



THE
ESSENTIAL
PAUL LITTLE

"Now, Miss Caroline Martin," Jason remarked gently, "you're not in a London taxi, as you were when you slapped a man simply because he had dared to touch your knee. Now, I can touch you when I wish...and above all, where I wish."

A groan of despair escaped Caroline. She knew very well that what he said was frightfully true; she had to admit that he was touching her most secret parts, and she had to endure that obscene contact. Yet every fiber of her being revolted against it; it was intolerable. And yet, she must keep herself from emitting the slightest word of protest.

Finally Jason interrupted his lewd palpations and ordered her to rise. "I shall leave you alone now, and you'll clean yourself and rest for a bit. I shall come back for you in an hour and a half, in order to continue your education, for you still have a great many things to learn!"

Also by PAUL LITTLE:

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Captive Maidens

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The Best of Paul Little

THE ESSENTIAL PAUL LITTLE

The Essential Paul Little

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Fit for a King

When I saw Lucy wave to me from the backseat of the receding cab, I hurried back up to my room, showered swiftly, and then flung myself down on my bed. Soon I was deep in a dreamless slumber. I awoke at ten the next morning considerably refreshed, with that wonderful awareness which Venus conveys to a man of goodwill and parts, all of which I possessed. Soberly, after making myself some tea and contenting myself with an orange and some scones which I reheated, I considered my prospects for this afternoon, my first as tutor to Barbara and Cynthia Dartman. I should walk into that mansion this afternoon

with two women knowing that I had fucked them well and thoroughly. One of them would be Hortensia Dartman herself, the proud and aloof widow of impeccable reputation but inwardly burning cunt; the other would be her lovely, snippy, red-haired maid Lucy, to whom I certainly had given more priapic proof of my sexual prowess. So, after all was said and done, I had an ally in that house: one who perhaps did not have influence, but who was certainly more alluring and likely to be generous in her affections. It was the coppery-haired minx whom I had first wanted to smack and then had smacked, only to be afraid I should have lost all chance for fucking her; and who, by the very miracle of woman's complex nature, longed to be fucked simply because I had smacked her.

It was indeed a plot for Shakespeare, though as yet there was no real drama to it. As for Hortensia Dartman, I could only conclude that she was using me as a temporary device for the furtherance of her own sensual aims. Once she was married to this prominent person in the government, my services might well be dispensed with.

Of more serious immediacy, however, was the relationship I meant to have with Barbara and Cynthia Dartmen. It was evident from the very first interview that these two young ladies detested me and did not particularly relish the idea of having someone standing over them, cane in hand, supervising their lines and composi-

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tions, parsings and sums. They were Hortensia Dartman's wards, not her children, and that was precisely why she had withheld the chastising rod from their bottoms all this while. It was certainly obvious to me that they required it far more than Lucy had, but now I could understand why she had spared them. Perhaps she felt a sense of guilt because of her impending marriage to a man of undoubtedly great prominence.

There was work here for the psychiatrist; but at the moment, there was work only for my leather instrument case, which should be opened just as their bottoms should be unveiled to make the acquaintance of its contents.

At the appointed time, I presented myself at the Dartman mansion, rang the bell, and was at once admitted by none other than provocative red-haired Lucy herself. She gave a little cry of delight, glanced around quickly, then flung her arms around me and, arching on tiptoe, flattened her pear-shaped titties against me as she gave me a long, stinging kiss.

"That's for last night, you wicked darling Mr. Frank," she breathed. "Now do come along. Mrs. Dartman is napping, and she told me to be sure you went directly to the study on the second floor, where the two young ladies you are to tutor are waiting."

"Thank you, my dear. They are already waiting there, you say?" I asked as I patted her resilient bottom, which I could feel quite easily under her uniform. I believe

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she had on not much more than perhaps a petticoat and thin panties. She giggled when she felt my fingers explore her tempting bottom, and she nodded. "Oh, yes, they are, Mr. Frank, but I can tell you they're not happy about it. Miss Cynthia thinks it's a great shame, and Miss Barbara is just about ready to cry out of sheer spite. You know, Barbara has to go to summer school, besides. Oh, what a comedown it will be for them. I wish I could stay and watch you give their bums a good sound smacking, the way you gave mine last night!"

"Be careful, Lucy, for Mrs. Dartman may yet call me again to administer similar justice on your own very charming posterior," I warned her with a smile. I gave her another quick kiss and then, all business, assuming my most sober pose. I climbed the stairs to the second-floor landing where, at the end of the hall, as Lucy had told me, I should find the study.

I knocked. Then I heard a gasp and a girl's voice say, "Oh, there he is! Oh, isn't it a shame, Cyn darling," which evidently came from Barbara. I cleared my throat, turned the doorknob and entered.

It was a very spacious room. There was a padded leather couch to my left against the wall, a huge bay window which looked out upon the garden and then upon the lovely rolling green fields which make England such a beautiful place in the countryside in the late spring and summer months.

There was a large table before which both of the

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young ladies were seated. If looks could kill, I should have dropped dead on the spot. Black-haired Cynthia, especially, directed a venomous gaze upon me. Her sister, more covert and fearful, eyed me through her lowered lashes. They wore exactly the same garments they had worn on the afternoon of my presentation to them. I posed my instrument case upon a chair, greeted them cordially, and then, after a brief outline of what I proposed to do with them this summer, suggested that we begin work. Mrs. Dartman had told me that Cynthia's particular problems were with English literature and history. I therefore proposed to her that she compose for me at least a short paragraph in her own words on what such writers as Shakespeare, Milton, and Galsworthy she had read and found interest in. After that, I moved to Barbara and gave her a few simple sentences to parse in French, which was her especial stumbling block. With a doleful look, she whined, "Oh sir, you know how bad I am in that subject! I don't think even you can help me."

"No one can help you unless you try, Miss Barbara. Now at least make the effort!" I remarked sharply.

I then busied myself with several papers in a briefcase I had brought with me, drawing up a schedule whereby both girls would be required to work at the same time, but on different projects. At the end of about ten minutes, I moved to Cynthia and asked her for the paper. She shoved over a sheet of paper at me on which a single sentence was written. I looked at it and read:

"English literature is a frightful bore, and so is the man teaching it. Signed Cynthia Dartman."

She had, to be sure, followed the letter if not the spirit of what I had required of her; it was definitely a paragraph in her own words. I looked up at her and found her regarding me with all the hostility in the world, her lips curled in a sort of sneer as if to say, "Now what are you going to do about it, Mr. Meredith?"

"I see that you have obeyed my instructions, Miss Cynthia," I said sarcastically, "but I'm afraid it is not acceptable. What we need here is less wit and more scholarship. Now suppose you try it over again."

"And if I don't choose to do so?" she retorted insolently.

"Then I'm afraid I shall be obliged to exercise the authority your mother gave me a few days ago when I was first introduced to both you charming girls, and resort to a simple spanking."

"You wouldn't dare! I don't care what Mater told you, you have absolutely no right to come in here and boss us. Do you understand, Mr. Meredith? You may as well get your pay from Mater and be off, because I, for one, don't propose to spend all summer studying this drivel," the black-haired vixen declared vehemently.

There was no doubt that she was challenging my authority. If I allowed her to get away with it, I should have no authority whatsoever for the balance of the time I spent with these two shirkers.

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"You are determined in this attitude?" I persevered nonetheless.

"You can go to bloody hell!" was Cynthia Dartman's unladylike reply.

I shrugged, left the table, and walked over to the chair where I had left the instrument case. I took out the famous leather slipper which had already castigated Lucy's naked rosy bottom so thoroughly the night before. When Cynthia saw it in my hand, she got up from her chair and cried, "Oh, no, you shan't! You dare touch me, and I'll tear your eyes out, Mr. Meredith. You go tell Mater first, and don't you dare lay a hand on me—do you hear?"

"You are a very spoiled, rude, and insolent young lady," was my answer. "At nineteen, there are girls in England who are already women of thirty so far as emotional and intellectual stability are concerned. I should put you down as a mere child, with excessive advantages of breeding, money, and little discipline in the past. I shall see if we can't remedy this now. Yes, Miss Cynthia, I propose to give you a good spanking on your naked behind with this leather slipper."

"Like hell you will!" She stamped her foot in rage.

Barbara gasped, taking it all in. Suddenly I caught Cynthia's wrist and twisted it until, with a shriek, she was forced to double over before me in order to release the pressure on her delicate arm. Meanwhile, she tried to kick at my shin and to curse me in language more suited to a guttersnipe or a fishwife in the streets of

Soho than would be expected from a well-bred young woman brought up by a genteel widow.

I knew I could expect no help from Barbara, nor did I wish any in this first encounter. I merely took hold of the scruff of Cynthia's neck with my other hand, after tucking the leather slipper into the pocket of my jacket. Forcing her wrist high up her back, I quick-marched her over to the couch. She was still storming and cursing at me in a shrill voice that would soon waken her mother if she grew louder. I sat down on the couch, flung her across my lap, threw my right leg over her calves, and then, as I released her wrist, I quickly hoisted up her blue rayon print dress and slip of expensive cream-colored silk, to disclose two sumptuous oval asscheeks encased in pale peach silk knickers (or panties, as you prefer to call them in the United States). They went down to about two inches below the base of her generously contoured posterior, and were flounced with Belgian lace, altogether very fetching. Discovering herself thus being prepared for punishment, Cynthia Dartman shrieked and tried to push her hands back to protect her posterior, but I simply caught her wrists in my left hand and pinioned them out of harm's way, while with my right hand, I lifted her dress and slip.

Then, tightening my grip on her wrists, which she had begun to jerk with all her ferocious young strength, I inserted the fingers of my right hand in the waistband of her knickers and yanked them down, so that ignomin-

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iously and for the first time, no doubt, in her pampered young life, Cynthia Dartman was compelled to expose her entire ivory virgin ass to the eye of an executioner and—worst of all—the eyes of a man.

“Ohhh—oh, you—you bloody swine—you dirty bastard—you pull my knickers up right this minute—Barbara, go call Mater—tell her what he’s doing to me, the filthy pig!” Cynthia shrieked, beside herself with humiliation and rage.

“You stay exactly where you are, Miss Barbara unless you want to take her place over my lap when I’m finished with her,” was my swift parry.

It was effective. Barbara let out another gasp and settled back in her chair, content to look on with horrified fascination.

Tightening my grip on Cynthia’s wrists, I raised the slipper and dealt her a noisy slap across the lower summit of her right asscheek, followed by one on the same place on the left globe. Her body stiffened, arched, and jerked, and a shrill yell of pained and frustrated rage tore from her.

“Oww! You hurt me, you bastard! You stop it! You pull my knickers right back up, do you hear?”

“I hear you quite plainly, Miss Cynthia And you shall hear the slipper instead of my voice until you have learned your lesson,” I responded. I then began to spank her elegant patrician ass, amusing myself to bring the slipper down here and there on her behind without

rhyme or reason, so that she would have no way of preparing herself and anticipating the next spank.

Her body jerked and lunged and thrashed all over my lap. She continued her baleful threats, interspersing them with foul curses which really shocked me to know that a nineteen-year-old girl could misuse the English language so drastically.

This spanking was more than a little overdue, and perhaps I put a bit more into it than I intended, but her insolence had infuriated me.

By the time I reached twenty, she had somewhat forgotten her curses and threats and was begging for mercy, but I kept on firmly. Unrelentingly, now beginning to alternate on the cheeks from left to right and starting at the tops of her hips and working down to the base of her generous oval ass, I applied the slipper with heavy, noisy swipes which soon created a flaming, darkening pattern of burning pain all over her voluptuous young bottom.

"I am sorry to be so very harsh the very first time, Miss Cynthia, but I will not accept insolence and rudeness from anyone, particularly not from a mere snip of a girl who has a keen mind and will not use it except to ridicule the efforts of those who try to help her," I lectured, keeping the disciplinary tool pressed across the reddening cheeks of her squirming bare ass as I paused to determine what effect this chastisement was having on the rebellious young culprit.

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“You brute, you bloody bastard! You’ll pay for this—you’ll see—you’re hurting me—you’re hurting me awfully!” Cynthia cried hysterically. But since she was still rebellious, I decided to continue. It was the only way I could demonstrate my intent.

The slipper rose and fell five times, all over the plumpest parts of both reddening asscheeks, delivered in vertical swipes which cracked noisily against the shuddering flesh of her patrician ass. Her moans and howls were music to my ears that more than repaid me for all the insolence she had accorded me since our introduction. After the forty-fifth spank, I paused again and asked her if she thought she could be more of a lady and pursue her lessons with somewhat more concentration. She cried out again, “You can go to hell, you great bloody pig! I’d die before I’d do anything for you!”

I could not let this challenge go unanswered. I returned to work, and once again Miss Cynthia Dartman’s howls and yells and shrieks rang out clamorously in the study. Her hips swerved so violently that at times she nearly fell off my lap, and I had to lay down the slipper and put my right hand on her right hip to restore her to the proper position. Then, readjusting my right leg over her upper calves, and noticing that her knickers had worked down to her knees and were twisted, I resumed spanking her.

Now I struck diagonally, and at times over the narrow amber crease that separated the oval globes of

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her behind, so as to pinch those luscious hillocks together and cause her the utmost pain. Now her voice was broken with sobs, raucous from all her screaming, but she was no longer cursing me. She was wailing out plaintively that it hurt her, that I was killing her, that she couldn't stand any more. I gave her ten more good ones, well spaced, at each of which she screamed out for mercy. Finally I pressed the tip of the leather sole against the crease of her bottomglobes and demanded, "Are you willing to accept me now as an authority and try to improve your poor scholastic marks, Miss Cynthia? Or should I use the cane?"

"Ahhhrrr—oh, you've killed me, you've fair killed me—stop it—I can't stand it—I'll do what you want—you bully—oh, how you've hurt me, oohhh—let me go now!" she blubbered.

All her patrician arrogance had fled, but all the same, I knew I had made an implacable enemy. I therefore released her and instructed her to go to her own room and stay there. I told her I would have makeup work for her to do the next time we met, which would be the next afternoon. After she had left, a very ignominious picture of dejection, her face red and streaked with tears, hobbling out after hastily lowering her slip and dress and hauling up her knickers, I turned to Barbara, who had been sufficiently awed by my performance to try at least some measure of effective work, although it was obvious to me that she would never master French.

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Yes, I expected repercussions, but even I could not foresee what they would be. However, I knew one thing; Barbara Dartman would be the next to feel the weight of my tutorial authority.

† † †

I went directly to my quarters, though with some little trepidation as to the reactions of my comely pupils. No doubt Cynthia, the more aggrieved, would vehemently acquaint her mother with the harsh treatment I had meted out to her. I spent a part of the evening drawing up detailed programs for the study course this summer, and the very next afternoon at the appointed time, I presented myself at the Dartman mansion.

Once again I was admitted by the charming Lucy, who, whispering that Mrs. Dartman was in the kitchen conferring with the elderly cook, hastened to lock her arms around me, arch herself up, and lock her mouth to mine, then slide her tongue between my lips and urge me to have an assignation with her, perhaps this very night. I patted her delightful bottom and assured her that it was quite likely.

As she eased out of my embrace, her eyes sparkling and her face flushed, she shook her finger at me and warned me, "But you'd better promise, Mr. Frank, not to be such a bully with me as you were yesterday with poor Miss Cynthia. She went blubbering to her mother

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right after Mrs. Dartman had got up from her nap, and oh, what a to-do there was about the affair! I was eavesdropping, but then, the way Miss Cynthia was shouting, I didn't have to, because you could hear her all over the house. My, she was furious! She swore she would carry the marks to her grave, and all that sort of rot. Finally, Mrs. Dartman made her show her what she was howling about, and then told her it was really a very mild correction, and that in her opinion, Cynthia had got off very easily. Henceforth, she should act more obediently if she wished to save her bottom."

The news delighted me because I did not wish to have Hortensia Dartman interfere with my authority. It would weaken my position with the girls, make the summer a thorough waste of time. So, with a light heart, I repaired myself to the study and found two sullen girls waiting for me.

Cynthia gave me a furious, spiteful look and then blushed hotly, while Barbara also blushed and then pretended to be very busy with her composition book.

I began the lesson, and again, I shall not bore my readers with the details of their academic endeavors as we three attempted to accomplish them on this sultry afternoon. Once again rain was in the air. Thunder accompanied our labors intermittently. But this time it was Barbara who earned for herself a spanking because she was absolutely hopeless in French. Indeed, her mother had earlier told me she would have to go to

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summer school to make up the failure of the past regular semester. I remonstrated with Barbara, and she stared at me insolently and then whined, "Oh, I know I shall never understand that ridiculous language! If Mummy had any sense, she wouldn't send me to summer school. Or, if she did, she wouldn't have hired you to make me do all this extra work when it's vacation time."

"I cannot engage in a philosophical discussion with you, Barbara because, as your tutor, I am simply obliged to deal with the facts at hand," I replied tartly. "The fact is, you don't even make an effort. You didn't make an effort to parse the sentences I asked you to do yesterday, and that is cause for punishment."

"Oh, no, you're not going to thrash me the way you did poor Cynthia, you awful brute! I saw her bum, and it was just dreadful what you did to it!" the honey-haired younger girl declared.

Cynthia gave her an encouraging nod. I saw at once I had not one rebel, but two to deal with. This seemed an utter perversity, because certainly Barbara had observed the vigorous spanking I had given her sister the afternoon before. Did she doubt for a moment I would hesitate to give her the same treatment?

I replied slowly, giving her a steady look. "Barbara, I warn you not to test me. You know perfectly well, as does Cynthia, that your guardian authorized me to employ corporal punishment if your work was not up to snuff. I tell you frankly it is not. Now I'll give you one

more chance. You may write two paragraphs in French, and try with all your might to put some sense and meaning into them. Simple sentences, and you have already studied enough French to know a few verbs and nouns. Now get to work."

"You have no right to talk to me that way—you're just a servant!" This was an echo of the older girl's tirade of yesterday.

I rose from the table, walked calmly to my instrument case and took out the leather slipper. Barbara uttered a shriek of indignation. "Oh, no, you won't! I forbid you to touch me, do you hear? Cynthia and I have decided we aren't ever going to be spanked again!"

"I see. And I daresay that Mrs. Dartman is in agreement with this new regimen?" I demanded sarcastically.

"We don't care!" Cynthia addressed me defiantly. "We'll fight you, and we'll both resist, and you can't do it by force. We're only young ladies, and you haven't any right to manhandle and brutalize us."

"You are well on your way to being a jailhouse lawyer, Miss Cynthia," I said with profoundest sarcasm, brandishing the leather slipper and eyeing her intently. "You had best hold your tongue, or when I finish with Barbara, I shall turn my attentions once again to your more mature backside!"

With this, I headed directly for the astounded Barbara, seized her by the wrist, and tried to drag her toward the couch. She uttered a cry, struck at me, and kicked me in

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the shin. I confess that it hurt. I tossed the slipper onto the couch, swore under my breath, bent down and lifted her up, and bore her, kicking and struggling and hammering at my face with her fists, to the couch, where I sat down and flung her over my lap at once.

"Now, then, Cynthia, come hold her wrists," I called, as I threw my right leg over Barbara's wriggling calves.

"I won't, and you can't make me!" Cynthia jeered.

"I think I shall summon the maid, then, and have her help tie *you*, so you will be ready when I finish with Barbara's spanking"

This Parthian shaft struck home, for Cynthia turned very red. Her mouth opened, and she sputtered, "You wouldn't dare—oh, no, you wouldn't have that creature humiliate us so!"

"Wouldn't I? If, by the time I count to ten, you aren't over here helping hold Barbara down for what she has coming to her, I shall pull that bellrope to have Lucy come in. I think the two of us will be strong enough to tie you both, expose your naked bottoms, and perhaps use the cane on them until you change your tune," I retorted ferociously.

I had hardly opened my mouth again to count when Cynthia, with a groan, hurried over to the couch, and seized Barbara's wrists. Her face was flushed and she was obviously trembling. Apparently I had finally convinced her that I meant business.

"Oh, no, Cyn, please don't! Oh, don't let him smack

me! Don't!" Barbara wailed, but I was already pulling up her green frock and ivory petticoat to expose a pair of succulently rounded asscheeks snugged in a pair of white knickers with many ribbons and laces at the waistband and legs.

Barbara's bare skin, which showed plentifully for about an inch above the tops of her beige nylon hose and below these knickers, was a bewitching pale soft pink.

"Keep a tight hold on her now!" I warned, and then began to tug down her knickers. Barbara shrieked and pleaded, begging Cynthia to help her escape, but I gave Cynthia such a look of menace that she quailed before it and did not relinquish her grip. Soon Barbara Dartman's virgin naked ass was bared before me, the cheeks clenching piteously as the culprit turned her heart-shaped face back over her shoulder, tears running down her cheeks, to beg me to pull up her knickers and, if I must spank her, to give her twice as many but over *them* instead of on her bare skin.

I paid no heed to this, but took the slipper and began to apply it in rapid, stinging spanks. She wailed at each one. It was obvious that her stamina would not equal Cynthia's. Her pale pink skin marked even more vividly; still I believed that an impressive first lesson was as valuable to her as it had been for Cynthia. When I stopped after twenty hard spanks, I let her sob and wriggle for a bit, admonishing Cynthia to keep on holding

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her wrists tightly, and then resumed. This time, however, I applied the leather slipper with about fifteen seconds between each spank, and I delivered the blows horizontally, working from the tops of her hips down to the tops of her thighs. Her frantic promises to do better at her studies, her anguished supplications, were interspersed with frequent tears and sobs and the usual girlish complaints to which I had been accustomed over the years in my tutoring career. At the moment, I must confess, they excited me. And as Barbara Dartman bent over my lap, I felt my prick hardening to the friction of her naked loins. She threw back her head, turning it this way and that, so that the honey-colored braid danced and shifted over her back repeatedly. Her voice was softer, and thus her cries were more dovelike than Cynthia's shriller complaints. There was also more terrain on her voluptuous young bottom to work on than on Cynthia's oval ass, so I did not spare the younger girl. She received forty good spanks and was howling for mercy by the time I paused at last and pressed the leather slipper against the crease of her quivering bare asscheeks.

"Now, do you think you can try and struggle with the French language a bit better, Miss Barbara?"

"Ohh, owww! Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, oh, yes, anything! Oh, please stop, I can't bear any more! Please stop, Mr. Meredith. I'll be good, I'll study hard! Don't spank me any more!"

So I let her up. Cynthia held her wrists and aided her in stumbling off my lap, weeping bitterly. Once her

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hands were released, they flew to her flaming posterior and rubbed it unabashedly to disperse the heat the slipper had inflicted. She was quite unconcerned with the display of her plump young cunt, framed by a soft dark-brown growth of pussyhair, until at last she stopped and with a little cry, pulled up her twisted knickers, then smoothed down her slip and dress.

Thus it was that at the very outset of our sessions, I had already introduced both girls to the burning pangs of corporal punishment. And when I warned both very sternly that on the following afternoon I should expect to find that they had made significant progress, they looked at me with a respectful fear which did my manly ego a world of good. I confess to it freely.

† † †

The next several afternoons were without event, so far as recourse to the instruments in my leather case was concerned. Cynthia and Barbara awaited me with a pleasing docility and had even gone so far as to attempt the work I had assigned them. They were making a concerted effort to keep from any repetition of the humiliating spankings which I administered. And so it was that on the Saturday afternoon which concluded the first week of my tutorial labors, I was dismissing them for the weekend when Lucy appeared, somewhat breathless, to inform me that her mistress wished to have a word with me.

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I waited until the girls were out of sight. Then Lucy pressed against me insinuatingly and murmured, "Oh, dear Mr. Frank, can't I visit you tonight? I'm fair boiling to be loved, and I shall have Sunday off as well."

I patted her bottom, kissed her on the mouth, and whispered back that such an offer was a gift from Venus herself. Thus fortified for my confrontation with her mistress, I went down the corridor with a light heart. In fact, I was in such a state of bravado that I did not really care whether Hortensia Dartman discharged me or not. I should actually have preferred it. There were so many unexplained mysteries. Not only her own inexplicable wanton behavior toward me after I had thrashed Lucy, but also Lucy's own surrender. And then there was the matter of Cynthia's defiance and open hatred of me, which seemed overnight to have been soothed, so that instead of a lioness raging at her trainer, she had become a purring pussycat. The same was true of the younger Barbara.

Why had both these girls challenged me when Mrs. Dartman had announced her purposes to them in my presence?

I found Hortensia Dartman clad in a shimmering yellow organdy dress, quite sheer and provocative. I could not tell how much she wore beneath it, but it certainly called attention to her buxom but mouthwateringly tempting figure. She gestured to me to close the door, then beckoned me over, as she lay on a

chaise longue. I saw a footstool nearby, drew it up, and seated myself, waiting politely for her to explain her wishes concerning my poor self.

"I'm really delighted with you, Mr. Meredith," were her very first words. "As you no doubt have guessed, Cynthia and Barbara have come to me earlier this week with agonized tales—no pun intended, sir—of how completely you humiliated them. It was very well done, and I see already that there are good results from your disciplinary efforts."

"I think they respect me a little more, but I am sorry that it took such a challenging time to prove the authority you vested in me, madam," I said rather coldly and formally.

Her lovely eyes widened and she gave me a reproachful look. "Now that is no way to talk to me, Frank dear. But we'll let it pass for today. I have decided that Barbara will not go to summer school at all. I think she will prosper in your care much more than she would at some silly school. Besides, I have got word to the dean at the school, and if you give Barbara a certificate stating that she has met your own high standards and got herself at least a passable grade in French, she will be allowed to continue in the fall as usual."

"I'm sure Barbara will be quite happy to hear that," I said noncommittally.

"But what I have to tell you is of somewhat greater importance. My fiancé is going to spend the next few

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weeks here as my house guest. He and his sister will be present, and she will be a kind of chaperone, you see."

I merely inclined my head silently. It was none of my business what her premarital arrangements were, and I knew it.

"While living in this house, my dear discreet young man, he will simply be known as—shall we say, Edward. His sister will be known as Vivian. That will be a sort of incognito for them both, and I trust upon your honor as a gentleman and scholar to accept it."

"It is certainly none of my business, madame."

"Oh, will you please stop calling me that! I am not the proprietress of a whorehouse," she said somewhat testily, and then gave me a brilliant smile to show me that she was really not displeased with me at all.

"Then I shall call you Mrs. Dartman."

"If you wish. At any rate, Vivian will discipline the girls. She and Edward have finally decided that Cynthia and Barbara will go to college out of town as soon as her brother and I are married. So you may be severe with the girls, and I do hope you will use the cane.

There was a long pause.

I frowned. "I don't quite follow you, Mrs. Dartman. I punish only when there is need, and this first lesson I gave them both appears to have cured them from playing any further pranks with me—at least for the time being. They have mad a concerted effort to do better, and I shall certainly encourage it. I am not an ogre nor a whip master."

"Oh, come, don't be so lofty." She sat up, leaned toward me, cupped my face in her hands, and then gave me a burning kiss. At its conclusion, she darted her nimble pink tongue between my lips and left me shivering with lust—indeed, so much so that I had a difficult time concealing the hard-on which this passionate French kiss evoked. Then she murmured huskily, "I suppose you want to know why they are to be sent to separate schools. Well, I'll tell you. I know that it will go no farther than this room."

"Oh, of course it won't. But I really don't think it necessary for you to draw me into your private intrigues and affairs, Mrs. Dartman. I was employed simply as a tutor—and nothing more."

"Bosh! I am going to see that you get twenty guineas as a little bonus for your labors here this summer, dear Frank. And, of course, a very glowing reference to dear old Professor Clarkson. But you must indulge me and my sister-in-law-to-be. Let me say some more about Barbara and Cynthia. I once caught them both in Cynthia's bedroom. They both had only their wrappers on. Do you understand me now?"

"It is not unnatural for young girls sometimes to experiment with what we shall call Sapphic games, Mrs. Dartman," was my frigid answer. I found myself now inextricably involved in the toils of this singular household, and I really wished no part of it—except, of course, all of Lucy that I could get. At least she did not

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dissemble. Of course, I was prejudiced because she had given me one of the best fucking sessions I had ever tasted to that time.

“Again, I say bosh, Frank dear. I am too tenderhearted where they are concerned. But this is a nastiness which must be whipped out of them. Never fear, the house-mother at the schools where they will be going will ultimately find husbands for them. They both have warm blood in their veins; I am not ashamed to say it. But I cannot let them go on scandalously under my very eyes in this house. And when I am married to Edward, there must be not the slightest breath of scandal to tarnish his illustrious reputation. Won’t you try to help me and be sympathetic? I can be very nice to you.”

“With your fiancé here?” I said rather rudely.

She turned crimson, lowered her eyes, and murmured, “That was wicked of you, Frank, but I suppose I deserved it. All right, I shall make no bones about it. Vivian and my fiancé are addicts of the rod. It is a passion which has consumed a great many Englishmen and women for many generations, as you may know from your own classical pursuit of history and erotica.”

“I am quite familiar with that penchant, madame.” I went back to my formal term of address for her, which made her frown again.

“Well, then, I need not say more on the subject.”

“But I think there is a great deal to be said on the subject, Mrs. Dartman. You are proposing, cold-bloodedly,

that I find some pretext to give Cynthia and Barbara a caning on their bare behinds, and no doubt you will have your fiancé and watch—”

“Oh, not in the same room, of course, but from hiding. Please, dear Frank”

“Absolutely not! I wish no part of such a plot, which smacks of the bordello.”

“You are absolutely impossible—so moral and upright, and yet so young and inexperienced. But you weren’t that way that afternoon when I had you smack Lucy’s naughty bottom; were you, you wicked boy?” she giggled.

Then suddenly she rose from the chaise longue. The organdy dress slithered to the floor, and there she stood in only a brassiere and pumps, divinely all but naked, and more alluring for the bra which was made of black satin and called attention to the lovely milky pallor of her naked skin and the dark brown tufts of pussycurls at the apex of her round, plump thighs.

“Fuck me, dear Frank, fuck me all you want, and if you wish, smack my naughty bottom, too. Only do what I ask, please, darling. Do you begin to understand?”

“I do. Yet I still will not be party to this wicked exploitation. You should be ashamed—stop! I don’t want you, Hortensia—oh, damn—you bitch—you sweet vicious depraved beautiful bitch!”

My indignation was suddenly broken off as this glorious slut flung herself down on her knees, opened my trousers, drew out my prick and, without more ado,

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began to lick the tip and around the circumcised groove which separated the glans from my rigid shaft!

I wanted to repulse her, but her hands had gripped the backs of my thighs. Now she took as much of my prick into her mouth as she could and began to lick it, all the while making noisy sounds as she sucked me. I felt my blood boiling. The turbulent lava of my spunk bubbled up to the urethral lips in a frenzied effort to ejaculate. I tried to hold myself back because it would be perfidy indeed if I were to give her this satisfaction of draining me, especially with sweet Lucy bidden to come to my quarters this very night.

But Hortensia Dartman, tilting up her face now and rolling her eyes at me, continued to lick my cock, and now nibbled with her sharp white teeth on the tip of my aching prick, till I was almost beside myself with sexual frenzy.

Then she paused for a moment and, her magnificent titties rising and falling in the black satin bra, which made her white skin whiter than ever, panted, "Well, then, if you won't—whip—Cynthia and—Barbara—for them and for me—would you whip Lucy? I'd pay you—just as much—no more. Because you see, Vivian likes girls terribly, and you could make Lucy give in to her—"

"You hellish bitch! I've heard enough! I do not care what you tell Professor Clarkson, but as of this moment I shall no longer be a tutor in this house. Nor could you pay me, for what I have learned this week has been a

monstrous education in human nature which I assure you will remain with me through the rest of my days." I panted as I shoved my rigid prick back into my trousers, settled them back into order, and then left her there, still on her knees, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling with lust, as I slammed the door behind me.

I can only say that I may now speak after all these years and reveal only that the marriage did take place. The man Mrs. Dartman wed was—but is not now—a high-ranking minister in the House of Lords. His sister is, alas, presently confined in a mental institution, having given way to addiction of drugs and sexual eccentricities which proved a scandal. As for Barbara and Cynthia, they are married now. Both are normal, happy young women. If they read these lines, I hope they will think kindly of me—more kindly than they did when I was obliged to administer the leather slipper to their virgin bottoms. But at least I did not corrupt them and lead them into the lascivious pathways which this unscrupulous widow, who had cuckolded her own unsuspecting husband for so long, would have had me do.

And finally, I gained Lucy, for on that very night when I had quitted with my employer, she had also resigned her post. The two of us spent a fortnight together in Paris—a fortnight I shall remember till the end of my life for the passionate ecstasy and joyous abandon with which this coppery-haired young woman gave herself. Not only did she return my ardor when we

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fucked, but she grew even more adept with her lips and tongue.

We were lovers for six months. Then, with the capriciousness I might have expected of a girl so charming and of such mercurial temperament, which her red hair denoted, she wed a barman who promptly got her with four children in six years. I write her occasionally, and there are only the tenderest of sentiments between us.

Thus it was that my first job as a private tutor came to a dramatic end. But it was to prepare me for my career as a disciplinarian who knew how to mete out justice with punishment, as you shall see!

† † †

Dear old Professor Clarkson was mildly disappointed when I reported to him that my brief tenure at the Dartman home had come to an end; but to my own great relief, he did not pursue the matter. I have no doubt that pressure was brought to bear by this distinguished "Edward"; but be that as it may, I was already looking for new fields to conquer. By October, I had been fortunate enough to be engaged by a stout, florid-faced country squire in Nottingham who had assumed guardianship of three pretty nieces and a nephew. His equally rotund but even-tempered wife was a placid woman who only mildly remonstrated with her husband when he told me in her presence that it would be a good idea to "touch

up" the nieces and nephew, because they were capable of far better academic efforts than they had shown thus far.

This uncle was fifty-one, and since he is now deceased but six months ago, there will be no harm in citing his name, which was Oliver Crispen, his wife, who died some six years ago, was named Agatha. The three young women were named Gloria, who was russet haired, slim, and tomboyish; Myra, golden-haired, a bit plump but fashioned very delectably; and Rowena, proud and tall like Athena, with dark brown hair and a wonderfully creamy skin. Their brother, named Mark, was a thoroughly objectionable rake.

He was given to practical jokes and teasing of helpless animals. He was towheaded and plump, with the pale white skin of a girl. He was also a detestable little sneak and coward, as I discovered the first time I had occasion to give him the leather slipper for laziness at lessons. He blubbered, wrung his hands like a woman, and implored me to spare him. I did no such thing, and since he would not take his breeches down, nor his shorts, for the spanking, I promptly bent him over my left knee as I posed my foot on a footstool, exposed his chubby pale posterior, and let him have twenty-five good swats which drew howls and wails and shrieks as if I were burning him alive at the stake.

Each of the three young women was also different in temperament and reaction to corporal punishment.

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Gloria and Myra had already been spanked at school, but Rowena was a virgin to corporal punishment. And it was she who brought me a new adventure in the gardens of the goddess Venus because of her very unfamiliarity with the ignominy of chastisement.

I set aside an hour between three-thirty and four-thirty for the young women; from four-thirty to five-thirty it was Rowena's turn. Her uncle had enrolled her in a special private academy for young ladies, and wished her to obtain a teacher's certificate. However, Rowena had no real interest in teaching, for I discovered she was secretly infatuated with a law student two years her senior, for whom she would brave almost any danger so that they might be together. However, as you shall see, I did not discover this for about two months.

