

# **The Romance of Lust (1873)**

A classic Victorian erotic novel

by Anonymous

1892 edition

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# VOLUME I.

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There were three of us—Mary, Eliza, and myself. I was approaching fifteen, Mary was about a year younger, and Eliza between twelve and thirteen years of age. Mamma treated us all as children, and was blind to the fact that I was no longer what I had been. Although not tall for my age, nor outwardly presenting a manly appearance, my passions were awakening, and the distinctive feature of my sex, although in repose it looked magnificent enough, was very sufficiently developed when under the influence of feminine excitement.

As yet, I had absolutely no knowledge of the uses of the different organs of sex. My sisters and I all slept in the same room. They together in one bed, I alone in another. When no one was present, we had often mutually examined the different formations of our sexes.

We had discovered that mutual handlings gave a certain amount of pleasing sensation; and, latterly, my eldest sister had discovered that the hooding and unhooding of my doodle, as she called it, instantly caused it to swell up and stiffen as hard as a piece of wood. My feeling of her little pinky slit gave rise in her to nice sensations, but on the slightest attempt to insert even my finger, the pain was too great. We had made so little progress in the *attouchements* that not the slightest inkling of what could be done in that way dawned upon us. I had begun to develop a slight growth of moss-like curls round the root of my cock; and then, to our surprise, Mary began to show a similar tendency. As yet, Eliza was as bald as her hand, but both were prettily formed, with wonderfully full and fat mounts of Venus. We were perfectly innocent of guile and quite

habituated to let each other look at all our naked bodies without the slightest hesitation; and when playing in the garden, if one wanted to relieve the pressure on the bladder, we all squatted down together, and crossed waters, each trying who could piddle fastest. Notwithstanding these symptoms of passion when excited, in a state of calm I might have passed for a boy of ten or eleven.

My father had left us but moderately provided for, and mamma, wishing to live comfortably, preferred giving me lessons along with my sisters at home to sending me to school; but her health beginning to fail, she inserted an advertisement in the *Times* for a governess. Out of a large number of applicants, a young lady, of the name of Evelyn, was selected. Some ten days afterwards she arrived, and became one of the family.

We did not see much of her the first evening, but after breakfast the following morning, mamma accompanied her to what was considered our school-room, and said, "Now, my dears, I place you under Miss Evelyn's care; you must obey her in all things; she will teach you your lessons, as I am unable to do so any longer." Then, turning to our new governess, "I fear you will find them somewhat spoiled, and unruly; but there is a horse, and Susan will make you excellent birch rods whenever you require them. If you spare their bottoms when they deserve whipping, you will seriously offend me." As mamma said this, I observed Miss Evelyn's eyes appeared to dilate with a sort of joy, and I felt certain that, severely as mamma had often whipped us, if we should now deserve it, Miss Evelyn would administer it much more severely. She looked amiability itself, and was truly beautiful in face and person, twenty-two years of age, full and finely formed, and dressed always with the most studied neatness. She was, in truth, a seductive creature. She made an instantaneous impression on my senses. There was, however, somewhat of a sternness of expression, and a dignity of carriage, which caused at once to fear and respect her. Of course, at first, all went smoothly enough, and seeing that mamma treated me precisely as she did my sisters, I came to be regarded as quite a child by Miss Evelyn. She found that she had to sleep in the same room with

my sisters and myself. I fancied that on the first night Miss Evelyn did not approve of this arrangement, but gradually became familiarized with it, and seemed to think no more about it.

When bedtime came, we all kissed mamma and retired early, as usual. Miss Evelyn followed some hours later. When she came in, she carefully locked the door, then looked at me to see if I was asleep. Why, I know not, but I was instinctively prompted to feign sleep. I did so successfully, notwithstanding the passing of the candle before my eyes. So she at once commenced undressing. When her back was turned, I opened my eyes, and greedily devoured her naked charms as they were gradually exhibited before me. The moment she turned round, I was again as if asleep. I have said that my passions had begun to develop themselves, but as yet I did not understand their force or direction. I well remember this first night, when a fine ripe woman gradually removed every particle of dress within a couple of yards of me—the effect of each succeeding charm, from her lovely and beautifully formed bobbies to the taking off her shoes and stockings from her well-formed legs and small feet and ankles, caused my prick to swell and stiffen to a painful extent. When all but her chemise was removed, she stopped to pick up her petticoats that she had allowed to fall to her feet, and in lifting them, raised also her chemise, and exposed to my view a most glorious bottom—dazzlingly white and shining like satin. As the light was full upon it, and she was still in a stooping position, I could see that below her slit she was well covered with dark hair. Turning round, to put her petticoats on a chair, and to take up her night-gown, she slipped her chemise from her arm, and letting it fall to the ground while she lifted the night-gown over her head, I had for some seconds a view of her beautiful belly, thickly covered with dark curly hair over the mount of Venus. So voluptuous was the sight, I almost shuddered, so intense was my excitement. She now sat down on the bed to take off her shoes and stockings. Oh! what beautiful thighs, legs, ankles, and feet she had!

