

# **MY SECRET LIFE**

Volume Two

By Anonymous

AMSTERDAM

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## CHAPTER I.

*Louise sapped.—Suspicious.—Lectures on virginity with live illustrations.—Drugged for inspection.—Camille's hesitation.—Absents herself.—The house in G..d.n Sq..e.—Baudy prints.—A feel, a sniff and a kiss.—Out shopping.—Garters.—Dinner and after.*

I went to work to get into Louise, having no compunctions, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. I had read about the naughtiness of seduction, but my associates had taught me, that every girl wanted fucking, and was longing secretly for it, high, or low, rich or poor, it was the same. As to servants, and women of the humbler class, that they all took cock on the quiet, and were proud of having a gentleman to cover them. Such was the opinion of men in my class of life and of my age. My experience with my mother's servants corroborated it; and so to get into Louise seemed both natural and proper.

I suppose there is but one way ordinarily of beginning with a woman. A man must first make himself agreeable, then successively familiar, endearing, coaxing, loose, bold, boudy, determined, then if needs be fierce, or even violent. This order comes naturally to man cunt-hunting, and ends in fucking. It does not follow that if the early stages pass easily, that the last shall ensure success. Occasionally the woman is scared, put on her guard against herself, and the man, and the chance is lost.

This course had become familiar to me at home, and I began. No person in the house except Camille and Madame Boileau spoke French; there was no other to speak at all, so my conversation was acceptable. At the end of a week I had kissed her to her contentment. No strong, healthy woman of eighteen is otherwise than gratified by the kisses of a young man. Money I knew now told much, and I gave to her who had never perhaps had five shillings to call her own. She gave me a kiss in the dark

passage, I hugged her and pushed outside at her cunt, she ran upstairs angry, but had forgot it the next day.

Looking at her and longing used to make me randy, then if near, Camille's cunt got the benefit of it. The girl used to eye us when we went into the bed-room. She had a quarrel with her mistress, and said she should go home. Camille said she might; but speaking only French, and without money, how could she? Just then, through change of climate and living, she fell ill.

We were very kind to her. I got her everything. When asleep one day, Camille partly uncovered her, and showed me her limbs naked; they were so fine, and so excited me, that but for Camille, I think I should have ravished her. She soon got well, and I said, that if I did not soon have her, I should cease seeing her. "Who hindered?" Camille asked. There she was, I might have her.

Then I had a suspicious fit. All the old Major had told me about fellows being sold, and taken in by women who were not virgins came to my mind. The girl was never out but for a few minutes at a time to fetch things, yet other men saw Camille, and some might have seen and had the girl. Camille had once taken her out in a cab; she might have been to some man's. So I said I would not give the money unless I saw her virgin cunt first. After a day or two, Camille agreed to it if I would give her ten pounds down, and would swear never to disclose it to the girl.

I thought still I was to be fooled, so I called upon my old schoolfellow, who used to say, "Snatch at her cunt, and show her your cucumber." He had been one at the frigging match, and had just been appointed assistant-surgeon at a hospital; he was a bachelor and bawdy-minded as ever. "M...," said I, "have you ever seen a virginity?" "Many," he replied, "I have dissected them, and if girls have anything the matter with their wombs, or cunts, we get a look, they don't mind a doctor. If a girl has piles, I make her turn up, and have opened several fine women's virgin cunts, asking questions all the while, if they feel this or feel that. They say yes or no,

which of course I knew they would say, but they think I am very clever for asking. Some like a young doctor's fingers on their privates, though they say they object. Assistants only get the chance with the poor, the better classes have older married men."

I asked him to explain one to me on a woman, and he did. We went home with the same women; they were astonished, for instead of pulling our pricks out, we both merely felt and looked at them, and he gave me a full lecture. It was an odd sight to see him explaining the situation of a virginity, I holding a candle to see better. One of the girls roared with laughter, the others fancied they had some ailments, when they found out he was a doctor, and he gave them advice.

I don't mean ailments of their cunts. We did not fuck either of the women.

From reading, his descriptions, his sketches and what he pointed out on three different cunts, I felt satisfied that I should know a virgin, and told Camille what I had done. She was then good enough to point out to me on her own cunt, where her virginity had been, as far as she could recollect it. She was quite sure about Louise, and explained that girls being with their parents in France were well watched; that the loose pricks about a town were all taken by the married women,—which I did not believe.

One night I was to see it, I waited for a signal from a window, of two lights, rushed across the road and was let in by Camille. We went into Louise's bedroom. There the girl lay in her night-dress on the bed, insensible. "We must be quick," said Camille. Then she threw the girl's clothes rapidly up above her navel, gently pulled apart her legs, and held open the lips of the girl's cunt. It was such as had been described to me. My excitement was fearful. She was a splendid limbed woman, looked twenty-five instead of eighteen years old. Her cunt-hair jet-black, crisp and thick as on a negress' head, grew up her mens and down besides the lips. The vermillion stripe in the midst of it was enough to drive any man mad. I put out my hand to touch it, but Camille pulled it back. "No, no," she said in a suppressed voice, "you must go, you promised me." "Let me fuck then."