Gloria was quick and alert, but often very impatient and shallow in application to her studies. Myra, who had something of the sedateness of her aunt, daydreamed frequently and had very little interest in her studies. Gloria was also inclined to be somewhat impertinent and irreverent where her elders were concerned, and on the third day of our lessons together she argued with me so insolently that I could not refrain from sentencing her to a bare-bottom smacking. So when the hour was up, I sent Myra to tell Rowena that I was alone with Gloria, ordered her at once to divest herself of her tunic, let down her school skirt and petticoat, and then place herself across my lap as I seated myself on a heavy ottoman. Gloria

faintly implored me to smack her over her knickers, which I steadfastly refused to do. She burst into tears of humiliation when these were lowered slowly to reveal a compact pair of tightly spaced, upstandingly rounded buttocks with a tawny skin that rippled and quivered in the most nervous way.

I contented myself with thirty smacks with my open palm, realizing that even at thirteen she was sensitive and imaginative enough to profit from the mortification such a juvenile chastisement accorded. Thereafter she behaved with a great deal more tact and humility.

But it was Myra's turn the very next day after an absolute disaster at lessons. She urged me with tears in her big blue eyes to send Gloria out of the room and not to breathe a word to her older sister that she was to be punished

However, she made no demurrals when I posed her on all fours on the chesterfield, hoisted her skirt and petticoat, lowered her knickers to her knees, and gave her first a dozen smacks with my open palm, after which I ordered her to count out five quick counts of my whipping cane. Her wriggings and squirmings and gasps told me that the punishment was quite effective, though she bore it quite courageously.

The following week, Gloria was treated to a touch of the cane when she turned in an abominably bad composition and then sulked when I took her to task because there were so many errors in it. For this impertinence,

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when our hour was up, she was obliged to take off her tunic, then her skirt, and then bend down and grab her ankles while I rolled up her petticoat and drew down her knickers. Five slowly spaced cuts of the cane, each across both tightly presented, narrowly spaced, round bottomglobes drew groans and gasps. But she did not once leave position nor cry, though there was of course a suspicious moistness in her eyes when she finally straightened and lingeringly rubbed her well-streaked naked seat.

After the first month, Oliver Crispen called me into his study (his wife, as I recall, was visiting some relatives in Yorkshire) and after a good deal of hemming and hawing, got the subject around to discipline. I told him very quickly of the punishments I had had to give the two younger women already, as well as the humiliating spanking I had been obliged to give to the young man. His eyes were shifty and his face was redder than ever as he mumbled something about wanting to watch my methods. I was quick to detect his real motive, since obviously he and his wife had had little compatibility between them for many a year; he simply wanted to see these girlish naked bottoms unveiled and marked by the instruments from my leather case. I told him tactfully that I should prefer not to have interference even from the viewpoint of a spectator watching, but he insisted. Although I could impute to him the most lecherous of motives, I had no real evidence, and so I had to give in.

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The very next day both Gloria and Myra were particularly negligent in their studies, so I took Gloria over my lap, hoisted her skirt and petticoat, lowered her knickers, and gave her fifteen with the leather slipper, which made her kick and squirm and sob feverishly.

Myra was next. In a low, trembling voice she begged me to leave her knickers on, since her uncle was there to watch. I had to harden my heart to her entreaty. Myra covered her face with her hands and burst into tears when I drew her knickers down from her rather opulent pink bottomglobes. I gave her twenty smacks with my open palm, and then, at short range, with her still over my lap and still weeping softly, ten rather light cuts with the cane, alternating on the cheeks and stinging only one cheek at a time, rather than both.

After she had risen from my lap, sobbing softly, she pulled up her knickers hastily and smoothed down her skirt and petticoat, then rushed out of the room.

Mr. Crispen rose from his chair with a grunt and a chuckle. "That was rather jolly, what, old chap?" He approached me with a wink and a nod. "All the same, you're too dashed lenient with those young bitches. What I really want to see is that tall, proud princess made to show her lovely bum for the rod. You know who I mean. Rowena. Seems to me, old chap, in all this time you'd certainly have found some excuse to punish her. I suspect she's not the untouchable little goddess she makes out to be, y'know."

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"If she deserves punishment, Mr. Crispen, she shall receive it. To date, however, I have been satisfied with her work," I said as coldly as I could without being actually rude to the man.

But he smirked at me, clapped me on the shoulder as cordially as if I had been pleasant, and said, "A man with your ability, Meredith, old chap, ought certainly to be able to find some way to punish a big grown-up piece like that. You'll see to it, won't you, Meredith?"

So once more I found myself plunged into domestic intrigue and lecherous involvement for mere selfish reasons, exactly as I had been at the Dartmans'. However, although the idea of resigning occurred to me at once, I did not yield to it because to have left two situations in so short a time might well raise doubts in future employers' minds as to my stability.

Within the next two weeks, both of the younger girls were called to accounting. Needless to say, their uncle was present on each occasion. He sat on the edge of his chair actually licking his lips, the fat old lecher, his eyes shining and his legs crossed to conceal the very obvious fact that he had a hard-on.

On the first occasion, Gloria received six with the cane, which she took kneeling against the back of a heavy upholstered chair and leaning herself well over the edge, her tunic rolled up to the armpits, her skirt and petticoat equally rolled up and pinned together while I lowered her knees and gave her six with my whippy

cane—three to a cheek—for rudeness and a faulty lesson. She gasped and winced and wiggled her bottom around after each cut, but she bore them stoically.

Myra was again condemned to lie on that chair, and once again she pleaded with me piteously to leave her knickers on because her uncle was present. This plea was rejected, and she received ten with the slipper and then three cuts across both cheeks with the cane for a shockingly bad composition and then daydreaming when I called on her to recite.

After this session, Mr. Crispen again remarked after both girls had fled in humiliation to their rooms, that I was far too lenient, and that in the olden days when he was a boy, "it was nothing unusual to have a girl stripped practically raw and then well bent over a desk and whipped in front of the entire school, with all the boys looking on." I was sure he was one of these, and probably had his vicarious enjoyment even at that early age!

Before the second punishment for both younger nieces, I had occasion to cane Master Mark twice. His uncle did not attend those chastisements, I noted with some amusement. The little wretch howled like a banshee, left position after every cut, and received several extras for his pains. He behaved like a thorough little coward.

At the second punishment session involving Myra and Gloria, their uncle was an avid witness. Gloria went across my lap, but this time her uncle suggested that she herself lower her knickers, after I had rolled up the tunic

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and skirt. She therefore had to hoist herself off my lap and tearfully yank down the final veil to her modesty, her tawny bottomglobes tightening and shivering in apprehension. I gave her twenty with the flat of my hand and after that, five with the slipper to each cheek, a rather serious punishment because she persisted in her rudeness in arguing over my marks in grading her compositions and also made an ignominiously poor recitation in history after being prompted about it the very day before. This time her girlish stoicism broke down, and she kicked and cried for mercy.

Myra was then summoned for her turn, and was obliged to remove tunic and skirt, then her petticoat, then bend down and grasp her ankles while I rolled down her knickers. Standing at right angles to her, with my left arm around her waist to keep her from getting out of position, I humiliated her thoroughly and made her cry by giving her thirty with the flat of my right hand before I took up the cane and at very short range gave her two short flicks over the lower summit of each jutting, flaming bottomcheek. This time, too, her stoicism vanished. She wriggled and struggled, and I am sure she afforded her lecherous uncle an enchanting view of the dark golden curls framing her pink virgin cunthole.

The third session was earned by Myra and Gloria for what might vulgarly be called in an American school "horsing around." Before I came in, I had heard scuffling noises, giggles, and shrieks, and when I entered the

study, I found them engaged in a pillow fight. In addition, neither girl had completed the task assigned the previous day. ;

As Mr. Crispen had himself accompanied me to the study in eager anticipation of what the afternoon might bring in the way of lascivious enjoyment for himself, he waxed wroth on their conduct, and told me I should give them a really exemplary correction. There was no help for it, so again Gloria was first.

She was required first to remove her tunic and skirt and petticoat completely, and then bend over the edge of the chesterfield while I peeled down her knickers to her calves. In this shameful and vulnerable position, she received twenty with the leather slipper and then four cuts with the cane, which bit across both saucy bottom-cheeks. She kicked her legs frantically and wailed and sobbed, and I'm sure Mr. Crispen reveled in the sight of her dainty young cunt which her sporadic movements displayed so unconsciously.

Once again, Myra, wringing her hands, implored me to give her double, but at least to let her have the privilege of retaining her knickers, a plea which her uncle himself rejected angrily. The old boy was in a rare state of excitement, his eyes sparkling, his breath wheezing, and his legs crossed to conceal the enormous erections which Gloria's chastisement had afforded him.

Weeping softly in shame, the golden-haired young beauty slowly and shamefacedly removed her tunic, skirt,

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and petticoat, then knelt upon the spanking chair while I pulled down her knickers and, my arm encircling her bare waist, applied twenty to her big, round, pinked bottom until she fairly howled. She was given a minute to wriggle around and try to disperse the burning heat from her inflamed bare ass, after which she had to endure five with the cane, which I spaced horizontally a minute apart, from the tops of her hips to the tops of her calves, looking back and entreating me piteously to spare her any more. Her uncle once again interposed, in a lust-hoarsened voice, to tell her that she would receive four more, and to warn her that if she did not keep in position, he himself would let her feel the tawse.

She began to moan more and more as we continued to thrash her again. All of her stoicism vanished. Her frantic wriggings and twistings about under the additional cuts of the cane showed off her pussy as much as her uncle could have asked for.

But of course it was Rowena he wished to see thrashed, and still she had given me no reason to punish her. Moreover, knowing by now the injustice of his desire, I often veered in her favor when it was a borderline situation, so I could not be accused of catering to his lust, which would have made me a mere panderer.

But Rowena earned her thrashing all the same, and in a most unexpected way. About two days after I had given Myra and Gloria their third punishment of that two-week period, he complained to me that he suspected she was

dating a youth for whom he had not the slightest regard, and that I should begin to interrogate her on her comings and goings. He and his wife were going to Cheltenham over the weekend for a brief holiday, and he virtually ordered me to be more vigilant than ever and to take my authority firmly where the girls were concerned.

All that time, I might add, I lived in the Crispens' house, and on this particular Saturday evening, I had been sitting waiting for her to return.

I knew that she was out on a date, but I could not find it in my heart to reprove her, seeing how viciously sadistic her uncle was in her regard.

I did, however warn her to be home; I suspected her.

Rowena's few but well-chosen words the other night had now confirmed it. Her uncle would not hesitate to order her whipped in front of him if she should fall from grace. She blushed and whispered very gratefully that she thanked me for my warning and would try to heed it.

Alas, young love is often blind to time and conscience alike! It was not until one-thirty in the morning that the latchkey opened the front door and a very guilty-faced Rowena tiptoed in, her hair mussed, her lipstick smeared, only to find me seated in an armchair reading my book.

She uttered a little cry "Oh, Mr. Meredith, I didn't think you'd be up yet!"

"Obviously not, Rowena. Come here to me."

"Yes...yes, s-sir," she quavered and moved forward slowly.

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“You know, of course, that you came in an hour and a half after the curfew I imposed, Rowena,” I said sternly. She nodded, staring down at the floor and looking most uneasy.

“And judging from the looks of you, you’ve had a bit of fun with your young man. You know also that your guardian detests him. I suppose I am honor bound to report this when he returns Monday

“Oh, sir, please don’t!” She looked up at me, tears brimming in her large, hazel eyes, and clasped her hands in a poignant gesture of appeal. “I—I’m terribly afraid of Uncle Oliver—truly I am, sir! Lots of times in the past year, I’ve caught him peeping in on me when I’m trying to dress. Truly I have, sir.”

This news did not startle me, for I was now thoroughly disgusted with this lecherous uncle who was not even man enough to do his own whipping, but rather let himself enjoy the pleasures of psychic masturbation while I did it for him, so that he might gloat over the shame and suffering of his lovely young nieces. That he would go so far as to voyeuristic action, I had also suspected, and Rowena’s words had now confirmed it.

“But you’re old enough now,” I told her. “You should get yourself married to this young man, if you can. Or perhaps find a situation and earn your own livelihood. And if it is that bad, I’m sure you can petition the courts and they will see to it that your sisters are removed from this corruption.”

“John—that’s my intended—he has said the same thing, sir. We will, and we are going to be married, but not for a few months, till he has his place in his cousin’s law firm. Oh, what shall I do? I would die if you had to—had to whip me in front of Uncle Oliver!” she groaned.

“I do not have to tell him—that’s true. Or else, since I am obliged to do my duty and punish you when you do commit a breach of discipline, I could give you your punishment now and then tell you uncle that I had done so,” I said, after deliberate thought.

“Oh, would you, sir? I—I’d be ever so grateful. I’d take anything you’d give me—anything, if only Uncle Oliver wouldn’t see,” she gasped.

“Very well, that may be the best way after all, Rowena. Come along up to the study then, after you’ve gone to your room and repaired the damage I see in your hair and your mouth,” I said.

She blushed violently, and then she murmured very shyly and blushing hotly, “Wouldn’t you do it to me in my bedroom, sir? I’d like that much better.”

“If you like,” I said casually. I avow, dear reader, that I did not have the slightest idea of what this lovely young beauty had in mind. At eighteen, she was already a woman, and course I had noticed her beauty in the many classroom sessions we had had.

I therefore followed her to her bedroom, and she disappeared into the bathroom for a few minutes to repair the damage to her hair, which she wore in curls down to her

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shoulders, and to wash her face. But when she finally emerged, she was in her slip, brassiere, and panties, her garter belt hooking to the tops of her beige nylon hose.

"I'm ready for my punishment, sir," she announced bravely, standing there, her arms at her sides. "What do you wish me to do?"

"I think, my girl," I said in my sternest voice, "that you should have at least a spanking to start with. Lift up your slip to your waist, let down your panties and place yourself over my lap."

She did so without hesitation, and I could not help gasping at the beauty she revealed thereby. She was about five feet seven inches tall, with long, gracefully curved thighs and sleek, elegant calves. Her belly was marked by a narrow, deep belly button, and there was a thick, dark brown fleece of pussyhair framing the soft lips of her cunt. She draped herself over my lap without a sound, put her palms down against the rug, closed her long legs tightly, thrusting down the toes of her pumps against the rug on the other side, bowed her head, and waited stoically for her chastisement.

Tucking in her waist with my left arm, I contemplated the wonderfully creamy, sensitive skin of her naked ass, the broad oval cheeks whose sinuously widening crease revealed the peeping fig of her pink cunthole.

Then I began to spank her, and I did it with a certain austerity and impersonality, so that for myself also I could not impute any lecherous motives—though I admit

the sight of that creamy bottom aroused certain dormant senses of my virile nature. These were brisk slaps. They stung, and they were meant to. Rowena gasped a little, shifted herself on my lap, glanced up after about twenty. Her hazel eyes were already wet. But she endured the spanking courageously. I gave her about fifty, by which time she was uttering little squeals of "Ohh, dear! Ouch, that hurt so!" and "Ahh, oh, Mr. Meredith, I won't do it again, please, sir!"

When I had finished, her bottom was a furious red, in contrast with the creamy glory of her thighs and lower back. She sniffled a little, then turned her tear-stained face to me. "Don't you think I deserve more, sir?"

"If I were of your uncle's mind, I should say yes at once, Rowena. However, in view of your age and the circumstances, I think that should suffice."

"You—You're very kind, Mr. Meredith. Even Myra and Gloria think you are, though you've really smacked their bottoms hard for them, I know."

"I assure you that I should have preferred to have your uncle away from the study at such times," I said dryly. "You may get up if you like and go to bed now."

She rose from my lap slowly and steadied herself. As her slip did not at once tumble down, I again had an exquisite view of her furry cunt. But as she stood there, making no sign of either tugging down her slip nor pulling up her panties, her eyes were glowing and her lips trembling as she murmured, "I'm ever so grateful that

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you let me off so easy, Mr. Meredith. I like you a lot. If I weren't so in love with John, I'd have asked you to take me out of this dreadful house long ago."

I rose from the chair, and I was startled to find I had as prodigious a hard-on as I've ever had in my life. But I was still more startled by her recognition of that phenomenon!

For, to my amazement, the lovely Rowena knelt, unbuttoned my fly, took out my cock, bent her lovely head to it, and gave it an ardent kiss.

"Do you mind, sir?" she whispered, looking up at me with very damp eyes. "Johnny and I almost went the limit tonight, and that's why I came home so late. I didn't want to leave him, but I had to. But I'm so passionate, sir, I wish you'd make love to me now. That awful spanking you gave my poor bum has got me on fire, if you know what I mean."

"My dear girl!" I gasped, red in the face. "It is a lovely offer, but if I accepted it, I should be as shameless and lecherous as your uncle."

"Oh, no, no, sir. You're young and handsome, and you're kind. You wouldn't try to peek in on a girl when she's dressing, or try to feel her up when she goes by, the way Uncle Oliver does. Don't you want me, Mr. Meredith?"

What could any red-blooded man say to such a question, when a beautiful girl whom he has just spanked is kneeling before him, holding onto his prick, which she has just kissed, looking up into his eyes with so urgent and supplicating an appeal?

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I bent down, lifted her to her feet, and drew her to me. She uttered a little sigh of delight and kissed me hard on the mouth. And then I began to remove her slip. Since her panties were tangled around her ankles, I could feel my prick probing against the thick dark-brown curls of her cunt. My hands caressed her flaming, very warm bare bottom, and then her tongue darted between my lips and she arched herself to me in the most wanton surrender.

She reached down between us, took hold of my prick and steered it into her cunt. I felt the full, warm, moist lips yield readily to my prodding. I uttered a groan as I felt myself thrust inside her sheath, and I felt my hands tighten on her spanked ass, as my tongue responded to her entreaty. Then suddenly I remembered that I might impregnate her, and I broke away.

“What’s the matter? Don’t you want me after all?” she groaned.

“That’s a silly question, and I’ve half a mind to give you another spanking,” I said rather crossly. “But I’ve no desire to spoil you for your Johnny. And as it happens, neither of us has thought about precautions in this rash moment.”

“Oh, but I have. I went with Johnny hoping that he’d urge me. But the dear boy is such a gentleman that he worked me up half to death and then left me dangling. I need it. I’m not a virgin. We’ve made love before, but this time we didn’t. But now, oh, please, won’t you please give it to me hard? I’ll just die if somebody doesn’t take me

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right away because my poor bum is stinging so," she blurted out in a husky voice.

All I could do was turn back to the door and lock it, then remove my clothes swiftly. With a happy little laugh, Rowena removed her bra and was naked but for garter belt and hose, kicking off her pumps. I tumbled her naked onto the bed. Her beautiful thick dark brown hair was her only mantle, falling down over her left breast as I bent my head and brushed my lips against that silken veil until I found the rosy nipple and sucked and kissed it.

My right forefinger found her clitoris and began to rub it, while my left hand gripped one of her hot, resilient asscheeks. Then my prick returned to the hot sweet housing she had offered me

She gave herself with an abandon that dazed me. Undoubtedly there was a masochistic streak in her, too, but I had not time for psychological analysis. All I knew was that in this moment Rowena was betokening a sort of symbolic farewell to the lecherous and warped regimen that her uncle had imposed upon her. I brought her furiously to climax before I had my own, and then, I remember with delight, we engaged upon a second and more leisurely bout of fucking and she proved herself as splendidly ardent as she had always previously seemed aloof.

On the following Monday, when her uncle returned, I told him curtly that I had had to punish Rowena for

breaking curfew, and that I had given her an exemplary spanking. He called her to him, corroborated my story, and after she had left, said petulantly, "All the same, old chap, you knew how much I wanted to see her bum. You could have waited until I got back home!"

"I shall give you my notice, Mr. Crispen," I told him. "Rowena has told me a great deal about your conduct toward her. And now I understand why you've always wanted to be present when Myra and Gloria were brought to task. I suspect that your oldest niece is about to marry, and that since she's marrying into a lawyer's family, they will find ways and means of relieving you of your guardianship."

He was thunderstruck, then turned pale, spluttered and coughed, then tried weakly to dissuade me. At the end of the week, I left the Crispen household. A month later, that lovely Rowena was married to her young law student, and Myra and Gloria were sent to a very pleasant home. I still hear from my tall young brunette goddess, who has five children and lives in Essex, where her two sisters also reside with their families.

So it was plain to me that even at the outset of my career, Venus should not fail to tempt me. The only vow I had to make was that I should not be too prone to her temptations when engaged in the course of my profession. It would be a fatal error to take advantage of my young charges when I had seen their beautiful bottoms and lusted for them.

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About a month after leaving the Crispen household, I was offered a situation as a temporary teacher in a young ladies' finishing school in Northumberland, headed by a Mrs. Felicia Wagstaffe. Here I stayed for two years, and I fear that my decision to leave this very pleasant post was because of Mrs. Wagstaffe herself. She was a handsome, rather buxom, forty-two-year-old widow, whose husband had left her a large house and estate, a good deal of money, and an unsatisfied cunt. The school housed some forty girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty, and Mrs. Wagstaffe had had a dormitory and classroom building erected on the property left her by her doting if somewhat impotent spouse.

There were five teachers besides myself: three women and two men. The two men were in their fifties, rather meek and very ivory-towerish, while the women were in their late thirties or early forties. They were all decidedly handsome and all somewhat neurotic, judging by the fact that at the end of my first week, Miss Porterby, the instructress in French, sewing, and cooking, came to my rooms in only her nightie and robe and after some trumped-up story about being afraid of a storm—which was impending—flung herself into my arms and begged me to love her. I consoled her, but not with love, talking to her soothingly and warning her of the danger that might befall us both if I were to yield to my secret passion

for her. For all the time I was there, I had to fend her off, for she was an insatiable nymph, albeit an overly mature one!

Corporal punishment was the order of the school, and a minimum of five demerits earned a girl a smacking, its severity depending upon the nature of the demerits themselves. Smacking was always given on the bare bottom, and there was no exception. Only once did one of the eighteen-year-old girls manage to talk herself out of being humiliated in the classroom before her fellow students, with her knickers down and over the teacher's lap; she managed this very adroitly by slapping the teacher's face and was taken promptly to Mrs. Wagstaffe's chambers, where, I later heard, she was pinioned by a maid, her skirt and slip pinned up and her knickers taken off completely, and then give a birching almost to the blood.

I was given charge of the twenty-year-olds, and the very first week was obliged to demonstrate my ability as a good man with a paddle, what I would always call myself—a disciplinarian. There were twelve girls in my class, and seven of them earned themselves the minimum of five demerits that first week. I suspect that most of them had earned more.

The girls got smacked, with severity, to see whether I had the requisite ability of whomever my predecessor might have been. Three of these young ladies were obliged to kneel tearfully against the back of a chair on

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the platform on which my desk was situated, and hold up their own slips and tunics after first removing their skirts, whereupon I drew down their knickers to their knees and applied my leather slipper twenty times, until they were kicking and wailing, thoroughly contrite. Two went over my lap, with their knickers equally lowered, to feel the flat of my hand thirty times. The other two were sentenced to six cuts of the cane each, bending down and touching toes, tunic, and slip hoisted high up on their shoulders, their skirts removed, with myself again removing their knickers.

The next week, only two of these girls were back for a repeat performance, but by the end of the two years, needless to say, I was as familiar with the bottoms and thighs and pussies of these twelve Lolitas as a lover could have been with the physiognomy and physique of a passionate mistress.

During my stay at Mrs. Wagstaffe's school, there was really only one serious public whipping, and I was put in charge of it. It was in the fall of the first year, and two young ladies been found gamahuching each other by one of the instructresses—the same female who had importuned me with her pledge of undying love.

The girls were faced with the alternative of immediate expulsion in disgrace or a public birching. They tearfully elected the latter. It was to be a public birching, and by a man. Since I had already established a model classroom because my early demonstrated ability to chastise had

impressed my young charges, Mrs. Wagstaffe implored me to wield the rod.

It was quite a ritualistic ceremony. The night before, four rods had been constructed from switches taken from the birch trees in the garden, soaked in brine the old-fashioned way, and bound with cloth to make a handle. An old padded leather gymnasium horse had been trundled and placed on the stage of the assembly hall. Of course, the entire school was present.

Then, Mrs. Wagstaffe, as presiding mistress of ceremonies, lectured all the girls on the gravity of the offense committed by the two culprits who stood, arms hanging limp at their sides, facing their schoolmates. Although she did not indicate specific details, she intimated that the fault was so grave that if any girl was found subsequently to have committed it, she might expect even more severe treatment.

She then asked each girl in turn whether she admitted her guilt and was ready for punishment. Each quavered in turn a faint "Yes, Mrs. Wagstaffe."

She then retired to her seat at a sort of dais and gestured to me to begin. Two sturdy matrons were at my disposal. Employed as laundresses or cooks most of the time, they doubled in these roles of aides to the executioner—who was myself, of course.

I began with Betsy. She wore glasses, had long black hair to her waist, a shy, ethereal face and was extremely sensitive and soft spoken. I had heard her scholarship

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praised by various instructors, but it would avail her nothing now. She was ordered by one of the matrons to remove her tunic and skirt and then her slip, so that she stood in bra, knickers, garter belt and hose, and nothing more.

The next order was for her to straddle the horse, letting her arms and legs hang down from either side of the apparatus. One of the matrons then strapped her wrists tightly to the front lower legs, while the same was done with her ankles at the other end by the other matron. The latter then ripped off Betsy's panties, revealing a surprisingly large oval-cheeked ass with a pale white satiny skin which was ready flinching in shame at being presented so obscenely to the entire school. All eyes were on me as I made my way forward, choosing one of the slender birches and taking my place at the girl's left. I laid the rod slowly across the lower part of the victim's naked ass and heard her sob as she braced herself and closed her eyes. I drew back the rod and applied a swishing cut which spread the tines fantail across her distended naked bottomcheeks and drew an immediate shrill cry of pain and a frantic wriggling on the horse. Mrs. Wagstaffe implored me to wield the rod. I felt sorry for Betsy. As the younger and quieter of the pair, it was evident that she had been seduced into this.

In modern verbiage, Hester would probably be known as the "butch," or "husband," and poor Betsy as the "femme."

I warned the sobbing, bespectacled culprit where the birch would fall next time by patting the spot selected in advance, and then giving her ample time to tense her muscles. To be sure, a girl always ingenuously tenses herself just before the rod or tawse or spanker falls, little realizing that by clenching the muscles, she gives extra impetus and sting to the spanking instrument. At the end of ten lashes, Betsy's bottom was striped vividly. She was sobbing plaintively and looking back at me with tears running down her cheeks. Five more, and the base of her left buttock was lacerated. A tiny pearl of blood formed on her milky cheek. I hardened my heart to her shrill entreaties and gave her ten more cuts, which left her writhing and shrieking, tugging frantically at her bonds till the gym horse creaked with her futile contortions.

She was left to sob for about five minutes, and there was a deathly silence over the spectators. At last Mrs. Wagstaffe gave a sign and the matrons came forward, unstrapped Betsy's wrists and ankles, lifted her down and carried her off to the infirmary.

Now it was the turn of the real seductress, twenty-year-old Hester who, when ordered by Mrs. Wagstaffe to strip down to bra and panties, garter belt and hose and pumps, did so with an insolence that irritated me and determined me to teach her a good lesson once and for all. When at last she was strapped down on the horse, I myself removed her drawers by stripping them off,

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exposing the broadly rounded, tawny-skinned behind that was a virtual challenge to my flagellatory ability.

I chose a sturdier birch to begin with, for I intended to use *two* birches on Miss Hester's opulent posterior. To my surprise, she endured the first ten swipes of the heavier rod. But then I had satisfaction of seeing her body jerk convulsively with the last three cuts. Next, I resorted to the lighter rod, comprising some six switches in all. These were slender and extremely flexible. Three cuts of these, imparted diagonally over her jutting, distended asscheeks, and Hester began to lose her spartan courage. She uttered a startled cry, looked back with brimming eyes, and began to jerk at her bonds. Thereafter, each blow drew a sob, groan, or muted shriek from the naughty baggage as her hips lunged and swerved violently, the cheeks opening and clenching, until at last I could see the soft pink mouth of her cunthole.

I paused at twenty lashes. I noted that the top of her left hip and the base of her right buttock, as well as the spot near the crease of both cheeks, just at the edge of the right globe, were very close to having the skin broken and blood drawn. But I wished to prolong this, and Mrs. Wagstaffe, for all her severity, usually called a halt to a whipping at first blood. I therefore cast down the birch and asked Mrs. Wagstaffe whether, in view of the girl's maturity and evident guilt, she should have more.

All eyes were now on me as I made my way forward

and chose the leather slipper. Then Hester really shrieked and yelled.

Twenty-five blows left her bottom a dark round globe. I concluded her thrashing with six final whistling cuts of the thinner birch, three vertically down each globe. She nearly tore herself off the scarred horse, crying that I was killing her, that she would never, never do it again, that she would do anything but commit this type of offense again. She cried and moaned and pleaded for me to stop.

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Toward the end of my first year at Mrs. Wagstaffe's school, I had my first really passionate amatory encounter, and quite by accident. Some four months previously, my buxom and charming employer had engaged a young woman to teach French and ballet. Her name was Vera Esmiroff, and her father was a White Russian, her mother from an excellent family in Marseilles. She was about thirty, I should judge, though I never did quite learn her exact age, about five feet seven inches in height, with an ethereal oval face, huge, haunting black eyes, a delicate straight nose, and a small but somewhat ripe mouth. She wore her jet black hair drawn high away from her arching forehead and gathered into a very tight oval bun. She was cool and impersonal to everyone in the school, particularly to me. I foresaw that a woman of this background and of this maturity might make a superb mistress, and I confess that my prick had

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been denied sojourn in a tight hot pussy for far too long. I was discovering that I was venting my thwarted spleen on the naked bottoms of the young culprits in my classes, and that, of course, was reprehensible. But try as I would, I simply could not get Vera Esmiroff to show the slightest interest in me. One Friday afternoon, I can recall, I met her coming out of her classroom and asked politely if she would like to attend the lecture given in the Town Hall that night, with, of course, an excellent dinner as a preface. She eyed me curiously for a moment, then shook her head and mumbled something that sounded like "No, I thank you. I am otherwise occupied."

She had no mail come to the school; she seemed entirely to be a loner who let nothing of her own personal business be known, and did not encourage friendship. However, from the chance remarks that Mrs. Wagstaffe dropped now and again, I gathered that she was a really excellent teacher, but perhaps she had entered teaching at a rather late age because of some personal misfortune. This I inferred myself, when Mrs. Wagstaffe told me that Vera Esmiroff had been teaching only about three years.

But there came a Saturday afternoon in February when, out of sorts, having no sweetheart to pleasure myself with for a weekend, I took a rather gloomy walk around the grounds of the school. It was a dreary day. The whistling wind made me realize that perhaps my next assignment should be in a more tropical clime. I found myself near the gymnasium of the school, and

my idle curiosity led me to enter it. There was a hollow silence as I walked down the corridor. And then I heard the faint strains of a phonograph at the very end, seeming to come from a narrow room which was, as I recall, a private exercise room for volleyball and other sports which the wiry and athletic (and also mustached) Miss Priscilla Bowman conducted.

The music was *Swan Lake*, which has long been one of my favorites. And on this particularly bleak and wintry day, the music of Tchaikovsky was exactly what I needed to warm the cockles of my lonely heart and to let me imagine that there was still passionate devotion going on in some corners of the world, if not here in this school.

I tried the doorknob and it yielded to me. And then I gasped. Vera Esmiroff was dancing by herself, a beautiful ballerina in a black leotard which clung between her thighs so tightly that I could almost make out the dainty lips of her cunthole. She was in the midst of executing a *tour en l'air* with as much aplomb as if she were dancing for the great Nijinsky himself.

I clapped my hands and called out, "Brava Esmiroff!"

She whirled, her great eyes fixing on me and her small mouth gaping with surprise. Then she moved over to the phonograph and turned it off. "You have no right to come here. I have asked Mrs. Wagstaffe for permission to use this room for my practicing," she flung at me in the most hostile manner.

My face flushed. I was chagrined to have offended

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her, but she took me so off guard that my male ego was wounded to the quick. "I did not mean to pry. I simply heard music I like very much, and it was a natural instinct to open the door and find out why it was being played," I said as politely as I could.

"You like the music of Tchaikovsky?"

Her tone was suspicious, but at least she was talking to me, which was a considerable advance over what I had been able to accomplish to this point. "I am very fond of him," I said. The *Violin Concerto*, the symphonic poem *Manfred*, and several of the operas, notably *Pique Dame*. I find his music extremely moving."

Suddenly she favored me with a dazzling smile. She came forward, put her hand on my arm, and said softly, "I am sorry. I have a sharp tongue. But that is because I am always on guard. You will forgive me?"

"To be sure, I will forgive you. But there is only one way you can gain forgiveness," I said with a gallant smile.

"And that is?"

"To have dinner with me this evening. The restaurant in town isn't too bad, and perhaps we can find a concert."

"Silly! There are no concerts in town—you know it," she accused. Nonetheless, she was smiling.

"Then perhaps we can have some music on records. I have a small collection in my quarters," I said boldly.

"Now that sounds charming. Very well, I will try to win your forgiveness. But now I must dress. I certainly cannot go to town in this."

“You would be a sensation. Young men would fling themselves from cliffs, and old men would write quiet, despairing poems in your honor,” I joked, for now I was feeling suddenly exhilarated at the prospect of communion with so delicious and evocative a piece of pussy as Vera Esmiroff assuredly was.

And so, playing the gallant, I took her hand and kissed it as I might a princess's. Miracle of miracles, she blushed. “You are really very nice. And do you know, I have been really beastly with you. I have hardly said a word to you since I came here to teach,” she murmured.

“We can make up for that at dinner,” I smiled.

I may have wished for a gourmet feast that evening, but it was not to be. Still, we had a rather palatable Dover sole and a sweet trifle which was somewhat better than acceptable, as well as a bottle of quite superior French Chablis. I outdid myself in charm and wit because this was the first time in ages that I had dined with a really desirable woman on equal terms, where the challenge lay with me to win an invitation to her bed and between her supple thighs. And having already observed the ivory pallor and the beautifully muscled contours of Vera Esmiroff's calves and thighs, I was burning with impatience to house my cock between them in the warm tight nest of her cunthole. On the other hand, she was decidedly neurotic, and her behavior as a loner led her very often into moody fits of silence when she would appar-

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ently hear me but without actually listening, her great dark eyes fixed mournfully beyond me at some point on the wall or the ceiling.

I did not rush matters—certainly not that first night. I made an excellent impression; I complimented her on her dancing, and then I invited her to my quarters to play records, just as I had told her I would do. But she balked at this with a charming little blush and a slight stammer. “Let’s wait till next time, dear Mr. Meredith, shall we? I do not wish to go too fast. You’ll understand someday, and thank you for a very lovely evening.”

So there it was. I could only wrestle with my conscience and also with my fantasies of fucking luscious Vera Esmiroff in my bed, making her, as Shakespeare says so aptly, “teach the sheets a whiter hue than white,” and finally resorting to masturbating as I pretended that I was mounted on her and riding her to the glorious shores of Cytherea just beyond.

We had several more dates, and I discovered that she had the rather unhappy faculty for suddenly turning to me and repeating one of the casual remarks I might have made at a prior time, then demanding to know precisely what I meant by it. She had the true Russian soul, and it began to irritate me considerably. After about a month, I determined that either I would get into her tight cunt or say good-bye to her forever more as a priapic prospect.

