

MY SECRET LIFE

Volume Three

By Anonymous

AMSTERDAM

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS. 1888

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CHAPTER I.

Straightened circumstances.—Promiscuous whorings.—The garden privies.—Our neighbour's daughters.—Effects of a hard turd.—Masturbation.—Bum-trumpeting.—Seeing and hearing too much.—A pock-marked strumpet.—A neighbour's servant.—Don't wet inside.—On the road home.—Cheap amusements.—Bargains.—Watching brothels.—Cunt in the open.—Clapped again.—French letters, and effects.—Income improved.—Piddle in the bye-streets.—An uprighter.—My pencil-case.—A female bilker.—A savage frig.—A silk dress soiled.

I felt such a void, that I came to the conclusion that I had fondly loved Mary, and missed greatly her kind, sympathetic association. For a long time I could think of nothing but her, even when I fucked other women, and got so miserable about her, that I rushed into indiscriminate cheap whoring again. I had still not money for the best class of women, and did not like bawdy houses; but there was no help for it, and so whoring I went, and largely in the Strand, for at that time in E..t.r and C. t...e Streets there were many and nice brothels at all prices.

But I for some time abstained from women, and had wet dreams. My mind ran constantly on Mary, and when I saw a nice girl, used to wonder if her cunt was like Mary's, and this specially of two girls about nineteen and twenty years of age, daughters of one of our next-door neighbours.

The privies of the houses in our terrace were built in pairs, the garden wall divided them and partly the cess-pool which was common to the two. I used to take pleasure in watching to see these girls go to the privy, and although the idea of a female evacuating revolted me, yet used to try to get to our privy when one of the girls went to theirs, and would stand smoking just inside the passage by the back-steps of my house, tip-toeing

to catch a glance of their heads, and stopping myself from bogging sometimes, so that I might get there at the same time. Directly I saw a head off I followed quietly, and if the weather was quite still we could hear footsteps in each other's gardens too well.

The cess-pool had at the time I write of just been emptied, the turds dropping and flopping down could be heard, it was not nice, but it did not shock me. I liked to hear the girls' piddle splashing, and used to push my prick back, and sit back on the seat, so that my piddle might drop straight, and make much noise. It pleased me to hear the joint rattle and splash we made if we pissed at the same time. I did this so constantly, that I could tell which girl was there, for the piddle of one always made twice as much splash as the other's. Up would stand my prick, and often I could not piss for its stiffness, directly I heard the girls splashing.

One day I had a hardish motion, and was randy that morning almost to pain. One of the girls was there. I strained, my cock got stiff, and began to throb violently, and shot out its spunk as I strained. I went back to the house, and just entering it saw the other daughter go towards the privy. Back I went and sitting down friggd myself as I heard her evacuations drop, so randy and charged with sperm was I.

After that I occasionally friggd myself at the privy, and used to picture to myself the girls sitting there, their clothes up round their rumps, and slightly up in front showing their limbs, and piddle squirting, but I always thought of both girls as having cunts like Mary's. After a time we knew a little of the girls, and when talking to them I used to think of the same thing. The idea used to fascinate me, and they used to say (I am told), that I was a strange man, for I always stared at them as if I had never seen a woman before. They little knew what was in my mind when I was staring.

Just after the emptying I could not only see their wax as it fell to the bottom, but the paper with which they wiped their bums, and could hear them fart. Sometimes the two came together. One day by a sudden whim I let a fart as loud as I could, and heard a suppressed titter, they I think

never knew I could hear, for usually I tried to be as silent as possible. I never coughed when there, and used to pull open my arse-hole to lessen the noise of my trumpet, and singular as it may seem did this out of a feeling of delicacy. Soon the cess-pool was half-filled, with water, and I could only indistinctly hear. Then I grew tired of the game, and again let off my sperm up cunts instead of spilling it on the privy-floor, for sorrow always came over me as I saw it on the floor. A few months after this I took a dislike to the girls through thinking of what I had seen and heard of them, it seemed to shock my sentiment of the beauty and delicacy of a woman.