"No, go at once." She pulled me towards the door, the girl was breathing heavily. Wild with lust, I pulled out my prick. "Come away, you promised, she must see neither of us." "One look more then." Again Camille opened the cunt-lips.

As she did so, Louise gave a groan, and turned round on one side opening her eyes wide. Camille blew out the light, and pulled me into the sitting-room. "You must go," she said. I wanted to fuck her, but she would not let me.

I met a woman in Regent street, it was raining hard. Much as I still hesitated at going with strange, gay women, I went home with her, threw her down with her clothes on. The instant I saw her cunt, and almost before I could get my prick out I spent over her bum and thighs. She remarked, "You did want it, and no mistake." I left, got down to the Italian Opera. Crowds of women walked under the Colonnade, they often then wore low dresses walking. I went to a bawdy house with one, and fucked her thinking of the black-haired motte and lips between the thighs of the unconscious Louise.

I never knew what Camille had given the girl. She said she had made her drunk with champagne. Louise on a subsequent day said she had got drunk with champagne, but she never knew that I had seen her on that night. I believe that something else had been given to her to make her insensible. There was a convulsive movement in her body as she turned round; her limbs before she did so seemed dead, her breathing resembled a groan, her breast heaved distressingly, she opened her eyes, but saw nothing. The more I reflected, the less I understood the agitation of Camille, who usually was so calm.

I had seen the girl's virgin cunt, and recollect the look of pussy, belly, thighs, and slit. The cunt-hole as I held the candle near it seemed to be covered, excepting a little perforation just big enough to put a little finger through, corresponding with my surgical friend's description; yet I seemed to have less recollection of it than of all the rest of her body. It was

confused, strange, like the remains of a dream on my mind. So much had suspicion taken possession of me, that I was by no means now sure I was not being done. I paid Camille the ten pounds. When she had got them, she said she expected the fifty pounds all the same, that the cunt inspection was a preliminary she had not bargained for. I thought I was being cheated, and said so. We had a row, but such a fool was I, so much desire had I to get into this girl,—simply because she was a virgin,—that at last I agreed to it.

The girl could not get up the next day. I saw her in her bed by myself; she said she had been ill through eating something, and had had champagne. I caressed her, and in spite of her struggles, got my hands on her breasts and half-way down her belly, spoke bawdy, pulled out my prick, was repulsed, and gave her a sovereign. Camille came back and I fucked her. I recollect telling Camille, that there was a wonderful likeness in face, colour of hair, eyes, limbs, and even in cunt, between her and her servant. Camille laughed and said, the two families had always been thought to be much alike, and were related.

Louise became inquisitive about my intimacy with Camille. "Was I her lover? Was I fond of her?" "Yes I had been, but was not now." "Why did I come there?" "To see you, my dear."

When Louise first arrived Camille was particular in not exposing her own legs or breast to me. Before that she used in warm weather to be with naked breasts, a chemise and slippers often being her only garments. Now she got into slipshot dressing again, and began to talk bawdy. She had told Louise how she got her living, and talked about making money by fucking, so she told me; but she would not let me take any liberties with her before Louise. She went out leaving me alone with her, taking my money when she returned. It is a wonder to me now how I stood all this, felt I was being humbugged, played with, and yet things went on as I describe. Three weeks had elapsed, or more, and yet I had never felt Louise's cunt. So I told Camille she was humbugging me. Louise got funny in her behaviour to Camille, said she would or wouldn't, and one day they

had a quarrel, in which Louise insolently remarked about something she wanted, that Camille would do well not to show the point of her nose in the village any more. When alone I said to Camille, I was not to have the girl I supposed. Who hindered me? "Help me." "How?" Being in a blackguard humour I said, "Make her drunk, and then I will have her." No, it should never be said that that happened in her rooms; if a woman let a man of her own free will, well and good; if he got into her fair and square, good; a woman might do what she liked,—it was natural to have a man;—if Louise liked it, it was not her business; but she would not have her made drunk.

I said she was always in the way. She said she must live there. "You would like me to go out of town for a fortnight." Said I, "That is the best thing you can do." She said she could not.

I insisted, and at length she agreed to go for ten days, I paying her I think fifteen pounds for her lodgings. Off she went, and I dare say went to a friend's close by, I never knew. She said she was sorry she had brought the girl to London. Louise was not to know that I was aware of her departure. The last words she said to me were, "I suppose when you have her you will leave me." I replied I had no such intention, nor had I; but a gay woman is a good judge of the future.