I am now advanced in life, and have had many handsome and well-formed women, but I never saw limbs more voluptuously formed.

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, and a rushing rill flowed into the night vase; very different from the gentle tricklings from myself and sisters as we often squatted down opposite each other and crossed water, laughing at the different sources from which they flowed. My sisters often envied me the power of directing the spurt where I pleased, so little were we from dreaming of the real intent of that projecting little instrument.

I heard the charming creature get into bed, and shortly breath hard. As for me, I could not sleep. I lay awake the greater part of the night, afraid to be restless, lest I should disturb Miss Evelyn and give her reason to think I had been observant of her undressing. When at last I dozed off, it was but to dream of all the charms I has seen.

About a month passed thus. Every night Miss Evelyn became more and more at her ease, and confident of my mere childishness, often gave me glorious and lengthened glimpses of her beautifully developed charms: although it was only about every other night that I could enjoy them, for, as they always produced sleeplessness afterwards, the following night nature assured her rights, and I usually slept profoundly when I would have preferred continued gazing on the charms of my lovely governess. But, doubtless, those exhausting sleeps helped to throw her off her guard, and gave me better opportunities than I should otherwise have had. Once or twice she used the night ware before putting on her night-gown, and I could see the rosy-lipped opening embosomed in exquisite dark curls, pouring out its full measure of water; showing a fine force of nature, and driving me wild with excitement. Yet it is singular that I never once thought of applying to my fingers for relief from the painful stiffness that nearly burst my prick asunder.

Whether mamma had observed my very frequent projection of my trousers, or began to think it better I should not sleep in the same room as Miss Evelyn, I cannot say, but she had my bed removed into her own. However, I was so thoroughly treated as a mere boy by every one in the house, that Miss Evelyn seemed to forget my sex; and there was at all times a freedom of carriage and an *abandon* in her attitudes that she

certainly would not have indulged in if she had felt any restraint from considering herself in the presence of a youth of the age of puberty.

In cold weather I used to sit on a low stool by the fire—Miss Evelyn was seated in front, I had my lesson book on my knee, and she herself would place her beautiful feet on the high school fender, with her work in her lap, while she heard my sisters repeat their lesson, totally unconscious that for half an hour at a time she was exposing her beautiful legs and thighs to my ardent gaze; for sitting much below her, and bending my head as if intent on my lesson, my eyes were below her raised petticoats. Her close and tight-fitting white stockings displayed her well-formed legs, for while confined to the house during our morning lessons she did not wear drawers; so that in the position she sat in, with her knees higher than her feet on the already high fender, and her legs somewhat apart to hold her work in her lap more easily, the whole glorious underswell of both thighs, and the lower part of her fine large bottom, with the pinky slit quite visible, nestled in a rich profusion of dark curls, were fully exposed to my view. The light from the fire glancing under her raised petticoats tinged the whole with a glow, and set me equally in a blaze of desire until I was almost ready to faint. I could have rushed headlong under her petticoats, and kissed and fondled that delicious opening and all its surroundings. Oh, how little she thought of the passion she was raising. Oh! dear Miss Evelyn, how I did love you from the dainty kid slipper and tight glossy silk stocking, up to the glorious swell of the beautiful bobbies, that were so fully exposed to me nearly every night, and the lovely lips of all that I longed to lovingly embrace.

