongued young woman in your service, for if she were in my employ, she would receive a week's notice for such an insolent answer."

"But I'm not, sir, and I'll thank you not to address your remarks to me," was Kay's insolent retort, as with flashing eyes and scornful features she pulled herself up. Decidedly she was playing right into my hands, which fairly itched to deal her out the sort of chastisement her audacity fully merited.

"Now this is quite enough, Kay," Marion said sharply, and she was not playing a part now. "I wish you to accompany me, and you will do so. Do you understand?"

"Very well, if you put it that way, ma'am," Kay drawled with as condescending an air as she could muster.

And so the time had come, and I forced myself to keep my features grave and controlled so that our intended victim could not have the faintest inkling what awaited her inside that door which led to my "photographic salon!"

Once inside, I slipped back to turn the spring lock, which was so well concealed that a stranger to the Snuggery could never locate it in a time of aggravated haste, and then casually I led the way.

"Do you not think, Marion," I sententiously demanded, "that it is much too dark and gloomy in here?"

"But for the development work you must do, Jack, I should say it is quite in keeping. But do, pray, tell me what are all those curious pillars and the rings fixed to them?" Marion innocently asked.

"Why, I should say they were there to guarantee the docility and obedience of insolent baggages," I blandly countered, as I turned to look at Kay. "And if you like, I should be happy to demonstrate to you just how effective they can be."

I had, as I passed by the panel on the wall, slyly touched the button which lowered the rope-pulleys, those same aids which had enabled me to subjugate delicious Alice, so they were now at easy reach when the moment came to entrap the red-haired minx who had incited both of us to irritation with her.

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" Kay indignantly exclaimed, drawing herself up again and tightening her lips with evident displeasure.

"I was indeed addressing you, Kay," I rejoined, "and since your mistress does not have the spunk, or perhaps the hardness of heart, necessary to correct your intolerable behavior, I shall take it upon myself to do so."

With this, striding towards her and taking her entirely by surprise for her mouth gaped and her eyes went very wide indeed, I seized her by a wrist and dragging it up to the nearest pulley, in a trice had fastened her securely while I called to Marion to emulate me on the other side.

"What are you doing - how dare you treat me like this, and you too, ma'am - oh, you'll both be sorry for this, you mark my words!" Kay stormed as she tugged at her bound wrists and kicked out at us both. She

did indeed succeed in barking Marion's shin, rather lightly but enough to make my beautiful brunette sister-in-law absolutely furious with her. I was really grateful to the baggage for having thus forced her mistress's hand, for now there was no doubt whatsoever that Marion would heartily abet me in my imminent plans for the thorough chastisement of this wretchedly impertinent and forward young vixen.

Going to the wall, I touched a button to elevate Kay's arms overhead till she was forced to stand on tiptoe, the while she shrieked her angry denunciations of us both. I took no heed of these at all, needless to say, but warily approaching her on her right, squatted down behind her, and in a trice bound her slender ankle with a silken rope and made it fast to the pillar. Marion, with quick native wit, followed my example with almost as much dexterity as if she had done this sort of thing all her life.

Thus in a few moments we had the raging, red-haired baggage secured, ready for disrobing and the subsequent punishment which would follow.

"Now then, Marion," I said calmly, as we both stood back to observe the furious, writhing captive, "do you not agree that this minx deserves a sound birching?"

"Indeed she does!" Marion retorted with a sparkling glint in her eyes which boded no good for her maid. "You don't know how I've wanted to take her down a peg or two, Jack. She's been in my service eighteen months now, and I am certain the way she's flouted me had not a little to do with dear Harry's becoming vexed with me and..."

"That's a lie!" Kay cried out hoarsely, beside herself with fury as she tugged uselessly at her bound wrists tied high above her head. "Anyone with half an eye could see from the start that you couldn't keep that nice husband of yours, so you just wanted to take it out on me. I could tell, you, how extravagant you were and..."

"That's quite enough, Kay," I broke in sternly. "You are only aggravating your mistress' already considerable case against you. I am no judge of what happened between the two of you outside of my abode, but this I can tell you: the way you have acted toward us both this afternoon is itself enough to condemn you to rebuke many times over."

"And what, sir, do you intend to do, sir?" Kay sneered. "When you let me go - as you're going to have to, you know - I shall go to a constable and have you taken in charge for this outrageous insult."

"Well, then, Marion, since she seems determined to charge us rather more seriously than we have already acted, do you not suppose we may as well merit the charge?" I turned to the beautiful brunette beside me.

Marion's eyes shone, and she murmured, "Oh yes, Jack, I'm dying to see her come down off her high horse and start realizing her place!"

"Then why don't you undress her and get her ready for the birch!" I asked, loudly enough to be heard by our proposed victim. Kay could not believe her ears.

"What? What did you just say? Birch me? You wouldn't, you wouldn't dare! Oh, I should like to see you try, I should! You'd dearly regret it if you lay a finger on me, I can tell you that!"

"It will not be a finger, but a good swishy birch, Kay, administered judiciously and soundly across your naked posterior," was my cold answer.

"Oh, let me do it, Jack," Marion gasped, her bosom rising and falling with excitement.

"She is your maid, after all, so it is only just that you should deliver her up to punishment," I gallantly rejoined.

"At last!" Marion exclaimed, as she approached the horrified redhead, who until this very moment could not believe the testimony of her ears and eyes.

"No - I forbid you to - you shan't - sir, are you going to let her undress me in your presence? This is indecent, outrageous, vile!"

"Not one twentieth part so vile as your sly insinuations about your mistress and her husband," was my cold answer, "and if your modesty should be offended, you have only yourself to blame for it. Meanwhile, I shall go fetch the birch."

I had cut two fresh birch rods that morning, one thin, long and very flexible, the other somewhat bulkier, binding them with a cloth strip to

serve as handle and arranging them most expertly for the proper castigation of a female bottom. To be sure, the choice would be decided by the victim's proportions, so one may judge with what impatience I awaited Marion's preparations.

Marion lost no time. First unbuttoning the straps of Kay's plain muslin dress, she dragged the garment down to the girl's waist. Then she unbuttoned Kay's undervest, leaving the redhead in only her chemise, which covered bosom and loins. This was not done, however, without frenzied threatening, shrieking and struggling, as Kay, absolutely frantic at the shameful thought of being undressed before a man, flung herself this way and that against her bonds.

"You will not be able to get her frock off without releasing her feet, Marion," I suggested, "and I daresay you do not wish to do that since she is the mulish sort who will kick. Here, take this pair of scissors and cut it off her."

"Oh, you miserable scoundrel, to do such a thing to a helpless girl," Kay cried hysterically as she tried to lunge backwards as she saw Marion approach, scissors in hand. "Help me, for the Lord's sake! Sir, sir, how can you stand there and let this happen to a defenseless girl, a decent girl who's never done any harm to anyone in all her life?"

"I would not be surprised if you had quite a bit to do with harming Marion's marriage," I sternly replied, "but your mistress has asked for my aid and I am here to give it. You will have to appeal to her, I am afraid."

By now Marion had cut the frock off and dragged it away, and now the undervest had been removed and Kay stood there in only her batiste chemise, her gray cotton stockings and plain black shoes. But that deshabelle was already breathtaking enough to set my cock to aching and stirring in its dormant hiding place.

She was magnificently svelte, and in some ways even more sinuous and supple than her mistress. Demurely cut as the chemise was it, did not in the least conceal the splendid promontories of her bosom, high-perched globes shaped somewhat like ripe pears, set widely apart and thrusting their voluptuously developed buds vigorously against the stuff of her chemise. From her slim waist there flared a pair of delectably sleek, agile

hips, and her buttocks were broad ovals with a gradually widening furrow between them. Her thighs were delightfully long and almost boyishly slender.

"Oh, ma'am, no - for God's sake, not in front of him! Have mercy on me!" Kay exclaimed, as she lunged back and tried to escape her mistress's reach. But I stood there with hands clasped behind my back, enjoying the spectacle of this embattled vixen at bay and the still more exquisite scene of the once arrogant Marion's playing the role of executioner. The buttons fell one by one to Marion's nimble fingers, and now she moved to Kay's other side, ignoring the girl's sobbing pleas as she undid those as well. The chemise suddenly descended, falling to Kay's hips, exposing those beautiful bobbies in all their glory.

"Ohhh! Oh my God, oh my God, cover me up, ma'am, I beg of you, not in front of him - don't let him see me n-naked!" and already the anger in her voice had given way to real shame and terror, the two most voluptuously rousing emotions a man can discern in a proposed female captive.

Those bobbies were wonderfully firm and uptilting, with narrow, dark coral aureolae, and extremely well-developed nipples. Her navel, also, was a jewel in the flesh, very dainty, deep and very narrow, and in the frenzied play of her muscles as she threw herself this way and that against her bonds, it seemed to wink at me as if inviting me to pay its owner ardent tribute - which I surely meant to do.

The chemise would go no lower, owing to the straddle of her legs. Marion seized at the folds of the garments and tugged at them, ignoring Kay's piteous pleas for mercy, but found the progress impeded. Again to my delight, without being told, she resorted to the scissors, and then I uttered a gasp of unconcealed admiration as the garment fell to the floor and Kay stood exposed, naked except for the stockings, before us both.

The silky thatch at the juncture of her thighs was extremely thick and of a darker, more auburn shade than the hair of her lovely arrogant head. She was, to be truthful, even more thickly furred than her mistress, whose public foliage I have already intimately described.

Discovering herself so shamelessly unveiled, Kay closed her eyes, turned her face to one side, and desperately tugged at her bound wrists,

shrieking wordless complaints and madly trying to clench her thighs, so the muscles stood out under the satiny pale, milky skin of her thighs.

I now went to the closet and brought back both birch rods, one in each hand-the bulkier in my left. My preference was for the lighter one, for though Kay's bottom was spacious, it had that compact, sinuous quality to it that fairly cried out for a thinner, swishier rod.

My own, rod, as you may well guess by this time, was violently turgid, but I made no effort to conceal my protuberance from Kay's dilated, horrified eyes. I turned to Marion now, handing her the birch in my right hand and remarking, "I believe you will find this birch ideally suited to her insolent posterior."

"Oh, it looks as if it will really sting her properly, Jack," Marion exulted as she took it in her right hand, brandishing it about with many a vicious swish in the air, under the eyes of the now thoroughly frightened maid.

"You surely aren't going to hit me with that dreadful thing! Oh, sir, please don't let her beat me - she's got such a terrible temper, you've no idea. She'll cut me to ribbons, I know she will."

"And so you richly deserve, you sharp-tongued, maliciously gossiping baggage," I irritatedly retorted. "I will not lift a finger to help you." (Nor, dear reader, would I, but I was already lifting my prick in tribute to this red-haired hussy about to pass under the birch for the first time.)

Taking her place behind Kay, Marion called out to me, "How many do you think I should give her, Jack?"

"Why, as to that, dear, let your conscience be your guide," I laughingly retorted. "But mind you, lay them on slowly so she will have ample time to feel the effects of each good stroke. You will also find the lower part of her bottom is much more sensitive to a birch like that, which cuts and stings and draws, than the upper region. Also, listen carefully to her assuredly vivid descriptions of what she is undergoing, which will give you a much-needed clue as to what quota you may set for this her first flogging."

"Oh, you heartless, you dreadful man, to stand by and let me so brutally treated. No, no - oh, for God's sake, sir, have pity!"

"I have already told you I am hors de concours," I taunted her. "This dispute is between your mistress and yourself, so address your supplications and your jeremiads to her entirely."

"Now then, Miss," Marion addressed her as she laid the swishy rod full across the fleshiest curves of her maid's clenching and trembling naked bottomcheeks, "I am going to teach you manners, I am, and you are not going to get off very lightly. Kick me in the shins, would you? Tell me that my husband sought your advice about me, would you? You shall repent your insolence, my girl, to the very fullest."

With this, after patting Kay's naked bottom a few times, she drew back her right arm and made the birch sing out a doleful huissshhhish in the air as the half-dozen freshly cut birch switches swept magisterially across both huddling cheeks of Kay's milky, rosy-flecked bottom.

With a piercing cry of pain, Kay lunged forward and offered the furry gate of her cunt to my blazing eyes. It was all I could do to keep from reaching out and squeezing those heaving bubbies of hers, or caressing her naked belly, or inserting a finger under all those shaggy, dark-red curls to find the delicious inlet to her female secrets.

A second cut now fell, and Kay shrieked aloud, glancing back as she lunged forward, the pulleys creaking under the strain.

"Hold off a bit now, Marion," I advised. "You're going about it much too quickly. Besides, we should put the mirror in front of Kay so she will be prepared for the next cut."

In a few moments I had the huge mirror standing in front of the naked redhead, just as I had done with Marion so recently. The distracted, frantic, naked sufferer perceived herself in the mirror and stared, observing the thickly ringletted fleece between her straddled thighs, and with a gasp of shame, tried with all her powers to clench her thighs and hide that enticing nook from my view.

I now went behind the redhead to observe Marion's handiwork. The very first two cuts of that slim, whippy rod had left angry, bright pink streaks across both Kay's quivering, clenching buttocks; and the vivid, lascivious sight of these stigmata on that wonderfully milky-pale skin of hers was absolutely devastating to my carnal instincts. Her back was deeply

hollowed and her shoulders slim and graceful, while the suppleness of her limbs and muscles thoroughly entranced me. If Marion had not been present, I fear I should have deferred Kay's birching for a most gratifying interlude which had as its aim the determination of her virginity, of which state I had, needless to say, no present knowledge.

"Excellent, my dear," I approved, "but take care not to hurry the cuts and to keep this naughty minx waiting in suspense for each. The proper effect of a good birching is to augment from moment to moment the burning sting of the cut just inflicted, so that the naughty culprit will feel even more apprehensive over the one to follow. And remember my injunction that the underpart of her big bottom is likely to be far more sensitive than the upper region."

"Oh, you hateful, shameless ruffian," Kay tearfully sobbed, as she turned her head back over shoulder to regard me, "you go beyond propriety and decency in this! Oh, I will make you pay for the outrage to my person and to my modesty - I will - Owww!"

In the midst of her tirade, I had made a gesture to Marion, who had promptly regaled the red-haired baggage with a brisk slash just over the base of both flinching nether globes. Taken by surprise, Kay lunged forward with a wild cry of pain, and the play of her muscles and the jerking of her thighs, together with the contractions of her buttocks, blended together into the most sensual choreography in all the world.

"Now that was excellently done, Marion, And she has just demonstrated the truth of what I advised. Concentrate on the lower curves of that impertinent posterior, and you will be amazed in the transformation in this unruly creature!" I remarked.

I could tell that Marion was entering into the spirit of the game, and with bosom heaving and eyes sparkling, she planted herself like a veteran flagellatress, turned somewhat sideways and at Kay's left, whilst she now patted her maid's shrinking, naked seat with the swishy, long, supple rod as if to intimate where the next stroke would be applied. Kay caught her breath and groaned, steeling herself, whereupon Marion drew back her arm and lunged it forward with full strength. The twigs whisked around to the right, towards the victim's groin, and Kay again shouted in anguish

under that slashing cut. Her skin was quite well marked by now, and it was most sensitive and delicate, I saw.

"Oh, how delicious this is - to be able to punish her as she deserves, the spiteful jade," Marion murmured to me as she sent me a humid look of happy gratitude. Then, glancing down at my person, she blushingly whispered, "And you, sir, have a rod in store for my maid, I see, instead of for me!"

What boundless delight these words inspired in me, dear reader, you may well imagine! I could not have dreamed of so perfect a conversion as I had made in this so-apt pupil in fucking and flogging, for look you, she had, in one bound and in that single phrase, told me she would permit me to enjoy the charms of her maid as well as herself.

"But you will always have first preference," I murmured back ingratiatingly.

With a soft laugh, Marion swept another whistling cut, this time across the tops of Kay's straddled thighs, the switches licking greedily at the pale, soft skin just above the flouncy, white satin-elastic rosette garters which held her stockings in place on her long, lovely legs.

"Aiii! Oh, for God's sake, will you stop now?" Kay cried in a strident voice. "It is brutal, it is cowardly, to beat a helpless, decent girl like this and to have a man stand by and gloat over her shameful nakedness."

"You should have thought of that before you gave yourself such airs, my girl," Marion sanctimoniously responded, and inflicted yet another whistling cut of the flexible rod, this time biting home across the upper summits of Kay's shuddering, naked bottom cheeks and drawing a hoarse, sobbing cry of "Oh, for God's sake, have mercy. You're cutting me to pieces. Stop, I pray you, stop!"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Marion paused now, exhilarated by this fascinating new sport, finding it no doubt a joyous change to wield the rod instead of herself being the wielder's victim. Then, stepping back a pace or two to give herself more room, she swept the birch from right to left, and holding it at about the level of her own hip, swished it venomously across the tops of Kay's naked behind. Again the tethered captive lunged forward, her thighs shuddering and trying to clench, and her cry was piercing in its intensity:

"Eeeeeoowwww!! For Lord's sake, sir, make her stop now, that's quite enough now! Oh dear, I know I'm bleeding!"

"You are prone to exaggeration as well as to insolence, my girl," I mockingly observed, "for the skin is nowhere broken, and judging by your mistress's surprising skill on her very first essay, I should judge that your naughty backside can stand a good many more such vigorous cuts before there is the slightest tear in your impudent skin. You are, I believe, so calloused morally and temperamentally as to have the same imperviousness to pain as you do the infiltration of humility and proper manners in a domestic!"

Marion huskily laughed with delight at this sarcastic little speech, and as I finished it, she loosed yet another stroke of the birch full over the ripest curves of her maid's squirming and writhing bottomcheeks, eliciting another piteous wail and a frantic lunging from side to side, till the rope-pulleys creaked in protest.

"Perhaps," Marion declared, "this will help teach you not to go about carrying tales of my private affairs, my girl!"

And with this, she administered still another whisking slash of the birch just where the base of Kay's voluptuous naked behind merged into the ripe, jouncy contours of the summits.

"Aiiii! Ohh Lord, oh dear, oh sir, sir, for God's sake get her to stop before she kills me, I can't endure such torture, truly I can't!" And again Kay turned her tear-stained face back over her shoulder as she sought a reprieve from me for this exemplary chastisement.

"Will you stop that caterwauling, my girl, before I really give you something to squeal about?" Marion angrily demanded, "I have hardly begun to chastise you as you deserve, you spiteful, tale-bearing baggage!"

"Oh dear heaven, did you hear that, sir? She won't be content until she has killed me. Oh, do make her stop, I implore you!" Kay sobbingly pleaded, her eyes very big and blurred with tears, as once again she turned her head to appeal to me for mercy.

"I will say only that when next you bare your tail, you had best not antagonize your mistress as you have so injudiciously done already," I could not resist from punning. Then, to Marion, I urged, "But pray continue, my dear sister-in-law to be, for I begin to perceive you are making some headway at last, for she is beginning to feel the cuts."

"I would say it was more a case of 'tailway'." To my great delight Marion showed herself to be as deft a punster, thereby indicating her evident relish for this exquisite little game, as again she patted her maid's naked, well-streaked posterior with the swishiest rod.

"Oh, how can you be so wickedly inhuman and merciless, sir, to let a poor, helpless girl suffer like this?" Kay sobbingly asked, and her body lunged forward again, bending like a bow, to escape the dire inclinations of the rod. "I only wish it was she who was getting this instead of me, for she'd be begging off from the very first cut and - aaarrh! Ohh, mercy, mercy, you're tearing me to shreds. Oh, do have mercy and stop now, for Lord's sake!"

Her sobbing declaration was suddenly cut off as Marion slashed the birch with a quick and brisk maneuver which licked round Kay's satiny right hip and on towards the most intimate part of all her body.

"I should not deafen other people with such braying sounds," Marion sarcastically retorted, and, growing more vehement by the moment as she found sensual excitement in her sport, administered a backhanded cut of the rod from left to right which sent the twigs whistling over the top of Kay's left hip whilst the solid portion of the switches made stinging impact against the top of the minx's left buttock and leaped across to visit the other cheek with an equally ardent salutation.

"Owww! Oh dear, oh, I shall faint, I am beside myself with pain. Oh, sir, what must I do to have you beg me off? Oh dear lord, such torture for a poor, helpless girl. It is unjust and cruel indeed," Kay lamented. Her head lifted and then bowed, she dragged on her wrist-ropes incessantly, and her now vividly striped naked backside jerked and weaved and twisted and squirmed, presenting my enchanted eyes with a most voluptuous vision in the famous and infallibly prick-hardening "dance of the rod."

"Are you ready to apologize for all your nastiness, my girl?" her mistress queried. To hasten Kay's reply, she vengefully cut away at the base of her naked bottom with a whistling, swishing stroke.

"Eeeowww!! Oh, yes! Oh, please, ma'am, do have mercy. I'm sorry if I angered you, truly I am. Oh, won't you stop now before you kill me?"

"And do you promise never, never again to make such a show of insolence and overbearing impudence when you accompany me to Mr. Jack's apartment or anywhere else I choose to go?" Marion persisted, and this query too she punctuated with a slash of the rod that fairly danced off Kay's bare, jouncy bottom, this in diagonal fashion to bridge the quaking, flinching nether hemispheres and to leave a bright, angry weal on the fine, creamy skin already so piteously marred by stripes and darkening little splotches where the harsher knots at certain sections of the withes had made pitiless impact with that fair flesh.

"Ahhrrrr! Oh, truly I will, truly I'll know my place, I swear it, ma'am, only do stop, I can't bear any more - oh, I can't, I can't! Oh, Mr. Jack, do make her stop now - I'll be good - I won't give offense ever again, you may be sure of it, sir!"

"I rather think she has had her due from you, my dear Marion," I now interceded, "and besides, my dear, you are out of breath and very flushed. Do you sit down in that convenient chair and rest yourself a bit."

Marion handed me the rod with a long, panting sigh of pleasure, and judging from the humid glow in her dark blue eyes and the quivering of her moist red lips, as well as the heaving of her superb bosom, she had quite enjoyed herself as a practitioner of the rod.

"Are you going to let her down now, Jack dear?" she asked as she seated herself in the chair which had been pulled up to the right of the tethered maid, enabling her to view both back and front of the captive.

"Why, not yet at all," was my answer, "for although you have settled your score with this saucy baggage, I still have one of my own to settle with her."

With this, I moved around to face the aghast redhead who, seeing the dreadful instrument of her suffering gripped firmly in my right hand, let out a pitiful wail of: "Oh my Lord, surely not more whipping? Oh, sir, I apologize to you, truly I do - oh, do forgive me now and spare me. I am at the end of my endurance!"

"Not at all, my girl," was my sardonic retort, "for I do not propose to birch your insolent backside. The rest of you, however, is quite untouched and will provide ample terrain for our little reckoning."

At this, I extended the rod and patted her across the tops of her naked thighs, very near that dark-red thatched mound which was the temple of her young womanhood.

Kay stared down at the rod with a horrified incredulity and then, with a mad lunge backwards, threw back her head and shrieked, "Oh heavens - oh, surely you won't whip me there? Oh, sir, be merciful now, I beg you humbly for forgiveness!"

"I shall accept your supplication only after you have had your chastisement, as that will guarantee that you will keep your promise of better conduct in the future," was my answer.

Drawing back my arm, I lightly made the flexible rod dart across those shaking, distended, creamy upper columns of Kay's delicious thighs and was rewarded by her frenzied twisting and lunging and her harassed scream of "Eeeowwww! Oh, it is dreadful there - oh, please it hurts me worse, sir, far worse - oh, Mr. Jack, do be kind and pardon me any more - I can't stand it, sir."

"But you will just have to stand it till I am satisfied," I gloated, as again I laid the rod just above the tops of her stockings and watched her squirm

and shrink, her eyes huge with anguish, drowned with tears which began to rivulet down her cheeks.

"I think before I proceed further," I remarked, "I shall have your stockings down, as they furnish rather too much protection for the whipping of your thighs."

Laying down the rod, which was already somewhat frayed from Marion's energetic application to the redhead's voluptuous bare bottom, I squatted down and applied my hands to the flouncy rosette on Kay's left thigh, then tugged it down to her ankle.

"Oh, don't - oh, sir, don't shame me any more. Oh, please, it's dreadful for me to be like this in front of you - oh, do have mercy, I'll be ever so good - I apologize, truly I do, but spare me any more, let me go now!" she sobbed, heartrendingly.

I did not let myself be softened by this plaint, but now rolled down the stocking, disclosing the admirable and creamy-sheened contours of as delightfully dimpled a knee and as temptingly curved a calf as a warm-blooded man might ever hope to behold at such close proximity.

Now I began to palpate that enchanting calf and knee with lingering touches, which made the frantic, naked victim struggle afresh with her bonds as she desperately strove to clench her legs and conceal to some extent the thickly furred gap between her naked legs, though she could not entirely hide it. I now proceeded to the other stocking and garter and had them down in a trice, and then I slipped off her shoes; at first she tried to plant her feet solidly on the floor to prevent this, but a slight pinch to each calf drew a cry and an involuntary movement of her imprisoned legs so that I was able to divest her of her footgear. This done, it was a simple matter to take stocking and garter completely off each leg, and now Kay was clad only in her blushes, a true daughter of Eve.

"Now I think we are ready to proceed with this part of your correction, my girl," I told her as I retrieved the birch and stood before her switching it about in the air and watching with sly amusement at the terrified way her tear-blurred, hugely dilated eyes shifted hither and yon to follow its menacing flourishes.

"Oh, don't - oh, please, no more! I can't stand it! Oh, sir, what must I do to entreat you? I swear before my mistress, truly I do, I shan't ever give offense again! Oh, do have mercy now and let me go!" she babbled.

I stepped back a little to get the proper range and extended the birch till its flexible tips brushed her left leg just above the knee and to the inside.

"Let us see how sensitive it is there," I remarked aloud, and drawing back my hand, I inflicted a whisking cut which sent the tips over the back of her lower thigh.

"Eeeeouuuuuuu!! Oh, dear Lord, I can't endure it, it's terrible! Oh, sir, Mr. Jack, do spare me, it hurts as much as on my poor b-b-bottom!" she wailed.

"I am encouraged to hear you say as much," was my cynical rejoinder, "for after your insistence that your backside was cut to ribbons when there was hardly a scratch showing, I was beginning to think you were thick-skinned everywhere," and with this, patting the other jerking, creamy leg in the same manner and in the same place, I regaled it with a similar deft whisk, producing a frantic plunging and twisting about which made her bobbies jiggle in the most appetizing manner and tore a shrill plaint from her trembling lips.

"Perhaps a little higher up will be still more effective," I commented as I pressed the tips of the withes about midway up on the inside of her left thigh.

She was trembling violently now as she stared down at the switches, and the muscles of her legs flexed supremely as she strove without avail to close them.

"Oh, Mr. Jack, oh heavens, not there - you'll kill me - you'll kill me! Oh sir, I beg you, I pray you, I entreat you most humbly, do spare me and forgive me! I'll do anything you order, I swear I will, if you'll only put down that dreadful rod!"

"I shall put it down when you have had your punishment in full and not before, so you might as well steel yourself and make up your mind to endure what you have so justly merited," I pronounced.

Thereupon I cut at her inner thigh with a dexterous movement of my wrist, and Kay flung back her head and shrieked with pain as the lashes curled eagerly over the tender, sensitive column, her bottom plunging from side to side, and of course affording me the greatest visual pleasure as her cunt gaped and even exposed exquisite glimpses of the soft, twitching pink lips through the dark-red foliage.

Now I patted the other leg at the same place halfway up the slender, creamy thigh, and tears ran down Kay's cheeks as she pitifully besought me to grant her mercy from the burning slashes. By now, as you can guess, my own rod was in a ferocious state of readiness, and I would as soon apply one as the other because the voluptuous nakedness of this dashing handsome pert little minx whetted all my carnal appetites.

"Let us see if the birch will not be even more efficacious somewhat higher up," I ruminated, and poor Kay, whimpering and sobbing, flung herself about every which way to escape its searching quest, which ended when the tips of the withes pressed home against her left inner thigh just below that exquisite juncture of her furry crotch.

"Oh, not there - for God's sake, not there, I beg you humbly!" poor Kay pleaded, but I was adamant, and rod swept over the designated spot, producing an even more frantic twisting and a piercing yell of intolerable anguish.

Nothing daunted, I transferred the swishy rod to the other thigh just below her cunt, and after I savored her tearful and hysterical supplications to be let off, applied a stinging slash.

Marion had followed all this scene with the greatest interest, and from the panting of her magnificent bubbies and the spiteful glow in her great blue eyes, as well as from the tell-tale sign of her soft pink tongue creeping about the corners of her rosy mouth, I knew that this once haughty and aloof sister of my beloved Alice fully shared my own sadistically erotic impulses towards the red-haired captive.

For now she exhorted me, "Don't spare the naughty minx, Jack dear! Birch her well! Why, all this fuss over a few mild cuts, you'd think she was being flayed alive."

At this, Kay turned her face and piteously sobbed, "Only a few cuts? Oh my Lord, ma'am, I only wish you had to bear as many. You'd be begging mercy just as I am. Oh, how can you be so heartless to me?"

Now the time had come for me to substitute rods, as it were, for my prick would have no more of this sublimation, however exciting. And so, lowering the rod for a moment to give Kay a brief respite, I proceeded without warning to lift it till the tips of the switches pressed home against her furry cunt.

"Ooooh-noooo! For God's sake, not there! You'll kill me! Oh, Mr. Jack, for God's sake, don't whip me there!"

Her voice was wildly strident as she strained herself, as if wishing to lift herself up from the firmament and away from the deadly menace of the birch. I kept patting her cunt with the tip of the birches all this time, to impress upon her more firmly the utter hopelessness of her situation, and then I sternly demanded,

"Your spiteful tongue and your insolence have really not earned you any leniency, Kay. So you must think of something better than words to appease my determination for evening our score. If you cannot, I fear you must be content with enduring your punishment till it pleases me to suspend it."

Thus intimating to her that I would consider her plea to be had instead of birched, I lowered the rod slowly, whilst her horrified and tear-drowned eyes wildly followed its peregrinations. Just as my wrist was about to flick upwards and deliver the diabolical sting into her tenderest gape, she shrieked,

"Oh, don't! I'll do whatever you want - anything. Only for God's sake, ma'am, don't let him hit me there - not between the legs - oh, for God's sake, don't!"

"You must address your supplications to me now, not your mistress, since this portion of your chastisement concerns only the two of us," I interrupted. "For that further insolence, you shall have an extra three cuts in the same place after you have had your dozen."

"Ohh, my God, not so many - oh, not between the legs - wait - please don't whip me there - yes, I'll beg you - anything you want - oh, please, not between the legs - good heavens, you'll kill a girl there - mercy, mercy, Mr. Jack!" she wildly babbled.

"You must be more explicit than that," I told her as I feigned lifting the rod up towards her vulnerable Mount of Venus. Her body writhed and shrank, twisting frenziedly, as she shrieked,

"Oh, Mr. Jack, have me, do me, then, but for God's sake put down that dreadful rod!"

"Why, the sinful baggage," Marion now played her role as my assistant even more delightfully than I could have hoped for even if I had coached her in advance. "Such presumptuousness, to offer herself so shamelessly and in my presence! She deserves no mercy, Jack, and if you are softhearted enough to spare her, I shall attend to her myself when we get home."

"Oh no, no, ma'am. You don't understand - I can't bear such pain. It will kill me, surely it will. Oh, he'll let me off if I let him have me, and I can't stand it - I must - oh, please, ma'am, say you understand and forgive me that I can't endure such torture," Kay sobbed wildly. She turned her face imploringly over her shoulder towards her mistress.

"I think, Marion," I said with false gentleness, for my voice was trembling already with desire, "that she has learned her lesson. I would put her on probation. Of course, a strict probation, with the understanding that if she once more offends you, her punishment will be even more severe. Won't you excuse her from further birching this evening, now that she has shown herself to be humble and contrite?"

"Oh, very well. But all the same, the naughty hussy is getting off far too easily."

I now turned my attentions to the sobbing redhead, who hung there in her bonds, exhausted and weeping, utterly distraught.

"Do I understand you fully, my girl?" I said. "In return for my sparing you any more cuts of the rod, you wish me to have you? You are aware, I take it, what such an offer implies."

"Oh, yes! Do it and end my suffering. Do it!" she moaned.

"I had thought you much more chaste than this," was my ironic comment. "Can it be that you are not the vaunted virgin your mistress and I believed you to be? Let us find out."

With this, standing close to her, I put my hand lightly over the huddling, birch-warmed cheeks of her naked backside, and with my right forefinger probed between the twitching outer lips of Kay's cunt. She moaned and turned her face away, tears running down her face, as I pursued my inspection. Once past the inner lips which guarded the citadel of her love channel, I felt not the least obstruction, and this I announced to Marion.

"Why, she is not at all a virgin, my finger tells me!"

"You wanton little trollop!" Marion denounced her. "How comes this loss of virtue? Was it in my service? Answer, or I shall have Mr. Jack take the birch to you again, and it would be appropriate for him to punish you in the very place with which you have offended."

I sent Marion a look of boundless admiration; she was a woman after my own heart, and it had come intuitively to her exactly how to speak and act during this voluptuous chastisement of her beautiful maid.

"Oh, I-I couldn't help it, ma'am, truly I couldn't." Kay was crying like a naughty child who has been found out.

My forefinger remained in the depths of her cunny all the while, enjoying the most delicious sensations of her palpitations.

"He-he made me, ma'am. I couldn't help myself, truly I couldn't."

"Who made you?" Marion demanded.

"Oh, don't make me tell, please don't!"

"I will cut the skin off your big backside, miss, if you don't speak," her mistress spiritedly rejoined.

"It was your-your h-husband, ma'am," Kay groaned in a dying voice.

"Oh, the ignoble wretch! And then you had the gall to reproach me for not being a proper wife to that scoundrel," Marion burst out enraged.

"Oh, forgive me, do forgive me, I'm so ashamed! Oh, have mercy!" Kay sobbed.

"I think we have had the truth at last, Marion," I interposed. "And as I told you before, this dolt of a husband of yours was the chief protagonist of all your unhappiness. You are well rid of him. So this afternoon has not been without accomplishment, for I daresay you will bring home with you a wiser and more discreet servant - isn't that so, my girl?"

"Oh y-y-yes, sir, she will never have reason to complain of me again. Please, won't you untie me now? My b-b-bottom burns me so I can hardly stand it."

"You are forgetting your generous offer to me a moment ago, which I am resolved to take advantage of," I twitted her.

Unbuttoning my trousers, I liberated my massively swollen cock and stepped forward to service the delicious, naked redhead. I circled her quivering, creamy supple waist with my left arm, so she could not pull away, and then, using right thumb and forefinger, yawned apart the portals of her slit and introduced the tip of my bulging cock between them. Kay moaned and closed her eyes, as a long tremor swept her helpless frenzied urge to emit the fearful burden weighing on my balls, I penetrated the sweet baggage.

Kay's cunt was gloriously tight - yes, as tight as her mistress's - and it was evident that even if Marion's errant and boorish husband had taken her prize, he had not thoroughly acquainted her with the delicious art of fucking, for she gasped and wriggled like a true virgin when she felt my spear impale her to the hilt.

I lifted my hands to cup her bobbies now and to revel in their springy feel to my fingers, as I stood up against her, buried in her tight warm cunt, feeling the indescribably thrilling pulsations of that vaginal sheath which so snugly housed my rampant rod.

Suddenly Kay jerked and uttered a scream, turning her face back over her shoulders. Marion had taken up the birch, and resuming her stance behind her maid, laid a bold stripe across Kay's already furiously striped hind quarters.

"Oww! Oh no, ma'am, please no more! I'm doing what he wants - you know I have to! Aiii - oh, sir, have her stop - I'm dying - oh, Lord, it's too much," Kay wailed as a second stroke of the rod danced over her shuddering hind quarters.

I was speechless with delight, for Marion had a flash of inspiration to furnish me with this memorable episode of whip-fucking. I had only to stand firmly and to cup Kay's heaving bobbies, while under Marion's inspired cuts, the naked captive procured for me the maximum of sensations in her sporadic heavings and wriggings; and in her frenzied gyrations each time the birch cut across her backside, her weavings, she directed upon my aching cock the most exciting of frictional caresses, so it was not long before I uttered a cry and, digging my fingers into those welted nether globes of hers, spared her further damage by the birch as I deluged her warm tract with a bubbling drench of spunk.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

When at last I withdrew my limpened weapon from Kay's dripping, contracting lovesheath, the lovely redhead hung in her bonds, violently shuddering in aftermath. The birching had drawn her very near to climax, as I could tell by the significant flexions of her naked, long, creamy thighs and the moans and sighings which made her beautiful, perky bobbies rise and fall with the most desultory of rhythms.

"I rather think we may now extend the laurel wreath of forgiveness to this naughty girl," I said languidly to my beautiful brunette mistress, "and in token of this new enlightened state of harmony which I trust will exist between you two henceforth, it is only meet that you give her the kiss of peace and bring her to pleasure."

"Why, whatever do you mean, dear Jack?" Marion enthusiastically demanded as she came to stand beside me and to stare greedily at the quivering nakedness of her servant.

I whispered into Marion's ear, and she gasped and blushed, flashing me a dewy look which bespoke a considerable lascivious eagerness.

"Oh, I should never dare," she whispered, but her eyes were dancing to belie that negation.

I took my handkerchief out and mopped Kay's cunt, at which the naked sufferer squirmed and moaned and wriggled again, obviously just on the verge of the appeasement which the whipping and the fucking had procured.

"It will bind the two of you closer together, Marion," I hinted, "and this evening you may discover that though no husband is on hand to grace and warm your bed, your maid will be only too eager to render you sweet service."

Marion gasped, as her eyes widened. Then with a soft, husky giggle, she murmured, "What a naughty idea! Well, Kay, if I forgive you and leave it up to you, will you promise faithfully to be a good servant to me?"

"Oh, yes. Truly I will. You have only to ask and I will obey you! Oh - ma'am - what are you doing to me? Ooooaaaahhh - oh, ma'am, that t-

tickles so - oh, you-u-u-u-Ohhh-I'm going to faint -
Aaaaahheeeeeooooouu..."

For Marion, kneeling down, her fingers squeezing her maid's birch-welted bottomcheeks, had delicately applied a tender kiss on that soft cunt, and becoming emboldened by this first essay as well as by my whispered instructions to her now, foraged out her nimble tongue and began to gamahuch the lovely red-haired sufferer. Kay's eyes rolled in their sockets, her head turned restlessly from side to side, her fingers opened and clenched in her palms, as long, shuddering spasms rippled through her tethered body, till at last her moans and sobs and cries mounted to paroxysm as she suddenly achieved the explosive fury of her orgasm, and slumped in her bonds, her eyes closed, her bubbies heaving wildly.

Together Marion and I released Kay from the ropes, and I carried her over to the couch, while Marion hastened to fetch a glass of restorative brandy, which, kneeling solicitously before the couch, she proffered to Kay's trembling lips, her left arm under the girl's trembling shoulders. It was really a delicious tableau, and after Kay had sipped the restorative, color came back into her cheeks. Putting down the glass, Marion suddenly and impulsively leaned forward and kissed her maid passionately on the mouth, while her hand roamed down Kay's quivering belly.

"Oh, you darling, you're so lovely," she breathed, "I'm so sorry I birched you, dear! Will you forgive me and be a good girl now?"

Oh, miracle of conversion, brought about by the most honest instincts which in our flesh have the power to overcome sanctimoniousness and prudery! For the charming redhead, with a little flurried cry, flung her arms around Marion and returned her kiss with gusto as she panted, "Oh, ma'am, oh yes, of course I'll forgive you! I was wicked, and I deserved it, I know I did! I'll be such a good maid from now on, you'll never even have to scold me again, I promise."

Discreetly I determined to withdraw from this tender scene of reconciliation, but not until I had whispered in Marion's ear that she should profit from her maid's newly acquired contrition by making love to her, and indeed, in my absence, Kay might be the means to sweet

erotic fulfillment for her. I then left the Snuggery and, after a quick and refreshing tub, clad myself in my silk dressing gown and sandals and repaired back to my favorite lair, bringing with me two glasses of strong cordial. There, a breathtaking spectacle awaited me, for Marion had undressed except for hose and rosette garters, and she and Kay were lying entwined on my couch, whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears, while their lips met and their hands ardently fondled quivering contours.

