

F o r A d u l t s O n l y

A n o n y m o u s

The **SENSUAL**
MEMOIRS
OF AN
EDWARDIAN
LADY



VOLUME
One

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Antony sighed and said to Jessica and me: ‘Very well, if you insist you shall hear a totally unexpurgated account of my first joust between the sheets. It happened about a month after my sixteenth birthday while I was home on vacation from Eton. At the time my parents employed a German girl named Ingrid as a governess to my sisters. She was a truly scrumptious girl, blonde, blue-eyed – my eyes would gaze longingly at her large rounded breasts that jutted out like two firm globes.

‘On one never-to-be-forgotten evening my parents went out to dine with friends and at ten o’clock I decided to go upstairs to my room. I became so engrossed in a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* that I did not hear the bedroom door open and I looked up suddenly to see Ingrid standing at the foot of my bed with a wide smile playing upon her lips. I hastily dropped the magazine over my crotch. Ingrid sat down on the bed and pulled the raunchy journal away.

“You are very well endowed for such a young man,” she observed purringly. “How would you like to have me as a late sixteenth birthday present . . . ?”

Also in paperback from New English Library

The Pearl: volume 1

The Pearl: volume 2

The Pearl: volume 3

The Pearl Omnibus

The Oyster: volume 1

The Oyster: volume 2

The Oyster: volume 3

The Oyster: volume 4

The Oyster: volume 5

The Oyster: volume 6

The Oyster Omnibus

Rosie – Her Intimate Diaries: volume 1

Rosie – Her Intimate Diaries: volume 2

Rosie – Her Intimate Diaries: volume 3

Rosie – Her Intimate Diaries: volume 4

The Rosie Omnibus

The Black Pearl: volume 1

The Black Pearl: volume 2

The Black Pearl: volume 3

The Ruby: volume 1

The Ruby: volume 2

The Ruby: volume 3

Erotic Memoirs: volume 1

Erotic Memoirs: volume 2

The Sensual
Memoirs of an
Edwardian Lady:
volume 1

The Naked Truth

Anonymous

Introduced and edited by Leon Standlake



NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY
Hodder and Stoughton

Copyright © 1997 by Potiphar Productions

**This edition first published in 1997 by
Hodder and Stoughton
A division of Hodder Headline PLC**

A New English Library paperback

**The right of Potiphar Productions to be identified as the Author of
the Work has been asserted by them in accordance with the
Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.**

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

**All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted,
in any form or by any means without the prior written
permission of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated
in any form of binding or cover other than that in which
it is published and without a similar condition being
imposed on the subsequent purchaser.**

**All characters in this publication are fictitious
and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead,
is purely coincidental.**

ISBN 0 340 66646 3

**British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
A CIP catalogue record for this title is available
from the British Library.**

Typeset by Avon Dataset Ltd, Bidford-on-Avon, Warks

**Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Caledonian Manufacturing Book International Ltd**

**Hodder and Stoughton
A division of Hodder Headline PLC
338 Euston Road
London NW1 3BH**

This is for Green-Fingered Al of Hendon

INTRODUCTION

It is well known that the apogee of smug, often aggressive Puritanism was reached during the mid-Victorian decades, an age when piano legs were discreetly covered and simple everyday articles of clothing like trousers were referred to as 'unmentionables' to spare the ladies any untoward embarrassment.

A social gospel of sexual abstinence was preached and even within marriage intercourse was allowed solely for the purposes of procreation, for in no way was lovemaking to be thought of as a pleasurable activity for its own sake!

Yet Nature cannot be denied and lurking behind the stern façade of ironclad respectability lay a rich seam of sexuality. Certainly, the upper classes never paid more than lip-service to the idea of celibacy and young men and women in high society enjoyed days and nights of endless sauciness on a lusty merry-go-round of gaiety.

There had been signs of revolt against the suffocating years of repression during the later Victorian years and the 'Naughty Nineties' had seen the emergence of a more relaxed and tolerant philosophy. Nevertheless, at the turn of the century all the powerful institutions of a hypocritical Establishment still railed against the philosophy propounded by Katie Tottenham that people should 'enjoy to the utmost all those delicious sensations

for which a beneficent Creator has so kindly fitted both sexes’.

But by then the hedonistic Edward VII sat on the throne. During his long years of enforced idleness as Prince of Wales he enjoyed a robust sex life and had openly enjoyed long affairs with Lillie Langtry, the Countess of Warwick and many Society ladies of rank in addition to occasional flings with pretty young *cocottes* on his frequent trips to Paris. Indeed, at his Coronation he cocked a blatant snook at conventional *mores* by reserving a special pew in Westminster Abbey for former and current paramours such as Lady Jennie Churchill, Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs George Keppel.

Nevertheless, the prevailing prudish and hypocritical morality dictated that high-spirited sexual fulfilment by consenting adults was strictly out of bounds for the lower orders. As Professor Ralph Lempert commented in *Under the Blanket*, his seminal study of late-nineteenth-century erotic literature: ‘Throughout history it has always been the self-induced duty of the governing aristocracy to protect the lower orders from their own base instincts.

‘Whilst for the favoured few there might be many blissful hours spent in illicit copulation behind discreetly closed doors where the Eleventh Commandment [Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out] reigned supreme, at the same time strenuous efforts were made to segregate the sexes at an early age and at every opportunity whilst the Church [then a far more powerful social force than today] preached a stern warning against sexual activities such as kissing, petting and masturbation.’

Not surprisingly, seeds of rebellion were sown throughout all classes of Society against these unyielding axioms, not least by the printing press and the growth of universal elementary literacy. ‘Horn books’, the equivalent of contemporary top-shelf magazines, enjoyed a huge popularity during the Edwardian era and *The Sensual Memoirs of An Edwardian Lady* [first published in 1908 by The Society of Venus and

Priapus] provide the modern reader with an excellent example of this fascinating genre.

Like many such series, the memoirs of 'Lady Katie' were written in England but printed in France and then smuggled back across the Channel. The original books were discreetly distributed to aficionados of gallant literature through the mail-order business of Beresford St John Newcross, an affluent publisher and bookseller who supplied erotic books, prints and magazines to raffish London fraternities such as the Cremornites whose members met monthly in each other's homes; the Jim Jam Club in Great Windmill Street, Soho; or the exclusive Reefknot Society in St James's Street, Mayfair.

This brings us to the identity of 'Lady Katie Tottenham' and to the veracity (if any) of events noted down in such graphic detail in her diaries. Although written under a *nom de plume*, there are certain stylistic similarities to *The Intimate Diaries of Rosie D'Argosse* – first published in 1907 and recently republished in paperback [*Rosie: Volumes 1–3*, New English Library, 1994] – which were penned by Anna Louise Barnes-Cooney and Geraldine Newman, two young upper-class girls, both of whom were active in the Suffragette Movement that demanded immediate legislation by the Government to give women political voting rights.

I suspect that Geraldine Newman was the author of these even more explicit personal confessions. Like 'Lady Katie', she also enjoyed her first long-term sexual relationship with a handsome man-about-town soon after leaving finishing school. And again like our pseudonymous author, Geraldine was an unashamed libertine and relished her many affairs with swash-buckling well-heeled gentlemen of leisure. These included the notorious Sir Andrew Stuck, an immensely wealthy young baronet whose wild parties were the talk of fashionable London, and other colourful members of the *jeunesse dorée* such as Lieutenant Antony Hammond of the Honourable Artillery

Company and Lord Philip Pelham, both of whom feature in 'Lady Katie's' unblushing erotic narrative.

The refreshing vitality of these lusty tales has diminished little over the passage of time and the amusing vignettes offer a completely different picture of the Edwardian era presented by most mainstream writers of the time. There may be a few in-depth character studies in our heroine's sexually explicit chronicles but most readers will agree that this is more than compensated for by the pungent bawdiness of her lively prose that shows that country girls enjoyed taking part in more interesting pursuits than pressing flowers or exchanging polite conversation at tea with the local vicar!

Copies of these memoirs – which were discovered only three years ago during the refurbishment of a country house in Wiltshire – have fortunately survived to delight and amuse us as well as providing for the social historian an irreverent insight into a vanished world. And it should not be forgotten that this light-hearted history of sensual adventures served a further useful purpose, being published in a prevailing social atmosphere in which human sexuality was a forbidden subject. There existed a substantial number of unhappy people who were racked with guilt because of their suppressed desires, whilst even more were hopelessly lost in a state of total ignorance that blighted their lives and those of their partners.

For the scholar of social history, Katie Tottenham's diaries broach the question as to just how solid was the hard-faced 'respectability' of the Edwardian Age. Certainly for such material to be disseminated there must have been a persistent questioning of the taboos that then existed and a strong undercurrent of desire to experiment with the mechanics of copulation. Few would argue that this sceptical, questioning attitude led to the more relaxed understanding of sexual needs that exists today.

Certainly, all readers who enjoy gallant literature will be

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

delighted that this salacious erotic classic is once again in print.

Leon Standlake
Newcastle-upon-Tyne
February, 1997

**How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears**

Romeo and Juliet: Act 2, Scene 2

William Shakespeare

CHAPTER ONE

June 16th, 1907

'The morning post, my lady,' murmured Mrs Cresswell as she placed a bundle of letters on the table. I put down my newspaper and heaved a heavy sigh as the housekeeper sidled out of the dining room where I had just finished a delicious breakfast of freshly-squeezed orange juice, a bowl of Quaker Puffed Rice and scrambled eggs on toast washed down with two cups of tea.

How times change! Exactly a year ago I would have been rushing to the post-rack at Dame Hilda Shackleton's Finishing School for Young Ladies in Cheltenham to see if there were any letters for me from my parents or from my snuggly Aunt Amanda who had a delightful penchant for sending 'unbirthday presents'. Even better, there might be a letter from my sweet-heart Dickie Tucker to whom I willingly surrendered my virginity in my bedroom the evening after my seventeenth birthday party.

The passionate correspondence between Dickie and myself would have horrified Dame Hilda had she been aware of the contents of the thick envelopes that passed between us. Thankfully, though, she was blissfully unaware of these uninhibited *billets doux* and indeed of the naughty sessions of slap-and-tickle her pupils engaged in with the senior boys at the nearby

Cheltenham College – although I sometimes wonder whether our kindly but shrewd headmistress wisely decided to turn a blind eye to these unbridled shenanigans.

In those carefree days I could hardly wait to open my letters but nowadays I can hardly be bothered to slit open the envelopes. Most of my mail consists of circulars from City stockbrokers advising me to invest all my spare capital in Brazilian coffee plantations or statements of accounts from local tradesmen begging for the favour of an early remittance.

I should explain that our families allowed my best chum Belinda Cheshire and I to set up house together in Kinnerton Street, Knightsbridge [under the watchful eye of Belinda's mother who lived only minutes away in Belgrave Square]. We were given monthly allowances that gave us an income that would be beyond the dreams of the working classes but that I must confess we found inadequate to save us from the quicksands of debt. Of course, our respective families – Belinda being the youngest daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Mary Cheshire and myself the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Redbourne – would always bail us out if we ever found ourselves in dire financial need, but Belinda and I were determined to show that modern young ladies were as capable as our brothers of living on our own.

Be that as it may, on this particular morning I was surprised to see a thick buff envelope with an Oxfordshire postmark amongst the usual batch of bills. One glance at the handwriting confirmed that it had been sent by my Mama, a fact that slightly worried me because only the previous week when my parents visited me in town I had agreed to return to the family's country seat next Thursday for a short summer holiday.

Therefore it was with some slight trepidation that I took up my paper knife. But though there was some sad news in her epistle, my mind was soon put at rest and I began to chuckle as I scanned my Mama's letter that read as follows:

Dearest Katie,

I regret to inform you that we received news this morning that your Great-Aunt Alexandra has passed away only a month after celebrating her ninety-fourth birthday. As her principal executor, your father has rightly decided to take the first train up to Edinburgh and head off the rapacious horde of your late Great-Uncle Hubert's relatives who would doubtless strip the house of its valuable collection of eighteenth-century silver before the terms of Alexandra's will can be implemented.

This means he will be unable to fulfil a long-standing engagement to deliver a lecture on the art of cinematography next Wednesday afternoon at Nayland College, the exclusive private school for young gentlemen in Matlock, Derbyshire. The headmaster of this establishment is Dr Roger Tagholm, an old friend of your father's since they rowed in the Cambridge boat twenty-five years ago, and it appears the boys are looking forward to the talk with great interest as Papa planned to illustrate it with a showing of some of his latest films. It would be a great disappointment if this event had to be cancelled but it occurred to me that you might like the opportunity of delivering Papa's lecture as cinematography is perhaps your favourite hobby. You could still be with us on Thursday afternoon as arranged for you could catch a train from Matlock to Oxford and Ridout, our new chauffeur, will meet you at the station.

Katie, please telegraph me as soon as you receive this letter whether or not you are able to undertake this chore for your father. I know he will be extremely grateful if you could do so.

All my love,

Mama

P.S. This morning I met your friend Lieutenant Antony

Hammond of the Honourable Artillery Company who has been staying with some friends nearby. When I told him that I was about to write to you, he asked me if I would be good enough to send you the letter that you will find in the enclosed sealed envelope.

I was somewhat surprised by this postscript for I had received a letter from dear Antony only some ten days ago and I wondered why he wanted to write again as opposed to simply asking Mama to pass on his best wishes to me?

However, before finding out the answer by opening the letter, I decided to accede to my mother's request and offer myself as a substitute lecturer at Nayland College as I had no prior arrangements of any importance for the coming week. Frankly, the thought of a four-hour rail journey and a boring night spent at a local hotel held little appeal. On the other hand, my finances were at a low ebb and it had been in my mind to ask Papa for an increase in my allowance when I returned home on Thursday.

So I rose from my chair, picked up a pen and a form from the telegram case on the sideboard and wrote thus to Mama: *WILL BE HAPPY TO DEPUTIZE FOR PAPA PLEASE ADVISE ON DETAILED ARRANGEMENTS – KATIE.*

Then I rang for Mrs Cresswell. When the housekeeper came in I asked her to dispatch one of the maids to the Post Office and send the telegram to Mama. 'Hang the expense,' I said as I fished out a shilling from my purse and passed it to her. 'I'll send it at the express rate as she needs this information immediately.'

'Very good, my lady,' she replied. When she had closed the door behind her I opened the envelope containing Antony Hammond's letter and I began to giggle as I read his heartfelt epistle which I reproduce in its unexpurgated entirety:

★

Dearest Katie,

I know that you are a passionate supporter of the Suffragette Movement but even you will surely be surprised at the lengths some of the more extreme devotees of the cause will go in pursuit of their goal.

Last Friday afternoon I boarded a train to travel up to Newcastle-under-Lyme for Lord Pethick's Summer Ball, although for me the excitement of the weekend was to begin soon after the engine chugged out of Euston Station. I had caught the train by the skin of my teeth as my taxi had been delayed by heavy traffic in Marylebone Road and I had to trudge through the corridor of the First Class coach with my luggage until at last I reached the compartment in which I had reserved a window seat.

I pulled open the door to discover that the only other passengers in the compartment were two pretty girls of about twenty years of age. One of these girls was sitting in my seat but when I came in she immediately moved across to sit next to her companion.

'Would you prefer to take my seat?' I said to her. 'I really wouldn't mind as I've done this journey several times and the scenery is quite well-known to me.'

'Thank you, sir, that is most kind of you,' she replied and we chatted politely for a while as I put up my cases on the overhead rack and settled down with my newspaper to while away the time. Although I had never met these young ladies before, it was clear that they were of the same social class as myself and I took the liberty of introducing myself to them. 'A pleasure to meet you, Lieutenant Hammond,' said the girl who had taken up my offer of a window seat. 'My name is Jessica Kelvin-Moss and this is my cousin Molly Sawyer.'

As fate would have it, the girls were also on their way to Pethick Towers and not surprisingly we soon found out that

we had a number of friends in common, amongst whom happened to be Lady Carys Thomas who only the previous week had been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for chaining herself to the railings of Buckingham Palace to highlight the determination of the Suffragettes to disrupt the life of the nation until Parliament grants women the right to vote.

Both the girls expressed strong support for Lady Carys and Jessica asked me whether I supported the suffragettes' cause. 'Oh yes, there is no logical reason why women should be denied such a basic democratic right,' I concurred, and not only out of politeness but from a genuine belief that, candidly, has put me in an extremely small minority in the officers' mess. 'It is simply absurd to allow workmen to vote and then refuse it to graduates of our Universities. However, I think that feminine blandishments would gain you far more support than these violent disruptive protests that are bound to alienate much neutral opinion.'

'There is such a risk indeed, but sweet reasonableness has gained us nothing,' said Molly sharply. 'Many of us urged our male friends and relatives to vote for the Liberals in the General Election last year yet, despite his overwhelming victory, Mr Asquith has reneged on its promise to bring in even a measure to grant limited suffrage so we are forced into taking direct action to press our case.'

I had no wish to argue with either of these extremely attractive girls so I held up my hands and said: 'Well, I do understand your frustration although I still have to be convinced that chaining yourselves to railings and hurling stones through shop windows achieves very much in the end. Such battles might attract great crowds but they simply look on such acts as interesting street shows – and you won't impress the majority of our MPs by clashing with the police.'

We continued this debate until the train slowed down to a halt on a quiet piece of track in the middle of some lonely countryside some five miles south of Bletchley. Our coach had stopped on a small bridge some twenty-five feet over the ground and I assumed we would only be delayed for a few minutes. How wrong I was, although as things turned out I was very glad to have been mistaken!

'Oh dear, I do hope we will not be stuck here for too long,' remarked Jessica as she gazed out of the window. Then she gave an odd little smile and added: 'However, this unexpected delay may yield some interesting entertainment.'

'Why is that?' asked her cousin and Jessica answered: 'Because if you look down at that clump of brush on your left there is a girl who has patently taken to heart Lieutenant Hammond's proposal to use her feminine wiles to gain what she wants.'

Molly craned forward to peer through the window and I stood behind her to stare at where Jessica was pointing her finger. To our amusement we saw that, like any passengers in the adjoining compartments, we were the unsuspected spectators of a most energetic bout of outdoor fucking. The young couple concerned had obviously been so engrossed in tearing off each other's clothes that they had not even bothered to look up to the railway carriage stuck on the bridge only some thirty feet away. I could clearly see the lad nuzzling his lips across his paramour's large white breasts whilst she raised her well-proportioned thighs and clasped him around the waist in a vice-like grip. Then he moved himself upwards and the girls gasped as we watched his naked buttocks heave up and down when he began to fuck her.

Molly was utterly engrossed in the lascivious scene unfolding before our eyes and when she adjusted her stance

to a more comfortable position, she pressed her bottom backwards against my fast-stiffening shaft. Almost unconsciously she rotated her bum cheeks in time with the frenzied pistoning of the young man's cock that appeared to be ready to spurt out its sticky tribute.

'My dear, you had better come away from the window,' declared Jessica with a smile. 'There can be no doubt that Aunt Bertha would deem this to be an unsuitable sight for your pretty blue eyes.'

'If it is unsuitable for my eyes then it must be equally unsuitable for yours,' retorted Molly with some spirit. 'Anyway, do look, I think our unknown friend is about to discharge his obligations.'

Sure enough, the rise and fall of the boy's dimpled arse increased in speed and we saw the girl's hips lift themselves clear of the shrub as she forced his prick deeper inside her. Now their bodies were so melded together that my own stiffie began to throb as she threw back her head in ecstasy while the jerking of his hips subsided into a quivering stillness.

To my astonishment, whilst the boy now sat on the grass and the girl scrambled up to kiss his cock and lick off the remaining love juice from his shrinking staff, Molly's hand reached back and tweaked my prick which, as you can imagine, was now at bursting point.

'There's nothing to beat an uninhibited al fresco fuck,' she murmured softly as she deliberately wiggled her bottom against my straining shaft. 'Jessica, be a darling and pull down the window blinds whilst I make amends to Lieutenant Hammond for provoking him so rudely.'

'It will be my pleasure,' replied Jessica, as she unhooked the blinds so that no one in the corridor could see inside the compartment before she slid the lock across the door. 'Now, you must let me help you to relieve our friend's evident discomfort.'

And with those words, the brazen hussey strode forward and, after deftly unbuttoning my fly buttons, she fished out my cock, squeezing and rubbing my rigid rod so sensually that almost at once I felt the initial spurt of spunk forcing its way up from my balls. In fact there was time only for me to croak out a warning as Jessica pointed my throbbing tool towards her cousin. But Molly was prepared: she sank to her knees and opened her mouth to take my knob between her teeth to catch the initial splashes of creamy jism as, with a wrenching groan, I proceeded to ejaculate a copious emission of tangy sperm down her throat.

When I had finished I sank backwards upon the seat. Molly smacked her lips and said: 'Mmm, your spunk has a refreshing tang, almost an invigorating as Sir Ronnie Dunn's which Jessica and I agree is the tastiest cum we have ever swallowed.'

[Sir Ronald Dunn (ennobled in 1908 as Lord Dunn of Stamford Bridge) was a wealthy merchant banker and generous philanthropist who was also a member of King Edward VII's exclusive coterie of close male friends. Sir Ronald, a man of robust sexual proclivities, was also involved in the 'fast' South Hampstead set that included such free spirits as Augustus John, Mrs Patrick Campbell, Count Gewirtz of Galicia and George Bernard Shaw – Editor]

'Dearest, you must suck Lieutenant Hammond's cock yourself and give me your opinion,' added Molly to Jessica who nodded her agreement. She started to unbutton her blouse and then turned to me and said: 'I take it you have no objection to fucking me, Lieutenant?'

'None whatsoever,' I stammered as I collapsed down on the seat. 'But do call me Antony for surely we no longer need be bound by any conventional formalities.'

'Very well, Antony,' Jessica smiled back as she unhooked her skirt. 'Now do finish undressing because Molly and I

both prefer our lovers to be naked when we fuck.'

The train lurched forward as I obediently tugged down my drawers. Jessica looked at her wristwatch and said: 'Ah, we're on the move again. I calculate that we have exactly thirty-five minutes before we reach Coventry, which should allow me ample time to sample the delights of Antony's thick prick.'

'Off you go, then,' said Molly cheerfully as she took my dangling shaft in her hand and pulled down the foreskin to expose the purple dome of my helmet. 'Let me see if I can make his cock swell up again for you.'

Without further ado, she bent down and planted a wet kiss on my uncapped knob. This acted like a crankshaft to a recalcitrant engine and when my todger began to twitch, Molly started to lick my love truncheon on the sensitive underside and in no time at all my shaft thickened up to a rigid hardness inside her wet mouth.

By now Jessica was naked and she lay back lengthways on the seat and spread her legs wide whilst I climbed on top of her and carefully placed my domed bell-end between her pouting pink cunney lips. I decided it would be wicked to tease, so I immediately slid my shaft into her clingy moist sheath until our pubic hairs were enmeshed together. This caused her to sigh with unalloyed delight and I reached up to rub her erect rubbery titties which made her twist and buck underneath me.

I moved my hands down and cupped her tight bum cheeks as I fucked her with long, hard strokes. Jessica writhed to one orgasm after another as my rhythmic pistonning brought me to the edge of a tremendous cum. 'Go on, Tony, cream my cunt!' she panted as the muscles of her cunney rippled along my cock in an exquisite seizure that ran from the root of my shaft to the very tip of my knob. A second and then a third clutching spasm made the jism burst out of me, forcing

its way into every recess of her quim as gush after gush jetted through my shaft and washed the walls of her cunt with frothy white jism.

Jessica ground her pussey against me and clawed at my back whilst her teeth sank into my shoulder as she achieved a final stupendous spend. Utterly spent myself, I sank down on top of her and a warm wave of fatigue washed over us. We lay there for some five minutes until Molly shook my arm and said brightly: 'I think you two had better dress yourselves because I'm almost sure that we will have to show our tickets before we reach Coventry.'

'Gosh, yes, we don't want to show the guard anything else, do we, Tony?' giggled Jessica as she slithered out from my embrace and picked up her lacy French knickers from the pile of our clothes that Molly had thoughtfully heaped up on the opposite seats.

It was just as well that we did not continue with this frenetic frolic because we had only just finished dressing when there was a knock on the door. I opened it and an inspector entered to clip our tickets and announce that luncheon would shortly be served in the restaurant car.

I should mention that I was agreeably surprised by the quality of our meal that consisted of an excellent clear soup, followed by a generous slice of turbot with anchovy sauce and a main offering of tender duckling with new potatoes and green peas. The dessert of a gooseberry tart and cream was also first class as was the Stilton cheese with which we concluded the repast. Naturally I insisted on paying the bill for the three of us which, including as it did a bottle of an elegant '03 Chablis, was hardly unreasonable at sixteen shillings and threepence [Eighty-one pence! – Editor].

Anyhow, before I close this long letter I am pleased to tell you that these two jolly girls and I are meeting up in London at the Ritz on Tuesday – when you should receive

this letter – and I do hope you will be able to meet us for tea there that afternoon. I have told the girls all about you and they are looking forward to meeting a kindred spirit [I trust you will not be offended by this classification]. I shall be staying at the Reefknot Club in St James's Street and as soon as I arrive there I will telephone you.