This time she had come back to my quarters, and we

were listening to the Prokofiev *Second Violin Concerto in G minor*, one that as we know was shamefully eviscerated by the Soviets. After it was over, I lit her long Russian cigarette for her and tried one myself. She launched at once into an attack upon the composer whom we had just heard, saying that out of honor he should have left Russia and made his fortune in America or even here in England. I argued with her, and she became quite violent on the subject. She rose and called me an utter boor, an idiot who had a mere smattering of culture. At this point, I determined to stake all in a desperate gamble.

"Do you know, Vera," I said coldly, "that you remind me of no one so much as a certain eighteen-year-old chit who sits in the front row of my English literature class and tries to see how insolent she can be throughout the period without incurring all the demerits she really has coming? But that young lady, though she doesn't know it, is due for a sound caning next Friday afternoon after last bell. My opinion is that you would be the better yourself for such a rude awakening."

"And what, Mr. Meredith, is that supposed to mean?"

"This!" I snapped. I seized her by the wrists, flung her on her belly on the bed, and rolled up her brown woolen skirt and the pale peach-colored slip under it, exposing her magnificent oval ass snugged in a very tight panty girdle whose narrow tabs hooked to the tops of black nylon hose. She uttered a shriek of rage, reached

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back to pull down her clothes, and began to swear at me in Russian.

“I don’t understand everything you are saying, Vera, but I’m sure it isn’t complimentary. And I’m sure that it has earned you an additional dose of spanking,” I repeated coolly.

Whisking off my jacket, I knelt on the bed beside her and then, as she continued to struggle and to swear at me, seated myself on the middle of her back so that I faced her bottom. Her legs flailed the air frantically, but I had no trouble loosening and dragging down the panty girdle and exposing her ivory bottom, which tightened at once and revealed all its magnificent muscular mobility.

“You filthy brute, is this the way you end an argument? Oh, you are a beast; you are a typical capitalist. I hate you, let me go!” she stormed.

“Come now, you are supposed to be a White Russian, not a Red,” I quipped. “And this is not political, Vera, this is punishment for being an utter bitch. Get yourself ready.”

Without further ado, I lifted my hand and delivered a solid swat on the summit of her right asscheek, followed by one even harder on the left globe. She uttered a piercing cry, and I realized that the other teachers—and even Mrs. Wagstaffe—might hear her cries. So I said to her in a low voice, “Listen, if you keep on screaming like that, I’m going to gag you, tie you, and use a whip on your

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bottom, just as a Russian male would do when his woman acts as stupidly as you have just done. And then I shall tell Mrs. Wagstaffe that you came in here and tried to offer your body to me, and I felt it best to punish you for your indecency.”

She had turned her crimsoned, angrily contorted face back to stare at me. When she heard this, she uttered a cry and groaned, “Oh, no, oh, you wouldn’t do that! Oh, it would be the end of me! Please, dear Frank, don’t do that!”

“Then will you take your punishment without yelling the house down?” I asked, lifting my hand ready to strike.

She nodded. Then she buried her face in her hands and began to cry softly.

I delivered four or five more hard spansks, but her tears had rendered me more a lover than an executioner. I rolled her over, opened my trousers, and liberated my swollen cock, so long denied a pussy haven. And then I fell upon her.

But Vera Esmiroff turned her face to one side and cried out, “Oh, no, don’t do that to me, I beg of you, no!”

But already it was too late. My starved and hungry cock must have nurture, and I had already pried apart the lips of her pussy and, my hands gripping her slim shoulders, was thrusting home. Then suddenly I felt myself checked by what could only be a barrier of nature—the barrier of her cherry. Vera Esmiroff was a virgin!

She had resigned herself, her face hidden in her hands,

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turned away from me. I felt like a brute, but I was so overcome with lust by the sight of her loveliness and by our emotional argument that I acted like a ravager. I thrust again; this time I burst her cherry. She uttered a stifled groan of pain, and then she began to sob very softly. But she locked her arms around my neck and, with eyes closed and lips trembling, suffered me to my worst.

I rode her gently now. Like a restive mare, she needed soothing and gentling. I also held back my own spunk, though it was torture beyond any I had known until then. And then at last she began to respond to me, with soft little gasps, with convulsive wriggles, until finally she cried, "Oh, Frank, oh, yes, oh, take me!" Vera Esmiroff locked her long, supple legs over my behind and dug her fingernails into my shoulder blades as she began to respond to my earnest plowing.

When at last we had ended our first hostile and then amorous bout, I kissed her gently on the mouth and whispered my apology. She cried softly and then she murmured, "It wasn't you, it's just my fate. Oh, Frank, you couldn't have known, but I ran away from London and a very good job because a man there wanted to marry me. But he wanted to make love with me first, and I was so afraid. All my life I've been afraid of men because my father was a brute and he used to beat my mother and then—do to her what you just did to me."

I was abashed and again tried my best to apologize. But she smiled and shook her head "Oh, no, I don't

blame you. And truly, after the pain, there was pleasure for me, more than I thought there ever could be. It's only that I've been with girls so much of the time. I liked them and I loved them. I did not think I could ever go to bed with a man—that's why you found me a virgin. Frank, I beg of you not to tell my secret. I will do anything you wish because I know Mrs. Wagstaffe often regards that as the most disgusting and disgraceful thing that a woman can do—I know that, because she's often spoken about it."

So that was Vera Esmiroff's secret. I swore to her that I would keep it, and I told her that it was not unusual that a girl was terrified of a man and sought solace with the opposite sex. I told her that it did not in itself mean that she was necessarily a die-hard Lesbian. I tried by every way I knew to cajole her. However, she would not strip naked and let me admire her magnificent titties, nor the rest of her ivory body. But in a kind of sacrificial way, she gave me to understand that if, at not too frequent times, my manly nature yearned for cunt, she would yield hers to me provided that I kept her secret.

I did, and I was not importunate. In the next three months, I think I came to her quarters only four times, and she to mine once. Then suddenly one morning she was gone, with a laconic note to Mrs. Wagstaffe saying that she had been called to Paris because of the death of her mother.

Just a few years ago, I read in the newspaper *Figaro*

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that a crime of passion was discovered at the rue de Rivoli. A stunningly beautiful ballerina, who had been dancing at one of the Parisian nightclubs and teaching classical ballet during the day, had had a love pact with another woman, a pretty Dutch blonde of about twenty-six. The two of them had taken an overdose of sleeping pills and died together in each other's arms. The woman who danced in a nightclub and who taught ballet was Vera Esmiroff. Peace to her troubled soul. I only wish that I might have converted her to becoming my permanent mistress, and so led her away from the bittersweet ecstasy and tormented rapture which those who sail to the shores of the isle of Lesbos know all too often.

The following year, I was put in charge of the same girls I had had the previous year, with three new entrants.

And, I suppose because of the tradition that a new pupil must at once test the adequacy of a new master, these three young ladies sought to challenge my authority. They found out the very first Friday afternoon that they had made a grievous error. One of them had the slipper applied to her big pink bottom until she howled and kicked her legs in the most shameless manner; the second girl had to kneel on the straight-backed chair while I pulled down her knickers and applied eight of the cane, four to each cheek; while the third girl earned herself a dose of the birch—something rarely given as a first-time punishment.

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But it was, this time.

Her name was Eleanor. She had red hair, and there was something in her face of the same piquant sauciness which reminded me so much of Lucy. The artful minx had the temerity to try to correct me in class on a point in civics. It seemed that she had read a book which proved I was wrong. The only trouble was that I happened to have a copy of that book. I therefore held the class in reserve on their honor, went back to my quarters, procured the book, then read the opinionated minx chapter and verse to prove that it was she, not the author or I, who was wrong.

A few minutes later, she was kneeling on the seat of my straight-backed chair, her bottom turned toward the class, her tunic and slip lifted high to her armpits, her skirt removed and her knickers down at her knees, exposing a rather large but very satiny white bottom for eight strokes of a very thin birch which she was obliged to count aloud. After that, I made her apologize first to me, then to the class, after which she was permitted to put her clothes in order and hobble back to her seat, very red in the face and sniffing a little, the object of derision for the rest of the period.

And now I come to the point where Mrs. Wagstaffe and I had to part company after two very pleasant years. Yes, that embattled spinster Miss Porterby was still pursuing me, but so far I had been able to put her off, once going so far as to give her a chaste kiss on

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the forehead and tell her that I was not the marrying or philandering kind, which made her very morose at the time, as I recall.

It was a late Friday evening in mid-January. I was reading a book by H. G. Wells, reflecting on what clairvoyance he had shown in his *War of the Worlds* after we had concluded one of the most terrifying global conflicts in history, though perhaps not so devastating as the holocaust he had predicted so many years before, but sufficiently terrifying as to scare most of us into wondering when Armageddon was coming.

As I read, I heard something. One of the stout matrons who had helped me birch Betsy and Hester was there to ask me apologetically if I would present myself to Mrs. Wagstaffe, who wished to have a word with me. I had no reason to suspect anything untoward, and so I said I would be along directly; A few minutes later, I knocked at her door and was told to come in. There I found my buxom employer in just a thin wrapper, her rather plump calves snuggled in white silk hose and wearing elegant high-heeled black leather pumps. She asked me whether I would like some wine and biscuits, and to be convivial, I agreed. She then went on to tell me how thoroughly pleased she was with my efficient and businesslike duties in behalf of her school and how much she admired the standards of discipline and deportment I had set.

Then she asked me whether I would accept a position

as headmaster, with a handsome raise in salary. Of course I said yes. She sighed languorously and then said, "I've often envied you, dear Mr. Meredith, and there have been times when I've wished I'd been in your class on a Friday when you were smacking those naughty girls. For you see, dear Frank, I've longed to have a strong man do just that to me. You see, poor Felix was such an effete man. Even at his best, he could never satisfy me. He wouldn't even spank me because he thought it was perverse. Oh, do it to me now—spank me and love me, and be my husband and own this school with me, I implore you!"

With this, she rose dramatically from her chair, upsetting her teacup and the plate of biscuits, and presented herself to me quite naked except for garter belt, hose, and pumps. I must confess she was extremely tempting, although a bit too buxom for my personal taste. The dark bush of her cunt was shaggy and hid the lips, and her bobbies were somewhat pendant and very large. But she had a lovely white skin which a young girl half her age might have envied, and she certainly had a magnificent bottom for the whip. Before I could regain my poise, she had flung herself across my lap and, looking back at me, murmured coyly, "Oh, do smack my big bum. I've been a naughty girl and wanted you so badly, Frank dear! Smack me and then fuck me—oh, give it to me now!"

They say that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, but I realized the die was cast. Mrs. Wagstaffe and I could no longer be the same employer and employee now that

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she had abandoned herself to me so completely. In rejecting her, I should also have to reject my post, and I told her rather gently, "I'm afraid I must decline, for you do me too great an honor. I'm betrothed already, Felicia. You must forgive me. I would be false to my own code if I loved you as I dearly wish to do right now."

However, to console her, I did put my arm around her and give her big, resilient ass about a dozen hard stinging slaps, which left her gurgling and cooing like a turtledove, begging for more. When I set her on her feet, she was blushing and crying, too, but not from the pain of the spanking. Rather, at my rejection. So, manfully, I I took my leave, with a glowing recommendation and her wish that I should be happy in my marriage. I never did tell her that I had had to fib to save her face as well as mine.

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It was like a hideous nightmare from which, alas, there was no awakening. But it was not the first nightmare which beautiful brunette Gloria Talmadge had experienced in her relatively short life of twenty years. For, as one of the three ladies-in-waiting to the wife of England's George III, the dowdy and vindictive Charlotte Sophia, she and Beatrice Digby, a year older, and the twenty-three-year-old indomitable Arabella Clarisson had defied the sedate and dour regimen of the Hanoverian court by playing a prank on that "fat old sow from Schleswig-Holstein," as the irrepressible Arabella herself had described her.

And a month and a half ago, on a cold May morning at the rear of the palace, in a courtyard, for the crime of having hidden away the royal jewels out of sheer mischief and to cause merriment in a court that frowned upon such levity, these three beauties had been stripped naked, bound to a whipping post, and birched by Master Dickson, the royal executioner. Though the whipping had taken place at dawn, nonetheless there had been a goodly audience to gape and jeer and to lust over those three delectable, virginal bodies as they were shorn of finery and tethered to the post, there to writhe and caper under the swishing cuts of the birch switches.

Nor was this all. For that crime, Charlotte Sophia had decreed that these hussies should be forthwith dispatched to the royal colony in South Carolina, there to be sold at public auction on the docks of Charleston as indentured bond servants for a period of three years.

That had been the first nightmare, one that would remain indelibly inscribed in the psyches of these three well-bred and gentle virgins. But the vengeance of Charlotte Sophia was to pursue these maidens even across the stormy Atlantic. For all three had fallen into the hands of Lady Meg Fairlieu, a sadistic Lesbian heiress who had unscrupulously had her revenge on an uncle who had tried to rape her when she was not much more than a child, and had contrived his death as well as that of his wife, so that she could come into her own estate. She was perhaps in her own way even more vindictive than

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George's royal queen, for she had never forgotten the insult which the handsome honey-haired Laura Eggleston had pronounced upon her at a party: that Lady Meg was a pampered, vicious child who needed a sound thrashing, and should have had it much earlier from her poor parents before she came upon the ownership of so vast a plantation as she now had.

Lady Meg had waited her chance. And then, when Laura's husband had unexpectedly died, the honey-haired young widow had found herself in virtual bondage. Lady Meg Fairlieu had cunningly paid off all Laura's creditors and obtained their notes into her own keeping. She had visited Laura's house one evening with her giant overseer, Tuambo, announced to the astonished young woman that she was now a slave, and then had had the black overseer of her plantation flog and fuck the beautiful Laura Eggleston. Now that same victim was a slave to all intents and purposes on Lady Meg's plantation, though ironically given the title of supervisor of the household, but as liable to the lash and the slashes as any unhappy female who toiled in Lady Meg's cotton and tobacco fields.

To such a hell on earth, therefore, Arabella, Beatrice, and Gloria came. And on the very first evening of their servitude, Gloria Talmadge was summoned to the boudoir of Lady Meg who wished to inspect her new slave. With her was the Danish slavegirl Dorothea, who had won the role of favorite by lending her body to

Lady Meg's lascivious Sapphic embraces. And when the capricious and sadistic young heiress had commanded the tunic-clad and pump-shod young brunette to kneel down and kiss her limbs and progress therefrom to the dark blonde tufted oasis of her cunthole, Gloria had indignantly refused to comply with such an obscene order.

Lady Meg had therefore summoned Tuambo, and the grinning Mandingo, who was Lady Meg's faithful servant because she doled out to him exactly such tender morsels of female pulchritude as this (she had but recently turned over to his brutal clutches the gentle, lovely Creole slave girl Selene to be his bed-bitch), had heard Lady Meg's command to punish this prudish little fool who dared to refuse an order.

As Tuambo approached the shrinking, naked brunette—Lady Meg's first order to her had been to doff the attractive silken tunic which covered her body just below her pussy, an attire which was obligatory to all household slaves—and when she saw the glittering lust in Tuambo's beady eyes, she had recoiled with a cry of fear. He had savored her terror, and his gaze had devoured the creamy glory of her virgin body, the dark triangular patch of mossy black pussyhair at the peak of those lovely, harmoniously rounded thighs. Clad only in her high-heeled pumps, recoiling against the wall, she had clasped her hands in prayer and implored Lady Meg to spare her. But the vicious heiress, lofting her own

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chemise up to her titties, had languorously commanded, "Dorothea, the yowling of that little bitch annoys me. Come solace me, my dear one!"

And Gloria Talmadge, even as Tuambo reached for her and caught her wrists in his sinuous black hands, even as she shrieked out for mercy, instinctively believing that her virgin doom was sealed, saw with horror the beautiful tall naked Danish slavegirl kneel down and, her long slim fingers caressing Lady Meg's belly, glue her mouth to that insatiable cunt and begin to gamahuche her, while Lady Meg lay back, her head pillowed in her arms, arching her loins wantonly to the artful lingual and labial caress of her bed-slave.

"Tuambo!" Lady Meg Fairlieu called, her voice throaty with her approaching lust as her Danish slavegirl Dorothea furrowed her nimble pink tongue against the aristocratic plantation owner's virilely developed clitoris, "When Gloria is ready to obey, you will tell me. And you will leave her in penitence so that she will be in position to execute my order humbly and dutifully—do you understand?"

"Tuambo understand good, Mistress." The giant chuckled libidiously. "You come now, white slave. Tuambo teach you how to obey when Mistress give order. You beg Tuambo to let you obey Mistress—it not take long, you see!"

Then, gloating over the horrified shame and terror of the beautiful naked young brunette, Tuambo swung her

up in his arms, his right arm under her calves, his left under her shoulders and his left hand curving round to clutch one creamy tittie and taste the sweet resilience of the naked satiny flesh, heaving so violently in the girl's frantic despair and abysmal shame at having to watch this young patrician heiress wantonly display herself while in the act of being gamahuched by another naked woman...an act which Gloria Talmadge found utterly revolting...an act which, alas, the unfortunate young brunette would, just as Tuambo had predicted, beg to be allowed to commit!

Gloria Talmadge did not attempt to fight her assailant. His very size terrified her, and she knew that it would accomplish nothing except to enrage him to do her even greater bodily harm than she now dreaded he would inflict upon her. She did not know to what punishment Lady Meg had consigned her, but now that her virgin thighs and bottom had felt the kisses of the birch, that scalding torment and the ignominious humiliation of the lash, before an audience of her peers and under the very eyes of Queen Charlotte, she felt her muscles twitch in dire apprehension of a new whipping. And this, agonizingly she could tell herself, was to be applied by the hand of a black man, a lusting, massive rogue whose fingers were already fondling her virgin tittie as audaciously as if she were his concubine.

However, her virginity was not yet in danger. Lady

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Meg would have told Tuambo to possess her and in the girl's own hearing if that had been the case. Moreover, the owner of the plantation had already given him Selene as his bed-slave, and that was gift enough to ensure his fidelity for quite some time to come. When it would be again necessary to bribe him into putting down any possible mutiny on her plantation, she could always offer him the tempting cherry of this delicious brunette; or, for that matter, the virginities of Beatrice Digby and Arabella Clarisson.

Gloria closed her eyes, and prayed, which was all she could do under the circumstances. Tuambo grinned, his gaze feasting over the magnificent curves of her voluptuous young body, but fixing most of all at the curly black thatch which covered the petulant pink lips of her maiden cunthole. This treasure he was at the moment forbidden to usurp, but this did not prevent him from anticipating a future enjoyment. He could sense that this young woman was of the same patrician quality as Lady Meg herself, and so he knew that her duties as a slave would grow onerous and force her into repeated disobedience until at last his generous mistress would turn Gloria over to him to be fucked, to be enjoyed like his own whore, with no leniency shown, no depravity spared her.

He strode into the barnlike building where, earlier this same day, she and her two friends had had to strip, be bathed and examined like cattle, and then placed into isolation cells. Just inside the entrance, Tuambo stood the

half-fainting naked brunette on her feet, stooped, and, still holding her wrists with one hand, lifted a trapdoor with the other, revealing a flight of stone steps. For under this squat and sprawling edifice which housed the new slaves, the laundry, the infirmary, and other facilities made for the general welfare of household slaves, there had been constructed an ingenious and imaginatively finished series of dungeons where recalcitrant and rebellious slaves could be punished in privacy and at the full leisure and lustful inclination of either the overseers or Lady Meg. We have already seen how this vicious Lesbian sadist summoned her Danish slave Dorothea to one of these chambers and had Dorothea make love to her while she watched Tuambo break in poor Selene. She did not now accompany Tuambo to witness the punishment of Gloria Talmadge, because she knew that in due course the indentured bondservant would be begging for a chance to obey the order she had just refused...and she intended to let poor Gloria Talmadge wait in dire suspense and anguish until she deigned at last to take this avowal of fealty and humility.

"You come, no tricks," he growled as he jerked at Gloria's wrists and made her descend the steps behind him. Whimpering, her eyes dilated with her terror, her beautiful firm pert-tipped bubbies erratically rising and falling, the naked brunette went down the steps in her high-heeled pumps, and the atrocious fear of stumbling in this unusually awkward footgear—for the heels were

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much higher and more tapering than she had been used to back at court in London—so that already, in advance of the punishment she was about to receive, her ordeal had begun.

When they arrived on the subterranean landing of the cellar floor, the scene was ominous enough to add to Gloria Talmadge's fears. Two torches, soaked in palmetto oil, and fixed into metal brackets on each side at the middle of this narrow corridor, illumined massive stone walls and heavy oaken doors with thick hinges and locks. There were about five dungeons on each side of this corridor, and perhaps two small comfortably furnished chambers on each side as well, these being not only for Lady Meg herself but for some of her perverse guests who equally enjoyed witnessing punishment being inflicted on a comely naked female...for, needless to say, at Fairlieu Acres, punishments were always carried out upon the naked flesh. Even Laura Eggleston, who occasionally was reprimanded by Lady Meg, had to stoop, flip up her short tunic and see that it did not fall back over her jutting bare bottom, as she grasped her ankles to endure as stoically as she could half a dozen stripes with a thin malacca cane or a hickory switch.

Only Mercedes Jeffries, the enigmatic and mature beauty who had medically examined our three heroines, had thus far escaped regular punishment. But she had only made her compromise, and she had lent her body

to Lady Meg's pernicious Sapphic lusts to escape the humiliation of a whipping. Lady Meg savored applying the whip herself, as was well known, but most of all, she luxuriated in the humiliation which she caused her mature victims by flogging them in the presence of either other slaves or the overseers. Young Kijaniro, a tall lanky Furlani in his early thirties, was almost always present at the tallying sheds in the cotton and plantation fields when it was punishment time at sundown, and when the helpless slavegirls had to bring their baskets to the weighing scales and be judged as to whether they had met their quota for the day. If they had not, swift retribution followed—no excuses, no pleas for mercy ever prevailed. They were ushered unceremoniously into the punishment room at the back of the shed, and there one of the handsome female overseers applied the paddle, strap, cane, birch or switch, depending on her own sadistic preference, under the glittering eyes of one of the four men on whom Lady Meg placed so much trust for the maintenance of order and the suppression of all rebellions at Fairlieu Acres.

Tuambo rummaged in his loincloth with his left hand, still maintaining his grip on Gloria's slender creamy wrists, extracted the key to the punishment cell, inserted it in the heavy lock, and turned it. The shingles creaked, another sound to strike terror into the already-anguished heart of the beautiful naked brunette virgin. The man ruthlessly shoved her inside the dark dungeon,

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slammed the door shut, then strolled down the corridor to take one of the flaming torches and to return, again unlock the door and enter, and thrust the torch into a metal bracket to the right of the door.

Gloria Talmadge, who had fallen on her knees from the rude shove Tuambo had given her, uttered a cry of consternation at the grisly sight which the eerie, flickering torch light revealed to her widened eyes.

In the center of the room, she beheld a heavy wooden pillory, its rectangular crosspiece hinged so that it could be opened and the victim's wrists and neck inserted therein, then closed to lock her into helplessness. But Lady Meg Fairlieu had added her own perverse refinements to this classical apparatus, which Gloria had recognized in the market squares of London where often drunkards and prostitutes were set for an entire day to endure the jeers and the peltings of rotten eggs and fruit at the hands of the eager populace.

The floor around the pillory was strewn with thorns, briars, and sharp pebbles, and the pillory itself was not more than four feet high. This meant that a victim confined within its yoke would have to bend forward, thus projecting out her buttocks to the lash all the more defenselessly and in a posture which incited the whipper to display the utmost skill.

In the corner to Gloria's left stood a medieval wheel to which a girl could be bound, either facing or with her back to the executioner. The wheel was made of wood

and it was studded with tiny little spikes and protuberances carved out of the wood by a master artisan. To be stretched on the wheel alone was torture enough, but to have the nipples pinched with heated metal tongs, or the insides of the thighs pricked with long, sharp needles, one of Lady Meg's favorite sadistic nuances when dealing with a female culprit of great beauty and sensitivity, became an unspeakable martyrdom.

In the opposite corner was a low whipping bench, with a special cushion in the middle, formed like a dome. The victim would be placed over this bench with her belly and loins arched up against this dome, her wrists and ankles tightly strapped at the ends and her body thus tautly presented for the whip. But the dome was covered with scratchy horsehair and strewn with gravel and pebbles and thorns, so that her wriggings under the whip would cause her tender flesh to rub against this atrocious cushion. In a corner to her right was a sawhorse with an extraordinarily sharp ridge. Straddled over it and secured by wrists and ankles and with a belt which buckled tightly, the helpless naked victim would feel this ridge against the valley of her breasts and against the tenderest spot of all, her cunt. Lady Meg enjoyed seeing a full-bosomed, buxom girl strapped on this infernal apparatus and given a birching with a slender rod with many twigs and fresh green buds, which would make her wriggle and gyrate in the most lascivious way, producing one can guess what diabolical suffering from the ridge.

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And finally, in the other corner, there was a whipping ladder. It was solid and fixed into the floor with hooks soldered into metal rings set into the stone flagging itself. The victim would climb to any step desired by her punisher, but of course as she ascended, her legs would be spread exaggeratedly, thereby giving greater access to the tenderest regions of the anus and cunt. Lady Meg was particularly fond of this device, which had conquered the prudish Lesbian virginity of an extraordinarily beautiful young wife named Margaret Jenson, then twenty-four. The young woman's husband had been slain at sea in a duel with a Spanish galleon, but the fortunes of war were such that she had been traveling on the Spanish galleon with her handsome young spouse, a blue-blooded marquis from Barcelona. The English privateer which had bested the Spanish galleon in open battle made prisoners of all survivors, and Margaret Jenson was brought back to Charleston, placed on the auction block much as Arabella, Beatrice, and Gloria had been this very day, and sold to Lady Meg Fairlieu.

Margaret Jenson had been a tall, serenely beautiful, gentle-voiced and well-educated daughter of a London physician. She had fallen deeply in love with the marquis and had been married to him just two years at the time of her capture. She had been a virgin till she had fallen in love with her handsome Spanish suitor, and she had discovered the ecstasies of heterosexual

passions in his manly embrace. Conversely, she loathed and abominated the mere thought of the factitious sex between women, and so when Lady Meg had, struck by her brown-haired beauty and the voluptuous ripe-bosomed, full-hipped glories of her body, commanded her to kneel down and gamahuche her, Margaret Jenson had angrily refused.

She had been stripped naked and taken into this very dungeon, placed on the whipping ladder with her arms tied high above her head, and given ten strokes of the cane on the lower curves of her bottom. Magnificently stoic, she had still refused, whereupon Lady Meg had had Kijaniro make her climb to the next step with ten more lashes, these applied on the tops of her hips. She had endured forty cuts, till she was perched on the fifth step, and bent down over the other side so that her head dangled to the floor, and her arms were fixed by heavy cords to the rungs below. In that pose, her bottom shamelessly upreared, her thighs spread hugely, the plump pink fig of her cunt winked like a lascivious eye at the sadistic overseer. Taking a braided whip, he had first cut her across the middle of her bottom, drawing a frightful cry of agony from the young woman, but she had still valorously refused to do Lady Meg's bidding. But the next two lashes sent the braided tip of the whip darting right into Margaret Jenson's cunt, and from that moment on she became the most avid gamahucher on the plantation. Only a month ago, Lady Meg had sent her over to the

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plantation of Betsy Lattimer, a simpering golden-haired aristocrat who shared Lady Meg's perverse passions for Sapphic pleasures and whose aunt, Lady Moira Denton, a handsome and desirable woman in her mid-forties, was teaching her niece the cruel joys of sadistic punishments for their slaves....

Tuambo stood, hands on hips, smirking down at the cringing, kneeling, naked brunette, savoring exactly what was going through her mind: her dread at what was to happen to her, and the added fear of not knowing exactly what would be her lot and to which of these demonic devices she would be tethered.



The overseer now approached the terrified naked brunette, seized her by the wrists and dragged her over to the pillory. Gloria Talmadge burst into tears as she helplessly and passively let herself be brought before this fearsome apparatus. Lifting up the top section, he roughly ordered her to put her arms into the two small yokes and then to bow her head, whereupon he promptly drew the top piece down and locked it into place. At once she discovered the shameful and painful features of this imprisonment device, used almost invariably for flogging. Since it was only four feet high, it meant that she had to bend and thus thrust out her buttocks at an elevated angle. But thus far the unfortunate naked girl stood on

the stone floor which had not been strewn with its torturing array of pebbles and thorns, and thus, to her startled terror, she heard a creaking sound as the giant black took hold of the crossbar of the pillory and, exerting his strength, turned the post a slow and complete circle, forcing Gloria willy-nilly to move over to the area which had already been thus prepared so cruelly.

Squatting down, he dragged off her pumps. Gloria uttered a piercing cry of pain as her tender naked feet bore down upon the pebbles and the thorns and the other scratchy and probing substances which the stone floor of the dungeon was strewn.

Grinning fiendishly, the giant man straightened, and his eyes ferociously eyed Gloria's creamy body. The unfortunate captive, straining to lower her head and shoulders because of the immutable grip of the pillory yokes, tried desperately to shift her bare feet to some less painful spot, but of course she could not. The stone floor was covered with these irritants over an area of some five square feet. Hardly had she lifted her left heel off a stinging thorn when she set it down upon a jagged pebble, which drew a new cry and the most involuntary and lascivious contortions of her bare legs and hips.

Satisfied at her plight, to which only the prolonged suspense of awaiting the first kiss of the lash was needed, Tuambo moved to his left where there was a panoply of whips, a veritable arsenal, from thin cravaches with braided thongs to martinets with three, five, and even

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seven long tapering lashes, pinewood paddles of various sizes, some with holes pierced through the middle to add emphatic impact on the plumpest curves of the female bottom, long and swishy and murderously flexible rattan canes, and other sinister flagellatory instruments, like a cat-o'-nine-tails and a broad, thick, black leather strap fitted to a short wooden handle. In addition, in a brine-filled bucket in the opposite corner and behind the frightened bent-over naked brunette, there were half a dozen birches of varying sizes and thicknesses awaiting use.

Tuambo now selected a short, thin, whippy rattan, glancing back to verify his decision considering the firm, delightfully rounded contours of Gloria's ivory bottom. The cane, which was about three feet long and not quite so thick as a pencil, permitted him to whip her at short range and to "touch up" a specific area of her buttocks and thighs and hips. Because of her intense beauty and virginity, he wished to be as close to her as possible, though of course he was not as yet permitted to impair her major virginities of anus and vulva. But he well knew that with his skill, and in the atrocious suspense and pain which the unfortunate victim was already suffering from not being able to see what was about to befall her, from being compelled to stand with her tender bare feet on the scratchy and piercing debris purposely placed on the floor to disconcert a sufferer, from her own shame at being stark naked before a black man, and finally from

the exquisite pain that would be inflicted by this rattan, that her fear would compel her to do many involuntary things that would satisfy his lust and yet not break his pledge to Lady Meg to keep the girl inviolate. There was nothing, for example, to prevent him, under the threat of additional strokes to such tender regions as the insides of her thighs and even her naked titties, from compelling her to kneel down and perform the act of fellatio upon his enormous swollen phallus. She did not know that this sentence which Lady Meg had pronounced enabled him to divide glorious punishment into two separate phases. Hence, at the conclusion of the first, she would already be more than willing to accommodate his base lusts for her delicious white flesh. Then the consternation of discovering that even this obscene and servile homage was not to prevent her from receiving the second portion of her whipping would be an added sexual treat to his perverse mind. Tuambo had learned well from his depraved young white mistress, and indeed he was to surpass her before our tale is done.

After a sentence of whipping, it was also customary to summon the lovely olive-skinned black-haired Mercedes Jeffries to treat the victim's wounds. When the sentence was particularly severe, Mercedes was obliged to be on hand throughout the whipping, so that she could examine the victim at this or that stage of it and decide whether or not the remainder of the lashes could safely be inflicted. But this time Tuambo did not think it was

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necessary to call for Mercedes's services, since he proposed to give Gloria only sixteen cuts with the cane...eight as she stood in the pillory, and eight as she found herself strapped down over the infernal sharp-ridged sawhorse, over which she would be left tethered with the tight skin of her buttocks blazing from the scalding kisses of the cane and in the position to proffer the required obeisance which the patrician Lesbian demanded of her!

Noiselessly, he kicked off his sandals and approached her stealthily to add to her mounting suspense. Despite her heroic resolve to submit without resistance, Gloria was already finding this spartan attitude extremely difficult to maintain. No matter where she stepped, her tender feet were bruised and pricked, and tiny little gasps escaped constantly from her parted lips. Her feet were in constant movement, and as she bent first one beautiful knee and then the other, her ivory buttocks twisted and squirmed, the cheeks tightening and then relaxing in the most lascivious ballet imaginable. But it was not yet the choreography of the whip, that supreme and unrestrained dance which most of all rouses the lust of the flagellant. However, Tuambo was about to inspire her to execute it.

Placing himself just at her left, only a foot or two away from her trembling and squirming naked body, the man now laid the short whippy cane across the tops of her bare hips. Gloria sucked in her breath and stiffened herself, but at the same time, since her bare

feet had just trodden upon sharp-edged pebbles, she was obliged to try once more to find a less-agonizing resting place for them, and she seemed to twist and squirm away. Mockingly, Tuambo patted her bare hips with the cane very lightly, to heighten her suspense. Then he lowered the cane to the floor while his eyes drank in the sporadic movements of her voluptuous young creamy posterior.

Then suddenly, raising his arm, he dealt her the first cut straight across the tops of both naked hips.

"Ohh!" Gloria exclaimed nervously, with a catch in her voice as she tried to raise her head, only to find that the pitiless yoke of the pillory made this extremely difficult. A bright crimson welt striped her flawless ivory skin, for of course the birching which she had publicly endured in London had long since faded away. But this first lash suffered as an indentured bondservant had a kind of dualism to it: the sharp hot pain which seemed to contract all her muscles in defense and to tighten her skin still more, was a cruel reminder of the agony she had suffered that chilly May morning in that palace courtyard. Worst of all, with this stroke she realized that where before she had been still a young lady of quality and of good family, now she was being whipped as a common slave who dared not complain or protest such treatment on pain of even more severe beating. And being sensitive as she was, this moral torment added to the anguish of her punishment.

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Now, as if to "frame" the canvas of that magnificent creamy young bottom on which he was prepared to paint so heinously, Tuambo laid the cane straight across the base of both her naked bottomglobes, to intimate where the next blow would attack. Once again, poor Gloria Talmadge caught her breath with a muffled sob, tried to straighten herself, to shrink her all-too-prominently-outthrust posterior under the menacing rattan. Once again, she was plagued with the prickling and bruising of her aching bare feet. She lifted first one foot and then the other, trying to set each down in a less-agonizing place, but this was impossible. And even as she was changing position again, Tuambo, with less pause than at the first cut, dealt her the second stripe exactly over the base of that delightfully rounded firm creamy-skinned bottom.

"Aahhh!" This time her cry was flurried, with the hint of tears, and indeed her eyes were bright with them already. Again her neck was chafed by the rigid, clamping pillory as she tried to raise her head, but her fingers clawed the air and she shrank and twisted from left to right as if trying to shake off the heat engendered by the flexible rattan.

But for the third stroke, he kept the unfortunate naked girl waiting an almost intolerable time, till she almost instinctively tried to twist her face back, forgetful that the high crosspiece of the pillory kept her from seeing what was going on behind her. It was at the cost of a strained

neck muscle that she at last gasped out, unable to tolerate the dreadful suspense any longer, "Oh, please do it and finish, I beg of you!"