Thus day after day passed away, and Miss Evelyn became to me a goddess, a creature whom, in my heart of hearts, I literally worshiped. When she left the school-room, and I was alone, I kissed that part of the fender her feet had pressed, and the seat on which she sat, and even the air an inch above, imagination placing there her lovely cunt. I craved for something beyond this without knowing exactly what I wanted; for, as yet,

I really was utterly ignorant of anything appertaining to the conjunction of the sexes.

One day I had gone up to my sisters' bedroom where the governess slept, that I might throw myself on her bed, and in imagination embrace her beautiful body. I heard some one approaching, and knowing that I had no business there, I hid myself under the bed. The next moment Miss Evelyn herself entered, and locked the door. It was about an hour before dinner. Taking off her dress, and hanging it on the wardrobe, she drew out a piece of furniture, which had been bought for her, the use of which had often puzzled me; she took off the lid, poured water into its basin, and placed a sponge near it. She then took off her gown, drew her petticoats and chemise up to her waist and fastened them there, straddled across it, and seated herself upon it.

I thus had the intoxicating delight of gazing on all her beautiful charms, for when she tucked up her clothes she stood before her glass, presenting to my devouring glance her glorious white bottom in all its fullness, turning to approach the bidet, she equally exposed her lower belly and beautiful mount, with all its wealth of hair. While straddling over the bidet before she sat down, the whole of her pinky-lipped cunt broke on my enraptured sight. Never shall I forget the wild excitement of the moment. It was almost too much for my excited senses; fortunately, when seated, the immediate cause of my almost madness vanished. She sponged herself well between the thighs for about five minutes. She then raised herself off the bidet, and for a moment again displayed the pouting lips of her cunt—then stood fronting me for two or three minutes while she removed, with the rinsed sponge, the trickling drops of water which still gathered on the rich bush of curls around her quim. Thus her belly, mount and thighs, whose massy-fleshed and most voluptuous shape were more fully seen by me than they had heretofore been, and it may easily be conceived into what a state such a deliberate view threw me.

Oh, Miss Evelyn, dear, delicious Miss Evelyn! what would you have thought had you known that I was gazing on all your angelic charms, and



that my eager eyes had been straining themselves to penetrate the richness of those charming pouting lips which lay so snugly in that rich mass of dark curling hair. Oh! how I do long to kiss them; for at that time I had no other idea of embracing and still less of penetrating them.

When her ablutions were completed, she sat down and drew off her stockings, displaying her beautiful white calves and charming little feet. I believe it was this first admiration of really exquisitely formed legs, ankles and feet, which were extraordinarily perfect in make, that first awakened my passion for those objects, which have since always exercised a peculiar charm over me. She was also so particularly neat in her shoes—little dark ones—that were *bijoux* to look at, I often took them up and kissed them, when left in the room. Then her silk stockings, always drawn up tight and fitting like a glove, set off to the greatest advantage the remarkable fine shape of her legs.

Putting on silk for cotton stockings, she took down a low-bodiced dress, finished her toilet, and left the room. I crawled out from under the bed, washed my face and hands in the water of the bidet, and even drank some in my excitement.

Some six weeks had now elapsed since the arrival of Miss Evelyn. The passion that had seized me for her had so far kept me most obedient to her slightest command, or even wish, and, from the same cause, attentive to my lessons, when not distracted by the circumstances already detailed. My example had also had the effect of keeping my sisters much in the same groove, but it was impossible this could last—it was not nature. As long as all went smoothly, Miss Evelyn seemed to be all amiability. We fancied we could do as we liked, and we grew more careless.

Miss Evelyn became more reserved, and cautioned us at first, and then threatened us with the rod. We did not think she would make use of it. Mary grew impertinent, and one afternoon turned sulky over her lessons, and set our teacher at defiance. Miss Evelyn, who had been growing more and more angry, had her rise from her seat. She obeyed with an impudent

leer. Seizing her by the arm, Miss Evelyn dragged the struggling girl to the horse. My sister was strong and fought hard, using both teeth and nails, but it was to no purpose. The anger of our governess was fully roused, and raising her in her arms, she carried her forcibly to the horse, placed her on it, held her firmly with one hand while she put the noose round her with the other, which, when drawn, secured her body; other nooses secured each ankle to rings in the floor, keeping her legs apart by the projection of the horse, and also forcing the knees to bend a little, by which the most complete exposure of the bottom, and, in fact, of all her private parts too, was obtained.