Love and kisses,

Antony

I had been feeling rather low for I had no engagements today, whilst Belinda had left the house early to spend the day with her Uncle Arthur and Aunt Helena in Chiswick and would not be back home till after supper. So I felt considerably buoyed by Antony's letter and was about to go to the study and catch up on my correspondence when I heard the sharp ring of the new electric bell that we had recently fitted on our front door. Who could be calling at such an early hour of the morning? I asked myself I was pleasantly surprised by the answer afforded by Mrs Cresswell who came in and announced that the unexpected visitor was none other than my dear chum Andrew Bennett, one of the gayest young men-about-town, with whom I had been enjoying a successful mixed-doubles partnership in the lawn tennis knock-out competition at the Hurlingham Club.

Against all expectations Andrew and I had reached the third round of the tournament for the silver cup generously donated by Lord Neild, an accomplishment due to Andrew's Athletic abilities and, in some small part perhaps, to the admittedly unorthodox encouragement I give him before and after each match.

'Mr Bennett? Oh, do show him in,' I said to Mrs Cresswell. Andrew waited for the housekeeper to leave the room before he kissed me on the cheek and said: 'Good morning, Katie.

Do forgive my calling on you out of the blue but I just had a telephone call from Johnny McNichol up in St John's Wood that the workmen finished laying out his new tennis court earlier than expected. He has invited us to join him and Annabel Whetstone to play the first game on it this morning and to take luncheon with them afterwards. Do say you'll come, Katie, it'll be great fun. My tennis togs are outside with Williams in the motor car and I'll wait till you get your own things together.'

I replied: 'Well, that sounds very nice. But there's some correspondence I really should attend to and I have an important engagement at the Ritz this afternoon. Still, it's a perfect day for tennis so as long as you promise to bring me back here by three o'clock, I'll be happy to make up the foursome.'

'Splendid!' he beamed 'Don't worry, I'll make sure you're back here on the dot of three. Now, if I may, I'll telephone Johnny and tell him that we're on our way whilst you choose your outfit.'

'Yes, of course, the telephone is in the study and I'll meet you there in ten minutes,' I said and pressed the bell for Mrs Cresswell to instruct one of the chambermaids to go up to my bedroom.

Not for the first time, I marvelled how quickly things change in this fast-paced new century. Only half an hour ago I had had little to do for the next forty-eight hours but suddenly my days were fully occupied and only fifteen minutes later I was sitting next to Andrew in his burgundy-red Rolls-Royce as Williams eased the luxurious vehicle through the traffic into Park Lane.

I certainly admired Andrew's splendid automobile and said to him: 'What a wonderful car this is; it's by far the most comfortable I've ever been in and you can hardly hear any noise from the engine.'

'Yes, that's why it's known as the Silver Ghost,' he answered. 'I enjoy driving it myself as with the pedal alone one can

almost make the car play cat's cradle. However, it isn't much fun motoring in London these days with all the traffic.'

As if to bear him out, we became jammed in a long line of traffic approaching Marble Arch and I remarked that it was nothing short of a disgrace that our undermanned police force cannot cope with the ever-increasing number of vehicles that clog up the streets of our major cities. I added that my solution would be to engage the services of a man like Haussman who planned the grand avenues and boulevards of Paris.

As I spoke, Williams was forced to give way to a taxi that cut across our path, asking and giving no quarter as is the way in London these days. The chauffeur muttered an imprecation under his breath. Andrew pulled open the window that divided us from him and said soothingly: 'Cool down, there's a good fellow, we don't have a train to catch.'

'Sorry, sir, it's just that some of these bloody cabbies need horsewhipping the way they cut in and out without any consideration for anyone else.'

'I dare say that's so, but then their passengers are usually in a hurry so they are always under pressure,' shrugged Andrew; he continued: 'Anyhow, when we get to Marble Arch, I suggest that you'd do best to turn down Edgware Road and drive down the side streets till we reach St John's Wood.'

This proved to be good advice and in less than twenty minutes we had reached the McNichols' residence in leafy Avenue Road. 'It's quite extraordinary how popular tennis has become in Society,' observed Andrew. 'At least half a dozen houses around here now have laid out in their gardens. The time has long gone when we devotees had to expound the rules of the game to the uninitiated.'

Williams drove up the carriageway and parked outside the front door that Johnny himself opened, waving a greeting to me as I stepped out of the car. Although I had been acquainted with the McNichol family for some time, we had not seen each other

since the previous year because the strapping young man had only recently returned from a nine months' stay in America.

'Katie, how kind of you come at such short notice,' he said as he led the way through to the drawing room where a stunning girl was standing at the window. She was perhaps a year or two older than myself – but I would have thought no more than twenty-one, with shiny auburn hair, a pale complexion and large brown eyes. She had already changed for our game and I guessed that, under her skirt, her lithe slender body was complemented by slender long legs.

'Now I know you were introduced to Andrew at one of Sir Andrew Stuck's musical soirées last week but I don't think you've met Katie, have you?' Johnny asked this gorgeous girl. 'Annabel, this is Lady Katie Tottenham. Katie, I would like to introduce Miss Annabel Whetstone.'

She smiled at me as we shook hands and said in a pleasant North American accent: 'How nice to make your acquaintance, Lady Tottenham. I've heard so much about you from Andrew and other gentlemen I have met since I've been in London.'

'Annabel only arrived in Britain three weeks ago and this is her first trip to Europe,' explained Johnny. 'Her father is attached to the American Embassy and she and her family will be here for the next eighteen months.'

'It's a pleasure to meet you and I hope you enjoy yourself in our country,' I replied as I returned her smile. 'But my name's Katie, I'm only Lady Tottenham to tradesmen, and unless you have any objection I'll call you Annabel.'

'Thank you, Katie, that will be lovely,' she said as a footman came in bearing a tray with four fluted glasses filled to the brim with what I thought was sparkling orange juice. Johnny handed one to each of us and then, taking the last, raised it in the air and said: 'Cheers, everybody. Drink up, there's nothing like a Buck's Fizz to put you in the mood for a game of tennis – or any other game, for that matter.'

Annabel looked puzzled and I said: 'It's the latest fashionable drink, champagne and fresh orange juice in equal parts, though I suspect that in this case the mix is biased in favour of the champagne.'

She sipped her drink gingerly and then gave a nod of approbation. 'Mmm, it's very nice but surely it can't be the best drink to imbibe before any strenuous exercise.'

'Oh, I don't know about that, there are certain kinds of strenuous exercise before which a Buck's Fizz or two makes a perfect *aperitif*,' said Andrew wickedly. 'Although, to be fair, I am thinking of indoor sports.'

Then Andrew nearly spilt his drink when Annabel looked at him and said in an innocent voice: 'Such as shagging, do you mean? But in my admittedly limited experience the great Bard of Avon was absolutely correct when he noted that [*In Macbeth – Editor*] drink provokes the desire but it takes away the performance.'

Understandably, Andrew was taken completely aback by Annabel's frankness and his cheeks flamed crimson as he spluttered: 'Quite so, although a reasonable amount of alcohol can be most beneficial in getting into the mood for, ah—'

He subsided into an embarrassed silence but I could not resist joining in the fun and giggled: 'Is "fucking" the word you are looking for, my dear? How surprising that it should escape you, for it is an activity which you practise at every opportunity.'

'Oh dear, forgive me if I have embarrassed you. But I understood from an English girlfriend now living in New York that polite conversation amongst younger members of London Society was now totally uninhibited,' said the discomfited American girl.

'And so it is,' interjected Johnny smoothly. 'As a matter of interest, though, what is the name of the lady who gave you this information?'

‘Dorothy Boxe-Meredith,’ she replied. Johnny tried to suppress a smile whilst Andrew and I exchanged a knowing look for Dottie Boxe-Meredith, the madcap daughter of the Anglican Bishop of Basutoland, had earned an infamous reputation as a bedwarmer amongst members of such raffish establishments as the Jim Jam and Reefknot Clubs before her father packed her off to America.

‘I was given to understand that Dottie was a tribade,’ remarked Andrew. But Annabel shook her head and answered: ‘Not really: she *did* go to bed with girls occasionally but only for a change. As Dottie used to say, there are few men who could match a girl’s knowing touch when it came to pleasuring a pussy.’

‘I wouldn’t disagree with that judgement,’ I declared as I finished my Buck’s Fizz and put my glass down on the sideboard. Johnny chuckled: ‘Well, Andrew and I are hardly in a position to comment, although I am sure we would very much enjoy taking part in any experiment to judge the truth of this observation.’

‘In the meantime, perhaps Katie and Andrew would care to change upstairs? Annabel and I will meet you outside on the court.’

Our host shepherded Annabel through the open French windows into the garden while Andrew and I trudged upstairs. ‘I’m really looking forward to the game,’ I said to him. He winked at me and replied: ‘So am I, and even more so to getting to know Annabel Whetstone more intimately if Johnny allows me to do so.’

Neither of us were to be disappointed. For my part, it was a joy to play on such a beautifully laid out and well-tended court, a firm yet springy shaven expanse of green turf that made my fingers fairly itch to grasp a racquet handle. Andrew and I played together and won a hard-fought first set by six games to four. In truth, Annabel was a more skilful player than myself

but both our opponents found difficulty in returning Andrew's powerful service. In the next set, however, Johnny McNichol came into his own and his superior fitness gradually turned the tide against us. I could not help admiring his muscular physique as he moved around the court with the grace of a gazelle. What an amazing game he played! He made it difficult for Andrew and I to divine the direction of his shots as he coolly planted his drives and volleys now on one side of the court and then on the other.

However, Andrew was himself no mean athlete and, if not fully in possession of Johnny's technique, he also threw himself around the court in such frenzied activity that at times no return appeared to be beyond him. Just when it appeared he must be beaten he managed to bring off a miraculous recovery and lashed back with tremendous force several balls which were thought by the rest of us to be out of his reach. Alas, despite Andrew's heroic efforts, we were forced to succumb to the superior players by six games to three although we were by no means disgraced.

At this point Annabel and I decided we would take a rest and watch the two boys play a set of singles. As I made myself comfortable on a Malacca cane garden chair and watched Andrew prepare to serve, Annabel leaned across and murmured: 'Katie, I would like to ask you a personal question – is Andrew Bennett your beau or is he simply a good friend?'

'He has been my lover but now we are, as you put it, just good friends,' I answered. I felt a dampness forming between my legs while I looked at Johnny who really was an Adonis, well built with a handsome face and twinkling blue eyes. 'And would I be right in thinking that a similar relationship exists between you and Johnny?'

'Exactly so,' she nodded as we applauded Andrew's serve that fell just inside the boundary but whizzed across the net at

such a pace that Johnny was unable to return the shot. 'So there would appear to be no reason why either of us should not – how shall I put it—'

'See if the grass is greener on the other side, so to speak,' I volunteered. She squeezed my arm and added: 'Thank you, Katie, I do like the look of Andrew Bennett and appreciate the chance to follow my fancy.'

'Think nothing of it, for I must confess I feel the same way about Johnny,' I admitted. 'Now, how best shall we arrange this swap?'

Fortunately, this question became academic for not long afterwards Johnny stopped short when chasing back to retrieve a lob and clutched his thigh. He hauled himself to his feet but grimaced with pain as he walked back to the base line.

'Are you all right, old boy?' called Andrew anxiously. Johnny gave a thumbs-up signal. However, it was clear that our host had pulled a muscle and after a few minutes he was forced to throw in the towel.

'What a rotten shame,' said Andrew as he hurried round the court to console his friend. 'Still, we've had a super game, haven't we, ladies?'

'Oh dear, I was hoping that you would give me some tips on improving my service, Andrew,' said Annabel. 'Katie, would you mind helping our disabled sportsman into the house by yourself?'

'Of course not,' I chirped up and draped Johnny's arm around my shoulders. 'Come on, at my finishing school we learned all about the treatment of minor injuries and, if you don't mind being a guinea pig, I would enjoy the chance to show my expertise.'

'Not at all,' said Johnny and he leaned on my shoulder as he limped back to the house. 'Ouch! These blinking pulled muscles really are deuced painful.'

'You poor boy, have you any embrocation I can rub into

your thigh?' I enquired. Johnny said gratefully: 'How kind of you, Katie! Yes, I do have a bottle of Professor Earle's Embrocation in the bathroom cabinet.'

'Excellent! I'm fully trained in giving a massage that will ease the pain,' I assured him, a remark that might have been something of a fib – although as things turned out it proved to be completely true! Anyhow, Johnny's bathroom was en suite with his bedroom and I affected a feminine modesty by turning my back whilst he undressed, limped by himself into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. This allowed me to move quickly across the room and peer through the keyhole. Johnny was standing under the shower and I could see that his broad chest was lightly matted with fine hair. His belly was firm and flat but I had time for only a fleeting glance at his cock before he turned round and gave me a sight of his tight, well-rounded arse.

Whilst I would have enjoyed a further view of Johnny's naked charms, in case of an interruption by a servant I deemed it best to straighten up and make my way back to the door which I locked before sitting myself down in a chair and picking up what I thought was a copy of the popular illustrated journal *Society News* that was lying on Johnny's bedside table.

But when I leafed through the pages of the magazine I was shocked to discover that, although the publication was set in similar style to *Society News*, it was in fact a 'horn book' entitled *Society Gossip* and originated from a *poste restante* address in Calais!

However, this did not prevent me from enjoying the lusty article and naughty illustrations although in the columns devoted to Readers' Correspondence I was amazed to see printed a letter from my Uncle Martin! Although the epistle was signed only with his initials, as my Aunt Gillian [a keen amateur archaeologist] had just returned from a fortnight in Italy to visit Pompeii, I was certain that the Mr M. B. of Hertfordshire

was my errant relative for the letter read:

To the Editor

Sir,

As my dear wife dismissed our saucy little kitchenmaid before she left me to visit the ruined city of Pompeii, in her absence I have been forced to resort to mere reverie whilst enjoying the comforts afforded by Mother Thumb and her Four Daughters.

And I hope that others may be entertained by my favourite fantasy which involves the luscious Miss Sylvia Renshaw whose sensual charms were so perfectly captured in the nude photographic studies in the April issue of your excellent magazine.

I imagine that I am sitting at home alone one evening when there is a ring upon the front door bell which I answer myself as the servants have been given the night off. I open the door and who should be standing there but none other than the beautiful Miss Renshaw herself.

'Good evening, Martin,' she says. 'I happened to be passing by so I thought I would visit you to see if you had recovered from that nasty chill that laid you low for a day or two last week.'

'That is most civil of you, my dear,' I reply as I escort her in and inhale Sylvia's perfume which drifts up into my nostrils. Her firm well-rounded breasts are only partially covered by a silk turquoise evening gown and I feel a familiar stirring in my groin as my cock begins to thicken.

'It's so nice to see you again,' she coos in a sensual whisper whilst she slips her hand down to rub her palm over my stiffening shaft. We are barely inside the hall when we exchange a passionate kiss and in a trice her dress is on the floor and she is standing naked in front of me.

I tear off all my clothes with the exception of my drawers

and our bodies are pressed together as we sit on the sofa and my lips travel down from Sylvia's pretty neck to her gorgeous breasts. She lets out a whimper of arousal and yanks down my drawers to reveal my erect blue-veined truncheon as I suck on her rubbery titties, moving from one to the other in an erotic frenzy.

'Let's take the important matter in hand,' she murmurs, wrapping her long slender fingers around my throbbing tool as she eases her head down to swirl her tongue along the smooth surface of my knob. I move myself alongside her until I am facing the fluffy curls of her mound and begin licking her pussey as we slip into a 'divine sixty-nine' position. I work my tongue around her engorged clitty, probing inside her beautiful quim, and Sylvia grinds her silky snatch against my lips whilst she sucks my cock with unbridled enthusiasm. My balls start to tighten and I can feel my todger tensing itself for the big spurt as I continue to lap on her cunney juices until we both explode in ecstasy.

After we have recovered we make for the bedroom where my family jewels are polished up again by her glistening pink tongue and then we fuck in every conceivable position until, exhausted by our sweet labours, we drift off into a deep sleep. In the morning, of course, we repeat the whole performance . . .

Sir, as you will gauge from this cock-swelling little epistle, Sylvia is the girl whom I would most dearly love to show around my family's country seat whilst my wife is abroad. I am sure that her titties are the perfect size for my mouth and my rock-hard boner would fit snugly inside her love tunnel.

Alas, in all probability this will remain only a wishful fancy – but do pass this letter to Miss Renshaw along with my sincerest regards and admiration.

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

Yours faithfully,

Mr M. B.

Hertfordshire

I was so engrossed in reading Uncle Martin's erotic essay that I had not seen Johnny open the bathroom door and I was startled to hear him call out: 'Katie, I'm ready when you are.'

The good-looking young man was sitting naked on the bed with just a blue towel draped across his waist. With an impish grin on his face he asked: 'Have you been looking at that risqué magazine, you naughty girl?'

I returned his grin as I retorted: 'Well, only because I picked it up by chance! And I wasn't the one who purchased it! Anyhow, let's begin your treatment. Where exactly is this muscle that is causing you pain?'

Now I don't know whether Johnny will ever believe me, but it was a pure accident that when I moved towards him, I genuinely tripped up over a rug that made me fall across him on the bed. Our faces were only inches away from each other and I did not make even a token protest when he put his arms around me and moved his lips even nearer to mine.

Wordlessly, we slipped into an ardent embrace and taking his hand, I pressed it firmly against my heart. Johnny responded with eager delight and we engaged in a most delicious kiss, our tongues flicking away in each other's mouths and his hands running all over me.

I grasped his hidden cock which was sticking up between the folds of the towel and it felt very thick as I rubbed it up and down, enjoying this amorous dalliance to the full. But perhaps it was the novelty of the experience as much as my masturbatory expertise for in no time at all I felt Johnny's tool twitch and before we could really start to enjoy ourselves he groaned and ejaculated into the soft cotton of the towel.

‘Oh God, I’m sorry, Katie, I was so excited that I just couldn’t hold back,’ he apologized but I put my finger to his lips and whispered: ‘Don’t worry, it won’t be difficult to make you hard again.’

At my instruction he lay back on the pillow and I pulled off the towel to reveal his meaty semi-erect chopper lying across his thigh. Then I slid off the bed and quickly removed my clothes. When I finished I stood in front of him and with my legs slightly parted I stroked my moist pussey through the fluffy curls of my pubic bush. Johnny breathed heavily while he watched me dip a fingertip inside my slit and sure enough his cock began to swell and stand up again between his thighs. Now I stopped the show and, lying on my knees beside him, I bent over and clenched my fingers around his stiffening shaft.

‘There, I told you it would be easy to stiffen your lovely big cock,’ I said as I slid my fist up and down the dear boy’s fleshy warm column. ‘This isn’t quite the massage I had planned but I hope you are enjoying it.’

‘I should say so,’ he gasped. ‘Oooh, that’s quite heavenly. Now please rub my cock a little faster and put your other hand on my balls. Yes, move your fingers further back, still further. Oh my, that’s simply exquisite.’

‘Let’s see if we can do even better,’ I muttered, kissing his nipples and then working my lips down to Johnny’s groin where I began to lick and suck his cock. Thinking of Uncle Martin’s penchant for *soixante-neuf* I wriggled round until my cunt was above his head and when I lowered myself gently down upon his face, my fine young sportsman happily wiggled his tongue inside my wet crack. Delicious though this was, I wanted Johnny inside me so I soon slithered back again and guided his knob between my pouting pussey lips.

A thrillingly warm sensation spread through me as Johnny pushed home and I stretched my legs to the widest as his sinewy shaft slid in and out of my squishy snatch. It occurred to me

that this would be a good time to put into practice the exercise recommended in Professor David Lezaine's useful little book *An Advanced Course in Fucking* in which he states that to improve the ever-popular 'missionary' position, the girl can make the activity even more pleasurable by twining her legs around the man's waist to enable him to piston his prick deeper inside her quim. So I followed Professor Lezaine's advice and sure enough Johnny's thrusts now reached the furthest nooks and crannies of my love funnel.

Ah, my sopping slit was like a violin and Johnny's cock was like a bow which with every stroke raised the most ravishing melody upon our senses! Every nerve in my body was set on fire by an exquisite rapture as I heaved up to meet his rhythmic plunges so that his hairy ballsack slapped against my backside as he buried his magnificent cock in me to the very hairs. Our cries of joy echoed round the room as we gloried in a magnificent fuck but all too soon I sensed that Johnny was about to spend.

'Hrghhhh!' he growled as a stream of creamy jism splashed out of his cock and washed the walls of my cunney. My own climax arrived only seconds later and shuddering spasms of sheer ecstasy ran through me as Johnny rolled over to lie panting with fatigue at my side.

It took us some time to regain our senses but after a while I said to Johnny: 'I wonder how our erstwhile tennis partners are getting on. If I know Andrew Bennett, we will probably find them in one of the guest bedrooms.'

'It would be fun to find out,' he chuckled and so we slipped on dressing robes from Johnny's wardrobe and cautiously tiptoed across the landing. The first room we looked into was empty but we could hear sighs of passion from the direction of the second bedroom. Foolishly, the randy pair had neglected to take the elementary precaution of locking the door which Johnny slowly opened; we poked our heads round it to see the naked

figures of Annabel and Andrew locked together in an impassioned mutual bear hug as they rocked to and fro on top of the eiderdown.

'They certainly make a handsome couple, don't you think?' murmured Johnny. I quietly nodded my agreement for Andrew's shoulders were as broad as Annabel's were narrow and his solid manly torso contrasted superbly with her graceful curves.

Nevertheless it was Annabel's hairy pussey that most excited Andrew. He gently pushed her onto her back and she obligingly parted her legs, purring with pleasure as he knelt before her and slid his palm up and down the length of her pink love lips.

Then she turned her head and saw us standing at the door. 'Do come in and watch,' she called out. 'I've told Andy that I've yet to meet a boy who can suck pussey as well as a girl but he says he is capable of doing so and is about to bring me off with his tongue.'

'Katie, you'll back me up, won't you?' asked Andrew and I chuckled: 'Well, I must say that I've never had to complain about your cunnilingual skills but as far as Annabel is concerned, actions will speak louder than words.'

He flashed a smile at me and, taking a deep breath, he plunged his head down between Annabel's sculpted thighs. I drew nearer to see his agile fingers parting her swollen pussey lips and Annabel writhed in ecstasy when he pressed his face forward to lick her juicy cunt.

As I had informed Annabel, Andrew was an exception to the rule about the English being poor pussey-eaters in comparison with the Latin races. She moaned with pleasure as he nibbled on her succulent clitty, mashing it between his lips as his fingers darted faster and faster in and out of her squelchy honeypot which grew juicier by the second, coating his hand with her cuntal fluids.

'Hoooooh!' screamed Annabel as her cunney exploded and she grasped Andrew's head between her knees, almost choking

the poor chap as the force of a tremendous orgasm swept through her.

‘Does my mouth pass muster?’ he enquired when she released him. Annabel gasped: ‘Oh yes, that was utterly delightful and as a reward I want you to take a rest and let me do the work.’

She made Andrew lie down on his back and then straddled him, pulling open her pussy lips with her fingers. She moved downwards a fraction to let his knob slide into her quim and then she sat down on his thighs with every last inch of his shaft safely embedded inside her.

‘Ahhh, there’s nothing like having a big thick cock inside you,’ gasped Annabel as she held him in place by tightening the ribbed walls of her love funnel whilst she bounced merrily up and down on his cock like a rider testing a new mount. Andrew lifted his hands to cup her jiggling uptilted breasts and rub her stiff strawberry nipples between his fingers.

‘I’m cumming, I’m cumming!’ she cried, reaching down to squeeze his balls to ensure that they achieved a magnificent simultaneous spend before Annabel adroitly slid over to lie in the crook of his shoulder. At the couple’s invitation, we joined them on the wide double bed.

‘I must say that you gentlemen are the fittest lads I have come across for some considerable time,’ I remarked. ‘Do you attend Mr Sandow’s School of Physical Culture [*Eugene Sandow was a noted strong man who toured the music halls in the 1890s and set up a successful gymnasium in the West End of London which was patronized by members of Society – Editor*] by any chance?’

Andrew shook his head and answered: ‘Not I, Katie, I’m a city man at heart but I keep myself in trim by taking long walks on Hampstead Heath.’

‘Oh, I enjoy the country,’ remarked Johnny. ‘Invariably I find myself under the glorious influences of Nature such as the sound of a rushing stream, the rustle of the wind or a

glorious landscape unveiling itself in the sunshine.'

'Yes, I know what you mean,' enthused Annabel. 'Without fail a feeling of bliss and contentment overtakes me when I have stood upon the summit of a steep hill after a long day's climb through woods and over rocks. Don't you feel the same way, Katie?'

I said: 'Very much so. There is always a constant expectancy of some fresh sight, the wonder of what may lie beyond the brow of this mountain or that turn in the river, and I rack my brains to picture what wild rugged shore might await me past distant hills and valleys.'

'How very poetic,' said Annabel. 'Why, you have made me feel horny again. Are either of you gentlemen able to stiffen your sinews, so to speak?'

'I would be delighted to be of service,' said Johnny and without further ado, he covered Annabel's mouth with a burning kiss as he slid his hand between her legs, feeling her hairy crack to rouse her even further. She wriggled with delight when he began to frig her with his fingers and she took hold of Johnny's now fully erect stiffie in both hands. Lowering her pretty head of silky auburn hair, she leaned over to receive the wide mushroom dome of his uncapped bell-end between her rich red lips.