The two darkening welts which horizontally sectioned off her bottom from the top of the hips to the base blazed obscenely on Gloria Talmadge's ivory flesh. The muscles of her lovely thighs and calves rippled and flexed uncontrollably as she kept shifting her bare feet, constantly under the duress of the prickling and bruising and prodding substances beneath them. This time, he did not pat her bottom in advance to indicate where the stroke would fall; but after about a minute and a half, he slowly drew back his arm, and applied a very sharp quick cut right over the center of both huddling creamy bottom-cheeks. He could see them contract at once, diminishing the shadowy groove between those luscious hillocks, and at the same time Gloria's hips and loins spasmodically jerked to the right and away from him as she managed to stifle all but a sobbing groan under the fiery-hot kiss of the rattan.

Now he squatted down, bending the cane between his huge black hands, studying her naked legs and bottom, observing where the skin seemed to be tenderest, watching her involuntary salacious squirmings as her bare feet kept groping for a less-torturing resting place. Now her bottom was divided into four quadrants by the three horizontal stripes; the middle one was the brightest. Any vertical or diagonal cut might break the skin at the inter-

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section of the weals. Again he waited a long minute, and again poor Gloria groaned, "Oh, won't you please finish it? Please I can't stand this awful waiting—please give me back my pumps. My feet hurt so awfully!"

But Tuambo did not answer her. It suited his purpose exactly to remain in total silence and mystery, so that her suspense would grow until her nerves were at the breaking point. This was the way to obtain obedience, pure and simple, from a female slave.

The other way would have been far preferable to him, naturally; it would have consisted of doing what he had done to poor Selene—flogging and then fucking her. But since he was not permitted to do the latter, the whipping would have to suffice. And that was why he lent all his sadistic artistry to this seemingly mild punishment; for a caning of sixteen strokes, though particularly painful if the flesh is tender, is not really a martyrdom for a young woman to bear.

But in these long moments of waiting between cuts, Gloria Talmadge had every opportunity to realize that not a single inch of her voluptuous young body was covered. This grinning, leering, giant black man could revel in beholding what she had never shown any man before... the treasures of her titties and her cunt.

Suddenly his arm rose. The cane slashed across the upper summits of both globes, making the fourth weal. Taken by surprise, Gloria jerked her neck and wrists in the pillory till it creaked with her effort. And a sobbing

wail of "Ohh—aah!" was wrested from her. She tried to arch forward as if to draw her buttocks away from the stinging fury of the rattan. But at the same moment, Tuambo struck again at close range, laying the cane about two notches below the last mark and across both hind-quarters.

The pain was atrocious. It seemed to Gloria Talmadge that these last two strokes had merged into a white-hot band that constricted and drew her tender young flesh, and she danced from foot to foot, heedless of the excoriating pangs of this maneuver, uttering a strident "Ohh-eoohhh!" as her hips twisted lasciviously this way and that, then plunged inward, only to be forced to jut out because of her bent-over stance in the whipping pillory.

But now Tuambo let another full minute elapse before, this time, he patted the lower summits of her naked seat with the wickedly flexible cane.

"Ohh, dear! Oh, please hurry, please!" the naked brunette groaned pathetically. Her fingers clenched into fists, and her eyes were blurred with tears as once again she tried to twist her neck about to ease the chafing, tight grip of the pillory. She lifted her right foot and set it down again, but there was nowhere she could stand with equanimity and poise. The thorns, pebbles, and gravel ruthlessly attacked her throbbing naked feet, increasing her martyrdom. And each time she lifted her foot or twisted herself, she exposed to Tuambo's greedy eyes the furry vista of her maiden cunthole as well as

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the shadowy amber crease between her vividly striped ivory bottomglobes.

He kept the unfortunate girl in suspense by patting her buttocks several times before, at last, drawing back the rod and poising it in the air another almost interminable moment, he swept the cane over the spot he had selected. Gloria Talmadge jerked and stiffened, and again the pillory creaked as she tried to free herself. "Aaahhhrrr!" she cried shrilly.

Two more cuts remained of this first portion of her whipping. He lowered the rattan to the floor and contemplated her, his prick almost thrusting through the thin loincloth, for, to the overseer, the sight of a white woman's whipped flesh was perhaps the most powerful of all erotic stimuli.

Then, without warning, he slashed the seventh cut just an inch below the tops of her hips, with an exact parallel line before the first stroke of her caning. She lunged forward, her face trying to tilt up, her nostrils shrinking and dilating, and a raucous, sobbing cry of "Eeeyeeowwwww, oh, please, *please!*" tore from her.

Then he paused again, lowering the cane, to study the vivid markings over that magnificently rounded backside. Just above the ripest summits and just below them, the skin was relatively spared, but at top and at base Gloria's bottom was violently striped. Any succeeding blows which crisscrossed these initial marks might not only break the skin but would be sure to cause unspeak-

able pain. In her general agitated state, the resumption of punishment could be sure to break her spirit and to bring her to capitulation before Lady Meg—and this, of course, was the purpose of Tuambo's satanically devised chastisement.

At last he chose the upper summits, laying the cane and pressing it firmly against the thin white band of hitherto-untouched naked bottomflesh. With a whimpering sob, Gloria Talmadge blinked her tear-filled eyes, stiffened herself and tried piteously again to find a more secure resting place for her naked, aching feet. If she had not before been conscious of the obscenity of her posture, she was painfully so now, forced to jut out her bottom to the man's cane and to his gloating gaze. She felt that her most intimate flesh was atrociously swollen from the caning and that she had less control over her muscles than at the outset. And this was true. Her buttocks opened and closed involuntarily, and long, shivering tremors rippled through those lovely bottomglobes and her upper thighs as she readied herself again.

Thwack! The cane leaped out like a cobra to make stinging, noisy impact with that thin band of white skin.

"Ohh, ohh, dear God, give me strength!" Gloria cried out hysterically as she lunged forward against the pillory, dancing from foot to foot, swinging and twisting her naked hips in a desperate attempt to disperse the heat from her burning posterior.

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Tuambo chuckled softly as he lowered the cane. The eight weals were masterfully imprinted in fiery hue, and yet within the gradations of that red, there was almost artistic variety of shading. The last cut was a bright pink, and the first one on top of the hips was almost livid now, while the others progressively showed signs of turning from bright crimson or scarlet to a dark blood-red tint. And the throbbing waves of heat and pain which seared that luscious posterior were, Tuambo well knew, doing their heinous work in breaking down all her moral courage and physical stamina. For, in this long pause, she would be led to believe that her caning was over and that she would merely stand here in the pillory in penitence. And then would come the denouement, when she would realize that she had had only half her whipping. Then, he told himself delightedly, she might bargain with him in her sweet white ways to cajole him into sparing her that dreadful cane. And having her grovel before him would compensate the black man for himself being a slave to a white woman whom he secretly despised.

Now that the first eight cuts had been inflicted, he retreated to a footstool and squatted down on it, his narrowed eyes feasting on her naked body. But for poor Gloria Talmadge, this respite was really no respite at all, so expertly had he applied the eight cuts of the whippy rattan that the lingering burn of each stroke not only persisted but, since all of the horizontal weals

were close to one another, they became a cumulative torment. Moreover, bent over as she was, the unfortunate girl's buttocks were tightened and this naturally increased the stinging heat of the stripes. Yet she could not rest, because move as she would, her feet continued to be harassed by the cruel irritants which had already scratched and broken the fine, tender skin in several places. Tears streaked her face now, and her lips were trembling violently. Her breath came erratically and sobbingly. And the lovely ivory turrets of her titties, with their dark coral tips, hung pendant in this ignominious and shameful pose, shudderingly rising and falling with each breath.

It seemed to the brunette that each stroke of the cane had hurt more ferociously than the birch administered under Charlotte Sophia's eyes. Yet she believed that her punishment was over, which was exactly what Tuambo wished her to think. He bided his time, for the sight was one that excited him prodigiously. His swollen black prick ached with rut, and he scowled, remembering Lady Meg's injunction against pilfering the virginities of this lovely young white slave. At last, after perhaps three or four minutes had gone by, Gloria dared to hope that no more cuts of the cane would be administered over her welt-ridged bare buttocks, and she imploringly sobbed, "Oh, please—if—if—it is over—won't you unlock this wretched thing? My neck and wrists hurt so terribly—please set me free!"

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Tuambo bounded up from the stool, laid the cane down on it, and moved to the girl's right side, where he could see not only the panting globes of her dangling ivory bobbies but also the lissome curve of her dimpled belly and the crisp black curls which shielded her virgin mount. He put his left hand on the middle of her beautifully sculptured ivory back, a thick forefinger slyly caressing the deeply indented furrow of the spinal column, and Gloria gasped and shivered, squirming uneasily as the lubricity of that black male's touch surged through her frightened body.

"You pretty bitch, you London girl," he told her in a husky, gloating voice. "You fine lady, but it don't matter here, not at all. You have to do what Lady Meg wants all the time. If you don't, Tuambo going to take you here lots of times and give you whip on bare bottom just like now."

"Oh, merciful God, is there no justice? I've done nothing. I couldn't ever do what she wanted just now—it's shameful—it's wicked—" Gloria sobbed.

His hand caressed her back and now moved downward toward the chinkbone, which he playfully tickled with the tip of his forefinger. Gloria gasped aloud in shame, now more than ever conscious of her nakedness and her helpless posture before this terrifying giant. She believed that her virtue would be sacrificed as well—she was alone with him in this grim dungeon. "Pl—Please let me go, please, I beg of you," she whimpered again.

“But you say what Lady Meg want you to do, you don’t like, little missy. She come here pretty soon, I think. If you not obey her then, Tuambo have to whip very hard. Maybe with paddle with holes—it raises blisters and breaks the skin and draws blood. And then maybe Mistress put on Pimentade, rub in good on wounds. You not sit down for long time, Tuambo think.” And with this, he cackled with salacious laughter, chilling the poor girl’s blood and making her groan and sob and squirm restlessly as she still tried to set her foot down in some comfortable spot and could not. Now his hand had glided over the welted cheeks of her bottom, from left to right and back again, grazing them lightly, feeling the shivering, uncontrollable spasms which passed through her buttocks at this profaning male touch. “I think I got to whip you some more, girl,” he said roughly, for his lust was becoming intolerable. “Mistress say you get punished good till you ready to obey, to do what she tell you to back in her room. But I move you somewhere else. I let you go now, and you can rest a minute till I whip again.”

“Ohh, dear God! Oh, not more whipping. Oh, I couldn’t stand it! Please, have pity on me! Gloria sobbed.

Tuambo cackled again and unlocked the top half of the pillory, lifting it up to free the weeping girl. Then, twisting the fingers of his left hand in her tangled jet-black curls, he applied a solid smack of his open-handed right palm against her right buttock, drawing a scream of pain as she stumbled forward. Then he led

her to the dreaded sawhorse with its murderously sharp ridge.

“You lay down on that, put yourself over it, let arms and legs hang down, little missy,” he ordered. Gloria Talmadge sank down on her knees, clasping her hands in prayer. Her feet were bleeding where the thorns and the sharp pebbles had cut the tender flesh, and they were chafed and splotted with the bruises and the prodding from the other painful rocks and thorns she had stepped on throughout the first eight cuts of the cane. “Oh, don’t whip me anymore! For God’s sake, don’t!” she sobbed.

He pretended to relent, scowling, and in a doubtful voice said, “Mistress tell me I punish you good. I only give you eight strokes of cane. That only a light whipping, not enough for disobedient slave. I don’t know. Seems like to me I have to whip you more now.”

“Oh, please! Have mercy on me, I couldn’t bear it! Be kind to me—I’m so alone and helpless—I can’t be a slave. I know I’ll never be able to bear it—have pity on me!”

“I tell you, little missy,” he appeared to reconsider with a crafty smile. “You give me pleasure, maybe I not whip hard. Just little bit, so Mistress not know. You keep secret, huh?”

She stared at him through her tears, her hands clasped and held up to him, and it seemed to her that her fiery bottom would give her no peace, for she could not help squirming about on her knees, though

piteously aware of the shameless way in which she exposed her titties and cunt to his avid gaze. "I-I don't know what you mean—" she faltered tearfully.

"I show you." He reached back, removed the loin-cloth, and his massive prick burst into view, a sight to make even a more courageous virgin than poor Gloria Talmadge quail.

"Ohh no—ohh, don't don't d-d-do it to me! Don't f-f-force me, I beg you on my knees," she groaned.

"Little missy not worry. Mistress say I not fuck you now. But maybe I have to do it if you not obey, see? But you make Tuambo happy, he not whip so hard before Mistress come. You give Tuambo nice sweet kiss right here." He pointed to his meatus with his right forefinger.

Gloria Talmadge shrank back, her eyes huge with shocked incredulity. "Oh—n-nooooo!" she cried hysterically. "I can't do such a filthy thing, I won't—oh, I'd rather die!"

The look of anticipation on Tuambo's face changed to one of savage spite. "Then I whip you good and hard, you see. Pretty soon, you be begging to let Tuambo show you his cock so you can pleasure it the way he likes. It too late then. Now it is time for the rest of punishment, little missy."

And with a greedy laugh, he bent down and seized the shrieking brunette who this time tried desperately to escape his hold.

But in vain. In a few moments, the weeping girl was forced down on the sharp-ridged sawhorse, and Tuambo

swiftly buckled the broad strap around her waist, while she writhed and arched and tried frenziedly to escape. The narrow teeth of this apparatus bit into her virgin cunt, chafed the tender valley between her ivory titties, and in her violent struggles the burning, throbbing pain of the caning she had already received was intensified.

In a few moments, the unfortunate naked girl found herself tightly tethered to the sawhorse, her wrists and ankles strapped and tightly buckled to the base of the four legs. These legs were at exaggerated angles, so that her thighs were lasciviously spread, and thus the sharp ridge over which she lay pressed not only into her abdomen and along her sensitive young vulva but also even along the groove which separated the quivering, welted rotundities of her bare behind.

She tried to arch herself up, to ease the pressure of that murderous ridge, but she could not. The belt alone forced her down upon it. She began to cry out as she saw Tuambo return to the footstool and retrieve the cane, then come back to her, grinning evilly, brandishing it in the air and swishing it about. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her sobs and groans and cries were interspersed with heartrending pleas. "Oh, don't—oh, for God's sake, have mercy on me—I can't stand it—oh, not like this—please don't beat me anymore, please—oh, put me back in the pillory, at least. It hurts me between— between my legs! Ohhh—Mother, Mother, pray for me I can't—EEEE-YARRRHOOOWWWW!"

For in the middle of her frantic supplications, Tuambo, placing his left palm on the small of his victim's back, had lifted up the cane and brought it down diagonally from the top of her right hip over across to the middle of the left buttock, and a flaming new weal at once sprang up on the twitching flesh, crisscrossing with the other horizontal stripes and causing indescribable torture. Her head flung back, her eyes staring, Gloria Talmadge shrieked with the full strength of her lungs under that murderous cut.

Without a moment's pause, the black man lifted the cane again and sent it crashing against the lower summits of her buttocks, just above the thin sharp ridge over which she was strapped. Her body bounded under the straps, her face twisted back to him, her eyes mad with suffering, her mouth agape in a wailing scream "AIIIIII! OHH, GOD IN HEAVEN, HAVE MERCY ON ME, HAVE MERCY!"

His only answer was to inflict a third immediate cut straight across the ripest curves of both lasciviously distended, squirming bottomcheeks, over an identical mark placed during the first portion of her thrashing. Gloria Talmadge seemed to leap up from the sawhorse, her head turning from side to side, as shriek upon shriek burst from her gaping mouth, and her panting titties jiggled with the violent choking sobs which strangled in her throat. Her naked toes twisted and her fingers clawed the legs of the sawhorse in her atrocious suffering.

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He paused a moment, then brought down a fourth cut, but this vertically down the edge of her right buttock, to be followed with a fifth down the edge of the other globe. Each drew frenzied screams, babbled and hysterical, and almost-unintelligible pleas for mercy.

Three more cuts remained in the pattern which he had established for his subjugation of the first of the three former ladies-in-waiting of the London court. He perceived that Gloria's body was violently shaken by uncontrollable spasms, and that the agony was overwhelming for her. For in her struggles, she had rubbed her cunt unceasingly back and forth against the peak of the device to which she was strapped, and the chafing torment was an unspeakable addition to her martyrdom.

"Maybe now you obey when Mistress say so, huh?" he demanded. And before the poor distracted girl could collect her thoughts and force an answer from her trembling lips, the sinister whistle of the cane and the sharp crisp crack of rattan upon naked female flesh rose again as Tuambo applied the punisher in a vertical cut down the exact middle of Gloria's left bottomglobe.

"ARRROWWW! EEEEEOOOOUUU! OH MY GOD, YES, YES, I'LL OBEY, ONLY STOP WHIPPING ME, I'M GOING TO DIE, OH MY GOD, I'M GOING TO DIE!" she shrieked.

Again Tuambo's native cunning saw the way to satisfy his furious lust without disobeying Lady Meg. Lowering

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the cane, he bent toward her and cupped her chin in his left hand, lifted up her face and turned it to him. "You get ten more cuts—good hard ones—but maybe I show mercy. You do what I say now, maybe? Otherwise you get ten very hard on the ass. Maybe I make two or three go in between the cheeks, huh? That make you scream and wriggle, I bet, ha ha ha!" And, to demonstrate his diabolical intent, he laid the cane directly along the tender crease of Gloria Talmadge's quaking, welted, burning bottomglobes and pressed down.

"OHHHH NOOO! PLEASE DON'T, OH, GOD, NOT THERE! I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT, I'LL DO ANYTHING, ONLY STOP BEATING ME, I'M GOING TO DIE OF THE PAIN, I'LL DO IT, I'LL DO IT!" she shrieked.

"You better do it good, or you get the ten and maybe more anyhow!" he cackled.

Then, moving to the front of the sawhorse, he obscenely thrust his gigantic, swollen prick towards her tear-stained, contorted face. The cane still in his right hand and lofted over her shuddering naked body, he again seized her by the hair with his other hand and lifted her face up toward his phallus. "You kiss it, you take it inside mouth and suck good. You use tongue on prick, or Tuambo whip hard!" he threatened.

And so the chaste virgin Gloria Talmadge, who had dreamed of preserving her chastity for the man she loved and whom she now feared she would never again see, conquered her nauseated revulsion because the atro-

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cious pain that was burning her buttocks and chafing her tender virgin cunt had overcome even the demands of her maidenly chastity. Weeping like a lost child, proffered her trembling lips and brushed the tip of his taut meatus.

He yanked her hair brutally as he snarled, "Better than that! I want to hear you kiss good! Hurry or else I whip hard!"

With a cry of terror, Gloria Talmadge succumbed. And this time the kiss which she applied on the tip of the man's prick was noisy and emphatic enough to satisfy even him. Then, as he flicked her hips with light taps of the cane to remind her of the risk she ran in hesitating, the unfortunate naked brunette opened her mouth and accepted that mighty phallus between her chaste virgin lips, and sucked and licked, retching and gagging, but compelled by her overpowering terror to continue that loathsome task. At last with a cry of delirious rut, the man suddenly ejaculated, nearly choking Gloria with the forcible jet of his bubbling spunk. Then, with a sigh of contempt, he stepped back, his organ still stiff and throbbing, and, considering the unfortunate, half-fainting girl, who spat and retched and gagged to eject from her mouth the contaminating viscosity of the man's seed, he pronounced these dreadful words: "Very good. But now you have to obey Mistress. I don't think you quite ready yet. You get a few more cuts till Tuambo think you ready to do whatever Mistress tell you."

And with this, he lifted up the cane and applied without pause three whistling cuts horizontally over her naked seat, all three of them placed over the summits of her jerking, welted, burning buttocks. Gloria Talmadge arched and lunged and twisted on the sawhorse like one demented; her eyes blazing, her mouth gaping with frenzied screams, her finger clawing at the legs of the sawhorse, she rubbed and twisted and jerked her pussy back and forth over that hellish ridge.

"You ready to obey now?" he demanded, bending to her again and yanking up her head by the hair.

"Ahh...oh, God...y-y-yes...anything...only stop... oh, God, I'm in such pain...yes, yes, I'll obey..."

"Good. I go tell Mistress."

A few moments later, an incredible scene took place in this punishment chamber.

Lady Meg, clad in only her chemise, hose and garters, and pumps, stood before the sawhorse, with her naked slavegirl Dorothea kneeling and lofting the chemise to Lady Meg's belly, to bare that Lesbian cunt to the mouth and tongue of the moaning and shuddering naked young brunette indentured bondservant, while Tuambo stationed himself behind Gloria, the cane upraised and ready to fall upon her lividly swollen and striped bare bottom if she at any moment hesitated over performing that perverse homage to the mistress of Fairlieu Acres.

Nor did Lady Meg allow the almost-unconscious

victim to be released from the infernal sawhorse until Gloria's lips and tongue had brought her to ferocious climax.

"Take the bitch back to the isolation cell, Tuambo," she contemptuously ordered when at last she had composed herself and Dorothea had tactfully pulled down and smoothed the chemise. "Let Mercedes Jeffries look to that tender white bottom. And you, Gloria, you'd best try to show more alacrity when I next give you an order, or you'll have the skin of your soft rump torn into shreds. Do you understand?"

Released from the sawhorse, squirming on her knees, and frantically rubbing her chafed pussy, heedless of Tuambo's lascivious chuckles, Gloria whimpered that she understood. At this moment, she would have done anything commanded of her. Perhaps not even that implacable old Hanoverian sow, as Arabella had called Charlotte Sophia, could have foreseen that her vengeance would have brought this gently bred young virgin to such a destiny!

Tutored In Lust

Diary

As I was walking along the streets I picked up a small, leatherbound book. Looking inside, I found that it was a diary, upon the flyleaf of which was inscribed the name and address of Daisy Collinsworth. I thrust it into my pocket thinking to return it the next day.

That evening I recalled the diary, and taking it from my coat, I lay on the bed and commenced looking through it. Glancing here and there I saw nothing of interest and was about to lay it aside when my eyes caught a sentence which aroused my curiosity, and I at once turned toward the beginning of this particular entry.

I was well rewarded as you shall see when you read the following, which I have copied just as it came from Daisy's pen:

Dear Old Diary:

I have neglected you most shamefully for the past few days, but then, dear diary, I have had ample reason to do so. So many exciting events have taken place, such wonderful, thrilling things, that I do not know how to start telling you.

It all began with my finding a letter, addressed to Anne, our cook and maid. Quite by accident I came upon the letter in the hall, and was much astonished to learn that she had a lover. The letter was from him, and read, as near as I can remember, about like this. "Dear Anne, life of my life, heart of my heart, I love you. It seems ages since we last met, since I glanced into your adorable and darling eyes that twinkle like the stars. Ah, sweetheart, can it be only one week since I had that happiness? No, it seems ages, millions of years, billions of minutes, which have dragged themselves with leaden feet across the dull, prosaic horizon. Ah, but then, my love, lean out of the latticed window tonight when everything is ready, for I shall be there and I faint with desire to hold you once again in my arms. I will make up for the lost moments, and ages of bliss shall be ours. We will be alone in your room as before and, darling, I long to wrap my arms around your sweet body and

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crush it to mine. Tonight, my love! Hasten those leaden hours till night draws her sable robe about us both, and bids me come to thee. Yours, with love.”

This letter filled me with a curiosity not at all in keeping with my station in life. In all my eighteen years I had never been with a member of the masculine sex, but had often surmised that it must be quite pleasant to have a lover.

The reading of this flaming epistle seemed to set all my senses tingling, and burning flushes shot all over my body. I thought of taking the letter to Anne and making her tell me all about it, but at last I decided to hide myself in her room and see for myself just what would occur. Anne might not relish the idea of the letter having been read by me, and to inform her might spoil the party for both of us.

Anne's room was located over the kitchen and the stairway from the kitchen had a door leading directly into the upper hallway. This door was kept locked, but I knew where the key was to be found. That night after the family had retired, I slipped out of my room, and tiptoed down to and entered the room adjoining Anne's. Through the wall I could hear Anne. It was a warm and sultry night, and I wore only a chemise.

On the stroke of eleven, I heard Anne open her window, and shortly after leave the room very quietly. In a moment I was at her door and, slipping into her chamber, I concealed myself in the corner behind the curtains

where Anne kept some of her clothes. While I could not be seen unless someone pulled the curtains aside, I had a full view of the entire room, which was lighted by a large lamp.

My heart was beating rapidly and I was shivering with excitement as I wondered what I would see. I was not long kept in suspense. Soon I heard a voice, softly whispering, and footsteps on the back stairs. Presently Anne came in, followed by a youth of about twenty-five. He was rather small but extremely good-looking, with lovely dark hair and dark flashing eyes. Although slender, he looked strong and muscular. As soon as Anne had locked the door, she turned and clasped her arms about his neck. He hugged her to him in a most affectionate manner. They exchanged a volley of hot, passionate kisses. Then sitting down on a chair he pulled her to his lap and began to caress and fondle her. She returned his voluptuous kisses in a distracting way. During this exchange of kisses and caresses they murmured tender words of love.

Anne is easy to look at, being about twenty-two, lithe and solid, weighing perhaps 120 pounds, and finely shaped. She has light-brown eyes, golden-brown hair and cherry lips, just made for kissing. Arn (to give him the name signed on the note) seemed to be of a most ardent nature as he pressed hot kisses on her mouth. Leaving her lips after a while, he proceeded to implant kisses upon her neck, descending to her lovely tits, which he uncovered in their entirety.

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She was half reclining, with one hand on his shoulder and the other arm about his neck. He held her to him with an arm about her waist while with the free hand he molded her boobs; her lips were parted and from her short, rapid breathing she seemed to be greatly thrilled. Her breasts heaved and her face took on a deeper flush.

Leaving her breasts, he reached down and began to fondle the plump calf of her leg, pushing her dress up as he gradually approached her knee. Reaching this objective he toyed with her garter and stroked her leg, occasionally permitting his hand to stray beyond the confines of the garter. As he attempted to explore still further she stopped him with an impetuous gesture.

“Oh, Am, dear, don’t go any higher now, wait till we get into bed. It might be disastrous.”

“All right, darling, but let’s hurry, for I have a week’s saving to invest.”

Anne jumped off his lap, saying: “I am just as anxious as you to spend my savings, but you must unlace my boots.” She stood in front of him and placed one foot on his knee.

Reaching down, he unlaced the shoe and then before she could remove her foot he had unfastened the garter and turned down the silken stocking which he stripped off her leg. Fondling the soft curves as he did so, he quickly removed the other shoe and stocking, after which he stood up and began to unhook her dress. He did not stop there but assisted her to remove all her

garments, only pausing momentarily to fondle each new attraction as it was exposed to view. She was soon standing before him completely nude.

As he reached for her she coyly slipped aside. "No, no. Not yet! Don't be impatient. Wait till you are undressed. Never keep your clothes on in the presence of an undraped lady!"

He laughed good-naturedly and hurriedly undressed with her assistance. As the shirt was pulled off over his head, Anne was standing between him and my hiding place, completely shielding my view of that which my aroused curiosity desired most to see. Then she retreated to the bed, and there was exposed to my gaze for the first time the naked form of a man. I, who had never seen even a boy's juvenile toy, and whose only knowledge of the difference in sexes had been gained from other girls' tales, now had before me a grown man's sexual organ in all its pristine vigor.

His cock was standing out straight, seeming to sprout out below his belly from a thicket of hair. To my maiden eyes, it seemed of immense size. I was trembling with eagerness, an excitement which caused a strange longing to come over me. The blood coursed through my veins and I could scarcely restrain myself to stand there, an inactive spectator to the pleasure now evidenced by the lovers. I trembled and sighed and longed to rush out from my hiding place and brush Anne aside while I claimed the right to toy and fondle

with this intriguing cock. My cunt felt moist and warm. It itched and ached to feel the thrill of that upstanding staff. Feverishly my hand went under my chemise, seeking and finding a throbbing spot. My breasts heaved and palpitated. I, a virgin, was about to see consummated that wonderful act of sexual intercourse.

Knowing that I had not the slightest right to be there, and the added sensation of enjoying a feast even by proxy, my pleasure was doubled. It was with great difficulty that I held myself to the role of spectator. The desire to leave my place of concealment and participate in what was to follow was almost overwhelming.

Anne lost no time in taking her position on the bed. Placing herself on her back she separated her legs invitingly and extended her arms to receive her lover. To a man just about to indulge in the glorious rites of love, she must have presented an enticing picture, for Arn, despite his evident impatience, stood at the foot of the bed some moments, gazing in rapture at the wealth of feminine charms so generously exposed.

His position was near me and we could both gaze upon the full, round hips, the white skin of her stomach, and her firm, pointed breasts. The red lips of her cleft showed between her spread legs under a cluster of light-brown curls. I was so close that I could have reached out my hand and touched her. I stooped down to bring my eyes to the level of the bed, the more closely to observe their motions.

As he laid down upon her, Anne reached over and clasped one arm about his waist, drawing him to her, while with the other she grasped his rigid staff and gently began to rub the rosy tip against the lips of her cunt. Leaning over he endeavored impatiently to force it between the moist lips, in which movement she gently tantalized him by withdrawing her cunt from his reach. After several moments of this teasing, she pointed the head of his prick against the warm lips and he responded with a furious thrust which gained the entrance. She then raised her legs and wrapped them around his back, beginning at the same time to wriggle and twist, thus drawing him down as she heaved forward. I was amazed to see that she had driven the entire length of his immense cock into her cunt, and that their belly hair was mingled.

Now they began to work in unison, a come-and-go movement, wriggling and twisting their bottoms violently while long, loud sighs of pleasure testified to their enjoyment.

"Oh, this is wonderful after being deprived so long. Oh, darling, isn't love grand, sublime, marvelous? Oh, I shall expire with the pleasure!" gasped Anne.

Soon Arn increased his furious thrusts. Faster and faster his glistening shaft glided in and out of her cunt, which clung to it as if afraid to lose it. I could hardly follow the motions as it rapidly plunged in and out so smoothly. The bed shook and creaked in the excitement of their exertions. Suddenly, uttering a low cry of

delight, they seemed to blend in one fierce effort. They held their bodies stiff for a moment, then there was a lunge and thrust that defies description. They seemed to pause in a moment of ecstatic bliss while their bodies quivered and trembled in the zenith of lust and sensual delight. In another moment they were sinking exhausted in each other's arms and I perceived a whitish fluid trickling around the lips of her cunt and dripping from his cock.

The voluptuous scene filled me with an indescribable desire. I was wild with passion. Carried away with my emotions I had rubbed my thighs together, but this had only made it worse. The burning heat in my cleft filled me with a wantonness and longing for immediate relief. I felt that I would die if I didn't get it. Unless I could enjoy the delights I had just witnessed, life would not be worth living. My agitation was such that I completely forgot my situation and poked my head through the opening between the curtains. Recollecting my position I hastily withdrew it, but I must have made a noise for Anne exclaimed:

"Oh, Arn, there is someone behind that curtain!"

He sprang up in surprise, ran to my hiding place, and grasping me by the arm, dragged me into the light. Adding to my confusion and embarrassment was the fact that I wore only my chemise, and he was completely naked.

"Who the hell are you?" he managed to gasp as he looked me over.

My discovery had come so quickly that I was unable to speak.

"Oh!" cried Anne, leaping up in astonishment, "My word! It's Daisy. What are you doing in my room?"

I had recovered some of my composure and knowing that I had the best of the situation, replied with clearness: "Well, Anne, I found your note and learning that your lover would be here tonight I just thought I would see for myself how you employed your spare time."

Anne immediately flared up, and exclaimed: "Well, young lady, I hope you are completely satisfied with your detestable spying. I suppose you will now gallop off and tell your folks all about it, and I shall be discharged. But I don't care. I know where I can get another job." Then, turning to Arn, she continued: "I guess, my boy, we had better get out of here before this little bitch sets up an uproar and alarms the entire household."

"Hold on! Wait a minute! Not so fast, if you please! It's an obvious fact that I spied upon you, that's admitted. But listen to me: it was not done with the intention of getting anyone into trouble."

"No?" responded Anne in a decidedly hostile tone.

"Indeed not. I merely wanted to satisfy my curiosity as to how people make love, and really, the exhibition was an eyeful."

"So you had your wish granted and you liked the exhibition, eh?" said Arn, laughing.

"Well, it seemed all right from the viewpoint of a

spectator, though I believe a personal demonstration would have had a better effect," I replied.

"Well now, if Anne thinks she can spare a little of my time, I believe I can demonstrate to your satisfaction. How about it, Anne? Shall I attempt to relieve this young lady's pains, for her face tells me she is in agony."

"All right. Maybe you've got enough for both of us," answered Anne, yielding more or less gracefully. "Here, let me remove that chemise." And so saying, she deftly lowered the garment and slipped it from under my feet as Arn picked me up and carried me to the bed. Lying down beside me he began at once to press hot kisses on my lips, at the same time opening my thighs with his hand. Placing his head over my breasts he kissed and sucked my nipples. Taking my hand he placed it on his fallen cock which I noticed was already showing signs of renewed life. An exploring hand found my throbbing cunt. His caresses, the contact of our naked bodies, and above all, a magnetic thrill that played through me as his skillful fingers tickled my cleft, filled me anew with overwhelming desire, the like of which I had never felt before, and beyond the power of words to describe. Eagerly caressing his tool, and running my fingers through the crisp hair, I was filled with inexpressible joy as I felt his member swelling under my fingers. Arn slipped a finger into my cunt and I was fairly beside myself with the delicious sensation.

Finally, when I was almost fainting with desire, he

raised me up and asked Anne to place a pillow under my hips. He then threw himself between my open thighs, clasping his arms around my waist. This brought the throbbing head of his prick against the lips of my burning cunt. Anne, getting behind us, took his prick in one hand and opened the lips of my cunt with the other, bringing them into conjunction at the right point. Arn gave a thrust, submerging the top of his tool. The elevated position I was in made his every move effective, and slowly he began to penetrate me. Soon, however, the head of his prick, which was now as hard as iron, came in contact with an obstruction which I supposed was my maidenhead. With a sudden plunge, still maintaining his grasp around my hips, he sent a cutting pain through my loins, making me gasp and groan, but I clenched my teeth and wriggled and heaved my bottom to meet him as I had seen Anne do. He was now in full length and I was maddened, intoxicated with a newly-awakened lust. My passion was so great that even had I thought I should die from the pain, I would not have stopped him.

So instead of trying to escape, I spread my thighs still wider apart, and raising my legs in the air I crossed them over his back, clasped my arms around his neck and strained him to me with all my strength.

He drew back slightly and then drove forward slowly but firmly, and almost before I could realize it, his prick was gliding methodically in and out of the

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clinging folds of my cunt. The pain had now disappeared, being replaced with a wanton lust, particularly when his tool seemed to touch the very extremity of my cleft. He now began a steady, rocking motion which thrilled me with rapture and caused me to return his masterly thrusts with all my strength.

Ah, with what delight did I repay his delirious motions, working my loins and bottom to meet his as he drove in. I felt a blissful, overwhelming thrill and everything swam before my eyes as I heaved up to meet his fierce thrusts and with murmurs of delight, bathed his hot prick with my virgin emission. Just as I felt my senses bursting, the pulsating prick in my crevice gushed forth a copious discharge of hot fluid. The next thing I knew Anne was sprinkling cologne in my face and chafing my hands. I was so overcome that I had to be assisted to sit on the edge of the bed.

Arn came over and sat down beside me and put his arm around my waist as I leaned weakly against him. Anne got water and towels and washed our sexual parts, bestowing caresses upon them as she did so.

We all got back on the bed, Arn lying between us, to enjoy a well-earned rest. As we lay with our heads on his shoulders and his arms clasping us, I felt I could stay there forever.

“Well, Daisy, how do you feel after your first fuck?” asked Arn. “I well recall when I had my first piece.”