Miss Evelyn then left her, and went to mamma for a rod. In a few minutes she returned, evidently flushed with passion, and proceeded to tie Mary's petticoats well up to her waist, leaving her bottom and her pinky slit quite bare and exposed directly before my eyes. It was quite two months since I had seen her private parts, and I was well surprised to observe the lips more pouting and swelled out, as well as the symptoms of a mossy covering of the mount much more developed. Indeed, it was in itself more exciting than I had expected, for my thoughts had so long dwelt only on the riper beauties of Miss Evelyn that I had quite ceased to have any toying with Mary.

This full view of all her private parts reawakened former sensations and strengthened them. Miss Evelyn first removed her own scarf, laying bare her plump ivory shoulders, and showing the upper halves of her beautiful bobbies, which were heaving with the excitement of her anger. She bared her fine right arm, and grasping the rod, stepped back and raised her arm; her eyes glistened in a peculiar way. She was indeed beautiful to see.

I shall never forget that moment—it was but a moment. The rod whistled through the air and fell with a cruel cut on poor Mary's plump little bottom. The flesh quivered again, and Mary, who had resolved not to cry, flushed in her face, and bit the damask with which the horse was covered.

Again the arm was raised, and again, with a sharp whistle, it fell on the palpating buttocks below it. Still her stubborn temper bore her up, and although we saw how she winced, not a sound escaped her lips. Drawing back a step, Miss Evelyn again raised her hand and arm, and this time her aim was so true that the longer points of the rod doubled between the buttocks and concentrated themselves between the lips of Mary's privates. So agonising was the pain that she screamed out dreadfully. Again the rod fell precisely on the same spot.

"Oh! oh! oh! Dear Miss Evelyn. I will never, no, never, do so again."

Her shrieks were of no avail. Cut succeeded cut, yell succeeded yell — until the rod was worn to a stump, and poor Mary's bottom was one mass of weals and red as raw beef. It was fearful to see, and yet such is our nature that to see it was, at the same time, exciting. I could not keep my eyes from her pouting quim, the swelling lips of which, under the severity of the punishment it was undergoing, not only seemed to thicken, but actually opened and shut, and evidently throbbed with agony. But all this was highly exciting for me to witness. I then and there resolved to have a closer inspection at a more convenient opportunity, which did not fail me in the end.

Meanwhile, her spirit was completely cowed, or rather, crushed. Indeed, we were all fully frightened, and now knew what we had to expect, if we did not behave ourselves. There was now no fear of any manifestation of temper, and we felt we must indeed obey implicitly whatever our governess chose to order. We instinctively learned to fear her.

A very few days after this memorable whipping, some visitors arrived — a gentleman and lady. The gentleman was an old friend of mamma's, who had lately married, and mamma had asked them to visit her on their wedding tour and spent a short time with us.

The gentleman was a fine-looking man, tall and powerfully built; the lady rather delicate looking, but well shaped, with good breasts and shoulders,

small waist, and spreading haunches, well-formed arms, small hands and feet, and very brilliant eyes.

I think it was about three days after their arrival that one afternoon I went into the spare room, which was occupied by these visitors; while there, I heard them coming upstairs. The lady entered first, and I had just time to slip into a closet and draw the door to; it was not quite closed, but nearly so. In a minute the gentleman followed, and gently shutting the door, locked it. Mrs. Benson smiled, and said—

"Well, my love, you are a sad teaser; you let me have no rest. Surely, you had enough last night and this morning without wanting it again so soon?"

"Indeed, I had not," he said, "I never can have enough of your delicious person. So come, we must not be long about it, or our absence will be observed."

He seized her round the waist, and drew her lips to his, and gave her a long, long kiss; squeezing her to him, and moving himself against her. Then seating himself, he pulled her on his knee, and thrust his hand up her petticoats, their mouths being glued together for some time.

"We must be quick, dear," she murmured.