"Now this delights me," I exclaimed, "for I perceive a happy augury of the future, and a bond of harmony between you both which will compensate Marion for her loss of a husband. And for you, Kay, this show of sweet humility to gain reconciliation with your mistress justifies my severity with you. It remains only for you, my girl, to acknowledge that you bear me no rancor for having inflicted it."

"Oh, n-no... s-sir," the coppery-haired maid quavered, huddling rightly up against my naked sister-in-law to be, and her face was fiery with demure blushes as she observed that my eyes were fasting on her splendid supple nakedness. The marks of her chastisement made her finely grained pale-sheened skin especially appetizing, and I confess that my cock was rampant in tribute to such elegance of feminine proportions as she exhibited. Moreover, the dark upholstery of the couch and the decor of the cushions intensified that fairness of epidermis, while for Marion's olive-tinted skin it gave my former brunette adversary a most thrillingly exotic enhancement.

Yes, as I stared at my couch in the Snuggery, I could tell myself that were I to carry out my sudden impulsive decision to wed my beloved Alice, I should have at the start of my farewell to bachelorhood such a harem as even an Oriental potentate could not surpass-perchance in quantity, yes, but not at all in quality! There would be Alice and the dark-haired Fanny as her sweetly complaisant serving-wench and in her own right as lascivious an odalisque as any virile emir or sultan could command; and then these two, and blond Connie Blunt...

You cannot imagine what euphoria was in my heart - and what aching joy throbbled in my cock - at this happy speculation. But now the time had come to benefit for my own part - and, speaking literally, my most

concerned and ardent part! - on the healing of the rift between Marion and her rebellious baggage of a red-haired maid.

"And I take it you have quite forgiven Kay her naughtiness towards you," I addressed the charming brunette.

"To be sure, Jack dear, and I owe it all to you. And, while you were out procuring those welcome glasses of fortifying refreshment, she gave me to understand how my wretched scoundrel of a husband not only forced her to yield to him but also constrained her to believe I was unfaithful to him, and hence to spy on me for the purpose of reporting back to him so he might have a pretext to carry on his many infidelities without the stab of conscience," Marion exclaimed, the while she fondled Kay's sweet bubbies with both slim hands. "Ah, and to think, sir, that if I had not conspired with you to punish this sweet child, we should never have learned the truth! For, to be sure, you heartless rogue you, I was not at all unfaithful to Harry - nor to myself till that other afternoon when you took your revenge on my helpless person."

I bent to kiss her, and the folds of my dressing gown at this point slyly abetted my desire to supplement my pleasure on this memorable afternoon; for, yawning, they disclosed the renewed structure of my cock, and Kay's eyes widened as she saw the swollen red arrow-tip so close to her own blushing cheek.

"Perhaps, in the true spirit of conciliation and of strict justice, then," I said to the sleek brunette sister of my beloved Alice, "it would be only right if Kay were to chastise you for the unfounded mistrust which you had of her all this while."

At this, Kay's eyes widened still more, and then she cast her mistress a quizzical look which, I swear, was almost one of appraisal as to how it would really be to turn the tables and give back as good as she had just got.

"Now wait a bit, Jack," Marion protested, while she blushed to her temples, "I do not follow your reasoning in this. For did I not tell you that Kay was impertinent, and that is not permissible in a well-trained domestic no matter what her secret purpose may be. Moreover, this very afternoon, did she not treat you with such insolence as a fine lady might

behave towards her social equal? And that too is decidedly unpardonable."

"Granted," I chuckled amiably, "but let me remind you that I have already paid Kay back in full for her untoward conduct towards me, as she herself will doubtless testify."

"Oh, indeed you did, Mr. Jack," Kay ruefully gasped, as she slipped one dainty hand towards her well-marked naked backside, "and I can still feel those dreadful stinging cuts on my tender bum."

"Very well, Marion, you are answered, and my sentence is this: to effect the fullest reconciliation between yourself and Kay, you shall submit to a good bottom-smacking at her fair hand, after which the both of you will kiss and make up and avow that henceforth you will be not only mistress and maid but the closest of friends and confidantes!"

"Oh yes, Mr. Jack!" Kay now eagerly broke in, "I confess I've always longed to chastise Miss Marion for the overbearing way she acted to me when I was but a poor novice in her service and already under Mr. Harry's stern orders to obey him implicitly and not to defer to her. I do so want to smack her lovely bum, I do for a fact, sir!"

Marion gasped and tried to rise from the couch, but now, since it was only fair to give tit for tat, I seated myself at one end and seized her by the wrists, and drew her over my lap in the classical attitude of a naughty child readied for chastisement.

"Oh, no, Jack, you - oh, you're embarrassing me dreadfully," Marion panted, wriggling and trying to twist off my lap. But I would have none of it and, shifting her svelte naked body, made her kicking, stockinged long legs angle down to the floor, whereupon I promptly clamped my right leg over her calves to pinion her effectively, whilst my right arm circled her slim waist and with my left hand I grasped her right wrist and drew it up against my body, thus completely subjugating her.

Though her left arm was free, she could not conveniently reach back down to cover up the upturned olive-satiny cheeks of her magnificent posterior, and the stage was set for this delightful reversal of relationship between once equally arrogant mistress and supercilious, disapproving domestic in which I had played the role of the equitable Solomon.

"Now then, Kay," I instructed the sparkling-eyed coppery-haired minx, who had risen and come over to my end of the couch to watch my subjugation of her beautiful naked mistress, "smack your mistress's backside soundly, but do not hurry the smacks. Let each have ample time to register its biting sting, so that she will feel the weight of your little hand. I shall determine when thorough justice has been rendered."

"Oh, you heartless creature, you have trapped me," Marion indignantly protested and tried her best to struggle, arching and twisting her magnificent bare bottom, trying to reach my pinioning hand with her free one.

But I leaned to her and commanded, "Resign yourself, dear Marion, or I will have Kay use a birch instead of her hand on your saucy backside!" which quite made her subside. Hanging her head and closing her eyes, as her cheeks reddened in shame, she prepared herself to receive this juvenile chastisement, which surely must have humiliated her, especially in my presence.

Kay leaned over, thereby providing me with the mouthwatering sight of those two lovely naked bubbies of hers dangling like the fruits with which poor Tantalus was tortured by the malicious rulers of Mount Olympus, and she seemed to be scrutinizing the flinching, huddling, firm, resilient olive-satiny cheeks of Marion's behind with a view towards determining where it would cause her mistress the most discomfort to strike.

Then at last she raised her right hand and brought it down with a lovely, noisy "Smack!" solidly on the right summit of Marion's velvety behind, leaving a bright pink imprint of her palm and causing my helpless naked brunette captive to tense herself and utter a stifled gasp which indicated that she had felt the chastening sting.

I could see from the delighted expression on the red-haired baggage's face that she had just discovered a vastly amusing pastime. "Very good," I commended her, "but conserve your strength, or after only a few sound smacks you will find yourself not only tiring but suffering nearly as much as your charming patient. Carefully dosed and gradually increasing severity is the secret of this juvenile chastisement."

"Yes, Mr. Jack, I see," Kay murmured, pursing her lips thoughtfully as if I had just diaphanously explained Mr. Gladstone's position on the British colonial policy. Raising her hand, she applied the second spank on the other cheek of Marion's squirming backside, not quite so vehemently, but, I assure you, sufficiently to cause the brunette to gasp again and to try to kick up her pinioned stockinged legs which my right leg still efficaciously imprisoned.

"That is the way, and now that you have discovered it, proceed at your leisure," I remarked, whilst Marion, indignantly turning her flushed face back to me, exclaimed, "This is not fair of you, Jack, to traitorously encourage the girl to make my ordeal one of scientific torture!"

"Will you confess yourself less stoic than your maid, who bore a goodly number of severe cuts with the birch over her tender posterior?" I taunted Marion, who at once bit her lips, turned away her head and steeled herself to evince her Spartan fortitude.

But Kay took this as a challenge to her own newly found fustigatory powers, and proceeded to smack her mistress's squirming upturned bottom quite vigorously, distributing the slaps equitably over both tensing, huddling, then relaxing, globes till the warm olive hue of Marion's smooth epidermis turned from bright pink to vivid crimson and till my brunette sister-in-law to be began to lift her head and stare with dilated, humid eyes out ahead of her, while her free hand clenched and thrust against the back of the couch to distract herself from the cumulative warmth and sting which Kay's hand was imparting to her naked behind.

I gazed with gloating pleasure at the exquisite vision of Marion's stockinged thighs flexing and squirming, of the long rippling tremors that passed from the bare flesh of her upper thighs over the beleaguered globes of her naked seat, to pass along the lovely hollowed column of her naked back.

Now, from about the fifteenth smack on, Marion announced the reception of Kay's flattening palm on her resilient flesh with a nervous, flurried gasp, and when her maid, after pausing at what I counted to be about the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth, blew on her palm, then lifted it and brought it down with redoubled energy to flatten the inner curves of

both naked, reddening globes, she uttered a sobbing, "Ahhh! Oh, that's enough now, Jack, make her stop, it's becoming painful to me!"

But I had no such intention. I wished Marion's erotic senses to be roused by this voluptuous correction, which, as I could clearly see from the look on Kay's flushed, vivacious face and the panting swell of her beautiful naked bobbies, was having a similar effect on the maid's warm temperament. So I jestingly countered, "I had believed you to be a mature woman, my dear, but here you are complaining over a childish smackbottom which would not bring tears to the eyes of a twelve-year-old boarding-school pupil!"

"Oh, Mr. Jack, my hand is beginning to smart from her big backside," Kay now saucily proffered, "might I not try a birch on her for a change?"

"Oh, no, don't let her birch me, for Lord's sake, Jack dear," Marion now really became alarmed as she struggled to get loose, waving her flaming bottom in the most salacious manner. By now, needless to remark, my cock was frantically roused by all her squirmings over it, and shifting her a bit as I signed for Kay to wait, I drew aside the folds of my dressing gown so that my fulminating weapon might be free to profess its ardor by rubbing against Marion's belly and loins while she struggled under the smackbottom Kay was so ably administering.

"To rest your smarting palm a moment, Kay," I advised, "try to let your hand act as a whip. Thusly, let your fingers be limp and loose, and as you bring down your hand, let them fall like the thongs of such an instrument. The flicking sting they will thus impart over a terrain so ably prepared and sensitized will, I assure you, make up for the loss of impacting force."

"Oh, yes, I see, Mr. Jack," Kay delightedly cried. Now she knelt down on the floor, and, lifting her right hand slowly aloft, whisked it down exactly as I had instructed, the tips of her fingers nipping the base of Marion's right buttock.

"Ooooh, ohh, please!" Marion tearfully exclaimed as her hips swerved from side to side, "do make her stop! I hate you for being so cruel!"

"But if you only realized that a man must be cruel to be kind, my dear, you would be more appreciative of this. You in turn, my girl," addressing

myself to the charming, kneeling, naked red-haired minx, "must reciprocate in the loveliest way two females can demonstrate their amity for each other."

With this, I unclamped my leg over Marion's, and, releasing her captive wrist, took hold of her hips with both hands, gesturing to Kay to lift her by the wrists, and thus the brunette was drawn to her feet, tears staining her flushed cheeks and her magnificent bubbies in tumultuous upheaval.

"Now, then, clasp each other in each other's arms, and kiss sweetly," I ordered, and was obeyed. To see these two delicious females, clad only in their hose and rosette garters, standing, their naked bodies merged, their breasts mashing together, their mouths joined, and to observe on Kay's voluptuous creamy backside the welts and scratches from the birching and on Marion's once olive-hued posterior the fiery red of that admirable bottom smacking, was to see in my mind's eye the commencement of my true harem, which should be prodigiously expanded when I announced to Alice my eagerness to explore nuptial bliss with her delightful person.

I stood a moment in rapt contemplation of the gracious Sapphic unison of these two beauties, till the adamant compulsion of my own needs roused me to proceed with the last part of the afternoon's program.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

They had begun to murmur solicitous words, apologetic and compassionate, each imploring the other's pardon for having inflicted suffering on her. Marion's hands had begun to caress Kay's striated naked behind, whilst Kay's slim fingers caressingly palpated her mistress's inflamed seat. They were, in a word, at the threshold of a carnal communion that would still more tangibly alter their psyches to my own amorous advantage. And that was why I now remarked, "Now this is praiseworthy, but it is not yet the generous, warmhearted unanimity I wish you both to discover for yourselves."

Questioningly, they turned their heads to regard me, then blushed to realize how naughtily wanton they were in embracing naked before a man. But the humid eyes, the moist quivering red lips, the panting globes of their beautiful naked bosoms were telltale signs that Marion and Kay were erotically stirred to the point that they could find solace in each other. And just as Fanny and Alice had "made up," so too did I wish the brunette and her red-haired minx of a servant to become amorously entwined.

"Marion, do you not find Kay charmingly made?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Jack, she-she's so delicious, such an exquisite figure, and such fine white skin, I feel ashamed of myself for having marked it so cruelly," Marion declared.

"And you, Kay, do you not find your mistress's body to be exciting, now you've seen it unveiled and quivering under your spanking hand?" I twitted the redhead.

She blushed scarlet, lowering her eyes as she stammered, "Oh, y-yes, Mr. J-Jack, s-sir, she is really beautiful."

"There, now, you see, my dears?" I chuckled in rare good humor, "it remains for you to express that admiration in a loving way, one which we men can't, alas, emulate because of the hard difference in our sex." My audacious pun was, I fear, overlooked by both blushing naked houris, for they stared at me, not quite knowing what I was driving at.

"I will show you, then," I said, once again summoning all my powers of self-control.

"Marion, do you lie down on the couch, like a goddess who disposes herself to receive adoration from her followers."

Wonderingly, Marion walked to the couch and sank down on it, not without wincing and uttering a stifled little "Oww!" at which I could not hold back a chuckle, in which Kay contagiously joined with a hearty giggle.

But before the mood could be broken, I hurriedly instructed the saucy red-haired baggage. "And now, Kay, lie down over your mistress in reverse, so that your face is over her lovely warm cunt, whilst yours is tendered to her warm sweet mouth. And thus you will give each other the true kiss of peace!"

"Ohh, Jack - that - that's terribly naughty," Marion gasped, turning scarlet to her ears, and starting to rise.

"It will be naughtier still, I fear, if you do not comply with my request, for then I shall spread-eagle you on the couch and let Kay use a feather as well as her lips and tongue on you, with the order to bring you almost to the threshold of pleasure but not to let you enter its domain," I threatened.

Blushingly Kay now took her position over her mistress in the figure of soixante-neuf, and I whispered to her that she should have two gold guineas from me if she took the initiative over her mistress. This she did by slipping her hands under Marion's bottom, and, putting her mouth to the raven thicket of her mistress's Venus mound, applied a long, sweet sucking kiss.

"Ooooh, Kay, ohh, what are you doing - ooooh!" Marion squealed, and I whispered to her, "Pay her back in kind, the wicked minx, and make her wail for mercy."

Which she at once proceeded to do. And there I stood, entranced, as these two naked beauties gamahuched each other, moaning and sighing like two nymphs of the court of sweet Bilitis herself.

But when I perceived that Kay's hips and loins had begun to wriggle and lunge, and when I heard her inarticulate sighs and groans and knew her to be further along the pathway to paradise, I flung off my dressing gown and, seizing her by the waist, lifted her off Marion's wriggling naked body and, pressing her down on her back on the rug, inserted my near-bursting cock into her moist slit and with a single mighty lunge thrust myself home to the hilt.

Kay uttered a strident cry, flung her arms round my shoulders and, nimbly wrapping her stockinged legs over my sinewy and jerking behind, arched up to meet me in the frenetic gymnastics by which we both attained our approaching climax - she, because chastising Marion and then being gamahuched by her erstwhile love-victim had titillated her to unleashed passion, I because my voyeuristic pleasures had proved as violently aphrodisiacal as fucking itself!

Happily, as I had poured forth such a deluge of essence in Kay's cunt immediately after her fustigation, I discovered that my cock retained its rigidity even after it had ebbed forth a token residue to acclaim the heated reception the red-haired maid's quaking love-canal had bestowed upon it. I therefore drew out and made directly for the couch, where Marion lay unrequited, moaning feverishly, one slim hand now slyly frigging herself as she posed with heels planted on the couch, knees up and yawningly straddled.

And I chided her teasingly. "I will give that little hand something better to play with. Reach out and guide it!"

Whereupon, opening her humid eyes, and uttering a joyous gasp of, "Ohh, yes, Jack dearest, oh, that'll be ever so much better," Marion grasped my ramrod and drew it to her twitching moist pink crevice. And once again with a single mighty lunge, I impaled her to my very balls. Then I began to fuck her with long hard digs, while she clutched me with arms and stockinged legs, moaning and kissing me feverishly, till she gave down her furious tribute.

Gallantly I then retired, to let the ladies enjoy the privacy of the bidet and W.C. at the back of the Snuggery whilst I repaired to my own private place to make my ablutions and to put on a new dressing gown. When I returned, to my secret amusement, I found Marion and Kay seated side

by side on the couch, still naked save for their hose, cuddling and whispering to each other like old friends.

And when at last they dressed and took their leave of me, Marion kissed me, saying, "How lovely this has been, dear Jack, and how grateful Kay and I must be to you for bringing us together."

"Then I'm forgiven and there's no longer war between us, Marion?" I laughed.

She shook her head, blushed, and squeezed Kay's hand.

"Bravo, my dear! I And may I dare to hope that you will favor me with a visit in future - and bring your lovely maid, perhaps, too?" I hazarded.

"Oh, yes, yes, do please, Miss Marion, ma'am," Kay exclaimed and then turned away her blushing face.

"Why you forward minx," Marion laughed good-naturedly, "that will depend on your good conduct henceforth." Then, to me, she murmured, with a bewitched moue. "It seems we shall be related, sir, if you mean to keep your word concerning Alice."

"And so I do. When she returns next week, I mean to propose the honorable estate of marriage to her, if she'll have me."

"Oh, she will, if she knows what's good for her, the minx," Marion rather sulkily murmured. And then, flirtatiously, in a husky, intimate tone that made me quiver with anticipation of the future, "But if she doesn't, then perhaps I will, sir."

And on this fortuitous note, we parted, enemies no more, but the most intimate of friends, if that sweet amity which exists between man and maid may be called by so pallid a term.

Yes, at last I had had my revenge on haughty Marion. And I had discovered beneath her arrogant veneer the temperament of the most ardent of mistresses. How I wooed her sister and came to the ceremonial for formal nuptials which I am frank to admit, I had not previously contemplated, is another story - as is that of the realization of my dream of a "harem" which would not only include the quartet of two sisters and their amorous maids but also the beauteous young widow Connie Blunt

and other as yet unknown warm-blooded damsels. And perhaps, dear reader, one day I shall record it with the heartfelt wish that it will let you glean a small part of the enjoyment, nay, the ecstasy, that was mine!

VOLUME IV

CHAPTER ONE

In the last section of my memoirs, I related in some detail how I at last gained my long-sought revenge on haughty Marion, the sister of my beloved Alice.

Yet to my great delight, this revenge turned out to be an unexpected bounty from the Goddess Venus herself, for not only did Marion succumb to my artful wiles and avow herself truly conquered by demanding virility, but also she brought at our very next meeting her saucy red-haired maid Kay, who she claimed was in dire need of a chastisement for impertinence. And with my aid, the charming Marion entered with full gusto and a wealth of sensual imagination into the fray, thereby providing me not only with a delightful accomplice who, once having been my bitterest enemy, had now become my passionate and secret mistress, but also with another addition to my growing harem of delectable and delightful maids.

When we parted that last time, during which I had managed to reconcile Kay with her ardent mistress, I gave her my word as a gentleman that I would not under any circumstances inform my beloved Alice what well-nigh incredible intimacy I had achieved with this older sister who, though she had not been a virgin thanks to a regrettably one-sided marriage, had once been as prudish and censorious of my bachelor actions as though she had been my own guardian or administratrix. We both agreed that if her yielding to me should come at all to Alice's knowledge, it should be through Marion's own person.

Knowing me only by name and by the images and impressions gained from reading my memoirs, you may deem me a profligate and most licentious rogue. With this I have no quarrel, since the passing of the years, the difference in our geographical setting from where these burning deeds of priapic valor originally took place, and finally the impossibility of ever having my inamorata or even myself actually identified, combines in a sense to conceal the most intimate feelings and thoughts and personalities of all the chief characters in my little drama. I do not hold with the vainglorious braggarts who feel that to herald their accomplishments in the boudoir with the fair sex, they needs must

trumpet to all the world and sundry the scabrous and shamefully gossiping chronicles of their petty amours. I am neither prig nor puritan - and God be thanked for that - but neither am I a scandal-mongering adventurer who would malign by defamation the very beauties whose sweet generosity granted me such pleasures as few mortal men have tasted.

No, the boaster and the braggart, the Don Juan in the stall who feels it imperative to proclaim his cocksmith's roisterings under the sheets and out of them to those who would gape and goggle and pry and intrude are, to my fancy, the basest of villains, and if one were to examine at the source their prattlings of tireless bouts of amatory conquest, one would probably find they had more pence in their pockets than honest prick. For the man who has the demon within him to urge him on to blabber all his nocturnal squirmings in the stews is deeply at heart a sadly inferior wretch who must compensate himself for his own actual lack of priapic stamina by substituting tales that would surpass tellings of a veritable Sinbad.

So there, I have said my piece, and done the only moralizing for this volume, for which I crave your honest indulgence. But now let me take up once again the thread of my own delicious affairs at the point which followed the departure of the charming Marion and her exquisitely saucy maidservant Kay.

I had made the resolve to ask Alice for her hand in marriage. Now I will confess that at the outset of my adventures with her I had really no such intention. When one has been a bird on the wing for so long as I, it is difficult at first blush to reconcile oneself to the gilded cage and to the regimen of daily monotony which invariably, alas, seems to follow the most riotously hymenean pursuits. On the day which followed the sweet reconciliation of Marion with her maid, I seriously asked myself if I was not, in making so heroic a sacrifice of my freedom, terminating at one fell swoop all those future bequests which Venus might perhaps have in store for me in my later years.

Would Alice become, once domesticated under my roof as my virtuous bride and the sharer of my fortune, for good or evil as fate might decide, a shrew and termagant, a Xantippe to my Socrates? Or again, even granting that her sweet nature could not possibly foretell any such

dwindling away of warm ardor and generous affection, might not the inevitable repetition of our now wedlock-blessed embraces take on a more spiritual and at the same time less passionate tone? Would each of us make the error of taking the other for granted simply because our nuptiality would permit each to enjoy in due and respectful sequence the conjugal rights? These were, I can tell you, serious questions to be considered by a man undertaking on a sudden whim, however noble the pretext and purpose when the vow was originally taken, to sanctify his fleshly lusts and to have them blessed with bell, book and candle under a proper wedding canopy. Mr. and Mrs. Jack - ah, how mundane, how prosaic, how banal! Was not Jack and Alice a sweeter mouthful, and a far more fiery consummation?

But I had in the presence of Marion and Kay announced that I would seek out the dear hand of Alice as my consort, and so I meant to.

And so I did, as you shall see.

CHAPTER TWO

One of the greatest joys in life, when one is perceptive and virile as well, is the spicy uncertainty of day-to-day existence. It is all very well to plan a week ahead to receive one's tender mistress, to spend the waking hours filling one's mind with amorous images and planning the most voluptuous dalliance. To be sure, in some ways this anticipation often exceeds the actual joy of realization; yet, for all this I would not gainsay the zestful relish which is occasioned by the unexpected and unforeseen.

Now I was looking forward to the return of my beautiful Alice who, with her maid Fanny, was shortly to return from a visit to an elderly aunt in Nottingham. I had resolved myself at last to give up my bachelorhood, but this was not quite so bleak a prospect as one might have believed. Because now that I had conquered the voluptuous and older Marion, I knew very well that I could entice her to remain my complaisant mistress, and that I could on occasion induce her to let me have a short, delicious hour with her red-haired, temperamental and vivacious maid, Kay. In addition, there was Alice's own maid, the voluptuous and devoted Fanny, who would be in our household from the very onset of our nuptials, and who, I had good reason to believe, would not find my attentions amiss.

I was as yet too gallant to remind my wife-to-be that there would be times when Nature would put her hors de concours from my priapic sallies, and I knew that my sweet Alice would not be so selfish as to deny me pleasure when she herself could not accord it to me. I must therefore learn with some exactitude if the monthly curse which all women have had to bear since Eve committed her folly of the apple in the garden of Eden fell at different times for my wife-to-be and her charming maid. If they were not at the same time, I could solace myself with delicious Fanny while Alice had the megrims, and then when it was Fanny's turn to be diffident, Alice would be the more passionate once restored to healthy action. For just prior to and after that accursed span which blights a woman's capacity for love, she is exceptionally sensitive to all the little attentions with which a lusty man goes about wooing her.

And finally, there was the matter of Connie Blunt, that adorable golden-haired young woman of twenty-two, whose virginity, for all intents and purposes, I had taken in this very Snuggery which had seen the conquest first of Alice and finally and most recently of haughty Marion. I had promised myself that when Connie returned from her fortnight in Italy - which was a week hence - I should question her at some length as to whether she had actually lost her maidenhead to her elderly husband and whether that consummation had been the knell of doom for his faltering heart, or whether again she had clandestinely sacrificed that tender treasure between her succulent young thighs to another man to console her for being brought to bed with a man old enough to be her father.

So, since it seemed that Alice and her maid Fanny would be first upon my horizon of return and reciprocity, I made elaborate plans for welcoming my sweet fiance. This time the Snuggery should witness billing and cooing, the sweet swooning cries of a maiden no longer a maiden but yet in her feminine estate capable of the most maidenly ecstasies of the man-myself-who would soon be her legal consort and have every right over her delectable body. This time there would be no force, no fustigation or feathering, but only sweet fucking and maybe a bit of gamahuching, for I had already discovered that sweet Alice had the most effervescent of sensual natures when lips and tongue plied that coral nook between her shapely thighs with the expert diligence of which I was capable.

So after Marion had left me and we had both pledged to each other to keep the secret of our trysting till Alice should by her own divine intuition find us out, I arranged with the elderly charwoman who did the apartments in our building to give special attention to mine, and I ordered floral displays and purchased a case of vintage champagne and another of the finest sherry (both subtle and stimulating liqueurs on which the amorous female dotes), and I paid a visit to the caterer to order a gourmet dinner on the evening when Alice and I should be reunited and each to the other affirm the intention of becoming man and wife.

During my plans and preparations, I must confess there were moments when I felt the shadow of remorse tinge my mind with a certain nostalgic

regret, but I knew that to be a natural consequence of my impetuous decision to wed Alice instead of remaining the stern, aloof master of his destiny and the conqueror of sweet surrendering cunts, which role I had so ably played until now.

I told myself that it was not the sacrifice of freedom I faced, but actually the legal addition of what amounted to a clandestine little harem, all within the family: Alice and Fanny, two handmaidens blessed by Venus herself, both equally tasty morsels for a man's bed, each endowed with divine precepts, and yet each different in her own sexual propensities as well as physique and physiognomy to gratify the most vile and demanding of lovers.

Of course I knew that as my wife Alice would naturally assume a certain legitimate jealousy toward my extramarital ambitions, though doubtless these would be mild indeed if my attentions centered on Fanny, since then my lovely Alice would have ample pretext to scold and to punish that adorable maid. I had perceived in Alice already a certain penchant for erotic sadism, just as I had done in Marion when it had been her turn to be executioner to Kay's trembling victim. Well, even the gentlest of women has that hidden resource within her nature, and that is why we men of taste and understanding cultivate the feminine psyche just as much as we do the feminine form divine.

So, I told myself with a certain placid resignation, if I were to mourn giving up my freedom because I could no longer dominate my beautiful victims by the lash and by the feather and by the bondage which the Snuggery so comfortably offered, at least I might witness and doubtless participate in many a connubial scene of domestic "crime and punishment," so to speak. Undoubtedly naughty Alice would often conspire with me to put Fanny in some disgrace, perhaps for dropping a dish or not dusting the table properly, or for this or that obscure reason, and forthwith sentence her to chastisement in the Snuggery.

And yet I must confess that even this prospect at moments had its lusterless side. For when one can flatly expect and predict the outcome of amorous adventure, one's ambitions tend to slacken and one takes a smug assurance from what knowledge can anticipate. No, for me, I had to confess, the unexpected and the bizarre created the elixir of

excitement in the brew of virile escapade, from which goblet I had always drunk with zest and eagerness.

In short, I was accustoming myself to feel the relatively calmer fervor of a loving husband rather than the devilish and satyr-like avidity of the perennial hunter who constantly seeks new and fresh prey to whet his carnal appetites.

And then the goddess Venus, to whom I had all my life paid such adoring tribute, smiled on me the day before my beloved Alice was due to return to London. She, of all omniscient women, could best appreciate my feelings. So perhaps it was a kind of wedding gift that she sent to my door on this somewhat rainy and bleak afternoon preceding the day of Alice's homecoming.

I had not, of course, been expecting anyone at all, and so the day being gloomy, I had put on only my trousers, braces, and robe, socks and a pair of slippers, and made myself comfortable with one of Mr. Charles Dickens' best novels, appropriately entitled *Great Expectations*. I trow that our Lady Venus, the patroness of all devoted men, must have peered down from Mount Olympus and smiled to behold the work I had selected to occupy my solitary thoughts this dreary afternoon. For I had no great expectations whatsoever, except for the morrow.

What was my surprise then to hear the peal of the bell. Frowning as I sought to recall who it was that might have taken it into his head to call upon me, and finding no answer to that question, I approached my door and opened it.

What was my further surprise to see none other than Miss Molly Bashe, in the company of a slim, haughty-faced young minx of perhaps twenty whom I had not seen before. Her sandy brown hair was most elegantly coiffed with a series of carefully artficed round curls which fell on either side of her lovely head and down to the shoulders, whilst a similar row decorated the top of her forehead and reminded me of the heroine Pamela of Richardson's great novel of the same name.

I must confess I flushed with startled embarrassment at this second encounter with Miss Molly Bashe, and with good reason indeed! About the time I had conquered Alice, and prior to the conversion of Connie Blunt, I made the acquaintance of Lady Betty Bashe at the house of a

mutual friend. This plump widow was just under forty and was busy introducing her offspring into what is called by some, with tongue in cheek, "high society," and this worthy and consolable widow had taken it into her head that I would make a prize son-in-law. She had therefore proceeded to hunt me down persistently, and her daughter had aided and abetted her vigorously until they both had become a decided nuisance.

I had not been smitten with the charms of either mother or daughter at our first meeting. Lady Betty, as my readers who have perused the first volumes of my memoirs will recall, was a tall, robust and buxom woman who reminded one inescapably of the painter Rubens' fleshy models. And Miss Molly was a small, dainty edition of her mother in her eighteenth year. But the two of them were affected, insincere and unscrupulous, and to find this portly widow playing the air of a juvenile and affecting the silly mannerisms and even the speech of her own daughter was enough to turn my stomach.

You will recall also that the two of them had insisted that they visit me and that they have lunch with me.

Well, they had had a dessert which was rather more than they had bargained for. I had Connie and Alice and also Fanny apprised of this rude self-invitation of theirs, and all four of us had given them a most sanguine and ardent welcome.

They had received their fair share of fustigation, feathering, yes, and fucking too, with the little fillip of erotic excitement which all of us procured in having mother and daughter perform the secret and mystic rituals of Lesbos.

We had at last driven them off in triumph, warning them not to dare breathe a single word of what had happened, nor to seek vengeance on my three lovely aides. Nor had they.

And until this very moment I had believed that Lady Bashe and her daughter had been paid off in full and were now thoroughly expunged from the slate of my life.

Yet such is the marvel of our lives that fate takes pleasure in contradicting our most cherished beliefs. For, as you shall see, dear

reader, Miss Molly's visit was occasioned by the most astonishing motive!

CHAPTER THREE

For the nonce I must have appeared to both these young ladies as a gaping idiot, for when I beheld Miss Molly Bashe standing before me, my jaw dropped and I stared at her uncomprehendingly, as I could not for the life of me understand why this damsel whom I had served so cruelly would ever dare show herself within a hundred yards of me again.

"I do hope, Mr. Jack," Molly Bashe declared in her rather high-pitched, affectatious voice, "that Julia and I have not disturbed you this afternoon."

I eyed the delectable brown-haired minx who stood beside her and who stared at me with rather bold dark brown eyes, her small but very ripe mouth curled in a kind of tolerant sneer. I began to believe that here was a veritable counterpart of Molly, remembering how insolent and self-centered that young lady had been until the famous afternoon in the Snuggery with her mother. But for the life of me I could not fathom Molly's motive for visiting me again, for she could only remember me as the perpetrator of her shame and that of her mother's as well. I had taken her virginal hymen, made her girl-love her own portly, mature mother, and then subjected the pair of them to the depredations of Connie, Fanny and my own beloved Alice.

"This is my friend Julia Denton," Molly Bashe replied. "May we come in, Mr. Jack? We were passing by your apartment after having finished some shopping at Horseley's, and I told Julia that she would find you a most interesting person and your apartment even more so."

More and more mystifying! But at least I must not remain ungracious, till I had discovered what had prompted Molly Bashe to seek me out and to ignore all the highly embarrassing memories which our second meeting must surely have cost her.

"By all means, do come in, you and your friend," I replied, "but you will pardon me my summary attire, as I was not expecting company."

"That is quite all right," Molly Bashe said, and she suddenly gave me a quick little smile which further stupefied me.

I was mentally undressing her and remembering our last encounter. My three exquisite aides had among themselves stripped her naked, and I could still recall how delicious, how exquisitely shaped and perfectly made, how lithe and charmingly rounded and plump for all of them, so juicy and fresh she was. I could remember, too, her large, firm, upstanding breasts with their saucy little dark-coral-tinted nipples, as well as the thick quantity of dark moss-like hair that clustered so prettily over her adorable virgin slit which, like her mother's, was particularly plump and prominent.

Of course, Molly was eighteen and a real tidbit, for all her annoying mannerisms derived, I was certain, from her mother's influence over her. I should say that she was about five feet four inches in height, and now that she had actually crossed my threshold again, I confess also that I quite forgot about Alice's imminent return to London on the morrow. It has often been said that a prick has no conscience, and no truer words had ever been spoken. Already I found myself anticipating how I could get delightful Molly Bashe to yield her toothsome person to me once again.

But the presence of Julia Denton, who seemed to be perhaps a year older and was infinitely more haughty and supercilious than even Molly - which is saying a great deal! - dampened my intentions to an extent. I could hardly imprison the luscious brunette and wreak my will upon her in her friend's presence. But at the moment, what most concerned me was to find a reason for Molly's visit.

It was not long in coming, for as Julia Denton began to look around the walls and to observe my framed lithographs, Molly Bashe approached me and whispered suddenly, "I must talk with you privately, Mr. Jack! It's most important. Can you manage to get me alone for just a moment and give Julia something to do while we talk?"

I could and did. Clearing my throat, I announced to Molly's companion that Molly's mother had a few weeks ago paid a visit to me to request some information concerning a school for her daughter, and that I had collected some literature on the subject which she had forgotten to take along with her. I was now going to procure it and to give it to Molly, who could then in turn bring it to her mother.

Julia Denton gravely nodded and then dismissed me with a shrug of her winsome shoulders as she turned back to contemplate the decor of my salon. I quickly took Molly Bashe by the elbow and escorted her down the hallway and into my study room, closed the door and said, "I am even more anxious to talk to you, Miss Molly, because I will tell you frankly that I had never expected to see you again in all my life."

At this, the charming young brunette had the good grace to blush violently and to lower her eyes, whilst entwining her slim fingers and twisting them nervously as she sought to formulate her remarks to me. And then finally, with a deep breath, she lifted her dark blue eyes to mine and stammered, "I-I don't hold any grudge against you, Mr. Jack, for-for what happened that other afternoon. That is one reason I came here."

"This is heartening news indeed, my dear. But may I know also the other reasons which prompted your visit?"

Once again Molly Bashe blushed furiously. She had a soft white skin whose finely grained quality I had already tasted to my great delectation, and she had the very decided ardent temperament that such a sign always presupposes. At last she managed to express herself in a tone that was far from her usual affectatious one and which was rather more stammered than clearly enunciated: "I-I know what you must be thinking, but I want you to believe - truly I do, Mr. Jack - that-that I'm not angry with you for what you did. I know that Mummy was trying ever so hard to get me married off to you."

"That is correct, and I felt that she had gone much too far. But I will say in all gallantry at this moment, my dear, that from the physical point of view marriage to you would not exactly be an abomination. It was only that I could not tolerate your mother's unscrupulous maneuvering to foist you off on me, and also that you yourself behaved like a younger edition."

"I-I know. But you see, Mr. Jack, M-Mummy has nothing to live for except me and that is because my father died about ten years ago. She is eager to marry me off, and she has just announced my engagement to a gentleman who is about forty-five. He has a minor diplomatic post at the Embassy, and he is a very good match, at least from Mummy's point of view."

"My heartiest congratulations, then, Miss Molly," I said cheerfully. "And I am happy that you bear me no rancor. When are the happy nuptials to be celebrated?"

"Next-next week, Mr. Jack," Molly Bashe replied in a low and unsteady voice, again lowering her eyes and averting her face from my gaze.

"Arthur - that is the name of my fiance - has been transferred to Bwaniphur in India, and we shall go there after we have had our honeymoon in Italy."

"I am sorry to hear that you will have to reside with your husband in India, for you will find it trying. But then, that is your own affair, and all I can do is to wish you well, and your husband too."

"This is very difficult for me, Mr. Jack," Molly Bashe faltered, and again her large dark blue eyes fixed on my face with an almost poignant appeal. "I don't wonder that you are cynical and contemptuous of me, but I did think that perhaps - that perhaps because you did what you did, you did not hate me too much."

Now this was really astonishing! Here was this eighteen-year-old affectatious little minx, whom I had had stripped naked, forced to suck her mother and be sucked off by the latter, thoroughly thrashed and feathered and tickled, and then fucked and utterly demeaned in a way which certainly no well-bred young lady would expect from a gentleman. Yet she was making me her confidant to tell me about her imminent marriage, and in a voice which suggested that she was not thoroughly happy with the prospect, in spite of her mother's efforts to marry her off to anyone who might be eligible, myself included.

"We had best go back quickly, or your friend may be suspicious and think that there is some love affair between us," I said casually.

At this she blushed even more violently, and then she suddenly blurted, "Oh, Mr. Jack, the fact is - well - I-I don't like Arthur at all, but Mummy insists that is a brilliant match. He is an old fussybudget, more womanly than manly, and I am afraid that I will simply be just a daughter to him instead of a wife. Remembering how you seemed to enjoy me when you had me at your mercy, I-I came here half in the hope that you would teach me what it was like to make love in an ardent and passionate way. I know that I shall never look for that from Arthur."

Now I was, really floored! Would wonders never cease? Far from being discomfited and hugely embarrassed by my violation of her, this delectable brunette was actually begging me to repeat the episode - unless my ears had played me a bad trick.

"Am I to understand, Miss Molly," I demanded somewhat incredulously, "that you are offering yourself to me this afternoon? But what about your friend, Miss Denton? How do you expect us to manage a clandestine amour when she is here in my apartment? Will she not tell your mother and blemish your reputation, perhaps even destroy your hopes for a profitable union with this estimable diplomat?"

"I-I want you to do the same thing to her," came the amazing and unexpected answer. "I want you to capture us both and - and - and to force us just as you did Mummy and me that other afternoon. Will you, Mr. Jack?"

"But, my dear girl," I exclaimed, taken as you may well suspect most emphatically aback by this astonishing declaration, "what motive could I possibly have to proceed against Miss Denton, whom I have only just met and who has certainly never affronted me?"

Again Molly Bashe blushed to the roots of her dark hair and lowered her eyes. Her magnificent young bosom rose and fell with a turbulence I could only ascribe to the singularity of her proposal and to the emotional enervation it must have caused her.

"Well, you see, Mr. Jack," she stammeringly explained, "Julia is my cousin, and she has just been most terribly jilted. She was betrothed to a young officer in the Grenadiers, and she expected to be married next month, but the dreadful rascal was sent along with his regiment to Gibraltar and only yesterday she received a letter from him saying that he was secretly engaged to a very beautiful Moroccan girl whom he expects to marry when he gets leave in his new post."