“And so do I,” spoke Anne, “and I enjoyed myself as

much as Daisy did, if not more. Suppose you tell us of your first adventure while we are resting." And with Arn's agreement we settled ourselves comfortably with our hands placed on each other's lower parts as we prepared to listen to the story of Arn's first fuck.

Arn's Story

I lived in the country when I was a boy, and one day my stepmother's cousin, a young widow, came to make us a summer visit. She was a fine-looking woman, about medium height, and splendidly proportioned. She had large, swelling breasts and a small waist with ample hips. The outline of her rounded thighs and tapered legs were more than suggested through the light summer dress which she wore.

These charms had an effect on my boyish mind to which I had hitherto been a stranger. Although mature I had been kept pretty close at home, and being of a retiring nature I had not mingled with the opposite sex. Of course, my imagination had often pictured the delights of copulation with girls, but of the reality I had no experience.

On the afternoon of her first day with us, my father had to go into town and my mother was obliged to visit a sick neighbor, leaving me to entertain our guest. She expressed a desire to look over the farm and see the live-

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stock. I was only too pleased to show her about. She had changed her clothes, and now wore a simple blouse and skirt. As the light breeze blew her skirt about, it was lifted to breathtaking heights. I even caught sight of unstockinged snow-white skin, showing me clearly that she wore nothing beneath it. Going into the barn, she insisted on exploring every part of it for hen's nests and other barnyard surprises. She held her skirts high, and I had a number of beautiful views of her body. As she climbed about, I caught further glimpses of yellow garters and the glint of white skin above. You may be sure I was very careful not to let any of these new and singular sights escape my undivided attention; my fascinated eyes never missed a detail.

Walking through the orchard under the apple trees, we came to a brook which ran lazily through our farm. It eventually spread out into a broad pool which Father and I often used for bathing, as it was surrounded by tall trees and quite private. On one side a fine stretch of sand sloped into the water to form an exquisite beach.

My companion went into raptures of delight over this picturesque pool. "I must certainly avail myself of the opportunity to bathe in this delectable pool while I am here. The water looks so cool and inviting, so tempting! If it weren't so much trouble, I'd take my clothes off and jump right in. I haven't had a wade since I was a child and used to go barefooted with the other girls of the neighborhood. I must try your pool. Speaking of

girls, who is your sweetheart, Arn? Ah, how delicious this water feels! Come on in, Arn!"

She quickly removed her shoes and stockings, and had reached the water before I was fairly started. Hurrying to her side, I reached her just as she approached a spot where the pool took a drop of about a foot. She placed a hand on my shoulder just as her foot went into this hole, and as she felt herself falling she clutched at me with both hands. In her attempts to save herself she lunged backwards, losing her balance and causing me to lose mine. In an instant we were both floundering in the water, soaked from head to foot.

Our one thought now being dry clothes, we hastened to the shore, gathered up our shoes and stockings, and returned to the house. She led the way, her figure distinctly outlined in the clinging folds of her wet garments, dripping water at every step. The soft material revealed every curve of her beautiful form, and it required very little imagination on my part to picture her unclothed figure in my mind.

We soon changed into dry clothing, and at the evening meal she caused considerable merriment by relating our sorry plight that afternoon as we returned from the pool. After kidding us about it my father said: "You may experience still more excitement while you are here. I have heard that a number of robberies have been committed near here lately, and several tramps have been seen in the neighborhood."

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This information caused such consternation among the ladies that Father hastened to add, "I don't think there is much danger, but I thought it best to tell you of it; chances are the thieves will have been rounded up by this time, as the officers have been searching for them diligently."

I retired as usual at my customary hour, and was lying in bed clad in a nightshirt, when I heard our guest come upstairs and enter her room across the hall. I heard her moving about for some time. Just as I was dozing off, her door opened softly and she approached mine. It opened and she entered. Although I knew who it was, I raised up and asked, "Who's there?"

"It's Hanna," she said, as she approached my bedside. "Oh, Arn, I simply can't get the idea of the burglars out of my mind. I'm so frightened! I want you to come and stay with me tonight. But you mustn't tell anyone, because I don't want them to laugh at me and ridicule us."

"All right, I'll stay with you if you want me to," I replied, hopping out of bed.

Taking my hand, she led me out of my room and into the darkness of hers. Once inside she closed and locked the door. The bed was near the window and the pale beams of the moon threw a soft light across the bed, making that spot almost as light as day. Quickly, she got into bed and bade me follow, taking the other side. My feelings were almost beyond description when I found myself lying in bed beside this beautiful woman. I was

at once elated and abashed and, while I longed to move over and clasp her in my arms, my juvenile fears held me in rigid check.

She, however, soon settled the matter. After keeping me a few minutes in suspense, she started. Placing one of my arms under her neck she felt for and found the other which she drew over her lush breasts. With an arm under my neck, she began stroking my hair with her free hand. Bashfully, I groped over her breasts, becoming more bold as I heard no objections. Slipping my hand inside the opening of her nightgown, I laid it upon the bare flesh of one of the enchanting globes, the touch filling me with such emotion that I continued to fondle and squeeze it tenderly. Still meeting no objection, I opened the front wider and began to kiss and suck those delicious breasts. I continued this for some time until she said: "Arn, let's take off our things, the heat is most stifling." And disengaging her arm she slipped from bed and drew off her nightie.

I was somewhat apprehensive as to what would be her impression of my cock when she saw its size and learned that I was more than a boy. Perhaps it would frighten her and she would call off my initiation, and this I wanted to avoid.

However, I stepped from the bed and removed my shirt, and as I turned toward her I was amazed at the voluptuous sight she presented, a ravishing form that would have seduced any man. She was entrancingly

outlined in the moonlight. Dumb with admiration and ecstasy I stood gazing at her.

Whatever reluctance I may have previously felt now vanished and any latent impulse to flee was turned into an active desire to learn of those sensual delights created by such a seductive display.

“Arn! Arn! Come, get into bed! Don’t stand there in the darkness. Come to bed—I won’t bite you!”

I hastily complied with her request, still holding my nightshirt in front of my rigid cock (which was indeed one to be proud of). Slipping into bed, I also hastily slid out of reach. My position permitted me to look downward to the foot of the bed to keep out of reach of her groping hands. It also permitted me to look upon with ease and observe her broad belly and hips, soft as satin to the touch. Glancing at her cunny, I saw her soft mound covered with mossy hair.

Turning myself slightly, I moved my hand over her glowing form, patting and caressing it till I reached that hairy groove, then running my fingers through the soft fur until my tickling began to have a voluptuous effect on my fair bedfellow. My fingers went forward steadily till they reached the entrance of her grotto. Raising myself on my hand and elbow, I looked curiously at the spot my hand was invading. I saw a cleft with luscious red lips which extended from the hairy mound down between her pretty thighs. This excited me, and I began to finger and fondle it.

All this time she had been smiling at my explorations and my rising excitement as though she enjoyed the magnetic sensation she incited in me. Soon her quim began to respond to my touches and her feelings became aroused. She spread her legs apart, murmuring, "Get on top of me, Arn, and let's see what your little prick can accomplish."

I quickly moved up so that my chest rested on her belly and I could reach her lovely tits with my mouth. I began to kiss and suck them while I worked two fingers into her cleft. This had a terrific effect upon me, and I thought my prick would burst. My companion, judging from her wiggling, was also considerably affected.

"Come up higher, baby, and kiss me!" she murmured.

Eagerly raising myself to comply, the head of my cock reached her cunt and felt the warm juice which came from it. This was more than flesh could stand, and I began to push forward to force an entrance. She reached down—but not, as I had feared, to stop me. As she grasped my prick with one hand and opened the lips of her cunt with the other, she exclaimed in surprise, "My stars! Is that your prick?"

Its size astonished her, but her desires were too intense now to permit dawdling, and my own ardor was too deeply stirred to let anything to delay me. I pushed forward and entered, deep into those portals, and before either of us could think the skin slipped back on my

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prick and it glided inside the warm passage. It was a tight fit, but I drove forward with determined strokes while she crossed her legs over my back.

Frantically, she heaved her bottom and tossed about. The fast movement quickly brought me to a crisis, while under me I felt her flesh clinging deliciously about my prick as I shoved in deep and hard. Soon the gates of bliss prepared to open, and my body trembled with the approach of ecstasy. I worked frantically, eagerly, with the single purpose of attaining that acme of delight and pleasure in this, my first ejaculation in a woman's grotto.

"Oh, darling, what bliss you are giving me! What joy, sweet child, what happiness is in store for me during this visit!"

I felt something thrilling taking place all along my shaft and gushing forth into her warm cunt. I worked rapidly, and with a final thrust shot forth the last drops of sperm. Everything went black before me and I sank into blissful oblivion, fainting in her arms.

After we recovered our senses she asked me, as she fondled my prick, how old I was.

I told her.

"You little devil," she replied, as she took my cock in her mouth and sucked it hard again.

And that, dear girls, is the story of my first fuck.

†††

We had listened to Arn's story with much pleasure and with ever-increasing lust. His prick, which I had been holding, had swollen until it now felt like an iron bar. I had been squeezing and tickling it all during the story while Anne had been gently caressing his balls.

"Oh, you rascal, you should have been ashamed to take advantage of a poor widow like that!"

"Well, she brought it on herself—indeed, it was she who took advantage of me!—but I don't think she felt the least bit penitent. However, the telling of the story has made me horny, dear girls, and I think that I am entitled to some recompense."

"I will be glad to soothe your inflamed cock in my burning crevice, as I have a peculiar feeling there myself."

"Oh, you had the last fuck!" protested Anne.

I had to be satisfied with this arrangement, and watched Arn as he turned to Anne and began to caress her. They were both ready for action, and I was surprised to see Anne get on her hands and knees while Arn mounted her from behind. He laid well forward on her broad, white back, and with his arms in front, titillated her glorious breasts. I laid down with my head at their feet and watched their play as they twisted and wriggled. Arn let go of one of her titties and, reaching over, plunged his fingers in and out of my burning slit.

Their blissful moment approached, and he shot his load into her rapacious cunt, after which they maintained their novel position for a few moments while he

gave several twists with his throbbing prick, and then collapsed.

Annie's Story

Like Arn, I lived in the country when I was a girl. One summer day I was alone while my parents went to town for supplies.

After dinner, I was reading a novel when I was called by Johnny, one of the farmer boys, a lad considerably younger than I who lived down the road on the adjoining farm. He was a good-looking curly-haired chap, and since he was hot and tired from his journey, I invited him to sit on the porch and rest. I sat down beside him and began to tease him. At first he resented my joking, but finally he allowed me to hug and caress him, and soon I had him sitting on my lap. My kisses caused his face to flush, but he placed his arm around my neck and returned them. I was getting along wonderfully.

I had never seen a boy's thing, and as my feelings rose I grew wanton, and determined to see one now or die in the attempt. Getting up, I said, "Let's go inside the house, Johnny. I have something to show you."

He followed me into the parlor, where I sat upon the sofa and told him to stand in front of me. He obeyed, and I asked him if he knew I had a bird's nest between my legs. This naturally aroused his curios-

ity—as I intended it should!—and he asked if he could see it.

“I will, if you let me see the thing you pee with.”

He agreed, and let me unbutton his pants. I lowered them, pulled up his shirt, and took hold of his inexperienced little prick. Flaccid as it was, it nevertheless greatly interested me, especially since it grew harder under my touch. That made me hotter still. Lying back on the sofa, I pulled up my skirts and exposed my cunny to his curious gaze. I wore no panties. He seemed entranced, standing there looking at the first cunt his eyes had ever beheld, then gazing at his own organ, as though wondering why they were so different.

“Put your hand on it, Johnny, and see how funny it feels.”

He did so at once. I told him to tickle it, and in this he also obeyed, though in a nervous manner. This did not cool my desires, and opening my legs I lay back and told him to get on me and I would show him something else interesting. He did as I suggested, and I soon had his prick lying right against the crack intended to receive it. I had just reached down and grasped it, preparatory to inserting it within the golden gates, when I heard a step in the room, and looking up, found to my horror that a man was looking down at us.

“Merciful Gabriel!” I exclaimed, pushing Johnny roughly aside and sitting up, jerking down my clothes

at the same time. Imagine my horror to discover that the intruder was our preacher, who visited the neighborhood once a month. What was I to do?

He was a stern, middle-aged man, tall and raw-boned, with a large frame. He wore his beard trimmed, and was well-dressed for our part of the country. I sat speechless with shame and mortification, my face in my hands, awaiting his denunciation. I expected no mercy from this paragon of righteousness. No doubt he would also make a report to my parents, and I would be severely punished.

“Well, I am astonished beyond words to see you indulging in a carnal orgy—the very cesspool of sin! Alas, I am grieved at what I saw! I have always thought of you as one of our womanly angels,” with which he made a magnificent gesture. “Now I see you are like Delilah, seducing this juvenile Samson. Alas, the sins of the flesh! I came upon you softly, expecting to find you engaged in some innocent pastime, and intending to give you a pleasant surprise. I had hoped to enjoy the pleasure of a discourse on heavenly piety and its reward in the mansion of the skies. But what disillusionment! I find you engaged in the ancient gluttonies of sinful Rome. Ah, heavy is my heart within me this day!”

Then turning to the bewildered youth who stood in fear and trembling, he said sternly: “Young man, put on your garment and be gone. But wait...don’t say anything about this, or the wrath of Jehovah will fall upon your sinful head. Begone, wretched boy!”

Johnny fairly bolted out of the door, never stopping to ask for the article he had been sent to ask for.

Turning to me and patting me on the head, the preacher said: "Well, well, well, little one. Perhaps the spirit is willing, but the flesh is too eager. Dry those tears—I have not said I would tell your parents, although you rightly deserve it. Tell me, child, in the name of the Seven Hills of Imperial Rome, what possessed you to do a thing like this?"

"Oh, Reverend Sir, I don't know, I don't know! I imagined that there was no harm because he was so youthful!" I went on, telling the truth, because I was so embarrassed. "I had never seen..." and here I stopped, realizing that I was talking too much.

"And so it was a good opportunity, you imagined, to gratify your curiosity regarding the male sex. Well, that is a natural curiosity with the young, and as this is apparently your first offense, I am inclined to be merciful and not mention it to your parents, who no doubt would punish you severely. So stop crying, child, and listen to me."

He put his arms around me and drew me to him. I was somewhat excited from my play with Johnny and as the preacher hugged me to him and began to fondle me, I perked up and even took an interest in the situation. After a time, during which he seemed to be deep in thought, he said: "My child, I have decided that you should not escape punishment altogether. I have decided

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to shame you for taking out Johnny's peter. I shall take the boy's place, except that in this case you will be the student rather than the instructor. At the same time, your prurient curiosity shall be gratified, and it will be such a shock to your nerves that you will never again be tempted to seduce a boy. I shall go through the actions to show you the enormity of your offense."

I looked at him in surprise as his purpose slowly dawned upon me. He, noting my anxiety, added that it was given to ministers of the gospel to have the privilege of using all just means of disciplining their charges.

"Still, if I tell your father, he will punish you most severely, and I would also have to make mention of this most terrible affair from the pulpit tomorrow. Perhaps, after all, it would be better if I followed the line of least resistance."

"Oh, goodness! No! No! Anything else...!"

I had a mental picture of my father's face before me, and his intense disgust at the idea of my having fallen into carnal sin. I much preferred whatever form of shaming punishment the preacher might inflict. I rather fancied from his words and a certain gleam in his eyes that it might be more agreeable than not.

"Please don't tell my father," I implored. I threw my arms about his neck, taking care as I did so to still seem meek and contrite. "I will do anything—only don't tell!"

"Very well, if that is your choice. We'll begin at the beginning," he answered, as he hugged me to him. His

face flushed and his eyes shone with what, my feminine instinct assured me, was burning desire.

He began to kiss and squeeze me. He unbuttoned my dress, thrust his hand inside the bodice, and fondled my titties, which made a good handful. Under his caresses I lost my awe of him and hugged him passionately, returning his hot kisses with gusto. Opening my dress wide, he let his lips and tongue wander all over my breasts, thrilling me with excitement. Suddenly, he released me, and told me to stand up in front of him and unbutton his trousers. Through the material I could already see the outline of something that was trying to get out. In another moment I had pulled up his shirt and gotten my first view of a grown man's cock. As it burst forth from its confinement and pointed right up at me, I saw the huge bag hanging below it. What a difference between this one and Johnny's! I could not resist the temptation to take it in my hand. I squeezed and pressed it and drew back the skin which covered its ruby head, bending forward to note every detail of the object. The sight filled me with a mad desire to have it in me, and I felt that I could endure with pleasure any pain accompanying its insertion.

The preacher arose and went to a chair to remove his shoes. "In order to make the lesson complete, we will take everything off and I will show you what you richly deserve."

I was barefooted and it didn't take me long to remove

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the few clothes I was wearing, and was soon as naked as Eve in the Garden of Eden. As I finished undressing, he slipped his shirt off, and now I really feasted my eyes on his enormous tool. He came over quickly and picking me up, hugging me to his bosom while he showered hot kisses on my face, neck, and breasts. Laying me on my back on the sofa, he stood for a moment regarding my glowing body as I lay trembling between fear and desire. He stood so only briefly, then laid himself gently upon me. He got his knees between my legs, forcing them apart, as he slipped one hand under my body and the other around my neck. As his immense cock pulsed warmly against my belly, I reached down and commenced to caress it.

He drew back, but driven by a desire for relief, I rubbed the head of his prick against my cunt. He began to push, and releasing my hold on his cock I threw both arms around his neck. I felt the head of his cock penetrate the lips of my crack. It entered slowly, inch by inch. The sensation was so overwhelming that I lost control of myself, and forgetting the pain his member was causing me, I drew my feet up and heaved and thrust to meet his drives. His fierce plunges soon sent the quivering prick into my very vitals; and my cunt was gorged with pleasure. Nine inches of prick was soaking in my cunt, and I tasted the voluptuous rod quivering and shooting warm sperm into my very womb.

THE ESSENTIAL PAUL LITTLE

I can scarcely describe the emotions I felt at that moment. Our bodies were so closely entwined, and his prick so quivered, and throbbed as it shot out jet after jet of the true Balm of Gilead, that I trembled with joy from head to toe while my breasts heaved, and we both moaned and gasped with ecstasy. It seemed to me as if the whole of his prick were dissolving within me. He tossed and rolled about, his eyes becoming glassy. It was unbearable, human nature could stand no more, and I fainted away with the consciousness of the hot answering gush within my own body.

When I revived, my cunt was no longer itching; it had at last been soothed with the divine essence. Of course, more of this followed, but that is another story. This ends the tale of my first and most delightful fuck, administered to me by our preacher as a form of chastisement.

Anne's story had excited me to a high pitch, and I raised myself and threw the upper part of my body across Arn's chest.

"Fuck me, Arn darling, fuck me!" I implored.

Arn pulled me into position. Anne took his cock and presented its head to my moist opening. I was dying for this one, and settled down softly as it plunged into the fiery passage. I galloped up and down fiercely for a couple of minutes until Nature quickly reduced our fires with a soothing emission. I lay for some time without

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moving, his cock buried in the wet depths of my crevice.

Anne lay quietly, looking on at our passion, her hand gently fingering her cunt. She glanced at the clock, saw that it would soon be daylight, and said that it behooved Arn to make his getaway. When she admonished us to hasten and separate, he jumped up and hurriedly dressed, and after bestowing an affectionate kiss upon each of us, he departed.

I then slipped back into my own room and prepared to snatch a few winks of sleep before I appeared for breakfast.

And so, dear diary, you hold in your pages the secret shared only by myself and two others. It has been the most thrilling experience of my life, but I sincerely hope to have many more such good times to describe on your pages in the near future.

†††

There was no more of interest in the diary. Since this entry was dated only a short time previously, the owner was no doubt still looking forward to a repetition of her experiences. Under these circumstances I determined to return the book in person the following day. Accordingly, I dressed to my best advantage and I started out, not without some trepidation, to find the residence of the diarist, Daisy Collinsworth.

The address proved to be that of a very pretentious

place, and I felt a little nervousness, only natural under the circumstances, as I hastened up the steps, rang the bell, and waited impatiently. The door was opened by a buxom and exceptionally pleasant-looking maid, who politely asked me my business. Upon my inquiring for Miss Daisy, she smiled and bade me enter.

I had barely seated myself in the elegantly furnished reception room when a light step announced the appearance of Miss Daisy. She was indeed attractive, and stylishly dressed as if ready to go for a walk. I asked if she were Miss Daisy and she replied in the affirmative, looking at me curiously, and inquiring what she could do for me. I informed her that I had, on the day previous, picked up a book of hers; and had called to return it.

Her consternation was apparent and I produced the book at once. I allowed her to see it, but did not yet relinquish it.

"Oh, yes, it is mine!" she exclaimed, blushing. "I hadn't missed it. It must have slipped from my pocketbook. Where did you find it?"

I told her, and then added: "It was indeed most interesting. I read some of your entries with particular relish."

She blushed furiously and said, "Oh, you did not pry into it any more than was necessary, did you?"

"No, but some of the entries held my attention for more than a moment, and from the general tenor I felt that the owner would rather have the book in her possession."

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"Oh, I knew you read it through!"

"Well, my dear young lady, wasn't I obliged to open it to get your address?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well then, seeing a sentence that arrested my attention, I naturally read further. Anyone under similar circumstances would have read it, and particularly the entry of August 25th. That was indeed interesting."

"You must think me a most degraded person."

"Not at all!"

"Oh!" She was all confusion and shame. "What must you think of me? Please do not mention this incident to anyone; if my parents were to be acquainted with what I have written about in my diary—or even that I was aware of the affairs of married folk—I would be disgraced forever."

I merely smiled and maintained a deep silence.

She had already been blushing, but now she turned rosier still. "What would you ask of me—in pledge of your silence?" she murmured shyly, peeping up at me through her lashes.

I ignored this interesting sally and said, "Miss Daisy, I am not of the opinion that you are an awful person, nor that you are the least bit degraded. In fact, you are a ravishingly beautiful creature, and what you did was only natural. Ahhh..." I sighed, "if only I had been in Arn's place that night!" Feeling that I now had the situation well in hand, I reclined in a comfortable chair.

Daisy caught my suggestion with demure alacrity, and came and sat by my side. Then she placed a hand on my shoulder and smiled at me meaningfully. "If you will promise not to tell, I will treat you well. Promise me that you will not reveal any of the information which you have gleaned from the pages of my diary—please!"

She looked at me so bewitchingly that even had I been of a sneaky nature my heart would have melted. "Yes, my dear, you may rest assured that I shall never reveal your secrets. I shall treasure my information as a sacred trust between us forever."

She flashed a grateful smile at me and drew closer. "Give me a kiss," I said, "and we will talk this over more deeply."

Leaning over, I placed an arm about her pretty waist and drew her unresisting body to me. I pulled her head down on my shoulder and shortly she was returning my rapturously bestowed kisses. She sighed and moaned with pleasure and crept closer to me, snuggling her voluptuous body up to mine with all the appeal at her command. Reaching down, I lifted her dress to her knees and began to fondle her legs, starting at the ankles and working my way up to her thighs. Her legs were indeed of most perfect contour and shape. I let my hand linger as I caressed them.

Her flesh glowed under my touch, and she quivered with unconcealed emotion. My hand stole beneath her bloomers and upward between her thighs, resting a moment on her mount and the moist, silky valley

below. By now my blood was on fire and my fevered tool was begging to be released. I played and toyed with the soft curls, then parted the humid lips and permitted my fingers to intrude and explore her most secret recesses. I pressed and fingered the rigid clitoris with a passion-provoking touch that soon brought her excitement to such a pitch that she began unbuttoning my trousers. She opened them most delicately, and reached inside with her dainty white hand.

This caused my prick to swell and throb madly. She molded and caressed it in a most intoxicating manner. It grew hard, almost exploding in an outburst of rapture at the thrilling sensations her hand produced. It demanded instant relief. Rising, I caught her in my arms and carried her to a large couch. She expressed a fear that someone might come in, but I urged that something be done quickly to relieve our passions.

She nodded her agreement, saying then, "Oh, I am in as great a rush as you are—but I have an idea."

As she rolled off the couch, there was a momentary flash of white as the superfluous bloomers were whisked off and stuffed behind a sofa cushion. After bending over, she threw her clothing up over her back and spread her legs apart, presenting a sight at once so lovely and intoxicating as to make my head swim.

"Come and do it this way!" she whispered. "We will not muss our clothes, and will be ready on an instant's notice to adjust ourselves if anyone approaches."

Bent forward as she was, her entire upper torso had disappeared from my view. That portion left to my gaze was nevertheless exquisite. Her legs were long and finely formed; her calves and thighs and buttocks, pulled and shaped by her bending, were hard and smooth above her high-heeled feet. Her translucent black silk stocking-tops reached to mid-thigh, and her firm white flesh spilled out over their tight fit and rose smoothly up to her haunches.

From the tip of her spine at the top of this lovely landscape, a fine dark rivulet of flesh traced a path between the well-proportioned hills of her buttocks. The line broadened into a pond of delight at her quivering bumhole, an enticing entryway to a cavern I chose to reserve for later exploration. Below this spread-wide anal coffer the line flowed together again briefly, finally blending into the channels and levees of her sopping quim.

This most tempting delicacy hung heavy beneath her firm belly, expectantly awaiting my touch, its lips parted just a measure to expose the juicy pink rewards inside.

I was instantly in position behind her and could not resist the temptation, eager as I was, of planting a luscious sucking kiss on the pretty cunt before proceeding to the further business at hand.

Thrusting my prick between her rounded thighs, I began to prod the entrance to her grotto and quickly

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found myself inside in a moist and delightful retreat. My aim was good, for the head slid instantly into place. With a firm stroke, I buried it to the balls.

As I pushed and thrust, I felt myself nearing climax. Grabbing her thighs, I pulled her firmly against me as, with a heavy lunge, I poured the essence of love in hot and copious gushes into her cunt.

I was about to withdraw when I was startled to see someone behind me. It was the very maid who had opened the door for me but a short time before. I was much relieved, for I had thought it was one of the family.

Miss Daisy raised herself to look and said quietly: "Oh, Anne, how you frightened me. I thought you were in the kitchen!"

Realizing at once that the intruder was Anne of the diary, I knew I was on safe ground. I drew Anne to me, raised her skirts, and felt her cunt. She did not object. Recalling Anne's part in the episode in Daisy's diary had already brought my cock to attention, and I said: "Anne, how about you? Are you afraid of mussing your clothes, or can you be prevailed upon to enjoy a good fuck?"

"Go ahead, big boy." She laughed at me merrily. "I haven't a dime's worth of underclothes on anyway!"

†††

Dear Reader: Did you enjoy that little tale Betty's father told us over a number of nights? We did, I assure you,

and took turns acting out the parts and recreating the scenes and encounters as he related them to us. Here is another tale that became one of my favorites. As Betty's father would tell it, I would act out the part of the female. Betty would sometimes get the old reliable dildo and perform the manly positions. Sometimes she would just caress her father as he recounted the tale. How you enjoy the story, I leave to you.

From my secret observatory—a tiny perforation in the wall, just below the molding, which enabled me to clandestinely observe the movements of my neighbors in the adjoining suite—I had, for five consecutive afternoons, witnessed a most impressive scene.

The occupants of the suite in reference were a married couple. The woman, whose singular beauty had originally inspired me with the idea of violating the privacy of her boudoir via my peep-hole, could not have been over twenty-five at the most, and was possessed of a face and form which even the most fastidious critic would have pronounced faultless. Dark, exotically beautiful, she was a Latin Venus in miniature. Her long lashes shadowed eyes of deepest violet; her lips, scarlet beyond the need for rouging, seemed formed for lingering kisses.

In direct antithesis to this brunette flower was a husband many years her senior, a silent, stern-visaged man in whose veins the fires of youth had long since

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ceased to burn. They were an incongruous and oddly mated pair, an alliance of convenience, possibly; and one which I suspected weighed heavily upon the beautiful shoulders of the young wife. During the entire period I had observed them in their hours of privacy, I never saw a single demonstration of an amorous nature.

Their lives were nevertheless peaceful and regular. The husband arose early each morning and departed by nine o'clock, returning late in the evening.

The wife arose later, lingering an hour or more with her toilette, then also left the suite, returning always in the middle of the afternoon, at which time she changed from her street clothes, bathed, and spent the rest of the afternoon in the comfort of a beautiful silk negligée. She had no callers and no visitors, nor did she vary the routine I have described except on rare occasions.

Day by day I enjoyed the indescribable thrill of watching the beautiful and exotic creature as she dressed or undressed, and more than once was fortunate enough to glimpse a vision of nude loveliness which caused me to hold my breath in sheer admiration, while my heart pounded in response to the emotions her nudity evoked.

Naturally, when I perforated the wall, I had anticipated expansive spectacles of voluptuous conjugal pleasure. Strangely, then, that nothing of the kind had transpired within my range of vision, and I had been rewarded for my pains only with visions of nudity or partial nudity so chaste that they might well have been

transferred to canvas without arousing sentiments other than those of purest admiration. This was all, until...

She came in hurriedly one afternoon around four. There was a lightness to her step, and a look upon her face which suggested that she was under the spell of some pleasant emotion. Removing her chic little hat, but without changing from her street clothes as was customary, she withdrew from her purse what appeared to be a folded letter. Seating herself in a small rocking chair near the curtained windows, she spread the pages out on her lap and began to read.

It was evident that the perusal of this letter, if such it was, afforded her the greatest satisfaction, for as her violet eyes eagerly devoured the written words, her face became radiant, and a tender smile hovered about her lips. As she neared what seemed to be the concluding paragraphs of the voluminous epistle, her face became violently flushed. She threw her head back and closed her eyes, as though prey to some overwhelming motion. For a moment she remained motionless, with the still-unread last pages clutched in trembling fingers upon her lap. For an interval of thirty seconds, perhaps, the picture remained thus. Then her right hand moved down to the hem of the black skirt which clung about her knees. With a delicate gesture she drew the loose folds upward, above the tops of her hose, until half of her thighs were exposed. Shifting her body slightly to attain a more recumbent position, she separated her

legs and extended them almost straight outward. The next moment her right hand disappeared between the parted thighs, lost within the folds of the concealing garments.

When the vibration of her wrist and forearm subsided fifteen or twenty seconds later, she shook her skirts back into place and resumed reading the letter. Upon concluding it, she toyed with it tenderly, finally raising it to her lips to press passionate kisses upon the inanimate pages.

Now, following her interrupted custom, she disrobed, spent an hour in the bathroom out of my sight, and reappeared dressed in a dainty negligée, hose of golden-brown silk, and tiny mules. She went immediately to her writing desk, and with the letter before her which had so stirred her emotions, began the composition of a reply. She wrote in a distracted fashion, pausing for long periods to gaze into space, but in the course of an hour she'd managed to cover several pages. Gathering these in her hands, she leaned back and began to read. As she did so, the telltale flush again stole over her face. Suddenly dropping the letter, she rose to her feet, stripped off the gossamer gown, and threw herself upon the sofa. She masturbated again, this time in the wildest and most furious manner.

When her solitary pleasure was concluded and the heaving of her breasts had subsided, she rose. Taking the first letter she had read, and the pages she had

written, she folded them and placed them between the leaves of a book. She knelt on the floor by the sofa and inserted the book in some hidden recess among the springs or in its framework.

For five consecutive days I watched her progress in composing this mysterious letter, as she alternately masturbated and wrote. I became determined to see both those letters, regardless of risk or consequences. On the fifth afternoon, I gathered from certain indications that the composition was finished, so it was only a question of whether or not it would be mailed before I could steal it.

I watched her movements anxiously the following day as she prepared to leave the suite. To my joy, she did not remove the manuscript from its hiding place when she took her customary departure.

I waited a discreet interval, then entered the room with the aid of a passkey and went to the sofa. After a bit of fumbling, I found the hidden volume where the letters were concealed, extracted them, replaced the book, and returned quickly to my room. In less than two hours I had made copies of the letters and restored the originals to their hiding place.

My darling:

A frantic hunger for you is upon me, my whole body is one raging, aching desire for your embraces. Answer me, my darling, respond somehow, with your body

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reaching out for mine. Let me know, by some answering blaze of passion in your eyes, that the power of your sex is aroused. Show me by the tense pressure of your lips against mine, by your quickened pulse, the clutching of your hands, the movement of your knees to embrace me, that satisfaction awaits me. I want you burning with the knowledge that you are a woman, unable to rest until you have taken me entirely to yourself and, by the sweet uses of your body, given and received relief.

Beloved, reach out your hand, with impatient fingers undo a few buttons, and something will spring forth, tense, into your welcoming grasp. Do you know what it is? It is manhood, the male element, seeking to fertilize the female and so bear fruit. When the male passion moves and stirs, seeking the woman, this grows turgid, it swells, becomes large, stiffens and grows hard. It rises, throbbing with impatient pulses. It seems to know that its function is to enter, to penetrate; it seeks something that is wonderfully its opposite.

Substantial, it has dimensions, it fills a certain space. It must push and enter, the female open and receiving. Eternal opposites, male and female, find in their union a completeness!

How does it feel in your hand, sweetheart? As your fingers close around it, holding it, feeling its heat, its strength, does any part of your dear body thrill and throb to its call? You are a woman, the female spirit is in you; does something in your flesh quiver with answering

desire? How does it feel, dear, when you find me thus, and you long to clasp me to you? What is your sensation? Is there a part of you that is empty, that longs to be filled? Has it nerves, dear, and sensitive, delicate surfaces that suffuse, itch; that want to be tickled, touched, and rubbed?

Between your lovely legs, my sweet, my desire, there is a part of your body covered with dark, curly hair, growing upward to the lower part of your soft stomach, spreading out in soft curls, an enticement! I desire you naked, my beloved. I wish to behold my dearest woman and wonder at the curving, lovely lines of her body, so graceful and rich. That cluster of curly hair fascinates and entices me. My fingers reach out to touch it. I am close to you, darling. I, too, have hair on me, around this thing your hand holds. Run your fingers through my hair there, as I run mine through yours. We look and see our fingers playing with the curls, our bodies close together so that the dark hair mingles.

Part your legs a little, sweetheart, as I part mine, so that my fingers may feel you there as you feel me, touching, stroking, tickling, caressing! Oh, it feels so good!

Sit by me, dear, spread your legs before me, all widely open to my hand. As I fondle you between the legs, so you fondle me, and as we watch our hands at play our desire for each other grows. Between wonder-giving kisses we let our eyes drink in the fascination of our bodies thus together, your soft, white legs and my firm,

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hairy ones, your hands and mine, and what the hands touch and caress. I love it, dear, to see your nakedness as well as feel it, to see you all exposed to my inquiring fingers; to see your lovely breasts, full and firm, to see the whiteness of you; to see your fingers play upon me, and what my own fingers touch; but most of all, my wonder, to see the gladness in your face, your laughter, your enjoyment of this wanton play. You love to be naked with me and to play with me this way, do you not, my darling?

Let me lie upon you, dearest, with my head between your legs. Rest your head and shoulders between my knees. This thing that you love swings there, close before your mouth. Take it in your hands and bring it to your lips. I love the touch of your lips upon it! Kiss it, darling, run your wet tongue over it and lick it. Take it in your mouth and suck it, suck it! Oh, the sensation is wonderful! And as you suck, my tongue will softly lick you, exploring the spot that is most responsive. Will you like that, darling?

