

Bedroom Antics

A Victorian Cautionary Tale

By Charmbrights

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Chapter the First

In which businesses prosper, families meet and a marriage is arranged, but no improprieties occur.

It was a large house, set in a small park, but it could never look like a house of the gentility. It shouted aloud to anyone of sensibility, in this year of our Lord eighteen-fifty, that this was the home of a tradesman. A very rich tradesman, it must be admitted, but not a gentleman, be he titled or not.

In the dining room sat two couples eating dinner. The master of the house, James Robinson was a mill owner, and a very successful one, His guest, John Smith was rather younger, but had lately made a good deal of money in the new-fangled railways. Their wives were in deferential attendance, and the food was served by a butler and footman, aided by two maids, so that the four diners were served each course simultaneously, emphasising the grandeur of the Robinson household.

The children of the marriages, two sons and a daughter for the Robinsons, and a son for the Smiths, though adults themselves had not been allowed into this feast for there was serious business afoot. None of this was discussed over the dinner table, of course. The men discussed general political matters, and the ladies discussed household problems. After dinner the men withdrew to the smoking room with their port and cigars.

“You must be wondering why I asked you here tonight,” said the host, “well I’ll tell you. I want to place all my transportation business with your railway. Not just the carriage of goods which currently go both on your railway and the North Western, but all that travels by canal navigation also.”

John Smith was astounded. This was a magnificent opportunity, and he quickly started to wonder what the catch was, price, no doubt.

James Robinson continued, “I’ll need a fair price, of course, but we need not argue about that now. I’m sure it will work itself out as time goes on. The question is, do you want it?”

John had not become rich by being rash, but this offer was too good to miss, so he replied at once, “In principle, yes. The devil will be in the details, but if it’s what we both desire, then I am sure the details can be worked out.”

“Good,” replied his host, “I’m glad that is agreed.”

The two men drank and smoked peacefully for a few moments as each thought of the mutual advantage of the deal they had just agreed.

Then James spoke again, "How is that son of yours?"

"Arthur? He's very well indeed and taking his place in the business very successfully."

"So I hear."

John thought it suitable for him to return the felicity, "And your children?"

"Three children can be a much greater worry than one, to be honest. The eldest son is a chip off the old block, I am pleased to say, but the younger one is still rather wild, but he will grow out of it. It is the daughter, Angelica, who worries me."

The light dawned in John's mind. This whole deal was because James was looking for a suitable husband for his daughter, and the choice had fallen on his son. That was the reason for the excellent deal being offered, and the reason that rates were not paramount was that after the marriage the deal would be one 'in the family'.

"I have been worried about my son's future also," he said, thus sealing the deal.

The men finished their cigars and rejoined the ladies to inform them of the forthcoming marriage between two people who had met only once. The fact that nobody had so much as suggested the possibility to the man and woman concerned did not worry anyone. This was business, and the young couple would have plenty of time to get to know each other after the wedding.

It was decided, by the parents, that Arthur and Angelica would be married on the first day of May, 1851, on the same day as the opening of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace.

Chapter the Second

In which one party is prepared for marriage by a father's help, and some improprieties occur whose recounting is unsuitable for innocent ears.

Arthur was summoned a few days later to his father's study. This was unusual, in that he usually discussed business with his father at work, and family matters were discussed over the dinner table. The study was really a place of retreat for his father which neither he, nor his mother, usually entered.

"Tell me, my son, honestly," his father inquired in a rather overbearing fashion, "Which of the maids have you tumbled?"

Arthur was shocked, and looked his father directly in the eyes. "None, sir."

His father grunted, though the son could not tell whether in approval or anger, or even disappointment. Then the old man asked, "Mill girls?"

Again Arthur denied any such activities.

Finally John asked his son, "Village girls?"

Again came the denial, which his father did not doubt.

"So, he asked in a more kindly voice, "You are still a virgin?"

The boy's gaze dropped as he nodded.

"Well, with this marriage impending we need to do something about that. We can't have you arriving at the marriage bed without knowing what to do. We will go into Manchester tomorrow."