"Yes, but..." I began, rather helplessly, I will admit, because this whole thing was taking on the aspect of an impossible fantasy.

"Julia is a very passionate girl, Mr. Jack," she astoundingly went on, still keeping her eye lowered and her cheeks on fire from the emotions which were being raised in her magnificent young bosom, "and she has

confided everything in me because we are dear friends. Her fiance - well - dallied with her very scandalously, and he almost took from her what only a husband should take. And she is pining for him, the foolish girl, and I thought to myself that if you were to make her a prisoner and force her to do your will, it would distract her from thoughts of that wretched upstart who dashed all her hopes so thoughtlessly."

I let out a gasp of incredulity which I am sure that you, dear reader, would have done in my place. For here I was being offered not only the opportunity to enjoy Miss Molly Bashe in all her voluptuous young naked beauty and to take from her whatever I wished to assuage my virile desires, but also I was being offered this other girl whom I had only just met.

"But how can I be sure..." once again I tried to learn the answer to the riddle.

Molly Bashe, however, once again interrupted in a faltering and unsteady voice: "You see, Mr. Jack, I know that Julia is very much like myself, a proper young lady brought up by doting parents who never bothered to explain to us what would be expected of us when the time came to marry. My poor Mummy still treats me like an eight-year-old girl, or at least she did until that other afternoon."

Once again her blushes threatened to halt her faltering speech entirely, and she had again to draw a very deep breath and to twist her fingers this way and that before she could find courage enough to go on: "I-I was horrified when you did all those dreadful things to Mummy and me that afternoon, Mr. Jack. But I was helpless and tied and I couldn't do anything, and then besides you whipped me so hard I had to obey. And it was-it was awfully thrilling. I know that Julia feels the same way, and she would never give herself to you just by coming to your apartment and offering herself. But I thought that you might tie her up as you did me, and whip her bottom a little and then she would do anything, and it would distract her from losing Henry."

Gradually the light dawned. I had to deal here with two exquisite young masochists, who though they were both products of our smug Victorian society secretly experienced the same lustful desires as a tavern wench or others of that same lowly station in life. Now, they rationalized, if they

could both be forced to yield to the will of a man, they would be able to tell themselves that they were not guilty of any sin because they had been made to do the bidding of their assailants. And then they would be free to unleash all their inhibited passions under the guise of being coerced to obedience and docility.

It was a highly ingenious scheme, and already my prick was longing to take part in it. I had greatly misjudged Miss Molly Bashe. Either that, or the instrument which now began to throb and turgify between my thighs had proved a catalytic rod and untapped the damned-up sensual force within her voluptuous young being. For I will say that this psychology is not uncommon with many women who profess the greatest chastity and the sublimest virtue: they tell themselves that if they are obliged against their will to surrender their fair persons, the sin is not theirs and therefore they remain inviolate amidst the most heinous violation, pure amid the riotous erotic fantasies which make of them a sexual plaything for the will of a male.

At any rate, my lonely and neglected prick would now have reason to show the utmost gratitude to this fair charmer and her sycophant, and I was instantly ready to show her how even a prick which is said to have no conscience could pay its debt of gratitude!

CHAPTER FOUR

I stared hard at Miss Molly Bashe, wanting to be certain that she was not pulling my leg.

"I will agree that your friend is most appetizing," I finally declared, "but I warn you that if I undertake this diverting scheme, you will not escape its consequences. Do you understand me, Miss Molly?"

Before my level gaze, the delicious brunette turned a most becoming scarlet and lowered her eyes. "I-I know you will, Mr. Jack," she faintly retorted. "And-and you needn't worry about Julia, because I will talk her into accepting whatever you try to do to us. But I think you had best start with me, because it will more natural."

Still further wonder upon wonders! And I confess that I was not at all loath to renew my carnal acquaintance with the enticing figure of this charming if affectatious young beauty.

"Very well," I said, "you will therefore tell your friend that I had asked you to show her my famous Snuggery. You will have her sit in the armchair which is near the door. It has green upholstery and is very becoming and inviting, quite wide and deep. I need not add that it so contrived that a mere touch of a secret mechanism will hold her captive while I proceed with you."

"I-I understand, Mr. J-Jack," Molly Bashe quavered. She was really adorable as she stood with downcast eyes and cheeks that were a brilliant crimson with her mingled emotions. She knew that she was being extremely naughty and forward, the delicious minx, and from the agitated rise and fall of her bosom I could discern that the prospect was exciting her already! Well, it was having the same effect on me. Indeed, it would take a moment or two for me to recover my composure before I could dare go out into the salon and face Miss Julia Denton without manifesting to this very prim and circumspect young lady the outrageous evidence of my manhood in a state of anticipatory excitement!

"Then, as for you, you will recall that you and your mother commented on the pulleys which are found in my Snuggery and how those same pulleys were the very cause of your downfall."

"Ohh y-yes!" Molly Bashe breathed, "I-I shan't ever forget that afternoon!"

"Nor I," I gallantly replied. "But it is time that you go back to your friend before she becomes the least bit suspicious. Mind you, you are to be dealt with first, so prepare yourself. Although I don't see at the moment how you're going to talk Miss Denton into surrendering to me, particularly as I have no rancor against her and I am not usually cast in the role of a ravenous rapist. What I did to you and your mother, Miss Molly, was done out of a much-deserved revenge because of her infernal matchmaking."

"I'm sure that when Julia sees - sees what you'll - what you'll do to me, Mr. Jack," Molly Bashe quavered, "she will get so excited that she won't think of anything else except what you may do to her, sir."

My blood was boiling, as you may well suspect! I took her hand and kissed it, as I would that of a great courtesan who had brought off a spectacular coup in the tourney of love, and I let her out. Then lighting a cigar, I made certain that my robe was properly belted and hid the fact that I was in only my undershirt with braces and my trousers, and at last I made my entry back into the salon. Julia Denton glanced up at me, her eyes rather large and insolent as they lingered on me, and I saw that Molly Bashe was beside her and had apparently been talking to her.

Seeing me, the delectable brunette raised her voice: "Oh, Julia, we mustn't leave until you see Mr. Jack's famous Snuggery. It's where he takes all his exercise, and it's a most unusual place."

You may guess that I had to maintain a great deal of self-control to keep a straight face during this masterpiece of double entendre. I bowed from the waist and replied, "Miss Molly is much too gracious in her estimate of my poor abode, Miss Denton, but it would be my privilege to show you its facilities."

"I don't mind," Julia Denton shrugged. "But we mustn't stay too late, Molly dear, because you know we promised to visit my Cousin Elsie before the afternoon is over."

"Don't be such a fussbudget. Come along now."

I now unlocked the double doors of the Snuggery and let them go ahead of me. Swiftly I bolted the outer door, then closed the inner one, and now both girls were trapped... Molly Bashe knowingly, but Julia Denton unwittingly.

"What lovely thick Persian carpets, don't you think, Julia?" the brunette turned to her sandy-haired friend.

"Oh, they're all right," Julia Denton diffidently agreed. "It's most quiet in here, I will say that. And after all the noise of the street, I imagine this would be a welcome retreat. But didn't you say, Molly, that this is Mr. Jack's exercise room?"

"Indeed it is." I took up the cue. "If you will make yourself comfortable in that green armchair, Miss Denton, I will show you just how I use it. It's better than a club or a gymnasium in many ways."

Molly Bashe averted her eyes, and I suspect that she too had some difficulty in keeping her nominal composure so as not to give away the secret. Julia Denton, I observed out of the corner of my eye, wandered over to the comfortable armchair and seated herself with a little sigh of comfort. The first trap was sprung!

"Now then, Miss Molly," I blandly continued, "you will notice the wristlets of those pulleys. You fasten them around your wrists and then grasp the rope with your hand, thus dividing your weight between wrist and hand, instead of all of it coming on the fingers as on a trapeze."

"Oh, yes, I do remember now. Let me try it."

Molly approached the pulleys, while I followed with a congenial smile. I fastened the ropes to her wrist, and she at once began to swing herself slowly and gently backward and forward.

Now that this was done, I walked slowly back toward the armchair. Julia Denton looked up at me with some surprise. I had adjusted the catch, which formerly closed the arms over its occupant the moment the latter seated herself, in such a way that it required the touch of my finger at the back of the chair.

"Are you quite comfortable, Miss Denton?" I now inquired as my left forefinger sought the secret catch.

"Yes, quite, thank you. But really, Molly, I've seen enough. It's very nice, and I suppose there are advantages, but I prefer my exercise outdoors - OHHH - what in the world? - stop it - how dare you - what does this mean?"

For having touched the catch, I now stepped back and saw the arms folding around Julia Denton's waist, capturing her snugly and preventing her from escaping her fate.

"It means, Miss Denton, that I shall ask you to bear with me until I have concluded the little matter of some unfinished business with your charming companion," I smilingly retorted.

Julia Denton stared up at me with an incredulous expression on her lovely face. "But, sir," she protested in a voice that shook with indignation. "This is audacious and high-handed! I have absolutely nothing to do with whatever has gone between you and Molly, and you have surely no right to compel me to be a witness to anything scandalous. Molly, how could you? Do you mean to tell me you are actually on - Oh, it's unthinkable and it offends my modesty even to say it aloud! - on more intimate terms with this man than simply those of casual acquaintance through your mother's introduction?"

I glanced toward Molly Bashe, who still swung back and forth on the trapeze, the ropes fastened neatly about her wrists. I then strode forward to the wall and turned a little crank which acted on the windlass which acted on those pulley-ropes fixed so tightly to Molly's wrists, which had the effect of hoisting her up till she strained on tiptoes.

"Oh dear! What are you doing, Mr. Jack? Please let me down! These ropes won't come off, and they're hurting my wrists."

"I don't propose to let you down quite yet, my dear," was my calm retort as I approached her. Wide-eyed, and her face flushed, with that magnificent bosom of hers beginning to heave against the bodice of her frock, she at once rekindled within my loins the ardent flame so dear to Priapus, and one which had burned with so fierce a warmth on that other occasion when her buxom and officious mother had brought her to me for the purpose, as she had hoped then, of foisting Molly off on me as my nuptial consort.

"There," I said at last as I stepped back and pretended to study her, "you are quite properly prepared for the resumption of our unfinished business, Miss Molly Bashe."

"Sir, this is ungallant and unworthy of you," Julia Denton protested from her chair of treachery. She made ineffectual attempts to rise, but of course the mechanical contrivances of that piece of furniture quite foiled them.

"It's quite useless to struggle, Miss Denton," I remarked, "and I advise you to conserve your strength so that your undivided attentions may be given to your lovely companion. She has un-pardonably offended me and impugned my honor as a gentleman, which I cannot and will not tolerate. I am exasperated by now, I can quite assure you, over the insolent way the female of the species employs her supposed advantage of sex by flaunting herself, by insulting, and by taunting, believing that she is inviolate and immune from the consequences of a justly deserved punishment. But this time, Miss Molly Bashe, I intend to show you that I do not subscribe to this policy in the least."

"Oh, Lordy, what do you mean, Mr. Jack? What are you going to do to me?" Molly Bashe exclaimed, glancing at her friend in the chair of treachery.

Inwardly, I could hardly suppress my delighted amusement at the consummate artistry this pretty brunette was now displaying. Yes, I had completely misjudged her that afternoon in the Snuggery when I had initiated her into the mystic rites of Cythera. The little minx had evidently acquired a gluttonous taste for more of the same, and I was assuredly in the mood to nurture her newly acquired appetites to the very limit of my power!

I was, of course, in no hurry whatsoever. Foremost in my mind was the problem of what pretext to use to condemn Miss Julia Denton to this very same punishment and execution of it, although the delicious Molly had already slyly intimated to me that her companion was secretly yearning to be forced. But I decided to play the tune by ear and to discover what subtle and newly rewarding harmonies would come from it as Molly Bashe reacted to each minute progression of her "punishment."

But I now addressed myself to Miss Julia Denton, whose flashing eyes, heaving bosom, and delightfully flushed color indicated that she was overwhelmed by my unexpected tactics towards her friend. "The lesson which you are about to see, Miss Denton," I now expatiated, "is one that every pretentious girl should learn so that she will not make the error of riding roughshod over the males of this world, who are bound by our smugly conventional code to be gentlemen at all times. There are occasions, Miss Denton, when a gentleman is heartily disgusted at having to be such and would far rather revert to the one honest, candid and I may say, instinctive kind of behavior which impels him most sincerely and honestly... by that I mean, by acting like a man of parts and of virility and full mastery over the justly weaker sex."

"I demand that you release me at once from this abominable chair, and you'd better let Molly go, unless you want dire consequences!" was Julia Denton's panting reply.

There would be dire consequences indeed - but they would rebound against the irritated Miss Denton herself. For the time being, however, she would just have to wait her turn, for in all fairness I was obliged to commence with her lovely brunette companion Miss Molly Bashe, the scheming architect of this ingenious reunion. And to that end, I meant to proceed at once.

CHAPTER FIVE

And so I regarded Julia Denton with a mocking little smile as I replied to her last indignant commentary with one of my own, which I trusted would consternate her:

"You are in no position to demand anything, Miss Denton. But may I suggest that you watch very closely and see how I am about to proceed to the chastisement of your overbearing friend."

"Chastisement? Surely you are jesting, sir! You could not dream of offering either of us any harm, unless you are rash enough to wish to be imprisoned for your folly!" gasped the delicious captive in my chair of treachery, horrified.

"I shall take my chances, but I am afraid that Miss Molly will certainly have to take hers first," was my taunting reply as I now strode toward the enticing brunette whose wrists had been hoisted by the rope and who was now completely at my mercy.

Molly Bashe was wearing a charming green frock whose bodice was quite tight, considering the amplitude of her magnificent young bosom. The skirts were very modestly long, down to her trim ankles, yet I could see that they were sheathed in brown clockwork silk hose, and the thought of where they ended and what treasures they caressed made my prick begin to throb with renewed zeal, remembering also that it had not had solace in quite some little while.

I stood facing the delicious brunette, who played her role surprisingly well, for she tried to fling herself back from the ropes which bound her wrists and tractioned her virtually on tiptoe, crying out, "Ohh, what are you going to do, Mr. Jack? For heaven's sake, do let me down, these ropes hurt my wrists dreadfully, please, sir!"

"I shall not let you down until you have been properly repaid for your naughtiness toward me, Miss Molly," I sternly replied.

I turned now to a little tabouret to my tight and retrieved a pair of shears which were lying on its top in readiness. Armed with this weapon, I now proceeded to go behind her and to snip the garment's arms away, taking

pains not to touch her finely grained skin during the operation. She shrieked and twisted herself this way and that, while Julia Denton in her imprisoning chair raged at me for performing such an outrageous and dastardly act upon a helpless female.

The masochistic brunette showed herself to be really a consummate actress as she looked back over her shoulder, her eyes very large and wide with feigned terror, her magnificent bosom heaving wildly, and twisting this way and that in a manner that emphasized the mouthwatering curves of her voluptuous young body.

At last the dress fell in a tattered pile at her ankles, leaving her in her chemise and stays and two petticoats. Putting down the shears, I squatted down and dragged the petticoats off to both young women's frantic protestations. Next came the stays, and now Molly Bashe was reduced to her chemise, which was quite long and went down to her knees and thus hid the elegant lace-trimmed, beribboned white batiste drawers which clung about her bottom and tasty plump loins.

"Oh for God's sake, Mr. Jack," she cried, "you're certainly not going to undress me all n-n-naked in front of my friend? In the name of decency, don't let her see this - I implore you, Mr. Jack!"

Into her voice there was exactly the right inflection of quivering fear and shame, but I told myself that her somewhat elderly fiance Arthur was a decided idiot not to have penetrated the affectitious mask which his betrothed assumed. If he had been more direct with her and treated her the way a doting father might have done a mischievous daughter - which is to say, administered a sound smacking - she would not have come here this afternoon in search of erotic assuagement in view of the expected drouth which would be hers when she became the bride of the India-bound milksop.

And I told myself, since I felt charitably inclined (and who would not, with such a harem awaiting my own happiness within the weeks ahead?), that I would see to it that this Arthur of hers should not leave England without first being fully informed as to the really lascivious nature of his bride-to-be. I should hate to think of the excitably nervous and exquisite Molly Bashe having to toss and turn unrequited on her nuptial bed out there in darkest India, where one puts up mosquito netting and takes

care not to step into one's boots without first shaking them out. So primitive a clime deserved a pagan honeymoon, but from what my willing brunette victim had already told me in secret confidence, she would spend a very dreary time in that exotic outpost of the British Empire. Yes, I told, myself, I would pay Arthur a little visit in a day or two and acquaint him as man to man with the proclivities of Lady Betty's only daughter... but of course without slandering her reputation, for I may be lecherous but am no cad!

Now it is said that if one casts one's bread upon the waters, it comes back a thousandfold. And so, having already decided on this kindly deed worthy of a good Samaritan - oh, this ineffectual Arthur of hers would one day be intensely grateful to me when he lay between the sheets with this quivering morsel of pulchritude! - I advanced to claim my own reward for my good deed.

There would not, you see, be time to wait for this bread to return to me with all that interest, for the luscious loaf itself would be in far-off India and never more within my appreciative clutches.

There was no need to use the shears on the chemise, for the shoulder straps unbuttoned quite simply, and so I stationed myself behind the delicious captive and began to unfasten the right strap.

"Ohhh no, in the name of humanity!" Julia Denton cried shrilly from her chair, "this is unworthy of a gentleman, it's monstrous, it's atrocious!"

"Pray spare me your dissertation on morality, Miss Denton," I coolly observed as I completed the unfastening of that first strap, and Molly Bashe uttered a wild little squeal and wriggled forward as she felt it drop and expose one magnificent naked tittie, pouting coral bud and all!

I could not help but notice that Julia Denton, for all her indignation, had not been able to resist the temptation of peeping at her dear friend who found herself in so beleaguered a situation.

I remarked only: "For the time being, at any rate, Miss Denton, I do not lay claim to being a gentleman, and if you had been paying attention a little while ago, you would have understood perfectly well why. I pray you, therefore, content yourself with watching, because the lesson will be

most salutary to you both, and perhaps remind you that men are not to be flouted with impunity."

And with this, stepping to the left of my appetizing young brunette captive, I unfastened the buttons of the left strap, and the garment slithered down her body, not without reluctance because of its rather snug cling to her mouthwatering person, till it rested at her ankles in a frothy pile.

"Ohhhh! How can you, Mr. Jack?" Julia Denton cried out again, struggling against the perfidious arms of the chair which held her prisoner, "Cover her up, do cover her up, it is scandalous!"

"It would be more scandalous if I permitted her to go about so lasciviously in only her drawers, Miss Denton," I whimsically retorted, "because one of my particular axioms is that a young lady is far more indecent when she is naked to the waist than when she is completely naked."

Her mouth gaped at this piece of sophistry, but Molly Bashe continued to fling herself this way and that, her beautiful breasts jiggling and bouncing in the most prick-hardening manner. The dimpled sculptuary of her bare white back, the elegant hollowing of that lovely spinal column, the soft shoulders and the intimate glimpse of the dark tufts of private hair growing in the soft niches of her armpits caused - I here unabashedly admit (and if there is a pun to be found in that adverb, it is purely spontaneous, believe me!) - my prick to experience an almost intolerable aching spasm. But now I had to do with the drawers, which were lace-trimmed and very flouncy about the legs, and went down to about mid thigh. The elastic waistband was quite tight, and it resisted my initial attempt to drag the garment down in a single whisk, which would surely have been dramatically effective for the astounded Julia Denton.

But at this point Molly Bashe lunged forward with a shriek, "No, no. I forbid you to, sir! You shan't strip me naked, you just shan't! Oh Julia, if ever you were my friend, I pray you not to look at my shame!"

I could detect on the lovely bare sides of my almost naked brunette captive a fine moist sheen, undeniably that of perspiration, and the delicate aromatic pungency of that same effluvium emanating from her armpits told me that Miss Molly Bashe was experiencing the most

exquisitely lewd reactions to this little play-drama in which she proposed to be the terrified and abused and helpless victim. No, this perspiration - since she was so delicately bred, I could not demean her by referring to it as sweat - was not really that of agony, but rather that of anticipatory lust.

Capriciously, I decided to prolong the complete unveiling of this most convincing young actress, in order to impress her companion all the more. I therefore grasped with thumbs and forefingers at the sides the waistband of Miss Molly Bashe's tight drawers, as if to drag them down, and at the same time she gave a wild cry of "Oh my God, please, Mr. Jack, please leave my drawers on, I'm begging you!" as if she were about to meet the impalement of a readied phallic weapon. But instead of relieving her of her drawers, I simply snapped the elastic so it stung her bare sides, and she squealed and wriggled in the most fascinating way while I moved off to one side and with mock sternness, decreed: "For the time being, and in order not to shock the maidenly modesty of your companion, Miss Bashe, you may retain your drawers. However, when you have had enough of the commencement of your chastisement, you will signify this to me by begging me to remove those drawers of your own free will, do you understand?"

"I would rather die, sir, than voice so indecent and shocking a plea!" the lovely brunette, her face flaming, passionately declared.

I had not exactly been blind to what this "victim" had thus far exposed to my admiring eyes, not in the least. She had large firm upstanding breasts with saucy little nipples and the most adorable areolae imaginable, which at once drew one's vision toward the tidbits whose crinkly buds now palpitated with each panting breath of her naked bosom. Her fine white skin was quite patrician and, as I recalled from my one foray against it when she hadn't been accompanied by her opulent mother, extremely sensitive and delightfully satisfying in showing up the marks of a good switching or smacking.

Her navel too was a veritable oasis of delight, and for the imaginative male a most beguiling haven for the frictioning pleasure granted his prick; it was wide and shallow, and it seemed to suggest a boldly inviting orifice that would welcome such an instrument. It might be well used as a kind of amorous grindstone on which to whet the spearpoint of my

weapon before I sheathed it into its proper place amid the thicket of mossy black curls which covered Miss Molly Bashe's exquisite cunt.

There was a desk at the far end of my Snuggery, in whose drawers as well as in whose covered top I kept various artifices for the diversion of my sensual whims. I went to it now, and I was conscious of the feet that my prick was in a ferocious state of inflammation, so that each step I took made my ramrod thrust its battering ram of a head against the fly of my trousers. Even the fact that I had my robe over these conventional garments did not prevent its manifestation from being seen by these two pairs of maidenly eyes. Or, from the theoretical viewpoint, perhaps just one pair, since Miss Molly Bashe was decidedly no longer a virgin - the organ which now swelled so monstrously within my fly could bear witness to that fact!

Opening the top of the desk, I found a long white ostrich plume awaiting me, as well as a pair of manicure tweezers. I procured them both and returned to face the panting half-naked brunette from her left side, so that she could not very well kick out at me. But then I took the precaution, just in case her excitement exceeded her secret willingness to play the rules of my little game for her own masochistic benefit, of tucking the tweezers and plume into the pocket of my robe, squatting down, and taking the felt belt of my robe out and binding it fast around her right ankle, with the other end drawn round and round a metal ring set into the floor. And this way, she could kick out only with her left foot, whilst I should be left free to proceed at my leisure.

"Oh, what are you doing to my friend, you hateful, odious beast!" Julia Denton cried out shrilly from the chair of treachery.

"I have no doubt that if you keep your lovely eyes open, Miss Denton," I tauntingly remarked, "you will be able to see everything in detail without any need for my humble explanation. Now then, Miss Molly, to work! And remember, when you have had quite enough of this little exercise, you can stop it merely by begging me to pull your drawers off and show yourself quite naked to me for the rest of your good punishment!"

"I'd rather die first! You inhuman monster, wait till my mother hears of the depraved and monstrous things you are doing to me!" Molly Bashe

sobbingly exclaimed. There were tears sparkling in her eyes, but I knew that they were from excitement rather than fear.

I rose now, took the plume from the pocket of my robe, which I let gape so that my quite intimate and unpresentable attire might be seen beneath the braces and the trousers against whose fly my manhood made its forward protest and I was naked to the waist, my somewhat hairy but quite sinewy chest exhibiting the promise of muscularity throughout all my bodily extremities, which assuredly must have been an impressive sight for Julia Denton, the virgin of this visiting pair, judging from her stupefied gasp of "Ohh my! How disgraceful! O, I won't look, I won't!"

She had promptly closed her eyes and screwed up her face into such a rictus of anguished outrage that I was hard put to keep from laughing, which of course would have ruined the entire show. I turned back to contemplate my beautiful self-offered sacrificial victim, and she arched herself forward a little in the most suggestive manner, her lips parted as if to speak, but I could understand what she had to say without the necessity of words. She longed for what was about to be inflicted on her. And if I had lowered those drawers of hers as I had first intended, I have no doubt that I should have found some telltale moisture in the vicinity of her only recently deflorated love-slit!

But at this point, I did not much care whether Miss Julia Denton saw or did not see the manifestation of my ardor, for she was going to be introduced to its cogent and undisguised structure after I had proceeded with her brunette companion. My back was to her now as I stood at Molly's right side, facing her and at some distance. Slowly I extended the white ostrich plume toward her right breast, and her eyes widened and she tried to throw herself backwards. I was glad that I had taken the precaution of securing her right ankle to the floor ring, because this further constricted her movements and limited her range of liberty. The tip of the plume therefore touched the lovely crinkly bud of her nipple, and she caught her breath and her dark-blue eyes stared down at it in a kind of fearful suspense, not quite knowing what sensations would be aroused by this seance as compared with those of the only other occasion on which she had visited my sanctus sanctorum.

Delicately I grazed the lovely rosebud on that snowy loveglobe of hers until I could perceive that it was quivering and stiffened, the undoubted result of a tumescence brought about by this insidious attack upon one of the most sensitive thresholds of her erogenous system. Miss Molly Bashe was a very gratifying victim, I must give her full credit. With such a charming damsel at one's disposal, one could readily follow step by step the progression of dalliance and chastisement which would lead to coital culmination. The angry throbbing of my stiffened cock informed me that it would be grateful for a shortened dalliance, but as I have always maintained the sacro and the cranial regions of the male are often contradictory; my mind therefore overruled my loins because my mind knew that the longer I kept Miss Molly Bashe in sweet insidious torment, the more Herculean satisfaction I myself should obtain, however long the waiting.

The plume now tickled her midriff and made its way to the dainty nook of her navel, tickling the bellybutton back and forth with a maddening slowness and insistence. Miss Molly Bashe squirmed and twisted herself, looking up at the ceiling, but keeping her eyes demurely closed. The tautness of her ripe young body was really an esthetic treat for my appreciative eyes; under the legs of her drawers I could observe the outline of the garters which held up her hose, and these sheaths shaped out in the most delightfully snug way the contours of her calves and thighs. Now that I had no chorus of beautiful female sycophants but could myself alone delectate over every minute nuance of this scene in my Snuggery, I began to believe that Miss Molly Bashe was even more mouth-wateringly desirable than when I had enjoyed her and her mother together on that previous occasion.

My feather now rose to the other breast, caressing the undercurve and thence to the left side and towards the armpit. "Ohh-aaahhh-ooohh!!" I heard her gasp, and there was a feverish and tremulous quality to these sounds, onomatopoeic music which so graphically detailed both her physical and mental reactions to my dalliance.

In the curls of her armpit hair, I could perceive glistening globules of perspiration, and the smell of her naked skin was very heady. Coupled as it was to the delicate and persuasive jasmine scent which she had apparently applied before her visit to me on this afternoon, it was really

an aphrodisiac - though I can assure you, dear reader, that my prick needed no such stimulant, being already impatient over the delay of its juncture with the soft twitching pink lips of Miss Molly Bashe's deliciously responsive vulva.

I therefore continued to caress not only the side and the undercurve of her left breast but also the very sensitive armpit, and then down the side along the ribcage and back along the navel to her right side, whereupon I ascended the ostrich plume to the breast with which I had begun the session. Molly Bashe was squirming and twisting her loins in the most unashamed way by now. She had planted her left foot as solidly as she could, arching it on the toe of her dainty shoe, and she had also widened the gape between her delightfully stockinged legs as effectively as if I had bound the other ankle to the other floor ring. This maneuver and posture served to make her drawers extremely snug about the plump mound of her cunt, and just out of whimsy I ran the ostrich plume down to that intimate crevice and rubbed back and forth, though of course the drawers protected her from feeling the diabolically exquisite tantalus of this lubricious friction.

However, since I had moved a little to one side and permitted Julia Denton to stare with unimpaired vision at what was happening to her friend, I was rewarded by hearing that virginal witness utter a choking cry of stupefaction: "Ohhh! My God, poor Molly darling, why did you bring me into the den of such a fiend? Oh, I cannot bear to watch what that beast is doing to you, helpless as you are!"

I did not rebuke Miss Julia Denton for her insults of "monster" and "beast" as yet. When her turn came, she would pay full interest upon them, and I had no doubt she would be even readier to overcome her debt than psychologically she was now. Therefore, ignoring her vivid interjection, which itself gave me a clue to her personality (she doubtless was as affectatious as Miss Molly Bashe, yet inwardly was churning with an unhealthy and impatient yearning to experience the self-same ordeal!) I resumed the tickling with the ostrich plume. But now I went behind the squirming half-nude brunette and brought the ostrich plume down along the delightfully hollowed spinal column from her nape to the waistband of her drawers and back again, tickling her and making her wriggle and hunch her lovely white shoulders and turn her face back to

me to reveal that her dark blue eyes were by now very humid and supremely dilated. It was a fine beginning!

CHAPTER SIX

Now I stood behind Miss Molly Bashe to observe the elegant sculptuary of her bare white back and the adorable dimpled shoulders, as well, I confess, as to observe at closer range the magnificent jut of her bottom, encased in as it was in only the snug fitting drawers. I could not resist patting those sumptuous, resilient cheeks, and the brunette gave a startled little cry, arching forward while at the same time she turned her flushed face back over her shoulder to determine what I intended to do.

By now, I thought I had detected more genuine than simulated modesty in her reactions, and I had no doubt that the emotional excitement of the moment had begun to carry this secretly eager masochist into an actual involvement with her role, one that far transcended the feigned pretense which she had thus far conveyed. Also, since I was behind her, I no longer blocked the view from the horrified and scandalized eyes of Miss Julia Denton, who remained imprisoned in the chair of treachery. Seeing her friend half naked and tied up and already showing the effects of my initial attentions now so absorbed this prim virgin's interest that she had quite forgotten about the likelihood of sharing the fate of Miss Molly Bashe... which I fully intended for her to do.

I took the manicure tweezers now in my right hand while transferring the ostrich plume to my left, and I playfully took hold of the plumpest cranny of the brunette's right buttock between the little silver jaws and pinched delicately. An enchanting squeal promptly followed, as Miss Molly Bashe jerked her loins forward.

Nothing daunted, I put the tweezers to the left buttock and applied a nasty little pinch which produced an even louder and longer squeal: "OWWW! Ohh, that hurts! For heaven's sake, what do you mean to do to me?"

"I believe that I earlier mentioned," I said coolly, "that it would be up to you to beg me to remove your drawers. I am simply amusing myself until you find it possible to pronounce those very words which you said, I believe, that you would rather die than utter. If that truly be the case, then you must make up your mind to endure a great many more pinches on this insolent backside of yours."

And with this, I fell to pinching the cheeks of her bottom alternately, first left and then right, nipping here, pinching there, attacking first the base of the left globe, then the outer slope of the right hip, then the lower right summit perilously near that widening furrow which separated both succulent hemispheres, and so on, so that Miss Molly Bashe would never know exactly where the wicked little jaws would bite next and hence was kept in a frantic and perpetual state of wriggling.

As she lunged this way, twisted that, squirmed and gyrated, her bare breasts danced in the air, demonstrating all their firm elasticity and jounciness. From time to time I cast a covert glance at Miss Julia Denton's face and was pleased to find that it was flushed, that her eyes were very wide and almost stupefied, and that her lips parted in an ambiguous expression which might be taken as readily for outraged virginal modesty as sensual excitement. For if what Miss Molly Bashe had told me about her friend was actually true and Julia Denton desired to lose the onerous burden of her virginity but without herself taking any forward step toward that naughty and unladylike conduct, then my plan must include utterly terrorizing her until she would have to admit that she was overcome entirely by force and so could not help ultimate capitulation. That was the way she would rationalize it in her complex psyche, I was certain.

I must confess that I was vastly impatient to be able to compare the reactions of both beauties whilst undergoing the same lingering and uncomfortable treatment. But that too must come later. For the moment, it was a question of drawing Miss Molly Bashe to the very end of her pretended "resistance" so that she could indulge to the full her sly naughtiness and procure for herself the salacious thrills which being "forced" by me as her "heartless ravisher" should accord her.

For a time, therefore, I stopped the wicked little pincers, and I resumed the feathering all over her back and shoulders, the nape of her neck, even the lobes of her dainty ears. Squeals and sobs continually emerged from my half naked captive, and I could see her slim little fingers claw the air as she called upon herself for a supreme "defiance" of my "wicked and ruthless villainy." But the singular thing was that I was as lecherously excited now as if in point of fact Miss Molly Bashe was still actually a virgin and holding out to the very limit of her true endurance to preserve

her cherished hymen to the bitter end. I really was grateful to the little minx, the more so for having brought me so tasty a new plum for my passion pudding!

I paused for a moment now and stared boldly at Miss Julia Denton, whose eyes met mine. Her face was flooded with crimson as our glances exchanged, and then she blurted in a hoarse and unsteady voice, "It is wicked, what you are forcing me to watch, sir! To torture a helpless girl like this so shamefully, to gloat over her helplessness, and to force me to watch without being able to aid her, all this is unworthy of a true gentleman!"

"I quite agree with you, Miss Denton," I said most cheerfully. "If, however, you have any complaints now that you find yourself in a most trying situation, you have only your friend to blame for having brought you here. The tricky little baggage knew perfectly well that I still had a score to settle with her, and it would have been wiser for her and less risky for you, believe me, Miss Denton, had she come alone."

"Why, what do you mean by that, sir?" the prisoner in the chair of treachery exclaimed, her eyes growing very wide and incredulous as just a hint of the horrid truth was made evident to her.

I shrugged. "Simply, Miss Denton, that since you have already labeled me a beast and a heartless monster, I shall now have a score to settle with you, once I have dealt with Miss Molly as she so richly deserves. Ponder on that whilst I resume my vengeance on her charming person!"

Now I took the feather and began to tickle Miss Molly Bashe's bare sides and armpits, whisking the white plume around the generous curves of her firm panting naked titties, rasping the tip against the swollen darkening nipples, tracing the circles of those exquisite areolae, drawing the plume back down the hollow of her spine and visiting all of that lovely expanse before me, from the nape of her neck to the tight elastic waistband of those drawers which were her only veil. Her twistings and wriggings increased, as did her frantic little wordless wails and sobs and gasps, but there were times when her paroxysms almost threatened to put an end to my vaunted self-control. For by now my prick was raging inside its prison and it demanded satisfaction of sweet Miss Molly Bashe's most intimate sanctuary.

Somewhat hoarsely, as I lowered the plume, I demanded: "Perhaps you are ready now, Miss Molly, to ask a favor of me?"

Her body stiffened, her head tilted back, and as she closed her eyes she gasped, "Oh, never! I won't, I won't be so shameless as to let you see me all naked, Mr. Jack! Do your worst, I would rather die a thousand times over than offer myself to your wicked ways!"

"Oh, you poor thing, you brave darling," Julia Denton almost hysterically exclaimed, "Don't give in to that awful brute! Oh, I wish I were a man, I would avenge the shame he has brought upon you!"

"And I, conversely, Miss Denton," I retorted, "give thanks to the Creator that you are what you are and not, heavens be praised, a man." Then I went around to face the palpitating, flushed and squirming half naked brunette and resumed: "Well, Miss Molly, so it is a duel between us a l'outrance? We shall see who proves the stronger. Prepare yourself for some new and unusual sensations!"

With this, I held up the tweezers before her dilated and humid eyes, and I placed the tiny steel jaws against her left nipple and gave it a sly little tweak.

"OHHH-AHHH, Oh, sir, sir, not there, oh for heaven's sake not there!" Miss Molly Bashe sobbingly panted as she arched herself forward to make certain that the cruel jaws did not grip her tender lovebud too possessively, "I can't stand such torment, truly I can't, sir! Oh sir, this is unworthy of you, Mr. Jack!"

"You find the tweezers too painful for those lovely breasts of yours, Miss Bashe?" I mockingly taunted. "Then I shall see if I have something less capable of defacing the loveliness of your naked bosom. Really, Miss Bashe, you have no idea how fetching you are naked to the waist and with those pert and saucy nipples of yours dark and stiff as if you were in heat for a lover!"

This remark brought an aghast, "Ohhhh!!" from Miss Julia Denton in her chair, and made Molly Bashe close her eyes and shiver voluptuously as I now walked back to the desk, put away the ostrich plume and the tweezers for the time being, and took up a silver envelope cutter. Returning to face the half naked young woman, I held the point of the

envelope cutter between my left thumb and forefinger, bent back the broad handle with my right thumb and forefinger, and, aiming it at the under curve of her right breast, let fly with a most emphatic "Smack!"

The effect was magical! I could see at once a bright red splotch on the fair white skin of that bare tittie, while at the same time Miss Molly Bashe dragged at her wrists, lunged backwards with a strangled "Oww-OhhhOOOOH! Ooh, please, it stings, it hurts, not there, not there, sir, I implore you!"

"What is this you ungrateful little wretch?" I cried, feigning vexation. "You are not satisfied with either the tweezers or the envelope cutter? But you will just have to put up with it, unless you wish me to take the tweezers and pinch your nipples till they are excruciatingly sore."

"Oh dear, oh heaven, oh let me off, I did not believe you would go so far with me, sir," Miss Molly Bashe now wailed, and there was just a trace of convincing sincerity in her tone which led me to believe that she had not quite expected so rude and prolonged a prelude to my actual "rape" of her delicious person. Yes, I began to see through her naughty little plan all too well. But she had not earned favor enough with me to escape a little annoyance and discomfort before she was provided with the erotic assuagement which she sought.

I moved now to the other breast, once again held my envelope cutter as an attacking weapon between left and right thumbs and forefingers, took careful aim and applied a sharp "Spattt!" against the very center of her left breast, just below the areola.

"Oww! Oh don't," Miss Molly squealed, as she made a wild lunge backwards, her splotched bare breasts dancing and jouncing in the most salacious way. But I followed that first attack on her left breast with two more stinging flicks, one on the outer left curve of the luscious white-skinned globe, the other exactly on the other side towards the valley which separated those two plump firm love-globes. Her head fell back and her eyes rolled, and her mouth gaped in strident wails as she twisted her hips this way and that in a desperate attempt to avert the cholorous smack.

"This has a much lovelier sound than the tweezers, don't you agree, Miss Bashe?" I caustically inquired.

"Ohhh-ahh-oh my Lord-oh, sir, sir, it's not the sound, it's how it feels-oh, you are killing me, you are certainly killing me!" she moaned.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I now cast off my bathrobe and undershirt to indicate to both my charming visitors that I meant business and need no longer disguise my intentions toward either of them. The sight of a half-naked man was apparently distressing to Julia Denton, for I saw her grimace and turn her face away and close her eyes. What would it be like, I wondered to myself, when I was stark naked and the pronounced bulge at the fly of my trousers became palpable and crude reality.

I now turned back to delectable Molly Bashe, who continued to squirm and gasp as the flurried sensations of my dalliance commenced to take ascendancy over her feminine nerves. Lifting up the envelope cutter, I drew back the handle and let it fly against the base of her right breast, directly in the sweet white center. It made a most impressive crisp smack, and the brunette again jerked backwards, dragging at her wrist bonds.

"I propose to keep this up indefinitely," I told her as I moved to the other breast and drew back my instrument, "so if you have any words to address to me, you had best choose them carefully." And with this, the metal implement went "Spattt!" against the inner curve of her left breast, once more not only registering a hugely satisfying impact but also immediately splotching the delicate white flesh of that succulent loveglobe.

"Aiiii! Ohh, please don't! For heaven's sake not there, for mercy's sake!" she wailed as her hips executed a frenetic wriggle from side to side. But for all her protests and apparent display of discomfort, I noticed that she had her free leg thrust well out to the left as if it too were bound to the floor ring, and thus, exaggeratedly straddled, she made herself all the more vulnerable and also provocative to my assault.