A low cry escaped from Johnny's mouth as Annabel sucked on her fleshy morsel, her soft tongue rolling over the smooth surface of his knob as she slid a hand underneath his balls and inserted the tip of her forefinger inside his arsehole. Alas, this unexpected stimulation sent poor Johnny over the edge and with a heartfelt cry he plunged his prick as far into her mouth as possible. Despite the hasty removal of the pulsating male organ from Annabel's mouth, the milky white jism came gushing out of his cock at speed, spurting over her heaving breasts.

'Damn, I'm so sorry, Annabel. You sucked me off so splendidly that I simply could not hold back,' he gasped breathlessly.

‘No, no, Johnny, I should not have frigged your anus whilst I licked your cock,’ she insisted. ‘I should have withdrawn my finger when your shaft began to twitch in my mouth so the fault was mine.’

This was a generous admission and fortunately dear Andrew was at hand to give the sweet girl satisfaction. He bounced onto the bed holding his erect thick prick and suggested to Annabel that she turned over and supported herself on hands and knees. Correctly assuming that the good-natured young fellow-me-lad was going to poke her ‘doggie-style’, she scrambled up, adopted the requested position and pushed out her peachy bum cheeks towards him.

Andrew carefully slid his knob into the inviting cleft between the two wobbling globes and must have been tempted to push on into the puckered rosette of her back passage because Annabel cried out: ‘Oh, please don’t go up my arse, my dear. I’m not very keen on bum-fucking.’

‘Your wish is my command,’ he rejoined gallantly, pulling her long white legs apart until he had a fair view of the pouting pink lips of her pussey. Annabel reached back and grabbed hold of his cock, giving it a good preliminary rub before guiding the uncapped helmet gently into the entrance of her oily love channel.

Once he had effected a safe lodgement for his knob, Andrew heaved himself forward and his balls flopped against Annabel’s thighs as he buried his shaft to the hilt. He clasped her around the waist as he thrust his cock inside her clinging sheath again and again until, with a convulsive shudder, Andrew flooded her cunt with his sticky jism as he choked out: ‘Haaah! I’m cumming! I’m cumming! Y-e-s-s! Here we go!’

He slumped down at her side. The pretty girl turned to him with a grateful smile upon her flushed face and said: ‘Thank you, Andrew. I really enjoyed that nice little poke.’

Yet despite this expression of her gratitude, I suspected that

Andrew had spent too quickly and that Annabel's cunt required further attention. So I snuggled up to her and enquired: 'Would you like me to gamahouche your pussey and bring you off?'

'Yes, please,' she murmured. So I knelt between her parted thighs and, clasping her beautifully rounded bum cheeks in my hands, I began to lick and lap the tangy wetness around her pussey which was moist from her own juices and from Andrew's salty emission. I slipped my tongue in and out of her juicy cunt, titillating the darling girl until she was writhing from side to side under this oral stimulation.

'Haaah! Haaah! Keep going, Katie, please don't stop!' she pleaded when I had to pause for a few moments to draw breath. She clasped hold of my head and let out wild moans of ecstasy when I dived back to place my lips over her jerking clitty and sucked it into my mouth where the tip of my tongue began to explore it from all directions. Very soon this triggered a high-pitched scream of delight from Annabel as she achieved her spend and drenched my face in a spray of love juice.

Both the boys now volunteered to perform a similar service on my tingling quim. But I had a feeling in the back of my mind that at teatime there might be some high jinks with Antony Hammond and his lubricious new female friends so I thanked Andrew and Johnny but did not accept either of their kind offers.

In fact, it was now time for luncheon and so we dressed and trooped downstairs and back into the garden where Johnny had instructed his parents' cook to lay out a cold buffet. There was Mayonnaise of Salmon, Roast Beef and Roast Chicken, Braised York Ham together with a variety of salads. We consumed this delicious *al fresco* feast in the garden and Andrew told us an interesting story about his friend Lord Philip Pelham [*a noted Edwardian roué whose exploits have been chronicled in several 'horn books' of the period – Editor*] whose appetite for *l'art de faire l'amour* had apparently become jaded of late.

‘I find that difficult to believe,’ said Johnny drily. ‘Phil Pelham has more notches on his shaft than any chap I know.’

‘That may well be,’ Andrew concurred with a smile. ‘But, nevertheless, last month he made an appointment to see none other than the famed Doctor Letchmore in Harley Street.’ [*Dr Jonathan Letchmore [1868–1955] enjoyed a profitable medical career after he was called in by the Prince of Wales in 1894 to treat the heir to the Throne who was suffering from the uncomfortable complaint of Pthirus Pubis or ‘crabs’ – Editor.*] ‘Mind you, I am sure Phil had no cause for concern even though he couldn’t get a hard-on to fuck Camilla Heald-Green after she had sucked him off in a cab whilst they were returning to her hotel from one of Lady Tagholm’s afternoon garden parties.

‘Doctor Letchmore gave him a thorough examination and pronounced him to be fighting fit, although he said – and this is what you all may find of interest – that Phil might benefit from a change of diet.’

‘Well, I’m most surprised because Phil eats like a horse,’ commented Johnny. Andrew shrugged: ‘Yes, but Doctor Letchmore recommended that he ate more fruit. He told Phil that strawberries, tomatoes and all citrus fruits are packed full of nutrients that help to keep one’s wedding tackle in good order.’

‘How about oysters?’ I wondered. Andrew chuckled: ‘Yes, Phil asked the same question and Doctor Letchmore told him that indeed oysters are nature’s richest sources of zinc. As you may know, Casanova extolled their virtues as a “spur to the spirit of love” whilst His Majesty the King regularly breakfasts on a dozen or so with a plateful of brown bread and butter and I don’t think Mrs Keppel has ever complained about any lack of stiffness in the royal member!’

‘Anyhow, the outcome was that Phil took the good doctor’s advice and since then the Pelham prick has been in fine fettle. Only the other night he shagged Camilla Heald-Green three

times and then for good measure proceeded to bum-fuck her chambermaid!’

‘So all’s well that ends well,’ I observed. As a footman came up to the table bearing a tray with a silver-mounted coffee service Annabel said with a wide smile: ‘Andy, if the quality of this gentleman’s performance matches his other attributes, you really must introduce me to him.’

‘Indeed I will. Doubtless you will want to judge for yourself whether there is any truth in the rumour that Lord Philip Pelham has the thickest cock in London,’ laughed Andrew heartily. ‘For as the poet put it:

*We may live without verses, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends, good fortune and luck,
But life’s mere existence without a good fuck!’*

‘Yes indeed, although I am certain Phil will confirm that poking can occasionally lead to embarrassing situations,’ I remarked with great feeling, recalling the hair-raising scenes that had occurred at our house one night last week. ‘But I’m not sure whether my Lord Pelham or my dearest friend Belinda Cheshire would be happy if I told you how they almost found themselves in the most awful trouble.’

‘Oh, do carry on, Katie. Belinda’s a good sport and she won’t mind too much,’ declared Andrew lightly. ‘Though if you would prefer it, I am sure that you can count on everyone here to give you a solemn promise not to repeat your story outside these walls.’

‘In the circumstances I think that would be best,’ I said. Once such a pledge had been extracted from all present, I explained over a glass of an excellent cognac how, last Wednesday evening, Phil had taken Belinda to the theatre to see Mr Nicholas Webb and Miss Elizabeth Thomson in Mrs

Moser's new comedy at the Criterion Theatre. Then I went on: 'Unfortunately, they were seen arm in arm at the theatre by Belinda's Aunt Bertha and as luck would have it for a second time at Romano's where Phil had booked a table for an after-theatre late supper. Alas, when Aunt Bertha returned home she immediately telephoned Belinda's Papa who is of a somewhat choleric disposition and who was aware of Phil's reputation as a Lothario.

'In fact, Sir Herbert Cheshire became so agitated at the thought of his daughter even being seen with such a notorious young man that he almost exploded with rage and decided to teach Phil a lesson.

'Anyhow, back at our house, I had already retired to bed by the time Belinda and Phil came home but I could hear sounds of muffled giggling coming from Belinda's bedroom which is next door my own.

'Now, I must also explain that we had had to employ a workman to cut out several patches of dry rot that has infested the upper part of the house and at present there is a small gap in the wall between our bedrooms which is covered on my side of the partition only by a framed photograph of my family. Well, I could not resist taking down the picture and peeking through the aperture to watch the lewd couple in action – especially as I was curious to know whether there was any veracity in the gossip about the dimensions of Phil's prick!

'As I suspected, they were fooling around on the bed and Belinda, who was already totally nude, was tugging at Phil's last article of clothing, a pair of black silk undershorts. As she pulled down this remaining garment over his thighs his huge shaft sprung up to salute her from a mossy growth of dark pubic hair at the base of his belly.

' "Golly, it's true what they say about the size of your cock!" Belinda giggled as she took his tremendous todger in her dainty hands.

‘ “Yes, a certain young lady not unknown to you measured it at eleven and a quarter inches last month,” he said proudly as he lazily stretched out his arm and placed his hand on Belinda’s pussey, letting his fingers run slowly along the full length of her moistening crack. She purred with pleasure and arched her back which was dappled with shadow from the electric lamp at the side of the bed, darker and deeper where it narrowed into the cleft between her chubby bum cheeks. The shadows rippled like water at every movement of her legs.

‘It was all very exciting and I began to tingle all over when Phil transferred his hand to Belinda’s ripe young breasts that jutted out so proudly, her rosy pointed nipples already erect as he squeezed and fondled them. My heart was beating wildly as my hand slid down to my own pussey. I let my fingers move lovingly to play with my dampening love lips whilst I watched Phil raise himself up over Belinda and insert his massive member inside her cunt.

‘This was too much to bear. In any case it was wrong to spy on my dearest friend in this way, so I scuttled back to my dressing table and opened a secret drawer from which I took out the china ladies’ comforter that I had purchased from the famous Zweig Manufactory on my visit to Paris earlier in the year. Without further ado I threw myself on my bed and rubbed the dildo (which I was assured had been designed according to the exact penile measurements of the celebrated Count Gewirtz of Galicia) up and down and all around my cunney that was now tingling with anticipation. Then I pushed it slowly inside my cunt and played with it for a while as I wondered whether Belinda was enjoying having her quim reamed out by Phil Pelham’s enormous love truncheon.

‘This question was soon answered as I heard the cries of passion from behind the wall which were now rising in intensity as the raunchy pair approached Elysium. Then a yelp from Belinda and a hoarse bellow from Phil signalled that their

love juices had flowed together in a glorious simultaneous spend.

‘I just had to see what was going on and I scampered back to the hole in the wall as Belinda cooed: “Wowee, Phil, what a truly sumptuous fuck. Can we continue or do we need to wait a few minutes before carrying on?”

‘ “Whatever you prefer,” he answered somewhat breathlessly. “But you will have to give my cock a nice wet kiss if you want to continue without a break.”

‘ “By all means,” she answered instantly as her roving hands caressed his slightly deflated beefy boner and pressed it against her cheek. “I’m sure a little gentle massage will make this lovely thick prick swell up again.”

‘Phil’s fleshy chopper bounded in Belinda’s clenched fingers when she peeled back his foreskin to uncap the ruby bell-end before she began to rub his burgeoning shaft between her palms. This, as she had forecast, soon had the required effect.

‘ “Hey-ho, up he rises,” she giggled as his twitching tool now stood to attention as stiff as a poker. A blissful gurgle escaped from Phil’s throat as Belinda craned her head forward and, stuffing as much of his huge cock as she could inside her mouth, she added rather indistinctly: “Mmm, your cock’s very appetizing, Phil. It’s coated with a tasty mixture of my cunney juice and all that spunky cream you shot into my cunt.”

‘She closed her lips around it and grasped the base of his shaft in her hand as she palated his engorged cock until the tip of his knob must almost have touched the back of her throat. Phil grunted his approval at Belinda’s syrupy sucking and this horny scene made me feel so randy that I would have loved to burst in on them and join in the party! Frankly, I might well have done so had we all not been interrupted at this juncture by a sudden thunderous bombardment of knocks on our front door.

‘Who could this be visitor at ten minutes past midnight? I pulled on a dressing gown and slippers as the noisy fusillade

continued. I padded out to the landing where I saw our housekeeper Mrs Cresswell walking downstairs and I shouted down to her to keep the chain on the door when she opened it.

“I shall, never fear,” she called back grimly. But she unbolted the chain when she saw that it was no felon who was demanding admittance but Belinda’s angry father, Sir Herbert Cheshire, who pushed past her, brandishing a riding crop in his hand.’

My listeners roared with laughter as I paused to drink my coffee. Johnny exclaimed: ‘My God! Did he horsewhip poor Phil?’

I chuckled as I shook my head and continued: ‘Well, that was certainly in Sir Herbert’s mind as he charged up the stairs and brushed past me to hammer on Belinda’s door and bellow: “Open this door at once, do you hear? Come out, you impudent rogue, I know you’re hiding in there!”

‘The door opened and Belinda appeared dressed in a high-necked pink nightdress. “What on earth is the matter, Papa?” she enquired languidly and her casual mien seemed to infuriate Sir Herbert even further. He roared: “I’ll deal with you later, my girl! But first I’m going to thrash that scoundrel! Don’t try to deny he isn’t skulking behind your skirts, your Aunt Brenda caught the gist of what that long-haired Romeo was saying to you at Romano’s tonight.”

‘To my astonishment Belinda simply shrugged her shoulders and with a sang-froid worthy of any professional actress answered him my saying: “You may enter my bedroom, Papa, and furthermore you have my express permission to whip to death any man you can find there because he would be an uninvited intruder who has forced his way in without my permission.”

‘With a low growl, he barged in. But Phil was nowhere to be seen even though Sir Herbert made a thorough search under the bed, in the wardrobe and behind the curtains. “H’rumph,”

he spluttered. "Where's the cad hiding? I know very well that he is somewhere in this house."

"If you are referring to my friend Lord Philip Pelham, he can be found in the guest bedroom," said Belinda coolly. "He escorted me home as would any gentleman and I invited him in for a cup of cocoa. Unfortunately, he was taken violently ill shortly afterwards – I warned him against ordering a lobster salad – and Katie thought it best if he stayed the night as a good night's sleep would aid his recovery."

"Sir Herbert whirled round to glower at me as I cleared my throat and said: "Yes, that is quite correct, the poor man was in no state to go anywhere and I do hope all this noise has not woken him up."

"Sir Herbert's eyes narrowed and he demanded to see the invalid for himself. "Very well, Papa, if you insist," sighed Belinda and she led us to the spare bedroom and threw open the door. There we saw Phil lying bare chested under the covers and looking as white as a ghost, doubtless paralysed with fear of Sir Herbert's wrath.

"However, he certainly looked ill enough. Sir Herbert clearly accepted our explanation for Phil's presence for all he did was to stare at him for a few moments before he stormed out of the room muttering a final warning to us all about our future conduct. Then he wished us good night and marched out of the house.'

'Bloody hell, that could have turned out very nasty for Phil,' commented Andrew with a wicked grin. 'I'll wager he wasn't up to any further rumpy-pumpy after such a close shave.'

'Well, not till the morning and then he and Belinda made up for lost time for they stayed in bed till midday,' I answered. Looking at my watch, I rose from my seat and added: 'And talking of the time, I really must be on my way or I shall be late for my afternoon engagement.'

I thanked Johnny for his hospitality and exchanged a farewell

kiss with Annabel. Andrew asked me if I had any objection to being driven home by Williams without him as the weather was so fine that he fancied staying there for the reset of the day. 'Of course not, my dear,' I replied and the three of them accompanied me to Andrew's Rolls Royce [from which Williams had cleaned off any grime from our journey this morning] and I settled myself in the back seat while Andrew instructed his chauffeur to take me back to Knightsbridge.

In fact I was quite pleased to find myself alone with Williams who had been in Andrew's service for almost five years. Like all good chauffeurs, he is the soul of discretion but we became good friends some time ago after I discovered that an occasional half a crown [*13 pence – Editor*] would unlock his tongue and he has since been an invaluable source of information about the latest Society scandals.

'So what news have you for me today, Williams?' I asked as he glided the car down the short drive to Avenue Road. He gave me a deep chuckle and replied: 'Well, exactly two weeks ago today I received a telegram from Mr Bennett who was spending a few days in West Sussex at the home of the Liberal peer, Earl Bucknall. He instructed me to pick up the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing Street at two o'clock the following afternoon and drive him down to Bucknall Manor.'

'Good gracious, are you saying that Mr David Lloyd George himself was in this car just a fortnight ago?' I asked with interest. 'I would have loved to have sat next to him because it would have given me the opportunity to berate him about the Government's disgraceful postponement in laying a Suffrage Bill before Parliament.'

In reply to this observation, Williams gave a sardonic grunt. 'You wouldn't have been able to hold his attention, ma'am, because he did not travel down alone. I won't name the girl but before we turned into Whitehall the Chancellor directed me to pick up from a house in Berkeley Square a certain young

lady who had also been invited to Bucknall Manor for the weekend.'

I gave a little whistle of surprise and replied: 'You don't have to protect the girl, I am quite aware that you must be referring to the pretty Miss Glenda Gilson. I noticed her in the photograph of Earl Bucknall's weekend party that appeared in *The Tatler* and wondered what on earth she was doing there.'

'My word, Sherlock Holmes would have nothing on you, Lady Katie,' he said admiringly. 'Well, I suppose you would like to know what naughty goings-on took place between them whilst I drove them down to Horsham.'

'Of course I would, Williams, you know how much I enjoy listening to your explicit and uncensored anecdotes.'

'Maybe so, but I think this story is too strong even for the most modern miss,' said the chauffeur doubtfully. 'And I certainly wouldn't want to offend you.'

'That's highly unlikely,' I assured him. 'To be frank with you, I would be especially interested in hearing anything about Mr Lloyd George that could provide some useful ammunition if I ever manage to meet the rotter face to face.'

This shocked Williams and he exclaimed: 'Because you want to force him into giving women the vote? Why, ma'am, there are some who might call such action blackmail.'

I retorted: 'So what? Mr Lloyd George is only a politician and I have much sympathy with the American author Mark Twain who once wrote that his mother was dreadfully upset when someone informed her that he was thinking about taking up a political career. And Mr Twain noted: "*But I denied the charge and she agreed that I was more gainfully employed in my present job as a pianist in a whorehouse.*"'

This witty line amused Williams. 'All right, my lady, I'll spill the beans,' he chortled and went on to enlighten me about how he had picked up Glenda Gilson, one of the prettiest young actresses on the London stage, and how he had listened carefully

to the conversation between her and the Chancellor in the back of the car.

‘Mr Lloyd George had forgotten to shut the pane of glass between the front and back seats and I was damned if I was going to mention this to him especially as we were stuck in traffic and I could see them both clearly in my driving mirror,’ he went on. ‘Anyhow, he shifted up to rub shoulders next to Miss Gilson and I could hardly believe my ears when I heard him say to her: “My dear girl, thank you so much for sending me a set of those excellent life study photographs Eric Major [no relation – Editor] took of you before starting work on your portrait for the *Ladies’ Pictorial*. I’ve spent many hours at the Cabinet table with a permanent hard-on after slipping his prints of your pussey inside my papers. Why, if my private secretary had not been at hand to toss me off when I arrived at the Treasury, my stiffie would have been tenting out my trousers all day.”

‘ “Oh David, you naughty fellow, you’re only saying that to flatter me,” she cried as she slapped him on the arm, though I could see she wasn’t really too upset at his rude words. Mr Lloyd George slipped his arm around her waist and continued: “Glenda, in all honesty, you have the most lickable cunney I have seen for many a year. Whilst Mr Asquith was droning on about the Defence Estimates I was fantasizing about how I would adore to lay naked with you in my bed and how I would burrow down between your thighs and kiss the curly bush of pussey hair that covers your crack. Then I would finger-fuck your mouth-watering little quim as we shifted into a *soixante-neuf* and you worked your lips up and down my big cock whilst I reamed out your love funnel with my tongue.

‘ “There, what do you have to say about that?” he enquired and Miss Gilson giggled: “Nothing very much, David, except to ask why don’t you pull down the window blinds right now. I’m dying for a good fuck just as much as you.”

‘He gave a wicked leer and drew the black blinds across the windows including the second mirror that slid across the partition separating us – not realizing, of course, that Mr Bennett had installed one of these clever new double mirrors so that I could still see directly into the back of the car!

‘Mr Lloyd George sat back and instantly the raunchy pair were locked in an amorous embrace. For once I was happy to stop in the heavy traffic round Hyde Park Corner as the hold-up gave me time to look back on what was happening behind me! You would hardly credit it, my lady, but they were already going at it hammer and tongs. He had unbuttoned Miss Gilson’s blouse and was fondling her bosoms whilst she had ripped open his flies and was fisting her hand up and down his thick chopper.

‘I had to take my eyes off them for a couple of minutes whilst I navigated the car through to Victoria Street and when I had the chance of another quick look he was kissing her bare breasts whilst she was tossing him off. I didn’t get another glimpse till we were over Battersea Bridge. By then Miss Gilson was sprawled on her back lengthways on the seat with her skirt on the floor and Mr Lloyd George was on top of her with his head jammed between her thighs. I could almost hear his tongue slurping away and then she cried out: “David, why are you teasing me like this? For goodness’ sake fuck me, you randy devil!”

‘He instantly obeyed her, heaving himself up as she yanked down her knickers, gripped hold of his shaft and brought his knob to her pussy lips. She groaned with delight as Mr Lloyd George began humping her, first slowly and then in a bout of tremendous energy. He started shagging her so powerfully that the vehicle was shaking with the force of their fucking. I couldn’t actually hear his chopper squelching in and out of her cunt but from the way Miss Gilson threw back her head and pummelled his shoulders I guessed that she was well satisfied with his performance.

'She must have asked him not to cum inside her for by Putney Bridge he was sitting back and she was sucking his cock. I saw him jerk his hips upwards as he shot his load down her throat. Though she tried to gulp down his spunk I saw some jism drip down from her mouth so I automatically reached for the bottle of Professor Purdue's Cleaning Fluid that I always keep handy. There's nothing better to remove love-juice stains and with an employer like Mr Andrew Bennett, you can well imagine that I'm often in need of it!

'Anyway, they fucked again and Mr Lloyd George brought her off with his fingers about twenty miles before we reached Horsham. Then they dressed themselves and behaved with decorum until I brought the car to a halt.'

Williams slewed the Rolls-Royce into Park Lane and when he drew up outside my front door I fished out a florin from my handbag and passed it through to him. He tipped his hand to his peaked cap and smartly jumped out to open the door for me. 'Thank you for a most agreeable ride,' I said as I disembarked from the car. 'An interesting story always makes the journey far less tiresome.'

There was only time for me to wash and change my clothes before I found myself in a less opulent vehicle, to wit, a motor cab that I hailed to take me to the Ritz. The ride was also less exciting because the driver was hardly likely to regale me, as Williams had, with an exciting tale of High Society humping! Interestingly enough, his previous fare had left a copy of an afternoon newspaper in the cab in which a writer had noted that at the end of December 1906 only ninety-six motor cabs were licensed in London but it was estimated that there were now more than seven hundred on the streets. At the same time there were six hundred less hansoms plying for hire and there could be little doubt that people preferred to ride in the quickly moving motor-cab rather than in conveyances drawn by horses.

It might be hard to imagine, I thought to myself, but it was clear that in a few years' time we would hardly see any equestrians on the road. This would not be a great loss as far as I was concerned although my Mama was still terrified of the internal combustion engine and whenever possible used her carriage even in town.

What exciting times we live in! I am certain that all classes will enjoy a brighter future and the world as a whole will become a better place as we enter the second decade of the twentieth century. In fairness I should add that my distinguished godfather, Professor Frederick Arndale of Oxford University, takes a more sombre view. He is very anxious about the future of Europe and of Great Britain in particular. He is worried by the growing amount of internal unrest that will continue to plague us until we devise a fairer division of wealth and even more so by the strong likelihood of a forthcoming conflict with other countries attempting to carve out Empires in Africa and Asia.

But I believe his analysis is much too gloomy. New forms of travel will surely lead to warmer relations between inhabitants of neighbouring countries. And who knows where the invention of Signor Marconi [*the Italian founder of radio telegraphy who sent signals across the Atlantic in 1901 – Editor*] will lead? Furthermore, it would be foolish to scoff at gentlemen like Andrew Bennett who are convinced that in our lifetime we shall see aeroplanes flying at presently unimaginable speed non-stop between Europe and America.

This last thought in my reverie reminded me that I had yet to reply to a letter from another dear girlfriend from Dame Hilda Shackleton's Finishing School, the aptly named Sarah Goodbody of New York City. She had invited me to visit her in the Spring and as her people are in the East Coast Blue Book [*a register of families in American Society – Editor*] I think there is every chance that my parents will allow me to accept

Mr and Mrs Goodbody's hospitality and make my first journey across the Atlantic Ocean.

She had written: 'You really must visit us soon, Katie. Remember, this is America where *everything* grows bigger . . .' A broad smile spread across my face for Sarah was a fun-loving girl after my own heart and I was fully aware of the sub rosa message contained in that seemingly innocent statement!

