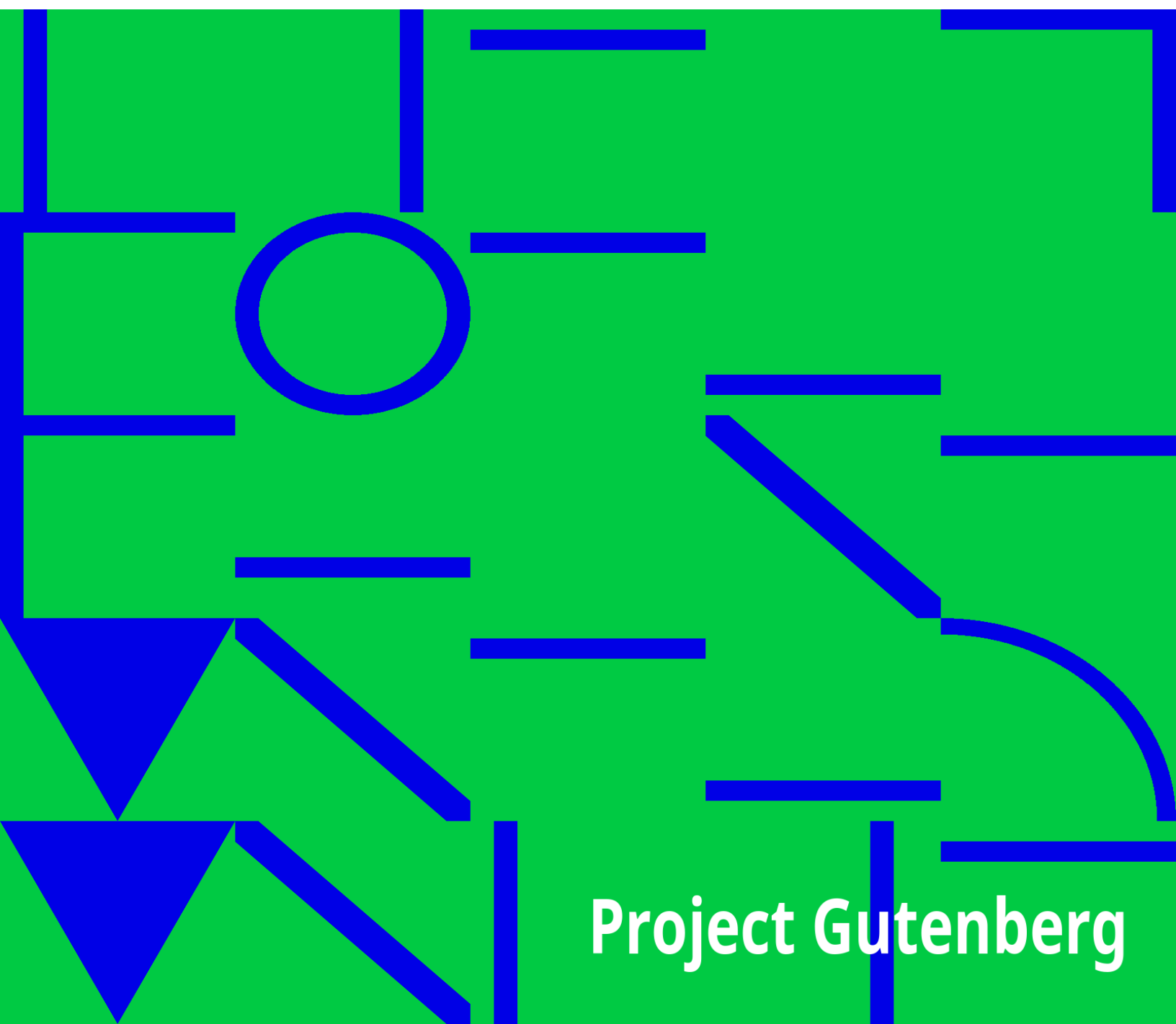


The Power of Mesmerism

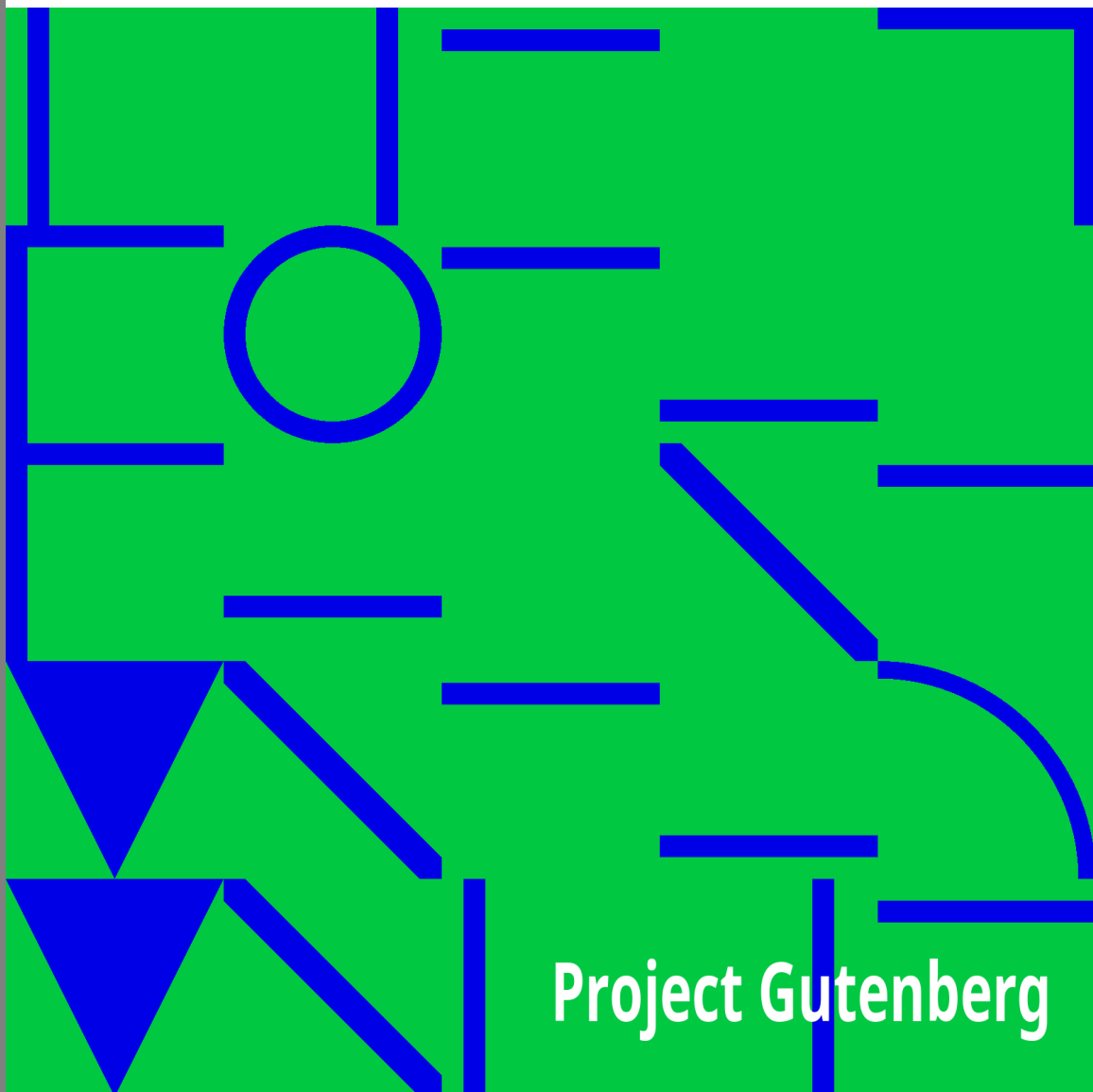
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The Power of Mesmerism

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE POWER OF
MESMERISM ***

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[Transcriber's note: Anonymous, *The power of mesmerism* (1891), 1891 edition. A classic Victorian erotic novel]

THE POWER OF MESMERISM

**A HIGHLY EROTIC NARRATIVE OF VOLUPTUOUS FACTS
AND FANCIES.**

**PRINTED FOR THE NIHISLISTS. MOSCOW
1891**

Brackley Hall was a fine old place in the lovely country of Devon and had been in the possession of the Etheridges for centuries.

The park was beautifully wooded, and stretched down on one side to the coast, commanding in all directions the most enchanting views.

Mr. Etheridge was a man of some forty years of age, of singularly handsome appearance, and bore evident traces of the Italian blood which flowed in his veins. He had the appearance of a man having strong amorous passions, but his manners were as gentle as those of a woman, and he was universally popular throughout the whole county.

His wife was a woman of unusual beauty. Descended from an old Spanish family, she had married when but sixteen years of age; Mr. Etheridge having met her at the house of some friends, and as they mutually fell in love with each other, their united entreaties overcame the objection raised on account of her youth, and in fact the warm blood that flowed in her veins had ripened her beauty to an extent almost unusual in those of more phlegmatic races.

She was now in her thirty-fifth year, and in the full zenith of her charms. An exquisitely shaped head graced a neck and shoulders white as alabaster, large liquid eyes, and long drooping lashes, a nose of perfect form, and two ruby pouting lips that seemed made to be kissed.

Her form was magnificent, of commanding height, widely spreading hips, and a bosom of massive proportions, the firmness of which rendered stays entirely unnecessary; a fact that was evident on watching the rise and fall of those two lovely globes, their form being perfectly defined even to the nipples, beneath her well-fitting dress.

Her glance was electric, and it was impossible to meet her look unmoved, she exhaled an atmosphere of voluptuousness of the most maddening force.

Her daughter Ethel, who had left school in Paris but a few months, was the very counterpart of her lovely mother in her leading features. She had just completed her seventeenth year, and was of tall, graceful stature, with a perfect figure. The smallness of her waist contrasted perfectly with the ravishing fullness of bosom and wideness of hips. She had the liquid eyes of her mother, but they were suffused with a humidity that was perfectly maddening, and the expression of every feature of her lovely face and palpitating form spoke of a warmth of temperament and lascivious abandon that would have tempted an anchorite.

On a bright summer afternoon, in the year 18—, father, mother, and daughter were waiting at the railway station, anxiously expecting the arrival of the remaining member of the family, Frank, who, a year older than Ethel, had been finishing his education in Germany, and was now returning to take up his residence at Brackley.

At last the train arrived, and they hardly recognised the handsome, tall, and fine-looking young fellow who leaped out to greet them.

A few hours after reaching the house the parents noted a peculiar change that had taken place in their son. A dreamy languor seemed to have taken possession of him, in place of the exuberant flow of animal spirits that characterised him as a boy. He had a strange habit of looking as though he were endeavouring to read the very thoughts of those with whom he came in contact.

Mrs. Etheridge noticed this particularly, but thinking he was fatigued by his long journey, made no remark. But the most remarkable effect was produced on Ethel; her brother seemed utterly unable to remove his eyes from her. Her singular beauty, and the nameless charm that pervaded her, seemed to have an irresistible attraction for him. Every time that his eye rested on her she trembled violently, and seemed labouring under some mysterious and powerful influence. Her lovely breasts heaved, and the humidity of her eyes increased, and she still seemed unusually excited after her brother had left the room in order to dress for dinner.

Some friends had been invited to dine, and Frank found himself placed between his mother and sister. He glanced alternately at the two lovely bosoms, well exposed by the low dresses each of them wore; and his face flushed, and he seemed for the moment about to faint, but almost immediately recovering himself, he proceeded with his dinner and joined in the conversation.

In the course of the meal he ventured again to glance at his sister, and as she was leaning forward he saw the lovely valley between those hills of snow.

He accidentally pressed his knee against hers, she immediately looked at him fondly, and her breasts rose and fell tumultuously as she mechanically pressed closer to him.

Nothing further happened on this occasion, but they had a most charming evening in the drawing room, and Ethel and Frank seemed to have formed a more than usually close friendship. They had not seen each other for four years, and their reunion seemed a source of the greatest delight to both of them. Mrs. Etheridge also inspired her son with the most intense affection.

Before retiring for the night Frank proposed an early walk on the grounds, as he was anxious to renew his acquaintance with all the spots so attractive to him when a boy, and Ethel joyously assented. Six o'clock was agreed to, which would leave them two good hours until breakfast time.

When Ethel retired to rest she was in a state of wild excitement and could not banish her darling brother's image from her thoughts.

At length she fell into a troubled sleep, and after tossing wildly about, awoke suddenly and found that she was spending, her nightdress and chemise were saturated, and her lovely cunt was throbbing with the extasy. She was no stranger to this sensation (as the reader will subsequently learn), as she habitually produced the result with her fingers; but this emission seemed more madly exciting than any she had ever felt before, and was produced without the usual means. At length she fell asleep again, but dreamt continually of her brother.

He, for his part, was mentally exercising a power he had acquired in Germany (the peculiar circumstance of the manner in which he gained this knowledge will be duly explained later on), and this was sufficient to account for his sister's condition.

Punctually at six o'clock on the following morning, brother and sister met in the hall. She threw herself into his arms and embraced him with great affection. "You darling brother," said she, "how glad I am to have you back with us; it seems like a new world to me."

"My dearest sister," replied he, "it is I who am the happy one, I cannot express to you the delight and happiness I feel in your society, after so long an absence."

After embracing again they started on their ramble; Ethel pointed out all her pet flowers and every spot that she liked, until they found themselves, at length, in a charming little grove overhanging the beach.

"Frank, darling," said she, "I have a headache; shall we sit down here and rest a short time until it goes away?"

"Certainly, my darling, and I think I can relieve that headache by a simple expedient I learned in Germany."

He then sat down opposite to her, and taking her two thumbs held them in the palm of his left hand, while with the right he made passes from her head to her feet, at the same time gazing into her eyes with a literally devouring look.

As he proceeded the humidity in her lovely eyes increased until the eyelids at last closed, and her head sank on her bosom.

After continuing the passes for a short time longer, her brother, still keeping his eyes fixed on her, gradually allowed her hands to slip away from his, and fall on her lap. He appeared intensely excited, his nostrils were dilated, he breathed hard, and his eyes seemed to burn in their sockets.

He gently laid Ethel down on her back, and after waiting to satisfy himself that she was in a fast mesmeric sleep, he placed one throbbing hand on her hip, and gradually raising it till he found the lovely prominence of one charming bosom, then his other hand sought its companion, and he pressed those heaving hills of snow which he felt perfectly under her thin

muslin dress. He next knelt down by her side, and brought her breasts fully to view; they were indeed lovely, the two little pink nipples were stiffly erected, and seemed wooing to be kissed. She wore no stays, and his hand wandered over her lovely velvety skin down to her enchanting belly. Then rising, he leant forwards and gradually raised her dress in front.

First, her lovely ankles were seen, then her swelling calves, beautifully shaped knees, and glorious thighs. Frank felt faint and sick, and was compelled to desist from further exploration till he had somewhat recovered.

In a few moments he gently separated those divine thighs, and his eyes were riveted on his sister's darling little cunt, which now lay fully exposed to view. Two lovely coral lips, which were slightly parted, moist and throbbing, first met his gaze. He separated them yet further with his finger and saw the exquisite clitoris perfectly visible. Utterly unable to resist the temptation, he glued his lips to the lovely spot, and titillated the clitoris with his tongue. Almost immediately she began to writhe and twist about, and he felt her balmy emission flow into his mouth as she spent with low moans. He then desisted, and releasing his bursting prick commenced slowly to frig himself, while gazing on the exquisite beauties exhibited to his view. With spasmodic jerks the semen flew from him while he moaned with pleasure.