To vary the little game, I lowered the envelope cutter and let it fly right against her navel, taking her quite by surprise. "Owww-oohhh!" was her sobbing cry, as she jerked her bottom backwards in great haste and turned her face from side to side, her forehead furrowed as if in the deepest concentration.

"You seem to have many sensitive regions, Miss Molly," I remarked as I now proceeded to cup her left breast in my left hand and draw back the implement in my right. "But I think I much prefer smacking your naughty bosom, which you have been flaunting at me so naughtily. Your mother, with all due respect to her inestimable qualities in other directions, apparently never taught you the sweet maidenly decorum which it is necessary to demonstrate toward a gentleman if you wish his conduct to remain impeccable." And after this sententious little preamble I brought my right hand down with a short quick stroke to bring the head of the envelope cutter right against her nipple, flattening the tender bud down into its lovely coral areola.

"Oww Ohhh-AARRHHH, oh, Mr. Jack, for Lord's sake, have mercy, I can't stand it there so hard, I can't, truly!" my lovely and secretly willing victim squealed. The tears which broke from her dark blue eyes and rivuleted down her flushed cheeks were not entirely those of a gifted actress; there could be no doubt that Miss Molly Bashe was becoming distressingly aware of the sensitivity of her major erogenous threshold.

"You shall have it there and nowhere else until you beg me to take down your drawers," was my heartless ultimatum, and even as I uttered it, I heard Julia Denton utter a strangled: "Ohh, is there no one who will save us from this cruel brute?"

"No one, I fear, Miss Denton," I courteously observed as I turned toward her while I continued to cup Molly Bashe's right breast and lift the envelope cutter in my right hand over it like a Damoclean sword. "In this world, I fear, one must look to oneself for all resources. But Miss Molly has within her the power to halt this little penance any time she chooses. Reflect upon that, Miss Denton, for I would not have you think that I am other than a man who proceeds out of pure logic and purpose."

"I-I-think you're a scoundrel, yes sir," she spluttered, her face getting very red, and she again closed her eyes. But the turbulent upheaval of that pair of very delightful breasts which I was dying to see exposed told me that she had been emotionally overwhelmed by what she had seen and heard - and it was only the beginning!

"If you refuse to look, Miss Denton," I added as I lifted my right hand still higher over Molly Bashe's panting satiny white bubbie, which by

now was quite vividly marked with bright crimson splotches from the envelope cutter, "you only compel me to wrest your attention back to your friend by means of augmenting her much deserved chastisement."

So saying, I made a brisk downward sweep of my right hand, which sent the head of the envelope cutter bouncing off the base of the luscious globe, and Molly Bashe threw back her head and squealed in her most high-pitched tone, "Eeeee-owwouuu!!!! Oh, dear Mr. Jack, for God's sake don't keep hitting me on my poor breasts, you'll mark me for life, they're so tender, I can't stand it, I implore you to be merciful!"

"Perhaps this one should have a momentary rest, I agree," I said ironically, "so let us turn our attention to the other."

"Oh not that either, oh for Lord's sake, must you go on punishing me so cruelly?" the brunette sobbed as my left hand now cupped the other luscious loveglobe and lifted the implacable envelope cutter above its heaving turret.

"I must be cruel to be kind, which is a line from a very famous play which I'm sure you ladies have witnessed," was my mocking observation as my envelope cutter came down with a loud "Smack" that fairly made Miss Molly Bashe jump and then twist her hips from left to right and jut out her bottom as she lunged away from me.

Another two or three flicks followed over the same area, and finally Molly Bashe sobbingly exclaimed, "Ohh, ahh, I can't bear any more of this, I truly can't! What must I do to have you stop, oh tell me, tell me, for I cannot stand this awful pain!"

"Your memory is failing you, my dear Miss Molly. But I will indulge you for this once alone. You must beg me humbly to take down your drawers and proceed with your real punishment, which will be the smacking of your big naked bottom!" was my answer.

"Oh heavens, how bestial, how depraved!" Julia Denton cried from the chair of treachery, and once again futilely struggled against its catches. "Must a decent and well bred young woman be subjected to such odious and barbarous treatment? Must I be forced to watch while you wreak your disgusting sensuality on my poor helpless friend?"

I glanced at Molly Bashe, and her humid and dilated eyes seemed to flash me a message. "Why, no, Miss Denton," I slowly remarked. "I shall be inclined to spare your friend on the condition that she aids me in letting you expiate your own naughtiness. I will not brook lightly those insults you have been flinging at me ever since we entered this room."

"Ohhhh!!!" Words cannot describe the disbelief in Julia Denton's voice, nor even begin to picture the mingled play of emotions on her lovely, haughty and supercilious features.

I turned back to the half-naked brunette, and again gripping her left breast with my left hand, I applied three stinging cracks with the head of the envelope cutter right over her darkened, stiffened nipple. When her wails and cries and lungings had subsided, I demanded, "Are you ready now to mitigate your punishment by aiding me with your overbearingly arrogant friend, Miss Molly, or shall I continue for a little while longer? Perhaps a bouquet of freshly cut nettles flicked against your bosom will give you pause to think."

And with this I pretended to walk back to my desk, though I actually had no such a bouquet ready. Nettles leave ugly blisters, and while they produce a sensual heat which often leads the sufferer to exchange it for a different and more pleasing kind of lustful heat, by which I mean fucking, I am too fastidious to leave permanent marks on the lovely flesh of my partners in these diverting amorous games.

Nonetheless, my false maneuver convinced Molly Bashe that I meant to carry out the threat and she screamed, "Oh don't do that! I'll do whatever you want, I swear I will, only spare me and I'll do anything you say!"

"Take care, Miss Molly," I teased, "you have just given me such a *carte blanche* as would abandon all the chaste principles with which your mother must have tried to imbue you. However, I will take your avowal in its immediate sense, which is to say that you are to help me with Miss Denton!"

So saying, I crouched down and untied her right ankle, and then loosened the wrist ropes, and Molly Bashe gasped and at once covered her panting and well splotched bosom with her arms, her eyes very bright and shining and wide.

There was no doubt that she was becoming as erotically excited as I myself, and I meant to make of her an ally in the progressive stripping and smacking of delectable Miss Julia Denton.

"Very well," I said sternly to the quailing half-naked brunette, "you will now keep your promise to me, or back you will go for a good deal more smacking on your bosom, and this time it will be with the nettles which I promised. Come help me fix Miss Denton's wrists in this other set of ropes."

"Oh no! Don't you dare! you horrible man, I won't let you! Molly, Molly, how can you help him? Oh, I see it all now, the two of you have conspired against me - you'll pay for this, both of you! Let me go - help! Oh help me someone! What are you going to do to me - oh no - don't tie me - stop - oh Molly, Molly, I thought you were my friend! Oh heavens, it's vile of you both!"

Miss Julia Denton wailed and fought like a tigress, but I had interjected to Molly that if she dared let her companion go, her bottom as well as her bosom would pay dearly for it.

I think too she was frantically eager to see the haughty beauty bound and stripped and smacked, and she went to it with a will. In a few moments, the two of us had dragged the fuming and angrily protesting Julia Denton under a companion pair of ropes very close to those which had imprisoned Molly Bashe's slender wrists, and soon the fair beauty found herself standing on tiptoe with her arms dragged high above her head, ready for any advances which I cared to make.

"Now then, Miss Molly," I said hoarsely, for you can imagine how furiously stirred I was by now after all that had taken place, "if you wish to escape the punishment I planned for you, you yourself are going to undress your friend down to her drawers and hose and shoes just as you yourself are now. Failing that, you shall go back to the ropes, and I myself will take down your drawers and the nettles will find whether your bottom is as tender as your bosom!"

"Oh no. No, I'll do what you want, Mr. Jack," Molly Bashe cried as she fairly rushed upon the horrified Julia Denton and, seizing the shears which I had laid down on the little tabouret, began to snip away at the

shoulders and the arms till the pretty frock fell about her horrified companion's ankles!

CHAPTER EIGHT

I must confess that I was wild with impatience to see Miss Julia Denton stripped naked and to enjoy her virginal charms to the fullest of my erotic capacities. There was that about her which exacerbated my lustful senses to the extreme: her slim haughtiness, the insolent ripeness of her small mouth, the very obviously elegant rondures of her bosom and bottom which her garments presently concealed, and the knowledge that she had been betrothed and then jilted gave me to guess that even though she was technically a virgin, she would not be disinclined to amorous dalliance... the more so as Molly Bashe had already thrillingly assured me in private that her companion was secretly longing to be coerced into a total surrender of her fair person.

No pasha who ever boasted of his seraglio could wish for a more exquisitely imaginative tableau than that which I now had before me.

Here was the delightful Molly Bashe, clad only in her drawers, hose and shoes, acting as my executioner's aide whilst her dearest friend Miss Julia Denton wriggled and twisted frantically with her wrists drawn high above her head and her body stretched till she was compelled to stand on tiptoe. And by now, since the brown-haired beauty was reduced to chemise and drawers and hose and shoes, the very next removal of these paltry shielding garments would display to my enraptured eyes the sweet succulence of her tempting intimate charms!

Molly Bashe had played her role with an ardor and a realism that even the devotees of Sardou and Zola could assuredly not have found fault with. And I think she had even convinced her friend that here she was, pitifully and shamefully reduced to half nakedness before me, and now compelled under grievous penalties to execute all my orders concerning Miss Julia Denton.

"I think," I now commanded, "that we shall have the chemise off. I am curious to know whether Miss Denton's drawers are as pretty as yours and as coquettishly flounced with lace."

"Oh no! My Lord, no, Molly!" Julia Denton cried as she tilted back her head and stared up at her bound wrists and then frantically tried to yank

them loose. "You shan't undress me naked before this horrible beast, you shan't, you shan't! Oh, I thought you were my trusted, dear friend - and now you serve me so!"

"Do not misunderstand me, Miss Denton," I interposed in a grave voice, "you must not hold Miss Molly guilty of such reprehensible actions, since she is but the instrument at my command. She knows that I have a serious score to settle with her, and she is trying to mitigate her punishment by prompt obedience to my orders. But as for you, my girl, your naughty rebelliousness and defiance of me, and worst of all your insults, which you still continue to express so volubly and loudly, cannot go longer unpunished. The chemise at once, Molly, or I shall have your drawers off and you shall feel a good birch on your naked bottom!"

"Forgive me, dear Julia, I must, I must, I can't let him thrash me, please forgive me and understand," Molly Bashe sobbed as she went about shearing off the shoulder straps of the chemise and letting the garment slither down to Miss Julia Denton's trim ankles. There was a wild shriek, and poor Miss Denton tried frenziedly to twist herself around so as to hide the effulgent glories of her naked titties from my greedy eyes.

In vain. And her drawers were, indeed, even prettier than Molly's; they were made of elegant batiste, pink, with white Valenciennes lace ruffles and bows all around the wide legs which came down to just above her dimpled knees. They were open drawers whereas Miss Molly's were closed, and I could see at once that all I had to do was to slip my impatient hand up one or the other of those legs and I would reach the treasured nook of Miss Julia Denton's jilted virginity!

She was really magnificent! In some ways, I lusted more for her than for Molly Bashe's delightful treasures, which I had already, as you will recall, dear reader, vigorously and flatteringly sampled. Her breasts were not at all large, but they were high perched on her carnation-satiny chest, and they were like ripening young gourds, perhaps a trifle pendulous but not at all excessive, and certainly firm and satiny, as I was very shortly to learn through my tactile exploration. They had small areolae, of a bewitching dark coral which seemed most intense, and set in the centers of those sweetly angelic haloes appeared two dainty little pink buds, crinkly and twitching with every breath, sweet tidbits, morsels of delight

for the lips and the tongue of an appreciative connoisseur such as I prided myself on being.

Her bellybutton was deep and very narrow, and in the contractions of her luscious half-naked body as she struggled now to shield herself from my profaning eyes it almost disappeared, as if it were winking at me and then hiding naughtily out of view. The waistband of her drawers was extremely tight, for apparently she had sewn a brand-new elastic about them, perhaps with a subconscious foreknowledge that their security would be imperiled later this very day. In her armpits there grew dainty little sprigs of dark brown hair, and her waist was elegantly slender and supple. But the drawers told me that her hips were lithe, her buttocks springy and rather oval-shaped, set tightly together with a gradually widening cleavage between those Callyphygian globes of palpitating maiden flesh. And most tempting of all, though the legs of her drawers were wide, I could perceive the rather prominent mound of her mount of Venus, which was apparently very thickly muffed, judging by the prominence of the bulge at her crotch as she twisted and wriggled hither and yon.

"Oh, this is monstrous of you, Mr. Jack!" she denounced me, her eyes sparkling with tears, but I noted that she kept her face averted to one side. "What I called you was fully justified by your shameful and cowardly acts! I do not at all repent them, do you understand? You are a wretch and a villain, sir, to force Molly to do your heinous bidding and to have lured us thus with the purpose of offering us these shameful indignities!"

"Your speech, my dear Miss Denton," I ironically riposted, "comes straight out of a passage from one of Richardson's or even Oscar Wilde's more purplish novels. This is not the true Miss Denton who speaks, but a glibly erudite young bluestocking who has acquired little knowledge of the world but a great deal of useless rhetoric. When I have you down to fundamentals, my girl, I will untap your true self, and then we shall see what verbal fluency you can muster. Now then, Molly, to pay this saucy girl back for calling you a Judas, take that envelope opener and smack her bare breasts with it till I tell you to stop!"

"Oh, sir, I could never do that to my dear friend!" Molly Bashe ejaculated, with an outraged gasp that did her credit as a budding talented actress.

"In that case, my girl," was my immediate reply, "I fear I shall be compelled to accord you the same treatment - after I have taken down your drawers and given you a smart birching on your naked bottom! And have no doubt that I shall carry out my threat if you do not comply at once with my order, Molly!"

"Oh, the vile beast, the infamous coward, to force you, poor Molly to perpetrate such a shocking and villainous act upon your own dear friend!" Julia Denton cried, as again she tugged uselessly at her wrists, serving only to make her magnificent titties jiggle in the most fascinating way, and one that convinced me not only of their satiny and delicious resilience but also that they were flawlessly elastic and springy as a man's fingers could wish for.

"You are most unwise, Miss Denton," was my retort, "to incite my anger further by these quite useless insults. I shall be avenged for them, be very certain, just as I mean to do with your friend here for what she did to me in the past. I would advise you to forsake this recklessness, Miss Denton, or you will pass a very uncomfortable time here in the Snuggery."

With this, I turned with a very stern face toward the delectable Molly Bashe and, fixing her with my sternest look, went on: "For the last time, Molly, will you or will you not carry out my order?"

"Oh, my poor Julia, I have no choice," Molly groaned as she picked up the silver envelope cutter in her right hand and stepped up towards the absolutely consternated and scarlet-faced Miss Denton. "You've heard what he said he'll do to me if I don't obey, dear Julia. I know I couldn't bear it, I truly couldn't, and if you're really my friend, you couldn't expect me to suffer such mortification and distress. So I must apologize to you in advance for what I am going to have to do to you, my poor Julia."

Was not this the most consummate little actress who ever made her debut on so intimate and lascivious a stage? I vow, dear reader, I could not have written a better script myself had I been Sheridan or Moliere or Racine. And I perceived Miss Molly Bashe's sly reasoning: By convincing her beautiful friend that she was being forced under the most dire

tortures to comply, however unwillingly, with my cruel and heartless commands, she could secretly share in the naughty delights I meant to pursue with the estimable Miss Denton, which would ideally put her into a proper mood to suffer the same ultimate priapic fate herself - and thus by the roundabout logic so dear to a woman's mind and heart, she would arrive at her own naughty purpose of seeing Julia stripped and felt and flogged and had without having to admit to herself that she had been a wanton in demanding all this!

I will admit that this little game of ours enormously stimulated my passions, which as you know had been kept under the severest continence all these past dreary days. But while this dialogue was going on between the women, I feasted my eyes on the haughty features of the lovely and half-naked Miss Denton, admiring the way those artificial and exaggeratedly round curls - over which either she or her hairdresser must have spent an incalculable amount of time - fell with such artful grace over the high arching forehead and at the sides of that lovely haughty head. That small, ripe mouth of hers bespoke an insolent and self-willed temperament, which I was certain camouflaged in turn the most voluptuous precepts of desire, and the bold, dark-brown eyes, which flashed daggers at me now and wished me a thousand times dead for being such a heartless monster, knew, I was sure, how to be humid and tender, how to soften and to dilate in the inexpressible throes of hot, excited girlish come!

But now it was apparent that Julia Denton desired not to submit too passively to her own secret yearnings of being overpowered against her will and thus able to enjoy the sweetly illicit joys of being forced and fucked without the slightest harm done her highly moral virginity. For instead of closing her eyes and shiveringly awaiting Molly's smacks with the envelope cutter, she suddenly drew a long breath and cried out vehemently, "No, no, I'll not submit! This is criminal, vile and depraved! Cannot you see, poor Molly, how this wretched scoundrel is amusing himself at the expense of both of us by forcing you, my dearest friend, to shame and hurt me while he gloatingly enjoys the sight? Don't come closer, Molly. I shall kick you hard. I mean it!"

And with this, panting, she kicked out with her right foot, and if Molly Bashe had not suddenly moved over to one side, she assuredly would have had a very badly bruised shin.

"You wish to kick, do you?" I told the enraged and embattled beauty. "So be it! I have in mind a tableau out of the Folies Bergeres themselves, which will put you in a posture for kicking and yet not let you imperil your tender and lasting friendship for Molly Bashe by actually treating her so abusively."

And with this I turned to Molly and chided: "Put the envelope cutter down on that little tabouret and help me now, for I am going to arrange your impertinent friend in such a way that she will hardly be able to prevent you from obeying me, which you are under duress to do."

Molly blushed as she saw my eyes on her rapidly swelling titties, and the little minx must surely have observed that the bulge in my trousers presupposed a certain ardent admiration of her own half-naked charms. But she kept her observations to herself, and very wisely, too, for if she had suddenly avowed her lust for my "avenging weapon" the game would have been up and Miss Julia Denton would have seen through the entire farce.

So quickly and silently, taking her cue from me as I pointed to this and that, she aided me, swiftly and with a truly praiseworthy efficiency. She knelt down beside the now frantic Miss Julia Denton, suddenly seized the latter's left ankle, and hoisted that beautiful leg as far up and out as she could hold it in her soft little hands.

"Let me go, Molly! Oh, what are you going to do to me? Stop it! And I thought you were my friend! Oh, Molly Bashe, I will never speak to you again from this moment forth. I renounce my friendship, I detest and loathe you for being a pawn in this wicked scoundrel's evil game!"

Yes, dear reader, erudite young ladies of the bluestocking variety talked exactly like this, with as didactic and rhetorical a flourish as I have tried my poor best to set down on the pages of my journal. But I also knew that, just like the ornate and rococo ornamentation of our period furniture and the decor of our dwelling places, and exactly like the extravagant overdressing which the women of our generation fancied as being in the mode, once all this cluttering and unessential exterior could

be stripped away, then one would begin to hear the most sincere and convincingly realistic expressions of the emotions they would be made to feel.

"Hold her tightly, unless you want to be put in her place," I instructed Molly Bashe.

Meanwhile, Julia Denton, twisting and wriggling herself in the most salacious manner, tried desperately to break her leg free from Molly's hold, but quite in vain. I now approached with a cord, wound it tightly around that slim ankle, and made a good knot. Then I walked to the wall and turned the little windlass which lowered a trapeze bar I had but recently installed. When it was at the proper height, about that of Miss Julia Denton's lovely brown-haired head, I stopped it and returned to seize the free end of the rope about her ankle and make it fast about the bar of the trapeze. Then I made a signal to Molly to release the tethered limb, and we both stepped back to contemplate the haughty and fuming young beauty.

She uttered a great cry and closed her eyes, and I could see a furious blush spread over her cheeks and even to her earlobes and to her temples, so great was the outrage to her modesty at the awareness of the posture I had put her in. Her drawers were stretched exaggeratedly by the "kick" positioning of her lovely leg. And since the waistband of her drawers was quite tight, as I had already detected, the cling of the fine pink batiste against the lusciously rounded curves of her bottom made it seem as if her firm flesh were about to burst through the thin stuff.

The gray lisle hose, which disappeared under the legs of these drawers, hardly did her beautiful calves justice. I made a mental note to myself to procure from some very fashionable and perhaps Parisian shop (or perhaps here in London owned by some wise and knowing Parisian female who would have an appreciation of what I was really seeking) to have on hand in my Snuggery various pairs of the finest silk and mesh hose, such as one sees in the music halls of Montmartre. Lisle and cotton are, I fear, for little girls in boarding schools because they are so drab and dowdy. But Miss Julia Denton was decidedly not a little girl. The indecent straddle of her legs accomplished by compelling her left leg to kick out in an extended horizontal plane let me feast my eyes on the tightness of the drawers at her virgin crotch, and now I fancied I could

see peeping out from the stretched and almost bursting fabric itself the fine little follicles of pussy-hair, a darker hue than that whose charmingly florid curls fell about the sides of her head and over the top of her forehead in such exquisite profusion.

All this while, apart from her outcries and her raging looks at both of us, Miss Julia Denton twisted and arched and continued to drag on her bound wrists, making those lovely titties of hers jounce and bob in a simply thrilling manner so far as my cock was concerned. But now it was time to pass into the final phase of this little drama and to explore for myself the true reservoir of Miss Julia Denton's concealed erotic passions.

I thereupon called a temporary halt to the proceedings, urging Molly Bashe to stand in readiness with the envelope cutter in her hand near her friend until I returned to put her to the test of that obedience which she had so fervently promised a little while ago.

CHAPTER NINE

I repaired to a little closet room just off the Snuggery, where I rid myself of my cumbersome trousers and braces and, naked as the day I came into this joyously adventurous world, donned a magnificently rich red satin bath gown which I belted loosely around my waist, and stuck my feet into a pair of felt slippers much softer than those I had just been wearing. As I put on my bath gown, I observed with satisfaction the bulging meatus of my cock, straining at the proverbial leash to perform its educational functions in the sweet quims of both Miss Molly Bashe and Miss Julia Denton. I marveled at my self-control thus far at not having taken Miss Bashe off into a little side room and there had a brief flurry of amorous engagement with her, solely to take the edge off my blade and give me more commendable restraint to prolong this seance until both damsels should cry quits. But I decided against that because, speaking generally, I loved the dalliance and prolongation of the entire prelude to fucking, and the rude and brief encounter between prick and cunt is satisfying to a man only when he is terribly pressed for time or performing stealthily with a great risk of discovery - and I was in neither circumstance.

I now returned, and Julia Denton had evidently been talking in a low, hurried voice to my little accomplice, for when she saw me enter she straightened her head, closed her eyes, and uttered a long and anguished sigh, while her body shook and trembled, posed as she was on only one dainty foot and with her arms dragged high above her head so that the half-nakedness of her lovely virginal body was emphasized in all its delectable and desirable temptation.

"Now I think we may resume, Molly. Take that envelope cutter and start with Miss Denton's left breast. Apply the smacks slowly, so that she will feel each one for its own good measure of discomfort. We will then see if she is still of a mind to abuse both of us, for I have no doubt that it has hurt you to the quick to hear your dear friend upbraid you so for your good sense in harkening to my strict orders."

"Please, oh please no, Molly! For God's sake, no, don't do it!" Julia Denton squealed in a most unladylike tone, twisting herself off to the

right until the pulley squeaked its protest and the trapeze bar swayed as she tried to jerk her uplifted leg free of its pinioning.

"Wait a bit, Molly. Let me show you an argument that may persuade you," I interposed. Going to a bucket in which I had soaking in brine a number of swishy birch rods, some lean and supple, some broader and bushier, depending on what gluteal contours they would be directed against, I took up the thinnest and most flexible of the rods, brandished it until the drops of brine flew in every direction, and, the cloth grip clutched firmly in my right hand, returned to confront my brunette accomplice.

"You shall have a dozen with your drawers down, Molly, if you don't begin to carry out my command," was my warning.

Molly Bashe hesitated no longer. With a startled little gasp, and giving the birch an apprehensive look, she stepped to Julia Denton's left side, gripping the envelope cutter by the tapering point, and applied a rather loud and stinging SMACKKK over the outer curve of that beautiful, firm loveglobe.

Julia Denton tilted back her head, her eyes bulging in their sockets, jerked blindly at her bound wrists, and tried to swerve herself far to the right, with a shrill cry, "Oww, Oh Molly, Oh my Lord, it hurts so dreadfully, I just can't bear it! I beg of you not to do it again, oh, please don't!"

"Continue, Molly, until I tell you otherwise," I insisted.

The crisp intonation of the metal envelope cutter against Miss Julia Denton's naked, panting tittie made my prick fairly bound inside my bath gown, as did, still more, the wild, hysterical cry of pain and distress which tore from Julie Denton's mouth as she lunged her bottom backwards to put as much distance between herself and that diabolical implement in Molly's hand as possible.

"Remember, Molly, that in carrying out my order, you are not proving me a scoundrel, but actually repaying your spitefully-tongued friend for calling you a traitress and a Judas," I admonished the luscious half-naked young brunette.

"That's true, isn't it? Yes, Julia, you shouldn't have said that!" Once more, with remarkable aptitude and alacrity, Molly Bashe picked up her cue. "You and I have been friends for ever so long, and you know that it is only because I am ever so afraid that Mr. Jack will take down my drawers and use that wicked birch on my poor flesh that I am forced to do it. That is not the act of a Judas, and you know it!"

And with this, with a certain righteous enthusiasm she applied another and still louder SMACKK, this one very close to Miss Julia Denton's left nipple.

"AIIII! OWWOUUU! Oh Molly, in mercy's name, stop hitting me there! It stings, the pain is so terrible, I shall faint, I know I shall!" Julia Denton wailed as her half-naked body again executed wild twisting gyrations from side to side, the pulley again creaking its protest.

The way her back hollowed and the dimples played in her slim shoulders, the way her belly shrank and jutted out, the way those delicious hips threatened to break through the exaggeratedly stretched fabric of her elegantly trimmed lace drawers, comprised a veritable regalia of visual delight for my appreciative eyes.

"If you stop before I tell you to, Molly," I said to her gravely, "you will have earned the dozen with the birch I mentioned a few minutes ago."

This decided the ardent young brunette. Lifting her hand, and impervious to Julia Denton's cries and fervent pleas, Molly Bashe began to smack the envelope cutter over both naked titties, alternating from left to right, sometimes, in her enthusiasm for the new game, applying two or three hard, crisp smacks over the same area before she returned to the other recently marked and shuddering tittie.

Each time the envelope cutter cracked wickedly against Julia Denton's carnation-tinted naked skin, she uttered a piercing squeal and twisted and threw herself in every direction, till I was sure that her drawers would rip apart before much longer.

Molly Bashe now passed over to the girl's right side and, putting her hand on the right shoulder, she drew back her right hand and bestowed three or four stinging little smacks over the outer curve of the luscious lovefruit.

"OWWOUUU!!! I can't stand any more! In the name of mercy, stop it! Oh, if ever you were my friend, I beseech you to stop! AHRRR!! AIII!! Oh, have mercy on me! You are killing me!"

"I doubt that very much. Miss Denton," I said ironically, "because judging from your frantic wriggling, which is most unladylike, I may add, you have never shown so much life before, or else I am a very poor judge of such matters."

Molly glanced at me and saw me nod imperceptibly. Setting her teeth, she raised the envelope cutter and brought it down right over Julia Denton's right nipple, right on that tasty little bud, flattening it, but it at once sprang up, seemingly darker and larger than before.

Julia Denton was absolutely consternated by the overwhelming torment of that perfidious blow. Her body lunged backward, her head tilted back as she stared through tear-blurred eyes at the ceiling, and she shouted, "Oh stop it! I'll do anything you wish, only stop, stop, in God's name! Oh my poor breasts! You'll mark me for life! You've hurt me terribly!"

"Wait a bit, Molly," I held up my hand autocratically. "Let's hear Miss Denton out a bit more. Did I understand you to say, Miss Denton, that you'll do anything if Molly will stop whacking your naked breasts?"

Julia Denton's beautiful brown eyes closed, and a long shudder rippled her salaciously posed, half-naked body. Faintly, in a sobbing murmur, she emitted, "Oh yes... I can't bear this pain any more... whatever you wish to do with me, for God's sake do it and get it over with... finish with me and let me go before I faint away of pain and shame!"

It would have taken very little more to have made me fling off my bath gown, seize Miss Denton's flaming and panting titties, take hold of my angrily swollen cock, and squeeze it into the little oasis between her gaping posed thighs, but I had just that measure of reserve left in my psyche to hold back, for Molly Bashe would be the first to submit herself to my inordinate rut, and after that, when I had more mastery of myself and less onus to perform with commendation, I would give Miss Julia Denton all the fucking she could endure!

CHAPTER TEN

I felt it best to intervene at this moment, since the delightfully posed and helpless half-naked Miss Julia Denton had just expressed a frantic willingness to do anything rather than endure these mercilessly stinging smacks of the envelope cutter which my spirited brunette accomplice Molly Bashe had been directing against her heaving titties. These pink and white loveglobes were by now quite vividly marked with bright red splotches, broadly oval in design and following the contour of the handle of this useful device, since Molly Bashe had grasped it at the tip rather than utilize the middle portion to wield it by. There was also a kind of scrollwork on this handle, engraved by the designer, and it left interesting corrugations on Julia Denton's satiny-smooth skin.

There were other signs that indicated to me that my charming visitor, new to these four walls of my lust-lair, which I had always called The Snuggery, was beginning to feel really apprehensive as to whether she had gone too far in letting her friend Molly know that she would not be adverse to a little game of dastardly coercion. Now I very well knew that Molly had purposely planned this visit to get herself once again into my clutches and enjoy the secret thrill of being made to yield to a man's virility by sheer force which would overcome her will and thus let her delude herself into believing she was still pure as the driven snow; and also that her companion, having been led almost down the primrose path by her unfaithful suitor, was in need of amorous diversion.

But Julia Denton was not exactly pretending to suffer, as I could well see by the fact that there were globules of sweat glistening in the dark private hair of her distended armpits, that her sides were heaving, and that the skin was so tightly stretched that I could see the adorably formed ribcage pressed against that smooth and now anguish-moistened skin. To me her present attire - or rather lack of it! - was far more exciting than if she had been as bare as Mother Eve herself when she first came into this sinless world. I will admit that I was so enchanted by the vision of her standing on one foot, with her arms drawn high above her head and her other leg stretched out to maximum and the ankle corded to the trapeze bar which made her look like a ballerina executing a dexterous kick, that I found

myself reluctant to unveil her most secret charms and have her there before me with her bottom and loins exquisitely naked.

Yet the swollen fury of my long restrained prick demanded that I be more reasonable and grant it surcease of its frustrations. So now I approached the trembling young brunette and I demanded, "Wait a bit, Molly! Miss Denton, did I hear you rightly? Are you willing to do whatever I order you to if I stop your friend from smacking your naked bosom?"

She shuddered violently, tilted back her head and, blinking the tears away from her large beautiful dark brown eyes, passionately exclaimed: "You are a wicked villainous man to take such unjust and undeserved advantage of me, sir! Is it not enough that you humiliate poor Molly and force her to watch this, without offending me with your outrageous and shameful proposals?"

I laughed softly as I retorted to her: "My dear Miss Denton, you go much too fast! You have not even heard what my first order to you will be, yet already you impute to me improper motives. I think perhaps you are still too bold and forward for a supposedly well-bred and maidenly young woman, so perhaps I shall have your friend continue until you take a more contrite and apologetic tone!"

With this, I made a sign to Molly to go on, and the naughty vixen seemed actually to take pleasure in this new game. Drawing back the envelope cutter, she at once brought it down with a wicked crack against the base of Julia Denton's left tittie, and the half-naked young woman uttered a piercing cry and flung herself backwards, but of course her bonds greatly circumscribed her range of liberty and all she did was make those fascinating and firm titties of hers dance and jiggle before my enraptured eyes and, unfortunately for her, cause my prick the most savage surging of unbridled desire.

At first I had determined to put Molly Bashe through a deliberately prolonged session of fondling and feathering and whipping before I finally consoled her with a different kind of rod. But now, although her friend Miss Denton was a total stranger to me, I found myself drawn even more passionately to her magnificent young charms.

"Once again, only harder this time, Molly, and on the nipple!" I therefore commanded. Nothing loath, Molly Bashe drew back the shining implement and brought the oval head down wickedly against the dainty palpitating coral bud of Julia Denton's left nipple. And the effect was all that could be desired; the half-naked young woman shrieked aloud, turning her face from side to side, her eyes rolling, drowned in tears, her nostrils flaring and shrinking, while her slim fingers clawed the air, then dug into her palms as once again she futilely sought to tear her wrists free from those fettering ropes which dragged her upwards and exposed and projected out to me these all too vulnerable and sensitive fruits of her delightful virgin bosom. Also, her left leg which was extended horizontally as far as it could go, jerked and squirmed at the cords which gripped her slim ankle, and I saw that her batiste drawers would spit along the seams at the crotch and the base of her buttocks if she executed another similar maneuver. Their tightness, which shaped out the absolutely bewitching contours of her behind and marked out the swelling indentation of her crotch where the dark patch of pussy hair flourished, caused me to feel a happy gratitude on behalf of Molly Bashe who had thought of bringing this fair charmer to visit me.

"Once again and in the same place, Molly," I ordered, and Molly did not hesitate, even though poor Julia Denton flung herself back with a wild hoarse shout: "Oh my God, Molly, not there again, you'll kill me! Ohh please nooooo!"

Her eyes glistening, her white teeth sparking as her red lips curved in a sensual smile of joyous sadism, beautiful half-naked brunette Molly Bashe pitilessly responded to that frantic appeal by drawing back her right arm and bringing the envelope cutter down against Julia Denton's already darkened and swollen left nipple with an angry thwack!

"Owwwouuuu!!! Oh merciful heaven, I can't bear it, I just can't bear it any longer! Oh, Mr. Jack, if you have any mercy, make her stop and order me, instead of letting me be helpless to such unjust punishment directed by my friend's hand!" she cried out while the tears ran down her flushed cheek.

"Very well, Molly, you may put the envelope cutter away," I directed. "However, Miss Denton, the birch that I have laid down there in the tabouret will be for you instead of the envelope cutter if you do not at

once confess yourself ready to obey me in whatever I ask. Well? I await your answer."

"Ohh-ohh merciful God, what do you want of me then?" Julia Denton panted, squirming and trying to shift the leg which had been left for balance while her other leg stuck out in such an inviting manner. I must confess that I was tempted to take that supple thin birch and apply a few swishing, licking cuts around the tender inside from about the knee on up towards the crotch, and progressively ascending until poor Miss Denton believed that the very last flick would dart into her maiden lovebower. Even that thought made my prick throb again with renewed zeal, which this time would brook no further delay. The time had come, the doom of Miss Julia Denton's maidenhead was nigh!

"Ohh, s-sir," she quavered as she raised her beautiful dark brown eyes and bit her lips, her naked and vividly splotched titties rising and falling in the most erratic cadence, "tell me then what it is that you want and release me from this disgracing and shameful position! If you knew how I am dying of shame to have to stand like this, and it is such a strain on my muscles, and my wrists hurt abominably! Be quick, sir, and announce to me what fiendish and disgraceful desire you have upon my person!"

I had no doubt that if this coquettish and intellectual miss had so harangued her fiance, it was understandable that he had sought his carnal appeasement in some other female's more eager and willing arms. This young woman, though undoubtedly possessed of a sensuality which her speech and conduct and now the display of her half-naked body had already suggested, was of that complex and dual personality so often found in the precocious young female who will lead a man on to dream of the unattainable, only to bring him up short by berating high upon a spiritual and intellectual plane which cannot possibly admit of such vulgarity. In other words, dear reader, I began to suspect that the delectable Miss Julia Denton was nothing more nor less than a prickteaser.

"I see that you still persist in condemning me in advance before you have even heard a syllable from me as to my intentions toward you, Miss Denton," I replied with a mocking little bow which made her gasp and squirm backwards in her bonds. "Very well. I am weary of this parlor game of argument because words are caustic at best and seldom reveal

the honesty of the speaker's emotions. And since you have given me the name so often, I may as well have the game as well. Very well, Miss Denton, if you wish Molly to stop smacking your naked breasts with that envelope cutter and, after she is tired of that, of directing this thin swishy birch over those same delightful globes, you will ask me very humbly and graciously to put my hand inside your drawers and feel your cunt!"

There is was, in all its bold candor, and it was purposely said to shock the erudite and enigmatic beauty into revealing in her turn her own sincere emotions. I daresay I succeeded, judging from her horrified loud gasp, and the way her eyes fixed me with a dawning comprehension and then the most furious of blushes. Ah, she understood that salacious, sweetly pronounced and savory word very well, did Miss Julia Denton, or she would not have blushed so. And if she knew the word, she must know the deed to which the word's sweet tasty virginal embodiment must yield itself... in a word, to my manly and groaning prick!

"Ohh my God, sir, you cannot expect a decent girl to formulate such a vile request to her heartless seducer!" she murmured in a low shaking voice. "My God, at least have the decency to send my friend away if you are going to torture me until I yield to your iniquities!"

I confess I was sorely tempted to take her at her word and have a private seance with her. Yet on the other hand the whole point of this exciting afternoon lay in the fact that Molly Bashe, as the arch conspiratress, had slyly arranged this casual visit to my quarters with her friend and had so unexpectedly proposed to me that I subject the two of them to my carnal urges. I wished them therefore both to be present and both to participate at that time I possessed or whipped one so that the other might derive her own stimulating and voyeuristic thrill. For thus, each of these delectable damsels sharing the other's ordeal and herself affected by it, I should come off superlatively well in the expansion of my own radiant pleasures in the Snuggery.

That is why I coldly responded: "No, Miss Denton, I shall not send Molly away, for she has not yet had her full punishment. But you, with your bold words and your insults and your continued defiance of me, have altered my schedule for her punishment, so it is you who must first pay the penalty for your brazenness. Hence I ask you again, nay I command

you: beg me to put my fingers inside your drawers and feel your soft hairy cunt!"

Even Molly Bashe, standing beside me breathless with her own excitement, gasped at this violently lewd verbal assault upon the hitherto impeccable chastity of Miss Julia Denton.

I waited a moment, my eyes glittering at the sight of how sweetly now my captive's flamingly marked naked titties swelled and receded and how, more than ever, the dark brown curls in her distended armpits had become damp with the sweat of her ordeal. I stared also at the lisle-stockinged leg which was held out straight beyond me, and I could see the muscular spasms which were not all caused by the traction of that beautifully shaped limb.

"Hand me that birch, then, Molly," I said after a long pause during which my captive remained defiantly silent, contenting herself with blushing and sighing, and closing her eyes as she tried to avert her face from me. "We shall see if a few good cuts from this stinging rod will be more painful than the envelope cutter."

"Yes, Mr. Jack, here you are," Molly exclaimed as she proffered the thin supple bundle of flexible withes.

Julia Denton's eyes bulged with horror as she saw me lift the birch slowly and menacingly over her panting titties. "Oh for God's sake, Mr. Jack, not that, not that on my bosom! Oh, you will kill me for a certainty! I cannot hold out against such pain, oh have pity on my helplessness and at least, in the name of decency, send Molly out of this room - and - and - and - " she began to sob, bowing her head, her shoulders shaking with the muffled sounds of her despair.

"And what then, pray tell, Miss Denton?" I ironically pursued.

"I-I will do what you - you want - oh heavens, sir, you are torturing me and making me die of shame by keeping me like this with Molly here to watch and to hear all the - all the awful things you say!"

"I know this very well, and this too is part of your punishment, Miss Denton. Now you have five seconds to ask me what I wish you to ask, or

you shall feel this rod where you have just felt the envelope cutter - one... two... three..."

"Wait - oh dear Lord, I cannot bear it. Yes - Yes I'll say it - oh, s-sir, don't b-b-birch me, and you may p-p-put your f-f-fingers in-into my d-d-drawers-" she babbled. Then, bursting into tears she bowed her lovely head and stood there shuddering violently while my prick gloried in her surrender, for I knew now that it would not be long before she would feel something other than my fingers in that sweet maiden treasure of hers which the almost bursting drawers still concealed.