Indeed, I was so taken up by thoughts of the lascivious fun I would have with Sarah in New York that when I checked the contents of my purse at the end of the day, I realized why my driver had been so effusive in his thanks when I alighted from his cab at the Ritz Hotel. For I had inadvertently given him a sovereign instead of a shilling as I airily informed him to keep the change! Of course, at the time I did not realize what a stupid mistake I had made so I was still in a sunny mood when Antony Hammond, who had been waiting for me in the lobby, spied me coming through the revolving door.

'Hello there, Katie, how lovely to see you again,' he exclaimed as he took my hand and kissed it in Continental fashion. This salutation always pleases me although, as Belinda Cheshire rather cynically comments about the practice, 'Kissing your hand is all very well but a diamond bracelet is a far more lasting token of affection.'

Be that as it may, he escorted me to the lounge where we made our way to a ravishingly pretty girl sitting alone at a table for three but who politely rose to her feet as we approached her. 'Jessica, I would like you to meet Lady Katie Tottenham,' said Antony with a slight touch of anxiety in his voice because he was concerned that if we did not take to each other he would find himself in the position of being the 'piggie in the middle' and perhaps lose the friendship of us both. 'Katie, may I introduce Jessica Kelvin-Moss.'

Well, he need not have worried for in fact Jessica and I took to each other from the first. After a while I mentioned

how I had also expected to meet her cousin Miss Molly Sawyer who had been travelling with her on the train journey on which they had first met Antony Hammond.

‘Ah yes, Molly had planned to take tea with us this afternoon but she became involved with that handsome rascal Denis Le Baigue at Lord Pethick’s Summer Ball,’ said Jessica with a frown. ‘Now, I have nothing personal against Mr Le Baigue who, as you may know, is supposedly one of the best-endowed men in London but his liaison with Molly forced me to fib to my Aunt Phyllis when she telephoned this morning to ask what Molly and I planned to do today.’

‘I told her that Molly would spend most of her time at the British Museum when in fact she left the hotel after breakfast for Mr Le Baigue’s apartment in Bloomsbury. Despite the wonderful weather, I very much doubt if she and Denis have moved far from the bedroom all day.’

‘And this leaves you in a somewhat awkward position vis à vis her Mama,’ I observed. She nodded: ‘Well, yes, and there’s another reason why I don’t want to be involved with their affair. Like so many girls before her, Molly is quite infatuated with her new lover so I don’t want her to know that it is almost three years to the day since Denis Le Baigue took *my* virginity – although I must stress this deed was done with my complete and wholehearted consent.’

‘I should hope so,’ commented Tony warmly. ‘But I would not have expected anything less from Denis who, when all is said and done, would never behave other than as a perfect gentleman. Do tell us more though, Jessica, I’m really in the mood to listen to a sensual story.’

‘Tony Hammond, you’re *always* in the mood for a sensual story,’ she chided him gently. ‘Still, it is your birthday tomorrow so I suppose I mustn’t refuse you – so long as Katie doesn’t mind, of course.’

‘No, no, do carry on,’ I said quickly as inwardly I admonished

myself for forgetting Tony's birthday. One of these days I will remember to buy a pocket diary solely for this purpose so that I won't find myself in this disconcerting situation again.

Jessica continued with her tale. 'It was a most enjoyable experience that happened on the afternoon after my seventeenth birthday party. Denis was one of several guests who had slept over at the large house in Gloucestershire that my parents had rented for the summer. We had exchanged kisses *à la française* after he had taken me outside onto the terrace shortly before the last waltz and as we lay together on a mossy knoll in the warm sunshine I made no move to check the progress of his fingers as he unbuttoned my blouse and cupped my breasts in his hands.

'Perhaps it was the heat that made me lose control when he unhooked the catch on my skirt and smoothly slid his hand up my leg. I began to whimper when he started to massage my pussey which was already moistening under his touch and I arched my back upwards to enable him to yank down my knickers and plunge his fingers into my squishy love tunnel.

'Then it was Denis's turn to gasp as I rubbed my hand against the tenting bulge in his trousers. He tore open his fly and, pulling out his beefy boner, whispered hoarsely: "Finish me off, my sweet." I had little compunction about agreeing to his heartfelt request as it felt most invigorating holding his throbbing tool in my hand so I energetically fisted my hand up and down the pulsing shaft.

'But my state of excitement was clear to Denis from the way my cunney juices were pouring over his fingers and with his free hand he carefully pushed my head downwards until my head was level with the fiery uncapped helmet of his todger. As he had correctly surmised, I could not resist his steel-hard stiffie standing so temptingly just inches from my lips. I rested my head on his thigh and then put into practice for the first time the technique about which I had recently read in the pages

of *The Oyster* that one of my friends purloined from her father's study.

[*The Oyster (recently published in paperback by New English Library, London and Carroll & Graf, New York) was perhaps the rudest of all the underground magazines which flourished in Britain around the turn of the century – Editor.*]

'I opened my mouth as wide as possible to engulf the wide mushroom dome of Denis's knob and then moved my lips up and down the length, licking and sucking this succulent fleshy lollipop for all that I was worth.

' "I'll cum in your mouth if you don't stop," he warned me breathlessly but by now I had passed the point of no return. I pulled my lips away from his cock and panted: "Denis Le Baigue, don't you dare cum before you've fucked me."

' "Fucked you?" he echoed in astonishment because he knew that I was technically *virgo intacta*. But when I repeated my request a wolfish smile spread over his face as he rolled me onto my back and, after parting my pouting love lips with his fingers, he slowly entered my cunt.

'I almost swooned with pleasure when I felt each ribbed muscle of Denis's thick prick as first his knob and then his shaft slid inside my welcoming quim. Without further ado he began pumping away and I humped my hips to meet his thrusts as if I had already been well versed in the exercise of *l'art de faire l'amour*. When Denis realized that he was about to spend, he moved one hand underneath my quivering bum cheeks to insert his fingertip inside my arsehole. This brought on my own climax and we came together in a glorious mutual wash of spunk and pussy juice. After he had caught his second wind, Denis slid down my body and licked out my sopping slit which caused me to experience a second thundering orgasm.

'So there you have the story of my deflowering,' finished Jessica as a waiter came to our table bearing a silver trolley of sandwiches, cake and pastries. 'And to give credit where credit

is due, I was initiated into womanhood by a considerate and thoughtful lover. First love can sometimes be a great disappointment but thanks to Denis my first experience of fucking was little less than idyllic.'

There was a short silence whilst Tony and I mulled over this sensual confession. It was broken by Jessica who chuckled: 'Hearing friends' stories of how they crossed the Rubicon are always exciting, are they not? But how about you, Tony? Will you now entertain Katie and I with an account of *your* first fuck?'

He answered with a smile that refined young ladies like Jessica and myself would not wish to be regaled with any sordid details but I wagged my finger at him and retorted: '*Au contraire*, Lieutenant Hammond. We want to hear all about your rite of passage.'

'Yes, come on now, Tony, don't be bashful,' coaxed Jessica as she slid her hand under the table to fondle his knee. 'I'm sure that Katie isn't one to tell tales out of school and I might reward you with a very special treat.'

This was perhaps the extra encouragement for which Antony was angling because with a sigh of surrender he held up his hands and said: 'Very well, if you insist you shall hear a totally unexpurgated account of my first joust between the sheets. It happened about a month after my sixteenth birthday while I was home on vacation from Eton. At the time my parents employed a German girl named Ingrid as a governess to my two young sisters. She spoke English perfectly and my mother was well satisfied with her work.'

'However, I was keen on Ingrid for a rather different reason because she was a truly scrumptious girl of eighteen, slightly taller than average with a mop of bright blonde curls that set off to perfection a cheeky little face with large blue eyes that fairly sparkled with promise and her slim, athletic frame and light complexion were delightfully shown off by her black

dress. My eyes would gaze longingly at her large rounded breasts that jutted out like two firm globes. Every night I would fantasize about Ingrid as I lay in bed with my stiff throbbing todger in my fist. I didn't have to rub my shaft for very long before the spunk shot out of my cock but this relief was not a truly satisfactory substitute for my raging needs.

'Well, on one never-to-be-forgotten evening my parents went out to dine with friends and at ten o'clock I decided to go upstairs to my room. I wasn't very sleepy but hidden in my wardrobe was a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* that I had been given by a pal from school. I could hardly wait to feast my eyes on the photographs of the lovely undraped models whose pictures made my cock swell up like an iron bar.

'So I undressed quickly and then took out the well-thumbed journal from its hiding place. It was a warm night so I lay on the bed stark naked with my prick in one hand and the magazine in the other, drinking in the sight of a bunch of delightful young girls wearing only the scantiest of costumes. One photograph in particular of a shapely damsel named Fifi lying naked on her back with her legs apart and with her hand strategically placed over her pussey had me panting like anything as I rubbed my cock up to bursting point.

'The fancy of running hands over her luscious body, of handling her delicious titties and then placing my hot, throbbing tool inside her cunt was simply too much. In no time at all the unique ecstatic sensation of a cum surged through me and a fountain of spunk shot out of my cock.

'Of course, at that age one only needs a brief respite before beginning all over again and my cock soon swelled up once more as I turned the page to gloat over the charms of Mademoiselle Estelle's magnificent bare breasts. I was so wrapped up in this lewd activity that I did not hear my bedroom door open [although Ingrid later swore she had knocked softly upon it before she entered] and I looked up suddenly to see the

governess at the foot of my bed with a wide smile playing upon her lips.

‘I was so taken aback that my prick instantly shrank down to limpness as I hastily dropped the magazine over my crotch. However, Ingrid sat down on the bed, pulled the journal off to reveal my flaccid member and commented: “Oh dear, Master Antony, is this the effect I have on you?” I made no reply but her soft fingers curled around it and when she began to slowly fist her hand up and down my drooping shaft it rapidly returned to its former length and strength.

‘“You have a very thick cock for such a young man,” she continued smoothly. “How would you like to fuck me as a late sixteenth birthday present?”

‘Wouldn’t I just! I wanted to reply that this was like asking if I thought night followed day but I was so excited by such a prospect that I could only nod my head as I watched the gorgeous governess undress in front of me.

‘Trembling with anticipation, I almost came then and there as Ingrid rolled down her knickers and walked towards me stark naked, her firm uptilted breasts a magnet for my eyes as she slithered down beside me and wrapped her arms around my neck. Our mouths met and as we writhed on the bed my hands ran over her erect tawny nipples whilst her own hand encased my throbbing shaft which bucked and bounded in her sweet grasp.

‘“This will be the first time for you, *ja*?” she enquired with an amused smile playing about her lips as she lay back and spread her legs while I lowered myself upon her.

‘“Yes, that’s right,” I croaked and then cried out in delight when she took hold of my cock and guided it firmly to the entrance of her moist love funnel. Perhaps it was as well that only minutes before I had brought myself off for, instead of plunging in and out of her cunney in a mad frenzy, I thrust my yearning prick inside Ingrid’s quim at a slower rate of knots,

driving in to the hilt and then withdrawing all but the tip of my cock before sliding it back in again.

‘This had the desired effect upon the lusty lass whose bottom rolled from side as she worked her cunt back and forth against the ramming of my thick young chopper. Ingrid came first in a series of jolting spends and she was so worked up that she screamed out in German: “*Ach, mein liebe Antony, ich habe einen herrlichen Höhepunkt erreicht. Jetzt bist du dran!*”

‘I looked blankly at her and she gasped: “I’ve had a tremendous spend, Master Antony, now it’s your turn.” My cock was sheathed so fully inside Ingrid’s quim that my balls were nestling against her chubby bum cheeks when she squeezed her cunney muscles. This nipped my cock so deliciously that I shuddered with ecstasy and cried out in sheer unadulterated joy as I shot my load.

‘“Haaah! Haah! Haaah!” I panted as the powerful spurts of creamy jism jetted from my cock until the final faint dribblings oozed out of my knob. I pulled my shrunken shaft out of her cunt and collapsed down on top of her. How thrilled I was to have fucked Ingrid! It is now eight years since that eventful evening but I shall always remember her with delight and no little gratitude. Since then I have spoken to a number of friends whose first journeys to sexual Nirvana were far less pleasurable and I am convinced there is no finer educational experience than that imparted in bed by an experienced and sensitive older woman to an inexperienced and naïve younger man.’

Now, dear diary, I must admit this frank if lewd story set the tone of the conversation throughout tea and I genuinely cannot recall who suggested that we retired to Tony’s bedroom. But I do seem to remember that it was Jessica who suggested we throw off our clothes and lie down together on the bed.

Still, I dare say that it hardly matters who the progenitor of the game happened to be. In a short time the three of us were writhing naked on the eiderdown enjoying a lascivious three-

way kiss, pressing our lips together and wiggling our tongues around in each other's mouths.

Jessica's hand slid down to cup Tony's balls but to my surprise he winced with pain. 'Oh dear,' said Jessica anxiously. 'Are you balls still sore, darling? I heard that Lady Everleigh squeezed them rather too hard whilst she was sucking you off last night.'

'Clearly the famous grapevine of gossip is as active as ever,' he replied somewhat acidly. 'However, I am pleased to inform you that Doctor Letchmore examined my testes this morning and pronounced them to be in perfect working order. However, he did suggest that I do not over-exercise them for the next day or two.'

'So does this mean you must remain celibate until the weekend?' I enquired. But Tony shook his head and answered: 'No, thank goodness, he just means that I mustn't overdo things, that's all.' Then he gave us a crafty look and continued: 'But girls, bearing this in mind and as it is my birthday tomorrow, would you like to give me a treat? I must confess that I have an overwhelming desire to see the pair of you make love to each other.'

Well, I had no objection as I enjoy the occasional intra-feminine loveplay and of course only a few hours before I had been pleasuring Annabel Whetstone's delicious pussy. On the other hand I had no idea how adept Jessica Kelvin-Moss was in the tribadic arts so I looked enquiringly at the lissome girl who shrugged her shoulders and remarked: 'I suppose it would be harsh of us to deny the gallant Lieutenant Hammond his pleasure.'

'Thank you very much, although I don't claim any special military prowess,' he said modestly. 'The only action in which I have been involved has been in training on Salisbury Plain. Mind you, I shall be straight off to the front line if there ever is another war, God forbid. So one could say it is your patriotic duty to humour me.'

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

I laughed at his impudence as I sat up and surveyed Jessica's generous curves. 'How lovely you are,' I smiled as I ran my hands over her soft rounded breasts. She returned my smile and cooed: 'And you, Katie, are one of the most beautiful girls I have ever laid eyes on.'

My naked body flushed at the excessive nature of her compliment as I held out my arms and in a trice we were locked together in a lascivious embrace. Jessica inserted a leg between mine and I squeezed my thighs against it, riding it slowly back and forth as she now lay on top of me, lightly pinching my nipples between her gentle fingers whilst her hand cavorted down the length of my body until her palm was pressing against my moistening pussy.

Then I twisted about until my head was just under her swinging bosoms. She cupped one gracefully and fed it to my eager mouth. I circumnavigated the pink areola with a fluttering tongue and she groaned in appreciation as we rolled over onto our sides, rubbing our bodies together. She reached between my legs and I felt an agreeably intrusive fist pressing against my cunt whilst I rotated my bottom in slow, sensual circles.

'My word, Katie,' said my pretty partner as her questing finger danced around my sodden folds. 'I do believe your clever little snatch is already gushing love juice. Feel *my* snatch, it's also soaking wet.'

We kissed again long and passionately and Jessica trembled all over when I pulled her up to me and whispered: 'Are you familiar with the joys of *soixante-neuf*?'

'The most exciting number in the whole world,' she replied with a voluptuous smile and we immediately assumed the position with myself on the bottom. Facing my feet, Jessica straddled me and when she sat down on my mouth I inhaled the piquant fragrance of her cunt, that unique spicy aroma of feminine arousal. Emitting a squeal of delight, I grasped her bum cheeks and sucked her love lips into my mouth as I

buried my face in her pungent honeypot.

At the same time her mouth was committed to a similar joyful tour of my succulent snatch. Her tongue ran the length of my slit, lapping to and fro until she insinuated its tip into my tingling crack. 'Ooooh, what a divine little cunt you have, Katie,' she muttered as she slid her hands under my bottom to pull my pussey into an even tighter contact with her mouth.

Meanwhile Jessica's cunt lips were unfolding like the petals of an exotic flower as they opened to my prodding tongue. She yelped with pleasure as I felt for her clitty, running my tongue up and down the sides to tease it towards what I knew would be a shattering spend. Jessica was doing likewise and I quivered to a wildfire of sensations as she paid lascivious court to my fleshy love button. Out tempos matched as our throbblings grew into tremors and the tremors into convulsions.

'Aaaaah! I'm cumming, I'm cumming,' she yelled out, raising her head from my sopping slit and then diving back into its pulsating wetness to lash my clitty one final time with her wicked tongue.

We climaxed in tandem, moaning our joy into the heat of each other's seething quims and then we sat up and kissed each other – tasting our own savoury love juices.

As was to be expected, Tony had become electrified by our lesbian loveplay and was sitting up next to us, jerking his hand up and down his pulsing prick. It was clear to me that he was building up a fine head of steam and knowing of old how much he enjoyed fucking doggie-style, I hauled myself up on my hands and knees and pushed my bum out towards him. Alas, my cunney was already so wet and Tony was so excited that I hardly felt him insert his cock inside my cunt and in less than half a minute he jetted his glutinous emission of jism.

Naturally he also wanted to fuck Jessica and, despite Doctor Letchmore's counsel not to overstrain himself, he begged me to lick his cock up to a further stand and against my better

judgement I acceded to this request. In fact, even though Jessica and I took turns to swirl our tongues up and down the underside of his shaft, he was unable to achieve another stand.

This was not the first *menage à trois* in which I had been involved and not for the first time I and the other girl found it a tad unsatisfactory. There is no doubt that a woman is far better equipped for this exercise than a man. For once the man has spent [*pace* Lieutenant Hammond] it can take some time for him to recover his strength but most girls can spend several times before their pussies become sore. The only solution is for the two girls to toss a coin to decide who will sit on the man's cock to be fucked and who will sit on his face to be sucked off – yet one further example of how foolish it is to categorize us as the weaker sex!

For what it is worth, my best-ever threesome was with Felicia Macdougall and Andrew Bennett, a lad whose cock [as readers may have already gleaned from the carnal orgy in St John's Wood] has the staying power of a steam locomotive. I must remind myself to call him and find out if he is free to fuck me one day next week. Thankfully, more and more people have installed telephones over the last few years. It is by far the best method of making such enquiries because no incriminating notes need to be written and thus no evidence is produced for inquiring busybodies either before or after the event.

Nevertheless it was a real pleasure to make love with the lubricious Jessica Kelvin-Moss and I thanked Tony for his hospitality. They both urged me to stay for supper and meet Molly Sawyer who was due to return from her tryst with Denis Le Baigue at seven o'clock but I had much to do before tomorrow's train journey to Matlock.

I said: 'When Molly and Jessica next visit London you must all come to my house for a dinner party. I'm sure the girls will take to Belinda and I'll invite some amusing fellows like Dickie

Tucker, Andrew Bennett and Lord Philip Pelham to make up the numbers.'

On this friendly note we parted company and when I walked out of the hotel into Piccadilly a motor omnibus bound for Knightsbridge drew up at the stop only a few yards from where I stood. Now whilst my Mama would quail at the thought of travelling on a bus, I have no such qualms and so I joined the shuffling queue of passengers and boarded the bus, mounting the stairs to sit on the top deck.

Dear diary, little did I know but that this impulsive action would lead to my participation in a most extraordinary drama which I shall record in my next entry in your pages.

CHAPTER TWO

June 16th, 1907 [Continued]

I had settled down into a seat at the back of the top deck near the top of the staircase when the bus lurched its way round Hyde Park Corner and an old gentleman who was changing his seat for the second time drove his elbow into my neck.

'Oh, I do beg your pardon, my dear,' he apologized. I accepted his expression of regret with a small smile although a slight feeling of annoyance at his restlessness caused me to shoot an irritated glance at him: three times now he had shifted his seat since I had boarded the bus at the Ritz. Old people should be glad enough to sit still when they have the chance though in truth it was hard to be angry with such a benevolent-looking old gentleman.

Then another swing of the bus seated him beside a tired-looking girl holding the handle of a leather satchel that lay in her lap. She opened her eyes for a moment and then closed them again and her head sank upon his shoulder. He glanced sideways at his pretty young neighbour and a kindly smile stole over his face as his arm slid around the girl's waist. The pair made quite a pretty picture but then I noticed a momentary rise and fall in the dress of the sleeping girl on the side furthest from the old gentleman in whose benevolent embrace she lay.

In a flash the explanation came to me and I was about to

stand up and call for the conductor when I turned my head and saw him standing beside me looking intently at the couple. I tapped him on the arm and said quietly: 'Did you see—'

'I should think I did, Miss,' he answered. 'That old bugger has just picked her pocket. He's been moving around the bus since he got on at Aldwych and now I know why. When we get to Sloane Street I'm going to call a copper, there's always one directing the traffic at the junction.' I protested that I wanted to get off at the next stop but he said reproachfully: 'Oh come on, Miss, it's your duty. There's far too much of this sort of thing happening and that poor young lady looks as if she works hard for whatever money she had in her purse.'

As he spoke the bus came to a halt to take its turn in the line of vehicles waiting to turn into Knightsbridge and our aged cutpurse moved his arm back to his side. This movement woke the tired girl who opened her eyes and peered anxiously out at the traffic to make sure she had not been carried all the way to Hammersmith in her sleep. Reassured, she adjusted her grip on her satchel whilst the conductor and I watched our elderly thief's right hand travel towards the pocket of the girl's cheap cloth jacket from which her bus ticket was peeping.

Shamelessly he inserted his fingers into her pocket so openly that there was no longer a vestige of doubt as to his intentions. 'Right, that's enough,' said the conductor as he pulled the bell-cord. 'There's a copper down there on the pavement. I'm going to bring him over and make a charge against that old geezer.'

He descended the stairs and when, along with all the other passengers, the old gentleman heard the conductor call out to a portly constable standing only a couple of yards away from the bus, he stood up and made his way to the top of the stairs. I hesitated for a moment for it was none of my business to arrest thieves but the meanness of his actions had angered me. So I also stood up and blocked the narrow passage until the conductor appeared at the top of the stairs and growled: 'Trying

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

to make a run for it, were you? Well, too bad, the game's up.'

The old gentleman cleared his throat. 'My good man, I have given no offence. I only—'

'I saw what you were up to, you old rogue,' interrupted the conductor and jerking his head towards me he said. 'And this lady saw you too.'

'But there's surely no need to make such a fuss about it,' pleaded our venerable wrongdoer. 'If a sovereign now and then—'

'Oh, stow it,' said the conductor roughly. 'A couple of sovs might not mean much to a rich cove like you but it's more than I take 'ome every week.'

Our suspect looked pleadingly at me as the policeman now came into view and the conductor turned to him and said: 'Here he is, officer. I 'ereby give this villain in charge for picking pockets.'

The old gentleman vehemently denied the charge and the fat policeman slowly took out a notebook and pencil from his pocket and looked around him and said wearily: 'All right, then, have any of you ladies and gents lost any money?'

Everyone else began searching their purses and wallets and feeling it incumbent on me to speak up I pointed at the girl with the satchel and said: 'The conductor and I both saw him sidle up to that lady there and slip his hand into the pocket of her jacket.'

'Yes, you have a look and see what he's taken,' said the conductor to the girl who alone had showed no interest in the contents of her pockets. But she shrugged her shoulders and said: 'Thank you for your interest but I've nothing worth stealing.'

I looked sharply at the old gentleman, whose face had grown very red, as in a desultory way the girl began to fumble in her jacket pocket and bring out the contents – a bus ticket, two pennies, a farthing and a sovereign.

'Well, *have* you lost anything?' enquired the policeman of the girl whose face had also flushed crimson as she shook her head and answered: 'No, far from it.' Then she held out the sovereign to the old gentleman and blurted out: 'This coin must belong to you, sir.'

'No, no, it's not mine,' he said vigorously and the policeman frowned: 'What's all this? I don't understand what you're saying he's done, Miss.'

'This gentleman has put a sovereign into my pocket,' she stammered wildly. 'And I insist – oh! I insist—'

'He's put two half-crowns in my pocket, too,' cried out a shabbily-dressed man as he showed the silver coins to the bewildered policeman who scratched his head in bewilderment. The old gentleman cleared his throat and said: 'Look here, officer, can't you see that you're embarrassing these people? Any little transaction between them and myself is none of your business, nor anyone else's for that matter.'

'He's been giving his money away,' said the constable over his shoulder to the conductor and the old gentleman exclaimed vehemently: 'And why not, may I ask? I have far too much cash sitting idly in the bank and I would rather make people happy with it now than make them wait until I'm six feet under.'

At this the girl who had been the target of his strange behaviour glanced down at the sovereign and returned it to her pocket. She sat down with her head bowed whilst the plump policeman looked reflectively at the old man and said: 'Well, I dare say you've not actually done anything wrong but I'd better take your name and address.'