I crave you so, crave all that you can and will do to satisfy my burning desire for you. And I long to do all that I can to meet your desires, to fill your body with as much delight as you give me, to pour upon you all the caresses, kisses, touches, movements, that can arouse your sex to quivering, palpitating joy. I want your hands, your mouth, your breasts, your legs, and what is between your legs, to take me, hold me, draw me, suck

me, engulf me, arouse me with soft, delicate frictions. I want you to arouse and kindle and excite me with more and more ardent movements of your body, closer, hotter embraces of your arms and legs, wetter and more delirious kisses, until I can stand no more, until with a final crushing thrust I will take you, with a thrill beyond all thrills. For one still moment my forces will seem gathered for a charge, every muscle straining, arms and legs tense. Then, with spasmodic spurts, each one a delirium of bliss, my hot floods will leap in gushing jets against your womb!

Dear, my fingers in their play have touched the neck of your womb, but that other part of me, not yet. Some day, some night, we shall find a posture which will bring your womb's mouth so that I may thrust hard against it. Then indeed there will be a contact, a touch, a kiss of sex to sex within your body! That will bring a completeness, a perfection of sensation, a heaven of bliss, a surpassing wonder of delight, a perfect realization of the sensuous joys of love between man and woman!

How I love your naked body and all its delights! Can there be anything about the body of a man, I wonder, that can so thrill a woman as your naked beauty thrills me? Could you put your hand on me now and feel how my desire and the writing of this has made me hard? Part your legs, dear, and let me push it into you, in, in, then I'll draw it out, almost entirely out, tickling you

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outside, then in again. Look, dear, watch it going in and coming out again. Hold your legs high, darling, so that you come up to meet me, put your legs over my shoulders, and then watch how I push down into you! Oh, the fascination of having you there, beneath me, your beautiful, soft legs about me. There is such laughter and happiness in our loveplay! My darling, my adored, my sweetheart, my beautiful, my love-mate, my lovely, naked, happy woman!

You are wonderful in the response you make to me. I love the utter abandon with which you surrender the whole of your dear body to our play, the happy wantonness with which you laugh as you take off your clothing, unashamed, before my eyes, and step naked and ripe for love into my eager arms. I love the gladness of you, your quips, and pranks, your playful ways in our first cuddling embraces, and then, as our passion grows upon us, your fierce enjoyment of every way in which woman and man can take and give the sensuous joys of love. Altogether mine, my wonder and delight! And I am altogether yours.

See, it is still hard and big as I go on writing! Hard for your body, my darling, my only one! Do you remember the afternoon that I sat in the little rocking chair and you came and sat on me? No, you did not sit on me, you bestrode me and impaled yourself on me. How you laughed with delight! When shall I see you again and find that sweet and loving welcome,

that ardent embrace, that ready, eager kiss, that dear delight of holding you in my arms, that quickly kindled fire of desire, that sweet, glad surrender to passion? How long before I may whisper to you again that I love you, love you, oh, my heart's darling, that I love you and adore you? That time must come, beloved, when I shall take you all to myself, if only for a day, and reach out more and more in unceasing love unending wonder. Evade your husband somehow, sweetheart, and come to your own true lover for hours of bliss!

Dearest, if I cry out for the delights of love in your sweet embraces, it is not wholly selfish; it is partly because I know your ardor and so I wish to serve you with my body as you serve me, to give as I receive. Our joy must be mutual, or it is no real joy at all. We have had so much, so much! But not enough, darling, not nearly enough, is that not so? Do you not wish more and more, my love, of that dear happiness that we find only when we two are together and may give free expression to our mutual desires?

Is not desire for my love and kisses so great that it may not remain desire, but becomes fulfillment all by itself? Do not my words arouse you to a pitch of frenzy, so that you quiver and thrill and tingle all over? Tell me this, do you not draw up your clothes, and part your legs, and put your hand in there and find yourself hot and wet?

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When you read that I have something for you, standing up big and hard, do you not wish that you could take it in your hand and feel it all over, and rub it, and put it to your lips, and take it in your mouth and then put it between your legs, to have it go in? With your legs apart, do you not itch and tingle as you think of that big, stiff thing moving inside you, taking pleasure in you? Do you not want to be all naked, tossing hot and breathless in my arms, while the big, hard tickler and teaser touches and pushes and makes you more and more frantic? Do you not wish you could eat me up with love, jump on me, and suck me up into yourself?

Darling, it is straight and big and throbbing for you this minute. Its head is dark red with the blood that pulses into it at the thought of you. It wants your fingers touching it, clasping it, rubbing it up and down, pulling the skin up over the end of it and then pulling it back down. It wants you tickling all around it, through the hair that grows over its base, your fingers, feeling, touching, tickling, everywhere!

Dearest, it wants to push against your soft little curly-haired kit, to push and knock and tap and tickle and tease there until the doors open and it slips into your secret garden. And, darling, you would like to feel it running about in there, wouldn't you? Would it give you thrills, waves of tingles and throbs, floods of joy such as you know only when your own lover is in

your arms, between your legs, thrusting and pushing into you, holding you close and dear?

That is what it is for, beloved, to give my own sweetheart all the joys of passionate love that I can. Do you want it? Do you need it filling you until you overflow in rushing floods of overwhelming pleasure?

Oh, if it could only stand up for you all one night, and never get tired, but go on hour after hour, exhausting you, satiating you, yet ready and eager to give you more as soon as you had rested awhile and wanted it again! Think of us lying together, naked, in the pale moonlight, your golden body against my darker skin! Think of the twining of legs and arms, of the close, warm embraces, of the kisses that would crush your breasts and crowd upon your mouth, of the sweet, lewd, magic words of love and desire, of the movements and pressures of our hips—your lovely legs apart, I kneeling between them. We would see together those tangled curls of hair on your body, and the black patch on mine, with my own joymaker standing out big and firm amidst it. And I would come down, closer and closer, and you would raise your head and see how it came nearer and nearer, then touched, then pushed an instant, and then went slowly into you until it was swallowed up! Then you would watch it go in and out, like a ramrod loading you with love, until you could not stand it any longer. And then you would lie back on the pillow, seize me with your lovely arms and pull me

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down on you, and cram my thirsty mouth with eager kisses, and throw your beautiful legs around me and hold me close, and heave and twist your hips to get more of the delicious rubbing, and my arms would go under you, lifting your hips and forcing you against me while I pushed and heaved and thrust and rubbed, until, until, until...

Then, after a little rest, with sweet kisses, telling each other how good it was, a soft voice would say, "John, darling man, I want it again!" And your hand would find it ready, big and hard as ever, and your body would cover me.

A whole, never-ending night of it is what your lover would like to give to his sweetheart, to have for himself. I wonder if your teasing, tickling joy-maker could do it, could stand it? Would my darling like to try it if she could?

Does this call for an answer, dear?

My dearest beloved:

Your wonderful letter has thrilled me from top to toe; I am afire, my blood is racing, my mind is a confusion of sensuous pictures. How can you write so, put all these things in words that make them seem as if they are actually happening? But they are not happening; I only wish they were. I am your sweetheart; we have been everything to each other. I have given myself to you, I am yours; and you have been dear and good

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to me, and tender and gentle, and I feel that you are mine. I am going to write and tell you so, tell you how deeply I feel that we belong to each other, even if we are married to other people. And I am going to show you, shamelessly, just what kind of a woman I am, so that you will know (if you do not know it already) that underneath my civilized exterior I am just a plain woman, with appetites and desires which only the use of my sex can satisfy.

Dearest, until you came I did not know that desire could be satisfied. My husband (forgive me for bringing him in, dear) takes me whenever he wants me; he has always come to me when he felt that way, and taken me, and satisfied himself, but he never satisfied me. You have shown me a new heaven and a new earth, a new life, a new meaning of love, a whole new universe of experience, all unimagined by me. You see, I knew nothing until you taught me. I married young. I thought that what I experienced with my husband was normal. I liked him; I even thought I loved him. I was glad to be nice to him and to have him take me in bed; that was what wives were for. But, ignorant as I was, I could never understand the hints and suggestions of other women that there was any great pleasure in having a husband to be in bed with; I thought that they, these other women, got a good deal of enjoyment out of a very uninteresting thing. You see, I thought that their experience was the same as mine.

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What an ignorant thing I was! The first time I saw you I had a feeling that you were different; the first time I touched your hand I had a thrill that no other man had ever given me. The first time I looked into your eyes I was frightened at the strange desire to kiss you! My darling lover that you are, how gently you led me from one thing to another until I knew I wanted nothing so much in the world as to be in your arms!

Yes, I have been in your arms, in such rapture as I have never dreamed of. Yes, we have been flesh to flesh, and I have learned something of what that may mean. Yes, I can feel you now, I can feel your hands on me, on my arms, breasts, legs...oh, my dearest, what can I not feel on reading your wonderful letter! You call up such pictures...

I shall never, never forget you as you sat in that chair, inviting me to come to you. You sat there naked, and I could see all of you, all that I craved. I can see you now! I see your strong arms outstretched for me, I see the eager, devouring look in your ardent eyes. I see your broad chest with the dark hair. I see the curly black hair that runs down your abdomen and the big, black patch below. But above all I see the wonderful thing that transforms me, that makes me an elemental woman, aching with sex. So huge and strong it stands and calls to me, calls more commandingly than your waiting arms, than your devouring eyes. I must come to you quickly and feel that tremendous thing in my body!

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My lover! Even in writing to you I feel that I must be yours. I had to stop and take off my clothes. What do you think of that? I am not quite naked, I have on my stockings and slippers. As I go on writing I feel that you can see me, my breasts that you love so, my legs and all, and there is no part of my body that your hands cannot easily touch and caress. But I feel that I am naked, too, as I was that afternoon when I first stood before you, naked from head to foot.

Look at me, my man, as your woman comes to you! Look at me as I stand here. Do you desire me? Am I fair to your eyes? Oh, I want to be beautiful, desirable to you. Take my breasts in your hands as I lean over you, letting them fall into your grasp. Take my lips with your kiss, caress my body, run your hands over my hips, clasp my waist, my bottom, my thighs, as I part my legs and come astride you! I want your fingers to play around my legs and between them, tickling my hair. I want you to fondle me there and find how ready I am for you, hot and wet and open.

Oh, my darling, as I sit here, writing all this to you, my legs are parted. Your hand is not between them, but one of mine is, and my fingers feel those hot, wet lips that your fingers should be feeling. I can hardly write; see how shaky the letters are.

I am astride you, my beloved. Let me hover here a moment, to gather this heavenly wonder from the touch of your fingers. My body quivers with it! Oh,

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how I love you and want you! Gather my kisses, love, my wet, clinging kisses! Kiss my breasts with your hot mouth, kiss them, draw out and suck gently on my sensitive nipples! But do not stop that marvelous touching, sliding, tickling, pressing of your fingers. Touch that little place that you say gets hard, press it just a little (my own finger is doing it for you)! Oh! I cannot wait, darling, I must sit on you and suck that great, hard thing into myself, in—in—in!

Look, beloved, look and see how close we are! See your hair and mine. Our fingers meet and play together there. Oh, how I love that soft, low laugh of yours at our delicious play! Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Your hands are all over me. You love your naked, wanton sweetheart in this wild, sweet play. Your lips, my lips, cling and move, your tongue, my tongue, suck and quiver, yours in my mouth, mine in yours. Our bodies are crushed together. Oh, I love it, love it, oh, how I love it all!

Forgive me if you can hardly read this; my left hand is so busy, touching, pressing between my naked legs, I cannot spare it to hold the paper straight. I am so aroused, wild, mad with desire!

See, I am astride you, and move with my hips, darling. Is it good, my sweet man, my beloved whom I am love with my whole body, does it feel good to you? You are the core of me, filling me; I move deliciously upon you, deliciously, exquisitely! Oh, it feels so good, so good, oh, I love it! I am wild for you!

THE ESSENTIAL PAUL LITTLE

Rock with me, my darling, as you did that afternoon. Oh, the rubbing as we sway, back and forth, as that astonishing thing slides a little in and out of me! My big man likes that, too, to have this loving, naked woman impaled on him, rocking back and forth. Your kisses tell me so, and your hands that wander over my body. I love to give you my body, all of it is yours, beloved, yours to love, yours to enjoy, to use for your pleasure. Your joy in me is becoming my own greatest delight and happiness. I am your woman—use my body as it pleases you!

Oh, I love you! I love this sitting on you, astride you, my legs apart, impaled on you! I like it better even than lying under you in bed, or lying on you. But I love everything you do, every attitude, every posture in which we can join, naked together, you and I, doing all these wild, mad things.

Oh, dear, you are hundreds of miles away, and I sit here just dripping for you! That's not very nice, but it's true. I'm dripping, melting with this stuff that comes out of me when I am wild for you. It comes when your fingers touch me, and it comes when your splendid wand is between my legs or even comes near this wet, hot place. Yes, I'm hot, I'm throbbing, my fingers are rubbing and pressing there, but I want you to do it. Is yours big and hard and straight as you read this? I want to take it in my hand! Oh, take down your clothes, my man, touch and rub yourself and make

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believe it is my hand there as my hand so often was. I am making believe that this is your hand here between my legs.

I could not write for a while, I had to sit and press and rub myself with both hands as I saw you take out that great thing of yours and begin to play with it in your hands. Do you know what I want to do? I want to kneel down and take that thing in my hands and put it in my mouth and suck it and suck it and suck it!

Toss me up and down, there on your legs, astride of you! Jounce me and let me feel that big wand poking and jerking about inside of me! I love that feeling! Oh, I want you, I want you to fill me, to flood me, to make me mad with the joy you give me!

I had to get up and walk about the room a little. If you were to look in here, you would see strange sights! First, this woman sits at the desk and writes fiercely; then she gets up and takes off her robe and walks around. You can see her naked body, her legs in silk stockings to just above the knees, but nothing over the curly hair of her sex, nothing covering her breasts, and if you came to her you could put your arms around her naked hips and waist. Her hair is all loose and hanging, and she would so gladly run, naked and laughing and happy into your arms!

Several minutes have elapsed, beloved. I must finish this letter somehow. I am trembling all over. Do you know why? Because my madness overcame me, my

THE ESSENTIAL PAUL LITTLE

desire too great, the tickling, throbbing, itching ache of it was more than I could stand and I made it come to its climax. Yes, I went and threw myself face down on the sofa, my hands between my legs, and I held two fingers straight and put them inside me, and then I tossed and heaved and rubbed and jerked about with my legs wide apart, and I thought of you and twitched my fingers in and out and the feeling got bigger and bigger and suddenly I just seemed to open up inside as if to take you in and...I came!

The thrills are still running over me. Before I let you go, I want you to come. You must! See, I am stark naked! Shall I make you come by sucking it? Do you want your wicked, naked girl to take it in her mouth and suck it? That's what I'm doing in imagination! I am lying all curled up on you, you are lying flat in bed! How it sticks up! My lips touch it, my tongue touches it. I like the feel of it against my lips. I wet it all over with my tongue, and then I open my mouth and suck it in. You like that! I can tell by the way you twitch and move and by the happy sounds you make.

M-m-m-m! I love it! It's so big and so firm! Now I move my head up and down, sucking it in, letting it out, caressing it all over with my tongue, licking it, sucking it in again. At last! My man is coming, in my mouth! No, no! Don't take it away, I want it there in my mouth, I want to feel it stiffen and jerk! It trembles! Come, my lover, let me have it now! Come! Come! Spurt your bliss

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into my mouth! My naked body writhes! You are coming!
Now!

I am your slave in love, yours, your sweetheart, not
another's, body and soul of me yours alone, in grateful
happiness...

Roommate's Secret

I thought everything was going to be all right when we went back to school, because the teacher assigned Lucy a seat right next to mine, and I thought I could look after her and sort of help. We had written exams, but I didn't ever cheat, and Lucy wasn't that kind anyway. She was really smart, and she seemed to take to class like a duck to water. It was a real good thing, because she stopped crying so much and she didn't seem to have any of those awful nightmares. The way I figured it, she was plunging herself into the schoolwork to help her forget everything that happened, to sort of set up a block against it in her

mind so she could put it aside and not be forced to think about it any more. I guess even a headshrink would have told her to try to do something like that.

Anyway, she wasn't quite so scared and mournful at night and we got to be pretty good friends. I was careful not to ask her anything about her folks, and the only slip I made was once when we were thinking about Thanksgiving and Christmas, and I just blurted out, "Gee, wouldn't it be nice to have a real home and a mother and father who'd let us decorate the tree and make us go to bed without opening our presents?"

And she looked at me, and then she nodded, and all of a sudden her face clouded up and she put her arms over her eyes and started to cry a little. I felt like a dirty dog, and said I was sorry.

In fact, the way she handled herself in class and the good work she did perked me up, too. It was sort of a challenge, and I had to work to keep up with her. She really had a sharp mind. She could remember dates and all kinds of things, like why the English barons went ahead and forced King John to sign the Magna Carta and what the Crusades were about. Of course we had American history too, but I'll tell you one thing, it wasn't until a couple of years ago, when I was watching some of the late TV movies, that I learned Custer wasn't the big brave hero they told us he was back in school.

Anyway, I got so that whenever the teacher called on me, I'd give her the answer right back, and then I'd look

over at Lucy and she'd smile and nod her head. She was really good for me in lots of ways. Except that all the time she was still thinking about running away from Crossmere, and that was something that got me into a real fix. Maybe in a way it had a lot to do with what happened in my life, but there I go again getting ahead of myself.

There were changes taking place at Crossmere, and around the middle of November, just as we were getting set for Thanksgiving and the big turkey and the dinner, and the orange and apple given to everybody, and the big candy cane and all the rest of it, I noticed that that nice Miss Durton was missing. She'd been the one who'd offered to make sure that Lucy got an extra scoop of ice cream her first supper at Crossmere. And there were a couple of new matrons I hadn't seen before, and all of them looked sort of old and mean. And then, just a couple of days before Thanksgiving, the word got around that Mr. Hormeyer was quitting his job and going out to Nebraska to be principal of a private school in some small town out there. Naturally, everybody began to wonder what the new superintendent would be like.

It was about that time that Lucy started getting her nightmares again. Mrs. Creeder was still around, and very much in evidence. She began to come into our rooms almost every other night, at about the time the lights were supposed to be out, to see if we were settled

down properly. And she always had some wisecrack to make. I think she was needling us to get us to flare up and say something that would put us on report. Not that there was any demerit system where you got a whipping or anything like that. At least, not then. What happened later didn't have anything to do with the superintendent. It was just a couple of people who were big bullies at heart and wanted to show their authority, and probably got their kicks out of doing it.

Anyhow, I had the feeling that we'd both better watch our P's and Q's, and I didn't use the newspaper to make a lampshade anymore more, because that was the first thing Mrs. Creeder had noticed when she'd come in and bawled me out for keeping my lights on after the proper time. All the same, the way Lucy reacted to her, I was pretty sure that she was afraid of Mrs. Creeder. Maybe the way the matron talked, and the way she was always glarin' and snooping around made Lucy remember something of her past that she didn't want to remember. That was the only way I could figure it.

Well, we had our Thanksgiving dinner, and it was fine. And then the next morning before we went to school, we had to go to the big assembly hall and all the matrons herded us into our seats and told us to hush up and not make any noise, that it would only be a few minutes and then we could get on the buses and only be a little bit late for school.

Who should get up on the platform then but Mrs.

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Creeder, who waddled over to the microphone with an ugly smile on her fat face and said that in her capacity as the new head matron, she was proud and happy to introduce our new superintendent, Mr. Edward Jacklin. There was just a little applause, not much, and then a little man with a bald head and glasses and a new gray tweed suit walked out and came up to the microphone and thanked Mrs. Creeder for her introduction. He introduced himself, saying he was going to work very hard to see that we all got good homes, and if there was anyone who didn't have any takers, the orphanage would get us work when we came of age, so we could make a decent living and be good citizens then. He said he expected us all to live up to the rules, that so far as he understood, things were reasonably good on the conduct side of the ledger and that his office would always be open to any of us who had a problem.

There was a little more applause, then he took off his glasses and wiped them and smiled and said, "Now, I know you're all anxious to get back to school, so I'll make it short and say I'm glad to be here and I hope you'll feel the same way about me."

The funny thing was that all the time he was talking, Lucy, who of course was sitting next to me, started to shiver a little. Then she turned her face away and looked down at the floor, and when the last bit of applause came that meant he was finished, she got right up and made for the exit. I followed her as fast as I could, and

when I caught up to her, I whispered, "What's the matter, honey? He's not such a bad-looking guy, even if he is bald. He sounds like he might be okay."

"Please, I don't even want to talk about it, Elda!" she gasped, and then I saw her shoulders were heaving with those awful dry, choking sobs that had worried me so much when she'd first come to Crossmere.

It gave me the willies, because I couldn't get her to come out and say what was wrong, and yet I felt something was starting, something bad, and I was pretty much helpless. It's all very well to be a roommate with a girl and tell her you're her friend and that you'll do anything for her, but it's quite another thing to sit her down and shake her and tell her not to be silly and have all sorts of ridiculous fears about what's going to happen, and expect her to act the way you want her to. I think all along Lucy should have had some doctor or headshrink looking after her and working on her mind and finding out what made her tick, because I certainly wasn't qualified. All I could do was try to be the best friend she had at Crossmere, and right now I felt that wasn't good enough.

Then I thought maybe it was because Mrs. Creeder had been made head matron, because I knew that Lucy didn't like her any more than I did. But that wasn't it at all. That night, after supper, she sat in the chair by the window just thinking. She wouldn't say a word, and I tried a few times to get her to talk, and then I

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gave it up as a bad job. Later that night I was awakened to the sounds of her crying, the soft choking kinds she was trying not to let me hear, though she couldn't help it.

It happened the next two nights in a row, and I was getting more and more worried about it. Finally I decided I'd try getting into bed with her and let her cuddle up to me and know that I was there taking care of her. I wasn't going to do it at first, but she started to cry again, so I got out of bed and crawled in with her. Then she felt me against her, and she let out a gasp.

"Oh Elda, please don't—I feel so awful—please, let me be by myself!"

"I don't want you to be—it's not good for you, Lucy honey," I whispered back. She had turned her back on me, so I was lying up against her spoon fashion. I put my hand out to stroke her, and I guess by accident I touched her breast. She let out a gasp and stiffened, but she didn't push my hand away. I whispered to her, "It upsets me so when you cry like that, I feel so sorry for you, 'cause I can't do anything for you, Lucy. Please tell me what it's all about. I won't snitch—honest I won't. I can keep a secret."

"I—I know you can," she came back at me, "but it's so awful I don't even want to think about it. I have to get out of here, Elda, and I intend to. Promise me you won't snitch, Elda."

"Of course I won't! What sort of a friend do you take

me for?" I wanted to know. I tried to get huffy, just to get her mind off her troubles. "But if you could only give me a little hint, I'll bet I could straighten it all out and make you feel better," I boasted.

I guess I was born a do-gooder at heart, and sometimes a person can get into a lot of trouble that way, but I had to learn the hard way.

"Just stay here and don't talk, please," she begged. "It does feel sort of nice to have you here, and it's getting cold outside, awful cold. I don't know where I'd run away to, but I've got to try it. Nobody wants me; there are lots of people who come here to look over children—I've seen them walking near the superintendent's office lots of times—and when they do see me, they just sort of smile as if to say, 'There's one we sure don't want.' I feel just awful. I wish I'd never been born, that's what I wish, Elda!"

I'd never heard such misery, and she wasn't faking. Her shoulders had started to heave again, and I felt her body trembling up against mine. Then I remembered what Norma had done for me when I felt so lonesome and out of sorts. I knew it was sexy, and I shouldn't do it, but I was just about desperate by now to try to get Lucy back to normal. She was such a nice girl, and we got along so well at school and talking over things, I just couldn't stand to see her unhappy like this and every night. It was wearing her away to a shadow, anyway. You have to get sleep and plenty of good food if you want to grow up healthy and have good teeth

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and stuff like that. At least, that's what the teacher said in school, and now I look back and laugh, because most of the things the teacher described we never could get in an orphanage. They were things you didn't sell at the store or in bottles or cans. Like someone to love you and care for you, someone who wanted to help you and steer you right.

I still had my hand on her breast, and now I started moving it a little. I kissed the back of her neck and whispered, "Please don't cry, Lucy. It makes me want to cry, too. Please tell me about it. You don't know—maybe I can help."

"Oh no, you never could, not with this. It's awful—it's—it's like it was that awful day, and I want to forget it—I have to—or I'll go crazy."

Our whispers were so loud I was afraid maybe Mrs. Creeder might hear us. Even if she was head matron now, I was willing to bet all the ice cream I would get for the next month that she was still going to be up to her old tricks, snooping around, trying to find some black marks to put up against all of us. She was an old dragon, or I suppose in the fairy stories they might have called her an ogress. I know I often wondered why a woman like her, who seemed to hate everybody, and especially kids who didn't seem to have anybody to belong to, would come to work in an orphanage. I suppose maybe it's the same reason that some bullies who like to have a little authority try to get to be cops so

they can wear a uniform and boss other people. That's what Frank says, and I think he's right.

"Please don't cry like that, Lucy," I begged her again. "Come on, turn around and look at me, and I'll tell you a story or something. There aren't any dragons or goblins or anything like that outside, we're all nice and safe and comfy. Come on, honey."

Where I had my hand, I could feel her heart going real fast, and then she abruptly turned around and faced me, then she put her arms around me and kissed me on the mouth real hard, and then started crying. I had to kiss her back to shut her up, and I pressed against her as hard as I could.

"Please don't cry," I whispered, as soon as I got my mouth free. "You're going to get me crying, too, and I don't even know why."

"I don't dare tell you—I'm so ashamed—it's awful—I sometimes dream about it and I don't want to—I'm afraid to go to sleep because I know I will dream—you can't know how awful it is—" She suddenly had it out of her system. I could feel the tears running down her cheeks because my cheek was right up against hers, and she was shivering terribly. I held her hard, and my hand was still on her breast right over her heart, and it had never gone so fast before.

"The new superintendent—you know who I mean—this morning—oh gosh, Elda, I don't want to—but I can't help thinking about it—" she whimpered.

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"Oh please, come on, Lucy, you almost said it, so you'd better go on and get it off your chest," I told her. "You'll feel better if you do."

"All right, I guess I'd better or I'll go crazy thinking about it. He—he's like the man that was with Mom that time Dad came home—oh, why did you make me tell you—I feel so awful—I think I'm going to be sick—I know I have to get out of here now, I do, I do! Oh, what am I going to do, Elda?"

I felt cold chills go up and down my spine. Now I knew why she'd been so scared in assembly hall this morning. So the new superintendent had reminded her of the man who was making love to her mother when her father came home and killed all of them. It was enough to make her have nightmares, and here this man who was a double for her mother's boyfriend turned up as the new superintendent. Now I knew why she wanted to get away.

And I couldn't blame her at all.

"Don't cry, please don't cry, Lucy. Now I know what it's all about and I won't ever talk about it again, honest. Lucy, I—I'll help you, if you really want to leave. I promise I will."

She almost stopped shivering, and she raised her head and looked at me. "You mean it? Honest?"

"Sure I do. What's a friend for if it's not to help someone she likes?"

"I—I love you so much, I guess I must have been a

terrible nuisance, carrying on like a baby all this time. But you can't know—"

"But we said we weren't going to talk about it. Remember? You've been through a hell of a time, Lucy. You have to forget. And you're smart, real smart. If you got out of here, I'll bet you'd find a job in no time. And then maybe you could find somebody to adopt you, somebody who wouldn't think of coming to a place like this to look for a kid. You'll be fine, you'll see. And I'll do all I can, cross my heart!" I whispered as fast as I could because I wanted to calm her down. She was still pressed hard against me, and my hand was on her breast. I could hear her breathing quickly, and her arms were hugging me, and then she kissed me hard, and I guess that's when it happened.

I began to get that strange tickling feeling I had when Norma stirred it up in me. I wanted to give it back to her, to make up for all the awful things she'd been thinking. Before I knew what I was doing, I had the other hand up under her nightie and I was stroking her bare leg. And I was kissing her hard, and I was telling her, "It'll be fine, you'll see. Now please, Lucy darling, let me love you. I want to show you how to get to sleep so you won't have those awful dreams again. Just let me love you, and then you'll go to sleep. Please, darling."

"Oh yes, you're so nice—you're so sweet—I wish—I wish it had been that way at home—but it won't ever be now—I won't ever have a home again—"

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"You're not to talk like that! Now you behave and be nice, and just kiss me and hold me," I scolded, and she did kiss me back.

I was squeezing her breasts now and my other hand was rubbing up and down her legs, and then I felt her spot. And she let out a gasp and pressed herself harder than ever to me, and then she started to cry again.

It wasn't very long before we had our nighties up above our waists, and we were hugging and kissing and that warm glowing feeling I always used to get with Norma was coming back again. I felt such a lot with Lucy that I'd never felt with Norma. Norma, I had the feeling, could always take care of herself and nothing would ever get her down. Lucy was born scared. And if this was what quieted her down, then it wasn't wrong or shameful at all.

And soon we were kissing and rubbing and moving around, and then I heard her gasp and felt her stiffen and she strained her arms around me and then we both lay back breathing hard and feeling as if we both were floating in space.

I'm not ashamed of that at all. I only wish it had worked with Lucy. But even that wasn't enough. Because she did try to run away, and when she did that, she got me mixed up in it, and that was how it all began.

†††

I remember it was awfully cold and there was lots of snow the first week of December, and that was the week Lucy decided to go through with her crazy notion of running away from Crossmere. It wasn't only that Mr. Jacklin reminded her so much of the fellow who had sneaked around to see her mother and had gotten killed along with her parents that turned her that way. I'm really sure it was because of that Mrs. Creeder and the new assistant they hired to work with her, a Miss Rudolph. I found out about that a couple of nights right after Thanksgiving. I was in bed with Lucy—she was having another of her awful silent crying spells—and it was about ten-thirty at night, and our door opened and Mrs. Creeder walked in, along with this other woman.

Mrs. Creeder had a flashlight, and she turned it first on my bed and then on Lucy's, where the two of us were huddling together. "What's the meaning of this, Elda? Why aren't you in your own bed?" she wanted to know, in the nastiest voice.

We both had on our nighties and we hadn't done anything. I mean, we'd kissed a little and I'd felt her up some, and I'd already taught her what Norma had taught me—you know. But this time I was just sort of consoling her and trying to get her to stop crying so we could both get some sleep. Just the same, it was awful embarrassing to be caught like that, and there was this other woman standing right behind Mrs. Creeder, and she was taking it all in with a smug little

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smile, as much as to say, "I know what you're up to."

She was tall, with stiff, very overbearing features, and her dark hair was cut sort of short. She wasn't as old as Mrs. Creeder, I'd say around forty but in some ways she looked even more severe.

"Lucy—Lucy didn't feel well and I was just trying to get her to go to sleep," I stammered.

"I'll bet you were," Mrs. Creeder sneered. "Well, you just get right back in your own bed. I'm not going to say what's in my mind, because I haven't any proof, but if I ever catch you doing what I think you were doing, you're going to be a very sorry girl, you and your little pet there. Come along Madge. We've got a lot of other rooms to check before we can turn in tonight."

And then Miss Rudolph had to go and say, "Try to be good, you two," with a sort of sneering little laugh as she walked out after Mrs. Creeder, and just as the door closed, I noticed she had her hand on Mrs. Creeder's shoulder.

After they'd gone and I'd got back to my own bed, Lucy called out to me, "What did she mean by that, Elda?"

"Never mind, Lucy honey. Go to sleep. Some people are just nasty by nature," I told her.

Then, the next afternoon when we got back from school, Mrs. Creeder told Lucy that Mr. Jacklin wanted to see her. Lucy gave me a frightened look and then slowly went down the hall toward his office, while Mrs. Creeder stood watching me with one of those nasty smiles of hers. "You just might lose your little

playmate, dear," she said in that sticky-sweet voice she used when she wanted you to think she knew everything about you, or thought she did. "I'm not so sure you're a good influence on that girl, Elda."

"I don't know why you should say that, Mrs. Creeder," I defended myself. "I wonder if you even know how she came to be here in the first place?"

"Certainly I do!" she snapped. "Her parents killed themselves off, and there was a disgraceful scandal. At least here at Crossmere there's the likelihood that a girl from a trashy background like that may be given a chance to become a decent woman—unless, of course, she gets into bad company."

"Meaning me, I suppose," I stood up to her.

She glanced down the hall and, seeing there wasn't anybody around, she spun about and slapped my face. "That's just so you'll remember that I'm head matron now, Elda," she told me. "I know you hate my guts, and believe me, it's mutual. And I'm going to do a lot more checking up on you, yes, and all the other girls, too, than I ever did before. Just don't you forget that."

"No, ma'am," I mumbled, rubbing my cheek because she had hit me awfully hard. "Can I go back to my room now?"

"Not yet, I'm not finished with you. Now what's this nonsense about Lucy's not being able to sleep so you have to go in her bed all the time? You're old enough to know what I mean, Elda. In a place like this, we try

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to keep the inmates from getting just a little too familiar with one another. I don't think I have to draw you a diagram."

I was blushing like anything, and I was biting my tongue because I wanted to tell her off for the nasty, prying bitch she was. But now she was head matron. She could make my life miserable and then I'd never get Lucy back. The poor kid really needed somebody to stand by her. I was worried about what was going to happen there between her and Mr. Jacklin. I knew what it would mean to her when she stood before him, how it would bring back the dreadful thing that had happened to her. Of course, the good side was that maybe he'd find out and maybe find some doctor who could clean her mind of all the horror she'd gone through.

"I'm talking to you, Elda!" she said, with her hands on her hips and sticking out her jaw, looking real mean.

"Yes, ma'am, I know what you mean. But I haven't done anything wrong. Lucy's still so upset from all that, she has horrible nightmares. I'd be a fine friend if I didn't try to chase them away for her."

"Why, aren't you the good Samaritan!" she sneered. "Really, you ought to go right in and tell Mr. Jacklin you want to run this place. You're not much better off than she is, and don't forget it. You're here out of charity, because a lot of people put up money to see that you're fed and sent to school so you'll turn out decent. I wouldn't be surprised if you'd turned out to be a little

streetwalker, if you hadn't come here. You're just a little too sassy to suit me, Elda. And I've got ways of dealing with that, ways I can use now that I'm head matron. All right, just remember what I told you, and go back to your room and keep your mouth shut."

I gave her a "Yes, ma'am" and went to my room and sat down on the bed and cried a little. I'd never felt so miserable, so unwanted, even hated. I knew what my folks were, but it didn't help any to be told I was trash. I'd been trying to forget it all these years.

About an hour later, the door opened very slowly and in came Lucy. Her head was bowed, and I could see she was crying. I got up from the bed and hurried over to her, took her by the shoulders and said "What's the matter, honey? What did he do?"

"I—I have to change rooms next week, Mr. Jacklin says. I'm just sick about it, Elda. And I told him I got along so well with you, but he said it would be better for me."

I helped her sit down on the edge of her bed, and I sat real close to her with my arm around her waist. "Did you—did it worry you?—you know—" I hinted.

"Oh yes," she gasped out. "He was so much like that man with Mom. He almost made me sick. But I didn't tell him. I didn't, Elda!"

"But why did they move you out to be by yourself, honey?" I wanted to know.

"He said—he thought that I was sort of nervous and

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I ought to have a little more privacy so I'd feel more grown-up. You know, like having my own room would mean I'd be just like a grown-up person. I don't know why he thinks that, but that's what he wants me to do," and then she started to sob again.

"Gosh, I'll really miss you, honey," I said, and I certainly meant it from the heart.

"You'll have to miss me from a long ways off, Elda." She suddenly turned around and looked at me. Her lips were awfully tight and her face was set, as if she'd just made up her mind to do something very important, and of course she had.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to run away. I've been wanting to, and now I know I'm going to. Will you come with me?"