"You are still very bold, Miss Denton. I told you to beg me humbly and graciously. Instead, you tell me that I may do this and may do that. You speak as if you were at home in your own salon, giving orders to a footman. No, decidedly, you need chastening, Miss Denton. I think you shall have three good cuts with the birch before I listen to your appeals again."

Hardening my heart, beside her frenzied lunges and twists, I applied three light but deftly swishing cuts to both titties, taking care not to strike the delicate nipplebuds at each luscious firm young globe. Nevertheless, the victim tilted back her head and shrieked at the top of her lungs, clawing the air with her slim fingers, digging her nails into her sweating palms, trying to kick her outstretched leg free of the rope which fixed it to the trapeze bar, her body twisting and swaying and the overhead pulley creaked loudly to announce her frantic attempts at evading the stinging kisses of the rod.

"And now you may speak again, Miss Denton, but take care and choose your words with care. For if they are not satisfactory to me, you shall have six more and not three, and these right over the centers of those tender breasts of yours!" I warned.

I drew back my right hand and her eyes despairingly fixed upon the uplifted birch, then she fairly shouted, "Oh no! Wait, don't hit me again - oh my God, I can't help myself sir, oh please, I beg - I humbly be - ohh - ahh - I beg of you - s-sir, please put your f-fingers inside my dr-drawers and f-f-feel my- my- "

She could get no further but burst into hysterical tears and bowed her head.

"That was very good, Miss Denton, so far as it goes, but it does not quite far enough. Once I have my fingers inside your drawers, what do you wish me to feel?" I demanded. And then, to spur her to a suitable and hasty answer, I patted one of her gorgeous titties with the ends of the switches.

"Ohh, feel my cunt, please feel my cunt, then, but oh my God, don't birch me there!" Julia Denton screamed.

I flung the rod to the floor and I advanced against her. Her outstretched stockinged leg trembled and shuddered as I put my left hand on it, my fingertips squeezing the firm elastic flesh between the leg of her drawers and the lisle stockings. Then my right thumb and forefinger edged toward the waist of those pink drawers, inserted beneath to feel the moist warm shivering goblet of her belly, and then slowly and lingeringly descended until to my joy I could feel the beginning of that love garden which was her furry pubis. The fleece was extremely thick and silky, and it was also moist. Now this moisture could be from agony-sweat, but there would be a final test to determine whether it was something far more treacherously informative as to Miss Julia Denton's most secretive emotions.

She had turned her face to one side and screwed her eyes desperately shut as if to obliterate and take herself away from this locale. I shot a glance at Molly and saw the brunette, her hands clasped in front of her, leaning forward to watch with shining eyes. I smiled to myself. She had been a perfidious friend indeed, and she would not leave my quarters full absolved of her naughtiness until she too had paid a penalty she had not counted on when first she knocked at my door.

Julia Denton held her breath as my hand rested on her abdomen, and then she began to shiver and to whimper softly. I could understand her stress and suspense. It was part of my project to ensupple her completely and to make her subservient to my desires.

Then suddenly I plunged my two fingers down into the very mouth of her soft cunt, and she uttered a strangled: "Ahh - oh my God - ohh s-sir!" So fraught with anguished emotion that my prick very nearly lost its stored-up distillation which was now pledged to the sweet sheath which my fingers meant to find.

The lips were delicate and dainty, not so fleshy as Molly Bashe's cunt, but extremely mobile and exquisitely sensitive, judging from her squirming and also the way those dainty petals twitched the minute my fingers brushed their prisms. She groaned and sobbed as I probed my forefinger deeper, and then I came up against the barrier to bliss, the real proof that she was in truth untouched by man though doubtless whetted by her fiance, to that penetration.

In the moving about of my hand inside her exaggeratedly snug drawers, owing to the outstretched posture of her leg, that which I had guessed would happen, did. I heard a ripping sound, and Julia uttered a piercing cry of "Oh my God, they're tearing!"

"Indeed they are, Miss Denton. And since they are already torn and hardly to be salvaged, we may as well have them entirely off," I said briskly. I imagined that this charming young damsel must be sophisticated enough to know that if a man, at her request, were to probe her tender cunt with his fingers, she could hardly object, in the interest of greater comfort for them both, to remove the constraining veil of these already seam-ripped drawers.

I slipped my hands to the waistband and ripped vigorously as Julia Denton screamed and shrieked and then bowed her head. Then I sent Molly for pair of shears and then very carefully cut the legs towards the crotch, warning the weeping brunette not to budge unless she wished a rather nasty nick of the sharp blades.

They dropped to the floor and Julia Denton stood there clad only in her gray lisle stockings with elastic garters, garters covered with pretty flounces of cloth, her shoes, and her blushes. It was a magnificent pose, because it gaped the soft lips of her quim under the dark brown curls and at the same time it let me see the wonderful play of muscles along the inner thigh, and put into relief the jouncy cheeks of her voluptuous pink-and-white-skinned behind.

I took the birch again and now I flung my bathrobe off and stood before her in all my manhood. She uttered a horrified "Ohhh!" and backed away again, as much as her bonds would allow, but her eyes fixed on my emblem with an unwavering and almost incredulous gaze.

"Now then, Miss Denton, you will ask me to fuck you," I commanded. Lifting out the rod, I tapped her pussy with it, using the very tips of the slender withes, and Julia Denton squealed and wriggled frantically and her blushes went down to her throat as well as to her dainty ears.

"Ohh, no, you shan't do that to me, you wicked cruel beast - oh Molly, save me, go for help at once, he is going to ruin me, the brute!" Julia Denton cried.

"If you take one step toward that door which is, moreover, locked against your hand, Molly," I said dryly, "your drawers shall come down and you shall feel this birch until it is shredded to broken fragments. Kneel down and watch how brazenness and boldness and a wagging tongue are dealt with by a man of character and principle."

Molly Bashe at once knelt down and clasped her hands, leaning forward, her magnificent creamy titties rising and falling, her face flushed, her eyes glittering. I could see that the black thatch around her pussy was moist also, and I was reasonably sure that the naughty little minx was experiencing an emanation from her private parts, attributable to the salacious emotions she was undergoing. I was certain that she was somewhat envious that she had not been chosen to be first with me. But I had no intentions of neglecting her, ah no, for I was much too grateful to her for having brought me this jewel of virginity which was Miss Julia Denton.

But since the lovely naked brunette could not bring herself to utter such shameful words and thus formally in the presence of her friend ask for the sacrifice of her maidenhead, I went behind her to observe the magnificent contours of her shapely bottom. The idea I had had of putting her leg out in front of her had been an admirable one, because it gaped the shadowy groove between those jouncy globes of hers and it made the buttocks flex uncontrollably. I amused myself by giving light little flicks over both cheeks of her bottom, but the frenzied condition of my prick told me that I could not go on much longer with this prolongation. I had to grind my teeth and close my eyes for a moment, indeed, so roused was I by Julia Denton's lasciviously posed nakedness lest I sacrifice all my vital juices before they could be deposited in the sweet receptacle which this delectable morsel of femininity was reserving for them.

"In another moment or two, Miss Denton, I shall really let you feel this birch and up between your legs. When it stings you sweeping upwards from behind like this, you are certain to feel a very painful sensation in that place that I have been permitted by you to touch as well as in that other little hole which nature provided you for the excretion of certain unwelcome substances. I am going to count to three and if you have not yet then begged me to fuck you, you shall feel the rod until you do!"

With this announcement I counted aloud, but I had only gotten as far as the beginning of the word "two" when Julia Denton shrieked, "Oh, no, don't switch me between my legs, Mr. Jack, oh fuck me instead, oh please fuck me, don't whip me, please!"

The moment had at last come and it was high time!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The swishy, thin birch rod lay on the floor within immediate reach if needed, but my hope was that Miss Julia Denton, having gone so far as to invite me in the most salacious terms imaginable to take that which her fiance had not yet enjoyed, was thoroughly sincere, for at this point, dear reader, I was too impatient to seek more prolongation of the charming little game I had been playing all this while.

"Very well, Miss Denton," I hoarsely replied, "I am going to grant your request to show you that I can be lenient upon occasion when a well-bred young lady tactfully selects a propitiatory tone in which to convey her meaning to me. But let me understand you clearly, so there can be no cause for recrimination later on. You have just asked me - nay, begged me! - to fuck you. Are you quite aware of what that term implies, my very charming and provocative Miss Denton?"

She had turned her face to one side. It was flaming now, streaked with tears, and her eyes were closed. But her hands seemed to twist about in prayer, as if invoking whatever patron saint she felt it imperative upon herself to call on in this dire moment when she was on the brink of kissing her maidenhead goodbye forever. Moreover, her magnificent titties were rising and falling with a turbulence that indicated that she was at the very end of her resistance. Her outthrust leg shuddered and jerked, the daintily shod feet turning and twisting with a message all its own of heartrending eloquence. Naked in her stockings, garters and shoes, she was absolutely bewitching.

"I believe I asked you a question," I pursued, my voice thickening with my impatient lust. "What? After such a valiant display of courageous acceptance of your fate, you now renounce your good deeds and remain mutinously silent? Molly, I fear you will have to hand me the birch again. I will have to give Miss Denton a few extra flicks well up between her straddled legs."

"Ohh, for God's sake, sir, I cannot stand any more! Oh, will you have no humanity and take pity on a shamed and helpless girl and d-do what you must?" burst from the shuddering young houri.

"Why, to be sure I will, yet I would not have you ignorant of my intentions, seeing that you have so often during the course of this afternoon inveighed against me for my scurrilous motives," I ironically retorted. "Come, Miss Denton, before I accept your delightfully gracious invitation, which I assure you I had not expected at our very first meeting, I wish you to explain to me what I am to do to you, so there can be no possible doubt between us."

"Ohh, you horrid, cruel, heartless man," she gasped in a low, choking voice as she stared directly at me, her face crimson with her outraged modesty. "It was you who taught me to say such words, and now that I say them, you mock me and torture me all over again. Do your worst, you beast, but have done with it, for God's sake! And I hope - indeed, sir, it is my only consolation in this terrible hour - that having done your worst, you will at least spare my poor friend Molly from your odious and indecent cravings!"

Did I not say already that Miss Julia Denton was the most eloquent of female orators I had had the privilege of entertaining in my Snuggery? If not, then let me inscribe it here and now for all time, for she filled me with a boundless admiration in the way her high-flown and overly dramatized verbiage sought to conceal her truest, most vital feelings.

"I am afraid that answer will not do, Miss Denton," was my reply to her. "You will either specifically instruct me in my conduct towards you now, or you will feel the birch between your legs until you are inclined to do so."

And this at last decided the blushing, wriggling, naked brownette. Closing her eyes very tightly, taking a long, shuddering breath, she at last quavered, "You - you are to - to have me, sir. Oh, please do it and have it done with, for God's dear sake!"

"Well, that is a little better, but not yet the answer I was seeking. Do you see what I have between my legs for you, Miss Denton?" Here I pointed to my swollen, agonized weapon, the lips of which puckered uncontrollably to tell me that whereas my brain might be delighted by this cat-and-mouse interchange, it very definitely was not of the same opinion but sought instant action.

She did not answer, but instead bowed her head, and a long shudder rippled through her body. The discolorations which the envelope cutter had left on those panting titties of hers was an exciting contrast to the pink-and-white smoothness of her naked skin. And she was decidedly sweating now under the duress of her long ordeal.

"I will try to make you answer, then," I said softly, and I reached out both thumbs and forefingers and pinched her nipples, twisting them this way and that. Miss Julia Denton lunged forward with a shriek, and babbled, "EEOWW, OHH PLEASE DON'T SIR! I WILL TELL YOU, OH MY GOD, PLEASE LET GO OF MY BREASTS, YOU HAVE HURT ME THERE SO HORRIBLY, I'M GOING TO FAINT! BUT ONLY STOP!"

"Speak, then, and be quick about it," I demanded as I released the tension of my fingers.

"OHH AHH-OH MY GOD - PLEASE - OH, IT IS HORRIBLE OF YOU TO MAKE ME SAY ALL THIS - OH NO, DON'T PINCH THEM AGAIN - I WILL - only have mercy - PLEASE PUT-PUT YOUR TH-THING INTO MY SP-SPOT - AND - AND H-HAVE ME - OOH HH, I BEG YOU TO BE QUICK AND END MY SUFFERING, SIR!" she at last exhaled.

I would really be an unfeeling brute to pursue this line of questioning, I felt. I was sure that Miss Julia Denton had been chastely upreared and that the words she had used were daring enough, even at so critical a time as this when the alteration of her sweet girlhood stood at the crossroads of her destiny.

"Molly, if you will notice that little windlass over by the wall, do you go to it now and turn the lever directly to the left," I instructed.

My half-naked voluptuous brunette accomplice eagerly nodded and ran over to the wall, her juicy round creamy titties jouncing in the most mouth-watering fashion. I confess that I felt at that moment like a pasha who has a veritable harem to wait upon him and cannot quite make up his mind upon impulse. But at the same time the joyous reminder leaped into my brain that I should have my beloved Alice as my consort soon enough, and with her sweet, obliging and voluptuously acquiescent Fanny as well as sister-in-law Marion and her red-haired maid Kay, to say nothing of Connie Blunt. Oh, that would be harem enough for the most virile and sanguine of men in the future, have no doubt about it!

I thought, too, of the game that Alexander the Great used to play with his concubines, and which he wittily named "Scheherazade." It was an enchantingly imaginative sport, but it would require great fortitude as well as stamina on the part of the male. The ingredients were simplicity itself. A huge wide bed, a conquering overlord (myself, naturally!) and from five to a dozen seductive maidens, all either naked or arrayed in varying degrees of deshabelle, such as these two charming captives. Let one be in just hose and pumps, like Miss Julia Denton at the moment. Still another, like Miss Molly Bashe, in drawers and hose and pumps. Another might be naked, except for furry mules about her dainty feet and perhaps silver anklets, whilst a fourth should come to me clad only in her shift and the thinnest possible pair of knickers under them and the sheerest, most clinging hose obtainable. And so on and on, ad infinitum.

And then I, the overlord, the pasha, the erotic emir, the sensual sultan should lie there with my head pillowed on my arms, master of all I surveyed, whilst these bringers of sweet delights, the harbingers of heavenly pastimes, should ply my naked body with caresses and ultimately mount me one by one and seek to draw forth my vital juices. And she who should be the winner in this tourney of Tantalus should receive a precious gift, while the others should all receive a smart birching to teach them to be more adept and clingingly amours the next time I, their lord and master, should summon them to my bower.

And if that was not a delightful fantasy, another even more esoteric and complex leaped into my febrile brain. Each member of my harem should be talented for one particular adeptness or charm. One girl should be, for instance, my calf-mistress, because of all those in my harem she possessed the most satiny, deliciously contoured, ripplingly muscled calves of all. Another should be my thigh-mistress; and still another my hand-mistress, because her hand was softest of all, the most gifted and talented in caressing and fondling my manhood to do valorous deeds. Still another should be my tittie-mistress, endowed with such amorous proclivities that she could kneel before me and cup those lovely gourds of satiny flesh against my cock and, moving back and forth over me, create the illusion that the satiny valley between those loveglobes was a kind of a sheath, a new vaginal chasm for my probing. Or again, she might rub one breast against the shaft and the head and the balls to whet my appetites to new heights of fancy and prowess.

My thigh-mistress should have gloriously versatile limbs the which to clench my prick with between their satiny columns or to rub against my cock to waken it to priapic performance; or still again, to wind around me to hold me to her so that my hands might fondle their backs and taste the warm, vibrant satin of their flexing columns.

I should naturally appoint a mouth-mistress, she whose soft, rosy lips could bite and nibble, suck and breathe all over me, but best of all, could absorb the head of my rutting ramrod deep into the sweet-nectared cavern and there draw forth my venom if it was this tribute to Venus which impelled me at the time.

There would even be a toe-mistress, who could tickle and fondle my prick and balls and with the most delicate of touches send waves of lust shivering through my entire body, no matter where her soft little toes glided. And of course a bottom-mistress who should be many things to me, from proffering the target for a birch or cane or my eager hand, to offering those satiny globes for the advent of my mighty scepter into the dainty little crevice between the divine rotundities.

Such would be the life of a pasha, and such, I felt, might well be my own life once married to sweet Alice and in possession of so select and praiseworthy a harem as I might be able to count on.

But now Molly Bashe had moved the lever as bidden, and the pulley which held up the trapeze bar which pinioned Miss Julia Denton's outstretched leg moved backwards and drew that lovely leg upwards to create a dancer's split. I saw thus before me the upturned base of one of the most delicious bottoms in all the world, a groove between it exaggeratedly yawned open and the sweetly pouting pink lips of her virgin cunt stretched and gaping and visible through the dark-brown clusters of pussy-curls which decorated Miss Julia's Venus. Her leg was held up almost vertically now, and the stretch on her muscles must have been extremely excruciating, for she wailed and sobbed and cried and begged me to let her leg down and she would do whatever I wished if only I would grant her this mercy. But her time had run out and so had all my self-control, I fear.

"Prepare yourself, Miss Denton," I rasped as I advanced to her and put my hands on her smooth lower back, my prick prodding her lower

abdomen and engaging in a sweet anticipatory duel with the curly silken fronds that already began to flourish just above her maiden quim. "I am now going to accept your offer and, as you so quaintly put it, put my thing into your spot. Try to hold very still at the outset, so that I do not miss the target. I wish your first experience - I believe it is that - to be entirely satisfactory so that after I have finished with you, Miss Denton, you will have no foundation on which to base the charge that I did not completely satisfy your humble request to fuck you."

Again she gasped aloud and twisted her face away from mine, her face twisted convulsively, her eyelids fluttering, her nostrils flaring and shrinking in a very upheaval of all her virginal emotions. I had no way of knowing what premarital games her faithless fiancé had managed to play with her, but Molly Bashe had told me that she was a virgin, so my work was well defined.

My hands appraisingly roamed her velvety smooth back and shoulders, before lowering to the jouncy globes of her behind. Her skin was moist with the agony-sweat which had pervaded her from the very outset of her ordeal. Little whimpering sobs escaped her now, and she desperately turned her face from side to side, her eyes still closed, as if expecting heaven to send some impossible reprieve at the crucial moment. But of this there was no sign as I at last arched myself and prodded my prick against the yawning cavern of Miss Julia Denton's virgin cunt.

Feeling the hot pressure of my meatus, the naked brunette uttered a stifled little moan and arched her bottom backwards, and I foresaw that there might be some anguishing moments in store for me before I could effect juncture, unless I utilized the presence of her friend to coerce as well as coax her into a more cooperative attitude. I therefore beckoned to Molly Bashe to come to me and put her ear towards my mouth, whereupon I whispered, "I want you to whip-fuck her lovely bottom, but not too hard, and remember not to cup up between the cheeks, for you might well sting me, and that would cost your own bottom severely."

Molly cast a look of overwhelmed gratitude at me, stooped to retrieve the birch, and took her station behind the naked, squirming brunette. I took hold of the sides of her hips at the top to steer her as I edged the head of my prick against the lips of her virgin vulva. Again she made that nervous recoiling movement to escape the ultimate disaster, but she was

met with a horizontal slash of the rod just across the lower summits of her behind, and she wailed and lunged forward, impelled by the stinging pain of the birch.

I stood my ground, my hands reached up to cup her titties, and I merged my mouth to hers to stifle all her outcries.

I heard the birch swish through the air and land with a dry stinging Thuckk!, and again with a wild, sobbing cry that appealed for mercy, Julia Denton arched herself forward to me... and with a growling ejaculation of relief that at last this long game was at an end, I pushed my sword home in her channel, bursting through the hymeneal seal that denied me the true dimensions of her cunt-sheath.

A piercing scream attested to the pain which this violation caused the luscious naked young brownette, and then another scream as Julia Denton turned her head to stare back of her and observe that Molly Bashe had just laid the lash with a cruel swish across the naked curves of her buttocks.

I lowered my left hand to squeeze the base of the buttock of that updrawn leg, my other hand remaining cupping her tittie as I began to fuck her slowly and inexorably.

She groaned and sobbed and whimpered, turning her scarlet face from side to side, her eyes very tightly closed, and her body shook against the pulley ropes as I lunged and drew back, only to lunge again. I had underestimated my powers and control, so after the first few digs inside that new and wonderfully narrow and humid lovecanal, I was able to slacken and regulate my gait. My one hand on a breast, my other squeezing the base of that upturned buttock, crouching between those luscious legs which formed this exaggerated dancer's slip, I thrust to and fro, my teeth set and my eyes fixed oh her scarlet, averted face.

But Molly Bashe did not allow her friend to endure in anguished silence and stoicism the tribute I was paying that gripping, narrow love-scabbard. Through Miss Julia Denton's cries and sobs, I could hear the repeated SWISH-swishhhh of the birch as it leaped over Miss Julia Denton's naked bottom.

Presently Miss Julia Denton's hips began to jerk about as I neared my own climax and by that time, crushing her mouth to stifle her into silence once more, with a lewd and possessive kiss, I began to empty my bubbling seed.

"That will do for the time, Molly," I called, just after my brunette accomplice had laid a furious slash over the tops of Julia's hips, drawing a piercing cry from the unfortunate naked young woman as she tried to twist and fling herself back off my embedded spear. I could endure no more. A thousand rockets were bursting inside my brain and with a wild shout of acclamation, I felt myself explode deep in the confines of Julia Denton's pussy.

When I drew out, the evidence of her virginity was manifested by the stains of blood upon my cock. I left Miss Julia Denton in her salacious pose, as I retired to the water closet to perform my ablutions, meanwhile instructing Molly to take a little hand towel I had dipped into warm water and to cleanse her friend's pussy. She did not give me the satisfaction of letting me know whether she had been at all stirred, but judging from the tight clampings and "kissings" with which her pussy had greeted my digging prick, I was not too deeply concerned. I instructed Molly to give her smelling salts and then to give her a glass of port which she would find in a decanter on the little sideboard, and to pour a glass for herself. I added grimly, "for you will need it, Molly."

With a squeal of terror, the young brunette hurried to fetch the glasses, three on a tray, which she brought back as a very delightful maid. One would not find her costume permitted in a teahouse, dear reader, I can assure you. With only her thin drawers and hose and pumps, her creamy full titties heaving passionately, she would have distracted far too many male customers to earn her employer a penny of revenue. But in a cathouse - oh, that would be a different thing entirely!

"Oh, s-sir, now that - now that you have had me and taken your vengeance, won't you please let me down?" Julia Denton pleaded.

I smiled at her and nodded. "You have earned your freedom for the time being, I quite agree, Miss Denton." Now I had Molly Bashe stand on the footstool and untie the ingenious knots of the wrist ropes, and then I

myself untied the ankles while Molly supported her from behind with her hands on both Julia Denton's hips.

"Well now, Miss Denton, now that you have been properly fucked, do you wish your own revenge on Molly?" I twitted her.

"I do indeed, sir. I can see now that she was a criminal accomplice to you and helped you to overcome my defenses," Julia Denton gasped, her face again flooding with deep crimson.

"Excellent! You will forget your own momentary hurts by aiding me to tie this little vixen up to those little wrist ropes and then we will straddle her legs well apart so that she may be properly punished," I directed.

Molly Bashe heard this with consternation and penetrating cry of "Ohh! No! Please, Mr. Jack, didn't I help you with her?" which of course let the cat completely out of the bag. The two of us seized Molly Bashe, and in a very short time she found herself with her wrists roped well above her head, her drawers taken down and then her stockinged legs drawn exaggeratedly apart, with cords around the ankles making fast to floor rings.

"And now, Miss Denton, if you will take that birch rod which she used on your lovely bottom, and pay her back in kind, I think I can even the score." Molly Bashe wailed and pleaded with Julia not to hit her with that dreadful rod, but with her eyes sparkling and her bubbies heaving furiously, Julia Denton delectated over the sport. Again and again the thin, supple rod bounded over the creamy nether hemispheres, drawing piercing wails and shouts and supplications for mercy. Just watching this tableau gave me a new erection, for which this time I should have a great deal more self-control.

Standing up close to the writhing brunette, my hands clamped on her gourd-like titties, I prodded my stiff, weapon against her maiden gateway.

No sooner had my prickhead encountered the soft, twitching petals of her slit, then I discovered that naughty minx was quite moist, indicating that she had had a secret climax while either helping me flog and fuck Miss Julia Denton, or simply while watching my endeavors with her friend. With a single thrust I pressed myself home to the balls, and Molly

Bashe let out a sobbing cry. She was in a mood, no doubt about it, to be fulfilled to the very last ounce of my marrow. Then suddenly her face twisted in a rictus of pain just as the swishing birch came home over her naked buttocks, wielded in the avenging hands of beautiful and seductive Julia Denton.

Seeing Molly plunge and twist this way and that, her head turned back over her shoulder to implore mercy from her dearest friend completed my rejuvenation. With a single thrust, I found myself packed into her up to the hairs, and then at short range I began to go in and out, though not retreating more than halfway, while my hands once again found the pert globes of her titties and squeezed and fondled them to my heart's content.

Julia Denton laid on the rod with a will, and Molly was in strident tears, uttering plaint after plaint to be spared any further beating. But I did not let it end until I had fucked her thoroughly and at last felt myself explode deep inside her womb.

"There, Miss Bashe, I think we are quits to date," I told her languidly as I drew myself out of her churning quim. Then I went back to Miss Denton and, cupping her titties and staring boldly into her blushing face, I murmured, "Your friend has told me something about you, Miss Denton, and I hope I have not done you any irreparable harm. But what I have learned about you suggests that you would do well to find a reputable young man to woo you regularly, for you are exceptionally passionate. How your fiance could have deserted you is more than the mind can credit, especially after seeing you so deliciously displayed in my Snuggery."

I made her go lie down on the couch and repose herself while I stood behind Molly Bashe and smacked her with the flat of my hand until she was squealing and begging for mercy and executing the most salacious gyrations imaginable. I told her in a loud voice that I would continue to punish her until she agreed to kneel down and pay tribute to my manhood. Before very much longer, Molly Bashe tearfully agreed, and then the high spot of the afternoon was enacted for me. For, kneeling between my legs, hands on the backs of my calves, her sweet trembling lips fixed against my stiffening prick, she sucked and licked me until with a cry I felt my last juices ebbing into her soft mouth.

I then courteously retired, leaving the two young women to perform their ablutions and to dress before taking their leave of me. It was an afternoon I shall never forget.

CHAPTER TWELVE

By the unexpected diversion which my patron goddess Venus had so graciously bestowed upon me on an afternoon which would otherwise no doubt have been spent in mournful meditation over my forthcoming renunciation, it began to dawn upon me that I had perhaps enrolled two delectable damsels into what I humorously called my "harem."

By the time Julia Denton and Molly Bashe left my quarters, they were not only reconciled amid many flushes and giggles, but the naughty and venturesome brunette hurried back to give me a farewell kiss and, whilst her satiny white arms clung round my neck, took advantage to whisper into my ear, "Ohhh, Jack, it was just heavenly! It was just what we both needed, Julia and I. I think, sir, you have made her forget all about being jilted and given her a new interest in life. May we sometime soon come and visit you again?"

Now since technically I was still a bachelor, dear reader, I impulsively and instinctively answered, "By all means, dear Molly, come whenever you can and I in turn shall do my best to come." A remark which made her giggle more than ever and turn away from me with her lovely cheeks a bewitching scarlet. And indeed, as the two fair charmers opened the door to go out, I saw Molly whisper to her enchanting friend and then observed that the latter was blushing and sending back to me a glance which intimated that she was not quite so irate with me as might have been supposed after the way I had imprisoned, fettered, fondled and finally fucked her.

Now I would not have you believe that entering upon the holy state of matrimony was a prospect which I contemplated without some serious meditation. Just as the leopard cannot change his spots, so could I not overnight and by the simple pronouncing of words and the exchanging of rings before witnesses convert myself to a circumspect and drearily puritanical sobersides. Yet on the other hand it is not within the code of a gentleman to make a flagrant show of being unfaithful to his consort without at least her knowing it and giving her full consent. This creed, to be sure, would be far in advance of our somewhat hypocritical times, for you must not forget that we were living in an era when women simply

did not admit to experiencing sexual transports as men did, for to do so would be to proclaim themselves little better than whores.

Indeed, in all my charming little coterie, had any one of these delectable young women boldly announced to all and sundry that they ecstatically welcomed the cohesion of man with maid, a righteous society would have branded them as strumpets and urged that they be publicly flogged at the cart's tail and made to wear a scarlet letter, much as in Nathaniel Hawthorne's memorable novel which bears that same title.

Yet at the same time it was a delicious prospect to present to our conformist society, smug and bourgeois as it undoubtedly was, the very model of domestic felicity in the marriage of sweet Alice and myself, while at the same time all of us would understand that within the privacy of our own four walls, we might serve ourselves as we thought best to portions of pleasure and passion without the slightest concern for the long-faced hypocrites who, if the truth be known, would die of envy and jealousy if they could but know what secret joys were ours. I myself have found that those who most cry out with pompous anger against the lubricity and shamelessness of romantic dalliance can generally be found to trace back their outlook to a pure and simple case of sour grapes. Perhaps when a gawky youth, when first our would-be reformer and keeper of public morality experienced an itching in his private parts and did a-wooing go like Froggie of the fable, the pert maiden to whom he pleaded his carnal cause merrily rejected him because he was so cumbersome and inept at bussing and fondling and exchanging witty conversation which would have brought her to the point of opening her warm thigh to receive his further arguments. And thus undoubtedly, in his bitter disappointment, he had come to envy his less dogmatic fellow man who had the visceral fortitude to take what he wished and the devil be damned in consequence, and out of envious spite set himself up as an arbiter of his more imaginative neighbor's good fortune.

So much for philosophising. What I mean to say, dear reader, is that I had made up my mind to propose wedlock to sweet Alice upon her return the following week, yet at the same time to warn her that if she did accept my honorable proposal, it did not at all imply that I should forsake all other women save only her. Nay, I proposed to explain to her that if I henceforth should ban all other lovely femininity from my

attentions, it would be but a poor compliment to her; the true proof of my lasting affection for her that would be that after each escapade, I should return the more ardently to claim her marital favors and thus demonstrate that for all the temptations of the others, her charms were those which most made my prick ardent and constant in her service.

Yet as I pondered all this happy and doubtless complicated future in store for me, I could not help remembering Marion's father flirtatious and parting remark to me that if sweet Alice would not have me, perhaps she would instead.

I must wed one or the other, since only on some desert island or in some primitive and backward land could I take both sisters to my bed without being jailed for outrageous bigamy. Of if I should change my mind and sue for Marion's hand in marriage, then Alice would be outraged in jealousy and I could expect no alliance with her and her sweet maid Fanny in future. Yet conversely, if I wed Alice as I fully intended, Marion would remain my secret ally until such time as she deemed it proper to tell her younger sister that she no longer detested me and would no longer stand in the way of our happiness. So that point was settled.

And so, dear reader, when the following Tuesday, blushing Fanny knocked discretely at my door, upon my admitting her, curtsied and stammered that her dear mistress was longing to see me at my earliest convenience. I kissed her on both cheeks and then exclaimed, "Dearest Fanny, I too, long to see your mistress, for I have news to impart to her that will bring us together forever."

"Oh, Mister Jack, do you mean that you are going to ask her to marry you?"

"Fanny, you are as perceptive as you are lovely," I chuckled as my hand slipped down to her delicious bottom and squeezed it lingeringly while my lips moved from her satiny and blushing cheeks to her rosy mouth.

"Ohh, sir, how happy that will make me, and Miss Alice most of all!" the dear girl effusively exclaimed.

"But," I continued with a teasing gravity suddenly come into my voice, "once I properly wed your mistress, my dear Fanny, are you not aware that a man must cleave only unto his wife and forsake all others? And do

you think your mistress, once my legal consort, will permit you to share our pleasures as before? Give thought to it, Fanny, before you so enthusiastically acclaim this future event."

The sly little baggage only hugged me the tighter, pressing herself most lasciviously against me, while she whispered into my ear, "Oh, Mr. Jack, I'm sure that my mistress won't become overnight such a shrew! In fact, but I don't dare tell you..."

"Tell me what, Fanny?"

"Oh, sir, I shouldn't dare!" she gasped, averting her lovely face, but blushing all the more deeply.

"Perhaps," I playfully threatened her, "a visit to the Snuggery will loosen your tongue, especially when I take a thin swishy birch to your pretty bottom!"

"Oh, that would be cruel, sir, unless - after that..." the naughty minx intimated.

"It seems to me, my girl, that you have difficulty in finishing your sentences today. Unless what, pray tell?" I urged. "Quickly, now, or I shall be most vexed with you, and then I am afraid I shall have to birch you after all, but without granting you that consolation which I think you are hinting at."

Fanny uttered a deep sigh and then finally and boldly stared at me, her eyes sparkling: "You mustn't be afraid that Miss Alice will keep me out of the lovely little games we've had, sir," she whispered. "On our way back to London, she warned me very strictly that if you and she should wed, I must be as obedient to you in serving all your needs as she expects me to be to her in serving hers."

This joyous news consoled me at once for the mere prospect of losing my bachelor's freedom. And as Fanny continued to press and wriggle against me, my prick wished also to accord this charming girl her recompense for bringing me such thrilling news.

"Why, then, Fanny dear," I retorted, "do you go back to your mistress and tell her that perhaps we may take supper in my apartment this very evening. I shall order down the street from the caterer and provide

something particularly tasty, as well as some vintage champagne to celebrate her return and the advent of our nuptials."

"I will tell her as soon as I leave, Mr. Jack," was the naughty girl's sly answer, and the roguish glance which she sent me from under those thick curling lashes of hers intimated that she would not very much mind if I delayed her in returning to her mistress.

"So you missed me, too, did you, Fanny?" I muttered as my hands now moved upwards and round to squeeze her luscious titties, the while she locked her arms all the more tightly around me and clung to me as if I were her very salvation.

"Oh, sir, you don't know how much," she whispered back, hiding her face in the crook of my shoulder. "In fact, Miss Alice had to give me a good smacking because I had my mind so much on the Snuggery that I was quite remiss in serving."

"Then after she smacked you, did she console you in the way you both learned here in this very Snuggery?" I teased her. She could only nod, her cheeks flaming furiously.

"Well, since your mistress evidently expects you to return posthaste," I continued, "we shall not have very long for our own little reunion, Fanny dear. And the news you bring me is so delightful that I do not feel at all inclined toward punishing you. So instead you shall have your reward. What would you like best?"

"Oh, Mr. Jack, I'd like you to fuck me right now!" the delicious baggage gasped.

I must confess that I am not so indiscriminate a rake as to be enthralled simply by the prospect of fucking for itself alone. I love dalliance and prolongation, but in this instance I thought I could make an exception, since obviously Fanny was quivering with impatience which had been roused by the absence of her mistress and herself from my presence all this while. Yet, since I have always said that a prick has no conscience, I found it willing, ready and more than able to service Fanny's immediate needs without much regretting that I, its master, would not spend more time in preparing Fanny's sweet terrain for the most languorous and satisfying of fuckings. I thereupon proposed that she try a pose which

would do admirably well in view of the need for haste, and she swiftly readied herself for the venture.

Seated on the couch, my swollen organ liberated from trousers, I had a kind of foretaste of my harem-like pleasures as Alice's lovely maid hoisted up skirt and petticoats, let down her drawers, and seated herself upon me with her back toward me, impaling herself on my readied spear and actually using her own soft little hand to guide my weapon into her warm moist tight bower. This left my hands free to squeeze and fondle her panting titties, and I kissed the back of her neck and sucked each dainty earlobe and flicked it with my tonguetip while she wriggled and squirmed, arched and sank down till finally both of us were carried away by the sublime completion to our communal excitement.

After she had tidied herself, she blushing returned to sit on my lap and to cuddle me for a moment while she whispered, "It will be so wonderful when you are Miss Alice's husband, because then, as the man, you'll be the lord of the household and will give the orders, so that Miss Alice can't always punish me just because she wants to."

"That may all be true, my darling," I laughed gently, "But do not forget that I am more demanding in my ways than ever your mistress could be, and if you are not a good girl at all times, Fanny, you will find yourself across my lap with your drawers down and your lovely naked bottom smarting under a good thrashing. Be warned accordingly! And now, before Alice suspects that you have not spent all this time in communicating her message to me, you had best hasten back to her, and give her a tender and long kiss from me until we meet tonight."

After Fanny had gone, I sat there on the couch smoking a cigar, my eyes closed, conjuring up all sorts of exquisite tableaux which, I must confess, had more erotic variety and imagination than a sober, British husband usually conceives when he thinks of the marital rights which await him. I was still thinking, I fear, more like a pasha than like a husband-but somehow I had the feeling that my beloved Alice would not hold that against me too greatly!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I bathed and shaved, took a leisurely nap so as to replenish my powers and give myself back that keen investiture which is the secret of a man's ability to take the upper hand over scheming and charming devious females, then I hastened to the caterer's to order a fitting repast for the reunion with my sweet Alice. While I performed this delightful errand which in itself, suggested so many untold joys, I recalled that Connie Blunt would be due back from Italy by the following Monday, and I remembered my determination to learn how she had lost her maidenhead, since she had been married for only a few short weeks to her husband before he had been carried off this mortal coil by a most untimely heart attack. I really felt sorry for the poor man who had not been able to enjoy to the fullest degree the tasty young charms of twenty-two year-old golden-haired Connie, who was simply adorable and in some ways so ingenuous as to suggest a girl not yet out of teens. But judging by the way she had taken to Alice and to Fanny and formed a conspiratorial triumvirate against Lady Betty Bashe and her then snobbish and insolent daughter Molly, I had to assume that either she possessed an inherent degree of lascivious aptitudes or else I had simply been the fortunate man destined by Venus to find the touchstone to her most secret emotions.

But Connie - and her cunny! - would have to wait until I had celebrated my hymeneal celebration with sweet Alice. I thought to myself that for our honeymoon we might well retrace Connie's own footsteps to that romantic country where Lord Byron composed so many of his great epics, for warm Italy with its romantic history of the Borgias and of Dante's Beatrice is properly a land for lovers, a kind of universal gathering-place where all may meet under the blue sky and the golden sun and where a kiss and the flashing adoration of one's eyes are Esperanto enough to make one's self understood. I had been told on good authority that the men of Italy go as far as to pinch the bottoms of pretty girls whom they admire and desire even though the latter are complete strangers to them. Oh most charming custom this, which at once dispenses with the hypocritical and time-consuming pretenses of a formal courtship and lets the maid know at once that a man desires not

so much to hold converse with her as to fit together prick and cunt in the most Elysian of harmonies!

My caterer promised that I should have what I had ordered promptly at seven, and he then prayed my indulgence, on the grounds that his two chief assistants had been called out of London by the unfortunate coincidence of illness in their families, to have the viands and the wine served by some substitutes whom he had been able to engage only for this week. I paid little attention to this protestation and I grandly waved my hand to indicate that I cared not how my repast for sweet Alice would be conveyed to me, only so long as it was, that it might nurture us both and heat our blood toward the commingling of our understandable yearnings for each other.

Of course I had no doubt that mischievous Alice, she who had first yielded up to me her maiden seal and all the hidden treasures thereunto pertaining, had consoled herself for my not being present with charming Fanny. In my Snuggery, I had initiated both girls into the sweet art of soixante-neuf, as well as playing the simulated role of the two-backed beast, and both had found rare pleasure in such exquisite girlish games. However, judging from the rapacity with which dear Fanny had wrigglingly maneuvered herself astride my lap this afternoon in her haste to reacquaint herself with the dimensions and the sensations which a prick afforded her tender and squirming cunt, I had no doubt that the naughty minx would, if put to the question, blushingly avow her preference to being fucked as over girlfucking or sweet gamahuching.

I was in full command of all my powers and I looked forward to a memorable evening. I thought to myself how fortunate I was that in this stuffy era, when all the drearily domesticated precepts of the Widow of Windsor had been virtually a part of every puling schoolboy's training, Alice and I might come together in my quarters this night for the express purpose of celebrating our oncoming marriage by doing that which, surely our good Victorian code would have you believe, should never be done until both man and maid had obtained legal authorization in their wedlock.