'Oh, very well, if you must,' said the mysterious benefactor in some slight irritation as he pulled out his wallet and passed over his card which the policeman scanned. He muttered quietly: 'Frederick Newman, M. A. [Oxon], Gradegate Avenue, London, S.W.'

The plump guardian of the law slid the card and his notebook into his tunic whilst he looked hard at Mr Newman. 'You go home,' he said portentously as he began to descend the stairs. 'You want to be taken care of, you do.'

The eccentric philanthropist followed the policeman off the bus. I watched him cross the road to hail a taxi as the conductor rang the bell, leaned dolefully against the stairway as the bus chugged forward slowly into the stream of traffic and remarked: 'Well, think of that! Dropping money all over the place! I wish I had known what the old duffer was up to, I wouldn't have minded if he wanted to put a sovereign in *my* pocket.'

I chuckled at this heartfelt observation as I rose from my seat when we approached my stop. I was followed by the tired girl holding her satchel which she put down on the pavement as soon as she had stepped off the bus. She appeared to be in a distressed condition, so I went up to her and said gently: 'Are you feeling unwell? Perhaps you need to recover from the shock of someone putting money into your pocket: that sort of thing doesn't happen very often!'

'Indeed it does not,' she answered ruefully. 'And although I would have preferred not to accept his charity, quite honestly, the old gentleman's gift could not have come at a better time as I have to finish marking all the examination pages in this satchel before I get paid again.'

It was clear that the poor girl was in a state of distress and I declared: 'Now you're not going to be fit for anything unless you have a good rest. Why don't you accompany me down the road to my house and lie down for a while till you feel better?'

'Thank you but I couldn't possibly impose,' she began. But I cut her short and said: 'Nonsense, it will be my pleasure. Here, let me carry your satchel.'

On the short walk down Kinnerton Street I gave her my card. She informed me that her name was Fiona Maxwell and explained her present plight to me. She said that until the

previous month she had been employed as a governess at the home of a titled family and then went on: 'Unfortunately I lost my situation and, as the mistress of the house refused to give me a reference, I have been unable to find any alternative employment. However, I am a good French scholar and I've been able to keep body and soul together by marking examination papers for a languages school in Tottenham Court Road.'

Fiona looked so forlorn that I tried to cheer her up and remarked: 'Well, at least there should always be work for you as English people are notoriously poor at languages.'

'Yes, I'm afraid that is so,' she agreed, giving me a tiny smile. 'But I'm afraid that I only receive twopence for every paper that I mark and every week I'm finding it more and more difficult not to slide into debt. When the school closes down for the summer I really have no idea what I shall do.'

We had reached the front door of my house which opened as if by magic before I could press the electric bell. Belinda stood in the doorway taking out a hatpin from her mop of strawberry-blonde hair.

'Hi there, Katie,' she said cheerfully. 'I've only just come in myself and when I saw you coming I thought I would save Mrs Cresswell's legs and open the door for you. Aren't I the considerate one?'

She craned her head to see who was standing slightly behind me. To my astonishment, when Belinda saw Fiona she clapped her hand to her cheek and exclaimed: 'Miss Maxwell! Good heavens, what are you doing here? I thought you went back to Torquay?'

'Good evening, Miss Cheshire,' said my new acquaintance shyly. 'No, I decided not to go home because my parents are struggling to make ends meet on my father's small pension and I didn't want to burden them further.'

'So you've obviously met before,' I said somewhat unnecessarily as I took Fiona's arm and propelled her into the hall

while Mrs Cresswell bustled up and relieved us of our coats and Fiona's heavy satchel.

'Yes, my aunt employed Miss Maxwell as the governess to my two young nieces who were awfully upset when she upped and left a few weeks ago,' explained Belinda. Then she turned to Fiona and said: 'Why did you leave so suddenly? As it happens I visited Aunt Helena today and although they have a new governess, Faye and Nicola still miss you terribly.'

'And I miss them, Miss Cheshire,' said Fiona in a low voice. 'Believe me, I was sorry to go but I had to leave the girls because I found myself placed in an impossible position by circumstances outside my control.'

'Circumstances outside your control?' echoed Belinda. 'What do you mean, Fiona?'

'Well, not to put too fine a point on it, I was expected to undertake more than the normal duties of a governess by a certain member of the household,' she replied with some hesitation. 'And so I was forced to hand in my notice.'

'Oh, come now,' said Belinda, shaking her head in disbelief. 'I know that Mrs Nicholson, Aunt Helena's housekeeper, can be a bit of a Tartar but surely you could have complained if she was making life difficult for you.'

'It wasn't Mrs Nicholson who caused all the trouble,' said Fiona in a quiet voice but said no more, clearly unwilling to volunteer the name of the guilty party.

However, at this point I recalled how Belinda's Uncle Arthur had attempted to force his tongue between my lips while kissing me under the mistletoe at Sir Herbert and Lady Cheshire's Christmas Party last year. I said gently: 'Fiona, don't be frightened to name the culprit who made your life so unbearable. Tell me, was it none other than Mr Arthur Brierley? I suspect that he kept pressurizing you to share his bed whenever Mrs Cheshire was away.'

Fiona looked up quickly. 'How did you know that, Lady

Tottenham?' she said, clearly close to tears. I patted her arm and told her what he had tried to do to me. Naturally, this left poor Belinda in a state of shock but she soon recovered and declared: 'I shall certainly keep my distance from Uncle Arthur in future. What a horrible thing to do to a defenceless girl! Whilst I have always held that if a girl wants to be fucked there is no need for her to be coy about it, men have to accept that "No" means "No" and this decision must always be respected. I presume you gave Uncle Arthur no encouragement in his quest to bed you?'

'None whatsoever, Miss Cheshire, I swear it,' she answered as tears began to well in her eyes. I put my arms comfortingly about her and helped the distressed girl down into an armchair.

There was a brief silence until Belinda snapped her fingers and said excitedly: 'I must make an important telephone call regarding what we've just heard. Katie, will you please give Fiona a glass of cognac and tell Mrs Cresswell that there will be three of us for dinner this evening.'

She rushed out of the room and Fiona looked helplessly at me. However, all I could do was to shrug my shoulders and smile as I poured her out a stiff drink from the decanter of brandy on the sideboard. I passed it to her and said lightly: 'Sorry, I've no idea who she might be ringing but there's nothing that can stop Belinda when she gets the bit between her teeth. Here, drink this down, it will calm your nerves.'

Then I rang for Mrs Cresswell and told her of our dinner arrangements – I knew this would cause no problems for Cook for we were dining simply that evening and all she had to do was to take out another two lamb chops from the recently installed refrigerator – and a few moments later Belinda returned with a gleeful smile on her face.

'Fiona, you can forget all your troubles,' she said excitedly. 'Signora Rabodelli, the wife of the cultural attaché at the Italian Embassy, was overjoyed when I told her that I knew of a suitable

young lady to look after their three children and who could take up the position at the weekend. They live at 147 Belgrave Square and she would like you to meet her there at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.'

Belinda gave us a jubilant look and explained how she had suddenly remembered talking to Signora Rabodelli at Lady Purdue's *conversazione* [*a social gathering for discussion of the arts* – Editor] and how concerned she had been to find someone suitable to look after the children after she had been forced to dismiss the previous governess for theft.

She poured herself a large cognac and went on: 'Naturally I gave you a most glowing reference and I am sure you will be offered the position. Signora Rabodelli is a charming lady and I hope you will be very happy there.'

Well, as can be imagined, Fiona was overjoyed at the news and thanked Belinda profusely for her kindness. 'Not at all, it was the least I could do,' said my chum, although when Fiona went outside to wash her hands before dinner she chuckled: 'In my opinion Signor Rabodelli will probably show more finesse than Uncle Arthur when he attempts to seduce Fiona.'

'Belinda, I hope you're not moving Fiona from the frying pan into the fire,' I said anxiously but she brushed this comment aside. 'Of course not, though you know what Italian men are like. Anyhow, let's not beat about the bush, Katie. Men will always try their luck with a pretty young girl like Fiona and she must learn how to stand up to this pressure. Fortunately, only a minority of men realize that they stand a far better chance of a fuck by treating women with kindness and consideration rather than threats and bribes. I don't deny that there is a thrill in the chase for both hunter and hunted but the final conclusion must be a matter of mutual desires.'

This philosophic discussion was interrupted by Mrs Cresswell who came in to give me a small packet that had just been delivered from the Army and Navy Stores. 'This must be from

my Mama,' I commented as I tore it open and, sure enough, nestling inside were railway tickets and the times of the trains for my visit tomorrow to Nayland College, Matlock and the next day's journey back home to Oxford.

Coincidentally, a telegram arrived not five minutes later from Mama which read: MR BERNARD YOCKE WILL MEET YOU AT MATLOCK STATION. YOUR FATHER'S CINEMATOGRAF AND FILMS HAVE BEEN SENT DIRECTLY TO NAYLAND COLLEGE. LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU SOON.

I let out a deep sigh as I folded the telegram and stuffed it into my pocket. To be honest, the events of this busy day had put my journey and lecture on films completely out of my mind and I would now have to spend the evening supervising the packing of my luggage. I said as much in a grumpy tone of voice to Belinda who replied: 'Don't fret, Katie. Fiona will understand that you will have to leave us after dinner. Anyhow, think of all those handsome boys of Nayland College who will be hanging on your every word.'

I let out a sarcastic little laugh as Fiona re-entered the room and we trooped into the dining-room to enjoy a very pleasant light meal of tomato soup, whitebait and lamb chops with a selection of green vegetables followed by Cook's delicious fruit salad of strawberries, peaches, pears and raspberries. We washed down this repast with two bottles of a light white wine and by the time our parlourmaid Emily served the coffee the three of us were all – how shall I describe it – feeling rather tired and emotional! This was especially true of Fiona who had eaten nothing except an apple since breakfast and after we retired to the lounge it took little urging to make her explain in graphic detail the problems she had experienced with Mr Arthur Brierley.

She slumped down next to Belinda on the sofa and said: 'It all began when Mr Brierley started coming into the classroom

and slyly pinching my bottom and pressing his erection against me when the girls weren't watching. I ignored his attentions and hoped he would realize that I was uninterested in forming a relationship with him but one night I discovered a salacious letter under my pillow.

'Look, I still have it in my bag and I'll show it to you,' she added and produced the following typewritten missive:

My Dearest, Darling Fiona,

How I yearn to kiss your beautiful lips and make mad, passionate love to you! My head has been spinning with desire ever since you came into my life but, alas, circumstances dictate that it is impossible for me to approach you directly. Yet I think of you constantly and sometimes I can hardly wait to throw myself into bed and close my eyes, willing myself to conjure up a delightful illusion in which you appear.

Only the other night I dreamed that we were lying naked together in a big four-poster bed. Your delicious naked bottom was pressed against my face and I was able to kiss and suck your sweet pussey whilst you were holding my throbbing stiffie and saying: 'Mr Prick, I refuse to let you go unless you promise to fuck me!'

Oh, Fiona, if only this fantasy could be translated into reality and that one day I really will be able to conjoin my cock with your cunt! Until then, all I can do is to send my love and kisses and hope you will not think badly of

A Lover of Pussey

'Phew! What a scorcher! Whoever wrote that letter is well smitten with you,' I commented with a twinkle in my eye. As I passed the letter on to Belinda, I added: 'But have you any rock-solid evidence that Mr Brierley was responsible?'

She shook her head and continued: 'Not as such, although

he is the only person in the house who knows how to use the typewriter that is in his study. However, whether or not he was the author became merely academic the next day when I was woken up shortly after dawn by the noise of tiny pebbles thrown against my window. I guessed that the perpetrator was probably the mystery letter-writer so I jumped out of bed and ran swiftly to the window, which was slightly ajar, to discover the identity of my unknown admirer who was standing in the garden.'

'And it turned out to be Uncle Arthur?' prompted Belinda and Fiona gave a wan smile. 'Yes, I'm afraid it was Mr Brierley who, when he saw me, ripped open his trousers and pulled out his stiff cock which he started to frig in frenzied fashion.'

'I suppose you slammed the window shut,' remarked Belinda. But to my surprise Fiona hung her head and answered: 'Well, of course that's exactly what I should have done.'

'So what *did* you do?' I asked. She said: 'All I can say is that whilst I was indeed horrified at Mr Brierley's coarse behaviour I nonetheless decided to tease him. I pulled off my nightdress and thrust my bare breasts forward so that they practically dangled from the window. I could see his eyes widen when I took my nipples between my fingers and tweaked them until they blushed rose-pink and grew stiffly erect. He let out a hoarse wordless cry when I planted my hands on my hips and shook my titties at him in a thoroughly lewd manner.'

'Frankly, I was now beginning to enjoy myself and, slowly turning my back upon him, I glanced over my shoulder and rudely waggled my naked bottom at Mr Brierley who I saw become momentarily motionless. His eyes widened still further as he pumped his prick with his flying fist until a fountain of spunk burst out from his cock and splashed down upon the grass.'

Fiona stopped and bit her lip. 'You must think me very wicked and believe that I deserved what happened the next afternoon when he called me into his study. As soon as I closed

the door he swivelled round in his chair and pulled out his stiff cock from his trousers. "Ah, Fiona, I thought you would like a closer look at Mr Todger," he leered but I fled from the room, slamming the door behind me.'

'Well, don't feel guilty about it, my dear,' I said forcefully. 'If Mr Brierley felt that exposing his prick would tempt you into letting him fuck you, so be it. Maybe your actions the previous morning might have led him down that road. However, it was your inalienable right to refuse him.'

'I couldn't agree more,' concurred Belinda with great vehemence. 'Heaven knows, I enjoy a good fuck as much as any girl and all of my lovers are aware that they cannot assume that they have a divine right to my pussy. However, surely there was no need for you to resign simply because of these unfortunate incidents.'

Fiona gave a wan smile as she replied: 'Perhaps not, but regrettably matters did not end there. Only a few days later Mrs Brierley discovered that a diamond heart-pendant was missing from her jewellery case and, to my horror, it was later found under a pile of clothes in my chest of drawers. She wanted to call the police and charge me with theft but Mr Brierley persuaded her that I should simply be dismissed as he had no wish to be involved in a court case.

'Oh, I know I could have told Mrs Brierley what her husband had been getting up to but what good would that have done? She might or might not believe me and, for the sake of Faye and Nicola, I did not want to be responsible for breaking up the family home. So I simply packed my bags and left that very same afternoon.'

'You acted from the highest motives but by doing so you've let him off the hook,' observed Belinda thoughtfully. 'Has it crossed your mind that he will now feel able to threaten other servant girls with a similar manoeuvre? Still, there's no use crying over spilt milk but Katie and I will lose no opportunity

to ensure that Uncle Arthur never practises this mean trick again.'

'Quite so,' I agreed as I rose from my chair although I could not think of any role I could take in the achievement of this laudable goal. 'However, you must now excuse me, I have to make arrangements for a journey out of town tomorrow morning.'

Fiona also stood up and thanked me again for my kindness. 'You and Miss Cheshire have been so good to me, I don't know how I will ever repay you.'

'Tush, tush, we don't want repayment,' I smiled as she embraced me tearfully. 'Although this experience shows how necessary it is for women to have more power in shaping their own destinies. Belinda and I are both members of the Women's Social and Political Union and I strongly urge you to join the suffrage campaign.'

'I'll give Fiona some of our latest leaflets which she can read in bed tonight,' said Belinda. She turned to our pretty guest and added: 'I won't hear of you going back to your lodgings tonight, by the way, so I'm going to ask Mrs Cresswell to prepare the spare bedroom for you. A good rest and a hearty breakfast will set you up nicely for your interview with Signora Rabodelli tomorrow morning.'

Fiona protested that she could not put us to any further inconvenience. But naturally I supported Belinda's proposal and informed Mrs Cresswell that Fiona would be staying overnight before I went upstairs with Emily to begin packing my bags.

June 17th, 1907

Before I retired to bed last night I telephoned Prestoncrest Carriages and booked a motor car on my father's account to come round at half-past nine and take me to St Pancras Station as I felt I deserved a little extra luxury for undertaking this trip to the wilds of Derbyshire.

[Prestoncrest Carriages was an exclusive syndicate of private chauffeurs that flourished in the West End of London until the advent of World War One. Drivers were sworn to secrecy about their journeys and several illicit romances were consummated in the back seats of Prestoncrest vehicles. An unusual but effective code was used to protect customers' anonymity – all male passengers were addressed as 'Monsieur' and all females as 'Madame' whilst drivers were invariably addressed as 'Graham'. Indeed, only a written or telephoned request to speak to 'Mr Graham' would be countenanced by the company – Editor]

Knowing that I would be well looked after until I was settled down in the first class non-smoking compartment of the train allowed me the luxury of a restful night's sleep. I was downstairs in good time for breakfast which I ate by myself for neither Belinda nor Fiona had yet stirred by the time that the Prestoncrest chauffeur rang our front door bell.

'Please tell Graham to put the bags in the hall into his car,' I called to Mrs Cresswell as I walked briskly up the stairs to say goodbye to the other two girls.

However, there was no reply when I knocked on Belinda's bedroom door and I assumed she was fast asleep. But when I popped my head round the door, I saw that her bed was empty and it looked suspiciously as though it had not been slept in overnight! *You naughty girl*, I murmured to myself as I realized that my wicked friend had spent the night tucked up with Fiona. This rather surprised me for although Fiona was a pretty enough girl, Belinda rarely took part in lesbian lovemaking. Anyhow, rather than interrupt them I went downstairs and scribbled a note to remind Belinda that I planned to leave Matlock for Oxford on Thursday to stay at Tottenham Lodge for a week or so with my parents.

Then, just as I was about to leave, a Post Office boy rushed up on his bicycle with a special delivery letter for me in his

hand. When I turned the envelope over I saw that it had come from Dickie Tucker, my first sweetheart who deflowered me soon after my seventeenth birthday and has remained a good friend ever since.

Alas, poor Dickie was banished from London to the family country estate near Witney three months ago by his wrathful father, Major General Tucker of the Fifth Bengal Lancers (Retired), after the old man had been forced to come to town to settle Dickie's outstanding accounts. These included £150 owed to the General Trading Company and an even larger gambling debt incurred by rash play at the Reefknot Club's baccarat and roulette tables. I always enjoyed reading the regular earthy essays he sent me from his exile only a few miles away from our own country seat in Oxfordshire but I decided to wait until I was on the train before reading it.

So I strode down to the pavement where the smartly-uniformed chauffeur opened the door of the Austin Landaulette for me. Twenty minutes before the train's departure, I was safely ensconced in my railway seat with my cases on the overhead netting and a copy of *The Daily News* in my lap. There was only one other passenger in my compartment, a handsome if somewhat florid-faced gentleman of about thirty-five who was engaged in a close perusal of the pages of *The Sporting Life*.

I quickly scanned the headlines of my newspaper and after reading of fresh strikes amongst the miners and of continuing unrest in the Balkans [*Certain items of news never seem to change!* – Editor] I folded up my paper and brought out Dickie Tucker's letter as a loud whistle announced our imminent departure. I looked out of the window at the crowded streets of Kentish Town and then, as the engine gathered speed through the leafier suburbs of West Hampstead and Cricklewood, I took Dickie Tucker's letter out of my bag and a smile immediately formed on my face as I read the following playful missive:

★

Dearest Katie,

I was as pleased as Punch to hear from Mama this afternoon that you are to give a lecture on cinematography at Nayland College tomorrow. Did you know that I spent a year there before my folks took me off to India where I finished my education in a posh boarding school in Poona? In fact, you may be interested to know that I was first introduced to the delights of l'art de faire l'amour at Nayland College by one Miss Hazel Sanderson, an artist and potter who lived in the nearby small village of Bresslaw and came to the school once a week to give art lessons to the Fifth and Sixth Form pupils.

However, before I expound the circumstances of how I lost my unwanted virginity, let me first set the scene for you. The headmaster of Nayland College is a well-meaning old chap named Doctor Clarence Doolittle, a celibate who is of the belief that the practice of procreation is a marital duty rather than a pleasure. Certainly Doctor Doolittle was convinced that masturbation was a mortal sin although his warnings of divine retribution through blindness and softening of the brain in later life went unheeded amongst the majority of the boys.

Be that as it may, there were no opportunities for our thrusting young tools except from the nightly sessions with Mother Thumb and her Four Daughters. But one afternoon I caught Doctor Doolittle's eye whilst reading the notice board in the Quad and he asked me if I would be so kind as to deliver a note to Miss Sanderson at her home which was less than a mile and a half away from the school. I say he asked me, for Doctor Doolittle [or Doctor Do Bugger-All as he was cruelly nicknamed] was a kindly man, but of course I could hardly refuse his request. As it happens, it was a pleasant Spring day and a mile's walk was hardly an onerous assignment so I accepted the errand with good grace.

Well, when I arrived at Miss Sanderson's charming cottage she met me dressed in a loose-fitting over-garment that was splattered with evidence of her recent work at the potter's wheel. She was an attractive lady in her late twenties with long reddish-brown hair that she wore piled up on top of her head but on this occasion the odd chestnut wisp had escaped from the bun and when she lifted her hand to brush it back off her forehead her large rounded breasts pushed out against the thin cotton of her smock. She opened the letter and after quickly reading Doctor Doolittle's message she said to me: 'Richard, the headmaster would like to borrow my copy of last month's Journal of European Art. Come down with me to the shed and I'll give you the magazine to take back to Doctor Doolittle.'

So I followed her through to the back garden and inside the shed I admired the selection of bowls she had fashioned that day on her potter's wheel. 'Thank you, Richard,' she said and with a roguish smile on her lips she went on: 'But I think you would be even more interested in the artefacts on the upper shelves.'

I had no idea what to expect as I looked up and found myself gazing at a collection of finely modelled clay tubes, some thrusting boldly upwards and others lying forlornly on their sides as if awaiting their call to action. 'Miss Sanderson, what are these used for?' I asked in all innocence. She chuckled: 'Oh, do call me Hazel, we're not in school now, thank goodness. But in answer to your question, those are known as ladies' comforters or dildoes. Do I have to explain further?'

My cheeks flamed red as I replied in a husky voice: 'No, not really. I've read about dildoes in the horn books that we smuggle into school but I've never actually seen one before.'

'Well, now you have, dear,' chuckled Hazel as she picked up a cardboard box from the floor and brought out a finished

example of her craft glazed in pale blue with a thick vermilion circle. She passed the dildo to me and commented: 'Perhaps you recognize Sir Rupert Lancaster's racing colours. A difficult commission for the manufactory as it was difficult to get the glaze to fire to the correct shade of crimson.'

'A very handsome piece,' I said awkwardly, for this specimen appeared to be far bigger than my own shaft or that belonging to Neild Minor who by common consent was the most well-endowed fellow in the Lower Sixth.

As if reading my mind she commented: 'Yes, isn't it? I am usually asked to make the dildoes approximately one-fifth larger than life to compensate the user for the loss of the genuine article. However, the lady who commissioned this piece assured me that it is based upon the actual measurements of Sir Rupert's massive member.'

She bent down to replace it inside the box and for a brief moment the swell of her bare breasts was revealed. I think she might have heard the tiny gasp that escaped from my mouth for when Hazel straightened up she smiled at me and said: 'Richard, why don't you take off your jacket? It can become very warm in here.'

'You clearly enjoy your fascinating hobby,' I murmured as I hung my jacket upon a hook on the back of the door whilst Hazel slapped down a lump of soft clay onto the board and centred it in her hands as she began to treadle the wheel. As she squeezed the clay, a pale grey column rose up at the bidding of her deft fingers and she grinned: 'Oh, this isn't a mere hobby. I am the director of an art gallery in Derby that has established a thriving trade in the discreet manufacture of high-class personal merchandise. We take orders from all over the country and my partners are in the process of appointing sales agents in Russia and Argentina.'

As a student of economics, I was interested in the workings

of supply and demand and I said: 'How fascinating. I would never have imagined there would be a great need for these articles. Surely there is always an over-abundant number of erect male members freely available?'

'Not so, my dear boy,' said Hazel patiently. 'There is growing demand for substitute cocks. Just think of the huge number of girls who wish to enjoy the pleasures afforded by a cum who wish to remain virgins technically until their wedding nights – let alone those married women who are left unsatisfied by their husbands' performance in the bedroom.'

While she spoke, the burgeoning helmet of the clay cock on her wheel was taking shape but then it started to wilt and Hazel sliced off the collapsed clay with a cheese wire. She sighed: 'Too much water in the mix, I'm afraid. But I must prevent any air bubbles forming in the clay or it will probably crack in the firing.'

She wiped her hands and looked me straight in the eye. 'I'm very lucky, though, because I thoroughly enjoy my work and there aren't many people who can say that.' Then Hazel paused and licked her lips before she added slowly: 'The only problem is that making artificial pricks all day makes me terribly horny. In fact, I had taken off my knickers and was about to try out the dildo based on Sir Rupert Lancaster's tool when you knocked on the door.'

I could hardly believe my ears but then my eyes widened when she confirmed this fact by lifting up her skirt and quickly displaying the curly bush of hair between her thighs as she cooed: 'I'll wager that was your first glimpse of pussey.'

'Well, I, er—' I stammered when Hazel stepped forward and brazenly smoothed her hand across my crotch. 'And you clearly liked what you saw,' she continued with a throaty chuckle. But of course by now I was lost in a blushing confusion.