Arthur had very mixed feelings about the visit as they travelled, by train of course, to Manchester. On the one hand he wanted to experience sex for the first time, while on the other he was afraid that his ignorance would cause the woman to laugh at him.

The hansom cab took them into a surprisingly smart area of the town and into the drive to a medium sized detached house such as a successful shop keeper or tradesman might own. Inside it was furnished somewhat extravagantly, and they were shown into a large room with several sofa on which lolled four women in various states of undress. Arthur's penis sprang to attention when he saw shapely legs bare almost up to the knee.

John spoke quietly to an older woman, who nodded her agreement and called one of the scantily dressed women over to her. The three conversed for a few moments, and then younger resident walked over and took Arthur's hand to lead him gently from the room without a word.

They went up the stairs in silence and through a door into a sparsely furnished bedroom. The woman turned and spoke to Arthur for the first time. "Don't be afraid, lad. I'll not eat thah." Then she giggled at some joke Arthur did not understand.

To Arthur's amazement she threw off what little clothing she wore. For the first time in his life he saw a woman naked, but she seemed not in the least perturbed by his presence.

"Come on," she said, "Strip off. I 'en't got all day."

He undressed, hurried along by the prostitute.

She pulled and pushed him until he was on his back on the bed, fingered him into an erection, mounted him, fucked him fast and had him back downstairs in what seemed to him like a very few minutes.

Arthur then had to sit and wait for another half an hour until his father joined him. On the way home nothing was said of the visit nor of its purpose.

Chapter the Third

In which sadly inadequate advice is given, and a marriage is solemnised, and once more no improprieties are described.

“Angelica, my dear, come with me,” said Anne, sweeping out of the drawing room and up the main stairs to her own small sitting room.

“Yes, mamma,” sighed the girl, expecting yet more admonitions about her deportment during the wedding on the morrow.

In the sitting room Anne looked very serious as she addressed her daughter. “Tomorrow ...” she started and then her voice trailed off.

“Mamma,” responded the bride-to-be, “I assure you my deportment in the church will be a model of serene calm.”

“It wasn’t in church that I wanted to talk about,” said her mother.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I want to talk about after the wedding ... when you and your husband are alone.”

“I expect life will be much the same in our new house as it will here,” said the girl complacently, “After all I will have my own maid, Martha, with me.”

Her mother looked very troubled, but all she could say was, “When you are alone with your new husband ...”

“Yes, mamma?” asked Angelica, totally unaware of the topic her mother was too shy to raise.

The older woman took a deep breath, then whispered very quietly, “He may want to ... He will want to ... You must always let him do as he pleases.”

Then she rose and left the room almost at a run, leaving Angelica puzzled. The girl could not see why a wife would ever interfere with any of her husband's business concerns, and she could not think that he would interest himself in matters of housekeeping.

In the church everything was perfect. The groom was resplendent in a long frock-coat and the bride was in the newest of fashions, white as Her Majesty Queen Victoria had introduced for fashionable weddings, almost weighed down with petticoats upon petticoats under the dress, and a long shawl and bonnet covering her elaborately coiffured hair.

The bishop performed the ceremony with style, as was only right when two such wealthy families were being joined, and there were a host of guests, many of whom the bride did not know, as this was a business meeting, first and foremost, the final sealing of an important deal.

The meal after the wedding was eaten in decorous solemnity, and after the men had withdrawn to their cigars and talk, the women crowded round to congratulate Angelica and Anne on such an auspicious wedding. One or two of the wives of less important guests made blushing comments that Angelica did not understand, but she ignored them.

Eventually the menfolk returned to join the ladies and the happy couple left for their new home, and their new life.

Chapter the Fourth

In which the wedding night occurs in a most lamentable fashion.

As she was helping Angelica prepare for bed on her wedding night Martha expressed some doubts about the wisdom of Angelica's choice of attire.

"But this is my best new nightdress," exclaimed the bride, "It is perfect."

Martha demurred, "It has a high neck and buttons at the back. You are wearing three petticoats under it. Do you really think that is what your new husband expects, or will want?"

"He will expect and want me to look my best, of course."