Yes, Alice and I were going to partake of those fruits of the Garden of Eden reserved only in this age for the conventionally united, but I did not see that I should be any the less ardent because each of us was still

free at the moment we came together. You may then well believe that I was in a state of virtual euphoria considering that soon I should have Fanny as my own personal maid should my dear wife-to-be not be at my side to attend to certain niceties and necessities which I should find essential to my well-being. And there waiting for me when I wished and perhaps whenever I wished, as well, would be Alice's older sister and the latter's saucy red-haired maid Kay, to say nothing of Miss Molly Bashe and her friend Julia Denton, with Connie Blunt held in abeyance not because she was the least fair and desirable of this sweet seraglio, but simply because however passionate and competent a man may be, he has just so much spunk he can dispense at any given time.

What happy prospects thus enthralled me with their future beckoning, I leave you, dear reader, to speculate over and to envy, Yet I do not inscribe all these chronicles of my amorous conduct solely to make you gnash your teeth and curse at me for being a lucky fool of love. I would rather have you consider this a sublimation until, by some happy means, you in your own life find it possible to emulate my good fortune with the fair sex and thus prove that you too know as well as I the way of a man with a maid.

I waited, I need not tell you, with some impatience until at last the bell pealed to tell me that my Alice was at my door, and I opened it and held out my arms to my beautiful sweetheart who would so shortly be my beloved wife. To my great delight, she wore a costume which almost exactly duplicated that which she had worn on that fatal afternoon when for the first time in my Snuggery she had been compelled to yield her maidenhead to me and to allow me liberties which many a husband, thanks to our stuffy notions about matters, does not even dare enjoy with his own wife throughout an entire lifetime.

The large picture hat, the dainty well-fitting dress which displayed her neatly plump and delicious figure to its fullest advantage, the same lacy parasol, and, I was certain, the same tantalizingly delaying undergarments which prolonged the sweet joy of finally denuding that ivory flesh I so loved and yearned for now.

Now it is said by many a connoisseur that much time is lost in undressing a maid with so many articles of clothing as are prescribed by convention, and I have heard men long for a desert island where their

inamorata should wear little more than Eve herself. But I hold that the pleasures of anticipation are sometimes equal to or many times may even surpass those of realization, and therefore the longer I found it took me to disrobe the fair charmer whom I intended to fuck and fondle to my prick's content, the more enjoyable and exciting the act itself. The prelude to passion must not be gainsaid or circumvented from its full and spacious length, lest a man become too blasé in his carnal pleasures. I know that this is one of the unhappy blights which happen to plague many a marriage, in that the husband, out of becoming habituated to the sight of his wife's body, gradually grows bored when it has no more wonder to unveil for him. And I confess that to some extent I gave this nuance considerable attention myself whether, once wed to my dear Alice, I should not begin to take her for granted.

But I told myself no, and I can explain this with a good heart and clear conscience. The harem of which I have already spoken would keep me from satiating myself with Alice's sweet charms, so that I might return to her ever now and again with renewed enjoyment and high hopes of magnificent fulfillment, to which my other amours, my other "slave-girls," would rouse my imaginative propensities for the appreciation and delectation of pussy.

"Oh, Jack, Jack dearest, you don't know how much I've missed you!" she cried as she flung her lovely arms around my neck. As I have already indicated, Alice was petite, some two inches shorter than her olive-skinned black-haired sister, Marion, but she was a most cuddlesome morsel with the voluptuous curves of buttocks and thighs and breasts, yet not to the point of being ungainly fat, which heaven forbid! I reminded myself at this moment, while my hands lovingly and lingeringly caressed Alice's quivering buttocks through the many layers of clothes, that I should be very stern with her at the dinner table lest in the comfort of her marriage she add excess poundage to her delicious dimensions as they were now.

"Yes, Fanny told me that you did," I could not help twitting my beloved Alice.

"Why, that naughty vixen! I shall have some words with her after I've loved you, Jack dear, and you may be certain that Fanny will rue it if she has betrayed any of our girlish secrets. For you know," she went on gaily,

"when girls are alone by themselves, they always discuss a man, and in this case it was you, and I'm afraid that I revealed how I felt about you to my maid, who ought to have better sense than to have told you so that I should be at your mercy."

"As I recall, Alice," I chuckled, "the first real time you were at my mercy was here in this very apartment, and Fanny had not yet made her debut. Now, let me have your hat and your cape and then do sit down upon the sofa while we await our supper which should be here at any moment from the caterer."

Alice disposed herself upon the sofa and glanced round with sparkling eyes and gently heaving bosom, evidently happy to be back in familiar surroundings where she had so many memories. I saw no reason why we should not eat right here in the salon, because I knew that she was eager to be told and shown my lasting affection for her, and that action should naturally take place in the Snuggery.

In about ten minutes, the bell rang again and I answered it to find a young man and a gray-haired man at my door with the viands I had ordered from the caterer. The young man seemed somewhat effeminate, being about five feet seven inches in height, with pale, rather aristocratic features, and light brown hair cut very short. His eyes were a soft apologetic brown, and his mouth quivered a good deal, suggesting an immaturity and nervousness perhaps understandable because he was, as the caterer had indicated, a substitute for the actual assistant.

I had them clear the table on which I had some papers, and place it between our two chairs to use as kind of dining table. I had ordered a tasty roast grouse in a very thick wine and mushroom sauce, a special salad with a very rich dressing, as an aperitif a dozen blue-points. It has been said that the aphrodisiacal quality of seafood - or at least the legend that such nutrition increases one's sexual powers - it is responsible for so many items of this kind appearing on our daily menus. But Alice had long ago evinced a passion for bluepoints, and so I had ordered them to humor her as a kind of token that while I might be stern and ruthless within the walls of the Snuggery, here in my own quarters as her domesticated husband-to-be, I was the very soul of thoughtfulness.

After the meal had been served and the champagne with it, the two assistants withdrew, but the older man remarked, "Will, you had best stay outside in the hall till the gentleman and the lady have finished their supper so that you can pack and bring back the dishes. I'll come for you in about an hour, say."

So the door closed behind them both, and I turned to Alice, rose from my seat, went over to hers and bent down to give her a long and passionate kiss on the mouth. She had drunk about three goblets of champagne, and while she was not yet tipsy, she was in vivacious spirits indeed, fairly bubbling over with energy and animation and rendering me altogether certain that I was making no error in wedding her.

At last we finished the luxurious meal, having savored the dessert, a pair of rich custard tarts covered with juicy raspberries, and Alice rose from her chair as I gallantly held it back for her and went over to her purse which she had left on the little couch near the door to my apartment. Suddenly she looked back at me with eyes very wide and alarmed, and exclaimed, "Oh, Jack, I had three pound-notes and they're gone now!"

"That's strange," I remarked. "Did you come directly from your house to me?"

"Of course I did, darling. I took a hansom cab and I told the driver to go very fast because I had been away from my beloved sweetheart."

Such a delightful explanation had earned the sweet vixen a tender kiss, and I approached to give it to her. She clung to me and arched her body to me, and I could tell from her parted and moist lips and her flushed cheeks and luminous eyes that she was in a mood to be thoroughly fucked. Since this was also in my plans, I enjoyed the leisurely delight of telling myself that we had all the evening and night before us and that there was absolutely no reason to make tawdry haste like a couple of ill-met lovers in some cheap hotel room who are driven by the demons of guilt in their infidelity to their respective mates.

You have discovered that the prospect of making love to Alice, while it still made my prick swollen with desire, did not quite have the same spicy effect as when, that first memorable afternoon in the Snuggery, I had known that I was going to subject her to humiliation and a little pain before I taught her the sweet felicity of surrender. As yet, however, I had

no pretext to whip or smack my darling, and I found myself wishing that dear Fanny had attended us so that we both might upbraid her for some imaginary fault in service and so each be aroused by applying the rod or the hand to that voluptuous young bottom of hers.

"And you are certain that you had them when you started out?" I pursued.

She nodded emphatically. "Why, yes. When I paid the driver, I saw them still in my purse, and I came directly up the stairs to you, Jack. Whatever in the world could have happened to those three pounds?"

"You should make every effort, my dearest, to trace every movement that you made since leaving the house when, if I am to credence what you have told me, you had those notes and did not spend any money except the fee for the hansom cab."

"But I can't think of anything, Jack! Oh, my, I was to give those notes to Fanny tonight as part of her wages. Whatever shall I do?"

"Of course I will replace them for you."

"Oh no, Jack, I couldn't allow that!"

"But that is silly, darling," I laughed, "because very shortly you're going to my wife and I will be entirely responsible for the money that you carry in that pretty purse of yours. But look through it again, because perhaps you have misplaced it."

She took my advice, but after a search of five minutes, having several times emptied her purse on the table, she tearfully confessed that the money was absolutely missing and that she hadn't the slightest idea where she could have lost it.

Vaguely I remembered that the two caterer's assistants had been near that little sofa in the process of serving us our supper. Now it was just possible that, while we were staring at each other and so engrossed in our own conversation and thoughts, they might have seized the opportunity to pilfer the money from Alice's purse since it opened noiselessly.

Of course I could not openly accuse either of them until I had some proof. But, remembering that the young man had been so nervous and obviously ill at ease in the performance of duties for which I had assumed he was fitted by experience, I resolved to test his honesty and learn whether he had any knowledge of the missing notes.

I had a kind of presentiment, and so I told Alice to remain where she was, and I went out into the hallway. There was the effeminate youth, leaning patiently against the wall, arms folded. He gave a kind of guilty start when he saw me emerge, and in a rather husky but weak voice asked, "Have you finished with the plates and the ice bucket, sir?"

"Very nearly," I said gruffly. "But would you do me a favour? I find myself in need of some change and wonder if perhaps you have any money on you."

"I'm not sure I have much change, sir," was his answer.

"Oh, well, be a good fellow, and let me see what you have anyway," I said with an encouraging smile.

He plunged a rather slim hand into the pocket of his trousers, and drew it partly out, glancing down at it; then in the same movement he seemed to have plunged his hand back down again as if to make a further search.

"Take out what you do have and let's see," I encouraged him. My suspicions began to deepen.

"I-I don't have any change, really, sir. I'm sorry. Perhaps I could go down to the pharmacist's shop and get you some, though," he uneasily proffered.

"See here, my boy," I became severe, "there's no reason in the world why you can't simply turn out your pockets and let me see what you do have. I may be able to make up what I need by doing some adding here and subtracting there. Be quick now, the young lady is waiting and she needs hansom fare!"

The youth turned a vivid red and gulped and then tried to speak, his brown eyes almost beseeching in their entreaty. This reaction alone confirmed my suspicion: this temporary aide to my caterer had neatly pocketed Alice's three one-pound notes! I looked extremely grim as I

approached and commanded, "Now that's enough of this shillyshallying! Turn out your pockets, I tell you, or perhaps you would like me to go fetch a constable and have him turn them out for you!"

"Oh, please - don't do that!" the youth gasped, and I saw his eyes blink and fill with tears. Very reluctantly he plunged his hand down into his trousers pocket again, and slowly drew it out and opened it. There were three one-pound notes!

"I think, my fine young gentleman," I said between my teeth, "that you and I had best have a little chat. Give me the honour to enter my apartment, for we do not wish to cause a scene for the neighbors to eavesdrop upon. And don't, I pray you, entertain the notion of trying to run for it. I was the second best half-miler in my form!"

Then to my amazement, the youth plunged his hands to his face and began to weep. I felt a kind of disgusted contempt for such a cowardly-custard who would not have the courage to face up to boldly if he really needed those three pounds so badly. I took him by the collar, and I hissed, "Quick, march now, fellow, or I'll really put you in charge! I did not think that Mr. Willoughby would employ a common little thief!"

Opening the door to my apartment with my right hand, I shoved the youth in and closed and locked the door behind us. Alice had risen, her lovely eyes wide with curiosity and surprise, to see what all the hubbub was about.

"This fellow, Alice, had the temerity to hook your banknotes out of your purse," I told her.

"Why, what a shocking thing to do! But why in the world would he do a thing like that?"

"Ask him, not me, my dear," I chuckled. Having released the fellow, I clenched my fist and showed it to him: "Now, I dislike violence, but you had best make up your mind to tell me the truth or else it will go very hard with you. I certainly shall have to tell your employer, and it will mean your immediate dismissal. It remains for you, however, to determine whether I have you booked as a thief at the local constabulary or whether I shall let you off with a sound thrashing. How old are you anyway?"

"Eight-eighteen, s-sir," the boy quavered.

"But why in the world did you do such a wretched thing? If you had needed money, you might have thought of asking me because of embarrassed circumstances," I told him. "I have a generous nature when I am properly approached, as my fiancee there can confirm." At this sly innuendo, lovely brown-haired Alice turned red as the proverbial beet, and playfully shook her little fist at me.

"I-I didn't mean to take it, but I couldn't help it, sir," the youth began to sob, disgusting me with his lack of manliness.

"You had best tell me the whole story so that I can be the judge of that," was my cold reply. "Begin by giving me your name."

"It-it-it's W-W-Will."

"Will what?" I relentlessly pursued.

"W-Will Ponsonby. And truly, I-I didn't mean to, but I had to. My aunt - my aunt is terribly ill and needs medicine and she's all alone," the youth tearfully stammered.

"Do you know what I think, Will Ponsonby or whatever else your name may really be?" I growled. "I think, sir, that you are a liar and a common thief, and that I am going to send my fiancee down to the corner to fetch a constable directly! Once you are at the Bow Street lockup, you may change your tune."

"Oh no! For heaven's sake, don't do that, it would kill my poor aunt, truly it would sir, sir! Oh please, you - you spoke of a b-beating a little while ago... I-I would rather take that a thousand times over than be turned over to the constable!"

"He really means it," Alice said wonderingly.

"And I think I shall take him up on it at once," I said impulsively. "Come along, Will Ponsonby. We shall get to the bottom of the truth of the matter!"

With this seizing him by the scruff of the neck, I pushed the fellow towards the Snuggery, gesturing with my free hand for Alice to follow, which she readily did.

Once inside, I ordered the youth to remove his black frock coat, which belonged to the establishment with which I had done business for some few years with never until this evening any difficulties. Reluctantly he did so, and stood before me in a high-collared shirt with long sleeves, and the black trousers of the establishment, which reached down to his ankles and over his polished black patent-leather shoes.

"Lift up your hands now," I ordered, while I signed to Alice to let the pulley ropes down from the ceiling. As the youth hesitantly obeyed, I stood beside him, and, catching one of the ropes, made it fast around his left wrist, and then in a trice had the other equally pinioned. I gestured to Alice, and the pulley ropes were hoisted, stretching him to tip toe. His face was scarlet, and great tears welled in his limpid and very widened brown eyes as he stared hopelessly at Alice and me.

"Now then, young Will," I addressed him, "you shall have a good dozen of the best with a birch, after which you may leave with your ill-gotten gains, but with the understanding that I intend to tell Mr. Willoughby, your employer, that I do not find you all trustworthy or reliable. It will mean your dismissal, but at least you will be spared the ignominy of a police arrest. Are you agreeable to that?"

The youth closed his eyes and nodded, and a choking gasp emerged from his trembling lips.

"If you please, Alice, there's a dear girl," I ordered, "unbutton Master Will's shirt and roll it up as high as you can? And the undershirt as well. The bare back is the field of operation for a common thief."

"Oh please, sir," the youth suddenly and tearfully gasped out, "don't strip me, I beg of you, don't do that! I-I will take the birching bravely, I promise! Even give me double, sir, but please don't strip me!"

"You are unduly modest now after your roguery," I chided him. "And there is nothing of impropriety in being stripped to the waist for a flogging. Why, sir, if you had gone to Eton as I did, young sir, you would have been forced to bare a good deal more than what I propose to unveil. Proceed with it, Alice!"

Alice went behind the slim youth and began to tug out the shirttails, at which the fellow twisted and wriggled and even tried to kick, crying out

and sobbing, "Oh no! I beg of you, Miss, don't shame me so! Have pity on me!" till I was exasperated.

I started towards the culprit and myself unbuttoned his shirt and then yanked up; the tails in front while Alice was doing the same behind. To my intense surprise, I perceived not an undershirt but a pink camisole, with fastening shoulder straps, and what was more - a quite discernible bosom! Our Will Ponsonby was not a young boy, but a young girl!

"In heaven's name, what is the meaning of this impersonation?" I demanded, angry both with myself and with the conniving wench.

"Oh please, sir, I-I'll take the b-birching and say no more, only leave me my clothes, for God's sake!" the girl said in a trembling low husky voice that now took on a disturbingly appealing nuance now that I knew her to be a she instead of a he, to be sure! "The-the fact is, my aunt is very poor and I have been trying to find work as a typist and without luck, and Davis, that's the grocer's boy, told me that Mr. Willoughby down the street was in dire need of some waiters because two of his men had gone off to visit sick relations. So-so I dressed myself this way and I got the job. And when I saw the lady's purse open..."

"Dear me," Alice here intervened. "I really must have forgotten to close the clasp."

"That's true, M-Miss," the girl sobbed. "When I saw the notes and I filched them... but truly, I-I meant to bring them back as soon as I find steady work, that's the truth, sir!"

"Then what is your real name?" I sternly demanded.

"Wilhelmina Ponsonby," was the answer.

I must confess that this discovery gave me quite a turn, from finding a Will transfigured into a Wilhelmina before my very eyes. My eyes fixed on the camisole and on the two pert, firm swellings which I know knew were titties and not the chest of a boy. Alice, behind the captive, facing me, winked and made a gesture. My pulses began to throb quickly. And why not indeed? Decidedly, this charming little thief who had added impersonation to her other follies was in need of a good lesson if she wished to earn her three pounds. I would not be brutal with her, but I

was not yet convinced that she was telling the entire truth about the sick aunt.

"Very well, Wilhelmina," I finally decided. "You may keep the three pounds and I will say nothing to Mr. Willoughby. But in return, you must be birched, and properly. That is to say, your breeches must be taken down and you must receive the withes on the bare bottom!"

"Oh no! Oh heavens! I would die of shame, sir - Oh for God's sake, don't do that to me!" the young woman wailed and tried to tug at her bound wrists.

"I am afraid you have no choice, Wilhelmina. It is that or having my fiance fetch the constable at once," I said inflexibly. And then I attacked the buttons of the breeches, and began to drag them down, while the slim captive struggled and screamed and pleaded with me not to shame her thus.

But a perverse kind of sensual excitement had taken hold of me - to which of course I could attribute my erotic state of knowing that my beloved Alice was at last alone with me and that we were so soon to be made one. In the waiter's costume, this charming brown-haired girl looked so devilishly like a boy that was impatient to discover the essential difference. The hair was cut so closely, like that of a schoolboy who wishes to be thought anything but a scholar by his classmates, that there was a kind of disturbing mannishness to that charming face. But now that the breeches were down, I saw a pair of white cotton knickers, and I felt my cock throb and stiffen in response.

Between ourselves, Alice and I knelt down and tugged the breeches off the struggling slim long legs of the wailing and sobbing captive. We unbuttoned the shirt and let it dangle loosely about her. She was now revealed in just the camisole and knickers, her slim long pale white legs almost entirely bare, since she wore half-socks of gray wool to about mid-calf and of course the black-patent leather shoes.

I found myself unfastening the shoulder straps of the camisole and letting it drop down to her ankles, whereupon Alice whisked the garment off, and our Will who was Wilhelmina shrieked aloud as she found herself naked from throat to the waistband of her knickers. They were very snug and tight-fitting, and their legs were down to about mid-thigh,

slightly shorter than those of a pair of drawers. I could see now for myself how easy it had been to pass herself off as a youth, because her titties were small oranges, saucily high-perched, widely spaced, with the most adorable little pink buds set in narrow coral circles, the circles of love, as I always called them. Her belly was flat, and sleek and with an adorably tiny deep navel to mark it. The knickers shaped out one of the jounciest pair of compact, tightly spaced oval cheeked bottoms I have ever seen, and Alice's eyes were glowing with a sadistic joy as they fixed on that exciting posterior. Wilhelmina's thighs were long and shapely and on the slender side, her calves highset and sinuous. With the shirt loosely flapping and open down the front, and in only her knickers and the half-socks and shoes, together with that closely cropped hair of hers, I found this wench devilishly enticing.

"She really must have her knickers down, Jack dear, if you're going to birch her," Alice suggested.

"That's quite true. But first I think the humiliation of a good smack bottom will be an ideal preparation for the birch," I decided.

"Will you do it, or shall I, dear Jack?" Alice fairly panted in her excitement.

"Since it was your three pounds she took - which I of course will replace to you, my darling," I gallantly replied, "to you shall fall the honor of initiating Will's bottom in the pangs of retribution. This will be for the theft. Then we shall take up the matter of the impersonation and the flagrant deceptions she had practiced on us, by which time I have no doubt we shall learn more of her character than we now know. You may proceed, Alice."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I must confess that this was a most entertaining diversion which I had not even conjectured when I had made my plans to entertain my beautiful Alice. If I were inclined to pun, I should say I was exchanging my days of liberty for days of libertinage. But assuredly, had I planned it, I could have devised no more fascinatingly piquant scene to mark the reunion of Alice and myself under happier circumstances. For as you will recall in the first volume of my saga, delicious Alice was entrapped and against her own will brought into this lair of lust of mine and there compelled by the most delicious dalliance to accord to me that which she had refused to do by her own sweet volition. Now here we were on the eve of our nuptials, and as a kind of aperitif the two of us had entrapped a young girl who had stolen three pound notes from my fiance and, what was worst of all, disguised herself as a youth in service to my caterer. Heaven alone knows what other scurrilous schemes she had perpetrated on the unwary. Now, posing on tiptoes of her brand-new and very shiny black patent leather shoes, the white man's shirt unbuttoned all down the front and spreading out to disclose to my enraptured eyes the saucy oranges of her panting young titties, the pale white sleek goblet of her belly shuddering and rippling with constant tremors, her wrists pinioned by the pulley ropes, she stood in tight white cotton knickers and the gray wool half-socks and shoes awaiting our good pleasure. And pleasure indeed it would be-and it would be good!

Alice had already stationed herself behind the lovely and deceitful Wilhelmina, and posing her left hand on the girl's neck, applied a tentative slap over each saucy bottom-summit.

"Gracious, Jack," she called to me, "her bottom's very hard and elastic. It will wear out my poor little hand long before she has had her count."

"You are not to give her the entire chastisement of which she is long overdue with that soft little hand, my darling," I responded. "Did I not tell you that this was but a prelude to the more serious part of her chastisement? You shall punish her as hard and as long as your hand can endure it, and you will tell yourself that when you have finished she will

have had her share for the theft of your three pounds. You will leave the rest to me."

"I do think," Alice petulantly observed, for she had, I now perceived, become as sensitive as any voluptuary in the nuances of our charming games, "that this bulky shirt is really in the way and the tails of it hide her bottom."

"In that case my dear, you have only to roll it up and perhaps drape it over her head. That will be an excellent idea, moreover, since it will serve as a blindfold and she will not know when to expect the smacks."

No sooner said than done. With a gay little cry of delight, my lovely Alice seized the tails of the offending shirt, rolled them up and dragged them over the victim's head, whilst I, not to be outdone in chivalry, aided her in front so that in a moment the white, thickly starched shirt completely muffled and veiled the wistful, charming oval face which I had originally taken as that of a boy.

"Oh sir, I beg of you if-if I must be punished, at least let her do it then," came the imploring, sobbing supplication, muffled by the shirt. "It's not decent for you to see me this way, sir, it truly isn't! Oh, do be kind and let her punish me, and do you leave the room, I beg of you humbly!"

Now, this speech was not that of a course young ruffian from the slums of Soho or Newcastle, not one whit of it! The husky, tremulous voice and excellent diction made me suspect that Wilhelmina Ponsonby had a history far more intriguing than the concocted tale she had tried to pass off to excuse her theft of Alice's money. She had a sick aunt, she had been trying to find work, so she had got this post at Willoughby's and fallen victim to the temptation of seeing my fiance's open purse. No, it was much too pat. But I have found that the birch, when judiciously applied to the tenderest parts of a young lady's anatomy, is a remarkable panacea for prevarication. And after Alice had inflicted the smack-bottom to which I had sentenced charming Wilhelmina, I meant to preside as master of the rod and draw from my felonious impersonatress a less mendacious story.

"Now I think you may safely go to it, Alice, and there is no need to hurry, since we have all evening before us," I observed. I seated myself on a footstool at some distance from the gasping, squirming captive, not

wishing to fall prey to one of her sporadic kicks, for those black patent-leather shoes seemed very stiff and solid, and my shins are exceptionally tender, I lit a cigar and reveled in the good life that lay before us, for if this was an augury of the felicitous hours that Alice and I should pass once we had exchanged our vows before the minister, then life would be indeed serene, and all my fears of losing my freedom would prove unfounded.

Alice rolled up the sleeves of her pretty frock, displaying those lovely plump, white arms whose tender, moist skin I had so often kissed and stroked in my moments of tender delight with her, but her pretty face was now implacably cruel as with narrowed eyes and compressed lips she posed herself as executioner behind the culprit, and once again placing her left palm at about the neck of the victim, she launched a ferocious openhanded smack on the right buttock and then, moving quickly to the left, equalized matters with as hard and crisp a spank on the other bottomcheek.

"Ohh dear!" Wilhelmina anxiously gasped out, squirming and twisting and yanking on her bonds.

"Not so hard and fast at first, or you will numb not only the surface you are attacking, but your charming hand as well, my dear," I advised.

"You are right, of course, Jack. It's just that I can't tolerate the airs this wicked little thieving minx gives herself. So you would steal my money out of my own purse and in my fiance's own quarters, would you? There, take that - and that as well! I'm going to make you howl, my girl! Gracious, what a hard, solid bottom you have! It's like a rock! I only wish I could give you the birch as you so richly deserve. There! Did you feel that one? And that one, too! There, and there!"

It was plain that Alice was working herself up into an erotic fury of sadistic joy, judging from the lovely flush that pervaded her face, the way her eyes sparkled now and her nostrils twitched and shrank. Her magnificent titties rose and fell with an emotion they had not till this moment had, as she drew back her right hand and brought it forward smartly and noisily across the thin-knicker-sheathed contours of Wilhelmina's lovely, resilient bottom. The crisp sound of the spanks was music to my ears, as you may well imagine, and already my prick was

stimulated by this symphonic music to which it was indoctrinated by none other than fair Alice herself, and in this very room.

I must confess that Wilhelmina bore her smacking well enough, and it was probably shame at knowing herself to be half-naked before a gentleman's eyes, whilst being chastised by a young lady's hand, that drew from her the flurried little sobs and groans and cries with which she announced almost each of those stinging smacks.

But the force of Alice's blows made her prance, if I may accurately employ that term, for she seemed to execute a kind of hopping skip from foot to foot, lunging herself forward and bending her back deliciously, only to be drawn back within the stern limits of the pulley's range, ever pressing her back towards the avenging hand of lovely Alice. Shifting constantly from foot to foot, squirming her hips from side to side, she began at last to show that this seemingly innocuous and juvenile correction was having its effect, for at length she began to groan and then to sob: "Oww! Oh my! Oh dear! Oh, do send him away, he's looking at me, I know he is!" and then, "Ouch! Oh, it hurts! Oh, please that's enough, I told you I'd return the money-Ahrrr! Oh, do please stop - make an end of it!"

At last Alice did make an end of it, because she was out of breath and she was ruefully blowing on her hand and examining it, and I could see that it was red and inflamed. But I was anxious to know whether the flesh she had been smacking so enthusiastically was of the same coloration by now. Moreover, it was time for the birch to come into play.

So we let our victim sob and gasp and turn and twist at the end of her wrist-ropes, whilst I returned to the bucket of brine in which I always kept a thick and a long, slim birch soaking, just in the event that, like that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon last week, I was visited by Molly Bashe and her provocative and arrogant companion, Miss Julia Denton.

"Now it is your turn to sit and watch and compose yourself, dear Alice," I told my fiance. "Wilhelmina, are you ready for your birching? I warn you that it will be severe, because you have not been honest with us in the least."

"Oh Lord," our lovely prisoner tearfully gasped from beneath and muffling and blindfolding confines of the white starched man's shirt

drawn over her head, "I can only implore you, sir, in the name of decency, to retire and let your lady chastise me if you are so determined that I must be further punished."

"I am so determined, but I shall not retire. You may address your plea to me directly, then, for I am the one who shall wield the chastising rod over your naked posterior, my girl," was my reply.

"Oh, haven't I been punished enough already, to be stripped and shamed like this in front of a man, and then smacked like a child - like a veritable child - by one of my own sex? Surely it is worth three pounds of vengeance to you by now, sir!" Our lovely captive pleaded her case eloquently well, I must admit. But my prick was now so hard and exorbitantly in need of surfeit that I could not find it in me to grant her leniency.

That was why I replied in the gravest tone I could summon. "Why, Wilhelmina, if a thief could get off scot-free with only a bottom-smacking for everything he or she took, we should all be impoverished by now! No, my girl, make up your mind to it, your knickers are coming down and it is on your naked bottom that you shall have the birch. I propose to give you fifteen strokes, five for each of the pound notes you filched from my fiance's purse."

"Oh Jack, may I take her knickers down, may I?" Alice childishly begged, rising from the footstool and going to me and putting her arms about me and pressing that delectable body against mine.

"Why, if you wish, I think it is only proper, since Wilhelmina has already exclaimed against the impropriety of a man's lowering that modest garment which hides her naughty bottom," I retorted.

"Oh, thank you, Jack! And then I can see how well I have smacked her naked seat!" Alice exclaimed joyously. She approached the frantic captive and began to unbutton the tops of the knickers, then moved round to Wilhelmina's right side and, gripping the waistband between thumbs and forefingers, dragged the tight-fitting garment down. A despairing shriek and a maddened lunge from side to side attested to Wilhelmina's anguish, and by the gyrations of her lithe, slim hips, the young woman tried to prevent the descent of her final veil.

In vain, dragged down to her knees, they rested as a kind of a festooning fetter, and I gestured to Alice to leave them where they were, for they would thus serve as a restraining bond should she try to kick about too much when the first kisses of the thin swishy birch should bite against her vividly inflamed and quivering naked bottom-cheeks.

"Oh, look, Jack, what a fine, saucy backside the little vixen has!" Alice exclaimed in glee as she pointed at those flaming ovals. She had really painted them a fiery shade, and the birch would impart its kisses all the more hotly thanks to my fiance's energetic and enthusiastic preparation.

But what fascinated me most of all, from my vantage point facing the squirming and now virtually naked captive, was that her pussy was shrouded by a thick-growth of dark brown curls, unusual in a girl so young, completely hiding the delicate lips of her slit. The mound of love was suave and not at all prominent, and as she realized what she must be showing to us both, Wilhelmina Ponsonby clenched her long, slender thighs together as tightly as she could. The nervous flexions of her agile muscles called attention not only to their agility but also the pale white skin of her luscious body, that of a young nymph.

Alice saw that my prick was in gigantic erection now, and the dear girl sought to solace me, since neither of us had at the moment any plans for involving our lovely thief in the diversions of Cythera; we thought only of chastising her so that the lesson would be long remembered, and of finally obtaining from her lips the truth about herself. Unbuttoning my trousers, Alice boldly introduced her hand into my underdrawers and drew out my cock. With thumb and forefinger she squeezed the meatus at the very groove which separated it from the gristly and dark-veined shaft, and I ground my teeth to hold back all my pent-up juices. How sweetly implanted in my Alice were all the sweet brazen precepts of the courtesan! On our wedding night, I should not be bedding a squeamish virgin who should turn from me and whimper and implore mercy, but rather a warm-blooded, passionate and voluptuous young houri who would keep pace with me and challenge all my ingenuity and strength, to the satisfaction of her own amorous needs.

She whispered very faintly to me, so that only I could hear: "Shall I frig you, my darling, or would you rather have me suck you off?"

Oh, sweet Alice, soon-to-be wife of my bosom, what wife in our stultified era would have dared, or even known how, to ask such a delicious question of her mate?

"Why, if it pleases you, my darling, a little of both," I whispered back.

All this while, needless to say, the naked young girl was left in the most atrocious suspense. She kept moving her hips from side to side as if to cast off the annoying heat which Alice's little palm had engendered in her pale white bottom and left it the color of a ripe tomato. She must have wondered what the little hissings of breath and gaspings and slushings portended, and I will admit that her presence there, though blindfolded, was a tremendous stimulus to my now frenzied lust.

Alice now began to "milk" my cock by drawing on the meatus from the groove on to the lips and then back again, tautening the pink, sensitive head until I thought I should go mad with the Tantalus ecstasy that she launched within my ramrod. But she was already too well versed in understanding my whims and impulses, so that she at last desisted and knelt down, fondling my balls in one soft palm while with her right thumb and forefinger she daintily took hold of the middle of my prick and guided it towards her soft red lips, which opened in gracious welcome.

I felt them close over my meatus and then a sucking sensation, warm and moist and indescribably thrilling, took possession of me, concentrating all my vitality in my loins, driving away all my conscience and recrimination and making me know only that I gladdened and exulted in my manhood if it could be thus venerated by my brown-haired, voluptuous young Venus!

I dug my nails into my palms and stiffened myself, closing my eyes and resolving not to emit one sound that would tell our prisoner what I was experiencing. But in the midst of my rapture, I suddenly heard Wilhelmina's husky, sob-choked voice implore, "Oh, dear Lord, won't you give me the rest of my punishment and end it so that I may leave this dreadful place? I am dying of anguish here - oh, what can you be doing to torture me so? Birch me and be done with it, I beg of you!"

In a hoarse voice I responded: "I have never heard a naughty girl so earnestly beseech the rod, but never fear that you will have it, and in

such abundance that you will repent your eagerness for it. Ohhh, do go on!" This last to Alice, in a low and trembling voice, for I was at the end of my self-control. The soft sweet slushings and the suckings and the nibblings of her dainty lips, the flickings of her ardent little pink tongue over my ardent, puckering cocktip and along the velvety pink and throbbing crannies of the meatus, had driven me to an ungovernable frenzy. I suddenly seized Alice by the hair with my left hand, and my entire body jerked in a violent explosion as I shot my seminal contents into her soft throat. She gasped and choked, but valiantly swallowed, hastily sucking from me till the stream had ebbed its last viscous gobbet.

And then I exhaled a sigh such as must have done the followers of Mohammed in the gardens of Allah's Paradise when the promised houris had accomplished their sweet blandishments and given those devout worshippers the divine reward which the Prophet had promised the faithful. At last with a sigh I composed myself, and Alice hastily took out a handkerchief from my trousers and mopped my cock, and then daintily stuffed it back into my fly and buttoned it up. Now that I had expelled my venom, I had a rather languid attitude and I felt not quite so ferociously punitive towards the sobbing and squirming young captive stretched by the wrist ropes before me. Nonetheless, she should have her birching, but I would adhere to the fifteen cuts as promised.

I gestured to Alice to bring me the rod while I took my place behind the young woman, but the remarkable pale whiteness of her thighs in contrast with the darkening red ovals of her well-spanked bottom overcame my good resolve, and my fingers wandered to those resilient contours and squeezed and palpated them lingeringly, while Wilhelmina uttered a series of shrieks and groans and incoherent supplications: "Ah-oh please no! Oh my God, birch me and be done with it, I beg of you! Who of you is touching me so? Oh, the shame of it, I want to die - oh, whip me, whip me then and let me go! Ahh-Ohh, it's vile - oh please, I cannot bear such humiliation - oh at least, in the name of heaven, send him away - ohh - oh God!

Alice returned, holding out to me the dripping rod, which I flourished in the air until all the drops had been shaken out. The ominous swishing sounds which I made as I cut it through the air made Wilhelmina gasp the more.

Stepping back and laying the rod across her hindquarters, and composing my voice as to cool a level as I could under the circumstances, I announced: "Attention now, Wilhelmina, to the first of your fifteen cuts for lying and impersonation and sinfulness!"

"Oh, let her do it instead, sir - oh please - AIIII!"

I cut short her prayers by drawing back my right arm and lunging the rod across the tops of both naked hips. With a dreadful scream, Wilhelmina lunged forward, her back bending deliciously, her buttocks wriggling and tightening, until the pulley ropes returned her to the range of the swishy birch.

I dealt out her cuts mercilessly, like a magistrate, slowly, unmoved by her sobs and tears and cries until the sixth, which flailed the base of her saucy bottom.

At this she completely broke down and cried out: "Oh wait, oh no more, you are killing me! If you will only stop, I will tell you the truth! Only do have mercy on me, I truly can't bear it any more! If only you knew how much I've been whipped where I came from-you wouldn't do this to me, you wouldn't! Oh, if you knew, you'd have pity - have pity now!"

Again intrigued by this novel turn of events, I lowered the birch and said sternly: "It was in the interests of the truth that I sentenced you to this birching, Wilhelmina. I will give you two minutes to tell me your story, and if I am not then convinced of its veracity, we will start over again from the beginning and you shall have a good and full fifteen hard and severely laid on. Begin!"

She uttered a sobbing cry and then, apparently trying to turn her face back to me over her shoulder, and despite the fact that the shirt over her face still blindfolded her, sobbed out: "Oh, sir, I did lie, it's true, but I had a good reason. I-I'm an orphan, and I ran away from a private orphanage where the superintendent tried to make me - tried to make me be a wicked girl! He had me birched and caned so often by the matrons, and I couldn't stand it any more, and the last night he had the matron tell me that if I didn't come to his rooms after everyone had gone to sleep, I should be whipped on a block in front of the entire orphanage, and so I ran away. And I met this boy, this Davey, and that's the truth, sir. And he told me this Mr. Willoughby needed waiters, and that why I

got the job. It was Davey showed me where to get a waiter's clothes, and I had just a few shillings with me, and the man was kind enough to let me rent them. Oh sir, will you not spare me now?"

I lowered the birch and looked at Alice. "What do you think of that, my dear?"

"I think she's telling the truth."

"I think you are right, my darling. I shall make inquiries, Wilhelmina, and you are going to tell me who the superintendent is and where the orphanage is as well. Have no fears - if you are telling the truth, I certainly shan't return you to them. But I must find some means of removing from you the further temptations of theft, for your next victim may not be quite so humane as I am," I told the sobbing young woman.

The birch had certainly marked her rather well, for her saucy oval buttocks were scratched with angry welts superimposed over the flaming red which Alice's little hand had left. She kept moving from foot to foot and I knew that she was in atrocious pain, so I finally showed leniency and allowed her to be untied and taken to the W.C., with Alice in charge.

I poured out a glass of sherry, and when the still sobbing young woman hobbled out, her arm around Alice's shoulder but her breeches restored as if she were once more the young waiter from Willoughby's, I could not help smiling at her rueful appearance. I let her drink the sherry and gave her a few biscuits, and then Alice and I questioned her more closely. We obtained the names of the superintendent and the orphanage over which he was in charge, and Alice told me that on the very next morning she would make investigations and let me know if what Wilhelmina had told was true.

In the meantime, I had a guest room where the young woman could sleep, and I told her that she could take a bath and go to bed and that we would talk about what was to be done with her on the morrow.

Once she had been safely ensconced in that room, wearing a pair of my pajamas, I returned with Alice to the Snuggery and locked the door. Then, before I could say a word, my brown-haired darling, my wife-to-be, swiftly began to undress, and when she was all naked began to undress me in turn. We fell upon the couch with glad cries, and in a trice

I felt my prick drive to the depths inside Alice's moist and churning cunt. She fairly consumed me with her passion, winding her ivory legs around my buttocks, her fingernails digging into my armpits, her teeth clashing against mine in the fury of our union. And when it was done and we lay spent with spending, and in our delightful languor on the couch, my sweet fiance heard from my lips the earnest proposal of marriage that would make her not so much an honest woman but my wife, my accomplice, my mistress, my all-and my sweet sharer of joys to come... of which perhaps Wilhelmina might herself provide a future... for Alice confessed to me with many a blush and wink that she was enamored of the slim young beauty who looked so remarkably like a boy, and that she had an overwhelming desire to cuddle with her and to fondle her and see if she was a virgin.

In the afternoon Alice and I would both go to post our banns and obtain the license, and then we would determine, before the glorious date when we two should be one, what to do with Wilhelmina Ponsonby.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Alice and I had decided that we would not taste all our marital pleasures in advance by sleeping together this night in my apartment, but rather reserve that for what the French so aptly term *la lune de miel*. So I slept on the couch in the Snuggery, while my fair bride-to-be took her repose in my own bed, and our pretty and provocative boygirl found her repose in the guest room.