A confused number of random whorings and miscellaneous fuckings took place about this time, I cannot tell to a month or two, but it began directly after Mary had gone. I tell of one or two of them.

At the back of the Lowther Arcade one night I took a poor little girl seemingly about sixteen years old to a house. She had a nice but thin form, and was as white as driven snow. When I had had her, I wanted to see her face more clearly, but she held a handkerchief to it, and half turned it away from the light, her privates she allowed to be inspected as I liked.

She was marked badly with the small-pox, and was nevertheless handsome, but with that sad expression which the pock-marks often give. Gents did not like it, she said. It was a dreadfully sloppy, snowy night. "Don't go yet", said she, "it is so warm here." So I sat a while feeling her quim and talking. "Do me again, I want it now, I did not when you did it before." So we fucked again. "Do I please you?" said the girl putting her hand to my face. "Yes my dear." "Will you see me again?—do." I was always careful about promising that, and hesitated; but at length said yes. Again I rose to go, again the girl asked me to stay, it was so warm. "Pay the woman again and say you are going to stay till ten o'clock." There was such simplicity about her that I consented. The woman put coals on the fire, and we sat by it warming ourselves.

After a time she said, "I don't think you like me." "Why?" "Because you don't feel me about." I laughed, and said I had been feeling her. Time ran on. "Won't you do it again?" "I can't dear." "Let me try to make you." "You may, but I can't." She came to me, knelt down, played funnily, but awkwardly with my cock till it stiffened, and again we fucked. "You won't see me again, though you say you will." "Why not?" asked I wondering at her sad manner. "They all say they will, but they never do,—it's the small-pox marks they can't bear, I know it is,—I'm tired of this life." Then suddenly she laughed and said she was only joking.

I never did see her again. Such a young, white-fleshed girl, and so fond of the cock, or else she had had but little of it, I have rarely met with. She said she had only been out two months. "The other girls tell me what to do with men, and the old woman where I live tells me; but I always does what a gentleman asks me, I can't do more, can I?" said she. "Other gals say they have regular friends, I haven't." I shall never forget that poor little girl.

On a cold evening a week or two after this, I saw a shortish, dark-eyed girl going along the Strand. She walked slowly, and looked in at almost every shop. I could not make up my mind if she were gay or not. She was warmly wrapped up, her style that of a well-to-do servant. I passed and repassed her, looked her in the face; her eyes met mine and dropped, then she stopped and looked round several times after unmistakable gay women as they passed her, then went on again. Opposite the Adelphi she paused and looked at the theatre for a long time, a gentleman spoke to her, and seemed to importune her, she took no notice of him, and he left her. After walking on for a minute quickly she loitered and looked in the shops again.

Near Exeter Hall my cock which was in want of relief giving me impudence, and liking her looks I spoke to her about the things in the windows. At first I got no reply, and she walked on. "Come with me, and I'll give you a sovereign." "You can buy it then." What it was I don't recollect. She seemed uneasy and wavering, yet made no reply. I repeated my offer (it was just then money beyond my means, but I had hot desire on me).

She looked up the street in both directions, and asked, "Will it be far?" I took her at the instant for a sly gay one. "You know I am sure, it's close bye." "It's getting late, I'm in a hurry." Looking both ways quickly and uneasily she placed her arm in mine, and hanging her head down pressed close to me. We walked quickly, and soon were in a snug room in a house at the back of Exeter Hall.

"This is not a public-house", said she looking round. "No, but you can have a drink if you like." "A little warm brandy and water then." I ordered it. "Take off your bonnet and cloak." She hesitated. "Tell me the exact time." I did, and then she took them off, sat down, and soon sipped brandy and water looking at me. Thought I, "You must be a servant after all."

I began to caress her, and got my hand on her thighs asking her to come to the bed. "I must go soon, let me go soon." "I will, but let me see your legs, and feel them." She let me pull the clothes up to her knees, then pushed away my hand but I thrust one up, and just felt the cunt. She gave me a shove, and nearly pushed me over, for I had dropped on to my knees, a favorite attitude of mine at such times.