I didn't know what to say. It was going to be Christmas pretty soon, and I didn't have any folks to go home to, that was for sure. And being all by myself in a big city like Pittsburgh and having to find a place to stay and food and everything without having a red cent wasn't very smart. At the same time, I didn't like to think what would happen to Lucy all alone on her own, because she seemed to be so frail and didn't have much strength for that kind of life.

"I—I don't think I'd better. I don't think you ought to try it either, Lucy," I said to her.

"But I'm going to. I just can't stay here. And then when I got back from Mr. Jacklin's office, Mrs. Creeder

was there and she said something nasty again. I wanted to hit her.”

That was a surprise from gentle little Lucy, and I wanted to know what Mrs. Creeder had said. She didn't want to tell me, and then she started sniffing again and said finally, “She said now maybe I could get some sleep by myself without playing around and doing naughty things that girls oughtn't to do.”

“Why, that old nasty bitch!” I came right out with it. I think if Mrs. Creeder had been in the room right then, I'd have kicked her or something. Poor Lucy, feeling as bad as she did, and then having a thing like that said to her.

“I'll wait till all the lights are out and everybody's asleep, and I think I can get out the back way through the kitchen. There's a door right off the pantry, out to the play yard, and you know yourself there are places where the fence isn't too high,” Lucy was saying.

“But it's cold out—it's awful, Lucy,” I protested. “And you haven't got a warm coat or a scarf or anything. You'll catch your death of cold. Anyway, where will you go?”

“I don't care. Maybe I'll find someone to take me in. But I just can't stay here. I have those awful nightmares, and now it's going to be worse because there's nobody to be there with me the way you've been, Elda.”

Tears were rolling down her cheeks as she said this, and I felt terrible. I tried my best to talk her out of it, and pretty soon we had to go down to supper, and she

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didn't say anything more. When we got back to our room, she flung herself down on the bed and lay there the longest time without saying a word. Finally it was time for lights out, and I went over and kissed her good night and went back to my own bed and tried to sleep, but I couldn't very well. All I could think of was the blowing snow and Lucy trying to keep out of sight from the police and having no coat and shivering and turning blue. It was just awful.

I suppose I ought to have told Mr. Jacklin or somebody that she was thinking of running away, so they could have stopped her. She was so upset and so was I, and in a way I thought it would be sort of violating a confidence, betraying her after she had told me a secret or something like that. I didn't say a word. I just figured that maybe before Monday rolled around I could talk her out of it. Sunday was our last night together.

When we got back from supper, I told her again I didn't want her to go. She didn't say anything, but she just looked at me, and then she kissed me.

"Please promise me you won't try it. The weather's just terrible, Lucy," I said.

"We'll see," was all she said.

Then lights were out and we were in bed, and I guess I was so tired from a whole week of worry with little sleep that I just drifted off. All I know is that I woke up about four o'clock in the morning, and I sat up and rubbed my eyes. I looked over at her bed, and it was empty.

THE ESSENTIAL PAUL LITTLE

I was frantic. I was wide awake then, and I looked through the closet. She had taken what she had, though it wasn't much. She had a thin little coat that wasn't any good for December. And then I went back to my bed and sat down, and I just didn't know what to do. Finally I figured out that I'd better not raise a ruckus to the matrons or anybody, because the least I could do was give Lucy a head start. If she'd really got out of the building and was making her way into town, the more time I could give her, the better. I didn't like to think what would happen if they caught her and brought her back. Not with that nasty Mrs. Creeder and that new Miss Rudolph around. So I went to sleep again, and finally it was Mrs. Creeder who woke me up by knocking on the door and bawling out, "Elda and Lucy, it's time for breakfast, you two! Hurry up, or I'll come in and get you!"

And that's when I opened the door and said to her, "There's just me, Mrs. Creeder. I just woke up and Lucy isn't here. And if you want to know something, if she did run away, I think you had a lot to do with it."

I really did get my face slapped then, so hard it threw me back against the bed and I began to cry it hurt so. Her face was screwed up and her eyes were flashing and she was real mad.

"You dirty little guttersnipe, talking to me like that! Wait till I tell Mr. Jacklin!" she yelled. Then she came into the room and looked around, even looked in the closet,

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and then she believed what I'd said. So she snarled at me, "You get to breakfast and hurry it up, because Mr. Jacklin will want to talk to you about Lucy. And you know something else, Elda? I just hope he turns you over to me to find out what really happened. You've got a wallop coming, and this is one time I'm really going to let you have it, if I think you helped her."

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Mrs. Creeder didn't take any chances of my running away from what she'd threatened me with, so on second thought she grabbed me by the elbow and took me down to the dining room herself and stood there while I gulped down my breakfast. It was oatmeal with skim milk, some toast with margarine, and powdered milk mixed with water. It had an icky taste, and maybe that's why to this day I just don't like milk at all. Of course, powdered milk was cheaper than the kind the milkman delivers, and that was why the orphanage used it. Sometimes we got fresh fruit in the summertime, like grapes or bananas or even a watermelon, which nice people living around the orphanage would donate. Mr. Jacklin had already told us there would be an extra-special Christmas dinner because some good friends of Crossmere had come through with donations, but right then and there I wasn't thinking about Christmas. I was wondering what I was going to say to Mr. Jacklin.

As soon as Mrs. Creeder thought I'd had enough to eat, she bent over me and said, "Let's go, Elda. And you'd better not tell Mr. Jacklin any lies, because he's a gentleman and he wants the truth. It's a very serious thing for a girl to run away, and it's worse if someone helped her."

"I didn't," I said in a loud voice, and she gave me a pinch on the elbow and hissed, "Just keep quiet till we get there. You're just itching for a wallopin'!"

So she marched me off to the superintendent's office and gave me a little push so I would go up in front of his desk. He was rummaging through some papers and looking very worried.

"This is Lucy's roommate, Mr. Jacklin," Mrs. Creeder explained in one of those sticky-sweet voices she had when she wanted to impress people.

"Sit down, please." He gave me a quick look, then went back to his papers again. I sat there on a hard chair, and Mrs. Creeder stood beside me with her arms folded over her big breasts. She was giving me dirty looks, and if they could have walloped me, I wouldn't have been able to sit on that hard chair, that's for sure.

Finally he was finished with whatever he was doing, and the first question he asked was "Now then, Elda, I want you to tell me everything you know about Lucy."

"There isn't much to tell, Mr. Jacklin. She was an awfully sweet girl, and she was always scared because of what happened to her. I just tried to be a friend to her, and that's all I did."

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"I see. Did she mention trying to run away anytime before this?"

I didn't wait on that one. I said straight out, "No, she didn't." I crossed my fingers next to my hip where neither of them could see me, but I didn't think it was an awful lie.

"Are you sure, Elda?" He gave me a long look.

"Yes, I'm sure, Mr. Jacklin. I know she wasn't happy here, and she cried a lot, and I think somebody ought to have sent her to the doctor or something, because she had those nightmares about what happened to her folks."

"I see. But if you felt that way about her, don't you think you should have come to me or to one of the matrons, Elda?"

I looked down at the floor. I didn't quite know how to answer that one. I guess maybe I had been a little selfish about Lucy, because for the first time since I'd come to Crossmere, I'd felt I was helping someone and it helped me forget my own worries. Then I started feeling a little guilty, because maybe he was right after all, and maybe she could have been helped to snap out of her nightmares if I'd told someone earlier. But it was too late for that now. All I could think about was poor Lucy out there in that thin coat, with no money and no place to go and scared of the cops or the matrons or whoever they send after you when you run away.

"Mr. Jacklin asked you a question, Elda." Mrs. Creeder

bent down to me and gave me a nudge with her fist right between the shoulder blades.

"I know, I know. I was going to answer," I looked back up at her and gave her an angry look myself. "I think she was just lonesome and I thought maybe if we got to be good friends, she'd get over it. I guess maybe I should have reported it, but I didn't."

"Well, that's an honest enough answer," he said. "Have you any idea of where she could have tried to go? Of course, we've already notified the police and we have a private guard here who's been sent out looking for her. It's a terrible time of year for her to try something like that, but of course you understand that, Elda."

"I know it is. I told her she shouldn't—" I began, and then I gulped. I'd just let the cat out of the bag. Mrs. Creeder caught me up on it right away.

"Ah ha! Didn't I tell you, Mr. Jacklin? Elda's a deceitful, lying little sneak. I'm sure she knew all along what Lucy was planning to do. And if you ask me, she might even know where Lucy's headed. I'd like to get the truth out of her, Mr. Jacklin."

"Now, now, Mrs. Creeder, you know we don't do things like that here at Crossmere." He looked back at me and tried to give me a little smile of encouragement. "Elda, you have nothing to worry about. As it happens, I was planning to move Lucy to a private room so she could begin to stand on her own two feet and maybe take care of the place and have a little responsibility.

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That's what I thought she needed. She was doing well in school, according to reports."

"She's smart as a bright button, and she'll get along. She was just sick about what happened to her folks, and she couldn't forget it here, because it's just like a prison," I blurted out.

"Why, you little—" Mrs. Creeder spluttered. "It's time, Mr. Jacklin, this girl learned some respect for her betters!"

"That'll do, Mrs. Creeder. Have you anything else you want to tell me, Elda?"

"Only that I hope she doesn't get sick or anything," I said as I got out of the chair.

"So do we all," he said. "I may as well tell you, since you're here, Elda, that I'm going to leave you by yourself for a few months. You're a self-reliant girl, obviously stronger than Lucy, and I think you'll manage very nicely. You haven't any complaints, have you? I'm still new here and I want to meet everybody and get them to understand I'm here to help them and ultimately place them either in good homes or in jobs. We want to make good, decent citizens of all of you, Elda. But you're going to have to help yourself, you know."

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Creeder will see that you get back to school for the afternoon period," he told me. She followed me out of his office, but the minute the door was closed, she grabbed me by the elbow and brought her ugly face up close to mine.

“You think you’ve got him fooled, don’t you, Elda? But you haven’t fooled me one little bit. Mr. Jacklin’s just here temporarily, so don’t count on his being able to save you from the licking you’re going to get one of these days. And if you go blabbing to him about what I said to you, it’ll just be my word against yours, and you know whose he’ll believe. Now get back to your room till it’s time for lunch, and then Fred will drive you over to the school.”

Fred Jenks was one of the three male guards we had at Crossmere; the other two were out looking for Lucy. So I went back to my room and moped around, and I guess I said a few prayers for her. It was snowing hard, and the windowpanes rattled from the wind. I said quite a few prayers for her, believe me. If there was ever a girl who needed a break, it was Lucy that day. I just hoped some nice friend would take her in and start talking to her, and maybe find out what a sweet kid she was and keep her. I wanted to say “Amen” to that one most of all, and then I lay down on the bed and rested until it was time for lunch. After lunch, Fred Jenks drove me to school and I tried to concentrate on lessons, but it wasn’t easy. And whenever I looked out the window, it seemed to be snowing harder and harder. So all I could think about was poor Lucy’s being out there somewhere, lost and trying to keep from being caught and brought back to Crossmere.

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I knew I'd cry a little and I did worry about Lucy being out there alone in all this awful weather. But at the same time, I said a couple of prayers they wouldn't find her and bring her back. I could just imagine how low and helpless she would feel if she were found and brought back in disgrace, a runaway, and thinking what she did about Mr. Jacklin, and nasty Mrs. Creeder and her palsy-walsy Madge Rudolph. I remember, too, I didn't eat much supper, and when I went back to my empty room, I cried a little more for Lucy.

I tried to read and to do my school work, but all I did was stare at the pages, and I couldn't see the words. All I could see was that frail little figure sneaking from doorway to doorway, maybe out in the slum area where I'd come from, trying to keep out of sight from policemen and squad cars, not knowing where she was going to go or where she was going to sleep tonight. At least here at Crossmere you had a bed that was nice and big and comfy, not one of those old hard cots they sometimes give people in nursing homes where they really need comfort. No, I couldn't complain about the physical setup at Crossmere, but ever since Mr. Hormeyer had come to be the boss and then Mrs. Creeder had started having it in for me, I'll admit there were times when I almost wanted to go back to my own quarrelsome, nasty folks. At least I'd have belonged to them,

and even if there had been a few wallopings along the way, they'd still be concerned a little bit more about my welfare than the people here. And when I started thinking that, I realized just how bad off I really was.

I guess I must have dozed off, but I forgot and left the little bed lamp on. All of a sudden I felt myself being shaken, and I heard a harsh whispering voice telling me to wake up and stop pretending I was asleep. And when I opened my eyes, there was Mrs. Creeder's ugly face leering down into mine, and she had nasty Madge Rudolph standing there beside her, her arms folded across her chest and looking on as if it were a great big joke.

"What—what is it?" I stupidly asked. "Did—did they find Lucy?"

"No, you little bitch, they didn't. But you're going to tell us where she went. Now, you come along right away, and keep your mouth shut, if you know what's good for you. Otherwise, I'll have Madge give you the strap so hard you won't be able to sit down for a month. Come on!" Mrs. Creeder hissed.

"Please—I can't tell you any more than I did. Honest I can't," I gasped.

Mrs. Creeder's fingers bit into my shoulder and I started to yell, and her other hand came down over my mouth to shut me up. "You're really going to get it, Elda, if you keep that up. You'd better get up from that bed and come with us, and be quick about it. It's the

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last time I'm going to tell you, do you understand me?"

I was really scared. And she had Madge Rudolph there, and there wasn't anything I could do about it except go along quietly and hope it wouldn't be too bad. I couldn't guess what was going to happen, and it's just as well I couldn't, because I would really have put up a fight.

So I climbed out of bed and looked around for my slippers, but she hissed, "Never mind about that! Come along!—Madge, put out the light."

"Of course, Reba darling," was Madge Rudolph's surprising reply. "Shall we take her to your room or mine?"

That's when I began to get the wind of it, because anybody who could call Mrs. Creeder "darling" had to have her head examined. I mean, I couldn't see how anybody, even Mrs. Creeder's own mother, could have a kind word for her, and here was this sort of sexy Madge Rudolph talking to her as if they were sweet on each other. Of course, being a little drowsy and worn out from worrying about Lucy the way I was, I hadn't the brains to put two and two together right then as I should have.

So we went down one corridor, me barefooted and in my nightie, up a flight of stairs, and then we were at the end of the hallway, and Mrs. Creeder was stopping in front of a door and opening it. With her other hand she had hold of my wrist, and Madge Rudolph was right behind me. In fact, I could almost feel her breathing down the back of my neck.

She shoved me inside, and Madge Rudolph followed, then closed and locked the door. Mrs. Creeder really had a place for herself. There was a nice little living room, a TV set, some pictures on the wall, and then there was a big bedroom. The two women grabbed me by the wrists and pulled me into the bedroom, then Madge Rudolph closed and locked that door too. It was then I really began to get scared. I looked from one to the other, and then I stammered, "What are you going to do? I tell you, I don't know a thing about it. Honest, I don't. She said she was going to run away, and that's all. I don't even know where she'd go. In a way, I hope you find her, because—"

That was as far as I got. Mrs. Creeder slapped my face and I fell against the bed. I started to snifle.

"I've had my eye on you for a long time, Elda," she said in a gloating voice. "You're a born troublemaker. You're a sneaky little snitch, and you're well on your way to being a little whore, too. Don't think I don't know what went on with you and that Norma Bustard. Yes, and with Lucy, too. Remember the night I came in and found you both in the same bed? I knew then you were a little tramp. If there had been a boy there instead, I can just imagine what I'd have caught you doing."

"You haven't any right to talk to me like that, Mrs. Creeder," I sobbed. I was rubbing my cheek where she had hit me, because it really hurt. "I didn't do anything wrong, and I want to see Mr. Jacklin."

"Well, you can't," she said triumphantly, and she gave

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Madge Rudolph a sort of wink which I saw and which sent cold chills running up and down my spine. "His mother's sick and he's had to fly to Chicago, and he probably won't be back until after Christmas. I'm running Crossmere now. And what I say goes, Elda. So make up your mind—you're going to tell the truth for once in your life."

"But I am telling the truth!" I wailed. "As I told you, she was awfully scared when Mr. Jacklin came here, and she was crying at night all the time, and saying she couldn't stand it any more and she was going to run away."

"As I said before, you didn't have the brains to tell us about it. The reason you didn't is what I'm interested in, Elda. You connived with her. Since you were here longer than she was, I wouldn't be surprised if you told her just how she could get out of Crossmere and where to go."

"But I didn't! You've got to believe me!"

"I don't have to believe anything you say, you little bitch!" was her answer, and she reached out and slapped me again. Then she turned to Madge Rudolph and said, "You know, Madge dear, I think we might make an exception to the rule just once, for Elda's sake. Don't you agree that she has a good spanking coming?"

"I certainly do. She tries to act like a grownup, and she's just trash," Madge Rudolph drawled.

"No! You haven't any right to do that to me—it's against

the rules! And I'm not trash!" I was really crying then.

"We don't want everybody to hear, though, so I think we'd better gag her," Mrs. Creeder was saying. Madge nodded, walked over to a dresser and took out a handkerchief and a sort of hand towel—that's what they looked like, anyhow. And she came back toward the bed. I was crouching on the edge, still rubbing my cheeks. By now Mrs. Creeder had given me one on each, and they both stung like the devil. I got up and tried to make a break for the door, but she stuck out her foot and tripped me. I sprawled on my face. It almost knocked the wind out of me, and it bruised and hurt me. Then Mrs. Creeder hauled me up by the armpits, trundled me over to the bed, and flung me down on my face. The next thing I knew, she was pulling up my nightie and Madge Rudolph had grabbed hold of my wrists and forced them behind me. Then she tied that hand towel around them, and tied it so tight it made me groan. Next, with her left hand twisted in my hair, she lifted up my face and stuffed the handkerchief in my mouth. Then she went back to the drawer and got another towel or something, and wound that around my head and tied it at the back of my neck.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Creeder had put her palms down on the center of my back and was pinning me down to the bed so I couldn't get loose while all this was going on.

"Do you want to go first, Madge dear?" she asked her friend.

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"No, Reba, you do it. After all, you wanted to do it much longer than I have," was Madge Rudolph's reply. "But I'll hold her down for you."

With this, she got onto the bed and knelt on my shoulders and forced my face down onto the pillow. I felt my nightie pulled up a little more and tucked under my armpits. I tightened my muscles a lot more, and swore I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of yelling. Then down came Mrs. Creeder's fat hand on my behind. She had a big hand, and I felt it. Another one came down on the other side of my behind, and I couldn't help kicking up one leg.

"Kick all you want, and you can yell, too, you little slut. Nobody's going to hear you," she hissed. She pinched one of my buttocks and then gave it a hard smack that drew tears. It hurt like blazes; she was using the full strength of her arm. Every time her hand came down, it sounded like a pistol shot, and my butt bucked and reared under it. Pretty soon it started to burn, and I felt tears running down my cheeks. I was groaning and sobbing, but the gag in my mouth cut most of it off. Madge Rudolph's fingers were digging into my shoulders, and I could hear her hard breathing as she watched.

Mrs. Creeder stopped for a moment. Then she said, "When you're ready to tell us all you know about Lucy, you little bitch, just nod your head and I'll stop." But I couldn't. I'd told the truth. And then I began to

think I was buying Lucy more time to get away scot-free from these awful people. There wasn't anybody left in Crossmere that I could turn to, now that that nice Miss Durton had left. Even Mr. Hormeyer had been more of a friend to me than the new superintendent and this horrid Mrs. Creeder and her friend.

So I just lay there with my face pressed against the pillow, and tried to bear it.

"She's just being obstinate, Reba dear," Madge cooed. "Why don't you use the hairbrush? You'll wear out your hand on that big bottom of hers."

"Good idea, Madge darling. Just keep holding her down while I get it," Mrs. Creeder replied.

Madge Rudolph leaned farther over me, her hands gripping my sides, and I could feel the nails cutting into my flesh. I was really crying now, but I was hanged if I'd beg for mercy. I'd rather die.

I heard Mrs. Creeder waddle over to the dresser, and then she came back, and the bed creaked as she got back up on it. Then I felt her rub the back of the hairbrush over my naked seat, and I cringed. It felt cold and hard, and my bottom was already stinging.

Then down it came, and I couldn't help trying to scream. She had hit me with all her might, right over the crease between the cheeks, pinching the edges together, and it really hurt awfully. Then she gave me another in the same place, and then a third, and I kicked my legs in the air and tried to roll over, but I

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couldn't. Madge Rudolph was digging her fingernails into my sides, just above the hips.

"You'll talk, Elda. You'll talk plenty before I'm through with you. I'll put you on bread and water, I'll lock you up in the cellar, and I'll see to it that Madge gives you a good thrashing like this every day until you make up your mind to tell everything you know about Lucy," Mrs. Creeder snarled. I shook my head, and then the brush came down again and again. It was like a hot poker searing my bare flesh, and my body jerked as if I had a fever. It throbbed and hurt so I was crying, and I couldn't get my breath. The gag muffled all my cries and wails, and I tried to jerk my wrists and get my hands down to cover my sore bottom, but it wasn't any use. They'd tied my wrists much too tight.

"You don't know how I've wanted to do this to you, Elda, for the longest time," Mrs. Creeder panted, and she kept rubbing the hairbrush over my bare heinie all the time she was talking. "I know you hate my guts, and I'll give you a good reason, believe you me. You filthy little bitch, rubbing yourself up against Norma and then Lucy, and all the time trying to make out you're so righteous and holy. So you want to be a mother to poor little Lucy, do you? If I told Mr. Jacklin what I was sure you were doing, even he would have let me go ahead and thrash you. But don't worry—you won't lose anything for all this waiting. There! And there! And There!" She brought the hairbrush down as hard as she could on the lower

part of my bottom. I thought I was going to die, the pain burned and throbbed so horribly. My hips were jerking and my feet were kicking back and forth. Madge Rudolph's fingernails were cutting into my skin, and I was sweating with the pain. I could hardly get my breath for all the sobs that were choked back against that gag.

And then all of a sudden she started using the bristle side against my bare heinie. Then I really screamed. About a dozen whacks came down all over my bottom, and all with the bristles biting into my bare flesh. I was frantic. I tried to roll to this side and that, to kick, to twist myself free, but now Madge Rudolph was actually sitting on my shoulders and just about suffocating me by pressing my face down into the pillow. Her hands had grabbed the edges of my hips, and she was bearing down with all her weight, so I could hardly move, and the throbbing pain of my bottom kept getting worse and worse.

I could hear Mrs. Creeder panting hoarsely now each time she brought the hairbrush down on my tail. I was amazed that nobody could hear my yelling, because I was doing it at full strength, except of course the awful gag was muffling it, and then the doors of the rooms were closed, and there were lots of rugs and even tapestries on the walls of this bedroom of hers to cut down the sound. I thought she was going to kill me, and I didn't know what to do. Finally I nodded

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my head, if only to get a reprieve from that terrible spanking. I just couldn't stand any more whacks from the bristles any more.

"There, you see? The little bitch is ready to talk. Take out the gag, Madge. As for you, Elda, if you don't tell me what I want to know, back you go for another dose, and don't you forget it."

Once more Madge Rudolph twisted her hand in my hair and raised my tear-stained face. Her own face was flushed and her eyes were sparkling and her nostrils were flaring and shrinking. She was really enjoying my ordeal, no two ways about it. And then I saw she was wearing just a white nylon slip, with a skimpy bra and panty set under it, and her breasts were going up and down real fast. She was actually getting her kicks out of what I was going through.

They unknotted the towel or whatever it was they'd tied around my mouth, and then pulled out the handkerchief. "Now talk," Madge hissed, pulling backward hard on my hair.

"Oh stop—I can't stand it any more—please stop—I swear I don't know—I'll swear it on a stack of Bibles—I can't tell you any more about Lucy than I already have," I moaned.

"Why, you sneaky little bitch!" Mrs. Creeder howled. Her arm went up and she brought the hairbrush down hard on my stinging, swollen bottom. "I'll tie you up and take a strap to you, do you hear me? I'll ask you just one

more time. What did you tell Lucy about getting out of here?"

"Nothing! Oh please, don't whip me any more, Mrs. Creeder, please," I begged. My bottom felt twice its size, and it was burning so awfully I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering.

"You know, Reba, it's just possible that she might be telling the truth," Madge Rudolph spoke up.

"Well, I suppose so. But she can't deny that she was nice and friendly with that timid little sneak," Mrs. Creeder growled. "Besides, she's had this thrashing coming for a long' time. You know how snotty she's always been. You were with me that night she talked back, trying to cover up what she was doing with Lucy. You saw it yourself, Madge."

"Of course. But you've really spanked her pretty hard. We don't want her to be sick or anything."

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Reba Creeder and Madge Rudolph kept me up there in that room until it was at least two in the morning. I remember because I happened to see the alarm clock on the night table. After Mrs. Creeder got through with me, she invited Madge to "try the little bitch out."

When Madge wriggled out of her clothes and got all naked on the bed, Mrs. Creeder took hold of my ear and forced me to get on top of her, and then she said,

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"Now you just show Madge how you did it with Norma and Lucy, and you'd better please her or I'll give you another dose of strap oil." With that, she gave me a good hard crack on the butt with the flat of her hand, and I let out a squeal.

Then I just lay there on top of Madge Rudolph. I felt just awful. I was being blackmailed, and there wasn't much I could do about it. What I'd done with Norma and Lucy had at least been because we were all so lonely and needed some tenderness and affection. But I was just being used here. And I knew I wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance if I went to Mr. Jacklin or somebody like that and I tried to prove what they'd done. If I tried, all that would happen would be that I'd be dragged up to Mrs. Creeder's room again right afterward and really given a thrashing.

But luckily Madge Rudolph was all excited, and she began slithering around under me, and then she wound her arms and legs around me and kissed me hard on the mouth. Then she hissed, "Now do it, and do it good, or I'll whip you myself, Elda!"

There wasn't any help for it. I had to rub myself back and forth on her while she was feeling me up with her hands and squirming and twisting under me like a worm. Finally she let out a cry, her body jerked, and that was that. Reba Creeder pulled me off, gave me a slap that made my head spin, and then told me to put my nightie on and get back to my room; and

just to make her point, she took me by the elbow, looked at me real hard, and said, "Just in case you get any stupid ideas about blabbing, you dirty little bitch, you can just tell yourself what's going to happen to you when I hear about it. Understand? Nobody's going to believe a little piece of trash like you anyway. You're a little liar and a sneak, and I'll just say you helped Lucy get out of here and even gave her the idea for leaving in the first place. So watch yourself, Elda."

I got back to my room, and I just about cried myself to sleep. First, though, I went into the bathroom and washed as hard as I could. It was as if I was trying to wash myself clean of the nastiness I'd been made to do. And then I got to thinking about Lucy, and I sort of had a nightmare of her wandering along the street with the wind and the snow blotting out her face till I couldn't see her anymore.

When I woke up, it was too late for breakfast, and Madge Rudolph was shaking me. She looked calm and collected, as if nothing had ever happened. She told me it was nine o'clock and I'd missed breakfast and I had to go to school right away. I was still so dazed and tired from all that had happened, on top of the nightmarish sleep I had had, that I didn't realize it was Saturday. Finally it came to me, and I said something about it, and she just laughed and said, "There are some special courses on Saturday, and Mrs. Creeder and I have decided that you need more schooling, Elda. Now don't

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give me any arguments, just get dressed fast, because Fred Jenks is going to drive you over."

Fred Jenks was a man of about forty-five or fifty, I'd say, tall and lanky, and what little hair he had was gray. He had a crooked nose as if he'd broken it when he was a kid. He had beady little eyes, and he didn't shave too often, so there was always stubble on his face. Also, he smelled bad and he sort of walked with a limp in his left leg. I was always pleasant to him, and I always said good morning and all that, but I didn't really like him. Lots of times I'd seen him looking at the girls when they got on the bus or the car he sometime took, like this particular morning, just staring at them as if he'd never seen girls before. Sometimes I saw him lick his lips and smile in a real nasty way. I don't know why they hired him, except maybe he was a good driver. He used to boast that he'd never had an accident in thirty-five years of driving a car. Maybe that was why.

There were only about ten girls and two boys in the class, and there was old Mrs. Pastor in charge. Of all things, she had us spend about two hours writing a composition on the duties of being an American citizen. I thought it was sort of cruel to have to do that when I was worrying about poor Lucy. She'd been born in this country the same as I had. She'd seen her folks kill themselves off, and then she'd been reminded of her mother's boyfriend by Mr. Jacklin, so she'd run off. But the way they talked about her, that Mrs. Creeder and

her girlfriend, you'd think Lucy was a criminal or scum.

Looking back today, I guess maybe I could have gone downtown to one of the city government offices and complained about the way I'd been treated, but I was scared to death of Mrs. Creeder, and now this new one, Madge Rudolph. When I'd been a kid back home, I'd learned to keep my mouth shut when I'd had a whipping and to stay out of sight, so I guessed that was the smartest thing to do. Maybe they'd forget about me. Anyway, I wrote the composition and then Fred Jenks came at noon to take us all back, and finally I got something to eat. I was just about starved.

When I got off the bus, I noticed that Fred Jenks was looking at me, and when I caught him at it, he sort of sheepishly grinned and slapped the wheel and winked at me. I didn't know what he was trying to say, but I smiled at him anyway. In a place like Crossmere, the fewer enemies you had, the better off you were. I don't know why I didn't like him, unless it was because I'd seen him looking at all of us girls. I don't think it was because of his limp, because I wasn't that much of a snob. When a person has a physical handicap, it has nothing to do with the way he or she acts or thinks, in my book. But I remember I did wish he'd take a bath every so often or do something about B.O.

After lunch I went back to my room, and I stretched out and took a nap. I felt I was entitled to it. I was really conked out from all that had happened and the

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worry about Lucy. I just drifted off. When I woke up, it was to the ringing of the supper bell. I got up and washed my face and hands and went down to the refectory. I took my regular seat, and it felt funny to look next to me and see that a tall red-haired girl about a year older than I was in the place where Lucy had sat, and Norma before her. I'd eaten so much at lunch, filling up on bread and an extra glass of milk, that I wasn't too hungry, and besides, it was kidney stew this time.

Mostly, I was worrying about Lucy. Mrs. Creeder was prowling around the dining room, and she caught my eye and scowled at me. I looked down at my plate and mopped up the juice with the last piece of bread, and hoped she'd forget I was ever born. No such luck.

When I went back to my room, I tried to read one of my schoolbooks, but I just couldn't concentrate. There wasn't anybody I could talk to. Mr. Jacklin wasn't back yet, and of course Miss Durton was already gone. It was going to be the loneliest Christmas I'd had in a long time. It's funny, thinking back. Even when my folks were scrapping and I was in the middle, there was usually something on the Christmas tree for yours truly. Oh sure, at Crossmere there was always something for everybody, even if it was only a hankie or a doily or something. And you knew they just did it out of force of habit, to make everybody feel good. I was actually coming around to thinking that

maybe running away from home had been a big mistake, that was how miserable I felt after all that had happened at Crossmere.

Lights out came and went, and I got into my nightie and lay in bed waiting. I was scared stiff Mrs. Creeder and her girl friend would come calling for me. They didn't. I remember trying to stay awake as long as I could, so I could be ready for them. I was going to tell them that I couldn't do that any more, and they could whip me to death if they wanted, but I wouldn't. And between thinking that and wondering where Lucy was, I finally floated away, and everything was black, and I slept.

Sunday in an orphanage is a terribly lonely day. It's a family day, and you figure maybe you're going to sleep late and get up for brunch, and maybe if it's a nice day you'll go out to the woods for a picnic or something. And your parents will be there, and maybe there's just a flash of communication between all of you, and it makes it all worthwhile. It wasn't like that at Crossmere.

They had religious services for the girls and boys who wanted to go, but I never did. It wasn't that I was lazy or didn't believe in God, I just never gave a thought to it. Your mind can get awfully narrow and so can your outlook when you've got day after day ahead of you on the calendar, and you know it's going to be the same day-in and day-out and maybe week-in and week-out, maybe for years, too. Oh sure, I did pray,

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and I know that particular Sunday I was saying prayers for Lucy's sake. I hoped she'd got free and clear of Crossmere and all the nastiness there, and especially Mrs. Creeder and Madge Rudolph.

Only it wasn't that way at all. That night at supper, Mrs. Creeder came over to me and said she wanted to see me in her office, and she looked pale and a little scared. When I finished, I hurried to the office, and she was in there by herself on the phone. I heard her say something about arranging for burial the cheapest way, and then I knew. Lucy hadn't made it. Or rather, she'd got away forever, and she'd never have to worry about going back to Crossmere and seeing Mr. Jacklin who reminded her of her mother's boyfriend. Lucy was dead.

When she hung up the phone, Mrs. Creeder said to me without looking at me, "She got hit by a car and died in a hospital. I hope you can live with that, Elda. Because if you hadn't encouraged her to try to run away, she'd still be alive."

I just went berserk, I guess, when I heard that. I flung myself at her across her desk, and I grabbed her fat neck, and I was screaming words at her I didn't know I knew. I guess I'd heard them from my mother and father. I wanted to kill her. I wanted to make it up to Lucy for all the filthy things she'd said about her. And then maybe she or somebody else gave me a clout on the head, and that was all I remembered.

When I woke up, I could hear a clock ticking and it

sounded like a million clocks. I looked around and my head ached, and there was the alarm clock and I was in the infirmary. It was three o'clock, and that meant three o'clock in the morning. And there was an old white-haired nurse there, sitting in the chair and dozing away. I called out, but she could hardly hear me, because my voice was so faint and hoarse. Finally she did hear me, and she got up from her chair and came over to me. I started to cry. Then it really hit me about Lucy.

The nurse was a nice woman. She held my hands in hers and she gave them a little squeeze every once in a while. She didn't say a word. I couldn't have stood it if she had. I cried for Lucy and for Norma and I guess maybe a little bit for me.

**Sentenced
to Servitude**

General Narrative

Jason Vanwell opened the chest placed near the wall and took out something which at first glance bore a slight resemblance to an attractive chrome parakeet cage. It was round and had a little door, just like an actual birdcage. Only there was no bottom. But that door had a strange anomaly. Soldered to the flexible wire lattice was a tiny steel bar about an inch and a half long, pointing horizontally toward the center of the cage. It ended in a ball as large as an apricot, studded with tiny little metal points, not unlike a horse chestnut.

This apparatus known at Ben-Abar as the Silver Cage, served to punish and discourage all pupils who had ever

tried to bite their trainer. Though she did not yet know the purpose of this singular device, Caroline's eyes widened with fear to see it in Jason's hands. The object's sinister aspect already terrorized her.

"Caroline," he told her, "you've already twice tried to bite me this evening, and almost succeeded once. Moreover, you've done nothing to moderate your language. On many occasions, you've gone so far as to insult both the Countess and myself. To punish you for all this, I'm going to shut your head up in this lovely little cage."

With these words, he lifted the device above Caroline's head. She was petrified with fear. Holding the little door open, he opened the cage itself into two sections. Then, despite her frantic attempts to move her head away from the instrument of torment, he placed the back section of the cage behind her and, taking advantage of a favorable moment, closed the front part swiftly and bolted it carefully.

Caroline uttered a cry of horror. Now her frightened face could be seen only through the steel latticework of the cage, its base forming an iron collar which imprisoned her white neck. Only the little door with its tiny bar and its spiked ball remained open, exposing her trembling red mouth.

"It's rather heavy and uncomfortable, isn't it?" he asked. "However, let me warn you that I shall subject you to things far more irksome than this if you don't improve

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yourself quickly or if you continue to show yourself recalcitrant.” He paused to let his menacing words sink in, then continued imperturbably, “And now I’m going to close this little door. But for that, as you can see, you must open your mouth.”