He got up, and lifted her on the edge of the bed, threw her back, and taking her legs under his arms, exposed everything to my view. She had not so much hair on her mount of Venus as Miss Evelyn, but her slit showed more pouting lips, and appeared more open. Judge of my excitement when I saw Mr. Benson unbutton his trousers and pull out an immense cock. Oh, dear, how large it looked; it almost frightened me. With his fingers he placed the head between the lips of Mrs. Benson's sheath, and then letting go his hold, and placing both arms so as to support her legs, he pushed it all right into her to the hilt at once. I was thunderstruck that Mrs. Benson did not shriek with agony, it did seem such a large thing to thrust right into her belly. However, far from screaming with pain, she appeared to enjoy it. Her eyes glistened, her face flushed, and she smiled

most graciously on Mr. B. The two appeared very happy. His large cock slipped in and out quite smoothly, and his hands pressed the large glossy buttocks and pulled them to him at each home thrust. This lasted nearly five minutes, when all at once Mr. B. stopped short, and then followed one or two convulsive shoves—he grinning in a very absurd way at her. He remained quiet for a few minutes, and then drew out his cock, all soft, with slimy drops falling from it onto the carpet. Taking a towel, he wiped up the carpet, and wrapping it round his cock, went to the basin and washed it.

Mrs. Benson lay for a few minutes longer all exposed, her quim more open than before, and I could see a white slime oozing from it.

You can hardly imagine the wild excitement this scene occasioned me. First, the grand mystery was at once explained to me, and my ignorant longings now knew to what they tended. After giving me plenty of time to realise all the beauties of her private parts, she slipped down on the floor, adjusted her petticoats, and smoothed the disordered counterpane, and then went to the glass to arrange her hair. This done, she quietly unlocked the door, and Mr. Benson went out. The door was then relocked, and Mrs. B. went to the basin, emptied and filled it, then raised up her petticoats, and bathed the parts between her legs with a sponge, and then rubbed all dry with a towel; all this time exposing everything to my ardent gaze. But, horror of horrors! she after this came straight to the closet and gave a slight scream on discovering me there. I blushed up to the ears, and tried to stammer out an excuse. She stared at me at first in silent amazement; but at last said—

"How came you here, sir, tell me?"

"I was here when you came up; I wanted my football, which was in this closet, and when I heard you coming, I hid myself, I don't know why."

For some minutes she seemed to consider and examine me attentively. She then said—

"Can you be discreet?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"You will never tell any one what you have seen?"

"No ma'am."

"Well, keep this promise, and I shall try what I can do to reward you.

Now, go downstairs."

I went to the school-room, but I was greatly agitated, I scarcely knew what I was doing. The scene I had witnessed had complete possession of my thoughts. In years but a boy, the mystery now practically explained to me had awakened all the passions of a man. Instead of studying my lessons, my thoughts wandered to Mrs. B., thrown back on the bed with her fine legs and thighs fully exposed; above all, the sight of the pinky gash, with its fleecy hair at the bottom of her belly, which I had seen for some minutes all open and oozing out the slimy juice that followed the amorous encounter they had been indulging in. It seemed so much more developed than Miss Evelyn's. I felt sure that Miss Evelyn could never take in such a thick long thing as Mr. B. had thrust into his wife, and yet it appeared to go in so easily, and moved about so smoothly, and so evidently to the satisfaction and utmost delight of both, as was proved by their ardent embracings, fond murmurs, and voluptuous movements, especially just before they both ceased together all movement whatever.

Then I thought, how delicious it would be to treat Miss Evelyn in the same way, and to revel with my stiff-standing prick in her delicious quim, which in my mind's eye I saw before me as I had viewed in on her rising from the bidet, when I lay hid under the bed. Then I thought of my sister Mary's smaller, although attractive little quim, and I resolved, as that was the easiest to get hold of, to initiate her in all the newly discovered mysteries. I fully determined that my own first lesson, as well as hers, should be taken on her little fat chubby cunt. Then the recollection of its pouting and throbbing lips under the fearful flagellation she had undergone, began to

excite me, and made my cock stand stiff and throb again. All the weeks of excitement I had now constantly been under had produced a wonderful effect on my pego, which had become considerably more developed when in a state of erection. As you may suppose, with such distracting thoughts, I did not get on with my lessons. Miss Evelyn, for some reason or other, was out of humour that morning, and more than once spoke crossly to me for my evident inattention. At length she called me to her, and finding that I had scarcely done anything, she said—

"Now, Charles, I give you ten minutes longer to finish that sum, if not done in that time I shall whip you; you are exhibiting the mere spirit of idleness. I do not know what has come over you, but if persisted in, you shall certainly be punished."