Now fearing discovery, he carefully wiped his sister's cunt with his handkerchief, which he madly kissed afterwards, and adjusted her dress, removed all traces of his own spending, and proceeded to awaken his sister. Placing her in a sitting position against a tree, he recommenced his passes, this time in a contrary direction, and she soon after opened her eyes.

After looking at him vaguely for a moment, she flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him. "Oh," she said, "I have been asleep, and had such a delicious dream."

"Has your headache gone?" said he.

"Oh," she replied, "I did have a headache, but not a symptom of it remains."

She was evidently utterly unconscious of all that had taken place, and her brother suggested they should resume their walk.

At breakfast Mrs. Etheridge said, "You have had a walk betimes this morning, my children, and you are both looking quite rosy."

So they were, but she little knew the cause.

After breakfast Mr. Etheridge addressed himself to his son, "Your mamma and myself are obliged to go to Lynton this afternoon on family business, and I fear we shall not be able to return until late, but I have no doubt you will be able to amuse yourself; Ethel will, I am sure, do her best to keep you from getting dull on your first arrival at home, after so long an absence."

When they had started, Frank accompanied Ethel into her sitting room, and begged her to sing and play for him, in order that he might hear what progress she had made.

She at once complied with his request, and he sat by her side watching with glaring eye the rise and fall of her lovely bosom as she sang him a charming little song, full of simple natural tenderness. He was, in fact, lusting madly for his own sister, and why not?

In the earliest history of our own race incest was no sin; why should we now consider it as such? On the other hand what can be more intensely exciting than the knowledge that one is indulging every feeling of

lasciviousness conjointly with one united so nearly by ties of blood and kindred.

When she had finished he burned to enjoy her, but dared not, and with an effort he left the room, saying that he had some letters to write.

He went to his bedroom, but on his way thither he saw the adjoining door open and recognized a dress his sister had worn on the previous evening hanging against the wall. Her bed was still unmade, her nightdress was lying on it, and by the side of the bed a pair of drawers that she left there on changing her underlinen. He rushed to the bed, kissed the nightdress, and literally glued his lips to that portion of her drawers which had covered her darling little cunt. He was so excited that he could scarcely forbear from spending on the spot. Hearing approaching footsteps he immediately made his way to his own room, and bolting the door, he tore off his trousers. Doubling up the pillow, he inserted his erect prick between the folds, and straining it tightly between his thighs, threw himself forward on the bed, and thinking of his darling sister, with a few heaves backwards and forwards, spent deliciously. He then lay down and pondered over the best means of attaining his desires, for he resolved that he would enjoy his sister in every conceivable manner, let the consequences be what they might.

His meditations were interrupted by the luncheon bell. He descended to the dining room, and the sight of his sister aroused his desires with redoubled force; he devoured her with his eyes, and she again exhibited the same restless and uncomfortable symptoms that possessed her in the morning; her colour rose, her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, she squeezed her thighs together, sighed deeply, and seemed altogether unlike herself.

Seeing this he averted his gaze, and commenced talking on indifferent subjects. When the servants had left the room, he suggested another stroll

on the grounds, as it was such a lovely afternoon. She consented with delight, and they set forth.

After rambling some distance from the house, she said, "Frank, my darling, there is such a lovely summer house in this thicket where I often come and read, shall we go in and rest?"

Frank was delighted at the idea. It was a charming little retreat, completely hidden by trees, and furnished most luxuriously—a velvet couch, an easy chair, and a lounge occupying the whole of one side invited to repose.

They sat down, and Frank's arm wound round his sister's enticing waist, and he could not resist kissing those lovely pouting lips. She trembled like an aspen, and as he gazed into her moist and humid eyes, the strange symptoms reappeared.

Frank could no longer resist, but holding her thumbs he commenced the magnetic passes, and she speedily fell into his arms, apparently in a deep slumber. He now sought to see if he was entirely successful in his attempt to produce the effect he desired, and therefore taking her in his arms and laying her on the couch, he said, "Ethel, do you know where you are?"

"With my darling brother," she replied.

"Do you love him?"

"Madly," was the reply.

"What would you like to do to prove that love?"

"Anything he desires."

"Stand up."

She did so.

"Unfasten your dress; take it off."

She complied immediately.

"Loosen your petticoats and take them off; now your slippers and your stockings."

The dear girl did exactly as requested, still in the same dreamy, languid manner. She now stood in her chemise and drawers only, and Frank felt as if he would faint. This splendid girl standing before him; lovely ankles, calves, and bare feet and those enchanting breasts peeping over her embroidered chemise, constituted a most voluptuous sight.

"Now, my darling," said he, "remove your drawers."

She did so, and he snatched them up and covered them with kisses.

"Now the chemise."

That also was taken off with alacrity, and she was before him perfectly naked. Heavens! What a sight! The whiteness of her skin, which shone like alabaster, the exquisite contour of her limbs, and the tremulous motion which pervaded every muscle, formed a combination of lustful excitement that utterly baffles description.

He then ordered her to lie down on her back, raise her knees, and place her heels against her buttocks, then insert her finger in that divine cunt and frig herself.

She did so.

"How do you feel, darling? Are you going to spend? I will that you spend at once."

Her whole body stiffened.

"Keep your thighs widely extended," he said, "so that I can see every throb that convulses your cunt, when the lovely liquor of love oozes forth."

She obeyed, and with a deep sigh he saw it gush forth and cover her caressing hand.

He rushed forward and gamahuched her furiously, and then sitting in an easy chair, said, "Ethel, get up."

She obeyed, and following his commands, knelt in front of him, unfastened the front of his trousers, inserted her hand, and drew forth his prick; she then sucked it until with a positive howl of delight he inundated her mouth with his spendings. He then desired her to rise and kneel on the couch, then coming behind her he gently pulled apart the cheeks of her divine bottom, and disclosed the little orifice that lay nestling between them. This he sucked till he spent again, clasping her hips as he spent with spasmodic force.

He burned to fuck her, but dared not venture, and after a short time he ordered her to resume her clothes, and then repeated the passes in a contrary direction until she recovered her senses, and to his great delight, she evidently knew nothing of what had taken place.

Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge had not returned when they reached the house, and they found a note stating that they were detained and could not be home till the following day.

On reading this Frank immediately remembered the proximity of his sister's bedroom and determined, at any risk, to gratify his intense desire with respect to her, this very night.

Before retiring he embraced her warmly, pressing her breasts against his chest and pushing his belly against hers; to his intense delight he felt her whole frame vibrate from the intensity of her emotion as her head fell on his shoulder.

He bade her good night and departed to his room.

As soon as he was convinced the house was quiet he gently opened his door and stole on tiptoe to his sister's room. To his intense delight it was unfastened.

He entered and saw his sister lying on her snowy bed, which was illumined by the rays of the moon.

She slept; he watched for some moments the rise and fall of her bosom, and the exquisite beauty of her face, and then commenced to mesmerize her again. She moaned faintly, and appeared restless.

"Sleep," said he, and she immediately became quiet.

"Ethel," he continued, "do you know who is speaking to you?"

"Yes, my darling brother."

He next pulled down the bed-clothes, and gently placed himself by her side, naked as he was.

"My darling," said he, "take off your night dress and chemise."

She raised herself in the bed and did so, and then lay down again.

He clasped her in his arms, utterly intoxicated with his anticipated bliss.

The contact of her skin with his own, the knowledge that she was unconscious of what he was doing, and that it was his own sister, almost maddened him.

He was literally consumed with lust, and embraced her in every direction. Passing his arms between her thighs, he nestled his head on her divine belly. He next shifted it to her bosom, then he placed his prick between those firm and pouting breasts, then between her thighs. He next placed his finger inside the lips of her cunt, and found to his surprise that it entered easily.

"Thank God," he muttered, "she has been frigged, possibly fucked, and I shall not hurt her."

He willed her to take his prick and insert it in that divine recess, and to his intense joy he succeeded in burying himself in her with scarcely any difficulty.

He then lay powerless, and the spasm overtook him and ebbed forth into the inmost recesses of his sister's cunt.

He lay for a few moments in a profound lethargy, when he suddenly found his sister's cunt contracting and throbbing around his prick, which was still soaking within her. This fired him anew, and placing both hands beneath her buttocks, he pressed her cunt towards him with the utmost force, while driving in and out of her with deep and body-killing thrusts. They both spent simultaneously, and after a short pause he arose and contemplated her, then willing her to resume her night dress and chemise, he returned to his own room, fearing that he might fall asleep and be discovered in the morning.

As he lay down he noticed a ray of light in a dark corner of his room, and on examining the panelling, found that a crevice existed through which he could see perfectly into his sister's room. There she still lay slumbering peacefully, and it suddenly struck him that he had forgotten to awaken her from the magnetic sleep which evidently still overpowered her.

He immediately commenced the necessary process and, to his delight, found that it had the same effect, notwithstanding the wall which intervened.

She rose in the bed, and altering her position, lay calmly and naturally.

He retired to bed again, but was restless and excited and could not sleep; his prick was still stiff, and every nerve throbbled.

He lay tossing about in this way for an hour or so, when he suddenly heard a sound of whispering in the next room, and on peeping through the crevice into his sister's apartment, beheld a sight that rendered him spellbound and breathless.

He saw on her bed a figure perfectly naked, and of the most exquisite form, rivalling that of Ethel herself. She was kneeling and in the act of pulling the clothes from his sister, and raising her night dress, gazed ardently at her cunt. "How wet and sticky it is to-night, Miss. You must have had such a wet dream."

The lovely stranger placed her fingers within it and rubbed them about in the moisture, and then substituted her tongue, sucking luxuriously the lips and clitoris, and thrusting in the velvet tip as far as it would go into the vagina, until Ethel murmured, "It is coming again, Mabel. Oh! Oh! Suck harder, my dear." He now recognised the stranger as a housemaid who had

attracted his attention on more than one occasion during the short time he had been in the house.

His sister now sought Mabel's cunt, and inserting a finger, commenced pushing it backwards and forwards as she embraced her lovely buttocks with her disengaged arm, burying her tongue within the rosy bottom-hole.

They writhed like two serpents, their bodies arched, and then they fell prone on each other, every muscle vibrating as they spent in all the agonies of lasciviousness.

Frank seized his prick and friggd himself in unison with their movements, spouting out a torrent of sperm at the same moment as the two lovely tribades lost consciousness in their blissful convulsions.

When he looked again Ethel had taken the housemaid across her knees, and was rubbing her belly and sucking her nipples, ever and anon allowing her hand to wander between her thighs. She then turned her with her belly downwards, so that their cunts were in contact, and again passing her hand between Mabel's thighs, she rubbed the profuse spendings with which their cunts overflowed into her exposed bottom-hole, and then inserting her finger, pushed it in and out its entire length, whilst Mabel struggled to release herself.

At length she succeeded, and the housemaid lay flat on her back with Ethel reversed above her, and the sound of their mutual sucking, as their heads were between each other's thighs, drove Frank almost to the verge of distraction.

They swayed to and fro, and pressed each other with their utmost strength, until it was evident they were spending again. Still the gamahuching continued, until they seemed utterly exhausted; and Mabel,

kissing Ethel madly, left the room, evidently to return to her own before the other servants were stirring, as the day was already breaking.

Frank was utterly bewildered, but now determined that he would use his knowledge and ravish his darling sister without the aid of mesmerism before many days had passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge returned about midday, and Frank was again struck by his mother's rare beauty and the fullness of her magnificent bosom. He looked at her fixedly, and, strange to say, she seemed affected by his gaze much in the same manner as his sister had been at first.

Frank felt a thrill of delight as the bare possibility occurred to him of revelling in his mother's charms, but he felt that if he ever did succeed the utmost caution would be necessary.

In the afternoon he took another stroll with his sister, and they soon found themselves in the summer house.

They sat side by side on the couch, and Frank warmly embraced her, pressing her to him with voluptuous energy. She looked into his eyes and breathed heavily. His hand roved down and pressed one cheek of her buttocks, which he felt undulate beneath her bottom.

"You must not do that," she murmured, "it makes me feel sick and ill."

"Does it when Mabel does the same?" asked Frank.

She became white with terror.

"Do not fear, my darling," continued Frank. "I know all, have seen your embraces last night, but alluded to it to assure you your secret is safe. But will you not now allow me some little privileges?"

"Oh, my darling, you are my brother!"

"So much greater the exquisite enjoyment," pleaded Frank.

Her head fell on his shoulder, and he ventured to insinuate his fingers within the bosom of her dress and gently rubbed her nipples with his thumb and finger.

She shivered with delight.

He next proceeded to place her hand upon his trousers, so that she could feel his bursting prick beneath. She clutched it wildly. He now gently pushed her backwards and placed one hand beneath her clothes, gently pressing her legs and thighs apart, until he at length succeeded in reaching her cunt, which was in a moist and spending condition.

She tore open his trousers, saying, "Oh! Darling, forgive me, I cannot help it," and pushed the skin of his prick backwards and forwards.

Frank commenced to frig her, at first gently, gradually increasing the rapidity and depth of his insertion, till, with a shriek of rapture, she spent profusely. He resisted the impulse to follow her example, and seating himself in a chair, drew her towards him, placed his knees between her thighs, and allowed her gradually to sit down, while his prick penetrated her.

They embraced madly, thrusting their tongues into each other's mouths, and even biting each other in the fury of their transports, until another emission relieved their feverish lubricity.

They then resumed their position on the couch, and Ethel burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh! My brother," sobbed she, "what have we done, and what will be the consequence?"

Frank strove to console her, and after a time succeeded, and she became calm, so that they could resume their walk and return to the house.

It is now time that some explanation should be offered as to the cause of the mesmeric power and voluptuous development so strikingly manifested in Frank.

When he first reached school in Germany he was perfectly innocent, but was speedily initiated into all the mysteries of frigging and prick sucking by his school-fellows, who also used to fuck each other between the thighs, while a third behind received the point of his prick in his mouth each time it was pressed forward and sucked out every drop of spend that he could obtain.

One day when passing one of the master's rooms, he peeped in and saw him making mysterious motions in front of a pale, sickly boy, who was celebrated amongst his companions for the enormous size of his prick and balls.

He watched with curiosity, and saw the boy fall apparently asleep. The master then proceeded to divest him of his trousers, handling with evident delight the boy's private parts. He then tucked up his shirt under his waistcoat, leaving the whole of his belly, bottom, thighs, and his lovely prick exposed.

The master gazed with rapture, and Frank saw by the lump that suddenly appeared in his trousers that his cock was evidently standing erect and hard.

He then said. "Kneel on that sofa, and lean your arms on the head of it, I will it!"

Frank was intensely surprised to see the boy obey as though he were walking in his sleep.

The master took from an adjacent cupboard a birch and went to the head of the sofa, then leaning over the prostrate form of the boy commenced to flog him with it on his bottom and the inside of his thighs, but not severely.

He next unbuttoned his own trousers, and out sprang his prick in a state of glorious development, skinned and hard.

Frank could scarcely resist the inclination to rush in and beg to be allowed to suck it, but he refrained from fear and also lest his curiosity as to what was about to take place should be baulked.

The master spoke to the boy, "Raise your head, and take my prick in your mouth, and suck it till I spend."

The victim complied in the same mechanical manner.