Alice showed the next morning that she was quite adept at cooking, which augured well for our happy domesticity. As soon as breakfast was over, she took her leave of us and rode in a hansom cab to make inquiries of the orphanage from which, according to her story, our guest for the night had run away.

Shortly after lunch time, she returned to inform me that the pseudo-waiter at Willoughby's had not at all prevaricated, but that such an orphanage did exist and that the superintendent was named such and such. Alice had even gone so far as to inquire of the neighbors in that vicinity, and what she heard did not set well with the benevolent aspect which such an institution is supposed to have. There were reports of cries and tears from many of the younger girls who in the recreation yard were seen being slapped by the officious matrons, and there were even more lurid tales that some of the punishments were extremely severe and that the superintendent himself appeared to have, as one old lady told my fiance, "an eye for a pretty wench even though she is in his charge."

Accordingly I penned an anonymous letter to the authorities, urging them to investigate this nefarious and inhuman institution so that others might be protected from the fate which had impelled our slim young orphan to run away.

But now there remained the problem of what to do with this charming waif, for at eighteen she would surely present a problem to any parent, and I myself was not inclined to give her employment, not with a wife about to be wed who had her own delicious maid Fanny ready to serve the new household.

Wilhelmina seemed very grateful to us, and apparently, though she still blushed to recall it, had forgotten the chastisement we both had given her the night before. We therefore put her on her honor not to run away, and left her in my apartment while Alice and I went to the license bureau, and thence to the minister of my parish so that we might set the date for our wedding.

It would be two weeks hence and on a Saturday, an ideal time indeed for the first nuptials, since there would be no need to waken early on a Sunday morning!

We celebrated the formal announcement of our wedding date by a champagne supper at Simpson's, to which I had proposed we invite Alice's sister Marion. But to my surprise, my lovely brown-haired wife-to-be emphatically refused to let Marion share in this joyous news as yet.

And when I enquired why, she peevishly remarked, "Oh, Jack, you know how she has always stood in our way from the very outset. Why, I talked to her only the other day, and she was very surly and almost rude to me. I hinted then that you and I would soon have very important news to give her, which as you know was as much as saying that we were going to be married. And all she could say to me was 'Well, Alice, I hope for your own sake that you'll be able to hold him once he puts the ring on your finger!' Now what in the world do you think she meant by that, darling?"

As a gentleman I was honor-bound not to tell her what had occurred not only between us but between myself and her red-haired maid Kay. But I had no doubt that if Marion felt aggrieved that my choice had been for her younger sister instead of for herself and to end her divorced loneliness, she was hardly of a mood to attend any celebration which would sprinkle salt on the wound of the slight. And I was certain, moreover, that Marion would find a way to her own advantage, when the proper time came, to let Alice know that the latter's victory was not so complete as she might have believed.

Over the magnificent roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, I proposed to Alice that we go to Italy for our honeymoon, to Naples and Florence and Rome, and then perhaps spend about a week in some idyllic little village in the countryside where we might indulge ourselves like two children of nature with unconcern for the hidebound rules which would govern us in

a so-called civilized metropolis. When Alice archly inquired as to what I meant by that, I smilingly retorted that I for one loved bathing in some refreshing stream without the encumbrance of clothing, and she turned a divine crimson because the waiter at that moment was approaching with side dishes of vegetables.

After he had gone, she teased me unmercifully, saying that I was marrying her only for her body and not for her mind, to which I laughingly retorted, "But you know very well that isn't so, my dear Alice, and I will tell you exactly why I have decided to forsake my freedom on your account. If it was simply because of your very appetizing and delicious flesh, I should be inclined to partake of it when the hunger seized me. But no, my sweet confidante, it is because of the wit and imagination and naughtiness you showed with Lady Betty Bashe and with dear Connie Blunt and even your own sweet maid Fanny, which encouraged me to believe that you would be a worthy partner in devising ingenious schemes which would add to our mutual gratification."

Greatly mollified by this, Alice then took up the subject of our more or less "adopted" waif Wilhelmina. "I should hate to think, dearest Jack," she said earnestly, "that the poor dear would have to go back to a public institution because she cannot find employment. Do you suppose we could actually place her in some happy situation?"

"I have been devoting a little time to that topic, Alice," I replied. "You know that you have your own maid just as your sister Marion has hers..."

At this and again to my very delighted surprise, Alice somewhat cheekily interposed, "Oh, yes, that spitfire Kay, that red-haired baggage who fancies herself as good as my sister! Oh, Jack, if she were my maid, I should bring her over to you at least once a week to be tied up in the Snuggery, her drawers taken down and her big bottom given a sound flogging to improve her manners and teach her her proper and humble place!"

I feigned great surprise at this. "But how is it that you have had occasion to be irritated by this girl's behavior, seeing that she lives with Marion, who is at quite a distance from you?"

Alice tossed her lovely head and made a sulky little face, so charmingly that I almost forgot the rules of behavior in public to lean over toward

her at my side and kiss her passionately. But I resisted, because it would afford an occasion for even more passionate demonstrations on my part once she and I were alone on our pilgrimage to sunny Italy.

"Come now," I said jestingly. "Perhaps it is possible that we may bring her to the Snuggery if you are of a mind to do so."

"Oh, Jack, I'd like nothing more! You see, I was staying with Marion for a time after I broke off with you and we had that dreadful misunderstanding and I remember that once I asked her if she would not go to the milliner's shop for me and bring back a special color of ribbon that I wished to sew onto my bonnet. And she was most insolent and rude, saying that she was Miss Marion's maid and that she did not understand why I did not send mine on this errand. I did speak to Marion about it, but she passed it off so lightly that I was almost vexed with her. But I haven't forgotten Kay's arrogance, I assure you!"

This, I began to think, might be the ruse by which Alice should finally learn - that is, if Marion so desired it - how I and her sister had had our own tender reconciliation and how also Kay had been more than well punished already for her arrogance. Yes, the motive was even stronger now that I should be Alice's husband, for I, in that role as the protector of the family and the household, had actually already avenged my darling Alice that afternoon in the Snuggery when Marion had brought her spirited maid along to be chastised. It would be a most delicious scene when both sisters finally comprehended that each of them was enamored of me, each in her own special way, and that Kay had finally been converted to a better appreciation of her status as well as to a proper appreciation for my own priapic talents!

"Yes, I should say that you have just cause to be incensed with the girl," I finally pronounced. "When we come back from our honeymoon, my darling, we shall talk about it at more length. But now as to Wilhelmina, I have been thinking about her a good deal..."

"I know," Alice rudely interrupted and gave me a dig in the ribs with her elbow, "ever since you took her breeches down and saw that she had a slit instead of a rod."

"And she had the rod too, if you'll remember," I laughingly answered back. "But that was not what I meant. You know that Connie Blunt has no maid of her own, as do you and Marion."

"Oh, Jack, what a perfectly capital idea!" my darling Alice cried. "I think she would be perfect for the role! Let's get in touch with Connie, for I know she is back now from Italy. Oh, now, you naughty scoundrel you, I begin to understand why you want to go on your honeymoon there with me. You will be thinking of Connie all the while."

"Of course," I laughed, "But, dear heart, those thoughts will be crystallized with your delicious presence, and they will serve only to inspire me to be a more tender lover to you as we begin our married life together."

"Very well. But I am going to make sure that you are a good boy until we marry. You shall not have me, sir, until our wedding night, I have decided upon it. Nor shall you have Fanny nor Connie either. Oh, what a delicious idea, Jack! You will be so terribly randy by the time our wedding night is upon us, that you will have no thought of any other woman save myself."

I realised that she was perfectly within her rights as my fiance and duly intended, so I acceded to her playful little game. But I warned her as we prepared to leave the restaurant that she would pay dearly when she was properly mine to have and to hold, to chastise and to cuddle, and that she had best look to herself lest she receive more chastisement than cuddling. And on this teasing note we parted, she back to her abode and I to mine with most delicious anticipations for the happiest of futures.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Perhaps to prove to myself that I was not completely the slave of my passions but rather their master, I decided to go along with Alice's naive but certainly understandable rule of continence before marriage, and so until the day when we stood up before the minister in the church of Old St. Mary's and were made man and wife, I will admit to you, dear reader, that not once did I indulge my propensities for flogging and fucking. Sweet Alice should bear the brunt of my heroic self-denial, I promised myself. But when the honeymoon was over, once back in London we would live in my apartment, where the Snuggery would always be open to receive lovely visitors, nor would it be confined only for the welcome of my bride.

Meanwhile, Alice and I both paid a visit to Mrs. Blunt, the delectable golden-haired young widow who had become one of our spirited little group, as you will recall at the outset of my story. She was delighted at the notion of having her own maid, though she balked somewhat at the thought of its cost. Her husband, while he had left her a reasonable estate, had tied up money in various ventures which took time to accrue. But seeing that she was so pressed, I generously offered to pay Wilhelmina's wages out of my own pocket until such time as the lovely Connie could stand the tariff without the slightest financial discomfort.

Alice teased me at the time, saying that I was buying my way into Connie's good graces, and the golden-haired young widow blushed and lowered her eyes at this. Instantly my prick started throbbing, but I told myself sternly that I was going to be a stoic and valorous warrior and not attempt to break a lance before going off to do real battle with my sweet consort Alice. Yet it was another mark added to her score, which would be settled in full in the warm climes of Italy.

Alice and Connie then embraced in an almost tearful *au revoir*, and nothing would do but that they both must go out to shop for clothes for Wilhelmina so that she might be the very model of a young maidservant. As Connie was hastening to put on her cape and bonnet and Alice was accompanying her, doubtless to whisper the latest gossip, I found myself

alone with the slim Wilhelmina, and she blushed furiously as she noticed that my eyes were studying her.

"I trust you've forgiven me for punishing you, my dear girl," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, sir, I-I'm very beholden to you for saving me from that dreadful place!" she exclaimed in a nervous, husky voice. "I think I would have killed myself rather than go back there, truly, sir!"

"Tut, tut, Wilhelmina, you must never think of such a thing again. Mrs. Blunt is a fine sweet girl and she will look after you. Of course," I added rather roguishly, "if she does not find your services satisfactory, you must not expect to get off unpunished. My wife-to-be Alice always chastises her maid Fanny when the latter does something to displease her, and I'm sure that Alice's sister Marion does the same thing with her own maid."

"I-I understand, s-sir," the charming girl murmured, "I-I shall try very hard to give satisfactory service."

"Well, then, in that case, you've nothing to fear. And she will pay you good wages. I think you are worth at least two pounds a week and keep, and that is what I shall have Connie give you."

To my great surprise and delight, the lovely girl flung her arms around my neck and gave me a great hug and then an embarrassed kiss on the cheek. I disengaged myself with some difficulty, for I had no wish to be seen by Alice and Connie in such a compromising situation, the more so as I had boasted of my heroic stamina to Alice in forsaking all others until our wedding night, when I should devote myself exclusively to her delicious charms. But I will confess, dear reader, that the pressure of Wilhelmina's lithe, slim body, of those saucy round little titties of hers against my chest, and the feel of her loins against my crotch created a most disturbing condition which I knew I would have to eliminate before the ladies returned to the salon.

"Thank you, my dear," I said as I drew her arms away, "but you must show your gratitude to Mrs. Blunt, for after all it is she who is engaging you... Now be a good girl, and when I come back I shall certainly visit you."

"I-I do hope you will, sir. And thank you again, ever so much! I-I hope you will have a very happy honeymoon, sir."

I suppose had I been of a more licentious and conscienceless outlook, I should have conceived the notion of engaging Wilhelmina as my own personal maid, since I did not have a servant to tend my wants, arrange my clothes, draw my bath and provide all those other little amenities which make life so much more tolerable when one has means. But I had perhaps already thought of that very quickly and dismissed the notion, because I have found that the gift of love when made spontaneously is very often more delicious than that which is compelled or drawn out of fear or force.

Yes, you will say that I am not entirely consistent, for had I not employed the birch and the envelope cutter to break down haughty and virginal Miss Julia Denton's resistance until she was, willy-nilly, obliged to proffer me the pleasure of her hymen. Well, this I will admit, but I will also in extenuation observe that Miss Denton herself secretly longed to have her resistance overcome by voluptuous means, of which I had already been informed by the naughty daughter of Lady Betty Bashe.

Now if I were Wilhelmina's master, nothing would be easier than to order her to undress and place her naked body at my carnal disposal on pain of a severe birching or bottom-smacking. But in her present state of excited girlish emotions, grateful for having found at last a refuge and a situation as Connie Blunt's maid, she would wish to express her gratitude to me, I felt certain, in palpably lascivious ways, for she was at that age when a young damsel begins to experience the sweet itch of nature between her lovely legs. And I would far rather profit from such a bounteous voluntary surrender than overcome her qualms about her maidenhead by thrashing her until pain alone made her submit to this as the lesser of two evils.

This may seem somewhat complex to you, dear reader, but if your circumstances permit you to indulge your erotic fancies as happily my own life has been so blessed, you will at once perceive the difference between brute force and gently persuasive voluptuous chastisement, whose purpose is solely to stimulate both Executioner and Victim and to act as a kind of benevolent stimulus to their eventual sexual union. I may here point out that I have never yet and never shall draw blood from a

tender naked female bottom-unless, to be sure, the offender has committed some heinous wrong which merits cold brutality. No, I am a voluptuary, with all the perceptions which lead me to prolongation and anticipation and the slow and gradually exquisite development of the ritual of benign chastisement leading toward that ultimate crescendo of life which is fucking.

Now that you perhaps better understand my outlook, let me continue my narrative. Happily, I was able to put a slight distance between myself and Wilhelmina Ponsonby by the time Alice and Connie emerged, chattering away like magpies.

Connie looked over at her new maid and tried to make a very stern face out of her lovely visage as she instructed, "Now, Willy," - she had already adopted this nickname for her new servant - "you'll stay here and, if anyone should ring the bell, you will open the door on chain and inquire if there is a message. I should be back within two or three hours. If you like, you may take a bath."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Blunt!" Wilhelmina exclaimed, her eyes sparkling while at the same time the rosy mantle of a delicious blush suffused her pale white cheeks. Again she glanced at me, and I pretended not to notice as I took Alice's arm. But I began to discern, with that foreknowledge which the true voluptuary always possesses and which is a kind of seventh sense, that Wilhelmina was thinking about this bath and was somewhat enchantingly embarrassed by the images it evoked, namely, that of denuding her lovely lithe body in all its virginal charms and being aware also that I had heard her new mistress's recommendation to so strip herself, which would in turn suggest to me those charms which I had seen for the first time in the Snuggery.

I could see that when I returned from my honeymoon, there might well be a new acolyte ready to sacrifice upon the altars of Venus and Priapus. And on such a happy note I prepared to depart upon my honeymoon, knowing that when I returned, the honeymoon might well be perpetuated by amorous badinage and conspiratorial carnal adventurings!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I need not bore you with too detailed an account of the vagaries and the journeyings which befell sweet Alice and myself during our honeymoon. Briefly, we were wed in the afternoon and repaired to a tasty little supper-reception which was held at Alice's apartment. Marion and her maid Kay were there, as were of course charming Fanny and Mrs. Blunt and Wilhelmina. Doubtless if I had sent a notice of our wedding to Molly Bashe, she might herself have appeared in the company of Miss Julia Denton. I had not told Alice of this magical afternoon which you, my reader, vicariously shared with me, because I foresaw that if it should be repeated, Alice would then take an active part for the greater enjoyment of all concerned. And I wished the dear girl to think that I had been continent all during her absence as well as during this period prior to our wedlock.

That night, we embarked upon a steamer bound for Naples, and that night in our cabin I formally became Alice's lord and master, adored and adoring husband and ably satisfying lover. I was not really cross with my darling for having imposed upon me the vow of chastity, because I discovered it entirely worthwhile that my furiously pent-up passions had been stored all for her, and I can assure you that she was left gasping upon her pillow by the time we sought the arms of Morpheus rather than each other's!

The week-long trip left us little to do except to eat, sun ourselves upon the promenade deck, and at night, enjoying the bounty which dear Venus grants spouse and consort as well as sweetheart and lover - for were we not all these in ourselves to each other?

We spent three days in Naples, two in Florence, and another four in Rome, and decided to spend three days in the countryside as we had both agreed. There my adorable Alice became a forest nymph in a sylvan glade and, blushing removing all her garments, waded into a stream with myself after her. The squeals and giggles and soft hushed sounds of kisses and of passionate embraces followed, as our dripping bodies wrestled upon the bank of that fortuitous stream, and we felt as if we had

been reincarnated back in time through the eons to become Pan and forest nymph indeed.

It was on our last night in the little inn where we had commandeered the best set of rooms that Alice and I lay in bed naked, she with her hand upon my already limpened cock, seeking to restore to it its powers so that we might for the third time embark upon the wonderful voyage to Cythera of which we mortals never tire, and I with my lips paying tribute to a dark-rosy tumescent nipplebud, reveling in the sweet smell and taste of my Alice, all of whose secrets I had explored and found as new and inviting as on that first time in the Snuggery.

"Jack dearest," she breathed into my ear, as her other hand caressed my cheek, "Are you sorry you married me?"

"What a question to ask!"

"But I do mean it. You know, you had me without marriage and you could have always had me without this. Now you will have to be a dutiful husband and obey all the laws which a natural wife will exact from you."

"Not quite all, my love," I laughed softly. "Because you are not and never will be the model and conventional kind of wife who berates her husband if he so much as dares to look at another woman. I will be faithful you, yes, and this you may expect as my pledge, but I will not always be continent, for you alone. Yet I promise that you shall share all my joys, because you are now flesh of my flesh and body of my body."

"Why, I think I like that better than the marriage vows, sir," Alice giggled as she gave my prickhead an adorable little squeeze which nearly brought the life back then and there. "Do you know what I'm really longing to do when we get back?"

"I can hardly imagine," I laughed softly.

"I want to see Connie and Wilhelmina tied up and made to love each other, as you made Fanny and me do in that dreadful den of yours, Jack!" she declared.

"Well, to be truthful with you Alice, I have been thinking of just such an eventuality myself. You know that when we found that Connie was not a virgin, we knew that she had been married but a brief time to an elderly

husband whose nature could not stand her passionate young beauty. But we never did decide, nor did Connie tell us whether she lost her sweet hymen to that elderly mate or whether by some other happier circumstance she entered upon the state of womanhood."

"And I know something else, sir," Alice added with mock gravity as she now slid her soft little hand down to my balls and began to tickle them. "You would like very much to flog and fuck that pretty Wilhelmina, wouldn't you, Jack?"

"I should be a liar if I said no, my darling," I told her truthfully.

"That tricky little wench is grateful to you because you found her that post with Mrs. Blunt," Alice said thoughtfully. "But I'm not going to stand by helplessly and watch her cuckold me in my own house. You will have her and her mistress over after a week or two upon our return to England, darling, and I propose to take a hand with Wilhelmina's saucy bottom. I hurt that very hand smacking it, as you will recall and you had all the pleasure of giving her the birch. This time, sir, things are going to be different in this household!"

She thrust out her lower lip, and she looked so deliciously defiant that I could not help rolling her over and giving her plump ivory bottom a hard little smack. Whereupon she squealed, wriggled round onto her back and drew me down to her, and by then, I must admit, I was prepared for the journey as if I had never made it before on that sweet night of nights...

But we had not once touched on the subject of Marion, and I was waiting for Alice to propound the topic. On our way back on the steamer, the same one by the way that had brought us to our land of romantic honeymooning, we took further joy of each other and got better to understand each other's whims and foibles. No, I was not sorry that I had given up my liberty to wed my Alice. She had none of the exasperating faults which many lesser women do; she did not snore, and that was a great blessing! Even with her hair tumbled on her ivory bosom, her limbs sprawled, and her lips parted with slumber full upon her, she looked so irresistibly fuckable that I knew I should not tire of putting thought into action. And now that she had become a full-fledged voluptuary and shared my amorous penchants, she would be partner as well as wife, helpmate as well as houri.

Thus in all our honeymoon lasted slightly over four weeks instead of the three we had originally planned, but I would not have changed it by one day. I knew that it would give Marion ample time to ponder how she should herself reveal to her sister the understanding that I had already tasted her widowed charms as well as the fresher and younger delights which saucy red-haired Kay had bestowed upon me after her chastisement.

And so we came home to our London, in a downpour of rain and heavy fog at Waterloo station. The fall season was upon us and then would come the winter, but to me this was as cheerful a prospect as the glorious sun and blue sky which we had enjoyed in Byron's Italy. Because, you see, when the weather is foul, such a milieu as the Snuggery takes on added luster, an exotic lure. I may even say that for a voluptuary who appreciates the tasty ramifications of female flesh as I do, there is no more pleasurable season in all the year than when it is bad weather outside and hot passionate climate inside!

Fanny had been staying at Alice's former apartment until our return, and she was there at the station to meet us with an umbrella, herself half drenched, but obviously delighted to see her mistress and master safely back.

We were able to find a cab to drive us to my quarters, and so we arrived late of an evening, only to find that dear thoughtful Fanny had anticipated our need and had ordered from Willoughby's a substantial and most fortifying hot supper, with a bottle of excellent hock as well as one of claret, to welcome us back in style.

Nothing would do but that she must share this feast with us, and I lifted my glass of claret to click against my wife's glass and then Fanny's, with the toast, "May all of us be together in good weather as in bad, in good times and poor, as ardently bound together in our friendship then as we are now!"

Once supper was over and the dishes out of the way, Alice became at once the mistress of the household. She demanded from Fanny an accounting of how the latter had kept her apartment during her absence and whether certain little errands which she had commissioned to do had been carried out.

Much to my delight, Fanny clapped a hand to her cheek and gasped, when Alice had remarked about one particular errand, "Oh, gracious, Miss Alice, that one I forgot, I do confess! I shall do it in the morning!"

"That you shall, you saucy vixen. But in the morning you shall execute that errand with a reddened bottom which you will receive here and now. Jack, since she is still my maid and not yours, sir, and since this order was given to her while I was becoming your wife and very nicely too!" this with a divine blush which made me chuckle, "I myself shall inflict Fanny's punishment."

Fanny glanced at me appealingly. "Oh, Mr. Jack," she entreated, "I shan't mind at all if you'll console me afterwards. Miss Alice hasn't punished me in over a month now, and I am afraid she will go to it very severely."

"If by that, Fanny," Alice tartly rejoined, "you are trying to seduce my husband, you are going to get not only a bottomsmacking, but a birching as well to teach you not to be so licentious. You will go into the Snuggery and prepare yourself. I'm going to take you over my lap and spank your big naked bottom with my hand first, and then we shall see what you deserve after that."

Fanny exhaled a long doleful sigh, once again glanced at me petitioningly, but I merely folded my arms and stared her down, until with still another sigh of rueful anticipation she rose and walked towards the Snuggery. Alice and I followed her, arm in arm, Alice pausing every so often to kiss me on the mouth and to whisper, "You'll be proud of me, dearest, you'll see! I've learned so much from you that now I must practice my technique so that I shan't disappoint you."

Just before we entered the Snuggery, she whispered to me, "If you are a very good boy, I may let you fuck Fanny tonight, but it will have to be on my terms, sir, for after all she still belongs to me!"

"I will not gainsay your right, my adorable wife," I laughed.

So Fanny's fate was sealed, but I suspected it would not be one to cause her much anguish - at least not the last part of it!

My blood was beginning to heat in my veins, and with good reason. Fanny was a distinctly pretty girl, tall, slenderly but sturdily built, with a

superbly developed figure. She had a slightly turned-up nose and dark flashing eyes which gave her face a saucy look. And in her manner of speaking, her actions in movement, her entire personality, this sauciness was predominant, while her dark hair and rich coloring of skin indicated a warm-blooded and very passionate temperament - attributes which as you well know I had already discovered for my happy self.

"How do you wish me, Miss Alice?" Fanny now turned to my wife with a downcast look, though her bosom was heaving and her cheeks were already deliciously flushed, indicating that she was not too apprehensive over what was to follow.

Alice gave me a glance and then a wink, and firmly replied: "Absolutely naked, Miss, except for your stockings and garters and your shoes. And be quick about it, because my hand is itching for that backside of yours!"

Fanny's blushes intensified as she hastily began to divest her pretty maid's costume, removing her vest and chemise and finally her drawers, and standing in black stockings rising to midhigh and held there by satin-elastic garters with coquettish little flounces, and her trim buttoned shoes. As for myself, the very sight of that mass of dark curling moss-like hair which covered Fanny's cunt stirred my prick to fond remembrance and to longing that this remembrance should be revived by once again testing Fanny's sweet inner dimensions with the measuring staff of my rigid prick.

Fanny's lusciously rounded half-moons and her plump womanly thighs and saucily rounded calves regaled my roving eyes, and I did not try to hide my state of erection. Alice glanced at it and gave me another naughty wink, then seized Fanny by the wrist and led her over to a bench on which she seated herself, forcing her naked maid to drape herself across her lap.

"Jack, come here, I want you," she called to me, and I hastened to approach.

"Now then, Fanny, you will suck and lick my husband's cock while you clasp your hands behind your back, you naughty girl, but you'll go very slowly so as not to make him come because I want him first. If you bungle this, I shall really take a birch and thrash your wicked backside until it is black and blue!"

I made haste to open my breeches and to present my furiously rampant organ to blushing Fanny's ministrations. She took the tip between her lips and began to nuzzle softly while Alice, grasping her clasped wrists with her own left hand, raised her right and began to spank Fanny's naked bottom with gusto.

Fanny gasped and squirmed and wriggled and kicked up her prettily stockinged legs from time to time, but she did not struggle in resistance as she kept breathing and mouthing the tip of my prick all the while.

By the time she had had about forty slaps, her ivory bottom was a fiery red and she twisted and squirmed herself about, grinding her furry pussy against Alice's thighs with evident excitement.

Now Alice told her to get up and to kneel on all fours beside the large couch to which, one happy afternoon, Fanny had been bound and spread-eagled for me to fuck at Alice's own conspiratorial arrangement. The large settee-couch was specially equipped for this, and I watched Alice eagerly to see if this was what she intended to do. But instead she swiftly divested herself of her dressing gown and, stark naked and adorably beautiful, flung herself down on her back on the settee, couch and beckoned to me.

In a moment I was deep inside her sheath, which was already moist and tightening with love, as she clasped me ferociously with her arms and legs and arched and twisted under me until our spasm passed deliriously.

Now Fanny was summoned to lie on her back, and her wrists and ankles were made fast to the two top corners and the lower ones. Alice then touched the levers which I had indicated to her sometime before, and Fanny's legs were straddled a full yard apart, while her arms were tractioned and spread equally wide.

The magnificent nakedness of her ivory body was tautly presented, but Alice now shoved a cushion under her behind, pinching her nipples until Fanny squealed and arched herself up to permit this.

"Now then, Jack, I am going to prepare you to fuck Fanny," my wife whispered to me as she went down on her knees, fondled my organ and

began to flick her dainty pink tongue against the quivering tip of my ramrod.

I can assure you it did not take long to reinvigorate me for this task, what with Alice's Frenching me and my eyes remaining all the while on Fanny's straddled helpless naked body, watching those luscious round titties rise and fall in the violent upheaval of her emotions. Her stinging naked bottom was pressing against the couch, and it was obvious that her own emotions were furiously excited by this time.

When Alice judged that I was hard enough to service Fanny, she slapped me on the bottom and urged, "Now give it to her good, and after that she shall have the rest of her smacking!"

"Oh, Miss Alice, not more, please, not after this!" Fanny wailed.

I was already astride my beautiful wife's maid, and in a trice my prick was buried to the hilt inside her tight warm moist cunt, and she began to moan and sob, "Oh, sir, oh it's so good - oh, Mr. Jack, I'm in heaven, oh do it to me good - ooh - aah - ooooh!"

Alice allowed Fanny a reprieve to get her breath and to rouse herself from the sweet languor into which this vigorous fucking had plunged her. Then she handed me a little switch and said, "I have decided that you shall switch Fanny's legs and stomach while I kneel over her and get her to excite me so you can fuck me a sweet goodnight, darling Jack!"

Was ever man blessed with so cooperative and inventive a wife as I!

Bending over the couch, I flicked the little thin switch Alice had handed me over Fanny's inner thighs and belly, drawing frantic wriggles and squeals from the naked beauty. Alice, meanwhile, squatting down over Fanny's face, pinched her nipples and forced her to gamahuch her until my darling wife was so roused that she hurried over to me and took hold of my cock and panted, "I must have him now, darling, I simply must!"

And thus our first night back in London was spent in spending, and I had begun my husbandly harem by acquiring sweet Fanny as a loveslave to service both my beloved wife and myself!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

So a new life began for me, householder, husband and master of a beautiful, passionate young wife and her flirtatious and seductive maid. For ten full days I enjoyed the conclusion of my honeymoon in my own home terrain, without interruption. However, about the seventh afternoon, a messenger rang my bell to bring me a note from none other than Molly Bashe, and at a most inopportune moment. I was only in my dressing robe and slippers, and I was wiling away a very rainy and dreary afternoon in the most delightful of fashions: namely, having charming Fanny spread-eagled on the settee-couch on her belly with sweet Alice seated with yawning thighs and clad only in her hose and vest, her mossy lovegarden proffered to Fanny's adoring mouth whilst Alice's fingers entwined in her maid's hair, leaving me the clear field of Fanny's luscious bottom and thighs to smack with a battledore until the dear girl agreed to let me introduce my organ into the tender and furtive little orifice between her buttocks.

I have not often performed this oblique and backward tribute to Venus, but it was my own dear wife who so naughtily suggested it. Fanny at once began to wring her hands and implore mercy, swearing it would never go in, whereupon Alice had immediately sentenced Fanny to a sound smacking to overcome her misgivings and also to punish her for impertinence towards her mistress.

No, dear reader, far, from being disgruntled over my loss of bachelor freedom, it appeared to me that, if the first days of wedlock were any omen upon my own home grounds, I should look forward to a riotously ecstatic existence, where my only problem would be to summon up sufficient energy to share among the lovely members of my willing harem!

I tipped the messenger at once and put Molly's message into the pocket of my gown, then hurried back to the Snuggery. Fanny was still squirming and wriggling and sobbing, but all the same she was gamahuching Alice most enthusiastically as I entered and once again cast off my robe to evince my manhood, which was in violent erection.

"What was that, darling?" Alice panted, while she twisted her fingers in Fanny's hair and forced her lovely maid to use her tongue into that pink gape which was so dear to me.

"A message requesting that I visit an old friend, dear," I glibly responded, "and I sent back word that of course I was otherwise occupied."

"I rather think you would," Alice slyly responded with a giggle. "Now keep on smacking Fanny's bottom soundly, darling, because I am dying to see you bugger her!"

"It appears, my charming wife, that you have become a very aggressive sadist, if the truth be known. Poor Fanny will have to endure the pangs of the flights of your fancy, it would appear," I laughed.

I took up the battledore, seated myself on the edge of the settee-couch and began to smack those lusciously rounded nether cheeks, already flaming from my previous attentions. Fanny began to arch and wriggle and squirm, rubbing her pussy to and fro against the thick upholstery of this couch of captivity, and I suspected that she was not entirely displeased with the sensations received both fore and aft, judging from her moans and sighs and little whimpering gasps as well as from her frantically hurried looks over her beautiful ivory shoulders at my flush and intent face.

It was really a charming sight to behold this dark-haired vivacious maid lying on her belly with her legs straddled hugely to give access to her most intimate parts, her arms equally drawn well apart and fixed immutably to the other end of the couch, while my own dear wife in vest and stockings and her beauty bare from waist to mid thigh, crouched on her knees and lifted up Fanny's head by dint of twisting her fingers in Fanny's hair to force our lovely maid to gamahuch her.

"Maybe you should use a birch rod, her bottom is so big and hard," Alice said tauntingly.

"Ohh, Mr. Jack, please don't do that, sir!" Fanny tearfully begged, "That awful smacking is making my poor bottom terribly sore, truly it is!"

"In that case, you naughty girl, tell your master that you are ready for him to bugger you, and maybe he will spare you the rod," was Alice's rejoinder.

To add more persuasive eloquence to my lovely wife's argument, I applied four or five stinging whacks of the battledore right across both flaming globes, bridging the mysteriously shadowy crease whose hidden temple I was intended to profane, and Fanny's hips lunged and swerved in every direction as she squealed her pangs of woe:

"OWWW! Ahhhh, oh don't, sir I'll do it, I'll let you do it to me, oh please don't smack my poor bottom any more and I'll obey!"

"That's being very sensible, Fanny," Alice told her, "But don't forget you have a duty to perform on me, your mistress, too. Now you just keep kissing and licking me until I come, or I'll have Mr. Jack take the birch after all when he'd done bugging you. Go ahead, darling, I'm just dying to see how you're going to do it to her!"

She relaxed her grip in Fanny's hair to permit her charming maid to look round and study - not without apprehension - my manoeuvres. I took a jar of cold cream which I had already in advance brought out and put upon a tabouret, opened it and daubed a goodly amount over my stiff prick, from tip to balls. Then, pressing open Fanny's buttocks with my left thumb and median finger, I anointed the puckering and shrinking little rosette of her tender arsehole, whereupon she uttered plaintive sighs and gasps and finally a stammered supplication, "Ohh, s-sir, please be very gentle, I'm so afraid! Don't hurt me, I'll be a good girl!"

"I shall try my best, my lovely Fanny, not to make your first experience in the kingdom of Sodom too anguishing a one, and I shall solace you immediately thereafter," I promised.

Now grasping the cheeks of her flaming bottom and forcing them gently and slowly apart, I proffered the tip of my prong to the shrinking crevice, and gently introduced the tip just past the ring of sphincter muscles. There I halted, while Fanny groaned and sobbed and squirmed in the most capricious and salacious manner, and all these nippings and clippings of her agile anal ring against the imbedded tip of my ramrod caused me the most indescribable thrilling sensations I had ever known.

Much of this, I will agree, was due to the beauty and the salacity of the tableau: I faced my wife, whose thin vest could not conceal the panting rondures of her magnificent bosom, with her dark-fleeced cunt gaping and pink and glistening from Fanny's lips and tongue. I had there before me the stretched-out, spread-eagled naked body of lovely Fanny, whose buttocks were crimson from my own smacking, and whose deeply hollowed back shivered and rippled with myriad tremors. And the anguished look on that saucy face as she turned her head back towards me whetted my carnal appetites immeasurably.

I thrust a little farther, and Fanny squealed: "Oh sir, no more, oh I can't bear it, truly I can't, sir! Oh do have mercy and birch me instead, I know I shall die!"

"You little fool, you silly goose," Alice chided her, "get back to your work, for I am midway between heaven and hell, and you shall finish me off before he finishes you, Fanny, or I'll know the reason why!"

Giving a yank to Fanny's hair, she made the sobbing lovely naked maid return to gamahuching, whilst I took advantage of this intervention to thrust a little deeper this time, until I was halfway into Fanny's tender rectal channel.

It was all I could do to hold back my vital juices, so violently potent were the contractions of sweet Fanny's nether sheath, so I closed my eyes and ground my teeth and waited until I had regained some measure of control before I essayed the final half of that journey deep into the temple of Sodom.

And when at last I had reached it, Alice was near her spend, but now both her hands gripped Fanny by the latter's dainty little ears as she forced the poor girl's face deep into her cunt and wriggled and squirmed and groaned aloud till finally her body shuddered in the violent earthquake of completion. Seeing and hearing all this drew my essence deep and bubblingly into Fanny's bowels, and we all three expired with delight... for to appease the sweet and docile maid, I had slid my right hand between her straddled legs and my forefinger had found the tender button of her utmost sensitivity, frigging it until she too attained the most furious of climaxes.

But that same night, as I was reading the Times, sweet Alice emerged from the sitting room where she had undoubtedly been consoling dear Fanny, with whom she had been reading a new novel by a young aspiring writer by the name of Galsworthy. In her hand she was waving a folded note, and when I recognized the telltale lavender paper, I gulped and was nonplussed for a moment.

"So this, sir, is the visitor who wished to see you and whom you rebuffed, is it?" she declared, her large eyes sparkling with anger. "Miss Molly Bashe, indeed! I thought we had seen the last of that high-flown bitch when Connie and Fanny and I paid her and her mother off for trying to hook you as a husband! And here you are making overtures to her!"

"Now just a moment, my dear," I heard myself saying, with a fatalistic kind of awareness that my stereotyped remark had probably been uttered by every well-meaning husband since the year One. "There is an explanation for all this, and if you will quiet down a bit, I shall give it to you."

"It had best be convincing, Jack, or you shan't sleep with me tonight, you wicked, villainous seducer you! What went on between you and Molly Bashe? It must have happened during the week I was away."

"That is exactly when it did happen, my love," I remarked. "But..."

"Then you do admit that you saw her and you probably, knowing you as I do, fucked her too, didn't you?" Alice was working herself up into a veritable passion.

"Will you allow me to explain, and without raising your voice, darling?"

"Do so, but be quick about it! Otherwise tonight I shall sleep with Fanny, and maybe for the next night, and then after that too, until I think that you have been sufficiently punished for cheating as soon as I was out of town!"

"Now you have fallen into several errors, which are going to turn the tables and earn you a chastisement, Alice," I chuckled. "Primarily, when you were away that week, we were not yet at the point of my asking you to do me the honor of becoming my beloved wife. Isn't that true?"

"Well, yes, but..." Alice grumbled.

"But that is the actual truth. In the second place, I swear I had no thoughts except for your return when one afternoon there was a knock at my door, and there stood Miss Bashe and a friend of hers named Julia Denton. What did the forward young minx do but entreat me, taking me to one side, to involve her and her companion in one of the little dramas that take place in our beloved Snuggery. Miss Bashe gave me to understand that she had found a secret delight in being humiliated and thrashed and fucked, and that her friend, having just been jilted and being most unhappy, was also possessed of a secret yearning to be mastered and taken. What could I do but accommodate them?"

"You rogue! And you didn't tell me one word of this until just now, because I trapped you when I found this note in your gown!"

"Which you ought not really to have done, my dear. That implies distrust, and at such an early stage in our marriage, an attitude like that is very unwholesome. But we will forget it all..."

"I am not so sure I will!" Alice defiantly retorted.

"So be it. But if you wish, I shall grant Molly and her friend a return engagement, and you shall be present to hold them to a strict accounting of our new relationship together if you wish," I promised.

And so Alice was mollified and crept into my arms, and presently into my bed where we spent the most delightful of nights.

Yet for the first time the seed of discord had been sown. I could only wonder what would happen when Alice discovered that Marion, far from detesting me, had herself effected a most tender and burning reconciliation!

CHAPTER NINETEEN

But after this one altercation which was the first rift in the lute of marital bliss, my life with sweet Alice took on a most radiant aspect. It appeared that my young wife was most jealous of me, even so far as Fanny was concerned, for she meted out those moments when the pretty, dark-haired maid should have the privilege of sharing our connubial couch or bed, and invariably she saw to it that Fanny solaced her rather more than me. I offered no argument to this state of affairs, for I was thinking that the time would soon be ripe to have Connie and her Wilhelmina present in the Snuggery for our pleasure. Marion too had stayed away, though she had sent a note by messenger to welcome us back to London after our honeymoon and to wish us every happiness.

Meanwhile, at the end of about the second week after our return from Italy, Alice and I paid a visit to Connie Blunt to see how she and Wilhelmina were faring. Golden-haired Connie expressed herself as enchanted with the young maid's prompt docility and eagerness to please, so I slyly asked, once Wilhelmina was out of the room, "By that do you mean that she provides some tender amorous joys for you, my dear Connie?"

"Oh my gracious, no, Jack!" Connie gasped and blushed. "She is much too innocent. I had not even thought of her in that way."

"But I have," Alice interposed with a naughty wink at me. "I should like to find out more of what happened to her at the orphanage."

"I have asked her several times, dear Alice, but she has shown a great reluctance to discuss it."

"Perhaps," I proposed, "under the persuasive threat of a good smacking or a birching, she might be induced to be more frank about her past. And you, Connie, did you not miss me?"