'Oh, Miss Sanderson, I mean Hazel, I'm sorry, I'm afraid that—'

She put a finger to my lips and said softly: 'Tsk, tsk, there's nothing to be worried about, you silly boy, I should be very upset if you didn't get a hard-on after I stroked you between your legs.'

As if in a dream, I allowed her to take my hand and lead me back to the cottage. In her bedroom we swiftly shucked off our clothes and dissolved into a passionate clinch, our tongues wagging wildly in each other's mouths as Hazel sinuously rubbed the length of her body against mine while I fondled the firm cheeks of her chubby bottom.

We fell upon the bed. My eager hands ran over the swell of her luscious big breasts, tweaking Hazel's elongated nipples while her clenched fingers raced up and down my erect, straining shaft.

'Kiss my titties, dear,' she whispered and obediently I moved my head down to nibble on her nut-brown nipples, my heartbeat quickening still further as for the very first time I breathed in the pungent aroma of an aroused pussy anticipating the imminent arrival of a sturdy stiff cockshaft.

My hand slid into the hirsute thatch of curls that covered her mound and I dipped my finger into her squishy snatch. Then, slowly, I started to frig the voluptuous Miss Sanderson, sliding two fingers faster and faster in and out of her juicy honeypot. The voluptuous girl gurgled with pleasure, rolling her body from side to side as I teasingly rubbed the tip of her clitty and brought her to the very brink of a cum.

Now this was as far down the road as I had travelled and the only previous excursion had been a hurried trip with a scullery maid back home during the previous Christmas holidays. However, it was evident even to such an inexperienced lover as myself that the voluptuous girl wanted me to continue. Nevertheless, I was still nervous about

proceeding further and I whispered hoarsely: 'Do you want me to fuck you?'

'Yes! Yes! Of course! I want every inch of your cock inside my cunt!' she panted and when I rolled over on top of her Hazel parted her legs and clamped her knees around my sides so that her feet drummed against my spine as I pressed my knob between her yielding love lips. Once I was fully ensconced inside her I let out a sigh of contentment as our bodies rocked together in a lustful rhythm and she immediately took up the unbridled rhythm of my eager thrusts.

This was no slow, lingering lovemaking. Again and again I savagely pounded her squelchy slit and on each surging stroke Hazel arched herself upwards to meet me with equal vigour. The walls of her moist honeypot felt like ribbed velvet around my prick as I sucked on her big brown nipples and cupped her bum cheeks in my hands.

'Haaar!' she cried out as she twisted and writhed her way to one orgasm after another, though she kept enough of her senses to remember it was the wrong time of the month for me to spend inside her. She gasped out: 'Don't cum in my cunt, Richard. Spunk over my titties, there's a good boy!'

'Whatever you say,' I panted and immediately pulled out of her cunt, gripping my twitching tool in my hand as I scrambled to my knees. I pointed my knob at her heaving bosoms and let out an anguished cry as I sprayed them with the fountain of sticky seed that burst out of my cock. But this more than satisfied Hazel who laid her head back on the pillow and happily rubbed the creamy jism all over her rubbery titties, a blissful smile on her face.

Afterwards, she made me promise not to reveal to anyone what had taken place. I assured her that our passionate tryst would remain a secret between us, even though I was longing to tell my friends in great detail exactly how I had

completed my rite of passage into manhood. Indeed, this is the first time I have recounted to anyone what took place that sunny afternoon – and this is only because the last I heard of Miss Sanderson was that she was running a house of ill-repute in Buenos Aires so I no longer feel constrained to keep my silence.

Well, Katie, I hope you enjoyed reading this confession as much as I enjoyed writing about it! Actually, it's made me terribly horny and I shall now be forced to take myself in hand unless I can persuade our new laundry maid, a saucy little minx who I think is keen to earn an extra florin or two, to relieve my feelings!

All being well, I look forward to seeing you later this week when you return to Tottenham Lodge.

All kindest thoughts and much love,

Dickie

P. S. All visitors to Nayland College are offered overnight accommodation at Lipman's Hotel in Matlock Bridge which you will find to be a most comfortable establishment. Geraldine Lipman is one of the finest cooks in Derbyshire whilst some of the grander London hotels could learn from the easygoing yet efficient style in which her genial husband Brian manages the hotel.

I gave a little inward chuckle as I folded the sheets of Dickie Tucker's letter and replaced them in their envelope which I put inside my handbag just as the door of our compartment was pushed open by a tall good-looking young man dressed in a smart double-breasted Reefer suit and a smart straw hat but wearing a gleaming white clerical collar around his neck whose face was more than vaguely familiar to me.

Well, I could not remember his name or where I had seen him before, but the reverend gentleman evidently suffered no such problem of memory for after he had sat down he looked

across at me and beamed: 'Good heavens, it's Lady Katie Tottenham, is it not? A very good morning to you. What a pleasant surprise to meet you again.'

I decided that it would be foolish to pretend that I recognized him so I smiled back: 'Good morning to you, sir. Please forgive me but I'm afraid your name escapes me.'

'Oh, that's all right,' he said cheerfully. 'It's Bridgewater, Simon Bridgewater, and we met some two weeks ago at young Daniel Beynan's twenty-first birthday party dinner in a private room at Godfrey's restaurant in Albemarle Street.'

Of course! Now I recognized the sallow-complexioned young man although I was sure to have remembered if he or any other male guest had been wearing clerical garb at Daniel Beynan's unruly party which ended with Daniel being stripped naked by two floozies from the Jim Jam Club [hired by Jonty Lejeune, a chap noted in our circle as a practical joker] who then proceeded to have their wicked way with him on the cleared table to the amusement and applause of the guests. And after this stimulating exhibition we took part in further ribaldry over which I shall draw a curtain of charity for the sake of a certain titled lady whose husband understood her to be staying overnight with a sick relative in Buckinghamshire.

Be that as it may, as I pondered on how best to remark on this fact to him, the florid-faced gentleman who had been quietly studying *The Sporting Life* rose from his seat and went out into the corridor, giving me the opportunity to question my new companion. However, Simon Bridgewater must have been reading my mind for once we were alone his lips creased into a smile and he said: 'Katie, unless I'm much mistaken you're wondering how a man of the cloth could possibly have taken part in that boisterous shindig at Godfrey's.'

'Such a thought did cross my mind,' I admitted. He chuckled: 'Well, let me put your mind to rest right now. The truth of the matter is that I am not a minister of religion but I often don a

dog collar on a train journey because, whilst a number of gentlemen will prefer not to share a compartment with a clergyman, the reverse is true of young ladies and an additional benefit is that they have little compunction about striking up a conversation with me.

‘I should add that the stratagem is not foolproof. On a recent journey to Cambridge I was waylaid by two elderly ladies from the Church Army and was forced to listen to their interminable chatter for the best part of an hour. Nevertheless, such disasters are rare and the only other embarrassment I can recall is having to refuse an offer of a twenty-pound note for my favourite charity from an inebriated gentleman celebrating a large win at Goodwood Races last summer.’

‘My word, I do admire your ingenuity,’ I chuckled broadly. ‘But strictly speaking, isn’t your wily ruse illegal?’

‘Very probably,’ Mr Bridgewater answered cheerfully. ‘Though when all is said and done, what disservice is there in this harmless deception? I steer well clear of giving any spiritual guidance to other passengers or becoming involved in any religious disputations and so probably do far less damage than many who have actually taken Holy Orders.’

Then he clicked open the locks on the small travelling bag he had been carrying, with a flourish pulled out a leather-covered flask and continued: ‘It might be somewhat early in the day but can I offer you a Manhattan cocktail?’

Now it is my practice never to imbibe until luncheon so I shook my head though I added politely: ‘But please don’t let me stop you enjoying your drink.’

He gave a small smile as he poured a generous measure into the gilt cup. ‘Thank you, I need a little Dutch courage today. Between ourselves, I’m hoping that my clerical disguise will assist me in any negotiations needed with the ticket collector.’

‘Why, what do you mean?’ I frowned for I was puzzled by

this admission. Simon quickly gulped down his cocktail before he answered in a low voice: 'To be honest with you, I don't think I'd refuse that twenty-pound note if I met that well-heeled drunk again. I'm so strapped for cash that I only bought a second-class ticket that I shall pretend to have mislaid when the collector comes round and take the chance that he won't challenge the word of a minister.'

I wasn't entirely surprised to hear that Simon Bridgewater was broke because most young people in my circle go through their quarterly allowances within a month or so. But his words called to mind a remark someone had made to me at Daniel Beynan's party about Simon being lucky enough to have had his bank account boosted the previous week by an extra five hundred pounds from a family trust. Indeed, he confirmed this when he sighed: 'Yes, and what makes it even worse is that the blame lies squarely at my own door. I recently came into a sizeable sum but I lost almost all of it in a foolish speculation in Bolivian tin-mining shares that a chap in the City assured me would double my money in six months.'

'Oh dear, I am sorry,' I murmured although, quite candidly, my sympathy was muted: Simon really should have known that any get-rich-quick scheme is probably fraudulent and even if it is not, it will carry a high risk. Still, I did feel sorry for the abject lad and asked him if he needed any financial help.

'Good grief, no,' he said hastily. 'Please forgive me, Katie, I must have sounded as if I was on the cadge. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll sell my motor car and if that doesn't bail me out I'll have to go back home with my tail between my legs like poor old Dickie Tucker. But I don't think it will come to that because my luck may well be changing. Certainly Dame Fortune smiled upon me last night when an older gentleman of my acquaintance came home unexpectedly to find me poking his pretty wife on the Chesterfield [*a large tightly stuffed sofa usually upholstered in leather* – Editor] in his drawing room.

As he happens to be a crack shot I count myself extremely fortunate to still be here to tell the tale!’

‘So you should,’ I agreed as Simon poured himself a second large drink and raised his glass to me before quaffing it down. ‘Might I be familiar with the couple concerned?’

He smacked his lips and then gave me a licentious smile as he wagged a reproving finger at me. ‘No names, no pack drill, m’dear, especially as the lady concerned is close to your friend Belinda Cheshire,’ said Simon lightly. But this was enough for me to deduce the identity of his paramour because Belinda had only one friend married to a gentleman significantly older than herself and that was the former Violet Sunderland who, before becoming Mrs Archie Willistrew, was well known in the ‘fast’ West End set for her robust sensual proclivities.

I said as much to Simon who grinned: ‘Oh well, I dare say Violet might also tell her friends about our lucky escape. All I will plead in my defence is that I would challenge any red-blooded man to have walked away from the situation in which I found myself last night.’

‘Well, please don’t stop there,’ I said when he paused. Simon chuckled: ‘Funny you should say that, Katie – those are the very words I said to Violet last night! She had invited me to dine with her and Archie on the pretext that her husband [a partner in a large firm of stockbrokers but he was not the chap who fleeced me for those rotten Bolivian mining shares] wanted to introduce me to his seventeen-year-old niece who was due to be presented at Court this summer. “Deborah is a real beauty with some considerable fortune, Simon,” Violet told me on the telephone. “I wouldn’t put it past Archie to be trying his hand at some matchmaking.”

‘However, when I arrived at their house she was full of apologies, saying that Archie had suddenly been called away to Birmingham on business and I would have to meet Deborah at another time. “Never mind, though, Mrs Rose has prepared

a delicious dinner and it would be a sin to let it go to waste," she said as she took hold of my arm and led me into the dining-room.

'To cut short the story, Violet sat opposite me throughout the meal and by the time the *entrée* was served, she had taken off her shoes and was stroking my legs with her toes! And after the dessert trolley had been wheeled in and the door closed behind the footman she came round and sat next to me, shamelessly unbuttoning her dress as she murmured: "Alone at last!"

'My eyebrows rose as she revealed that she had deliberately removed her undergarments and was exposing her creamy bare breasts to my delighted gaze – and what beautiful bosoms they were, too! Such superb rounded spheres with large pink circles in the centre of which stood the elongated berries of her tawny nipples.

'A potent stab of desire sped through my body when Violet slid to her knees in front of me and unhooked my belt as she breathed: "Come on, Simon, don't be shy. While the cat's away the mice can play."

'I closed my eyes for a moment as I felt her busy fingers ripping open my trousers and then I opened them again to see Violet open her mouth and begin licking my cock as her hand slid up and down my pulsing prick. In no time at all she had sucked my shaft up to an aching erection and I was soon on the verge of a powerful spend. Sensing this, Violet pulled her sweet lips away and stood up to pull off her dress.

'Now when I saw that her underwear consisted only of a pair of frilly French knickers, it flashed through my mind that the story about Archie's seventeen-year-old niece was only a cover for Violet's plan to seduce me. But so what? I said to myself, why should she not employ a similar stratagem to those used by myself or any other chap in our attempt to shag the girls who take our fancy? My only remaining concern was

that Violet was a married lady, a species which I had always steered clear of in the past, unlike His Majesty the King who never pokes unattached females . . .

[This was true enough – since his first affair at the age of nineteen with a vivacious music hall artiste named Nellie Clifden, Edward VII's mistresses were indeed all married women because (according to his close confidante, Count Gewirtz of Galicia) he often remarked that: "Married women can keep a secret but I would worry that single girls will talk about how they bedded the King" – Editor]

‘However, this slight anxiety disappeared the instant that Violet rolled down her knickers and muttered: “Oooh, what a splendid thick stiffie! I’m not wasting any more time sucking it, I’d much rather have it jammed inside my cunt.”

‘The salacious young vixen then lowered herself on my thighs and parted her pussey lips with her fingertips so that she could spear herself on my cock. A saucy smile spread over her face as she hunched her tight, juicy quim up and down its quivering length. Our lips mashed together and our tongues probed madly away in each other’s mouths as I clasped Violet’s soft body. I felt her large nipples stiffen against my chest as she bucked to and fro like an untamed colt whilst we enjoyed a lusty fuck.

‘“Aaaah, that’s divine,” she panted when a fierce climax suddenly swept through her. The muscles of her love channel tightened deliciously around my throbbing tool as she came off in a series of spasms with my cock still jammed up her clinging cunt. Then we both cried out with joy when a gush of hot spunk spurted out of my knob and drenched the furthest recesses of her saturated honeypot.

‘I took a series of deep breaths whilst Violet slumped forward to rest her head against my shoulder. But I had little time to recover my senses because she slid off me and, holding my limp stalk in her hand, pulled me into the drawing room and onto the black leather sofa where we sat down. Violet playfully

scolded my flaccid tool. "Come on now, a young cock like you should be able to rise to the occasion after only one spend," she giggled. But even licking the underside of my shaft couldn't do the trick and she sighed: "Very well then, I give up. Would you be a darling and get me my handbag, my dear, I left it behind my chair in the dining-room." '

Simon mopped his brow and I observed: 'Your balls must have produced a considerable amount of cum. According to a girl I spoke to at Daniel Beynan's party, you have been known to give as many as three non-stop performances.'

'Yes, without wishing to brag, I can confirm that is so. But, as most chaps will tell you, one's cock is easily the most treacherous part of the male body, being nothing less than a rebellious, deceitful entity with a will of its own,' he said firmly.

I suppressed a smile as Simon exhaled a deep breath and then continued: 'I brought back Violet's handbag and she rummaged inside for a moment before producing what I must admit was a superbly made ceramic dildo painted in green and purple.'

What a coincidence it would be if this had been produced by Dickie Tucker's Miss Sanderson, I thought to myself, as I asked him whether the comforter was of English or foreign manufacture. Simon gave me a curious glance as he replied: 'I'm afraid I didn't find out where Violet purchased it, but why do you ask?'

'Oh, it doesn't matter,' I said lightly. 'Do carry on with your fascinating tale. What happened next?'

'Well, she spread her legs and with one hand she fingered her clitty for a little while to get herself wet whilst with the other she inserted the dildo into her cunt. It was quite fascinating to see her pussy lips mould themselves around the dildo as she glided it to and fro inside her cunney. By the time she began bucking and twisting and moaning that she was about to cum my cock was again as stiff as a poker and I told her to

pull out the imitation prick and make room for the real thing!

‘Without further ado I scrambled up on top of Violet and slid my rock-hard chopper into her squelchy quim. “Woooh, I’m so *full*!” she cried out as she put her arms around my neck and clamped her legs around my hips. I thrust in and out of her sopping snatch, occasionally varying the fuck by leaving only my knob between her pussey lips before plunging in again to the hilt. Each time my shaft slid into Violet’s juicy cunt, she gave a loud groan and raked her fingernails over my shoulders.

‘I was thoroughly enjoying this glorious fuck when, without so much as a knock, the door opened and I was horrified to see none other than Archie Willistrew standing in the doorway!’

Simon paused dramatically and slowly expelled a deep breath. ‘Katie, you can imagine that, to say the least, I was stunned but I could hardly believe my ears when Violet waved languidly at her husband and said: “Hello, Archie, did you have a nice dinner with your Aunt Judith? I think you know Simon Bridgewater, my dear. We’re having a lovely fuck so if you want to watch you really must be quiet.”

‘“Of course I will,” he answered meekly. “Simon’s a nice-looking young man and I’m sure he has a bigger cock than me. So you just carry on and don’t mind me, but then you never do, do you?”’

‘Even though it was still firmly ensconced inside Violet’s honeypot, my cock was now rapidly shrinking to limpness as I said falteringly: “Look, if you would rather I left—” But she shut me up and insisted that her husband genuinely relished seeing her being poked by a younger man.’

I stared at him in amazement and said: ‘Good grief, are you telling me that Archie *enjoyed* being humiliated in this way?’

‘Apparently so,’ Simon shrugged. I couldn’t help giggling when he went on: ‘And what’s more, Violet had to call him all the names under the sun when she was being shagged by her

lover whilst he pretended to be the shocked husband who was upset by what she was doing. It took me a few moments to get hard again but as soon as I started screwing Violet again she turned her face to him and called out: "Oh, just look how Simon is fucking me, his big thick prick is right up me. You couldn't fuck me like that, could you, Archie?"

' "No, but then I'm your husband even though I only have a five inch cock," he whined as he pulled out his cock and began to frig himself. "Go on though, Simon, go and fuck my wife, she's nothing but a whore."

' "I'll do my best," I said as Violet locked her ankles around the small of my back, gripped my arse and pulled me closer as I felt the surge rising up from my balls. After shooting a copious emission of creamy jism into her sticky slit, I collapsed down upon her and looked at Archie who must also have spunked because he was wiping his cock with a handkerchief. He smiled at me and said: "Well done, Simon. You were very good, wasn't he, Vi? Now I'll go and pour us all a nice glass of champagne. I put a bottle in the refrigerator before I went out this evening." '

Simon threw out his hands and looked enquiringly at me. I said slowly: 'Well, I've never heard anything like it in my life. Still, so long as Violet and Archie are both happy enough to conduct their love-life in this fashion I dare say one should respect their choice. Although what makes a respectable loving husband want to watch his wife being fucked is simply beyond my understanding.'

'It was beyond mine, too,' agreed Simon. 'But I happened to bump into our mutual friend Dr Jonathan Letchmore who assured me that this practice by older men uncertain of their ability to satisfy their wives of seeking a younger surrogate stud is more widespread than one would believe. Still, as our American cousins say, different strokes for different folks.'

As I digested this sagacious homespun philosophy my other travelling companion returned to the compartment and gave

us a friendly nod as he picked up the copy of *The Sporting Life* which he had left on his seat.

Simon whispered to me that, like himself, this gentleman was bound for the race meeting at Derby. Then he cleared his throat and said to him: 'My dear sir, you wouldn't happen to have a good tip for the big race this afternoon, by any chance?'

The gentleman was distinctly surprised at such a request coming from a Man of the Cloth but he quickly recovered his composure and replied: 'Not really, although my own fancy is for Temple Fortune, she's a game little filly and should finish strongly over a mile. But I was given some interesting information by an owner of a horse running in the two-thirty who was himself told that several of the jockeys plan to hold back their mounts and allow a rank outsider to win the race.'

'How dreadfully dishonest of them. Have the police been informed?' I asked but this seemed too good an opportunity to miss for Simon who laid his hand on my arm and said: 'Oh, don't bother yourself too much about such matters, Lady Tottenham. I'm afraid such schemes are far from uncommon.' Then he turned back to the provider of this information and enquired: 'Er, as a matter of form, sir, what is the name of the horse concerned?'

'Euston Road,' he answered promptly and Simon beamed: 'Thank you kindly, I shall have twenty pounds from my Bank of Imagination on the nose.'

'Oh, I would spread the risk and wager a tanner each way,' I said and our new acquaintance gave a husky chuckle. 'You're quite right, Lady Tottenham. You'll be able to get twenty to one and, as the old maxim has it, *those who decide to bet each way, live to bet another day.*'

The gentleman realized that I was surprised to hear him use my name for he handed me his card and continued: 'I could not help overhearing your conversation with the minister when your name was mentioned. You may not remember, but

we met briefly last November at the charity concert arranged by Mrs Purdue for victims and families of the influenza outbreak in Dublin.'

'So we did, Sir Jeffrey. How remiss of me not to have recognized you,' I said after looking down at the card that read *Jeffrey Green, Bt* and gave an address c/o Bush & Green, Dearne Chambers in Chancery Lane. It was indeed remiss of me, Diary, for I should have remembered meeting the famous solicitor who moved in the highest circles of London Society.

[Sir Jeffrey Green was the counsellor most often called in to defuse the scandals that regularly beset the upper classes around the turn of the century. A skilful negotiator of great sense and discretion, Sir Jeffrey specialized in sorting out the tangled affairs of cuckolded husbands and distraught ladies who had mislaid compromising billets-doux from their secret lovers – Editor]

I introduced 'Reverend' Bridgewater to Sir Jeffrey and Simon could hardly wait to enquire whether the distinguished lawyer was proposing to inform the authorities of the plot to ensure Euston Road was first past the post in the two-thirty race.

'I think not,' said Sir Jeffrey slowly. 'After all, I have no hard facts to back up the story, which may possibly be untrue, and even if Euston Road won by six lengths it would be extremely difficult to prove anything untoward had taken place.'

'Because none of the jockeys involved would admit to any wrongdoing,' mused Simon. Sir Jeffrey grunted: 'That's right, questioning them would be like asking turkeys to vote for Christmas.'

The subject of the conversation then changed to other matters. When I happened to mention that, unlike my two travelling companions, I was not bound for Derby Races but was travelling on to Matlock where I was to give a lecture on cinematography at Nayland College, Sir Jeffrey exclaimed:

'Are you really, Lady Tottenham? And would you be spending the night there?'

'No, I believe I have been booked in at Lipman's Hotel in Matlock Bridge,' I replied. He nodded: 'Yes, of course, where else? Well, how fortunate, I am staying there myself this evening rather than returning to London and then coming back to Derbyshire the following day where I begin a short holiday playing golf with Lord Stanmore and some other friends at Buxton.'

'Isn't going to the races part of your holiday?' I queried. Sir Jeffrey smiled as he shook his head. 'Not as such, Lady Tottenham,' he replied with a shudder. 'I hope I don't disappoint you but I have looked upon horses with a somewhat jaundiced eye after falling off a pony at the age of eight and badly injuring my shoulder. Since then I have kept well clear of them and thankfully I am now able to indulge myself by travelling only by train and motor vehicles.'

'No, the only reason why I am attending this race meeting is that one of my firm's clients urgently wishes to see me on a strictly confidential matter and suggested that we meet at the racecourse to allay any suspicions that might be aroused if I were to appear at this person's home.'

I could see that Sir Jeffrey preferred not to speak further on this subject so I switched the conversation round to cinematography. The eminent solicitor opined that within the next twenty years at most we would be sitting in theatres to see films photographed in colour while simultaneously listening to the sound of the actors' voices.

'Oh, I think you may be indulging in a flight of fancy there, Sir Jeffrey,' grinned Simon as he leaned back in his seat and returned his flask to his case.

[Fanciful though it may have seemed to Simon and many others at the time, Sir Jeffrey would be proved right although it was to be twenty years and four months later in October

1927 when the first 'talkie', The Jazz Singer, was premiered in Hollywood – Editor]

I was about to add my own opinion on the subject when a ticket collector entered our compartment. I dived into my handbag and deliberately took my time looking through it as I wondered whether Simon would succeed in his dangerous bluff of pretending to have mislaid his ticket.

The collector snipped a piece of the corner of Sir Jeffrey's ticket and then of my own when I finally handed it to him. Meanwhile Simon was frantically rummaging around in his case. The man patiently waited for Simon who muttered: 'I do apologize for keeping you waiting, my good man, but I simply cannot find my ticket anywhere; it should be in here somewhere.'

'Perhaps it's in your wallet, sir,' suggested the collector and Simon beamed at him. 'Of course, that's where it must be hiding.' Then, in a dramatic gesture worthy of Mr Martin Harvey [*a noted thespian of the Edwardian era*], Simon slid his hand into the side pocket of his jacket. His jaw dropped in horror as he blurted out: 'My wallet's gone! I've been robbed!'

'Oh Reverend Bridgewater, how terrible!' I exclaimed sympathetically. 'Was there anything valuable apart from your railway ticket inside it?'

'Only two Treasury notes and a personal letter from the Bishop of Finchley,' he answered in some agitation. 'Dear oh dear, now I shall have to buy another return ticket with the cash my Sunday School class had raised for the Holidays for Slum Children Appeal.'