The birching was now resumed, and as the master's excitement increased the blows fell heavier, the boy's bottom becoming red and inflamed.

He also commenced fucking the boy in the mouth, pushing himself backwards and forwards, when suddenly he dropped the birch, and seizing the boy's head forced his prick within his mouth as far as he could ram it, spent, saying with spasmodic gasps, "Swallow it all—my—spunk—shall—go down—your throat—if it—kills you."

When he withdrew his reeking cock, the spend was glistening in and around the boy's lips, but he had most undoubtedly swallowed nearly all but

a few drops.

The master now came to the side of the sofa, and passing his hand beneath the boy's belly, felt his lovely prick, but it was not stiff. He separated the thighs a little, and tickled his testicles, still it would not stiffen. He then skinned it, and stooping took the head between his lips. This had no better effect. He again commenced to birch him, stopping for a moment to rub his testicles and prick with eau de cologne.

The master's prick was again furiously erect, so throwing the birch down again he took a small pot of cold cream and produced an implement somewhat resembling an artificial prick (it was in fact a dildo), which he plentifully rubbed with the ointment, then taking more on his finger, approached the boy, and pressing apart the cheeks of his bottom, began to anoint the tight, wrinkled bumhole with it, gradually inserting his finger further and further inside. He then took the dildo, and applying it to the orifice, pushed it steadily in, until its entire length was buried in his anus; leaving it there he again examined the boy's prick, and was evidently delighted to find that at last it stood as stiffly as his own.

He then withdrew the dildo, and after rubbing his own prick with cold cream, knelt on the sofa behind the boy, and pointing the head of his cock at the well moistened orifice, pulling apart the buttocks with both hands, he eventually succeeded in penetrating the boy thoroughly. He next proceeded with both hands, which he passed in front of the boy's belly, and seized his glorious prick and balls, and while fucking him in the bottom, frigged him also, now stopping, and then again proceeding with rapidity, until at last the boy spent profusely, at the same moment that the master deposited within him his exhilarating emission.

Frank now passed on, fearing discovery, as the master had evidently finished for the present. He was puzzled at the mysterious manner in which

the boy seemed to have been rendered insensible, and the fact of a great prick perforating a bottom-hole also filled him with astonishment.

He resolved to make the attempt to achieve this latter result with this very boy, who slept in his dormitory, and try what it was like. And it may be added that he successfully carried his project into effect the same evening, to the great surprise and extreme delight of the boy, who had knowingly been operated on in a similar manner, probably on many occasions.

Shortly after this he spoke of the extraordinary power one being seemed to possess over another, making them unconscious, and then compelling them to obey their orders.

This was to a young student at a neighbouring college, with whom he had become intimate, even to the extent of frigging each other. This friend explained the theory and practice of mesmerism, and Frank soon found that he could also experimentalize successfully.

This young student was also an ardent voluptuary of the most pronounced type, and proposed that Frank should try if he could mesmerize his sister, a charming girl of about fifteen, who was staying with him for a few days, awaiting the arrival of her father. Frank's friend proposed they should go to a certain house, where he was in the habit of going, to try the experiment. It was, in fact, kept by a lady who allowed the strangest scenes of unbridled lust to be enacted there, the contemplation of which caused her the most exquisite delight.

They started at once, in company with his friend's sister, and on their arrival the lady ushered them into her drawing room (fully understanding that their visit was to afford her some of the usual voluptuous treats, which she always enjoyed so much), and Frank at once commenced to try his experiment on the Fräulein.

For some time no visible effect was produced, but at last her eyes appeared to dilate, then the eyelids drooped, and she seemed to sleep.

"Now, Frank," said his friend, "speak to her."

He did so, and to his delight he found that he had succeeded perfectly.

The student now told Frank that he must see him fuck her.

He started in amazement.

"Why she has never been touched! And I have never seen her cunt!"

"So much the better sport," replied his friend, "for I am determined you shall defile her in my presence here.

"Now, Frank," continued he, placing his hand on his prick and commencing to fondle it, "no one but ourselves can ever know anything about it. I am so anxious to see her naked body, and this darling prick penetrating it. I see you will," said he as he felt the cock rising under his caressing hand.

Frank was ready for anything. He approached her, unfastened her dress, discovered her rosy nipples tipping the snowy hills of her bosom. He fingered them in rapture, and they seemed to get so impudently hard that he could not resist the temptation of sucking the delicious little strawberries of love. But, his friend getting impatient, he proceeded to raise her dress in front, exhibiting a lovely little pink cunt, with scarcely a hair on it.

"I will assist you to undress her," said the brother, and lifting her on the couch she was soon naked in their hands.

Frank examined that deliciously tight little cunt; it was impossible to get even the point of his finger in.

"How can I fuck this?" said he.

"Nonsense!" said the brother. "Suck it and moisten it."

Frank did so, and from the writhing of the naked body of the beautiful girl, she was evidently enjoying it. Her brother then took his place and endeavored to force his tongue within. At last he arose, and said, "Frank, I fear you must place your prick between her thighs and spend there, she is so small and tight, and I will suck the head of your prick from the other side."

This was carried into effect, and after commanding her to dress, Frank succeeded in recovering her again, and they left the house.

This little incident had created in Frank's mind a mad desire to force his way into a virgin cunt, he revelling in the agony of his victim by anticipation, and on mentioning his desire to his friend, he said, "I will speak to a lady that I know very well."

This was the proprietress of the house they had visited with his sister. She had a girl of eighteen of French parentage who had been turned out of her home by brutal parents and was, in fact, utterly friendless.

Madame G—— had taken her in with delight, seeing that she would be able to do anything with her that her lewd fancies might devise, without fear or risk.

This was the victim fated to be tortured by Frank, the only condition being that Madame G—— should be present to see the whole proceeding, and thus have her share of the voluptuous feast.

On the following day Frank obtained permission to be absent until evening, and he accompanied his friend to the house in question.

They were ushered into a charming boudoir, where they found Madame G—— awaiting them. She was a pretty, plump woman, every feature betraying an intensely lascivious temperament. She was completely enveloped in a dressing gown of black velvet, which heightened the dazzling whiteness of her skin; her rosy little feet were encased in tiny little slippers, and her legs were evidently bare.

A soft warm air pervaded the room, and a fragrant and exciting perfume shed its influence around. The floor was covered with a thick velvet pile carpet; the chairs and a capacious couch were also covered with velvet and furnished with luxurious springs. In the centre of the room was a peculiar article of furniture, which bore the appearance of a St. Andrew's Cross, placed horizontally and supported by a massive pedestal, which at one end was cut away so as to correspond with the form of the cross at its lower extremity.

She rose and greeted them, embracing both most affectionately, and squeezed Frank so ardently against her that his prick stood immediately. Finding this to be the case she took his hand and placed it beneath her dressing gown; he shuddered on discovering that it was the only article that concealed her nakedness.

He pressed her belly amorously, and placing his hand at the junction of her thighs, discovered a most exquisite cunt and a clitoris erect and hard. She would not allow him to proceed further, as she only wished to see if he was sufficiently excited for the work he was intended to perform.

All sitting down, they partook of some Burgundy and literally devoured a collection of books, photographs, and pictures she placed before them. They

were of the most fearfully exciting character, representing lust and cruelty in every phase; the principal works being the Marquis de Sade's *Justine* and *Juliette*, in ten volumes, with their one hundred steel plates, also his *Philosophie dans le Boudoir* and other French works, besides English erotic books, such as *Fanny Hill*, *The Romance of Lust*, *Letters from Paris*, *Curiosities of Flagellation*, *Phoebe Kissagen*, *The New Epicurean*, and others too numerous to be mentioned.

When she saw they were both half frantic, she rose and rang the bell. In a few moments the door opened, and a remarkably beautiful girl entered.

"Sit down," said Madame G——, "I wish to speak to you."

She obeyed, evidently frightened at the sight of two strange young gentlemen.

Madame then locked the door, and placing the key on the mantelpiece, turned to their victim.

"Marie," said she, addressing the girl, "these two handsome young fellows are going to fuck you. Do you know what that means?"

The poor girl began to sob, and trembled from head to foot.

"Oh! Madame," said she, "have mercy! I am so terrified—pray let me go!"

"No," thundered her tormentor, "I will not. Your screams cannot be heard beyond this room, and I intend to gloat over your agonies, while you are tortured by all here. Seize her," she added, addressing Frank and his friend, who were evidently influenced by the same feelings of ungovernable lust.

They sprang up and held her fast.

"Undress her."

This they endeavored to do, but her struggles were such that they could not succeed.

Madame G—— now approached, and seizing her arms, held them as in a vise, and directed Frank's friend to hold her legs. Frank then tore open her dress, and throwing her on the floor, they succeeded by their joint endeavours in tearing it completely off. She was forcibly divested of her stays, petticoats, drawers, stockings, everything in fact, till at last she lay on the floor struggling and screaming in a perfectly nude condition.

"Lift her on the cross table," said Madame.

And with some difficulty they succeeded in extending their victim on her back, with her legs and arms stretched out on the four branches of the cross, and securely fixed in that position by concealed springs.

There lay her lovely naked form, every muscle convulsed by fear and outraged modesty.

Madame G—— then proceeded to suck her breasts and rub her belly and the inside of her thighs, directing Frank to fondle her cunt. This he obeyed delightedly, and then proceeded to suck it, causing her to struggle more and more, as in spite of all her fear and the shock to her modesty she was becoming excited, and in a few moments gave down a most copious spend.

This was the signal Madame was waiting for. "Now," she exclaimed, "your maidenhead shall be broken through—lost and destroyed!"

Frank and his friend stripped themselves to the buff, Madame also throwing off her only garment.

Acting on her instructions, Frank approached the lower end of the cross table, and placing himself between the victim's legs, placed the point of his prick just within the lips of her spending cunt, his friend taking up his station at the other end of the table with his rampant fiery cock just above the horrified face.

Madame, for her part, knelt on a prie-dieu, from the back of which protruded a dildo, which immediately entered her ready cunt to the very hilt, and leaning forward she recommended sucking and biting the tender nipples of her victim.

Frank now gave a brutal lunge, and excited to madness by the shrieks of agony and helpless struggles of the poor girl, was buried in her in a moment, his ruthless prick breaking or tearing through every maiden obstacle, till the virgin blood trickled over his testicles and down the crack of her bottom.

His friend now commenced to frig himself, and Madame G—— was also pushing furiously backwards and forwards on the dildo, as Frank now fucked the girl with deep and agonizing insertions of his prick.

The victim fainted from excess of pain and emotion, seeing which, Madame violently bit her bosom, and she recovered consciousness with a shriek of anguish, just as Frank spent within her lacerated body, and his friend inundated her face with the spunk that poured from his spending prick. At the same time Madame covered her dildo also with a prolific emission. This only increased the frenzy of her tormentors, and springing to their feet they eagerly agreed to Madame's suggestion to flog her.

Having reversed their victim so that she now lay on her belly, with a concealed dildo of immense size forcing itself up her cunt, they proceeded with three immense birch rods to carry this into effect, lashing her bottom,

loins, inside her thighs, and even the lips of her cunt, tightly distended around the huge dildo, till the hue of her skin was a burning scarlet.

Then desisting, Madame G—— took another dildo, and pulling wider apart the cheeks of that smarting bottom, thrust it into her convulsed and agonized bottom-hole with hellish force.

The victim's tortures were almost too great for human endurance.

"Now," Madame exclaimed, with the wild glare of a demoniac, "I will sit astraddle her waist, and Frank must do so also, facing me."

This was immediately carried into effect, Frank's prick entered the cunt in front of him with the greatest ease. Their violent up and down motions caused the dildo buried in the cunt of the almost crushed victim to fuck her.

"Faster, faster," shrieked Madame G——. "I'm coming—I'm coming—I'm spending!"

Their movements were fast and furious, and just as their spunk flowed with convulsive throbs, Frank's friend thrust two pins into the quivering buttocks of the victim, causing the most exquisite torture.

She moaned piteously, but this only excited her tormentors' devilish lusts to a greater extent, and joining each other on the couch, they enacted every device of lasciviousness, goaded by the spectacle of the suffering girl.

They sucked and frigged, spending over each other in every direction. Then getting up, Frank withdrew the dildo from the bottom-hole of the suffering girl, substituted his prick, which was slippery with spendings, and commenced to fuck her there, whilst his friend inserted his under one of her extended arms, so that the point rubbed against one of the nipples of her bosom.

Madame G——, not to be behind hand, again seated herself astraddle the victim's waist, and rubbing her opened cunt in the spendings that still remained on her back from the previous fucking that had taken place there, friggd herself thus, as Frank increased her excitement and pleasure by working his moistened finger in the wrinkled bum-hole she presented to his view, to her intense enjoyment.

They all spent at the same time, even the victim, who could not resist the effect of the dildo still within her cunt. She was now literally inundated with spunk, and utterly exhausted, as the others resumed their clothes.

It can easily be imagined that this extraordinary adventure corrupted Frank Etheridge's mind, and his madly lascivious temperament is no longer a matter of surprise to the reader.

To return to our story. A few days after Frank and Ethel had knowingly fucked, Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge were obliged to visit London, and the brother and sister resolved to utilise the occasion.

Frank, during the interim, had succeeded in gamahuching and fucking the housemaid who had visited his sister in her room on that memorable night.

He had prevailed on his sister to have her as a bedfellow, and enact every species of exciting lust and tribadism they could devise.

This was carried into effect, and Frank, from his post of observation at the crevice, saw them perfectly naked, lying on the outside of the bed, the housemaid being reversed above her mistress, while they were literally devouring each other's cunts.

He then descended, and softly entering the room, naked as he was, made a sign to his sister. She instantly clutched the body of the housemaid above her, so that she could not extricate herself from the position she was in.

Frank now approached; and having previously applied oil plentifully to his prick, he knelt over his sister's face, and with a sudden thrust forward, buried it within the bottom-hole of the astonished housemaid.

She screamed in alarm, but Ethel, raising her thighs, literally buried the girl's head between them and effectually stifled her cries.

Frank proceeded to push his prick in and out, as he revelled in this charming aperture, while his sister, abandoning for a moment the delicious cunt she was sucking, took his slippery balls in her mouth and rolled her tongue around them in such an exciting manner that he spent immediately, his spunk oozing out and flowing over the face of his delighted sister.

Mabel also emitted at the same moment, so that Ethel was almost choked.

Mabel was now ready enough to join in whatever they wished, and every species of ingenuity conceivable was brought into requisition, in order to minister to their mutual gratification.

At last Frank retired to his own room, sleeping soundly till late in the morning, when he awoke with such an awful cockstand and such a feeling of insatiable lust that he could scarcely put his prick out of sight in his trousers and make a decent appearance at the breakfast table.

He easily persuaded his sister to join him in a warm bath, which Mabel was ordered to prepare at once, and then when they had entered it she was

to lock herself in Ethel's bedroom so that the other servants might not by any accident discover what was taking place.

Entering the bath, they lay down side by side, and an exquisite feeling of languor overtook them.

Ethel's hand wandered over her brother's naked form beneath the water, and his was not idle.

Then rising, they stood facing each other, and slightly extending her thighs, her brother speedily placed his erect and throbbing prick within her. They commenced to fuck gently, fondling each other as they did so.

The convulsive spasms, however, speedily approached, and at the moment they mutually commenced to spend they sank down in the warm water. The beautiful warmth of the aromatic bath produced most delicious sensations flowing up their bottom-holes, as busy fingers worked excitedly to increase their lascivious abandon, while its action around their still more sensitive organs of generation caused them heavenly rapture.