"But what about ..."

"Martha, be quiet. On my wedding night I will wear what my mother had made for my best nightgown, and that is an end of it."

Later, after Martha had withdrawn to her own attic room and Angelica had retired to bed, Arthur knocked at the door and came into the room. Angelica was a little surprised when he got into bed beside her; she had not expected that. Then she was even more surprised when he began to fumble with the front of her nightgown in a most curious fashion.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Trying to find the buttons," he replied.

"Why do you want to find those?"

Arthur did not reply, but continued to handle the front of her nightgown in what Angelica considered a most rude manner.

Finally she got angry with him and snapped, "Oh, stop. This nightgown buttons at the back."

Arthur's hands then went lower and started to move the material over her thighs upwards, but after some minutes he was almost inextricably tied up in the plethora of layers covering her modesty.

After some minutes, he asked in exasperation, “Why are you wearing all these clothes on your wedding night?”

Angelica immediately burst into tears and sobbed, “This is my best nightgown and I wanted to look my best for my wedding night. All you can do is be rude and nasty.”

“Who told you to wear it?”

More sobs, and a whispered, “My mother. She said it was only right to wear my best for you tonight.”

Totally exasperated and frustrated, but very uncertain how to proceed, Arthur decided to give up for the moment, and to talk seriously to his wife on the morrow, so he rose and returned to his own bedroom. Her reluctance to be naked, or nearly so, confused him. The woman in Manchester had stripped off quickly and willingly to allow him complete freedom to look, touch and play. Now his wife wouldn't let him even touch her outside her very elaborate night clothes.

Chapter the Fifth

In which the lack of consummation is discovered, a bride seeks further advice, and help is offered.

Martha was surprised that her mistress was alone at seven o'clock on the morning after her wedding day, but Arthur was indisputably risen from his bed, dressed, and breaking his fast in the morning room. When Martha helped Angelica from her night clothes and into day wear there was no trace of blood in the bed or the night clothes, nor any other evidence of sexual congress having taken place.

“And how are you this morning, ma'am?” she asked.

Angelica looked round and then replied, “Oh yes, ma'am, that's me now isn't it?”

“Well it should be, but I wonder. How was last night? Did your husband visit?”

“Yes, he came in for a few minutes, and even got into bed with me,” said the bride, “But he was so rude and kept trying to touch me in ... naughty places, so I stopped him, of course.”

Martha was finally convinced that Mrs. Robinson had utterly failed to prepare her daughter for a normal wedding night. Heaving a sigh she set about correcting this error.

“Did the master not undress you and climb on you then?” she asked.

“Certainly not!” replied the indignant Angelica.

“Then how do you think that babies are made?”

“Babies? Made? Babies are not made; they are tiny people. When two people are married then children just ... arrive, I suppose.”

“Miss Angelica, there are some things I need to tell you. Have you ever seen a man naked? One of your brothers perhaps?”

Angelica blushed, and whispered, “I saw John, my brother once, with a maidservant kneeling before him when he had no clothes on.”

“Did you see his pego?”

“What? I don’t understand.”

Martha sighed again. “In a man’s breeches he has a rod about six inches long and an inch across. To make a baby he puts it into a woman’s belly and bounces up and down. Then she may have a baby nine months later. If a man has not done that to a woman she cannot have a baby.”

“Don’t be silly, Martha. How would he put such a thing in a woman? There’s nowhere to put it.”

Martha lifted her skirt and pointed out the aperture designed for a husband's use.

"The man's rod is made of flesh and is soft except in bed when it hardens. The first time you have it, it hurts, but after that it is nice."

Angelica looked worried. "Is all this true?" she asked sternly.

"Yes Miss Angelica, and you won't be ma'am until the master has done this to you. That's what he wanted last night. He will undress you, stroke your bobbies and all the rest of your body, then he will put it into you. Only after that will you be truly his wife," the maid informed her, continuing, "Don't worry Miss Angelica, Martha will help you."

"Oh Martha, will you help?" begged Angelica, "I do so want to be a good wife."

"You just stay here, and I'll bring you some breakfast up and we can have a talk."