Savagely I got up. "Don't be a fool; if you mean to let me do it come to the bed." She hesitated. "Give me the money first." "Oh!" thought I, "she is a whore diseased, and a bilk," so I refused. "You really will give it to me, won't you?" "Of course, but I'm not to be done that way." Then I got her on to the bed, and threw up her clothes. She resisted. "What do you take me for?" "Why a whore", said I savagely. It was a word I rarely used of a woman, still rarer to a woman. She pushed my hand angrily away and sat up.

"I am not, and wish I had not come here, and would not, only I want money for my poor mother, I thought you a gentleman,—I'm not the sort of a woman you say, I'm a servant, I am indeed." "Well if you are, you have been fucked." "That's neither here nor there, but I'm not what you call me",—and she pouted. "Lay down dear,—let's fuck if you mean it, if not let's go,—let me feel you, and you feel me." I pulled her back on to the

bed, laying down by the side of her, and put my prick into her hand. It was persuasive, for soon I was having that delicious rub, probe, and twiddle. Then I got a sight of all but the cunt itself, the inspection of that she resisted. A fine pair of limbs, a fat backside, lots of hair on her split I could feel. My friction told, she began grasping my prick like a vise,—she was going to spend.

Nice to her that, but I wanted my pleasure. Again I got savage. At length quietly, and feeling my prick all the time she said, "Promise me something." "What?" "Don't you wet inside if I let you." I promised, and turning on to her belly fucked her, and forgot my promise, even if I ever meant to keep it. We were soon near the crisis. "Don't—now,—oh!—wet."

"No dear." "T—aake—care." "I'll pull it out just as it comes dear." "Don't—we—wet, oh!—ah!—wet", she gasped out as clutching her arse my prick went fiercely up her, and spent every drop against her womb-tube, my spend made doubly pleasurable, because she did not wish it in her cunt.

Said she with a long-drawn sigh, "You've done it all inside,—you should not." "I could not help it, you are so charming, I could not pull it out and make your clothes or bum wet", said I ramming on, and keeping my prick tight up her lubricated cunt, "Let me get up." "Not yet." "Oh! do, I'm in a hurry." "Lay still dear." "No, I'm in such a hurry,—what o'clock is it?—do tell me what o'clock it is,—it will make me lose my place if I'm very late."

I uncunted, told her the time, and she washed her cunt. "Let us do it again." She was wanting it. "I've such a long way to go." "Where?" She told me, and it was on my way home. "I will take you home in a cab." On the bed she got, I overcame her scruples, kissed her knees, her thighs, all the way up to her cunt. The thighs opened widely, a second's inspection of a cunt at that time of my life made me think of immediate pleasure, and after promising not to wet in her again, she reminding me of that, till she lost all care or heed in her pleasures. I spent up her as before.

We went home in a cab, and felt each other all the way, she said she was keeping her mother who was poor, she feared dying. At the end of the

road she got out begging me not to follow her. I did not, and never saw her again. She had hazel eyes, spoke with a country accent, and I quite believe was a servant.

Although soon after this a little better off, I had difficulty in keeping out of debt, and the cost of amatory amusements prevented my having women as often as I otherwise should have done. I used to try the cheap women at times, and often successfully. Would walk backwards and forwards between Temple-Bar and Charing Cross for hours, looking at the women, thinking which I should like, and whether I could afford one. Sometimes I would follow the same woman, stop when she stopped if a man spoke to her, cross over, and wait till she moved off by herself, or if with the man, would follow them to a brothel, return to watch for her coming out, and wait 'till she did so. This pleased me much.

Then I began to feel women in the streets; they frequently came out of the E. t. r Street-houses, and round by the side-entrance to Exeter-Hall. That end of the street then was all but dark.