I must now describe the lodgings more closely. The ground-floor was occupied by a cloth merchant; there was no shop, but in the windows were some bales of cloth, a brass name-plate was on the inner door, the top of the house was the cloth-dealer's store. The man was rarely in England, the entrance to the shop from the hall was always locked, and I never saw more than one man enter it.

The first floor Camille had. On the second floor was a grumpy old woman named Boileau; she took charge of the house. I scarcely ever saw the old woman excepting when she opened the door, and then she neither spoke or looked at me. Until Louise came, Camille had had a French servant. Some years afterwards it turned out that the woolen shop was used by the

foreigners for forging foreign notes; the cloth business was but a mask. Camille had been there two years.

Off Camille went. That same day I was at the house. Madame, Louise said, had gone for ten days into the country, and had left word that no one was to be let in. I went upstairs saying I should come when I liked, that as Camille had gone, we could do as we liked. She looked hard at me.

"I expect Madame has gone off with some man," said I, "she will get a good lot of fucking." She had heard me talking bawdy, and knew that word in English and French. Then we had breakfast together, and I made love to her.

Louise was as vain as a peacock, and excessively fond of her stomach. When she had a glass of champagne, she used to swallow it as fast as she could. This weakness and inclination in any woman places her at the mercy of a man who will spend his money; and though I did not then see the advantages of money as plainly as I see it now, I instinctively used it.

"This is jolly," said I, "we will go and have dinner, then go to the theatre, do what we like afterwards." Her eyes sparkled, but she feared to go, for "Madame was such a demon when offended." "Who would know? The people in the house would not know what we did," I replied.

It was yet only mid-day. "Nobody can interrupt us, let's have luncheon here, I will get the wine." A french restaurateur sent in a hot luncheon. I fetched champagne, then bethought myself of something which had not occurred to me before.

Camille had as said a big album full of voluptuous pictures. When she went to fetch Louise I asked her to leave it with me till her return. She said, "I will pawn it to you for ten pounds." I lent that sum. Since her return she had not asked for it, maybe thinking I would ask for my ten pounds. I knew now well the effect of bawdy pictures in exciting lust, so I fetched it. We had luncheon and champagne, she laughed, talked, objected to sit down with me, but at last was thoroughly at home with me, and for the first time

talked freely of her mistress, whom she feared. She disclosed a deal of simplicity and a very great deal of vulgarity, for she was an utter vulgar peasant girl; but I didn't mind anything to get up her cunt.

Good living heats the body and stimulates randi-ness; there is fifty times as much danger in leaving a young couple together with their stomachs full of good food, than when they are empty. A gentle heat, a sense of fullness, a gentle swelling, creeps up the stem of the man's prick, the knob feels tender and voluptuous; a gentle moisture distills in the woman's cunt, heat and an alloverish feeling, from clitoris to arse-hole overcomes her. Both are then ready for fucking, and only restrained from going at it by various social reasons, which determine our actions in every-day life. Such was our state when kissing and laughing we put away the things. Then we sat side by side on the sofa, with my arm round her waist.

I produced the book, which I had brought with me. I recollected how, poring over it with Sarah or Susan, the pictures in my "Fanny Hill" used to throw them into a state of randiness which it was left me to appease. Susan used to say, that she only had to look at the pictures for a minute, to make her want "to forget herself." I took the book out of the paper; it was a large square book, which immediately attracted her attention. "What is that?" she asked. "Pictures." "Oh! show me." "Come on then." She sat on my knee, I put my left arm round her waist. "Give me a kiss." She gave it. "Now let me look." I had placed my right hand on her thigh outside her clothes, and was thinking, what a nice chance I had for throwing her back on the sofa, but I opened the first page. It was a fine, large coloured print (how well I remember it) of a bed-room. On the bed knelt two young women side by side, their petticoats thrown over their backs, and showing their backsides to their waists. Close by stood a middle-aged woman looking at them; through the door were the heads of two men peeping at the posterings, lust was on their faces. One of the girls had a much fatter bum than the other, both cunts were visible, the hair of one black, the other, light. It was a bet as to who had the handsomest posterior, the

woman to decide was saying, "Marie a gagne, ell a la plus vonde et la plus belle."

Louise gave a loud "oh!" as if taken by surprise, her face changed blood-red, she turned the cover over and burst into a fit of laughter, tried to get away from me, but I held her fast, so she put her head over my shoulder and laughed, I laughing with her. "You have as nice a bum as the dark one," said I. "There is nothing more like that, look through it." I opened the book again; under her eyes was a picture of a woman undressed, laying at the edge of the bed, her legs open, her middle finger on her cunt; by her side a man with trousers down, his prick out stiff and crimson-tipped, one hand on the woman's thigh, and intensely looking at her cunt.