The idea of the beautiful Miss Evelyn whipping my bare bottom did not tend to calm my excitement, on the contrary, it turned my lewd thoughts upon the beauties of her person, which I had so often furtively gazed upon.

It was close upon four o'clock, at which hour we always broke up for a run in the garden for an hour, and during this period I had resolved to begin instructing Mary in the secret mysteries I had so lately been a witness to. But fate had ordered it otherwise, and I was to receive my first practical lesson and be initiated on the person of a riper and more beautiful woman; but of this hereafter. At four o'clock I had done nothing with my task—Miss Evelyn looked grave:

"Mary and Eliza, you may go out, Charles will remain here."

My sisters, simply imagining that I was kept to finish my lessons, ran into the garden. Miss Evelyn turned the key in the door, opened a cupboard, and withdrew a birch rod neatly tied up with blue ribbons. Now my blood coursed through my veins, and my fingers trembled so that I could hardly hold my pencil.

"Put down your slate, Charles, and come to me."

I obeyed, and stood before my beautiful governess, with a strange commixture of fear and desire.

"Unfasten your braces, and pull down your trousers."

I commenced doing this, though but very slowly. Angry at my delay her delicate fingers speedily accomplished the work. My trousers fell to my feet.

"Place yourself across my knees."

Tremblingly, with the same commixture of feeling, I obeyed. Her silk dress was drawn up to prevent its being creased—my naked flesh pressed against her snowy white petticoats. A delicate perfume of violet and vervain assailed my nerves. As I felt her soft and delicate fingers drawing up my shirt, and passing over my bare posteriors, while the warmth of her pulpy form beneath me penetrated my flesh, nature exerted her power, and my prick began to swell out to a most painful extent. I had but little time, however, to notice this before a rapid succession of the most cruel cuts lacerated my bottom.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, Miss Evelyn. I will do the sum if you will only forgive me. Oh, oh, oh, &c."

Holding me firmly with her left arm, Miss Evelyn used the rod most unmercifully. At first, the pain was excruciating, and I roared out as loud as I could, but gradually the pain ceased to be so acute, and was succeeded by the most delicious tickling sensation. My struggles at first had been so violent as to greatly disorder Miss Evelyn's petticoats, and to raise them up so as to expose to my delighted eyes her beautifully formed silk-clad legs up to the knees, and even an inch or two of naked thigh above.

This, together with the intense tickling irritation communicated to my bottom, as well as to the friction of my cock against the person of Miss Evelyn in my struggles, rendered me almost delirious, and I tossed and pushed myself about on her knees in a state of perfect frenzy as the blows



continued to be showered down upon my poor bottom. At last the rod was worn to a stump, and I was pushed off her knees. As I rose before her, with my cheeks streaming with tears, my shirt was jutting out considerably in front in an unmistakable and most prominent manner, and my prick was at the same time throbbing beneath it with convulsive jerks, which I could by no means restrain.

Miss Evelyn glared at the projection in marked astonishment, and her open eyes were fixed upon it as I stood rubbing my bottom and crying, without attempting to move or button up my trousers. She continued for a minute or two to stare at the object of attraction, flushing scarlet up to the forehead, and then she suddenly seemed to recollect herself, drew a heavy breath, and rapidly left room. She did not return until after my sisters came back from the garden, and seemed still confused, and avoided fixing her eye upon me.

In two days afterwards, all disagreeable marks of this very severe whipping had disappeared. On the following day we were invited to pass the afternoon at the grange, a beautiful place about two miles from us. The afternoon was fine and warm; we walked there, and arrived about four o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were in the drawing-room, but at once desired us to go in the garden and amuse ourselves with their three daughters, whom we would find there. We went at once, and found them amusing themselves on a swing. Sophia, the eldest, about nineteen, was swinging a sister about two years younger, a very fine, fully developed young woman. Indeed, all three sisters were finer women and more beautiful than the average of young ladies.

Another sister, Agnes, was not seated, but standing on the board between the ropes. Sophia was making both mount as high as possible. They were laughing loudly, when we found them, at the exposure each made—one in advancing, the other retiring. Agnes's light dress of muslin and single petticoat, as she retired and the wind came up from behind, was bulged out in front, and exposed her limbs up to her belly, so that one could see that her mount was already well furnished. The other, in advancing, threw

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