The round ball with its terrible little spikes bumped against Caroline’s clenched teeth.

“Open your mouth!” he repeated sternly.

A cry of refusal escaped through her pearly teeth, locked by fear.

“So you again choose to disobey my order?” He let go of the little door and stepped back a few paces.

“B-But—y-you’re going to hurt me—you’re going to injure me!” Caroline wailed.

“It’s normal for the device to hurt you,” he replied. “Only in that way will you learn to pay attention. Now, are you going to open your mouth?”

Again Caroline’s teeth clenched desperately as she saw the steel ball approach.

“Very well!” was his calm reply. “You will simply taste the strap a little sooner than I’d thought.”

He went to the bare stone wall and unhooked the wide leather thong. Seeing him brandish the instrument, Caroline began to leap about, trying to escape, crying out her terror.

He brought down the strap violently, and the leather cruelly bit into the soft, tender buttocks of the naked captive. *Thhhhhhhhwaaaaacccck!*

An agonized shriek rent the air.

"I must teach you that disobedience doesn't pay with me," he growled.

And again, *Thhhhhhhhhhhwaaaaaacccccck!*

"Yyaaauiiiiiiiiiieeeee! Aaaaaaahhh! Aahhh!"

Caroline's behind bounded and writhed convulsively. The wave of burning suffering which ravaged her tender flesh at each ferocious attack of the strap was incredibly painful.

"I—I'll o-obey!" she began to shriek. "Ohh, stop! Stoppppppppp!"

A smile of cruel satisfaction curved his lips. What a pleasure to have such a charming, beautiful creature at his disposal and to be able to flog her so viciously!

Thhhhwaaaaaacccccck!

"Aaaaaaggghh! Aaaaaggghh!"

Locked in the steel cage, Caroline's head flung back each time she shrieked her torment at the cold stone walls. Methodically, ferociously, Jason applied five more strokes of the heavy leather thong across Caroline's bounding behind. The wide red welts left by the thong now hid the thinner stripes left earlier by the Countess's switch. Caroline hung by her wrists at the end of her chain, sobbing hysterically. Never, never had she thought such suffering possible!

Jason replaced the thong on its hook and returned to his victim, drowned in tears. "It hurts, doesn't it?" he asked sarcastically. "That's the punishment for your dis-

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obedience. I hope now, my dear Caroline, that you're going to open your mouth?"

Choked by tears and sobs, Caroline could not answer coherently. But, after a few seconds of hesitation, at last her mouth opened wide.

"That's better," he pronounced. "It's always a pleasure to see how a good thrashing with the strap works on the most rebellious natures."

Then he closed the little door. The steel ball fixed at the end of the tiny rod disappeared into Caroline's mouth, and Jason bolted the little door. Caroline let a stifled groan escape her, a groan that was transformed into a cry filled with despair and horror, at the same time trying to recoil or turn her head; alas, locked in that steel cage, there was absolutely no chance for her to escape its torture.

The little steel spikes which studded the entire surface of the ball must have tortured the tender mucous membrane of her palate and tongue, despite poor Caroline's forcing herself to open her mouth wide to avoid the pain.

"It's bad, isn't it, my pretty one?" Jason remarked calmly. "But the next time you have a notion to bite or say naughty words, you've only to think of this charming little cage, and I'm sure that will help you a great deal in being polite."

Caroline uttered a horrible groan. Such treatment was even beyond what she could have conjured up in

her worst nightmares. She found herself entirely naked under the eyes of a man she had never seen before—chained and unable to do anything to free herself. Her poor behind was now a shivering mass of weals and stripes which burned her flesh atrociously. Her head was locked in a cage, and a horrible ball studded with sharp little points was torturing her tender mouth.

She wanted to die—but, alas, the injection which had been given her did not permit her even the respite of a merciful fainting spell.

Jason observed Caroline's torments with lascivious pleasure. "Since you're new here," he announced magnanimously, "I'll let you wear the cage only two and a half hours. However, if you repeat the same faults, you shall be locked up in it for five hours. And, if necessary, for ten! Do I make myself clearly understood?"

Naturally, Caroline was quite incapable of replying. Her heartbreaking groans continued to emerge from the cage, while tears flooded her lovely, terrified face.

Jason glanced at his watch. "I'll return at midnight and take off the cage. Then it will depend only on you, Caroline, whether you receive a second dose of the strap tonight. Think of that.... Think what it feels like under the leather strap...and I think it will help you a great deal in becoming submissive and obedient."

Caroline had listened to his homily, and she nodded to try to convince him that if only the cage were taken

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off right now, she would truly be ready to show herself submissive and obedient.

To be sure, she didn't know what would be asked of her—but at that moment, she felt she would do anything to end this torment. Unfortunately, she was yet to learn that at Ben-Abar the trainers never went back on a promise of punishment or its duration. And now, for a moment which seemed to her a veritable eternity, Caroline had to endure the contact of Jason's prying hands on her breasts, her bottom, and her vulva. Then he left her, went to the heavy door, opened it, and closed it with a clang. The heavy bolt slammed home.

Now she found herself alone, the prey of her intolerable agony, as much mental as physical. Despair swept over her, and she began to sob hysterically, her body shaking from her ankles to her wrists hauled high above her head by the chain bolted into the ceiling.

With a light heart, Jason returned to the Countess. Ah, things were taking a very good turn. The future had never seemed so bright to him, especially when he began to think of all the things he would do to Caroline and also those things he was going to force her to do....

The Countess was writing a letter. She raised her head and eyed him questioningly. "I've just locked her up in the Silver Cage and also given her a little foretaste of the strap," he explained as he sank down into an armchair with a sigh of contentment.

“That seems quite good. Anything else?”

“Well, naturally, I permitted myself to touch and fondle her a little bit.”

The Countess smiled with amusement. “Knowing you as I do, the opposite would have astonished me. I dare say that only your sense of discipline kept you from fucking her?”

Jason nodded. “That’s perfectly correct, Mistress. I had to make quite an effort not to fuck her, but you need have no fear. You know I never lose control of my actions. I shall wait till you give me the order to fuck her...as usual.”

“You won’t have long to wait, dear Jason. But I don’t absolutely forbid you to amuse yourself with her till that time. Quite the contrary, you may enjoy yourself with her as much as your heart dictates, with the exception of any penetration, and I stipulate that even though she isn’t a virgin—at least, not in front. So, then, enjoy her as you know how: suck her, have yourself sucked by her; masturbate yourself or masturbate her; fuck her in her mouth or between her breasts! Besides, she has very beautiful breasts which ought to serve marvelously for that kind of special pleasure. Yes, I think one couldn’t do more salutary things to a girl with such a fiery spirit. Think, my dear fellow, that she had the effrontery to slap the face of the man who’s bought her from us, and simply because he put his hand on her knee. And over her dress, remember. Imag-

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ine, then, what she'll feel when you let yourself go."

Jason remained impassive. Finally he said, "I can very well imagine and also divine her reactions. That promises me quite a few satisfactions, as you can doubtless guess."

"Very good," the Countess retorted ironically, "I love men who do their work with such enthusiasm."

Then Jason began to laugh. "You work very late tonight," he remarked.

"Not really. Besides, I was just finishing. I was composing a cable to one of our agents, Lady Fiona Savage, who is our contact in London. I think she'll communicate it to Basil Rothberg, for whom we're preparing Caroline."

"Oh, yes?"

"The telegram says: 'C. M. arrived in excellent state. The training has already begun. C. has already received a first foretaste of discipline with the whip. At this very moment, she is naked, chained in the dungeon of our general quarters. More detailed reports will follow. Signed, C.' Naturally, all that's in code. What do you think of it? I can easily imagine Mr. Rothberg's shock when Lady Fiona hands him this."

"Hmmm. Yes. I'll bet he'll be more impatient than ever to advance the date of delivery," Jason chuckled. Then he rose, bowed to the Countess, and left the room.

†††

A few minutes before midnight, Jason Vanwell visited the dungeons again. This time, he had taken off the white silk shirt and black trousers he usually wore and put on a black silk bodysuit which sheathed him like a second skin from ankles to collarbone. A narrow judiciously placed slit allowed his penis and testicles to emerge; by contrast with the black silk, his sexual organ seemed abnormally and obscenely long and thick. His feet were shod in red leather heel-less Turkish slippers.

It was actually the costume he donned at every training session, save when it took his fancy to be as naked as the pupil. He drew the bolt, entered the cell, and stared through the latticework of the Silver Cage, savoring the desperate eyes of the unfortunate Caroline.

“Do you still feel a desire to bite, my beauty?” he demanded.

There was a prolonged groan. Then—in the cage—Caroline shook her head.

“Good. At any rate, we’ll soon see.”

He lifted the latch of the little door, drew out the spike-studded steel ball, bolted the two sections of the cage, then took it off. A profound groan of the most intense relief escaped Caroline as her head bent toward her bosom in exhaustion, while heartrending tears trickled down her flushed cheeks onto her passionately swelling breasts.

“Do you feel a little better disposed toward submission now, Caroline?” Jason demanded.

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"Y-Y-yes," Caroline groaned. She desired only one thing: to be left alone, to be tormented no more.

"When you address yourself to me or reply to my questions, you must always say 'Sir' or, better still, 'Master,'" he informed her. "It's a mark of respect to me, as well as the mark of your status as a slave. Each time you omit or forget that formality, you will make the acquaintance of this." Striding toward the wall, he took down the heavy leather thong, then went back to her. "Now, I ask you again. Do you feel yourself better disposed to submission?"

With a look of pain and horror, she raised her head.

He moved around behind her. Caroline tried to evade physical contact with him, by moving forward several steps, but the steel chain lifting her arms prevented more than a slight movement of this kind. Following her, he put his arms round her body and cupped her naked breasts, drawing her back against his body.

Trembling with rage and revulsion, Caroline felt the warm, obscene contact of his half-erect penis against her whip-sensitized naked bottom. It prodded her, as if to delve between those two satiny hemispheres which contracted in horror and disgust. Was it possible that such a vile thing could happen to her, the beautiful, seductive, *important* Caroline Martin?

Without being aware of it, she uttered a groan of protest. If at the moment she could have killed him just by lifting her little finger, she would have done so

without the slightest remorse. She felt a mounting nausea as she sensed the hardening of his heavy virility against her shuddering flesh; she wanted to shriek, but the terrible memory of the Silver Cage crowded back into her throat, already choked by sobs as it was, all the curses that leaped into her tormented brain.

His lips curving in a smile of sadistic lubricity, Jason at last released her panting bare breasts, but not before he had tweaked her tensing nipples slyly. He now placed his hands on her burning buttocks and pulled them apart, his fingers gliding into the velvety moist furrow. Now his penis, in rampantly full erection, pointed savagely against her defenseless naked behind.

Suddenly, feeling the contact of the thick, plum-shaped meatus against her anus, and sickened by fear and revulsion, Caroline forgot all prudence. She began to struggle again, seeking furiously to escape that odious, lewd constraint. She cried out. "Let me go—let me be! You filthy swine! You dirty brute! How dare you! You vile wretch!"

For a few moments, Jason pretended not to hear. He continued to fondle her indecently, sliding his entire hand between the lovely naked buttocks to palpate lingeringly the plump orifice of her vulva and the secretive, crinkly anus, paying not the slightest heed to her despairing cries. Then he let her go and stepped back.

"I'm going to teach you to hold your tongue, miss!" He raised his arm. Then the heavy leather strap fell,

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directed across the huddling twin globes of her naked behind with all his strength.

Once... *Ttttthhhwwaaaaackkk!*

Twice... *Ttttthhhwwaaaaaaackkkk!*

“Since you insulted me again, I shall lock you up in the Silver Cage for five hours,” he pronounced.

Rage left Caroline as swiftly as it had taken hold of her. The terrible slashes of the strap had much to do with her conversion, yet overall the terror and suffering of these past hours wrenched a new outpouring of shrill cries and sobs from her. “N-No—n-no—I d-didn’t mean—to—say it—I—I couldn’t h-help m-myself—n-no—ohh n-nooo—I—I won’t say it again...S-Sir!”

Jason felt a maddening pleasure surge through every fiber of his being. Again the strap slashed down —*Ttttthhhwwaaaaackkk!*

“Will you start it over again?” he shouted. He swept the thong over her writhing naked posterior with all his strength... *Ttttthhhwwaaaaaaackkk!*

“Will you?” *Ttttttthhhwwaaaaaaackkk!*

“Eh? Filthy little slut—will you start it again?” *Ttth-hwwaaaaackkk!*

Under the repeated shock of the thick leather thong, Caroline uttered frightful screams and struggled like a madwoman.

Ttttthhhwwaaaaackkk!

“Ahr—stoppppppp—n-no—noooooo—I—I swear it—I—I won’t start it again—”

Ttttthhwwaaaaaackkk!

“You swear it,” Jason mocked her. “Yes, you promise now. But I don’t think you’re really sincere, Caroline.”

Ttttthhwwaaaaackkk!

“I’m going to train you to obey, really obey!”

Again he raised the strap, then made it crack furiously against Caroline’s lovely naked bottom. Once... twice... a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth time.

Mad with agony, her eyes haggard, shrieking like an animal, Caroline thought of only one thing: to feel no more such lashes, to be at last delivered from her frightful fetters. Finally, after an eternity, as it seemed to her, her wish appeared to be granted, but surely not because she desired it—simply because such was her trainer’s good pleasure!

Jason unlocked Caroline’s handcuffs. Her resistance crushed, she slumped down on the thick woolen rug, groaning pitifully. She lay on her side, her knees drawn up, a hand feverishly rubbing her horribly burning buttocks, swollen by the long, thick weals imprinted by the heavy thong. She wanted to lie there always—to die like that—if only nothing more would happen to her.

But it was not to be. Jason’s pitiless voice drew her from her torpor.

“Get on all fours!”

“Oh...oooooh! N-No...I—I—b-beg of y-you.... Don’t beat me any more.... *Noooooo!*”

Ttttthhwwaaaaaaaaaackkk!

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The thick leather fell like a fiery brand across her scarlet buttocks. Caroline wriggled desperately and shrieked in torment.

“Do what I told you!”

Sobbing with terror, the young girl placed herself on all fours.

“Now don’t move. Otherwise, all you’ve had so far will feel like a gentle caress compared with what I’ll give you. I want to inspect you. Spread your knees! Better than that, now...there—now don’t stir!”

Shaken with sobs, Caroline, her body stiffening with horror, felt his hands pass between her thighs and palpate the lips of her vulva obscenely. His grazing fingers pushed aside the soft silky hairs which hampered him and forced open the lips of her slit. Revolted, sick with shame, the lovely Caroline fought off the mad impulse to resist the obscene caresses of her tormentor. Leaning over the naked body of his beautiful pupil, Jason was rapt in contemplation, his eyes glistening with rut. “What a lovely cunt! Ah, you’ve really got a lovely little cunt, dear Caroline! I’m sure you must fuck like a queen. Tell me, are you really a good fucker?” he gloated in a familiar tone for the first time, in token of his mastery over the unfortunate captive.

Choked with tears, Caroline was truly incapable of answering so indecent a question.

“A pity I can’t fuck you right now. But you’ll lose nothing by waiting, I promise you! I’ll teach you to love

big hard pricks. With a lovely cunt like yours, it'll be a true pleasure!" As he mouthed these lascivious words, he pried open the rosy petals of her anus and dug one of his fingers into it. This last indecency exceeded all Caroline could endure. Sobbing, she escaped her trainer's grasp and flung herself flat on the rug, weeping as if her very heart would break.

Jason smiled at her for a moment, while with one hand he caressed his naked penis, thrust out like an iron stake. What a pleasure it would be to fuck her, to impale her, violently, savagely...make her cry, shriek under a good rogering! He well knew the power of his massive ramrod and recalled other victims, other rapes....

Unfortunately, for the time being, he had to control himself; he could enjoy her only when he was permitted to. Such had been the Countess's edict, and he had not the slightest desire to disobey her orders.

"Get up at once!" he ordered sharply. "And kneel down before me!"

Out of the fear of once more feeling the terrible kisses of that dreadful leather thong, Caroline hastened to obey his order. Nonetheless, a terrified groan emerged from her trembling lips after taking the commanded pose. For hardly an inch away from her face, sticking out of the black silk tights, thrust Jason's enormous penis. Her eyes staring, her jaws trembling with stupefied horror, Caroline stared at the thickest, most monstrously huge cock she had ever imagined.

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The huge meatus seemed fairly to burst forward from the turgidly veined shaft. And under that shaft dangled two heavy balls big as hens' eggs!

"A tasty tidbit, eh, my dear?" he chuckled, as, shaking himself, he made his huge penis jog up and down in a horribly obscene movement. Caroline drew back, closing her eyes frantically to escape that hideous vision, but Jason plunged both hands into her hair till she cried out with pain. He forced her back toward the loathsome object. "Look! Look at it!" he commanded harshly. "Look at it. Have you ever seen a better one? It's for you...all for you!"

Her eyes stared hypnotically, rolling up to the whites from the vicious traction his fingers enforced on her disheveled hair. Caroline's body was shaken by involuntary tremors. She groaned ceaselessly, like a terrified puppy fascinated by a venomous snake.

"Yes," Jason went on. "Yes, it's all for you, beautiful slave! For your cunt, my lovely miss, for your mouth, for your ass—all for you!"

Moving forward toward that lovely agonized and immobilized face, he twisted his hips, and his heavy penis slapped Caroline's tear-stained cheeks with a moist, exciting smack. "A pity it's so late and that the time has come to prepare you for the night. I'd have loved to play with you a little. However, it's put off only for a while, my beauty. Now get up and follow me at once!"

He led her to the wall, to a place where a huge iron

hook was fixed; from it dangled a thin gleaming steel chain attached to a thick leather collar with a spring lock. He buckled the collar around Caroline's neck. Broken by all she had already endured, she had no thought of revolt.

Jason declared, as his penis dwindled slowly, "I've decided to be indulgent with you, in view of your inexperience. I had first thought of sentencing you to the Silver Cage for five hours, which is to say till tomorrow morning, to punish you for your evident bad will and for what you said."

Caroline uttered an indistinct groan.

"However," he continued, "I shan't do it. Nevertheless, understand that if your arrogant behavior occurs tomorrow, I shan't hesitate for an instant!"

Caroline began to weep at this unhopèd-for reprieve.

"Th-Th-Thank you...S-Sir... Ohh...th-thank you," she whispered.

His lips curved in a crafty smile. "However," he went on calmly, "your conduct cannot be totally ignored. So—and let me warn you now—in order that you may make your mind up well in advance on how to act tomorrow morning, when I come to take charge of you, the first thing I shall do will be to apply twelve strokes of the switch on your naked bottom."

At the announcement of this unexpected punishment Caroline's breath was cut off by a terrified gasp. Her beautiful large doe eyes sent Jason a despairing

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appeal for mercy while fresh tears began to roll down her cheeks. Yet in the midst of this new, atrocious distress, one faint hope remained: perhaps Jason had told her that only to terrify her, and actually he would not switch her after all.

Jason checked the lock of the thick leather collar, then made Caroline lie down on the warm woolen rug and, squatting down beside her, sucked her nipples voraciously while he slid a hand between her thighs, then between her buttocks to tickle her anus, in order to increase her feeling of total helplessness.

“Sleep well and have good dreams,” he jested as he straightened. “Think of this—be sure not to forget!” he chuckled, gesturing to his penis, in half-erection, yet still a monstrous sight. Caroline uttered a dull groan. As if she could forget that horror!

Jason contemplated her with a satisfied smile on his cruel face. Stretched out on her side so as to ease the torment of her swollen and still-burning buttocks, she stared back at him with eyes filled with tears and fright.

“It’s quite warm here—you don’t need a cover,” he added after he had turned out the light and was ready to leave. The heavy door closed with a clang, the bolts thrust home.

Caroline found herself alone with her thoughts, overtaken by the horror of all that had happened to her, and by the terror of all that was yet to happen.

†††

Meanwhile, back in London, Basil Rothberg was seated in his luxurious flat. Lady Fiona Savage had just left him after having come to relay a personal message. That message, of course, was the cable from the Countess which she had received that same morning and which, after decoding, she had transcribed for her client.

Basil Rothberg mopped the fine drops of perspiration from his temples as he read again the message which brought him news of his future slave. He could hardly believe his eyes. It was almost incredible—too good to be true! Caroline Martin, that arrogant young beauty, had already received the whip! For perhaps the tenth time, he reread those titillating words. The message Lady Fiona had given him had said that she had been given the switch and also the leather thong, several times already.

Perhaps the switch was the very one he had seen used in the film on Jane Rayner's naked behind, he thought with mounting delight; and in his febrile imagination, he pictured Caroline in Jane's place, seeing her lovely weaving, jerking naked buttocks, striped pitilessly....

It was already exquisite, just to think of it!

What would it be like when he himself held the switch?

Caroline stark naked.

Caroline chained.

Caroline...whipped!

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Incredible.

Incredibly marvelous. Oh, let the moment be soon when she would be delivered to him...soft, submissive slave to all his lusts, slave to his most complete pleasures!

He rose, poured himself a glass of brandy, and drank it slowly. Then, approaching the fireplace, he carefully burned the message as Lady Fiona had suggested. Then he went to his bedroom and undressed. "I'll go to bed naked and think of her," he murmured to himself.

Before getting into bed, he stopped before a tall mirror to admire the rigid thrust of his penis. What an admirable organ it was! He could truly boast of being well endowed there...a handsome cock, worthy of a stallion itself!

He amused himself by caressing it gently, smiling with joy to feel the exceptional weight and the animal warmth of his organ which heated his palms as he stroked it.

When Caroline Martin belonged to him, he thought as he stretched out in bed, he would impose his thick, heavy prick on her in every possible way. As he thought of the vulgar words by which he would make her salute his emblem of manhood, he shuddered. Then, smiling, he began to masturbate very slowly.

Personal Narrative of Caroline Martin

A long time passed before I could find sleep during that first night of my captivity. My mind was still too shocked by all the horrors I had endured.

Beaten by that dreadful Countess, subjected to the burning cuts of that wicker switch...again and again and again.

Rigidly chained, all naked, by Jason, in that cell...to have felt myself touched so ignobly, all over my body, and unable to resist it.

To have endured the horrible blows of that terrible strap, shrieking with suffering, begging and imploring mercy, all in vain.

When he finally abandoned me in the darkness after a last outburst of obscenities, I wept and lamented in my wretchedness over my dreadful fate, trying to find in spite of all this some little courage in the hope of eventual escape.

In the end, I suppose that, broken by physical and emotional fatigue, I fell into a deep sleep. Then I awoke.

Instinctively, the nightmare of the day before flashed back into my mind. It would have been difficult for me to forget it. My poor behind still hurt me a lot, my neck was encircled by the leather collar whose chain riveted to the wall held me prisoner, and I was stark naked, lying on the thick woolen rug.

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I didn't know whether it was daylight yet or not, for the darkness in this cell was complete, and not a sound filtered through the thick walls of this dungeon. Was it already morning, or had I slept only a short time?

At any rate, I was most uncomfortable, for I had a frantic urge to make pee...and of course, being bound, there was no way to budge, to go anywhere to do it.

Suddenly, I felt a terrible nausea at the pit of my stomach, and I began to tremble in anguish. That horrible Jason could enter at any moment, and I had just remembered what he had promised he would do when he came in. He was going to whip me with the switch.

At that recollection, I felt myself overcome with panic. He was going to do that to me—and I could do absolutely nothing to stop him.

My poor behind still hurt me so much—oh, no, I couldn't bear it, I knew I couldn't!

Like a wild animal, I began to drag frantically on my collar and the chain. It was stupid, of course, but in view of the circumstances, quite excusable.

I stood up, trembling with terror. Tears began to run down my cheeks. Oh, wasn't there any hope, any escape, possible for me?

Hope?

Perhaps if I begged him...if I promised him never, never again to say ugly things to him; if I promised him to bite my tongue, no matter what. If I promised sincerely enough—yes, sincerely—then perhaps...perhaps...

I didn't want to get the switch! Oh, no, I couldn't stand it!

I'd call him "Sir," or even "Master." I'd submit—I'd promise him that I—I'd even try not to say anything or move if he wanted to—to touch me again as he had done with his hands...and...and even with his horrible thing.... Yes, yes, I'd do it, if only he wouldn't whip me anymore!

My heart seemed to burst in my bosom when I heard the bolts slide back and saw the door open. Jason entered.

He was clad—if one can call it that—as he had been late last night, in black silk tights from which I could see his naked...thing. It turned my stomach to see that monstrous organ. It was revolting!

"Good morning, Miss Martin. I hope you spent a good night?"

Oh, God! How could he speak so? How could he treat a young girl that way?

He came forward. With a shiver of terror, I noticed a long switch in his right hand. I leaped up and pressed myself, panting, against the cold stone wall. "Nooooo! Oh, please, oh, please, Sir—S-Sir...I'll do all you order me to do...but pl-please, d-don't wh-whip me!"

I was desperate. What more could I do? What else could I say?

He grabbed my hair, drawing my head forward and

staring right into my eyes. Oh, God, what a horribly icy gaze he had!

“You promise to do absolutely all I order you to do?” he asked. “How nice of you! I didn’t expect to obtain such a complete or rapid submission from you!” And he smiled as he tugged my hair. Through the tears which blurred my eyes—it hurt me so—I saw with horror his frightful, vicious smile. “In spite of that, you’re still going to receive the switch on your lovely naked ass!”

“Oh, h-have pity!” The word escaped my lips; yet never in my life would I have thought myself able to utter it, to beg mercy, no matter what would ever happen to me!

“You must not hope for any pity, Caroline, so long as you are disobedient. And you’ve hardly begun to learn the first rudiments of obedience.” He smiled horribly as he said that. I felt myself grow sick with fear.

“Look, my beauty!” He showed me the switch. “See? It isn’t the same one with which your darling backside was already kissed so burningly.” He chuckled lewdly. “This one is made from a whalebone stay, such as is used in a corset. I assure you its effect is far superior to that of the simple wicker switch. You will be able to perceive its effects for yourself very soon, and you may believe me when I tell you!”

Despite myself, I stared, fascinatedly, at the thin strip of whalebone which oscillated so menacingly

before me. No thicker than one's little finger, about a foot long, it was rounded and white as ivory.

Jason let go of my hair and bent the switch in two to show me its suppleness. Amusing himself for a few moments by frightening me, he put aside the switch and began to unhook the chain fastened to my collar.

"On your knees!" he ordered. And I knelt, my heart beating till I thought it would burst. Each fiber of my being shivered with apprehension.

"Now, for the last time, I order you to put your face flat against the rug and to lift up your charming behind."

Can you imagine a young girl's receiving a more dreadful order? Can you?

"F-For the l-love of G-God—how can you ask that of me?" I quavered. I cast an entreating look at him frightfully, conscious of my nakedness, my weakness and my vulnerability. Conscious, too, of the terrible obscenity of the pose he had asked me to take before him.

"If you persist in not obeying immediately when I give you an order, Caroline, it won't be twenty-five but fifty strokes that you'll receive!" he declared coldly. "Now, for the last time—I order you to hoist your backside in the air!"

What could I do? There was no hope, no possibility of escape for me. Sobbing with terror, I bent over till my breasts pressed against the woolen rug.

There was a brief whistling of the white switch—
Suddenly, a horrible pain swept across my buttocks.

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An intolerable suffering radiated through my poor behind. Under the terrible shock of that violent cut, I fell flat on my belly, kicking and wriggling in my agony. It was worse—much worse than I had suspected. The whalebone switch caused much more frightful pain than the wicker withe.

As soon as I had got back my breath, I began to cry out my suffering. Having turned over onto my back, through my tears, I could see him standing, his feet planted astride my helpless body. In spite of my distress, I could not help noticing with horror that his big naked sex organ began to stiffen and throb like an animal's.

"You're going to get twenty-five just like that one," he announced to me with his frightful smile.

"Nooo! No! Oooh! Noo!" I wailed, for terror had made me hysterical.

"Perhaps you'd prefer to feel the whalebone's caress on your lovely little titties?" he threatened, brandishing the terrible switch above my bosom. The mere thought of such a thing was so dreadful in itself that I turned over onto my belly automatically, to protect my bosom. And at once Jason applied a violent cut of the switch over my buttocks which I had presented to him so amiably. Again, I began to shriek out my suffering, twisting and kicking on the rug.

"Two... You seem to me to be quite sensitive, and something of a baby, Caroline. Isn't that so, my charming beauty?"

“P-pity—p-p-pity—” I sobbed. “D...Don’t hit me again...oooh! No...n-n-not again!”

“I want to see that lovely little bottom up in the air—at once!”

The whalebone switch whistled its menace above my breasts; automatically, fear made me turn over onto my belly.

“Aaaaahhhh!”

A wild shriek tore from my agonized throat. A new lash from the whalebone had just frightfully striped my buttocks, hurting me so much that I couldn’t hold myself back. I began to pee while I sobbed with shame and pain.

Jason immediately discovered what had happened to me and, laughing sadistically, told me that if I didn’t stop at once, he would whip me “right on your pretty cunt!” My terror was redoubled at that incredible threat. With an effort which made sweat break out on my forehead, I managed to halt the flow of my urine.

“You act like a baby! You’ve no shame,” he chuckled. “Come, stand up! You’ll go satisfy your little need, filthy little bitch, but I warn you that you’re going to pay for your nasty behavior with more lashes to teach you manners!”

General Narrative

Jason chuckled cruelly while he caressed his penis now in full erection, as Caroline rose painfully, uttering heartbreaking groans. Then he led her toward what, at first glance, seemed to be the continuation of the wall of heavy stones. Pressing on a little projection of one of the stones, he stepped back. An electric motor hummed and, a section of the wall pivoted on an axis like a door.

Caroline's eyes widened with surprise when she saw a luxurious little bathroom, all in pink and white, gleaming with chrome and mirrors, whose opulence contrasted incredibly with the medieval austerity of her cell.

"Here's the place you'll tidy up," said Jason, "and where you'll keep up your beauty, for the Countess and I insist that you be always coiffed and made up in impeccable style, failing which your backside will be subjected to the switch. Go on, get in there!"

Caroline, hesitated fearfully. Was this a trap?

But Jason didn't hesitate. Lifting his arm, he swept a violent cut of the whalebone over the naked buttocks of the young English girl. "I said, 'Get in!'"

Caroline needed no further encouragement. With a wail of pain, she sprang forward, both hands clutching her burning buttocks frantically. "Obey when I tell you to," he scolded, again lashing the beautiful bare behind delivered to his merciless sadism.

One large section of the room was occupied by a pale

pink tub, and in one corner a little door opened on a small toilet room, whose two unusual features were the Turkish seat and the fact that the room itself was completely mirrored—floors, walls, and ceiling. Jason pushed her inside and forced her to squat down in front of him despite her tears of humiliation and her feverish protests. Thanks to the mirrors, he could see her vulva open like a mouth under the fawn-hued tufts of her pubis, while a golden liquid trickled down the bowl.

When she was finished, Caroline wept, destroyed by shame.

“Now that you’ve finished this little need of yours,” he intoned with a cruel smirk, “let’s go back to our affairs. Go put yourself just as you were, your backside up in the air, for I’m far from having finished with you, my beauty!”

Without the slightest warning, he swept the whalebone violently over her two satiny bottomglobes while Caroline uttered a shrill howl.

The cell began again to be filled with cries of wild suffering as poor Caroline was plunged into the torments of her fustigation. Maddened with pain, it seemed to her that Jason was using a white-hot steel wand on the tender, ultrasensitive flesh of her poor martyriized behind.

†††

In this horrible fashion, Caroline received the twenty-five announced strokes, plus the promised supplement of ten additional lashes.

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Jason was panting, his forehead damp with sweat. He had the erection of a stallion, and his monstrous penis jerked convulsively with pleasure in spasms that straightened it up against his belly almost vertically.

With a cynical, satisfied smile, he contemplated his naked victim, so pitifully shaken by uncontrollable sobs, while abusing her with his obscene compliments and commentaries which made her shudder with horror even through the intense burning suffering which radiated through her lovely striped behind.

“I love to hear my naughty pupils cry and weep... and so, since you seem not to like the whalebone at all, I’ve decided that from now on I shall use no other kind of switch to train you.”

A particular part of Jason’s character was his self-mastery, and though he was ravenous with desire to fall upon the young English girl and fuck her with all the force of his rut, he managed to contain himself and to hold an attitude more in keeping with his function as a proper trainer of slaves.

Indeed, his position as “trainer” in the organization of “Rio 9” imposed certain rules and stipulations which he was obliged to follow. Just so, the training of a new slave called for certain boundaries, which he had to respect. Punishments were imposed with an increasing degree of severity, so as to inflict the maximum suffering on the girl each time.

The same progression was observed with regard to the slave's erotic education, and the diverse obscene maneuvers and carnal unions were equally scheduled in a carefully calculated order to obtain the best results. He bent over the beautiful English girl who was still prostrated before him and slipped his hand between her burning naked buttocks. Feeling his fingers in the furrow of her behind, Caroline, who was still groaning and sobbing, started convulsively as if she had had an electric current surge through her, swaying her swollen behind to the left and right to escape the atrocious caress with such vehemence that her breasts flattened against the rug.

"Don't—do—don't do that," she implored, turning her tear-drenched face toward her tormentor.

Still bent over her, he chuckled. "Try to hold your tongue, my beauty. You know what thoughtless words cost you, don't you? If ever you let yourself go so far as to utter those regrettable words again, you'll feel the lovely whalebone, and even more vigorously. I promise you that!"

After this threat, Jason resumed his immodest caresses callously. This time, his fingers concentrated on the young girl's anus, rubbing the dainty, crinkly rosette in the most lascivious way, even trying to pry it open and insert his fingertip within it.

Then his hand slipped farther on, and his caressing fingers were in contact with the firm, prominent lips of her slightly open vulva, which he opened still

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more to ferret out the tender pink crest of her clitoris.

Huddling on the rug and groaning with shame, Caroline trembled throughout her entire body, but only an oppressed, whistling sound escaped her lips, which drew back over her clenched teeth in a rictus of supreme revulsion. She had closed her eyes and submitted with almost-nauseating horror to these indecent manipulations, knowing what the slightest movement of revolt would cost her.

"Now, Miss Caroline Martin," Jason remarked gently, "you're not in a London taxi, as you were when you slapped a man simply because he had dared to touch your knee. Now, I can touch you when I wish...and above all, where I wish."

A groan of despair escaped Caroline. She knew very well that what he said was frightfully true; she had to admit that he was touching her most secret parts, and she had to endure that obscene contact. Yet every fiber of her being revolted against it; it was intolerable. And yet, she must keep herself from emitting the slightest word of protest.

Finally Jason interrupted his lewd palpations and ordered her to rise. "I shall leave you alone now, and you'll clean yourself and rest for a bit. I shall come back for you in an hour and a half, in order to continue your education, for you still have a great many things to learn!"

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Tarl Cabot searches for his lovely wife Talena. Does she live, or was she destroyed by the all-powerful Priest-Kings? Cabot is determined to find out—though no one who has approached the mountain stronghold of the Priest-Kings has ever returned alive....

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—Joan Nestle

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"A solid, unblinking, unsentimental look at a vanished era. Gooch tells us everything we ever wanted to know about the dark and decadent gay subculture in Manhattan before AIDS altered the landscape."

—*Kirkus Reviews*

A controversial look at life during the decadent 70s, *The Golden Age of Promiscuity* follows a young gay artist from rags to riches. A revealing look at the mores of pre-AIDS New York.

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