The day before the return of their parents, Frank and Ethel were seated in the summer house mutually fondling each other's private parts, when Frank said that the desire he had long felt to see his mother's glorious nakedness, and if possible to fuck and gamahuche her, grew stronger every day, and he was resolved to try it by the aid of mesmerism.

Ethel, blushing deeply, was evidently much excited by the idea, and confessed that the same feeling with respect to her father had possessed her for some time.

"Then, my darling," continued her brother, "we will do it."

Mabel now entered, and stopped further conversation by friggling herself before them, while they also performed the same act for each other, after which they all returned to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge arrived the next day about one o'clock. They embraced their children with great warmth, but little imagined the libidinous feelings their endearments produced on their children.

It will be well, before relating what subsequently took place, to glance at Ethel's school experiences, in order to understand her lustful desires and warm temperament.

The school in Paris at which she was placed was conducted by a lady of tall stature, Juno-like form, and a manner which, outwardly mild, concealed beneath it the fire of raging lust, which she gratified in a peculiar manner.

She received Ethel most kindly, and kissing her affectionately, consigned her to the care of a young lady some three or four years older, who would be her special companion and share her bed.

She was afterwards introduced to the other young ladies, and at once felt thoroughly at home.

When they retired for the night, Ethel's companion, Minette, insisted on helping her to undress, and although from a natural feeling of shyness Ethel did not like it much, she did not wish to appear ill-natured or ungrateful, so she permitted it.

Minette managed in this operation, apparently by accident, to bring her hands in contact with Ethel's naked body as much as possible, which caused blushes to mantle her face, as she felt the contact of the soft, pulpy hand.

Ethel now got into bed, having first rendered similar assistance to Minette, who did not possess the shyness of her younger friend, but before putting on her nightdress completely bared her whole body before the eyes of Ethel, who was somewhat surprised to see such large prominent breasts and a profusion of hair covering her cunt.

She immediately embraced Ethel on getting into bed and endeavored to interlace their legs, which somewhat surprised the new pupil, and made her keep them close together, not knowing the meaning of such proceedings.

Before sleeping they lay apart, and Ethel, tired out as she was, speedily sank into a refreshing slumber.

She dreamt that every portion of her body was pervaded by the most delicious sensations, but could not conceive the cause, and when she awoke in the morning was surprised to find one of Minette's hands between her thighs, whilst another rested on her little breasts.

Her companion was asleep, or pretended to be so, and was entirely uncovered, the bed-clothes having slipped off. She was lying on her back, her legs widely extended, and her cunt moist, slightly open and occasionally twitching with a spasmodic throb, whilst she sighed gently and smiled in her sleep.

Ethel was possessed by a nameless sensation, and actuated by curiosity, ventured to look closer at the full-blown cunt, which seemed to rivet her gaze, and saw a little fleshy lump protruding from between the luscious-looking vermilion lips.

Struck with amazement, as she herself had nothing of the kind, she touched it gently with her fingers. It throbbed, and Minette sighed slightly,

and said, in a kind of subdued whisper, "Oh, do go on, rub your finger about, my darling Clara, it is so exquisite!"

She was evidently asleep, and imagined someone else was with her.

Ethel, hardly knowing what she was about, commenced to rub the little lump, and was surprised still more to find that Minette moved uneasily, opening and shutting her legs, till at last she heard a profound sigh, and Minette lay motionless.

Ethel felt a strange throbbing, and her finger was immediately wetted with a warm gush of thick creamy glutinous something which was emitted from the cunt of her bedfellow.

This so affected her that she withdrew her finger, and lay apart from her companion again.

Presently the sleeper awoke, and they dressed, Minette again insisting on various squeezings and fondlings, which now produced on Ethel a most strange effect, perfectly incomprehensible to her, whilst Minette seemed also intensely excited.

However, they descended to breakfast without any further adventure, except that another pupil, Mademoiselle Rosalie, a frolicsome blonde, handed Ethel on the sly a piece of poetry in English, which she pretended she could not read herself but which might perhaps interest "la belle Anglaise."

Ethel put the printed slip away in her bosom, and afterwards read at her leisure as follows, a very comical parody:

PITY THE SORROWS

(Parody on Pratt's "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," Annual Register 1770, page 222)

Pity the sorrows of a fat young wife,
Whose youth and vigour make her pine the more!
Whose bounding pulse with hot desire is rife,
O give relief, and heaven shall bless your store!

These rosy cheeks, my bursting youth bespeak,
These beaming eyes proclaim my ardent quim,
But O! my husband is so cold and weak,
I might be dead, and buried too, for him!

My widow'd sister Mary pines like me,
But while he liv'd, her husband was a man!
My married sister Lucy smiles to see,
How oft I'm baffled since my hopes began!

I will not, cannot tell, for very shame,
All that is wanting to the married state,
To be a wife in nothing but the name,
Is a most wretched, miserable fate!

Though chaste in heart, and willing to be chaste,
What virtue can withstand the waltz's whirl?
Tom, Jack, or Harry's arm about my waist,
Belly to belly throbbing, boy with girl!

To sup on partridges and to drink champagne,
Stirs my hot blood to fever's ardent glow,
And then the waltzing round and round again,
Drives me quite mad! O what, what can I do?

I'd willingly be wise and chaste, God knows!
But O, it drives me wild with amorous pain,
To feel the embracing arms of waltzing beaux,
To meet the piercing glance of charming men!

O, tell me, have I err'd? Impart the truth!
My inmost heart is open to conviction,
Deeper, O deeper still, dear vigorous youth,
O, give me every inch of thine erection!

Pity the sorrows of a fat young wife,
All, all my sins are lying at your door,
Bestow on me the biggest joys in life,
Oh, give relief, and heav'n shall bless your store!

Our school-girl was more perplexed than ever by this effusion: what was that something always required by blooming young wives or widows so

mysteriously hinted at in the lines as she read them over and over again to herself?

At the close of their morning studies Madame Cul addressed her pupils and stated that Mademoiselle Rosalie had not completed her French exercises to her satisfaction, and as she could not allow idleness and carelessness to exist in her establishment, she would be birched in the presence of the whole school after luncheon.

Ethel stared in amazement, but Minette lovingly placed her arm round her waist and whispered, "It is the custom here, but you will soon get used to it, and even enjoy the sight."

According, before the commencement of afternoon studies, Madame Cul entered the schoolroom, followed by two well-formed but muscular and strong housemaids, and when all were assembled, said, "Mademoiselle Rosalie, come here and take off everything except your chemise, shoes and stockings. The maids will assist you to do so."

The poor girl advanced tremblingly, for she had not long entered the establishment, and this was but her second birching.

When she was divested of her dress Madame Cul directed one of the housemaids to assist her in getting on the other one's back, where she was securely held by the hands, the servant acting as horse, having her firmly gripped by each wrist, whilst the other strong young woman was directed to hold the victim's legs well apart.

Ethel gazed as if fascinated by the pretty and luscious sight presented to her view; it was so exciting to see Rosalie, who was about sixteen, with an exquisitely fair complexion, her face flushed with shame, with deep blue eyes brimful of tears, just ready to run down the crimson cheeks, as

Madame Cul raised first her skirts, which brought to view the poor girl's pretty legs, dressed in most interesting boots, white silk stockings, and delicately trimmed drawers.

The poor girl seemed to quiver all over with emotion, as she first sobbed and then cried for mercy in a most piteous broken voice, "Oh, Madame, do pray punish me in private as you did at first. Ah, no, no! I can't bear the shame of their all seeing my poor naked bottom."

"Silly girl, hold that whimpering noise, you deserve all this disgrace, did I not tell you how I would punish you before the whole school next time?" said Madame, evidently with some excitement, as she opened the girl's drawers behind, and pinned up the tail of her chemise with all the rest of the impedimenta round the victim's waist, till at last they had a very fair view of Rosalie's lovely little pink-lipped cunt, upon which the incipient growth of soft down was only just beginning to be perceptible, and another delightful item displayed to view was her tight wrinkled little bum-hole, set in a frame of soft-tinted delicate brown, beautifully in contrast with the snowy whiteness of the well-developed buttocks.

Madame now raised the birch with which she was provided, and commenced to lash the bottom so invitingly exhibited, increasing the severity of her cuts as she went on. Then resting a little she seemed to watch with much satisfaction the wriggling of the fair penitent, the cheeks of whose bottom were a fiery red.

When she recommenced, the birching was directed to the inside of the victim's thighs, and even on the lips of that delicately pink little cunt, with light smart touches, evidently intended to inflame the parts rather than cut them up.

Rosalie, her dark eyes now full of sensuous humidity, her face burning scarlet, alternately sobbed and cried as she commenced afresh to struggle wildly, so that the servants with all their strength could scarcely hold the plunging victim.

Madame Cul stopped the punishment, and to Ethel's intense surprise, she saw Rosalie's bottom-hole open and shut, whilst the throbbing lips of her cunt emitted a thick, whitish-looking liquid, which oozed forth in spasmodic gushes.

"Enough! She spends, the lewd girl; it only shows the prurient ideas girls must have when my birching affects them in such a sensual manner. Fie for shame, Mademoiselle Rosalie, what have you done?" exclaimed Madame, as she sank into a chair and seemed ready to faint herself, whilst the humidity of her eyes seemed the very counterpart to that sensuous look in her victim.

Recovering herself in a few moments, she directed them to release Rosalie, and then left the room.

During this extraordinary scene Minette had placed her hand behind Ethel and squeezed the cheeks of her bottom, also endeavoring to force it between her thighs as well as she could, considering how the intervening dress hindered this operation. Nevertheless our innocent novice could not help opening her legs a little, and felt a strange indescribable sensation of pleasure.

The other girls were moving restlessly on their seats and, in fact, were using dildoes concealed under their drapery.

When Minette and Ethel retired for the night, the former complained of the heat, and suggested that they should sleep without any covering or night

dresses, and by way of example got into bed in a state of perfect nudity.

Ethel, not wishing to be thought prudish or ill-natured, first extinguished the light, and then threw off her chemise. Joining her companion bedfellow also quite naked, they embraced each other warmly and Minette, placing her hand on Ethel's bottom, forced their cunts together. She trembled from head to foot, but when Minette asked her to squeeze her in a similar manner, she did so at once, and did not resist the insertion of one of her fair thighs between her own.

Minette now kissed her furiously, thrusting her tongue into Ethel's mouth, causing her to feel the most extraordinary sensations.

"Ethel, my darling," she said, "what did you think of Rosalie's birching, has she not got an exquisite bottom and pussy? Was it not awfully exciting when it throbbed?"

At the same time she gently placed her hand on Ethel's cunt, and commenced to suck one of her nipples, whilst one finger was titillating her companion's incipient clitoris, which, although so small as to be scarcely visible, was tremendously sensitive to these tender and lascivious touches by such an experienced tribade.

"Oh, oh, pray don't, you make me feel so sick—so odd—I tremble all over—I can't say how I feel—and yet—yet—," said Ethel in a whisper, hardly knowing what to do as she struggled to get away a little from her rude bedfellow.

This only excited Minette the more, as she held the young girl firmly in her embrace, redoubling her ardent caresses, which seemed to send such a thrill of exquisite warmth through Ethel's entire frame that she was powerless to resist such seducing endearments.

Minette was not slow to take advantage of her conquest. Reversing her position all of a sudden, she forced her head between Ethel's thighs and commenced to suck her cunt, plunging her amorous velvety-tipped tongue in as far as it would go, or biting the little clitoris in such a way that her companion was almost mad with a feeling she could not yet fully understand.

She again struggled to release herself, but it was in reality only a semblance of resistance—the last faint protest of her modest nature before thoroughly surrendering herself to all the voluptuous games of Minette.

At last her head fell back, her throbbing cunt was raised to meet those warm, loving kisses, and then for the first time in her life, she really spent—and fainted.

When she recovered she threw herself into Minette's arms, saying, "Oh, I have indeed been in heaven. What did you do to make me feel so?"

Her bedfellow hastened to fondle her again, and before another hour had passed they were mutually frigging, gamahuching, and spending amid cries of delight. In fact, Ethel was thoroughly taught every pleasure possible to tribadism.

The following day another girl was birched in school, and at night Minette proposed to Ethel that they should go into the next dormitory, after the lights were extinguished, and see what was going on, as the birched girl slept there.

They did so, and Ethel stood spellbound.

Twelve girls, of ages varying from ten to sixteen, were all lying in a confused heap on two of the beds that had been placed close together, and

they were sucking, frigging, and fucking each other with dildoes.

Minette rushed to the bed and speedily mingled with the spending mass of girlhood, whilst Ethel, utterly unable to resist the impulse, ran forward also to the birched girl and was soon sucking her cunt, whilst other girls sucked her nipples or excited her almost to madness by working their fingers in her sensitive bottom-hole. After exhausting themselves with every kind of lubricity, they returned to their own room.

The next morning Ethel felt so fatigued she could not complete the task assigned her in school.

As she was leaving for recreation Madame Cul called her to one side, and said: "You have incurred punishment by your neglect, but as you are evidently in a rather nervous state, I will inflict it in my bedroom. Come to me immediately after afternoon studies."

At the appointed time Ethel tremblingly sought Madame Cul's bedroom.

The schoolmistress, after locking the door, proceeded to assist her in removing all her clothes. When this was accomplished she directed her to lie on a velvet couch that was covered with cushions. This she did, and Madame Cul adjusted her in such a manner that while lying on her belly one of the velvet cushions lay between her extended thighs.

She now commenced to birch her with light stinging cuts that, although not apparently heavy enough to break or lacerate her delicate skin, had such a smarting effect that Ethel felt she must scream to relieve the pain. This was presently succeeded by a warm voluptuous glow that sent a tremor through her whole frame. She felt as though she wanted to pee, and yet that did not seem the reason of her strange sensations.

As the birching proceeded, Madame occasionally placed her hand on the bottom of the penitent, which tended so to increase Ethel's excitement that, wildly squeezing the cushion between her thighs, she spent copiously.

Madame, delighted to see what had happened, lifted her own skirts and with a few insertions of her finger produced the same result on herself.

When she had recovered she ordered Ethel to rise, then pretending to notice the moisture on the pillow, asked her what she had been doing.

Poor Ethel blushed scarlet, and looked awfully distressed.

"Come here, my darling," Madame said, "let me see what has been the matter with you," and she took her across her knees, extending her on her back.

She examined her cunt, pressed and rubbed her belly, squeezed her nipples between her fingers till they grew quite impudently erect, inserted her finger in Ethel's cunt, and commenced to frig the agitated girl luxuriously, making her toss about in such extasy that, when spending again, Madame could scarcely hold her, so violent were her contortions.

(Madame's finger entered easily, but she made no remark, for she knew full well that the entrance had been forced by Minette's finger—which was, in fact, the case.)

After this Ethel was initiated into every means of procuring sensual pleasure that Sapphism could teach, but it was not until her return home, and the subsequent meeting with her brother, that she actually felt the real delight of a prick inside her (which no substitutes can ever equal), although she knew all that man could do unto her.

It will be seen, therefore, that by reason of her school experiences she was well prepared for any species of lechery which her brother might venture to propose.

In the course of a few days Mr. Etheridge was compelled again to visit the neighbouring town where he would be detained till the next day.