Chapter the Sixth

In which some help is forthcoming and two parties are satisfied, while the third is still left intact.

After ordering Angelica's breakfast from cook, the maid went into the drawing room to her master.

"Could I have a word, please sir?" she asked as deferentially as she could manage.

"Oh, well, what is it?" Arthur snapped.

"It's really about Mrs. Robinson, sir, your mother-in-law."

"What about her?"

"I'm afraid to say, sir, that she ain't done her duty as a mother should sir. She never explained nothing to the mistress, sir, about marriage and the like."

Martha stood facing her employer with a little trepidation, wondering if she was doing the right thing. Then she remembered the pleasures she had had in the stables, and how frightened Angelica was, and determined to press on with her plan.

“I know that last night the mistress wasn’t a proper wife for you, sir, but it weren’t her fault. I could explain everything to her, about husbands and wives and ... babies, if you want. Then I’m sure she will want to be a good obedient wife, sir. Begging your pardon sir.”

Arthur looked again at this plain woman who seemed to have a permanent look of disapproval on her face, and asked, “I thought you were unmarried?”

Martha paled a little at this line of question, but resolved to press on out of loyalty to her mistress.

“I am unmarried, sir. But that don’t mean I ain’t been taught about things. My mam told me all about it before I went into service at the big house.”

She paused, summoning up all her courage.

“And it was there I was showed all the things she had taught me.”

Arthur considered this. Certainly, he knew, servants, especially young girls, were sometimes ‘taken advantage of’ by employers, and Angelica had several older brothers who might have done so in respect of this maidservant.

He asserted his authority over this new member of his brand new household by ordering, “Tell me plainly, girl, what you know.”

“I knows that a man uses his pego,” she blushed at using the word to the master, “into a girl and it gives him pleasure. If it be God’s will then she has a baby nine months later, but God don’t will it very often, or there would be hundreds of babies born every day.”

Arthur felt his own member rising as this woman said things no woman should ever say, except to her own daughter. 'No wonder,' he thought, 'Mrs. Robinson could not demean herself to say them to her daughter.'

His thinking was overtaken at this point by his penis and he heard himself ask, "And where does a man put it?"

Martha was also not immune to the effect of this conversation, and she surprised both of them by throwing up her skirts at the front, pointing to her luxurious bush and saying, "In there sir." Then she dropped her skirts and hid her face in her hands.

Arthur was by now at full erection, and just grunted his acknowledgement of the accuracy of this information. It was, after all, only the second time in his life that he had seen a woman's nakedness.

After a long silence, Martha realised that her master was probably almost as inexperienced as he mistress, and also needed help. She took her courage a little further, and moved closer to him. Reaching out she grasped the front of his trousers firmly, and said very quietly, "I could show you, sir, if you wanted."

"Here?" he asked, looking round the morning room.

Still holding his penis she led him to the sofa, sank down on it and with her other hand lifted her skirts high again. Then she unbuttoned the flap on his trousers and guided the rock hard pego she uncovered deep into her wet warmth.

Arthur's excitement did not last long. Three thrusts and he released a copious jet of semen into the servant.

"There, sir. Weren't that good?"

Naturally, Arthur was immediately overcome with guilt but the more experienced maid quietened him by taking his penis in her mouth and cleaning it.

“It shall be our secret, master, I promise,” she said, taking command of the situation before Arthur could panic, and perhaps order her from the house. She put away his shrivelled member and buttoned his trousers.

“Come to the mistress’s room in an hour, sir, in your nightshirt,” Martha advised, “I will have her ready for you, I guarantee. You shall play with her bobbies and enter her cunny before this day is out.” As she went out of the room, her parting words were, “And your pego will have recovered by then.”

Chapter the Seventh

In which honour is offered and the offer is honoured, still with a little help.

Angelica was sitting up in bed when Martha returned with her breakfast. As she started to eat, Martha sat beside the bed and waited patiently.

“Well, what do I have to do?” asked the newly-wed virgin as she ate.

“Miss Angelica, you have to let your husband put his pego into your cunny. That will hurt the first time, but later on it will be very pleasant for both of you.”