Simon turned to Sir Jeffrey and added: 'This is the reason for my presence on this train, you see – my Midlands colleagues asked me to come and see for myself how much money can be raised by stalls at the larger race meetings. It appears those fortunate enough to have made successful wagers are usually so thankful for their good fortune that

they make the most generous donations to our appeal.'

'Well, we can't let such a worthy cause suffer because of the actions of a mean pickpocket,' said Sir Jeffrey briskly as he reached for his wallet. 'It will be my pleasure to pay for a new return ticket back to London.'

'That won't be necessary, sir,' said the collector as he pulled out a notebook and pencil from his pocket. 'This pass will allow the gentleman through the gate at Derby Station but I'm afraid that he will have to buy a new ticket there for his journey home.'

'That is most kind of you,' said Simon gratefully and I could hardly repress a smile at his gall when he initially hesitated to accept the five-pound note Sir Jeffrey Green insisted on giving him for his fare. 'It's far too much,' he insisted but the generous solicitor waved aside his protests and told him to give what was over to his appeal. 'And if it doesn't clash with your religious beliefs, you could do worse than put a pound on Euston Road, that horse we were talking about just before. Or better still, stake ten bob each way as Lady Tottenham advises.'

I looked sharply at Simon because it was bad enough defrauding the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company out of the difference between a first-class and second-class ticket, but swindling a kind person like Sir Jeffrey Green [even though he was as rich as Croesus] was beyond the pale. However, I am pleased to record the fact that when Sir Jeffrey left the compartment for a second time to wash his hands, Simon informed me that he would make an each-way bet as I had suggested and give any winnings along with the remaining four pounds to his own pet charity, the East End of London Milk Funds.

Anyway, the rest of the journey passed without incident and I wished both Sir Jeffrey and Simon the best of luck that afternoon when we bade farewell to each other at Derby Station. 'I look forward to seeing you later this evening, Lady

Tottenham,' Sir Jeffrey reminded me. 'And do give my kindest regards to Dr Tagholm, the headmaster of Nayland College. He and I were at Oxford together, you know.'

I spent the rest of the journey making some notes for my forthcoming lecture. I hoped that it was a good omen when the sun burst out from behind a bank of cloud as the train pulled into Matlock Station. When the wheels finally squealed to a halt I opened the door and a handsome young man who had been standing on the platform hurried up and tipped the edge of his straw boater as he said pleasantly: 'Lady Tottenham?' I smiled back at him. 'Yes, and I presume that you must be Mr Yocke from Nayland College.'

'Bernard Yocke, at your service, my lady,' he responded with a slight bow. 'Please allow me to assist you with your luggage.'

'Thank you,' I said graciously and placed my hand on his proffered arm as I descended from the train. 'There are only two small cases because my father's cinematograph was sent directly to the school from our home and should have arrived at Matlock Station last night.'

'It did indeed and our porter picked up the box early this morning,' said Mr Yocke as he brought out my cases and closed the carriage door. 'Shall we first deposit your luggage at Lipman's Hotel before we go on to the school for luncheon?'

'By all means,' I agreed and followed him through the station yard where an elegant Opel phaeton was waiting in the yard surrounded by a small knot of admiring onlookers. 'What a splendid car you have here,' I enthused and Mr Yocke gave a small smile as he replied: 'I wish the car was mine but I'm afraid it belongs to the headmaster, though Dr Tagholm is kind enough to let me drive it.'

Mr Yocke held open the door for me and as I climbed into the car I remarked: 'I have never had the pleasure of meeting

Dr Tagholm, although I've heard that his predecessor, Dr Doolittle, was quite a character.'

'So I understand,' he said drily. 'But the school governors forced him to retire just before I was appointed to the staff eighteen months ago.' I looked at him with raised eyebrows and the good-looking young schoolmaster looked straight at me and added: 'Perhaps I should not talk about Dr Doolittle in his absence but he was found guilty of a serious breach of trust.'

'Really? Was he found *in flagrante delicto* with a housemaid?' I asked lightly. Mr Yocke started at my flippant comment and then grimaced: 'If that were the offence I would have campaigned against his dismissal. No, I regret to say that in his later years he apparently took to making nightly visits to the boys' dormitories and caning them on their bare bottoms for the most trivial offences.'

'H'm, one of those inveterate public school floggers, was he?' I commented thoughtfully. 'No doubt Dr Doolittle was one of those who advocate the rod because of his opinion that it made an exceedingly fine and clever fellow of himself, a opinion that is usually totally erroneous.'

Mr Yocke turned the starter key and the motor roared into life at the first time of asking. He engaged first gear and deftly steered the German automobile out into the street as he said, 'I agree with you, Lady Tottenham. One of the reasons why I was so keen to teach at Nayland College was that Dr Tagholm, the new headmaster, is a well-known progressive educationalist. He abolished corporal punishment and completely revised the curriculum so that Ancient Greek and Latin have been relegated to minor subjects. Instead, the boys are given an excellent grounding in modern languages, science and mathematics.'

I thoroughly enjoyed the drive to Lipman's hotel where the eponymous proprietor greeted me in person and showed me upstairs to a clean and well-furnished bedroom. A thought

suddenly struck me and I asked Mr Lipman if it was possible to lay a wager on a horse running at Derby that afternoon.

‘No problem, my lady,’ he said cheerfully. ‘I have an arrangement with a turf accountant in Derby – for the convenience of guests, you understand – and I’ll telephone him at once for you. What’s the nag’s name?’

I opened my bag and fumbled in my purse for two sovereigns as I answered: ‘Euston Road, he’s running in the two-thirty and I want to place a pound each way on him.’

Mr Lipman put up a hand and said: ‘There’s no need to give me the money now – if the worst comes to the worst you can pay me this evening. But, may I ask, have you any special knowledge about this animal?’

Now it is my avowed policy never to recommend anything except the cause of women’s suffrage! Be it a book, a concert, a play or a new restaurant, the most I will ever say is that I enjoyed reading a specific book, seeing a new play or eating at a particular restaurant. So I said in measured tones to the jolly hotelier: ‘Mr Lipman, no one can ever know for sure how a horse will run. On the other hand, I have been told that the jockey will be trying very hard to win as opposed perhaps to some of his colleagues.’

‘That’s good enough for me,’ he said promptly. ‘I shall join you in a little flutter and if Euston Road does as well as expected I insist that you dine here as our guest tonight.’

‘And if we lose?’ I asked. He threw out his arms and replied: ‘Well, you will still be offered a bottle of wine with my compliments for being good enough to share your information with me.’

I related this conversation to Mr Yocke when I returned to the car and he chuckled: ‘Would you mind very much if I asked Mr Lipman to add a few shillings to his bet on my account? After all, it seems foolish to look a gift horse in the mouth, if you will pardon the pun.’

‘By all means,’ I laughed when the young schoolmaster leaped athletically out of the vehicle. I went on: ‘Although I give no guarantees and as my Uncle George always says, one never sees an impoverished bookmaker.’

When he came back I expressed the hope that he had not been so foolish as to wager a large amount on Euston Road. ‘No, I would never gamble more than I can afford to lose,’ he assured me with a grin which put my mind at rest for I had no way of knowing – as I later discovered – that Bernard Yocke was in receipt of a substantial annual income from his late father’s estate.

Be that as it may, I liked the cut of Bernard’s jib. He was of medium height with curly chestnut hair, deep brown eyes, a well-shaped straight nose and full, sensual lips. He was also fortunate enough to possess the most beautiful white teeth that were set off so well against his slightly tanned complexion. This came from his maternal line, as I learned when, in answer to my question, he informed me that he taught Italian and French.

‘If I’m ever in doubt about anything I write to my mother who is half Italian and speaks both languages fluently,’ he said as we drove through the gates of Nayland College and up to the imposing entrance where the headmaster himself was waiting to welcome me.

I liked too the look of Dr Roger Tagholm who was also an imposing figure, tall and wiry with twinkling grey eyes set in a weatherbeaten face. He was around forty years old, young for a headmaster but rather old for an eighteen-year-old such as myself. Nevertheless, a tingle passed through me when he shook my hand warmly and thanked me for stepping into the breach at such short notice. ‘Lady Tottenham, if you have no objection I would like to postpone your lecture until five o’clock because I would prefer the boys to stay out of doors on such a fine day though I fear it is becoming so close that we may suffer a storm tonight.’

'Of course, headmaster,' I readily agreed. 'In fact, this will give me time to check the cinematograph and run through the films that my father has sent up with it.'

There followed a delicious light luncheon that began with trout freshly caught from a nearby river, followed by baby lamb so tender that it simply melted in the mouth. This was followed by a dessert of summer fruit and when we walked out into the grounds I was delighted to be asked by Bernard [for we were now on first name terms] whether I would care to take a stroll around the school grounds.

We sauntered slowly through the well-kept gardens but after only ten minutes or so I stopped and leaned back against a tree. 'Phew, it really is extremely warm,' I observed. Bernard nodded his agreement and, pointing his finger to a narrow path that ran through a clump of woodland about two hundred yards away, continued carelessly: 'If we walk along that path we'll come to a small tributary of the River Derwent. It's not much more than a wide stream but there is a place where it broadens out and on hot days like this I go there for a paddle or even for the occasional swim.'

'Say no more, Bernard, I can think of far worse things to do on a summer's day than sitting on the river bank and letting the cool water lap around my feet,' I said. He grinned: 'Good, I think you'll find the experience most refreshing and as Rodney's Pond [as the spot is known by the locals] is strictly out of bounds for the boys, we shouldn't be disturbed.'

Well, by all rights Bernard and I should have had the site to ourselves but as I walked round a bend just before the clearing I stopped dead in my tracks when I saw what was taking place on the far bank of the stream. Bernard had stopped ten yards back to tie a loose shoelace and when he saw me suddenly stop he ran up and looked at me anxiously. 'Katie, are you all right? Is there something wrong?'

Wordlessly I indicated that he should look in front of him

where an artist, complete with paints, palette and easel, was busy working with a young female model who was lying on the far bank of the stream. One may enquire, dear Diary, as to what was so unusual in an artist wishing to capture the beauty of a country lass set against a woodland background. In reply, all I will say is that such a sight would not normally excite my interest to any great extent but this instance was an exception to the rule – for not only was the attractive model posing in the nude but the fresh-faced young artist was stark naked as well!

And what an attractive pair they made! The girl was around my age and as pretty as paint with soft tresses of brown hair cascading down her shoulders. When she brushed some stray strands from her face her superb uptilted breasts jiggled up and down quite thrillingly. At the base of her belly nestled a mass of auburn curls which frothed crisply around her mound and her long legs were as sweetly shaped as any sculptor would wish to fashion.

For his part, the artist working to capture this paragon of feminine pulchritude on his canvas was no more than two or three years her senior, light-skinned and blue-eyed with a shock of blond hair. I readily confess that my eyes were drawn to his thick cock and heavy, hanging balls dangling saucily between his muscular thighs. Then he turned round to pick up a tube of paint and this gave me sight of his tight, rounded bum cheeks.

‘Who are this couple? Would the gentleman be Nayland College’s art master?’ I whispered to Bernard but clearly he was as astonished as myself to behold this extraordinary scene. He muttered: ‘No, I have never seen him before in my life. However, I do recognize the girl. Her name is Natalie Ketteridge and she works behind the counter at the general stores owned by her parents in a small village just a mile or so away from here.’

Whilst it would have been interesting to stay and observe

them further, it would have been inexcusable not to have made our presence known to them. So we walked away from our cover and I called out: 'Good afternoon to you. Would you mind if we stayed and watched you at work? My friend and I promise not to interrupt.'

To my astonishment, the artist seemed quite unfazed by our presence and he courteously replied: 'Of course you may, madam. All Major Stuart-Page's guests have as much right as Natalie and myself to walk around his land.'

Bernard gave a thin smile and said to him: 'Indeed they have, sir, but I have to inform you that this stretch of the woods does not form part of Major Stuart-Page's estate and, technically speaking, you are trespassing in the grounds of Nayland College.' Then he looked across at Natalie who was now sitting up on the grass with her hands clasped around her knee and added in a lightly acerbic tone: 'Really, I would have thought you would have been aware of that, Miss Ketteridge.'

'I'm very sorry, Mr Yocke, I honestly believed that the boundary was about half a mile further back,' she apologized. 'But will you please allow my friend Mr Gregory Ritchie to finish his painting before we leave?'

'Gregory Ritchie, did you say? Now why does that name ring a bell?' I frowned and then I snapped my fingers and smiled at the young man: 'Yes, I remember now why your name is familiar to me – didn't I read all about you in the *Pall Mall Gazette*?'

The artist gave me a charming smile as he bowed his head and answered: 'Yes, you may well have done, although I disclaim most of the exaggerated language I am supposed to have used when talking about my work to the writer who interviewed me.'

'Oh, you mean he should not have labelled you as the wild *enfant terrible* of this new social impressionist school,' I asked with a cheeky grin. He chuckled: 'Madam, I simply paint what

I see, nothing more and nothing less, and if some people think this is cocking a snook at the artistic Establishment, so be it.'

[Few examples of his work has survived Gregory Vaughan Ritchie (1884–1916), one of the leading lights of a revolutionary group of young British artists known as the Kennington Set whose striking colourful canvasses contrasted sharply with the darkish tones favoured by many Edwardian painters. Ritchie's riotous private life did little to endear him to the staid English public and sales of his paintings were made mostly through the galleries of Continental art dealers such as Jean-Paul Lejeune, Mayer Wantman and Arturo De Felice. Nevertheless, despite his avowed artistic and political radicalism, Ritchie volunteered for service in the Great War and was killed during the Battle of the Somme in August, 1916. A small number of Ritchie's paintings are held in a number of British provincial art galleries and an exhibition of his work was held at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1992 – Editor]

'Oh, for heaven's sake don't go spouting about art again, Gregory,' chided Natalie Ketteridge. 'I've a jolly good idea – why don't we offer Mr Yocke and this lady some coffee from your thermos jug? After all, we *are* trespassing on their land.'

'I am well rebuked,' replied the artist and although Bernard hastened to say that he had no wish to disturb his work, Mr Ritchie insisted on our sitting down with himself and Natalie Ketteridge on the rugs that he had neatly placed over the grass. Their clothes were neatly folded in piles at the corners to prevent them blowing away, though this was hardly necessary as the warm summer zephyr scarcely ruffled the flora around us.

Bernard and I chatted away in friendly fashion to the conventional young painter and his model. I said good-humouredly to Natalie: 'You and Gregory make me feel somewhat overdressed. I can understand why you are in the nude but I don't understand why Gregory has deemed it necessary to take off

all *his* clothes. Is this his way of allying himself spiritually with his model?’

‘No, not exactly,’ she answered with a giggle. ‘I’m afraid there’s a far more earthy reason. The truth is that just before you arrived here I asked Gregory to make love to me because he hasn’t had the time to poke me since Sunday evening and, quite frankly, I’m dying for a good fuck.’

‘In that case, Katie and I will withdraw,’ interjected Bernard and he scrambled to his feet. But, somewhat surprisingly, Natalie pleaded with us to stay. ‘There is absolutely no need for you to leave,’ she said, her eyes now sparkling with an unashamed sensuality. ‘We don’t mind an audience, do we, Gregory?’

‘Not in the slightest,’ he laughed gaily. I could see his prick was already beginning to thicken as he slid his arm around Natalie’s waist. ‘Actually, I’ve never performed in public before but I do find the idea rather exciting!’

I sat back against the trunk of a small tree and said to him: ‘Well, do carry on, I’m sure you can hardly wait to poke such a pretty creature.’

‘Indeed I can’t,’ agreed the raunchy young painter as he pulled the willing girl towards him. The pair exchanged an ardent open-mouthed kiss. Gregory’s hands swiftly descended to Natalie’s pert breasts and he rubbed his fingers against her erect nut-brown nipples whilst she squeezed his rapidly rising shaft which fairly leaped into her eager grasp.

She parted her thighs and Bernard and I could see her superbly chiselled crack with its pouting pink lips peeking out invitingly from the fleece of brown curly hair. ‘Whoo!’ squeaked Natalie as Gregory tenderly inserted two of his fingers inside her dainty quim. He paused for a moment but she invited him to continue by raising her dimpled bum cheeks, showing her lovely crack to be moist and ready to receive his sturdy-looking shaft.

Yet Gregory was happy enough simply to frig Natalie’s juicy

honeypot with his fingers whilst he licked and lapped at her delicious titties. However, Natalie's blood was up: she wriggled herself out of Gregory's embrace and bent her tousled head down to kiss the uncapped helmet of his blue-veined love truncheon whilst she fondled his hairy scrotum. He gasped as she sucked lustily on his domed bell-end, her soft tongue rolling over and over the smooth surface. My own cunney began to tingle when she gobbled half of his thick shaft inside her mouth.

The raunchy painter must have seen the glint in my eye for he now pulled his fingers out of her cunt and said to me in a slightly breathless voice: 'Katie, I know that Natalie would adore it if you would finish her off.'

I did not have to be asked twice and, despite Bernard's presence, I threw off my clothes until I was as naked as them before wriggling up to the lewd lovers and placing my mouth only inches away from Natalie's delectable love funnel so that I was able to inspect her exciting cunney from close quarters. It really was quite a splendid affair, and now from the puckered pink lips there projected her stiff, fleshy clitty.

I opened her love lips wider with my fingertips whilst I nibbled lasciviously on his pungent delicacy, making Natalie twist and buck like a caged wild animal. She lifted her lips from Gregory's cock to wail: 'Oh God! I'm cumming, I'm cumming!' and then she dived back to suck frantically on his twitching tool. In the meantime I kept my tongue flicking inexorably against her salivating slit as my hand slid down to my own dripping snatch whilst I brought off Natalie in great style. She spent profusely all over my face whilst I tongued her clitty and Gregory jetted into her mouth a copious flow of creamy seed which she gulped down greedily, smacking her lips in glee as she swallowed his salty masculine essence.

We sat up to recover our senses and poor Bernard, who had been extremely stimulated by watching this voluptuous exhibition, enquired hoarsely whether we would be agreeable to

enlarging the number of participants from a trio to a quartet.

Gregory was polite enough to ask Natalie and myself for our opinions before he replied to Bernard's query. Well, as you would doubtless expect, dear Diary, I gave my immediate consent and this was followed shortly afterwards by Natalie who simply answered: 'Of course you can join the fun, Bernard. The more cocks the better, that's what I say.'

'Thank you, ladies,' he said happily. 'Just give me a minute to get undressed.' Once Bernard had stripped to the buff he sat down between Gregory and Natalie. I noticed a prurient gleam in Natalie's eye as she looked approvingly at his fast-swelling shaft and said to me: 'Katie, I love playing with big thick pricks. Would you mind if I gave these two fine shafts a good sucking?'

'Please do so, I'm sure their owners will have no objection,' I grinned as Natalie anchored Gregory Ritchie's sizeable stiffie in one hand and Bernard Yocke's scarcely smaller stalk in the other. She proceeded to give both cocks a thorough frigging until they stood up like two throbbing flagpoles in her warm grasp.

Then, getting down on her knees, she pulled the two shafts gently together and somehow managed to suck both gleaming helmets into her mouth, twirling her tongue over them and making their owners cry out in delight. Their cocks bucked and swelled in Natalie's hands as she slicked them up and down until they spent almost simultaneously, spurting streams of sticky spunk down her throat. She managed to gulp down their copious emissions, milking their pricks of their tangy jism as the two shafts shrank slowly down to half-mast.

My own quim was now aching for satisfaction and happily I could see that both cocks still looked beefy enough to be swiftly brought back into play. So, on my hands and knees, I moved myself between Gregory's thighs and held his twitching tool in my hand, running my tongue wetly up and down the

sensitive underside as I snapped back his foreskin and exposed his smooth rubicund knob.

'Now fuck me, Gregory,' I breathed as I slid down and, rolling over onto my back, parted my legs. The raunchy artist climbed over me and rubbed his knob against my yielding cunney lips before sliding his length inside my waiting wet cunt. Oh, how beautifully he fucked me! We moved together with an easy grace, each sending thrills through the other from the start as Gregory struck up a slow steady rhythm whilst he ran his palms against my stiff red nipples.

Our hearts and minds were concentrated totally on the delicious intensity of this glorious fuck. A high-pitched squeal of delight escaped from my throat when Gregory moved his hands from my breasts and slid them under my backside to massage my bum cheeks as he steadily increased the speed at which he was sliding his sinewy thick prick in and out of my squelchy snatch. We thrust against each other faster and faster and all too soon I felt Gregory's cock herald its spend as his tool began to throb uncontrollably inside my excited cunney. Luckily, the shuddering force of my own climax suddenly swept through me and I reached down and cradled his balls which caused him to cum then and there. This immediately set me off and as the first surge of spunk hurtled into my quim I trembled all over as the electric crackle of my own orgasm shot through me, bathing my body in a heavenly warm glow of sensual sensations. 'Ahhhh!' I breathed in delight as Gregory filled my love funnel with his sticky jism and I gripped his torso between my thighs in order to force his still-stiff cock even deeper inside my cunt.

'More! More!' I cried out, desperate to prolong this frenzied fire of fulfilment. The dear man drove gamely on as he drenched my cunney with a prodigal discharge of creamy jism.

One final spasm racked our bodies and then he collapsed down upon me. I felt Gregory's shaft begin to shrink inside my

saturated quim so I pushed him over onto his back and heaved myself up to lick the last spunky drops from the tip of his knob which was fast disappearing inside his foreskin like a rabbit diving into its burrow. Next I ran my hands over his hairy ballsack and rubbed them into the sticky wetness of his crinkly thatch of pubic hair. He seemed puzzled by this action until I held his wrists and drew them down to my own moist bush. Taking the cue, Gregory fondled my pussey until I raised his fingers to my lips and sucked them clean. He followed my example, kissing and licking my fingers. So now we were both sated and ready to call it a day.

Not surprisingly, our frenzied fucking had stimulated Natalie and Bernard to another bout and I looked across to see that the schoolmaster's shaft was pointing stiffly upwards. Natalie was kneeling at his side with her head resting on his thigh whilst she cupped his balls in her hands and slurped her tongue up and down the blue-veined length of his quivering cock. Bernard began to shake with excitement when Natalie licked all around the ridge of his knob and then she wriggled over onto her hands and knees, pushing her snow-white bottom up against his face. In the unlikely circumstance of Bernard not being sure as to what was expected of him, any doubts were quickly dispelled when Natalie called out to me: 'Katie, would you be a darling and pass Bernard the jar of Vaseline in my handbag?'

Naturally I was happy to oblige and Bernard thanked me with a smile as he obediently positioned himself behind the audacious girl who thrust out her luscious backside towards him. He licked his lips as he pulled open her legs a little further to obtain a full view of the starfish-shaped little arsehole which beckoned him so invitingly. He smeared a liberal amount of the greasy jelly over his cock and entered Natalie's nether orifice with little difficulty. She wriggled and twisted in his arms which he passed round her to squeeze her jiggling breasts.

'Phwaagh!' he grunted as his prick slid effortlessly in and

out of her narrow sheath. Natalie screeched out her excitement whilst Bernard's shaft slewed to and fro until he cried out hoarsely that he was about to spend.

'Good boy, I'm cumming with you! Oooh! Oooh! Flood my bum, you randy fucker!' she screamed and beads of perspiration formed on Bernard's face as he yelled back: 'I'm fucking your lovely arse! Such lovely cheeks . . . so firm . . . ah, aaaaah!' As her bottom bucked and bounced against his belly, Bernard shot his sticky emission into Natalie's bum and the lewd pair rode on until he pulled out his shrunken shaft from its sweet prison.

Now, although it was only an hour and a half since Bernard and I had enjoyed a delicious luncheon, I did not refuse the offer of refreshment when Gregory produced a sandwich box and offered us a selection of dainty cucumber and assorted salad sandwiches. I remarked to Bernard how fucking always made me hungry and he gave me an interesting reply, saying that this was hardly surprising because in terms of exercising the body, achieving a good cum was equivalent to a half-mile run.

'In that case I have trained hard enough to be considered for next year's Olympic Games,' I commented. Gregory chuckled: 'My word, how I wish you were in the team, Katie. To keep my financial head above water I have accepted a commission from Lord Neild [*a major patron of the British athletics team in the 1908 Olympic Games which were held at the White City stadium in London* – Editor] to paint the opening ceremony and it would be nice to know that in the picture there would be at least one pretty lady amongst all those muscular women.'

'Thank you for the compliment, Gregory,' I smiled with a deprecating wave of the hand. 'But that really is very great nonsense, there are certain to be many attractive girls in our contingent. Don't you agree?' I asked Bernard and Natalie

who nodded their heads but Gregory would have none of it. 'They are more likely to be big, lumpy clodhoppers,' he said dismissively, but I was determined not to let him get away with such a reactionary statement. I exclaimed: 'Gregory, you cannot be serious. There is no reason in the world why an athletic girl should not keep her feminine charms and, whilst I do not advocate any form of compulsion, I am all in favour of team games. Players learn mental and physical discipline and if necessary to sacrifice their individual inclinations for the good of the side.'

'Quite right, Katie,' echoed Natalie forcefully. 'Of course, if you want the foolish little flibbertigibbet without a brain in her head . . .' She paused and Bernard grinned: 'I think you must concede defeat, my dear fellow. Believe me, I see for myself that the majority of boys who take an interest in football, hockey and cricket often acquire a healthy concept of relationships.'