Thus the opportunity came at last for which Frank had been waiting. At dinner he plied his mother with Burgundy (of which she was very fond) to the greatest possible extent, without raising her suspicions, whilst he literally devoured her with his gaze.

Later in the evening, she sat in a large easy chair and seemed to be getting drowsy. Frank said, "As we shall scarcely require anything else to-night, may the servants go to bed, Mamma?"

She assented, and after the order had been given, Frank, looking triumphantly towards his sister, seriously commenced his attempt to mesmerize his own mother. At first she involuntarily resisted his efforts, but at length she succumbed, and as her head fell on her shoulder he openly made the necessary passes, and she speedily became entirely at his mercy.

"Now, Ethel," said he, "I will gratify my passion."

He approached his mother. She was in evening dress and her lovely bobbies were half visible, and from the semirecumbent position in which she lay every outline of her form could be clearly seen.

Her son first carefully raised those deliciously firm bobbies completely above her dress, then sucking one motioned to his sister to do the same with the other.

Mrs. Etheridge sighed slightly and slid further down in her chair.

Frank then knelt in front of her, and his sister helping him, they gradually raised their Mamma's dress in front, till they had a full view of the splendid legs and thighs of their maternal parent—the former cased in pink silk stockings, with the swelling thighs filling out her drawers and making them look deliciously tight. Placing his hand within the slit in front he pulled aside the chemise, and gently extending her legs to their widest, he placed her feet on two chairs, and they now had a full view of that glorious cunt from which they both had come. It was beautifully shaded with hair, not too large, and between the moist lips he saw her divine clitoris, hard and erect.

After gazing for a moment, he rubbed it gently with his finger. Mamma again sighed, and slid still further forwards. Now taking from his pocket a dildo (which he had previously charged), he gradually inserted it in his mother and pushed it gently backwards and forwards. The lips clung lovingly to it, his mother's breathing became hurried, her bubbles heaved under the caressing fingers of her daughter, and with a tremendous spasm that convulsed every muscle of her body, she spent, just as Frank pressed the spring and injected the contents of the dildo into her. Immediately removing the instrument and substituting his tongue, he drained every drop of spend that she emitted.

While he was thus occupied Ethel had stretched herself on the floor, and having released his bursting cock, was receiving within her mouth the spendings of her brother.

After gloating for some time over the sight of his mother's relaxed cunt, he suddenly placed her legs over his shoulders and raised her body in such a manner that his prick was opposite her bottom-hole. He, after his sister had rubbed some of the spunk within its wrinkled orifice, prepared for an

enculade. Ethel meanwhile was gamahuching her mother's delicious cunt and being frigged by her brother.

Gradually Frank pushed his way within his Mamma's delightful fundament, which contracted and throbbed upon his tremendously excited prick, so that he at once spent in an agony of lust. His sister, equally maddened by the thoughts of her brother's incest and the voluptuous workings of his fingers on the lips of her cunt and clitoris, also emitted at the same time with a scream of rapture.

Then not to be outdone by her brother she made him withdraw his prick, which remained enormously stiff, and literally devoured it with her lips, sucking every drop of spend, etc., which still oozed from the fiery-looking head of his affair, and then pointing it to that divine maternal cunt she made him plunge in there and fuck Mamma properly and thoroughly, whilst she was sucking and tickling his balls in order to increase his enjoyment.

"Mamma, dear," said Frank, withdrawing his prick after another ecstatic spend, "do you know what you are doing?"

She answered immediately, "Yes, my darling children, your delicious fucking and gamahuching have made me feel all the delights of heaven itself."

Yet her eyes were closed, and there was no doubt of her being still under the mesmeric influence.

"Is there anything else you would like, dear Mother?" asked Frank.

"I should like to suck my dear boy's prick, whilst Ethel frigs me again," she murmured.

Frank at once presented his half-stiffened cock to his mother's lips, whilst Ethel, kneeling down between the maternal thighs, rolled her lascivious tongue in delight round that splendid clitoris and within the serrated nymphae which guarded the entrance to the temple of love, whilst her nose revelled amongst the beautiful chevelure of a most glorious mons Veneris, and inhaled all the sweet odours of that Cytherian region, which always has maddening effects on the votaries of gamahuching.

She was too occupied with her tongue to frig her mother's cunt, but postilioned her luxuriously with two fingers in her bottom-hole; Mamma all the while was sucking the prick and caressing the balls of her son, as he fucked her in the mouth.

At last they were too exhausted to carry their ideas any further for the time, and having wiped their mother and removed every trace of her defilement—and allowed a little time for the blood to cool in their veins—she was placed in her former position in her chair, her dress readjusted, and then Frank, with a few passes, brought her back to consciousness, after which they all soon retired to rest.

The following day at lunch time Mr. Etheridge returned home; but Mrs. Etheridge did not appear, having a severe headache, doubtless (although she knew it not) the result of the operations of her children on her body the previous evening.

It was a lovely afternoon, and Mr. Etheridge proposed a walk, to which his children readily assented.

After strolling about for upwards of an hour they directed their steps to the summer house, of which mention has been before made.

Both Frank and Ethel had been more than usually affectionate in their manner to their father this particular afternoon, and the latter had more than once brushed accidentally with the back of her head against the front of her father's trousers, and on the last occasion distinctly felt his prick, which was evidently in a slightly turgid state, and his trousers also slightly projected in the most interesting place.

Ethel's breath shortened and her voice was slightly thick and husky with a strange tremulousness in its tone, as she felt a curious and unnatural sensation stealing over her that she could not define even in her own thoughts.

Frank also seemed strangely excited, and occasionally pressed his sister's bobbies behind his parent's back. He also took every opportunity of pressing against his father.

When they sat down to rest Ethel noticed that her father appeared drowsy, and he lay down on the couch. Presently his eyes closed, and he seemed in a deep sleep. On looking towards her brother she saw he was making the mesmeric passes with his hands.

In a few moments he rose, and approaching his sister, said, "My darling, Papa is now entirely unconscious of what he does, and entirely under my control; we will secure the door, and then you shall suck the author of your being till his noble prick spends in your mouth."

He appeared almost mad, and Ethel remained for the moment almost spellbound—her feelings were too much for her.

"Now, Ethel," continued her brother, "you can do what you wish, do not lose time!"

Aroused by his words, she approached her father and knelt down by the side of the couch. He was lying on his back, with his thighs slightly separated. Taking hold of his legs she gently extended them still further, and his prick could be seen reposing on his left thigh.

Ethel tremblingly unfastened the buttons from waist to fork; then, gently removing his shirt, she saw before her her father's lovely prick. It was an exquisite object, purely white, streaked with delicate blue veins, the loose skin almost covering the head of it. His balls were hanging gracefully beneath, and fine silky hair surrounded the whole of his privates.

She touched the prick, and even ventured to place her fingers round it; and as she did so its substance increased. She gently pushed the skin up and down, it throbbed and grew harder and stiffer every moment, till at last it was proudly erect, standing against his spotless belly, as white as ivory and as hard as a bar of iron.

She lay her cheek lovingly on his thigh and kissed the point of it, and then took it between her lips, while with her fingers she tickled his balls, which were now hard and tight in their receptacle.

Frank now knelt behind his sister, and having raised her clothes, he separated her legs and soon ascertained that her cunt was delightfully moist and hot. Bringing his prick to the mark, he slowly inserted it, and then pushed gently backwards and forwards.

His sister took more of the paternal priapus in her mouth, and pushing her head to and fro, frigg'd it deliciously by the double action of her lips and tongue. She grew more and more excited in her gamahuching as the motions of Frank's prick stirred all the lubricity of her nature, till suddenly Mr. Etheridge's lips parted with a deep-drawn sigh, the muscles of his belly

hardened, and he spent in the mouth of his daughter, who also simultaneously received her brother's balmy emission in her cunt.

As the spending prick left the mouth of the gamahucher, Frank, withdrawing, took his sister in his arms, and thrusting his tongue into her mouth, they greedily enjoyed their father's spendings with which it was filled, as their hands mutually groped each other's prick and cunt.

Papa still lay on his back, his prick moist and glistening. Frank now seized the limp affair of his parent, and bringing his person close to his father, rubbed the head of the parental prick against that of his own. This immediately stiffened him again, and Frank directed Ethel to stand on the couch with her legs straddled over her father. She gradually stooped till the point of the great and glorious prick was at the entrance to her cunt, then with Frank's assistance it was guided into the lustful gap, she stooping lower and lower, till it penetrated her to the quick.

Her brother placed his hands under the cheeks of her bottom and jumped her up and down, till he saw by the contraction of his father's balls, and the immense increase of stiffness in the shaft of his prick, that he was about to spend again. Then he placed his head between his sister's thighs behind and with his tongue licked his father's balls and the lips of his sister's cunt, frigging himself at the same time.

When father and daughter spent, their joint spendings oozed out over his face and drove him frantic with enjoyment; then lifting his sister down, he made her suck his prick, which had just emitted, till it was stiff again, and then placing her on the floor he fucked her savagely, to her great delight in the excited state she then was, while he also frigged his father's cock till it came again in a copious spend.

They now removed all traces of what had happened; Frank then willed his father to awake, which he did. And looking round vacantly, he said, "Dear children, I fear I have been to sleep, the fresh air does tire me so," as he little thought of the real reason of his peculiar feelings of fatigue.

Frank, now perfectly sure that father, mother, and sister were entirely amenable to his influence, was determined to gratify his lusts to the full, and with the aid of Ethel he counted on carrying out his intentions.

In addition to gratifying their licentious appetites in the manner already related, they also sought new excitements by utilizing certain animals on the farm. Ethel would frig a bull or a goat, and when milking a favorite cow, would suddenly persuade Frank to lift her in his arms, where she would lay extended on her back, and raising her clothes, would frig herself with the cow's teats, the milk from which would flow into her ravenous cunt to be afterwards sucked out by her brother.

Frank would also stealthily approach a goat and raise the animal's hind legs; Ethel would put cold cream on its cunt for him and insert her brother's prick, who would then, utterly regardless of the cruelty he inflicted, force his cock in and spend there.

At last another idea occurred to them.

They were sitting after dinner when Frank quietly mesmerized both father and mother and then asked Ethel to dismiss the servants for the night.

They amused themselves by playing with their parents' private parts for awhile, and then Frank willed them to go to their bedroom. This they

immediately did. Brother and sister left them for a short time, retiring to their own rooms, and returned quite naked.

Their parents now mechanically divested themselves of every article of clothing, in obedience to the will of their son, whilst Frank also willed the housemaid Maud to come into the room naked. This girl, under his influence, first approached Mrs. Etheridge and sucked her bubbles, then her cunt till she spent, after which she did the same with the prick of her master, while Frank and Ethel gamahuched her bottom-hole and cunt to stimulate her lasciviousness; then she was sent back to her room.

Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge began to fondle, and after struggling a little together on the bed, Mamma was pulled onto her husband, and they commenced a most luscious St. George.

Heavens! What a sight for their incestuous son and daughter! With greedy eyes and bated breath, they watched that lovely prick appear and disappear within the loving cunt above it. Now the paroxysm of spending approached, and their voluptuous furor increased—it was simply maddening.

Frank and Ethel rushed forwards and with their hands assisted their beloved parents to experience the utmost possible enjoyment attainable, which they undoubtedly did, literally screaming with pleasure, as the spunk came forth in prolific streams.

Frank now determined to run a great risk in allowing his parents to know what was going on.

First directing his sister to lie on her back on the bed, with extended thighs, he willed his father to lie on her and himself placed his prick within her cunt. Then his mother (under his influence) lay on her back, on the bed

by Ethel's side, and Frank, excitedly mounting upon her, buried his prick within the moist and juicy folds of the delicious cunt that gave him birth.

As they were all four approaching the divine climax, Frank dissolved the mesmeric charm and allowed both father and mother to realise the situation at a moment when it would be impossible for them to resist the impulses of their carnal nature.

Mr. Etheridge gave a cry of horror, and Mamma screamed with fright, but Ethel held her father in a convulsive embrace, her erotic fury making her at the moment as strong as a lioness, whilst Frank for his part thrust so vigorously at his mother that, in spite of their horror at the incestuous situation, they all spent simultaneously.

It would be impossible to describe the sense of shame that overcame the poor parents; they seemed to think they were still under the influence of some horrible dream, an idea which their children did their best to foster, whilst they were delighted by the sight of their father's fine prick stiffening again of itself, from the mere thought of having enjoyed his daughter.

Presently Ethel and her brother glided noiselessly from the room, but remained just outside the door to peep and listen. In a moment or two Mr. Etheridge threw himself upon his wife in a perfect transport of lust, exclaiming, "What a dream to fancy I've been fucking Ethel, and what joys she gave me! I feel, dear, as randy as if I had been away from you for six months!"

"How curious," sighed Mrs. Etheridge, "that I am also excited by having been dreaming the same thing about dear Frank! Ah, how fine, stiff, and hot your love of a prick is, my dear, and as moist as if you had really had the girl. Put it into me quick, love, and I'll fancy you really are Frank. I'm excited enough to do the real thing at this moment!"

"For shame, wife," responded Mr. Etheridge, "it's an awful sin even to think about, and yet they do say the great Napoleon used to fuck his own sisters and aunts, and considered he had a right to enjoy himself as he pleased."

"Besides," continued Mrs. Etheridge, "there's the case of Lot and his daughters, and no doubt they were thought quite as respectable as ever by their acquaintances afterwards. In fact, they must have told about it for Moses to have known how to write the tale, and he could not have been very horrified at the incest, as he makes no mention of its being discontinued by Lot when he found it out. And then, you know, the ancient kings of Egypt always preferred to marry their mothers or sisters."

Further remarks were stopped by the necessities of their amorous combat, so brother and sister retired, fully satisfied that their parents would soon be as easy as themselves with regard to incestuous intercourse with their children.

Next day Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge appeared greatly distressed and hardly able to look Frank and Ethel in the face, but in the course of a few days this all wore off. Their equanimity returned, and whether owing to the mysterious influence of mesmerism or otherwise, they afterwards willingly enacted every species of licentiousness with their own children.

One day Frank and Ethel related to their parents their experiences at college and school. Mr. Etheridge was so inflamed at the tale of the professor sodomizing the boy with the big prick that he declared he should never rest until Frank had procured him the same pleasure.

"Let me see," he said, "if I can think of a handsome, finely developed youth, who we can invite here some day for you to experimentalize upon.

Yes, there's young Harry Mortimer. He has got a fine looking lump in his trousers—a perfect Adonis—I've often longed to handle his cock."

"You old sinner," laughed his wife, "I always thought you a strictly moral man. And to think your ideas ever ran in such a beastly course. I, too, must confess, now Frank's mesmerism has made us all free with one another, how hard it has often been for me to retain my reputation as a chaste wife. Why there's Dr. Stoker, our rector, who has tried me dozens of times, and once actually showed me his fine tool when we were alone in the drawing room. What a beauty it was! I almost fainted with desire."

"Ah," said Ethel, "that's nothing to what he did with me, when I had to go to the rectory to prepare for confirmation. I was always alone with him. He used to laugh and tell me that religion was all humbug, he himself only followed and preached it as his trade, to get a good living. He would draw me on his lap, put his hands up my clothes, and tell me my cunny would soon have a crop of beautiful soft hair on it. And one day he threw me back and kissed my cunt till I fainted, and when I came round my clothes were up to my waist, and he was standing between my legs as they hung over the side of the sofa and frigging himself so as to spend all over my belly, and after all would not let me go home till I had kissed and handled his cock. That was just before you sent me off to Madame Cul's school and no doubt all helped to make Minette's touches so awfully exciting when she began to seduce me with her wanton games."