“I want to be a good wife, but I’m afraid, Martha. Do I really have to do this?”

“Yes, you must. Moreover, Miss, you must do it this morning. If you do not, then your husband may return you to your father.”

Angelica blanched at the thought of such a disgraceful outcome.

Martha was determined to emphasise the risks, “And he may beat you before he sends you back.”

“Beat me?” asked Angelica incredulously.

“Yes,” declared Martha, “A husband has the right to discipline his wife. Some use a cane, some a slipper, and some just a hand, but most husbands will chastise an errant wife.”

She paused to let this sink in.

“And consider, how much more errant can a wife be than to refuse him his marital rights?”

Angelica was now almost in tears, half her breakfast forgotten. “What must I do, in detail?” she asked.

“Wear only your shift, and when your husband comes to your room you lie on the bed and let him do as he pleases. He will pull the shift up to your waist and put his pego into you. That will satisfy your duty for today,” advised the maid.

“Can you stay and help me?” begged the defloration candidate.

“If you wish,” agreed her maid, adding, “If of course the master allows it.”

Angelica finished her breakfast and changed into her shift.

“What now?” she asked.

“Now we wait for your husband to visit you.”

Martha was a little disturbed to see that Arthur had no idea of being gentle or playful with his new bride, not did he apparently set much store by foreplay. As he pushed his wife on to the bed, lifted her shift and fell on her he was already jabbing his pego into her bush in a vain attempt to find the entrance.

After some attempts, all far from the mark, and seeing that the bride herself did not know what to do, Martha rushed forward and guided him in to his wife's vagina. He thrust brutally in to her, causing her to yelp in pain as he pierced her maidenhead with no regard for her comfort at all. Fortunately Angelica took this to be the usual lot of brides, as Martha had described earlier.

Arthur began to thrust in and out, but Angelica was clearly in great pain, so Martha again took it upon herself to intervene, pulling Arthur away by force.

"You'll only hurt her worse, sir, if you goes on like that," she explained, "Then she'll always be frightened of you and you'll get no pleasure from her at all." Then she added, "Now you dress yourself and I'll settle her down and come to you in a moment," winking at him.

A few minutes later Angelica was sobbing in her bed at the pain she still felt in her private parts, while Martha was busily relieving Arthur of any discomfort caused by his not having completed the sexual act with his bride.

"Don't you worry, sir. She'll be all right in a few days, and she won't have no more pain. She'll be ready and willing, I promise you."

"When will that be?" asked Arthur, pausing his thrusts for a moment.

"Oh, perhaps a week, sir, but I'll look after you until then, sir. You won't go short while she's recovering," replied the complaisant maid, adding, "or any other time, sir."

Chapter the Eighth

In which pleasure is taken by two parties, but the helpful third is outrageously ignored.

And so a week passed, with Arthur respecting the recovery of Angelica's tender private parts and assuaging his needs in the willing Martha every night and most mornings. He did not realise it, but in this time the maid rounded out his education in the pleasures of sex, for the female as well as for the male. By the end of the week he was bringing her to orgasm almost every time they had sex, though for him love did not enter into the equation.

Martha, for her part, hoped that as time went by Angelica would become more of a traditional upper class wife, allowing her husband into her bed only occasionally, and that she, Martha, would supply the lack of sexual excitement in his life. As to her becoming pregnant, that was a problem she would worry about if it happened, but she assiduously used the sponge and vinegar.

On the eighth night after the wedding, Arthur again presented himself in his nightshirt at Angelica's bedside. He was much more confident of his mastery of his household and knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it. "Angelica, my dear, please rise from your bed," he ordered.

His wife did so, feeling nervous but determined to obey her husband and perform her wifely duties in a satisfactory fashion. She nearly lost her resolve when his next order was for her to remove her nightgown, and anything else she was wearing. She could not remember the last time anyone had seen her naked, even if only by candle-light. However, her resolve wavered for only a moment, and she signalled to Martha to help her. Soon she stood up straight and tall, naked before her husband, as Martha retired to one of the darker corners of the room.

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