"Now that is a fine question to ask another woman in your wife's presence, sir," Alice's eyes flashed with anger, but when she saw me smile she couldn't help laughing, and in a spirit of amicable friendship, held out both hands to dear Connie, who squeezed them and flung

herself into Alice's arms. "Oh, I could just eat you up, Connie dear!" Alice breathed.

Connie slowly disengaged her hands and stepped back, blushing divinely down to her throat and even to her dainty little ears. I remembered how we, Alice and Fanny and myself, had secured Mrs. Blunt and stripped her and fondled and felt her until she had finally yielded to her first real fucking - only to have me make the discovery that she was not a virgin, something which an earlier fingering had already suggested.

"I tell you what, Connie, why don't you bring Wilhelmina round tomorrow afternoon to visit us?" Alice now proposed in a gay voice. "Are you sure that she has been so good you have no reason to wish her punished?"

"I really can't think of anything, Alice dear," Connie retorted.

"Well, if you can't, I shall," Alice said with determination. And so it was agreed...

The next afternoon at two promptly, the bell rang and Fanny admitted Mrs. Blunt and Wilhelmina. The latter wore a lacy maid's cap, a black skirt and white blouse, black lisle stockings, and dainty shoes with little ribbon bows at the instep. I observed that she had let her hair grow longer now, so that the troublingly mannish look which she had had when we first encountered her as a pseudo-waiter from Willoughby's was gone. Her hair was neatly piled in a round bun at the back of her head, leaving her nape and ears bare. But it gave her quite a charmingly saucy mien, all the same.

I had already apprised Fanny what was going to take place this afternoon, and the charming girl could hardly wait to be reunited with lovely Connie Blunt again. Connie wore this afternoon a pink long dress which did wonders for her pearly-white, deliciously dazzling skin, and I found that the bodice was even more audacious than she generally wore, indicating that doubtless she was as impatient to be reunited with us who had initiated her into the voluptuous mysteries of Life and Love as we were to augment her erotic education.

Fanny served tea, and cast Connie many ardent looks from under her thick curly lashes, which made the delicious young widow blush again.

"I am happy to see you again, Wilhelmina," I now remarked, "and I trust that you are feeling more secure in your new situation and that you and Mrs. Blunt are at least good friends."

"Oh yes, sir!" the charming young girl responded in that inimitably husky voice which never failed to set the blood coursing hotly through my veins.

"Why, that is good news, my dear girl," I said generously. "I am happy that things turned out so well, aren't you, my beloved wife?"

"Perhaps," Alice said with a sniff of disdain, "but Wilhelmina still owes me three pounds, you know."

"Alice," I chided lovingly, "you are being petty. I am sure that she paid for that when we chastised her."

Now Wilhelmina's face was as crimson as Connie's had been a little while ago, and she looked down at the floor as if wishing herself leagues under it.

"Tell me, Connie dear," Alice drawled, "are you certain that your new maid has been properly disciplined, and that she performs all your orders without argument and question?"

"Well, not exactly," Connie giggled, with an arched glance at me, "because I have persistently asked her to tell me about the orphanage, and she keeps silent on that score."

"Oh, Mrs. Blunt, please, you really mustn't ask me about that! I beg you not to!" came from Wilhelmina.

"Revolt in the ranks!" I laughingly observed as I rose with a gesture to Alice and at Fanny to hold themselves in readiness. "I think perhaps we had best thresh matters out. Come along, Connie, and tell your maid to accompany us."

"Oh, what-what do you mean, sir?" Wilhelmina stammered.

"I mean, my girl," I said sternly, "that you are at last going to tell us the truth about your origin."

"No, I shan't! You have no right to pry anymore! I paid my penalty, and I'm working for Mrs. Blunt and - oh do let go of me, sir - it's wrong - oh please - don't do this!" Wilhelmina cried as now Fanny and I and Alice seized her by the arms and elbows and dragged her toward the Snuggery, with Connie following.

But once we were inside, and once we had swiftly bound Wilhelmina's wrists to the pulley ropes dangling from the ceiling, the three of us as a united household now turned upon the golden-haired young widow.

"And you, Connie," Alice said greedily, "still have a score to settle with me. Dear Jack and I both wish to know how it was that, for all your professions of maidenly innocence, we discovered that you were not a virgin at all, you naughty girl! Seize her, Fanny, and hoist her alongside Wilhelmina!"

"I have a still better idea," I chuckled. "Move that lever so that the other set of pulley ropes will dangle exactly in front of Wilhelmina, and we shall have maid and mistress opposite each other for a reckoning!"

"A capital idea, my darling," Alice approved.

And so it was. A few minutes later, Connie Blunt found herself with her arms dragged high above her head standing in front of her own maid, while Fanny and Alice were swiftly disrobing the two young women.

This was not done without shrieks and cries and pleas from both of them, but I was obdurate in the matter. I wished only to preside as a kind of arbiter, and render impartial justice.

Alice herself was stripping Wilhelmina, while Fanny lovingly disrobed the young widow. Connie wore a corset, a chemise and vest, and when her drawers were removed she stood in stockings and garters and her shoes, a wealth of disorderly golden hair tumbling on her panting bosom, her face scarlet. Meanwhile, I drank in with my eyes her tall slender naked figure, uninterrupted from mid-thigh to her updrawn hands, and that enforced attitude displaying to perfection the voluptuous curves of her hips, her luscious haunches, her magnificently rounded bottom and shapely legs. But what a pearly, delicious skin she had, and the contrast of those full juicy buttocks as against the delicious little titties which stood naughtily out with their coral nipples protruding and stiff as they

quivered and palpitated on her heaving bosom! And then the round smooth belly with its adorable niche like a jewel in the center, and over the soft cunt a thickly clustering mass of silky, curly, golden-brown hairs hiding the soft pink lips which I myself had explored and found to be tight and grudging in their yielding to my ramrod but, alas for Connie's sweet sanctity, not virginal!

"Oh, aren't they lovely, Miss Alice!" Fanny enthused, her eyes sparkling.

"Indeed they are, but Wilhelmina is mine," said my young and beautiful wife. Then she looked at me and said sternly, "Jack, let us go make ourselves more comfortable so that we can deal with these wicked girls! Fanny, go find two feathers, you'll find them in the chest back in the corner there, and get them ready. They are going to be tickled and smacked, and maybe many things more, until we learn the truth about them both!"

So saying, Alice crooked her arm through mine, and led me off into our dressing room, where each of us with eager hands undressed the other until my darling wife was naked but for her hose and garters and her button shoes, over which she at once put a negligee of red satin that was most becoming. Indeed, I was almost tempted to forget the two occupants of the Snuggery and to take my wife to bed then and there for the rest of the day. But that would be to eschew the luscious temptations awaiting us both. I myself put on only a dressing gown and slippers, and then we went back as a happily married couple should to share the pleasures which awaited us.

Fanny had already procured the long downy feathers, one in each hand, and was awaiting us. When she saw how summarily we were dressed, she exclaimed, "Oh, won't you let me undress too, Miss Alice?"

"You may do so at once, Fanny, but hurry back," Alice retorted. "Hand me those feathers at once!"

"Oh dear, what are they going to do to us, Mrs. Blunt?" Wilhelmina Ponsonby sobbed.

"I'm afraid, Wilhelmina," Connie replied with a languorous sigh, and a glance over her shoulder at me which indicated that she was not particularly angry with me for having reduced her to such a naked and

helpless state, "that there is nothing we can do about it except obey them."

"That is sound advice, Willy," I chuckled.

But now Alice had planted herself behind the lovely young maid and was busy rasping both feathers over the young girl's bottom, pausing occasionally to reach under Wilhelmina's milky posterior to caress her cunt.

"Darling, why don't you find out if she is a nice girl or not?" Alice now demanded of me.

I did not need a second invitation, believe me! In a trice, I stood at their sides as they faced each other, and putting my left hand out toward Wilhelmina's cunt, I prodded my forefinger through the thick fleece of her pubis and towards the dainty shell-pink lips of her cunny.

With a cry, she backed away, but Alice had shifted both feathers to her left hand and rewarded that maneuver with a furious open-handed smack that made Wilhelmina squeal and lunge forward to rub her pussy against Connie's.

"Now you are going to tell me the truth for once and for all, Wilhelmina," I ordered. "What actually happened in that orphanage?"

"Oh please, sir, I'm so ashamed, I don't dare tell you!" Wilhelmina sobbed.

Then she shrieked, and wriggled and tried to jerk herself away, for my stealthy forefinger had crept between the lips of her pussy and was digging inward until I came up against - nothing. Wilhelmina Ponsonby was definitely not a virgin!"

Meanwhile, Alice, quite excited and irate, was applying quick and stinging and noisy smacks to the lovely pale milky cheeks of Wilhelmina's bottom, driving the young girl forward against my finger, which continued to dig up to the hilt inside her tender tight but definitely unvirgined cunt.

"Oww! Oh dear, oh please, Miss Alice, don't smack me so hard! I'll tell you - oh please, sir, take your finger out of there, I want to die of shame - oh, Mrs. Blunt, what must you think of me!" our lovely Willy cried.

But I kept my finger deep inside of her, as I warned her, "If you don't start to talk at once, I shall have my wife take a birch to your bare posterior, my girl."

And so she made no further protest over where my finger was, but she looked back frantically over her shoulder to see whether Alice was in reality procuring a birch for her stinging and smarting bottom. Then she sobbed, her face downcast and her head bowed, "I did come from the orphanage, it's true... but that dreadful man who ran the place... until finally I couldn't stand it anymore, because the matron was taking me into a cell all the time and giving me the strap or the birch. And so I - I let him h-h-have me... that's the truth, sir, oh forgive me!"

So that would explain lovely Wilhelmina's disguise into the more untouchable costume of a male and also her aversion to whipping, to say nothing of her distress when my forefinger had traversed her sheath and found no obstruction to halt its inroads!

"Come now, Alice dear," I chuckled, "you can see that Wilhelmina is not the naughty undisciplined girl you have always believed her to be. She was a victim of a cruel and lecherous man in an institution to which she was bound by legal decree. If she stole that money, it was only so that she might feed herself and perhaps find some way of reaching London, far from that brute's clutches. Be tolerant, Alice, and forgive!"

"I will, on condition that Connie tells you who took her cherry," was Alice's delightful answer.

"Well, Connie, I'm afraid you're for it!" I chuckled. "Will you tell me, or must I birch it out of you?"

With this, going to the corner and taking one of the rods out of the brine bucket, I returned to the two naked young beauties who stood there, so close that the tips of their titties were practically brushing together, and who were shivering and squirming in a most naughtily and lubricious manner.

Laying the rod across Connie's lovely milky hips, I demanded sternly, "The truth, Mrs. Blunt! Was it your husband who fucked you or did you take a lover on the side?"

With this I gave her a playful swish across the middle of her bottomcheeks, and Connie lunged forward against Wilhelmina, grinding her pussy to her maid's, while she sobbed, "Oh, Jack, please don't whip me, I'll tell you, of course I'll tell you! It was my husband's secretary... on our wedding night, my poor husband couldn't have - well, he couldn't do it at all, and he tried to hard and he nearly had a heart attack then. And he tried several more nights, and wasn't any use. And I was getting so terribly nervous and embarrassed, that when I went back to bed I stood out in the hall for a minute, and there came his secretary, a very nice young man with black hair and the most courteous manners in the world. And I pretended that my door was locked and I couldn't get the key out, and he came to help me, and then he took me to bed and - and that's how it happened, Jack, and that's the truth!"

"Why you naughty girl," Alice giggled, "cheating on your own husband practically the first week of your marriage! Jack, I think that deserves a good bottom-smacking, don't you?"

"I tell you what," I now proposed. "We shall let both these charming young women make love to each other, while we chastise them to heat their blood. Not cruelly, but in a way that will excite them. You take Wilhelmina, and I shall content myself very readily with Connie."

And thus it was done. As Alice stood behind Wilhelmina Ponsonby and applied her open palm to the lovely young girl's squirming bottom and as I, my prick growing harder by the moment, smacked Connie Blunt's delicious and jouncy bottom till she sobbed and groaned and begged me not to hurt her any longer, each of us felt a yearning for the other, while poor Fanny, who had little to do except watch, was stealthily frigging herself, half-turned away from us and standing in a corner.

Presently it was seen that under my smacks, Connie Blunt began to grind her pussy wildly against her young maid's, so I called to Alice to redouble her smacks and make the pretty maid share in the fun.

And this Wilhelmina and Connie Blunt came to a new and more tender understanding of each other, and I had no doubt that henceforth the two of them would be inseparable, as indeed they turned out to be...

Now finally I must tell you how it came about that Marion and my wife discovered that each of them had had a share of my affections and that I had not fully lost my taste for Alice's older sister's charms.

About a week after Connie and her maid Wilhelmina had gone back to their own special domestic bliss, Marion herself rang our doorbell and appeared in her large hat and elegant frock and cape to call upon us formally as my sister-in-law and to inquire how her dear sister was enjoying the fruits of marriage.

Fanny made tea for all of us, and served it very demurely. I said nothing, except for an occasional polite comment, for I knew that both sisters had much to talk about.

Finally I decided to withdraw to find my pipe, and excused myself. Fanny remained, although she sent amorous glances in my direction. The naughty minx was experiencing, it would appear, a little too much discipline from her mistress, who would not of late let her come to my bed or to share our transports or our secret little love-games, and doubtless felt herself neglected, as against the happy days when I was a bachelor and could solace her without too much scolding from her adorable mistress.

Marion leaned back, glancing at me surreptitiously, as she addressed herself to her sister: "Well, my dear, I sincerely hope that you and Jack are happy. You know that I once stood in the way of such a match, but I can see now from your lovely face that he has been very good to you."

"Of course he has, Marion! But don't tell me that you've come here hoping that you were right after all," Alice said somewhat sarcastically.

"Of course not, Alice. I can be a good loser too," Marion said.

I frowned at her, because that was exactly the wrong thing to say.

"Loser?" Alice echoed, then turned to me with a blank expression on her lovely face. "Why, whatever do you mean, Marion? What have you lost?"

"Nothing," Marion hastily amended, "what I meant was that apparently I have gained a brother-in-law."

"I don't quite like your use of the word 'gained,' my dear sister," Alice vexedly declared. "Unless you have completely changed your personality, I can't understand your now being so sweet to Jack, when you always told me that you detested him."

"Now, now, my dear," I thought it best to interpose at this point, "I am sure that Marion has come here in a good forgiving spirit, and I for one am willing to extend to her the hand of friendship and to promise her that she need never fear as to the duration and felicity of our marriage."

"That's exactly it, Jack," Marion eagerly proffered.

"I don't understand all this," Alice said suspiciously, "but I am beginning to think that each of you is a little too eager to convince me of something that I wasn't even thinking about. Now then, Marion, exactly what is on your mind? You've always told me that Jack was the wrong man for me, and all of a sudden you are so sweet and loving that it positively sickening. I know that you my older sister" - here she pronounced the word "older" in a very disparaging way - "but all the same, give me credit for some intelligence to pick a man who is financially well off and certainly a wonderful and devoted lover."

"I'm sure he is," Marion blushed, which was again the wrong thing for her to do. "I suppose, Alice, I was unhappy because of my divorce, and it was sour grapes that led me to warn you against Jack. Perhaps I was envious. Will you not forgive me and start afresh?"

"I'm not so sure I want to," Alice grandiosely declared. "You have always lorded it over me, Marion, and now all of a sudden you come here with the conciliatory tactics of a diplomat. I warrant, Marion, I am at a loss to understand you."

"But seeing you here both so happy," Marion pursued, "I realised how wrong I had been. Perhaps there will be happiness for me with someone else, and then I shall not be so envious."

I glanced up at the ceiling, calling upon Providence to solve this dilemma, which was going from bad to worse. Marion had absolutely, to

use a vulgar phrase, put her foot into it, and Alice was sharp enough to take her up at once, for my beautiful wife now tartly remarked, "I see! Then by that am I to understand that you were envious of Jack in the past? Now we have it coming out, as the truth always will!"

"You are misinterpreting me, Alice," Marion complained.

"I am doing nothing of the sort, I am just trying to understand what you are trying to say to me. Wait - is it possible that you have discovered a secret passion for my husband of a sudden, and have come here to find out whether perhaps he may not be discontented with me so that you can put in an offer for yourself?" Alice declaimed.

"Oh, Alice, that's unworthy of you!" Marion gasped, but she blushed even more violently than ever.

"You are giving yourself away, Marion, every time you open your mouth!" my lovely wife discerningly remarked, and her voice was on edge, which boded no good for Marion. "There must have been something between you. Wait a bit, just as with that note from Molly Bashe, when I was gone from London, can it be - oh no, it's unthinkable! Jack, I insist that you say the final word! Have you seen my sister during my absence - before I returned and you asked me so sweetly to be your wife?"

I looked over at Marion, and I was silent for a moment, which was also my undoing. My Alice had become, from the ingenuous and beautifully rebellious virgin of the Snuggery, a most informed and imaginative instigatress of passion for her own delight. "What are you trying to intimate, Alice?" I hedged.

"That you and Marion have had a little affair behind my back, you wicked rascal!" Alice exclaimed.

Well, dear reader, was I to lie at this point and create an eternal suspicion between the two sisters? Or was I to confess what was really not so much a sin as a good deed, for I had restored the pride of her womanhood to my wife's sister and given her back her self-esteem!

And this was why I said, "She came to denounce me, and I was fortunate enough to offer her arguments that converted her to an acceptance of me, Alice. That is all you need to know."

"To the Snuggery with her," Alice hissed, and made a sign to Fanny. And both of them seized Marion by the wrists and dragged her from the table where we had all been having tea in such a civilized and decorous manner.

I followed. What else could I do, except to preside once again as impartial arbiter? Besides, I wished to see, now that the rivalry was unveiled, which of these two beauties should come off the better.

But Fanny and Alice finally managed to overcome Marion's frantic struggles and hoisted her wrists by the pulley ropes and then began to undress her. They drew her gown over her face to blindfold her and to muffle her outcries, they rucked up her chemise, they untied and removed her petticoats, and then they unstrapped her vest and let it fall to expose her beautiful olive-skinned titties. And when at last her drawers came down, and Alice took a feather to her cunt and Fanny a thin birch to those luscious bottomovals, Marion squirmingly and tearfully confessed what had occurred between the two of us.

Alice turned to me, her eyes sparkling. "Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" she demanded.

"Only, Alice, that I am your husband and that I am the brother-in-law of a very beautiful and delicious girl for whom I wish every happiness," was my gallant answer.

"I see, sir," Alice responded. "Well, Marion, I guess I cannot be too cruel on you because you are my sister, after all. And I really am surprised that you have finally seen the light of day and understood what a wonderful man Jack is. But I'll tell you this, you're not going to have him, unless I say so. Instead, you're going to be smacked by Fanny and then sent back home as a punishment for not having told me all this sooner. Go to it, Fanny."

And then, coming to me, my darling wife began to open the buttons of my breeches, to pull out my cock and to fondle it while Fanny smacked Marion's naked bottom as if she wanted nothing better in the world to

do, making Marion wriggle and squirm and lunge forward this way and that, heedless of the fact that she exposed her furry pussy to us all.

Alice then insisted that I make love to her then and there, standing before Marion to "teach her a good lesson that I've got what she's really always wanted and didn't dare admit."

And thus, dear reader, I achieved the realization of a dream... the dream of a harem. For once Alice had become reconciled to the notion that Marion had actually gone so far as to change from hateful shrew to passionate lover, she determined that she would still hold the upper hand by, as she so delightfully put it, "Taking such good care of your dear cock, Jack, that there won't be anything left for Marion."

And so, summoning Wilhelmina and Connie to our transports, Alice saw to it that I lacked for no husbandly delight. Finally, after about a month, she allowed Marion to visit us, with the stipulation that her sister must undergo a smacking over her own lap, and then make love to Connie Blunt and to Fanny.

And then, while Marion was gasping under the sweet Lesbian caresses of our vivacious Fanny, Alice drew me down into her waiting arms, and murmured, "If you thought, sir, that because of your naughtiness behind my back I was going to divorce you, I'm afraid I shall disappoint you. Because if I let you go, that naughty sister of mine would latch on to you and keep you away from me, and I'm not going to let that happen."

I became the happiest of men. And as it turned out, what little I sacrificed by giving up my freedom as a bachelor in order to wed my beloved Alice, was more than compensated for me through the generosity and indulgence of my lovely wife herself. May you all who read this book be as fortunate as I, but the moral is that you must show respect and pay proper tribute to the goddess Venus, who rules from the heavens and who dispenses love to the worthy and the appreciative!

CHAPTER NINETEEN - POST SCRIPTUM

Some few months after having penned those last lines in what I had believed to be the final volume of my chronicle of carnal courtship, I came to the conclusion that, just as my labors of love were far from being concluded even though I was a staid benedict, so my literary labors remained not quite fully achieved. For within the short span of six months, I have seen coming to pass not only the realization of my dream of a seraglio, but also the incredible reconciliation of one spiteful sister with another and the two vying in their eager natures to placate each other whilst pleasing me, whom they placed in the regard of a lord and sovereign over them! Moreover, upon due reflection, I felt I must tell you how my sweet wife Alice avenged herself on the Misses Molly Bashe and Julia Denton, and how also the charming young maid Wilhelmina became not only the amorous confidante of dear Connie Blunt, but also at her mistress's edict came to pay her debt to me in thankful gratitude for my having obtained for her so harmonious a situation.

Now Alice had, as I look back, all that secretly experienced rancor in her heart against her older sister Marion, for the good reason that since the parents of both delightful damsels had naturally favored Marion as the first-born and then passed to their own reward about a decade ago, Marion has assumed unto herself the status of a kind of superior tutress or governess, as it were. This was why, I have no doubt, she so strictly opposed Alice's union with me, quite apart from the envious spleen she would naturally bear against Alice's seeking to find a lover who would satisfy Alice whilst Marion's own little domestic world was collapsing about her. And so when Alice found herself suddenly in possession of the secret that Marion had somewhat tactlessly let slip in my presence on that occasion to felicitate us, she felt a kind of exultant triumph, which she later explained to me in full detail. And I had recourse once again to marvel at my dear young wife's remarkable inventiveness and the delightfully rewarding maturity of outlook which she had acquired since our first meetings and which I never would have suspected possible.

Not, I hasten to tell you, that I regard myself, the male of the species, as inherently wiser and more sagacious, but simply because in the epoch of which I have narrated these amorous festivities, the moralists have

piously denounced how shocking it is to enjoy the union between man and maid at all, even under the holy sanctity of marriage, and thus imposed the doctrine - and a scabrous one it is, too! - which holds that a female who derives pleasure from fornication and who so expresses herself in that regard, or shows even in the marriage bed the least enthusiasm for this timeless sport, must needs be little better than a harlot, a vile strumpet, fit only for being lashed at the cart's tail and pilloried for all the greedy lechers of the populace to stare upon and to lust after, much in the manner of Susannah and the elders. No, I would give credit where credit is owing, and I would applaud here in these lines my wonderfully apt and loving Alice who, from those first days when she tried to vaunt her feminine superiority over me, the mere male mortal, came to this intoxicatingly gratifying advancement of her amorous faculties. One might say that not only did the pupil take a leaf out of the professor's own book, but verily wrote her own - or at least was inspired by another book to propose her own sweet chronicle of naughty pleasures!

Following the afternoon which I last related, when Alice gloatingly "punished" her sister Marion for having had to do with me whilst she was away, my dear wife found occasion to remember the incident of the missive from Molly Bashe which she had found in the pocket of my dressing gown.

So, about a month after this discovery, which was followed by Marion's astonishing revelation to her, Alice said to me one morning as we lay abed, sweetly kissing and clipping and dallying while luscious Fanny was dutifully preparing our connubial breakfast which she would serve to us in bed, "Jack, I promised that when I wed you I would be all things to you including wife, of course, but mostly favorite among the ladies."

"Why, so you are, my darling," I murmured as I caressed one swelling round full tittie and gently touched my lips to the rosy bud. "And I tell you frankly that I do not for a moment regret having abandoned my bachelorhood."

"But," she went on quite innocently, "you must understand that now that I am your wife and entitled to a share of your name I am equally entitled to a share of your pleasures, sir. Otherwise it would be too much as if I were simply your favorite slavegirl and not your legal consort."

I marveled at the sweet casuistry by which her mind was broadening, and so I remarked, "I will grant you that right, though in advance let me say that I am somewhat mystified as to its meaning."

"Then it's simply this, Jack darling," replied my beautiful bride. "I too should have the right to plan our little entertainments and not leave all the initiative to you, sir. I am still not sure that I have forgiven you for making up to Marion, though I will admit," here she giggled and put her hand upon my cock and gave it a fond squeeze, "I would never in all my life have dreamed that my autocratic sister would have so unbent as to permit you the slightest indignity with her person. Why, Jack, when we were very young girls, she was constantly putting on airs and telling me that I must do this and I must do that or else our parents would be greatly vexed with me. Oh, how I really hated her then, and must have all these years without knowing it, until you opened my eyes to what was really the cause of my disturbance."

"And what was that, pray tell?" Now my forefinger began to tickle the pink rims of her sweet cunny, and Alice wriggled and squirmed closer toward me, her little palm cupping my cock whilst her soft fingers moved up and down along the shaft as it were the keyboard of a pianoforte.

"It was that I wanted a man like you," she blushing confessed, "a man who would be my lord and master and take me away from Marion's domination, but at the same time generous enough - as you are, Jack - to grant me the exercise of sweet little prerogatives which make me forget the upper hand which Marion always took over me."

"I fear," I laughingly retorted as my forefinger now entered the sweet portals and found the dainty nodule which was the very threshold of all her deepest emotions, "that I have been a kind of perverse Pygmalion who has brought to life not so much a Galatea but a Circe, an enchantress who has deceived even me by the ruse of her own cunning innocence. Why, then, dear Alice, say what you mean and do what you say, and I shall abet you in all things."

And thus I granted unto my delectable spouse the same privileges as I would myself assume, save that, to be sure, I would not allow my fair Alice to entwine her luscious body with that of any other man. And this I told her, to which she laughingly made answer, "So long as you continue

with me as you have always done, my very darling Jack, you need have no fear of that. But you will not hold it amiss of me if I tell you of a passion that I have for those of my own sex, like dear Connie and my own sweet Fanny and even naughty Marion."

"What? I gasped, "You harbor Sapphic affection for your own sister?

"And why not, you rogue? She's very lovely, and you know that yourself. See how your cock grows hard and angrily red at the mere thought of her?" she teased while she squeezed my cock until my juices surged up like the sap in a springtime-budding tree.

"But now that that is decided between us," she went on gaily, "I must as your wife stand fast against any danger to our union, which Molly Bashe now appears to present. This little love note which she sent you indicates that she craves a return to the Snuggery, but this time as your adoring and subjugated slave-girl. Well, in a Turkish harem, Jack, the first wife has the power to punish even a lovely favorite, does she not?"

"To be sure she does!" I said laughingly.

"Very well!" Alice wriggled away from me, folded her arms across her swelling titties, and tried to look very serious and stern like a magistrate. "Then she shall have her reckoning, but this time with me, sir. Oh, have no fear that I will forbid you any further amusements with that naughty vixen, but only after I have had my own."

And so, incredible though it may seem, at the bidding of my imaginative and passionate Alice, I sent off a note to Miss Molly Bashe to be delivered by none other than Fanny herself, asking the delicious brunette to visit me along with her companion Julia Denton, and mendaciously indicating that my wife would be absent in the country for a week and thus we might in our own sweet privacy renew the pleasures we had experienced that afternoon when Molly had shown herself to be a willing loveslave.

Fanny brought back a note hastily penned, and commented to us that Molly's mother, the voluptuously opulent Lady Betty Bashe, had gone to Hastings to take the baths in the company of a mature gentleman friend, so that Miss Molly would be quite free to accept my gracious invitation.

Alice then had Fanny take a carriage to Marion's dwelling and invite her sister to take part in the frolics which were scheduled for this late afternoon. Marion returned in the same carriage, and both sisters fell into each other's arms, blushing and kissing as if they were the dearest of friends.

So the stage was set. I wore only my dressing gown and slippers, while Alice and Fanny and Marion hid themselves in my bedroom to await our guests.

At the appointed hour, Molly and Julia appeared at my door and were ushered in most ceremoniously. Julia Denton blushed violently as I took her hand and kissed it; and then Molly, slipping an arm around her friend's waist, giggled, "Oh Jack, you don't know how long I've waited to see you again. It's been like an eternity since that last wonderful afternoon! And my darling Julia feels the same way, don't you, pet?"

Julia blushed and nodded, and I saw her extend a hand to sweet Molly, who squeezed it lovingly while the two young beauties sent each other a glance that could not have been described as other than amorous. My risibilities were greatly tickled, believe me! Yes, it was true! In the Snuggery I had apparently wakened the lascivious appetites of both these fair damsels, so that in the interim between that memorable visit they had both paid me and this hour, they had found consolation in each other, played the delicious games of Lesbos so dear to Bilitis and to the high priestess Sappho!

"Do you know, sir, that I have received a letter from Arthur and that the rogue has taken himself a bride in India?" Molly advised me. "I am quite cured of him, sir, thanks to you. Oh it is a pity, though, that you are wed now, for Julia and I both wish you could have made a choice between us!"

"You greedy little minx," I smilingly chided her, "I thought you had been cured of husband-hunting in my direction when your mother and you first visited my Snuggery. But since I am beyond your grasp, all that I can do is seek out my eligible friends and refer them to you both as candidates for wedlock, and bedlock too!"

They shamelessly stood side by side, each with an arm around the other's waist, casting each other cloying glances. If that was the case, I told

myself with amusement, they would surely not be averse to the attentions which my spouse, her maid, and her sister longed to pay them.

After some more meaningless conversation and glass or two of sherry, I finally led them both into the Snuggery.

"Oh, are you going to tie us both up and be wicked to us?" Molly giggled.

"This time, I rather think," I said, "I shall tie you both down, but it is not I who shall be wicked."

At this cue, the door of the Snuggery, which I had purposely left ajar, was flung open, and in strode Marion and Alice and Fanny.

Molly uttered a cry of alarm and turned to me, "Oh, Mr. Jack, you have betrayed us! Have you not said your wife was in the country?"

"It is true that I did, but you see she must have returned," I laughingly retorted. Then to my sister-in-law and my wife and her luscious maid I called, "I cede to you the scene of action, fair ladies, though my services are at your disposal."

Alice and Fanny fell upon Miss Molly Bashe and dragged her struggling and squealing over to the settee-couch, and in a trice had her spread-eagled on her back and held down by the ingenious pinions with which that piece of furniture was equipped. Marion meanwhile had advanced upon Julia Denton, who actually tried to defend herself by hair-pulling and kicking, but Marion was much too wily and agile for the young lady. Moreover, I came to the rescue to equalize matters.

Since Julia Denton had fared so well in an upright pose in the Snuggery, we repeated it; in a few moments, her wrists dragged up by the pulley by ropes, her ankles fixed widely apart by means of cords tightened round them which in turn fixed to floor rings, she found herself being consummately stripped by Marion while I stood on with sparkling eyes, enjoying the scene of these two delicious friends about to attest their friendship in the most elemental way.

Julia Denton was reduced to her drawers, stockings and garters, her pumps being slipped off her feet by Marion, who pinched her toes wickedly and promised her an exacting afternoon. Fanny and Alice meanwhile, using scissors, had shorn off Molly Bashe's garments until

the opulent young brunette squealingly and tearfully found herself reduced to just her vest and stockings and shoes, naked from the midriff down the middle of her ivory thighs.

Alice turned to me with sparkling eyes and exclaimed, "You may do what you wish to Miss Denton, sir, but Molly is to be mine and Fanny's!"

"Oh, save me, Mr. Jack, don't let them have me, I want you!" Molly squealed.

"Do you now, darling?" Alice slyly purred. "But you can't have him, you vixen! I have him by law, and I shall have him by right of possession, too. However, I would not have you visit here without some little gratification for that naughty burning pussy of yours, my girl, so Fanny and I will give you all that you can ask for, and something more, too!"

Whereupon Alice and Fanny took feathers and began to tickle Molly's titties and cunt, till the squealing brunette nearly had a paroxysm. Her vest unbuttoned to expose the swollen, darkened tips of her nipples, her face twisted and anguished, her body jerking and spasming as the feathery fronds passed over the lips of her plump cunny and exacerbated the tender buds of her bosom, she was inexorably drawn toward a climax which lacked for her, perhaps, the vigorous penetration which only the male rod can inflict, but which for Fanny and Alice constituted a most delicious entertainment.

Meanwhile Marion and I were amusing ourselves with Julia Denton. Marion threatened her with a good smacking for being such a naughty wanton. "It's not, my girl, that I find your desire for Mr. Jack unseemly," she harangued the victim, "but to flaunt yourself with that Miss Molly in the most simpering way, and to announce to him so shamelessly that the two of you have an amour between you, is most libidinous. Since it is that way, Miss Denton, I shall do my best to chastise you for your naughtiness."

She pulled Julia Denton's drawers down as far as they would go, since her legs were hugely straddled, and then finally cut them off altogether with the shears. All three of these delectable ladies of my household wore only a peignoir and slippers, and now Marion doffed her robe and stood in all her olive-skinned tall statuesque nakedness. Julia Denton turned scarlet and closed her eyes. But my sister-in-law stepped close to her,

cupped Julia's titties with her slim hands and began to grind her pussy amorously against Miss Denton's mount of Venus, whilst calling to me, "Jack, give her a fine sound thrashing, so she will make love to me!"

I needed no second invitation. I used the palm of my right hand to spank lovely Miss Julia Denton's backside as I might a child's, and her cries and sobs and wriggling twists and lunges made Marion's avowal all the more telling. Soon I could see, judging from Miss Denton's gasps and the spasmodic squirmings of her hips and loins, that she was responding to Marion's tribadistic overtures and completely forgetting the real reason she had come to call upon me this day!

Meanwhile, over on the settee-couch, Alice had flung herself down atop Miss Molly, emulating her sister with Julia Denton, while under the threat of a good whipping forcing the distracted Molly Bashe to service sweet Fanny with her lips and tongue, Fanny kneeling astride the brunette's flushed and contorted face.

Molly was not let up from the couch until Fanny also had tribadistically made love to her while Molly in turn gamahuched sweet Alice. And then it was Marion who went behind Julia Denton while I took over in front and at last gratified the panting and moaning brunette with the staff of life in whose quest she had come to this adventure.

We paused to have tea, while our two victims, still tied in their bonds, sobbed and moaned but seemed not yet to have been cured for their carnal passions. So at last I freed Miss Julia Denton, and then led her over to the couch and bade her fling herself down upon her dear friend and show us that she had learned in the time since her first visit to my household. And while she fused her mouth to Molly's and her cunny to that plump sweet crevice whose hymeneal seal I had been first to take, Marion and Alice, now in a joyous liaison of sharing pleasures, took two battledores and proceeded to smack Julia's bottom, Alice taking the right cheek and my lovely sister-in-law the left. This smacking so stimulated the ardent Julia Denton that she ground herself frantically against Molly in an effort to distract herself from the burning heat in her luscious bottom, and both young women were drawn to several furious climaxes.

But when they were released, they showed themselves to be good sports enough to blush and giggle over their misfortunes, and for Julia to

confide somewhat breathlessly to me that she was now seeing a young gentleman whom she hoped would be as ardent in his manifestations toward her as I had been and taught her to be herself. I could only wish the same happiness for lovely Molly Bashe, whose Gorgon of a mother probably stood in the way of true love; and I advised the blushing Molly to go her own way and to flirt with eligible gentlemen in the hope that she might be able to lure one on her own terms to her legal bed.

They dressed and bade us farewell, but somehow I had a suspicion that this was not the last we should hear from Molly Bashe and her lovely companion.

... And now finally, dear reader, I have to tell you of the diverting surprise which my own Alice planned for me just a week ago. It is still so fresh and vivid in my memory that even when Alice and I are aged and infirm, our eyes will sparkle at the thought of it.

Connie Blunt had been invited to tea, unbeknownst to me, by my lovely spouse, and Wilhelmina had come with her mistress. I had been in the town on an errand, and returned at about four o'clock to hear giggling and whispering in the salon. When I entered, what was my surprise to find lovely Alice and Connie in their peignoirs, surrounding the blushing Wilhelmina whom they had reduced to only her chemise, a long garment which fell over her loins just sufficiently to cover the sweet mound of love. Her long legs were bare and she was not even shod, and she looked like the beggar maid of King Copetua of the legend. Lost in admiration, I stood there gawking till Alice espied me and gasped, "Oh, Connie, he's come back sooner than we thought, just as we were going to make Wilhelmina walk the plank!"

"What in the world are you girls talking about?" I exclaimed.

"Shall we tell him, Alice?" Connie giggled, with an arch glance at me.

"I think you had best do so, Connie, or you may find yourself back in the Snuggery squirming under the kisses of a birch," I threatened her.

"Oh very well, sir, since you take that injured tone," the lovely golden-haired widow retorted saucily. "Alice and I found the most wonderful book at Mr. Royce's. He was loath to let us even glance at it but Alice and

I insisted, and we told him that we were both married and that our husbands enjoyed the stimulus of a spicy volume."

Now I had often visited the shop of Josiah Royce, a venerable old gentleman whose zest for life had not vanished with his mounting years, and I had from time to time obtained certain entertaining works on the theme of love in its manifold and multiple phases and facets. "Pray tell, what book is this?" I demanded.

"Oh, Jack, it's the most exciting naughty book ever!" my lovely bride exclaimed as she ran to a tabouret and brought to me a buckram volume, with the title handsomely tooled in gold letters: *Walk the Plank, My Beauty!* by Jean de la Beque.

"I vow I had not heard of this title, though I know the author well," I exclaimed as I leafed through the volume. The line illustrations at once made my blood boil. And the very first illustration I saw explained the title: it was on the deck of a pirate ship, with a long narrow wooden plank thrust out over the side and above the stormy waters. A lovely dark-haired girl, her eyes blindfolded, her wrists tied behind her back, clad only in a short shift and her legs bare, stood on this plank with two bearded pirates below grasping her hips on either side, apparently readying her for her walk into eternity. One saw also the greedy faces of the crew avidly watching the spectacle. I could conjure that this fair maid had been captured on some galleon in the hands of the bloodthirsty pirates and, preferring death to dishonor, was about to walk the plank.

"It's magnificent," I felicitated my wife, "and I am delighted that you found such a treasure. But what surprises me most and delights me too is to find you about to enact a scene from this book. Alice, you continue to surprise me with your inventiveness."

"Aren't you glad now that you didn't marry Marion? After all, she had a husband once, and lost him, whereas I never had one until you," Alice smilingly rejoined as she came to me and kissed me hotly on the mouth. "Yes, my love, we were going to blindfold Willy and make her walk the plank."

"Because she would not yield?" I laughed.

"Oh no, because she is going to," Connie laughingly responded, at which Wilhelmina blushed and gasped and lowered her eyes.

"It is an anniversary present for you, my love," Alice whispered into my ear, "Wilhelmina is so grateful that she wants to give herself to you. She is sorry that she can't bring her virginity, sir, but you know what happened to her at the orphanage. So we are going to make her walk the plank right into your arms."

Oh fortunate mortal, he whom the goddess Venus blesses with her divine favors! And briefly I will tell you what this "plank" turned out to be. After blindfolding sweet Willy, Connie and Alice led her like a sacrificial lamb into my bedchamber, where indeed they had laid a wooden plank which ended at the very side of the bed itself, and they made barefooted Willy march along this plank whilst I sat on the edge of the bed with open arms to take her finally into them and to lift her tenderly upon the bed, remove the blindfold and then silence her sweet gasps with a long and passionate kiss.

But they had yet one final surprise for me. Even as I felt myself thrust into the tight sweet confines of Willy's cunt, I felt a stinging and yet not unpleasant heat attack my bottom, and when I glanced up, I saw that my wife was playfully switching me with a supple birch, whilst Connie held a battledore.

So, dear reader, in a sense the tables were at last turned upon me, the conquering male. I who most enjoyed smack-and-whip-fucking was given a taste of my own medicine, but I vow I found it almost as exciting as my own improvisation on the theme!

And this must conclude my saga. If the years ahead are as exhilarating as these first few months as Alice's consort, I shall have nothing to reproach the goddess for. I shall burn a candle to her each day to be spared my virility, so that I may zealously perform in her honor!

THE END