"We'll have a game with him, Frank, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Etheridge. "My idea now is that we may all do what we like to enjoy ourselves, only damn all jealousy. I'm a regular Communist now! Well, when I ride out tomorrow I will call and ask Harry to spend an early day with you."

"Have you found anything worth reading to us yet, Frank?" asked his Mamma.

"Yes, a little bit about the quarrels of the goddesses in heaven. It is an old volume of the writings of the 'London Spy.' Here it is," said Frank, taking up a book:

POEM

A health Jove began to the best end of Juno, By which they had often been
"Junctus in Uno," The bowl went about with much simp'ring and winking,
Each God lick'd his lips, at the health he was drinking; Whilst Venus and
Pallas look'd ready to rave, That her Goddessship's scut should such
preference have; The bowl being large, hoping the rather Their amiable
rumps might have swam altogether. Thus both being vex'd, Venus swore by
her power, The nectar had something in't, made it drink sowre: Which
Pallas confirm'd by her shield and her sword, And vow'd 'twas as musty
besides as a T——d But Juno perceiving 'twas out of ill-nature, That Venus
and Pallas abus'd the good creature, Because to her Peacock, precedence
was given, As the best and finest fledg'd bird in the Heaven; Insinuating
under a wink and a snicker, As if the good health had corrupted the liquor:
And finding they'd cast this reflection upon her, In Juno 'twas justice to
stand by her honour: Who raising her bum from her seat in a passion, To
Venus and Pallas she made this oration: "Pray Goddesses! What do you
mean, I beseech it, To basely reflect on my Tippet-de-wichet? I know by
your smiles, leering looks, and your winks, And your items and jeers, you'd
insinuate it stinks: Dispraising the nectar, well knowing you meant, That a
health to my Tw——t gave the juice an ill scent. Nay, laugh if you please,
for I know I'm extreamly To blame, thus to blurt out a word so unseemly.
But all know the proverb, wherein it is said, That a What is a What, and a
Spade is a Spade; And now I'm provok'd, for a truth I may tell it, Tho' as red

as a fox, yet it smells like a vi'let. By Jove I'll be judge, if I am not as sweet, I may say, as a primrose, from head to my feet. And he, you may swear, who's my husband and lover, Has kist me, and felt me, and smelt me all over, And if he can say an ill scent does arise, From my ears, or my armpits, my c——t, or my thighs, Like rotten old Cheshire, low Vervane or Ling, And altho' I'm goddess, I'll hang in a string. Your self, Lady Fair, that arose from the sea, Sure will not presume to be fragrant as me: The spark that has laid at your feet all his trophies, Has smelt you sometimes strong as pickl'd anchovies: But what if he has, were you ranker and older, You'd be e'en good enough for a smith or a soldier." These words put the Goddess of Love in a fire, And make her look redder than Mars that was by her. "My beauty," said Venus, "obtain'd the Gold Apple." "Mine A——s Kiss," says Juno, "you shall have a couple. I'd have you to know, Queen of Sluts, I defie you, And all you can say, or the bully that's by you. And as for that Tomboy that boasts she can wield, In quarrels and brangles, her lance and her shield, That never yet tasted the heavenly blessing, But always lov'd fighting, much better than kissing: I know she'd be glad to be ravish'd by force, By some lusty God, that's as strong as a horse. But who'd be so forward, unless he was tipsie, To choose for a miss, such a masculine gipsie? A termagant dowdy, a nasty old maid; Who flights copulation, as if she was spay'd: Which makes me believe, that under her bodice, She wants the dear gem, that's the pride of a Goddess." Now Pallas, enrag'd at so high a reflection, Cry'd out, "I thank Jove, I am made in perfection, And ev'ry thing have, from a hole to a hair, Becoming the Goddess of Wisdom and War; As Paris well knew, when he took a survey, Of those parts where a Goddess's excellence lay; Who strok'd it and smil'd, when my legs he had parted, And peep'd till I thought his poor eyes would have started. Then licking his lips, did aver to be true, I was each way as full well accomplish'd as you. Indeed, Madam Juno, I'll therefore be plain, If ever I hear these reflections again: I vow as a Goddess, and no mortal sinner, I shall have no patience, but handle

your pinner." With that the Great Jupiter rose up in hot anger, And looking on Pallas, was ready to bang her. "Pox take ye," says he, "is your scolding a lecture, That ought to be preach'd o'er a bowl of good nectar? To drink we came hither, to sing and be civil; As gods, to be merry, and not play the devil. Why, mortals on earth, that live crowded in allies, As laundresses, porters, poor strumpets and bullies; When got o'er a gallon of belch, or a sneaker Of punch, could not wrangle more over their liquor. And you that are Goddesses, thus to be squabbling, As if you were bred up to scow'ring and dabbling! And all for a fig, or a fart, or a feather, Or some silly thing that's as trivial as either! For shame, my Fair Goddesses, bridle your passions, And make not in heaven such filthy orations About your bumfiddles; a very fine jest! When the heavens all know, they but stink at the best. Tho' ye think you much mend with your washes the matter, And help the ill-scent with your orange flower water; But when you've done all, 'tis but playing the fool, And like stifling a T——d, in a cedar close stool: Besides, Gods of judgment have often confest That the natural scent without art is the best." The Goddesses all, at these sayings, took snuff, And rose from their seats in a damnable huff: Their frowns and their blushes, they mingled together, And went off in a passion, I do not know hither.

"Here's another fine burlesque poem I'll read, if you don't mind," continued Frank, "it's called 'Vulcan and Venus.'"

VULCAN AND VENUS

Says Vulcan to Venus, "Pray where have you been?" "Abroad," cries the Goddess, "to see and be seen." "I fear," says the blacksmith, "you lead an ill

life, Tho' a Goddess, I doubt you're a bitch of a wife." "Why, how now," cries Venus, "altho' you're my spouse, If you bitch me, you brute, have a care of your brows; Why sure you don't think, I, the Goddess of Beauty, By dint of ill language, will prove the more true t'ye; Be civil, you'd best, or I vow by my placket, I'll make the god Mars bastinado your jacket!" "Are you there with your bears?" Smung replies to his Hussey. "Does Mars still refresh your old Furbilo, does he; I feel by my forehead a coat that is scarlet, Of all kinds of baits, is the best for a harlot; For beauty, I find, as 'tis commonly said, Will nibble like fish at a rag that is red; But Hussey, tell me any more of your Mars, And I'll run a hot bar in your Goddessship's arse; I fear not your threats, there's a fart for your bully, No whore in the Heavens shall make me her cully!" "You run a hot bar in my bum," quoth the dame, "Its a sign you've a mighty respect for the same; If your love be so little as to abuse it, I'll keep it for those who know better to use it; I'm certain no Goddess that values her honour, Would bear the indignities you put upon her, And not from that minute resolve out of spite, To improve your old horns till they hang in your light." "You're an impudent slut," cries the smung at his bellows, "And I the unhappiest of all marry'd fellows: I know you have made me a ram, I have seen it, I catch'd you, you Whore, in the critical minute, Fast lock'd in the arms of your lecherous God, Whilst his brawny posteriors went niddity nod; And you, like a Slut, lay as pleased and contented, As if every joint of your body consented; Altho' when you found you were spy'd by your buck, Then you struggl'd and strove like a pig that is stuck, And dismounting your God, would have made your escape, But I saw by your actions it could be no rape; Tho' when you first heard, by my patting-shoe tread, My approach to your Whoreship's adulterous bed, I know you'd have flown with your coats and your bodice, And afterwards vow'd 'twas some other lewd Goddess; But my net was too strong, it prevented your flying, And so put a stop to your swearing and lying. Besides, that the Gods might behold what a Slut Of a Beautiful Queen they

amongst them had got, I call'd 'em about, that their Honours might stand,
And be pimps to your Goddessship's bus'ness in hand, That in case you the
truth shou'd hereafter deny, I might call the whole Heavens to witness you
lie." "And what did you get?" cries the amorous dame, "For the pains that
you took, but a Cuckoldy Name; 'Tis true you're confirmed you've a Whore
for your wife, Pray is that any comfort or ease to your life; And have made
it appear to the Gods as a jest, That your wife's reputation is none of the
best; Does that make your labour more easy or sweet, Or give you more
gust to your drink or your meat? 'Tis true, you are fam'd for the net you
have made, Pray what did you catch in't but horns for your head; You know
that your rival don't value a trap, Or a net, any more than a child or a clap;
A soldier is never asham'd of his vices, But rather is proud of a Goddess's
kisses; And thinks it adds more to a hero's renown, To subdue a fair lady
than conquer a town; Your spite must be therefore intended alone, Against
me, and that my little faults might be known; Since 'tis as it is, I am very
well pleas'd, Your head shall be loaded, my tail shall be eas'd; For since you
have publish'd my shame and disgrace, And have made me a jest to the
heavenly race; I'll be impudent now, and whenever I meet, My dear
favourite Mars, tho' it be in the street; If a bulk be but near, I will never
more dally, He shall, if it pleases him, ay marry shall he; Thus all you shall
get by your open detection, Of one silly error in female affection, Is a wife
that will cuckold you worse out of spite, Now she's catch'd, than before she
e're did for delight; To punish thy head and heart, that very vice, Which I
us'd but in private whilst honour was nice; I'll publickly now practice over
and o'er, Till thou'rt fain'd for a Cuckold and I for a Whore." Cries Vulcan,
"Could ever man think that a Goddess, Admir'd for her charms by such
numbers of noddies, Should ever be curst with so rampant a tail, That will
wallow more love-sap, than I can do ale; A pox on your rump, for I plainly
see 'tis As salt as your parents, Oceanus and Tethys. But had I first known
you had sprung from salt water, The Devil for me, should have marry'd the

daughter; Besides, you are grown both so lustful and bold, And for all your sweet looks, have a Billingsgate tongue, That is fifty times worse than a fishwoman's hung. If these be the plagues of a beautiful wife, O ease me, Great Jove, of so cursed a life; If La Pies divine, who inhabit the Heavens, Will Whore on like mortals, at sixes and sevens; Rave, rattle, and taunt at their horrify'd spouses, And ramble abitching thro' all the twelve houses; For all your fine features I'll e'en give you over, The charms of a Whore are but plagues to a lover. Get you gone and be pox'd, to your old bully Mars, Let a God be a slave to your Goddesship's A——s; Whilst I'm contempt of your infamous rump, On my anvil will knock, with a thump, a thump-thump!"

The second day after Frank had read these curious old bits to his parents and sister, they were all delighted by the arrival of young Harry Mortimer to spend a day with his old school-mate.

To judge by appearances Mr. Etheridge had every cause for the curious desires he had confessed to, two days before. Harry was a really handsome youth of seventeen, with golden coloured hair, the bloom of the peach on his cheeks, and a most loveable pair of deep blue eyes which seemed full of the humid fire of love. He had also a finely developed form, which his close-fitting garments set off to the best advantage, and, above all, what had the most charm for the eyes of his friends as they so heartily welcomed him to their house was the evident precocity of his organs of love, which in their quiescent state showed a most prominent lump in his trousers.

Mrs. Etheridge: "Why Harry, what a fine fellow you have grown since I saw you a year ago. No doubt you are too bashful to kiss Ethel now, but you will surely embrace an old friend like me, who used to nurse you in my

arms as a baby," giving him such an amorous hug and smack upon his cheeks that the young fellow blushed up to his eyes.

After luncheon Frank took Harry for a walk, and asking him if he would like to look at their horses, they bent their steps to the stables where the groom Thomas, a fine handsome young fellow of about twenty, was polishing the coats of his charges, at the same time as he emitted that curious hissing which all stablemen so mysteriously accustom themselves to when busy over their work. He did not see the two young gentlemen till they had been watching his operations for a few seconds, but as soon as he did so, respectfully touched his cap and asked them to look at his horses.

Walking into the stable, Thomas, cap in hand, respectfully pointed out all the perfections of his pets and the neatness of all the appointments. Then he conducted them into the harness room, which was at the top of a short flight of stairs.

Thomas was about to close an interior door, which half open gave a view into his own private quarters, when, a sudden idea striking him, Frank said, "You won't mind, Thomas, if we take a peep into your sanctum—unless you have got a young lady you would rather we did not see. I only want to let Mr. Mortimer see how cosy your room is, besides, you know, I have often had a sly smoke with you there on wet days when I was home for the holidays before, and I know you have always got some nice clean glasses in your cupboard, if not anything better than water to offer us. But I have taken care of that and brought a good flask of finest brandy. I got the housekeeper to give me some of papa's real *vieux cognac*. It's ever so old and goes down like milk. Just the thing, Thomas, to keep you up to your work when you have a nice girl. But I forget you never do anything of the sort, eh! How about little Lucy, the under-housemaid, who I hear had to go home with a big belly not long ago?"

"Lord, sir!" said Thomas, quite enjoying Frank's joke, "that'll be another of old Stroker's kids when it's born. He did it when she went up to be taught her confirmation lesson. I'm told he confirmed seven girls in fucking, this examination. He's a regular ram of a parson, and will soon be the father of all the young'uns in the parish. I wonder Master let Miss Ethel go to him at all. I always suspected the old fellow after the way he treated me."

They entered the snug little bedroom, where everything was as clean as a new pin, and seated themselves on the only two chairs that were there, whilst the groom brought out the glasses and fetched a jug of bright sweet spring water from the pump outside.

Frank, mixing a rather stiffish drop, said, "Now, Thomas, drink the Rev. Mr. Stroker's health, and then tell us all about his tricks with you."

Himself and Harry also took a little of the brandy. And Thomas, pressed to begin, cleared his throat and commenced:

"Well, Mr. Frank and Mr. Mortimer, I don't mind letting you into the secret, but the fact is every time I think of the old rascal's indecency it makes my cock stand, but you must not tell a soul what I now tell you."

"All right, go on, old fellow, just a drop more brandy to encourage your bashfulness, eh!" laughed Frank.

Thomas, wiping his mouth after a good swig at the brandy and water: "Well, sirs, that righteous old sinner, as an Irishman would say, began by asking me questions about who made me. If I knew there was a God and a Devil. Then about the world and the flesh, and so on, a lot of rubbish out of the church prayerbook. 'You know, Thomas, my boy,' he said, 'that the "flesh" means having to do with girls and other dirty indecent things which

come into the heads of rude boys. Now tell me if you ever did anything of that kind with other boys or girls?'

"This was rather a poser for me. I didn't like to tell a downright lie and knew I had been a party to one or two little games of that sort, such as we used to do in the hayfield, throwing the girls down, turning up their clothes, and showing them our cocks, which no doubt the old rascal knew. I could feel my face was turning quite red with confusion. 'Ha, I see what it is, Thomas! I must thoroughly examine you and tell by the look of your penis' (that is the word I think he used, but you know he meant my cock), as he ordered me to unbutton and show him my privates, and he would soon tell if I had been up to any of the Devil's wickedness.

"As soon as I was exposed to him he told me to draw the skin of my cock back, which I did.

"Do it again, my boy, there now, again—two or three times mind.'

"Then I expect he saw slight signs of a rise, saying, 'Do it quicker—quicker, boy' till I had the horn quite stiff.

"My gracious! You're finely grown for your age, Thomas. Now did you never show that to a gal?'