Stopping a woman. This was a frequent dialogue. "A nice night dear." "Yes." "Been taking a walk?" "Yes." "Been to piddle?" "Yes." They usually when I knew they had come out of a house, said they had been to piddle if I asked them. "A shilling to feel your cunt." "All right, give it me." With the left hand I gave the shilling with the right I fingered their quims. "Open your legs dear,—a little wider,—let me feel up,—have you been fucked to-night?" "No." It was always no. I delighted in hearing them tell that lie. "Come with me." "How much?" "Give me a sovereign." "No." "Ten shillings then." "I can't afford more than five shillings." "No, not for that"; but they more often said yes. Sometimes I went with them, more frequently not. The lesson I learned was that most woman denied that they had fucked more recently than the day before, (it was always the day before), and that a little bargaining reduced the price of their pleasures.

If intending to have a poke I waited for a girl known by sight, and then often could not find her, then I saw those so dressed that I could not offer

them a small sum. On other nights I went up to the girl with the fattest legs, and made advances. In this way I shagged many of all sorts and sizes, many of them poor creatures, others plump, fine, strong, healthy women, whom I was surprised took the small sum for their professional exertions. The end of this promiscuity was that again I took the clap, which laid me up some weeks, and made it again needful to open my piss-pipe by surgical tubes.

Then I was timid, used French letters, and took to carrying them in my purse again, but always hated them. Often my cock stiff as a boring-iron would shrink directly the wet gut touched it, and compelled me to frig up to near the crisis before I could insert it in the skin. Sometimes it would not stiffen completely till up the women. I used to drop my tool in a state of partial rigidity into the letter, then thumb it slowly up the lady's orifice; then the warmth, the clip, the buttocks wagging, and the look at the belly and thighs between which I was working brought it to the proper stiffness. I usually had the ladies at the side of the bed, when wearing these cundums.

Sometimes my passions overcame my prudence, and a fair lady for her favors got her price. Then I was filled with regrets, and had to content myself with a feel for some time, or wait days till I could afford the full gratification of my senses with another woman, because I had not the money. Then I fell again on my five shilling offers. About this cunt-feeling there was something very peculiar in me: unless I liked the look of the woman I did not like to feel up her cunt, and after I had been groping used to spit on my fingers, and rub them dry, and the smell off of them on to my handkerchief.

Some little time after my clap however I came into a better income through the death of a relative. It was small, but made a difference to me of great importance. I spent it all on myself, that is to say on cunt, and although some of my country relatives must have known I had come into the property, those most interested in knowing it I believe never did. I now longed for nice women whom I could talk and spend the money with. The

rapid business-like fucking in the bawdy houses was not to my taste, I had scarcely gone to the Argyle Rooms, then not many years opened, for fear that my taste for nicety of manner and something more than mere cunt might lead me into an expenditure still far beyond my means.

It used to wound my pride to hear a woman jeer at my offer, or say, "What the devil do you take me for", or walk away wagging her rump with offended dignity when she heard five shillings named, or say she would frig me for the money. Now I could offer more I was more happy in my mind; but there are a few adventures to be told before the time when an easier pocket enabled me to have better female companions.

The angle of the street named as leading out of the Strand was dark of a night and a favorite place for doxies to go to relieve their bladders. The police took no notice of such trifles, provided it was not done in the greater thoroughfares (although I have seen at night women do it openly in the gutters in the Strand), in the particular street I have seen them pissing almost in rows, yet they mostly went in twos to do that job, for a woman likes a screen, one usually standing up till the other has finished, and then taking her turn. Indeed the pissing in all bye-streets of the Strand was continuous, for although the population of London was only half what it now is, the number of gay ladies seemed double there. The theatre-side of the street from Trafalgar-Square to Temple-Bar was nightly for some hours one large flock of them, and there was not a street or court on the whole line named, and on both sides of the Strand in which there was not a bawdy house. I have been in a dozen.

I used to prowl about to see the girls pissing, and when I had cheek enough, stand and piss by the side of them. That delighted me much. One night I saw two women go up a court, one directly squatted, and I followed. When one had done I asked her to let me feel her. She did. Randy but poor that night the feel of her wet cunt made me reckless. As I gave her a shilling I remarked how I should like to have her, but that I had but five shillings to give.

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