"I want to do that with you," I said. "Fi donc! c'est villain," said she, and pushed the book violently away. It fell on the floor, and at the same instant she attempted to rise. I held her tightly, and pulling her back on to the big sofa, her legs flying up, I threw up her clothes in front, showing her fine pair of thighs, and the next minute I had my mouth and nose buried in the hair, kissing and sniffing it, my hands roving about wherever I could feel warm flesh.

With a shriek,—then another,—she twisted round (in doing so my nose rubbed on her clitoris), her petticoats fell down, she got across the room to her bedroom, and bolted the door.

I stood shouting, "What a beautiful form, what thighs, how dark the hair on your cunt, how lovely my nose has rubbed on it; let me see it again, let me fuck you, have pity on me." All that suggested itself to a man whose prick was ready to discharge in his breeches did I say, but fruitlessly, she made no reply. I went back to the sofa and considered what to do. Soon I heard her moving, crept to the door, and heard the rattle of piddle. "You're piddling out of that dear cunt," said I, "how I wish I could feel it." The rattle stopped, and again I went back to the sofa.

I had told her that I would take her out, and called to her to get ready, she never answered. A few minutes afterwards I wanted to shit; it was needful

to go down-stairs into a yard. Thought I, "If she hears me go down she will come out;—ah! if she does, there is the book, I wonder if she will look at it." I opened it at a picture she had not seen, tearing up little bits of newspaper, I placed them between adjoining pages, so that if opened the bits must fall out, then said, "I am going downstairs; if you won't go out, I will go without you."

I stayed at the shit-house some time, went up quietly, and heard her door close as I went up the stairs. When I entered the room I looked at the book; it was just as I had placed it, but two of the bits of paper had dropped out. "Louise, Louise, you have been looking at the book." "You lie," said she quickly. "You have, I put bits of paper in, and they have fallen out, so you must have." "I have not," said she.

"I wanted to take you to see the shops, to the theatre, if you won't answer I shall go alone, and dine alone." "I shan't come then." "Don't," said I in a huff, then went to Camille's bed-room and washed. "I am going, will you come? In another minute I shall be gone without you".

"Will you promise not to be méchant" (the French term). "I have not been wicked," said I. She was yielding; I knew she was wild to go out with me. "Will you promise to leave off talking so." "Not for ever; how can I when I have seen what I have." "I have no boots, only my thick shoes." "Come in those." "Camille has left a pair they are too big, and there is a hole in them." But it ended in her putting them on. Dressed, she looked an odd mixture of a peasant and a servant, who had got on some of her mistress' things. I was ashamed to walk out with her; she saw something in the expression of my face which wounded her pride. "You don't like walking out with me," she said, and sitting down big tears came into her eyes, "but I am handsomer than Madame, my feet are smaller although my leg is bigger; my shoes are shameful, she would not let me have boots like hers, she said she would send me home; she won't go home again, if I tell them about her." Thus she jabbered on in a fume, till she had exhausted herself, her pride wounded, excited much by feasting, by the bawdy book and my

kiss on her cunt. She talked so fast in her provincial French, that I could scarcely understand what she said.

I did not care what I spent, so that I could spend up Louise. "I am proud to walk with you, and I will buy you a pair of boots." She jumped up with delight. "But you shall let me do one thing." "What?" "Let me feel your leg, which you say is so big." "Volontiers," said she, "there is no harm in feeling a leg; in my country our clothes only just come below our knees," and so with joking, kissing, and a promise to let me put the boots on, out we went in a cab.

I took her to a boot-maker's, and fitted her to perfection; she was delighted, and in the cab did nothing but put up her feet to look at them. She let me feel her legs, after she had pulled her petticoats tight round the knee; I wanted to go higher, "No, no," she said; but I pushed up, on to her thighs.

I bought her a bonnet, but it had to be altered and was to be sent home in the evening; I got out of the cab and going into a shop without her, bought (guessing the size) white silk stockings and showy garters, without telling her. Then I bought her gloves, a collar, and one or two other things, and then we went to dine.

As I bought each successive article I told my wants coarsely enough. I felt her in the cab, and got so excited, that I pulled my cock out, keeping it covered with my handkerchief, removing it from time to time as I thought the sight of the cock would excite her. "The omnibus, the omnibus" she cried out suddenly. Forgetting myself and all but my wants, I had exposed my randy doodle just as an omnibus passed, and as I looked up, there was the conductor laughing at me. I went to the N... n hotel, then just opened, and ordered a dinner; there the collars, cuffs, gloves, and other things, she fitted on and looked at, and laid them down, so that she could see them when dining. Gloves she had never put on in her life before. The anticipation of the bonnet filled her with delight; it was handsomer she was sure, than any one she ever saw Madame wear; did I not think she would

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