"Well, sir,' I said, rather shamefaced at what he was making me do, 'I did once, but only once, sir, and Polly Jones felt it with her hand, and let me feel what her cock was like, too.'

"Fine goings on in my parish, 'pon my word, Thomas, but what sort a thing had she got? Because you know gals have nothing like this,' he said, taking hold of my standing prick.

"She'd—she'd only a little crack, sir,' I replied. 'Pray let me go now, sir, I don't like it.' He was regularly frigging me.

"Silly boy, here's a half-crown to keep quiet, if you let me handle it a bit, and you shall have another every time you come to me,' he said, giving me the money, and soon frigged me to a spend and then let me go. I didn't think much harm in it, and was very glad to get the parson's half-crowns, so went twice a week for examination. He wasn't satisfied with just frigging me, but sometimes went down on his knees and sucked my cock till I spent in his mouth, which I liked better, but when he wanted me to do the same for him, and even offered me a sovereign, I wouldn't do it, only let him rub his great cock against my belly and balls, and then he would spend, holding the head of my prick against his own and so drawing his own foreskin over it. Then I had the sovereign never to open my lips about it, and at last was confirmed."

Frank now gave Thomas a drop more brandy and asked him if he would like to be mesmerized, adding, "If you are game to let me, you will then have to answer truthfully any questions I ask and do everything I tell you."

Thomas: "Now, Mr. Frank, you are trying to get at me—as if I would believe that. I ain't afraid. You may try."

Frank: "Then look me steadily in the face, and let me hold you by your two thumbs."

Thomas: "All right, sir, but I be sure you can't make me do as you say."

For a little while he resisted the effects of Frank's mesmeric art, but in less than five minutes his eyes had a quite vacant look, and in obedience to his young master he seated himself on the side of the bed.

"Now, Harry, let me do you as well, as I have an idea I want to carry out."

"You may take hold of my thumbs as you did with Thomas, but I defy you to mesmerize me," said Harry, laughing.

"That's too bad," replied Frank with a smile, "but there's no harm in trying what I can do, old fellow, eh?"

It was a hard task to fix the gaze of his youthful companion, but by patience and perseverance Frank succeeded at last in putting him also into a perfect state of mesmeric sleep.

"Now, my fine fellows, I shall be well rewarded for my trouble before I bring you round again, and it's my turn before I fetch Papa on the scene, I think."

He stripped himself, and ordered his two subjects to do the same, put a small box of cold cream under the pillow of the bed so as to be at hand, then contemplated and handled the young groom and his friend.

Thomas was furnished with a lovely tosser, which swelled rapidly under his touches as he uncovered the ruby head and gently pulled the foreskin backward and forward.

"Now, Thomas, keep yourself stiff by gentle frigging, but mind not to spend till I order you," he said; then he turned to the beautiful Harry Mortimer, who came to his side as soon as ordered. He was indeed an Adonis—splendidly shaped in every limb, delightfully plump and firm white flesh, rosy cheeks, sparkling blue eyes—but Frank was so engrossed with his jewel of a prick, which was a perfect gem of the first water, nearly eight inches long when erect, as white and hard as ivory, yet of velvety

softness to the touch, and set in a bed of soft, curly, golden-brown hair, which ornamented the roots and shaded the full bag of tricks in their receptacle below.

How Frank handled, caressed, and kissed this treasure of love, as he ejaculated, "Oh, Papa, oh Mamma, what a thrill the sight of this will give you both. But I must enjoy it first!"

Placing himself on the bed, sitting up with his back supported by a pillow, he ordered Thomas to straddle his lap. Taking up the box of cream, he first anointed the head of his own impatient priapus, then did the same to Thomas' fundament, working his two fingers well in it, which made the groom's prick throb and stiffen enormously. Then Frank adjusted his tool to the wrinkled orifice; in obedience to his mysterious influence Thomas slowly impaled himself upon it, till his buttocks embraced its whole length and Frank had his man's cock deliciously chafing and rubbing between their naked bellies at every movement. Passing his hands under Thomas' armpits, Harry was made to come forwards behind the groom and present his glorious prick over the left shoulder so that Frank could take that lovely ruby head in his mouth, whilst his hands drew back the foreskin and tickled and played with its appendages, the mere touch of which filled Frank with maddening lust.

Never had he experienced such ecstasy and erotic fury as this conjunction with his groom and friend now caused him to feel, he thrilled from head to toe with voluptuous excitement as his spendings seemed to shoot from him again and again, with a very few seconds between each emission, whilst Harry on his part deluged his mouth and lips with the balmy juice of his virginity and Thomas also flooded his belly with convulsive jets of spunk, all of them being so young and vigorous they seemed almost inexhaustible.

At last Frank began to feel it was too much and sank back, overcome by such an acme of enjoyment, as his prick dropped gradually out of the groom's fundus.

Presently recovering himself a little, he took a sip of neat brandy, hastily dressed himself, and willing his subjects to lie quietly on the bed till he came back, he ran with bated breath, and flushed as he was with delight, to call his father and mother to the scene.

They all came back together after the lapse of a few minutes. Papa and Mamma, on entering the little bedroom over the stable, were struck at once by the entrancing sight which met their eyes, of these two beautiful young fellows lying naked on the bed; but in a minute or two both of them threw off all their clothing, in order to thoroughly avail themselves of the treat provided by their dutiful son.

Frank, by his influence, now willed Harry to kneel up on the bed on his hands and knees, whilst Thomas was to lie flat on his back.

Mr. Etheridge, who had brought a fine dildo with him, now put cold cream on it and also on Harry's bum-hole, then inserting the instrument slowly it gradually won its way in, and he watched its effects with delight as young Mortimer's cock began to stand again in all its previous glory. He mounted on the couch behind him, and withdrawing the dildo, put his own rampant prick in its place, having first lubricated it with cold cream, then clasping his arms around the dear youth, he frigged that fine prick, exactly as Frank had seen the professor do with the boy at college.

Mrs. Etheridge waited a few moments watching her spouse's operation till her blood was so fired with amorous excitement that she at once seized upon Thomas' cock, which was lying rather limp between his fine thighs, then forcing his legs a little further apart, she gamahuched him and licked

his splendid balls till he was as stiff as ever; then mounting upon her man she slowly impaled herself upon his luscious battering ram as she lowered her body till her lips met his in a fiery voluptuousness, to which, under Frank's mysterious influence, the groom responded with all the ardour of his nature.

For a few moments Mrs. Etheridge continued to kiss and thrust her tongue into Thomas' mouth, whilst she kept her buttocks steady and revelled in the sense of possession which that fine prick afforded her, as her cunt felt thoroughly gorged by the delicious morsel.

Frank, who had intended to enjoy the scene as a passive spectator, was again fired by the sight of such a voluptuous group, his prick beginning to stiffen again, notwithstanding his previous exhaustion, so mounting on the bed he faced his Papa, and letting down his trousers presented his half erect cock to Harry Mortimer's lips, as he willed him to take it in his mouth and suck it lusciously. The youth's lips opened mechanically, the very first touch of them sending a thrill of pleasure through Frank's frame so that he stiffened up immediately, and fucked the boy's mouth gently, so as not to come again too soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge both spent quickly, being each of them so excited by the idea of what they were doing, but keeping their places they all went on without stopping, Papa frigging his dear boy Harry, and making his prick spend copiously, receiving the love juice in his hand and rubbing it deliciously over the balls and shaft of the cock he was caressing.

They kept it up deliberately and slowly for some time, so as to enjoy the two fine young fellows to the utmost, then all come together with screams and cries of extasy—Frank seeming to control the whole party by his mesmeric influence in such a way that their very souls vibrated in

accordance with his wishes, the enjoyment of father, mother, and son being simply inexpressible.

"Ah, Frank, my dear boy," sighed Mr. Etheridge, "you have afforded us a heavenly treat, but it must now come to an end or we may some of us actually expire under such excessive emotions."

After dressing and willing the two subjects also to assume their clothes, Papa and Mamma went away. Frank recalled Thomas and Harry to consciousness and bantered them about the games he had made them go through at his command. "Would you believe it? You did anything I ordered—sucking each other's pricks, and frigging each other, and doing exactly what I liked to order."

Neither of them would believe it, saying they had only been off for a very short time and that he had tumbled the bed to make believe what he said of them was true. At the same time both admitted having had very confused though pleasing dreams.

A few days after what has just been related, Harry Mortimer paid them another visit, which the family council had resolved should be a regular "mesmeric seance."

Besides their young friend they had invited the rector of the parish, Dr. Stroker, and his two nieces, Blanche and Ada Manners, very pretty brunettes of sixteen and fifteen.

The day passed delightfully on the grounds where they played croquet, or retired to the summer house for refreshment.

During the course of the afternoon Mamma and the parson took a walk by themselves. Mrs. Etheridge, with assumed unconsciousness, pointing out

the beauties of the flowers, or calling his attention to the occasional glimpses of the sea, which they obtained through openings of the landscape, till they neared a rustic seat, where she declared she was so very fatigued she must rest awhile if the Doctor did not object.

Seating herself with a slight sigh of relief, she remarked, "How tiring the game of croquet always seemed," adding, "do you not think it is quite absurd for us old people to join with the young ones in such games?"

"My dear Madame," replied the Doctor, "we are always children as long as we live. We enjoy the games of youth with zest, even if we have not the same powers, and it is the same with love, which so enthralls us that I verily believe the older we get the more enthusiastic we become in its pursuit. Now confess, my dear Mrs. Etheridge, is it not so with you?"

"Fie, Doctor, pray don't take advantage of our secluded position to press that hopeless, wicked suit of yours. Besides, sir," she added with a laugh, "this is, you know, Saturday afternoon, and such thoughts can only be prompted by the devil to drive out of your mind all your ideas for to-morrow's sermon."

The parson now ventured to put his arm round that voluptuous waist, as he drew closer still to his lovely companion, saying, "No fear of that, my dear Madame. Can you guess what my text is to be to-morrow?"

"How could I, you silly man?" said Mrs. Etheridge with a very encouraging smile. "Is it anything out of the common?"

"Well, hem—I think it so, Madame, and one that will bring your sins of omission to your conscience," answered he.

"Don't keep me in suspense, but tell me at once, you foolish fellow, you know I can't guess."

"Can't guess—can't guess even! How you do dissimulate, Mrs. Etheridge, when I know you're always thinking of it, my dear lady. Well then, it's—it's prick—no, I mean the first commandment—you know what that is surely, look at this fine specimen of the Creator's work, and say if you can despise his command, 'to be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth,'" he said, placing in her hand his great big standing priapus which he had let out of his trousers.

The touch was electric, a shiver of desire ran through her whole frame, as her fingers seemed to grasp the lovely jewel without knowing what she was about; her eyes closed and she sank back apparently shocked and helpless on the seat.

"Dear lady," the Doctor went on, "the Devil can never prevent me preaching from that text. I could speak extempore upon it for hours, it was the very first command both to Adam and also to Noah when he came out of the ark. Dear Mrs. Etheridge, let me touch that divine cunt of yours. I can't make out what your husband has been about since the charming Ethel was born that you have had no more children, you surely have not obeyed that commandment!"

His hands were already under her dress, feeling those splendid thighs, and gradually working their way up to the seat of bliss.

Mrs. Etheridge's whole form heaved with emotion, he could feel her quiver under his touches, and mistook it for the modesty of her nature rebelling at the libidinous thoughts which his rude proceeding aroused within her, whereas, in reality, it arose from the unbounded lubricity of her nature, now fired by the intensity of her desires.

The Reverend Dr. Stroker was no timid gallant, he proceeded with rapidity from one liberty to another, throwing the lady into still greater confusion. Pressing his lips to hers, he seemed ready to devour her with his fiery kisses, while Mrs. Etheridge also was utterly bereft of power to resist his advances, so pulling up her clothes he forced his legs between her yielding thighs, and soon brought the nose of Mr. Peaslin to the mark. As it just touched the lips of that seraphic cunt the effect was irresistible on the slightly struggling lady, who suddenly opened her legs as widely as possible to meet his charge, and throwing her arms around his neck, returned his kisses with equal ardour as she sighed, "Oh, I am undone, give it me now, dear Doctor, but oh! oh!! oh!!! how shall we take the Holy Communion to-morrow?" as he thrust so vigorously that she was almost beside herself with delight.

"This is the real communion, to-morrow's ceremony is only a farce. Do you think that anyone is ever really fit according to the rubric? Away with such silly nonsense, there is nothing in heaven or earth to compare with the delights of coition!" And his movements went on, each stroke of that fine cock filling her vagina to repletion, and arousing every muscle and membrane of her body to the acme of felicity.

At last both spent together, and they were lying in the state of lethargic enjoyment when the sound of laughter at a distance soon aroused them to a sense of their exposed position, and they had barely time to set things straight before Mr. Etheridge. Frank, Harry, and the three girls came upon the scene.

No particular remarks were made at the time, but significant glances from Mrs. Etheridge informed her husband and children of the pleasure she had just tasted.

They returned to the house for dinner, and afterwards having adjourned to the drawing room, Mrs. Etheridge ordered the servants to have coffee and refreshments ready in the ante-room, but upon no account to disturb their party, as the Doctor was going to give a scientific lecture.

As soon as the servants were gone the parson expressed his surprise at Mrs. Etheridge's announcement, being, as he said, utterly unprepared to give lectures at a minute's warning. To which the hostess replied with a slightly ironical tone in her voice, "But, Doctor, you told me this afternoon you could lecture upon and illustrate the first commandment at any time. However, if you do not feel equal to lecturing for our amusement, my Frank shall show some of his mesmeric tricks which he acquired in Germany, and you shall be his first subject."

"Not the slightest objection in the world to that, if it will amuse you, my dear Mrs. Etheridge," replied the rector, "but don't tell me afterwards that I have been confessing to all sorts of scandalous things, because I know these mesmeric lecturers can make their subjects say anything."

During this dialogue Frank had, unobserved by the others, quietly put Miss Blanche into a state of unconsciousness, then turning to Harry told him that if he would submit to be again operated upon, he could make him and the Doctor's niece dance and sing to his orders to amuse the company.

Harry Mortimer was too good-natured to refuse, and after him Frank also put the parson and Ada Manners into the same state, then as he looked around upon his parents and sisters he asked them, with a look of triumph, what the programme was to be.

Ethel: "You left me out of the little party over the stable the other afternoon, so now it is my turn to be considered."

Papa: "By all means, my darling, only say what you wish for."

Ethel: "Then we will all strip, and as I wish particularly to feel that great and reverend prick, I will kneel on the couch and have the Doctor dog fashion, so we can see all what is going on. First make the two girls frig each other, then they shall be made to do the same to Harry and Frank, who will afterwards take their virginities, whilst you and Mamma will be delighted to gamahuche and help the operation, and after that we will be guided by our fancies."

This pleased everyone. The subjects were made to strip off everything except the ladies' boots and stockings, presenting a most luscious sight to the free-loving family. Then to make up a tableau Frank willed that the Doctor, naked as he was, should take and seat his two nieces on his knees, and under his influence each of the two sisters at once extended a hand to grasp his glorious prick, which at the same time rose in all its pride of strength, so that their delicate hands, one above the other on its shaft, still left the purple head towering above the uppermost by two or three inches at least.

Harry also took his place by the side of Ada, who caressed his stiffened cock with her disengaged hand, whilst Blanche did the same to Frank, who had stripped and stood by her side to complete the group.

Beautiful as was this scene, Ethel lost very little time before she placed herself on the couch on all fours, and as Frank ordered his subjects, the two nieces fairly dragged their uncle by his prick, till they got him up behind Ethel, and planted the head of his fiery steed just within the lips of her longing cunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge now produced their birch rods, and began to stimulate the parson with a shower of stinging cuts, the tips of the birch

often also touching up Ethel's bum or thighs and adding very materially to her erotic enjoyment, as the Doctor fucked in a perfect fury of lust under the effects of the birching, which fairly scored his firm, hard flesh, breaking the skin and drawing little drops of blood.

Meanwhile Frank had conducted Harry Mortimer and the rector's nieces to another part of the room, and willed the two girls to frig each other. They were perfectly amenable to his every wish, Blanche stretching herself at full length on a fine rug made of the skin of wild cats (which are said to have such exciting effects on those who recline upon them).

Ada was made to reverse herself upon her elder sister, and each opening their legs with the utmost freedom, friggd and gamahuched each other's cunts in such a luscious manner as left little doubt in Frank's mind that the two young girls had often before had rehearsals of the same game in private.

The mesmerizer and his young friend knelt down also on the rug on either side of the tribades, and facing each other, embraced with the most apparent ardour across the bodies of the writhing and excitable girls. Each of them put an arm round the other's neck, their lips meeting in the most wanton manner possible as they sucked each other's tongues, whilst their disengaged hands were applied to their respective pricks, till the spending moment came upon the group simultaneously—the two girls almost fainting from excess of pleasure as they emitted their virgin love juice, whilst the young fellows above them also spent as they held the noses of their pricks together, letting the overflow of sperm sprinkle all over Blanche and Ada below.

The other group had had an equally extatic finish, Ethel pushing back her bottom upon the parson's prick at the critical moment with all the energy of her maddening lust, and receiving within the inmost recess of her insatiable

womb a perfect torrent of bliss, making her fairly scream with delight as she sank down on the couch from the voluptuous exhaustion of the moment, the folds of her cunt tightening and throbbing upon his delighted prick in such a way that it retained its stiffness, and soon recommenced another thrilling course with Ethel lying flat under him face downwards. It was a delicious situation—she held him so tightly, although his prick did not go so far in, that he screamed out, "Holy Moses, what a fuck! Her cunt's as tight as a boy's arsehole!" as he clung to her and ground his teeth in the height of his excitement.

Mr. Etheridge was behind him now, and using some cold cream on the Doctor's rough-looking, brown, wrinkled bottom-hole, presented his cock to the mark, and clinging tightly round his waist soon gained admission by the reverend back door. How tight and warm it was to his excited priapus, which answered by a thrust to every heave of the parson's bottom as he fucked the dear girl beneath him.

Mamma also, not to be left out of the game, mounted on the long couch, and lying on her back in front of her daughter, opened her thighs so as to embrace Ethel's face and present her longing cunt for her to suck. Then reclining her head and shoulders on a large cushion, she called for Frank and Harry to leave the two girls, and come on either side of her so that they could both present the heads of their pricks to her lips, whilst she handled their balls and frigged them till they shot into her mouth a double flow of the nectar of love which she so loved to drain to the very last drop.

Papa revelled in his rear attack as his hand fondled with delight the Doctor's prick and balls at every withdrawal from Ethel's cunt, the lips of which he could also feel as they tenaciously clung round the shaft of that fine instrument, which was giving such pleasure at every thrust.

At this juncture Frank willed the parson to awake from the mesmeric trance. His eyes resumed their wanton intelligence, and as he at once realised the situation, his usual sanctified demeanour caused him to give vent to an assumed exclamation of horror, "How awful, what have they been doing to me!" Then, "Oh, it must be a dream of my old college days, by Jove, how we fucked and buggered at Oxford!"

"That's right, Doctor," laughed Frank, "now you are beginning to fairly comprehend how we are punishing you for taking advantage of Mamma this afternoon, only it's pleasure instead of pain, old boy. But we thought anyone with such a glorious prick as yours ought not to be too hardly treated."

The spasm of pleasure prevented further speech at the moment, fairly carrying away the whole group by the intensity of the sensations which such erratic voluptuousness could not fail to produce upon natures which, after all, were only sustained by the ordinary powers of humanity, in fact it was too exhaustive to allow of further indulgence in venery upon the present occasion. But after recovering a little, the Doctor, who now thoroughly relished the idea, proposed that Harry, Blanche, and Ada should be still kept in their entranced state to afford them amusement, as he said it would be a fine treat to make them tell all the little games they had been up to.

The three subjects were not allowed to dress, but all the others now resumed their clothes, then the parson proceeded to catechise them.

Q.—Blanche, did you ever hear how babies are made?

A.—A girl at school told me the men shove their cocks into the girls, and shoot their spunk into them, which makes the babies.

Q.—Do the girls like to have that done to them?

A.—Yes, it's awfully funny and nice, makes our cunts what they call spend with pleasure.

Q.—Have you ever felt anything of it yourself? Do the girls play at fathers and mothers at school?

A.—Nearly every night we used to change bedfellows for the purpose of having a fresh bit of cock, as we used to call their fingers.

Q.—Go on, tell us all about it.

A.—Some of the girls used a candle or the finger of a glove stuffed out to make a little prick, a well greased carrot was fine I can tell you. Once they nearly drove me mad with delight by fucking me with a carrot, whilst another girl used a tallow candle in my bumhole till nothing but the wick was left. But I felt awfully bad next day, and you can fancy I passed tallow when I went to the closet.

Q.—Well, and how did Ada get on?

A.—She did not sleep in our room, she was with the French governess.

Q.—Now, Ada, you must also tell us all you know.

A.—The French governess was so hairy and rude, she began by tickling my fanny till I didn't know what I was doing, then she laid me back on the bed, and forced her face between my thighs, and sucked my cunny.

Q.—Well, go on, out with everything.

A.—After a while she would lay over me, and make me kiss her great hairy slit. Oh, you should have seen what a lot of hair she had on her belly, as black as jet right up to her navel. And then she used to wriggle about, and wet all my lips and face, which she called spending. A favorite game of hers was to make me frig her by forcing as much as I could of one of my titties into her cunt, which seemed to drive her almost wild; she would kiss my legs, feet, and any part she could reach in a frantic way whilst I was doing it.

Q.—Did she never do the same thing to you?

A.—Yes, it was awfully fine to feel her titty and nipple rubbing just inside the lips of my little cunny, I believe she made me spend—at least, I fainted and found myself all wet afterwards.

Q.—What other rude games have you been up to, by yourself or with your sister?

A.—When we were home for the holidays we used to frig each other with our fingers or titties, the latter was quite a new idea to Blanche. Then we got a little dog to suck our cunnies. Ah, that was another fine game, his tongue seemed to go everywhere, and drive us wild with delight. One day we took it in turns to suck his little prick whilst he was licking one of us—it was beautiful, but drove the little beast almost mad. At last we had to tie a stone round his neck and drown the poor thing, because he was always getting under our clothes.

Q.—Now, Harry, when did you first touch a girl's thing?

A.—I suppose I was about twelve when that happened. My aunt Clara, a very beautiful young widow of twenty-three, who had just lost my uncle (her husband) in the terrible Clayton Tunnel accident, and I may here add

that what hurt her sensitive feelings almost more than his loss was the fact that the gay young fellow had taken a girl on the sly with him to Brighton for the day, and you know it was on the return journey that the collision occurred. Well, her grief and thoughts of his conduct, she said, made her so nervous and low spirited that she begged my Mamma to allow little Harry, as she called me, to go and stay with her for a time as companion. Every morning she would come into my bedroom to awaken me with a loving kiss, pulling off the bed-clothes, and playing me all sorts of tricks to make me get up. On one occasion, feeling unusually tired, I begged she would let me lay only a few minutes longer, as I drew her beautiful face down to my lips and smothered her with kisses. I was almost uncovered at the moment, it was a bright May morning, and the glorious sun was flooding the apartment with his beams of light and warmth. "My darling boy," she said softly, "I have a slight headache, and will rest on the bed by your side a little while," throwing her arms around me, and nestling her soft cheeks against mine. I soon felt her hands wandering over every part of my body, but it was so nice that when I felt her touch my naked thigh, I felt a curious kind of alloverishness, and my little prick stood as stiff as a poker. At last she touched even that. My eyes were apparently closed, pretending to be in a doze, but I could see the blush that came into her cheeks, and felt her give a kind of shudder all over. She caressed my little cocky for a moment or two, which gave me a kind of longing for her to go on. I could see she was greatly agitated, but my own sense of pleasure prevented me thinking much about that. My heart seemed to go out to her in a gush of love, as I suddenly opened my eyes, and throwing my arms around her neck once more, kissed her again and again.

How her eyes sparkled, and she seemed to blush deeper than ever, but her soft hand never let go of the little treasure she had secured.

"Harry, my dear boy, is your little affair often like this? It is quite unnaturally hard," she asked me in a low, husky kind of whisper. "Perhaps you are ill, my dear, let me see," saying which she threw back the bed-clothes, and examined my privates, handling my stiff pintle very tenderly, as if she really thought there might be something the matter with me, and finished by kissing my cock and taking the poor thing in her mouth as she said it must be quite painful to bear. You may guess that the only effect of her endearments was to make my affair swell up bigger than I had ever known it, as well as putting me in a kind of flutter all over, in fact I can't describe how she made me feel.

The next night I had been asleep about a couple of hours when I was suddenly awakened by someone bringing a light into my room; it was Auntie Clara in her nightdress. "Harry," she said, "I feel so nervous, pray do come and sleep with me, I don't like to ask the servants, and you can slip back into your room in the morning."

I was too pleased to say no, and soon found myself in her bed nestling close to her, with my face between her soft bubbles. She at once asked me if my affair was stiff, and seemed astonished to find it again hard when she caressed it, as I told her it had been quite limp all day.

She kissed me again and again, telling me it proved I was getting to be a man. "But, Harry darling, you must never say a word about it. Would you like to be my little husband and always sleep with me?"

"Oh, Auntie, that would be delightful, would you marry me if I was a man?" I asked in reply.

"Yes, darling, and I will wait till you grow up, if you promise now to be my husband, and keep secret everything between us."

How we played together after I gave her my solemn promise. She let me feel her all over, got out of bed, lighted three or four candles, and stripped herself quite naked for me to see what she was like. She made me kiss her lovely cunt, all covered and shaded by dark chestnut hair as it was, and assured me I should soon also have hair round the roots of my cock, then she showed me how to be a husband to her, and made me work my little cock in her till she almost drowned it in her spendings.

So you see I have been engaged to be married ever since then, and every time we have a chance Aunt Clara accords me all the rights of a husband. She says we have only to wait a year or two now, as she has a handsome income, enough for us both if my parents object.

This was the end of the séance, the subjects were all put in order and restored to consciousness, and the Doctor quietly whispered to Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge that he should like to bring his two nieces after the Sunday evening service, to be mesmerized again and have their maidenheads taken, it would be such a treat to see it done.

It is not necessary to weary the reader by full details of how Frank and Harry did this for them, to complete the satisfaction of their reverend uncle, who again enjoyed the delights of being sandwiched between his host and hostess, and helped them to realise every erotic imagination of their hearts.

By way of conclusion it will perhaps be interesting to relate the experiences of a young lady (none other than Minette) who paid a visit to this charming family in later days.

The account is taken from a letter sent to a gentleman friend, to whom she was much attached at the time.

One day we were all taken into what I imagined to be the drawing room, but afterwards ascertained it was a place strictly confined to the private use of the family and that but one confidential servant was ever allowed to enter it, for the purpose of cleaning, dusting, and keeping it in order. The walls were hung with pictures of the most exciting character, and in the centre of the room was a huge bed, covered with crimson velvet and stuffed with down, but without any of the ordinary bed-clothing, instead there were a quantity of cushions variously shaped and also covered with velvet. Some of these were fitted with concealed dildoes, so that when pressed between the thighs the most delightful frigging could be produced. Some were fitted with artificial cunts for the use of gentlemen, if they felt so inclined. There were flogging machines of every description, and various articles of furniture for supporting the body in peculiar positions which might be required while being fucked, sucked, or buggered.

The door was no sooner closed than I was seized by Frank and his mother and tumbled on the bed, where they rummaged every part of my body, bottom-hole, cunt, and bobbies, and at last forced one of the dildo-cushions between my thighs and compelled me to frig myself upon it, while they pulled up my clothes and slapped my poor arse for some minutes without mercy, laughing and enjoying my screams as my tender rump plunged up and down in exquisite pain.

Ethel was helping them by sitting on my shoulders so that I was quite powerless, but when they presently desisted from that cruel slapping and I felt tongue, finger, or prick alternately forced up my bottom, it was delicious—the heat of the previous infliction making me feel so lecherous that the spunk actually spurted from my quim as I wriggled myself up and down on the dildo.

Ethel I found also (as soon as the paroxysm of spending had allayed my feelings a little, and I was allowed to look around) was sucking her father's prick, whilst he was frigging her.

Next, the servant Maud entered the room and was immediately stripped to the skin and bound to a flogging machine, where they birched her deliciously (at least it looked so to me, although she screamed and writhed about in pain, and begged for mercy as the tears streamed down her face), till she was on the verge of spending. She was then left to suffer the agonies of unsatisfied desire, while we enacted all the most lascivious things we could think of in her sight.

I took Mr. Etheridge's prick and frigged it between my bobbies, whilst he sucked the prick of his son.

We then tickled the girl's inflamed cunt with stinging nettles, which increased her excitement till she seemed mad with erotic delirium, and Mr. Etheridge, to my horror, proposed that we should injure her as a finish to our orgy for that evening.

Mr. Etheridge drove his tremendously inflamed prick into her bottom-hole, the position in which she was suspended making the operation awfully painful. Frank fucked the poor girl in the cunt. Mrs. Etheridge and Ethel, with savage pleasure, each sucked and bit the victim's nipples, causing her to writhe and scream in agony. The two fuckers were at the same time frigging mother and daughter, whilst they passed the sensation on to me by also manipulating my cunt and bottom.

Suddenly I heard a yell of agony, and found that Frank, just in the moment of spending, had stabbed the girl with a small dagger which he had concealed in his hand.

We all spent together with mingled cries of lust and delight, the convulsive movements of the suffering girl adding immensely to the intensity of this voluptuous emission.

However, our victim was not seriously hurt. She was convalescent in a week's time, but was ultimately murdered, while in the act of spending, by a voluptuary with whom she afterwards lived.

Before my visit terminated there was another orgy, in which Harry Mortimer introduced his Aunt Clara to this amiable family circle. Mesmerism was now quite unnecessary, Harry being as willing a votary to the worship of Priapus as could possibly be desired by his erotic friends.

The principal scene of the evening was a group in which the beautiful Aunt Clara rode a St. George upon Mr. Etheridge, had Harry in her bottom-hole, Frank's prick in her mouth, her two hands frigging Mrs. Etheridge and Ethel as they stood by the side of the couch, whilst your *chère amie*, not to be left out of the game, was behind Harry, my left hand passed round his loins, caressing his fine prick and balls as it worked in and out of her beautiful brown bumhole, whilst my right forefinger postilioned him behind.

You must imagine the excitement of this group so voluptuously arranged; it requires to be engaged in such a scene to fully appreciate all its heavenly delights—description is simply impossible!

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE POWER OF
MESMERISM ***

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