Gregory digested this news, then threw up his arms and said: 'Very well, then, you win. But I have warned Lord Neild that I do not aim for chocolate-box prettiness. It is necessary to liberate painting from its current taboos and I set down on canvas exactly what I see without evasion or distortion.'

'Even if it means shutting yourself up in a house of ill-repute like Toulouse-Lautrec?' I asked, trying hard not to smile. But whilst Gregory was passionate about his art, he did not object to gentle teasing and replied: 'I wouldn't find such an assignment to be arduous – and neither did the little genius who certainly did set up his easel in a brothel. He succeeded in lifting a corner of the veil that had concealed a section of society that well-off people would prefer not to see.'

'I won't argue with you there,' remarked Bernard as he rummaged through the pile of clothes for his drawers. 'But I'm afraid that we will have to continue this discussion at another time or my headmaster might send out a search party to come looking for us.'

‘In that case we had all better get dressed,’ said Natalie anxiously. ‘If word ever got back to my father that I was being poked by Gregory I don’t think he would be able to paint pictures of any kind for a long while!’

So we hurriedly put on our clothes and Bernard and I said goodbye to our new friends. I gave them both my card although I reckoned it would be unlikely that I ever saw Natalie Ketteridge again.

[In fact, the two girls would meet again in September 1909 when, against the fierce opposition of the bridegroom’s family, Natalie married Harold, the youngest son of Gregory Ritchie’s host, Major Stuart-Page, and bore him twin daughters in 1911. Sadly, Harold was killed at the Battle of Mons during the First World War but in 1919 Natalie was remarried to Webster Albion, a well-to-do Derbyshire landowner, and two years later the family emigrated to begin a new life in Australia – Editor]

It was as well that Bernard broke up this enjoyable party for only minutes after leaving the clearing I became involved in a further erotic adventure that had an interesting and amusing side to it. We walked back to the school where we met up with Dr Tagholm’s charming wife with whom I had been conversing at luncheon. The three of us headed together towards the headmaster’s study when the burly figure of Mr Carlyle, the senior mathematics master (to whom I had also been introduced at luncheon) came bounding down the corridor towards us.

‘Ah, Bernard, just the man I need, you’ve arrived in the nick of time,’ he said hurriedly. ‘I’m afraid that the headmaster has ricked his back rather badly and I could do with some help in getting him into bed.’

‘Oh dear, poor Roger!’ exclaimed Mrs Tagholm. ‘I’ll come with you too, of course, and see if there is anything I can do to make him more comfortable.’

‘No, no, really that won’t be necessary,’ said Mr Carlyle hastily. ‘Mr Yocke and I will be able to cope and it’s almost

four o'clock. Isn't the Rector of Goulthorpe coming to see you this afternoon to discuss the arrangements for this year's summer fête? I am sure I saw him in the entrance hall a few minutes ago.'

'Well, it won't do him any harm to cool his heels for five minutes,' Mrs Tagholm declared roundly but it seemed clear to me that Mr Carlyle wanted to divert her away from her husband's study. He drew a quick breath and went on: 'Ah, but it would be a shame to keep him waiting. You know how busy the Rector has been since that unfortunate episode with the bishop's niece that led to the resignation of his curate.'

Well, the relief on his face was palpable when, after a short pause, Mrs Tagholm nodded: 'Oh very well, I suppose you're right. Please put Roger to bed and I'll come and see him as soon as I can.'

She turned on her heel and walked back to the entrance hall. Mr Carlyle mopped his brow. 'Right, we've no time to lose or the silly bugger really will be in the soup,' he said hurriedly. Then for the first time he saw me standing by the wall and his face coloured a bright shade of pink as he whispered some inaudible words to Bernard. Then he turned to me and said awkwardly: 'Um, Lady Tottenham, forgive me, I didn't realize you were here. Er, there is no need for you to bother yourself with all this. Dr Tagholm hates any kind of fuss.'

'But why should my presence occasion any fuss?' I enquired sweetly. I could not suppress the chuckle that was forming in my throat as I watched him rack his brains to think of an excuse to keep me from finding out exactly what had happened to the headmaster. Fortunately for the flustered Mr Carlyle, Bernard came to his rescue and said: 'Don't worry, Davis, Lady Tottenham is a good sport and you have my word that she can be relied upon not to tell tales.'

Now I had recalled what Bernard had told me about the infamous peccadillos of Dr Doolittle, the previous headmaster,

and I said to him that my silence could not be guaranteed if this business involved anything of such a nature.

But as we walked briskly towards the headmaster's study Bernard allayed my fears by assuring me that Dr Tagholm was guiltless of any untoward behaviour regarding the pupils. 'As you will soon see for yourself, his indiscretions are of a more usual nature,' he added as we reached our destination. Mr Carlyle threw open the door of the study where the reason for his embarrassment immediately became blindingly obvious. For on the sofa underneath the bay window the stark naked headmaster was lying face down and squashed underneath him was the equally nude body of a pert young girl whom I recognized as Bridget, the housemaid who had served me at luncheon.

'Good God, headmaster, what's been going on here?' gasped Bernard. With perhaps justifiable irritation the headmaster snapped back: 'Use your eyes, man. I was fucking this lovely girl when my back seized up and I can't move an inch.'

'That's right, Mr Yocke,' piped up Bridget in a pleasant Irish lilt. She must have been feeling somewhat out of breath from having Dr Tagholm's thankfully lean torso on top of her for so long, but she was happy enough to carry on: 'He was stretching my quim beautifully with his thick prick but then all of a sudden he went all rigid and we've been glued together like a pair of blooming Siamese twins for at least ten minutes.'

Bernard bent down and gingerly inspected the situation. I followed behind Mr Carlyle to try and hide myself from the headmaster's sight for I had no desire to compound his discomfiture. Nevertheless, I was near enough to see the couple framed in this strange still-life copulatory position as Bernard took off his jacket and said: 'Well, let's see what we can do to move you, headmaster. I see that Mr Carlyle has already brought the stretcher from the first aid room so if I stand over you and lift you up from your shoulders and he slides his hands under

your, ah, upper thighs and pushes you up at the same time, at least we should be able to lever you off poor Bridget.'

Happily this stratagem worked first time, although Dr Tagholm cried out in pain when the two men lifted him up, his torso still locked in a rigidity as stiff as his cock which exited with a juicy 'pop' from Bridget's cunt.

Then they laid him upon the stretcher and gently rolled him over onto his back. I bit my lip to prevent myself from giggling when I saw that his prick was still standing stiffly up in the air.

'Now we can take you along to your bedroom, headmaster,' said Mr Carlyle. But before they lifted up their burden Bridget knelt down beside the stretcher and said to Dr Tagholm: 'Shall I make you cum first, sir? Bejaysus, it wouldn't look right being carried around the school with your cock waggling away like that.'

'No, you're absolutely right, my dear. Perhaps you would be so kind as to wank me off,' he answered approvingly. The frisky girl nodded as she wrapped her fingers around his throbbing tool and gave the fleshy lollipop a gentle squeeze.

'Haaah! That should do the trick,' he gasped as she brazenly ran her fist up and down his thick shaft. Then with her free hand Bridget coaxed up her nut-brown nipples to a stalky erectness whilst she pulled his knob to lie in the valley between her bare breasts and murmured: 'Come on, you naughty man, spray my titties with spunk.'

Despite its ordeal of having had to lie motionless for more than five minutes inside Bridget's cunt, the headmaster's cock was still in fine form. In only a few moments a tremendous fountain of creamy jism jetted out of his cock, which spunky libation Bridget joyfully smeared all over her breasts. Dr Tagholm cried out in ecstasy as he spurted the final remnants of his spend onto her face when she lowered her head downwards to kiss his quivering chopper.

‘Well done, Bridget,’ said Bernard. He offered her his handkerchief before he and Mr Carlyle bent down to take up the handles of the makeshift stretcher.

‘Thank you, Mr Yocke,’ answered the saucy minx as she wiped the headmaster’s sticky emission from her chin. ‘And I hope you two gentlemen won’t mind my mentioning it, but I haven’t come yet and I’d love to be brought off.’

‘Er, quite so, but I don’t think Mr Tagholm is capable of any further fucking this afternoon,’ answered Mr Carlyle. ‘But I’ll come back here as soon as possible and see if I can help out, if that would be acceptable to you.’

‘Oh yes, I would be delighted to entertain you and I’m sure Roger won’t mind either,’ said Bridget boldly. Dr Tagholm added: ‘Of course not, you silly goose. How could I possibly be so selfish as to take a dog-in-the-manger attitude about Mr Carlyle poking you after he has been so helpful in extricating us from our painful predicament? All I ask is that you tell me all about it afterwards, for you know how much I enjoy listening to you recount the details of your licentious escapades.’

‘Thank you, Roger,’ she said gratefully. ‘I’ve always said you were a good sport. Have no fear, I will give you a full account of how Mr Carlyle gave me satisfaction.’

On that note, Bernard led the stretcher party from the study and out of the building through the headmaster’s private garden where we would not attract the attention of any inquisitive eyes. At first it seemed we had succeeded in smuggling our invalid into his bedroom but, as luck would have it, just as we approached Dr Tagholm’s house an elderly clerical gentleman suddenly stepped out onto the patio.

‘Oh Lord, it’s the blessed Rector of Goulthorpe,’ groaned Mr Carlyle. But it was too late to turn around and we stood stock-still whilst the Rector came down the steps and walked slowly towards us.

‘Hello, Mr Yocke,’ the reverend gentleman called out to

Bernard. 'How nice to see you. Have you also come to look at Dr Tagholm's prize marrows? From what dear Mrs Tagholm tells me, I think they will cause quite a sensation at our summer fête.'

Then he stopped short and looked down in amazement at the headmaster's naked body and at this point I helped avert a damaging scandal by stepping forward and saying: 'Good afternoon, sir. May I ask you to allow us to pass? My patient needs to be put to bed immediately.'

'Your p-p-p-patient?' he stuttered and I nodded: 'That is correct. My name is Nurse Broadhurst and I work for Professor Louis Dyott of Cambridge University who specializes in diseases of the skin. I should explain that Dr Tagholm has contracted *pisanus fraxi*, an extremely rare complaint that the Professor believes would be best treated by the maximum exposure of his body to the sun. Alas, the poor man has slipped and ricked his back so these two gentlemen are kindly carrying him off to his bed for a good rest.'

'Bless my soul, I am so sorry to hear this news, headmaster,' said the horrified Rector. 'Yet how strange that, after knowing you for almost three years, I never knew you suffered from, ah,—'

'*Pisanus fraxi*,' I said helpfully. Dr Tagholm forced a small smile from between his gritted teeth and took the opportunity to say: 'Rector, I would appreciate it if you wouldn't mention anything about this to anyone, especially not to my wife. I've been free from the disease for many months and she would be most distressed if she knew I had suffered another attack. I'm sure you understand.'

[There is a contemporary 'in-joke' here for "*Pisanus Fraxi*" was the *nom de plume* of the Victorian erotologist H. Spencer Ashbee who donated more than 15,250 books to the British Museum. The rather rude pseudonym is derived from *fraxinus* = ash and *apis* = bee – Editor]

‘Of course, old chap. I won’t breathe a word to a living soul, but may I take this opportunity of wishing you better?’ promised the Rector. Luckily, he had believed my outlandish story but as the kindly old gentleman was clearly upset by what he had been told, I stayed behind whilst the two stretcher-bearers moved off and assured him that the headmaster would make a full and speedy recovery.

‘Are you sure of that, Nurse?’ he asked anxiously. I nodded: ‘Completely sure, and it is doubtful whether the affliction will ever return so long as Dr Tagholm refrains from over-exercising his constitution.’

‘Well, that *is* a relief, to be sure,’ said the Rector and, tipping his hat to me, he wished me goodbay as I hurried off to see whether the crippled headmaster was now feeling a little more comfortable.

In fact, the luckless Dr Tagholm was still in some pain although he was lying on his own bed with pillows underneath his head and the small of his back with his erstwhile bearers sitting at his side.

‘Headmaster, I really do think we should call for medical assistance,’ remarked Bernard but our patient vehemently refused to hear of it. He sighed: ‘You know what Ann’s like, she won’t rest till she’s got to the bottom of how I might have injured myself and then where would I be?’

Then he turned to Mr Carlyle and said: ‘Davis, I do think you ought to get back to Bridget. She is like an ivy bush that needs constant pruning or it runs out of control – a state that none of us would want her to be in.’

‘Indeed not, sir,’ agreed the senior mathematics master and he rose to his feet. ‘With your permission, I will go and fuck her immediately.’

‘Off you go, then,’ he grunted. As I marvelled at the unstuffy camaraderie between these gentlemen, it occurred to me that I might be able to offer some genuine nursing assistance to

the stricken headmaster. After all, I had studied the treatment of sports injuries at Dame Hilda Shackleton's Finishing School for Young Ladies, a preferred option to playing lacrosse. Yes, yes, Diary, I know I had extolled the virtues of team games to Gregory Ritchie only an hour before, but human biology was my favourite subject and besides, there were some Amazonian girls at the School whom I had no wish to encounter on the sports field!

So I somewhat shyly volunteered my services. Dr Tagholm winced with pain when he threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'How kind of you, Lady Tottenham, but I am already immensely in your debt and have no wish to trouble you further.'

'It's really no trouble at all,' I replied with a smile. 'Bernard, would you mind leaving the room? Dr Tagholm's torso is in a hypnotic spasm and I prefer to be alone with him when I attempt to pull him out of it through a homoeopathic remedy of treating like with like.'

'You see, I will try and physically administer a shock to his system to counter the effects of the original trauma that has caused his back to seize up,' I explained. Bernard accepted this elucidation graciously and said: 'By all means, Katie. Indeed, in the circumstances I think it might be wise if I put up a notice announcing the postponement of your lecture until half-past five.'

He closed the door carefully behind him. I took the precaution of locking it from the inside so there would be no danger of our being disturbed as Dr Tagholm asked: 'Now then, Lady Tottenham—'

'Oh, call me Katie, please, there's no need to stand on ceremony,' I interjected. Despite his obvious discomfort, he smiled: 'Very well, ah, Katie, what exactly do you propose to do with me?'

'I'll have to think about that very carefully,' I answered although I knew that there was only one therapy that had any

real chance of effecting a cure. So I smiled at him and said: 'Well, as I just told you, the philosophy behind homoeopathic medicine is to treat like with like and, in any case, I'm sure that no man has ever been harmed by having his cock sucked.'

I tried hard not to giggle as Dr Tagholm's eyes widened when I winked at him as I pulled back the sheet covering his naked body and flipped his limp cock over his thigh. I remarked: 'My word, that is a very thick prick you have there. I'm not sure whether it is as large as Mr Yocke's but when it's ready for duty there is probably little difference in size between the two.'

'It wouldn't bother me overmuch if Bernard's tool were bigger than mine,' panted the headmaster as I slipped off my shoes and began to undress. 'Surely you would agree with Mr Mark Twain who observed that it isn't the size of the ship that counts, it's the motion of the ocean.'

[This is not as surprising as it sounds for the famous American author of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn also penned an erotic screed entitled 1601 for which he apologized if a reader could find any clean words in it! – Editor]

This is getting ridiculous, I said to myself as I shrugged off my chemise and, wearing only my frilly French panties, climbed onto the bed and knelt directly in front of Dr Tagholm. However, this made the headmaster temporarily forget the stabs of pain he experienced whenever he moved, for he instantly reached forward and placed his palms on my springy bare breasts, licking his lips as he fingered the stiff nipples.

'Ow!' he cried out as he dragged himself upwards to suck my titties. I gently pushed him back again and murmured: 'All in good time, Roger. The treatment will only be effective if you let me do the work until you can move more easily.'

Then I lowered my head and took his domed helmet between my lips. It instantly swelled up inside my mouth whilst I rolled down my knickers to my knees. When Roger caught sight of my curly blonde pussey he trembled all over in a frenzy of

lustful anticipation. I began by giving a moist tonguing to his uncapped rubicund knob before sucking at least three inches of his succulent shaft into my mouth. He cried out loudly though not now in pain but in a fever of sensual agitation whilst I licked and lapped the entire length of his throbbing tool, working my lips up and down the warm fleshy pole until Roger could hold back no longer and discharged a copious emission of tangy seed down my throat.

I concluded the exercise by jamming my lips over his mushroomed bell-end and was rewarded by a heartfelt sigh of delight from the headmaster as I sucked and swallowed every drop of creamy jism from his gushing cock. At last I let Roger's shrivelled staff fall out of my mouth. His head fell back on the pillow.

'Hmm, it looks as though you are making good progress,' I observed as I slid myself next to him and let the randy Dr Tagholm squeeze my breasts and lick my titties until I could feel his rock-hard cock rubbing against my tummy.

'Now you must allow me to thank the physician for prescribing such a wonderful cure,' he answered as he let his fingertips trail through my fluffy bush of pussey hair. Automatically, I pushed my crotch against his hand to increase the pleasure. I let out a little squeal when Roger slipped two of his fingers into my snatch. His long fingers groped deep inside my cunt and soon caused my cunney muscles to spasm with pleasure when he found that incredibly sensitive spot at the base of my quim.

With a smile on his rugged features, he continued to pleasure my pussey, stroking and stroking until I thought I would become insane with unslaked desire. When he found the tip of my erect clitty and used his thumb to massage my love button, I started to whimper and my hips jerked up and down as I locked my thighs together. I shuddered all over as I came in a sudden release.

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

We lay still for a while and then I said: 'Well, has my treatment had any effect?'

'Oh yes, and an extremely beneficial one at that,' replied Roger with a twinkle in his eye. 'It's quite unbelievable but I now feel as right as rain. Look for yourself,' he added as he hauled himself up to a sitting position and pulled my hand to his pulsing stiffstander. 'It would be worthwhile putting my back out again to receive such enjoyable medical attention!'

I chuckled and gave his cock a final friendly squeeze before jumping out of bed to begin putting on my clothes. With a sigh of disappointment, the headmaster followed suit.

To be frank, despite having enjoyed the pleasure of being well fucked by Gregory Ritchie earlier that afternoon, I must admit that I would have been pleased to take part in a similar session of voluptuous love-play with the lascivious Dr Roger Tagholm who obviously believed in a rather elastic interpretation of the Seventh Commandment. On reflection, though, it was probably for the best that we closed our intimate relationship at that point for I needed to prepare for my forthcoming lecture and there would have been time only for a cursory poke – which rarely gives satisfaction to either partner.

Indeed, it was just as well that we did not succumb to temptation for we had only just stepped out onto the patio when Mrs Tagholm came bustling through the garden and exclaimed: 'Ah, there you are, Roger! I'm glad to see you're up and about again. Mr Yocke has just informed me that Lady Tottenham was trying out a homoeopathic remedy for your back problem.'

She turned to me with a knowing look and gave me an odd little smile as she said: 'My dear, you clearly have healing hands. Perhaps you will share your secret with me after you have shown us the wonders of the cinematograph. However, do now come and have some tea with some members of the staff who have not yet had the pleasure of meeting you.'

CHAPTER THREE

June 17th, 1907 [continued]

Diary, whilst chatting to Mrs Tagholm, I was delighted to discover that the headmaster's good lady took as relaxed an attitude to extracurricular fucking as her husband. Indeed, I nearly spilled my tea when out of the blue she quietly said to me: 'Forgive my asking, Katie, but did Roger poke you?'

Naturally, I was stunned by this unexpected query and equally naturally my first instinct was to say 'no', an answer that, technically, would not have been untrue. But I have always held to the maxim that in any situation, however embarrassing it might be, the best course is always to tell the truth and shame the devil.

So when I had recovered from the shock at hearing her blunt question, I recovered my wits sufficiently to reply: 'Not exactly, my dear Ann, although I did suck Roger's cock before he brought me off with his fingers. However, I must confess that this episode was entirely of my own devising and the headmaster had no idea of what I had in mind when I offered to alleviate the pain in his back.'

To my great relief she patted my hand and said: 'I believe you, my dear, and frankly it wouldn't worry me too much even if it was Roger who initiated any loveplay that took place between you.'

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

Mrs Tagholm drew closer and went on: 'I know I can speak frankly to a woman-of-the-world like yourself. You see, the fact of the matter is that Roger was totally inexperienced in *l'art de faire l'amour* when we first met. His parents were strict Baptists and he suffered from an extremely inhibited upbringing in a home where even the legs of the piano were covered for the sake of decency. He learned little about intimate matters at his boarding school where it was drummed into him that masturbation would lead to blindness and softening of the brain in later life.

'Anyhow, Roger was almost a virgin when we met, his only previous bedroom encounters having been with the girls at Mrs Macdougall's establishment in Soho.'

[This was a high-class private house in Gerrard Street patronized by men-about-town and important visitors to London. In 1904 alone, Mrs Macdougall is known to have entertained King Carlos of Portugal, Crown Prince Adrian of the Netherlands and Señor Rafael Burriel, the President of Mexico – Editor]

She smiled as she leaned over and whispered: 'Between ourselves, he was so nervous on our wedding night that I was the one to take charge of the consummation of our marriage. We were honeymooning in a very nice hotel on the Isle of Wight and I'll never forget the look on Roger's face as he sat on the bed in his dressing gown watching me undress.

' "I trust you are looking forward to making love to me," I said teasingly as I tugged down my knickers to give him his very first view of my hairy pussey. His eyes widened as he replied hoarsely: "Oh yes, my darling, more than anything else in the whole wide world."

' "Then you shall," I declared grandly as I skipped towards the bed and into Roger's ardent embrace. Our mouths met in a burning kiss and my cunney began to tingle when I unknotted the cord of his dressing gown and helped him shuck off the

garment. I looked down at his huge swollen shaft which I had never actually seen before.

'Now, unlike my dear husband, I had some knowledge of the ways of the world and I was not so foolish as to believe that the size of the boy's cock has much bearing upon his ability as a lover. Nevertheless, I will readily admit that the thought of his thick prick sliding into my moist cunney sent waves of sensual thrills cascading all over my body as I closed my eyes and rolled over onto my back holding Roger firmly in my arms.

'My bosom rose and fell as I breathlessly waited for the delicious moment of truth – but, alas, it was not to be! Instead, I heard him cry out in frustration and I opened my eyes to see him holding in his hand his meaty weapon which, although it was still of a goodly size, had unaccountably lost much of its stiffness.

'“Don't worry, my love,” I comforted him. “I'll soon make your naughty cock stand up again. You're just over-anxious, that's all. Next time you get a stiffie you won't have any trouble staying hard.”

'But, alas, it was not to be. I rubbed his recalcitrant cock and even swirled my tongue over his knob but this only provided a temporary success for after only a few seconds his shaft slid back limply over his balls.'

'Oh, how dreadful for you!' I murmured sympathetically. Mrs Tagholm gave a wan smile and went on: 'Well, yes, I was terribly upset but I knew it was an even more ghastly experience for poor Roger and I tried not to let my disappointment show when he said in a choked voice: “Ann, it's no good, I'm afraid. God knows why but I just can't get it up.”'

'“Just relax, my precious,” I vainly pleaded with him. “I know from my biology studies that the male member is a treacherous organ and that even the most virile men can occasionally suffer from this unfortunate malady. Surely as a

boy you can remember when the opposite occurred and you found your prick thickening up for no apparent reason whatsoever."

'At least this brought the ghost of a smile to his face and he answered: "Yes, that's true enough. I can recall being forced to stand against the window of a greengrocer's because my shaft had suddenly swelled up and it took at least three minutes before it went down – and I promise you that I have no secret longing to make love to a cauliflower or a bag of potatoes!"

"There you are, then," I exclaimed but Roger was so distraught that he refused to be comforted and it was not until morning when he woke up with a throbbing stiffie that we were able to consummate our union.'

'May I ask if the condition has persisted throughout your years of marriage?' I enquired. Mrs Tagholm shook her head and replied: 'No, my dear, I'm glad to say that it is only rarely that Roger's prick refuses to play.'

'And did the problem solve itself of its own accord?' I asked. She nodded sagely: 'Yes, dear, with a little help from that splendid book *Fucking For Fun* by Professor Alun Owen. The only drawback is that Roger has taken the good professor's advice not to allow our sexual life to become routine and therefore he feels it excusable to poke any pretty young girls he can lay his hands on.'

'So you have been forced to put up with such—' I paused for a moment to search for words that would not denigrate either party. 'Er, eccentric behaviour over the years. Please forgive me but this seems most unfair.'

'It has its compensations,' she said softly, nodding her head towards a handsome youth who had just entered the room. 'I'm sure you will agree that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.'

I gave a further glance at the young man who had been blessed with dark curly hair, a fresh-complexioned face with

clear blue eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Good heavens, I thought to myself, was Mrs Tagholm implying that she took her pleasures in the same manner as her husband but with the senior boys at Nayland College rather than with the maids?

It became clear that the answer to this question was in the affirmative for, as if she had been reading my mind, the headmaster's wife murmured: 'His name is John Belling and like most of the boys here he was desperate to cross the Rubicon into manhood. Now, if I say so myself, an experienced older woman like me is often far better suited for a young man's initiation into the joys of lovemaking.'

Well, as I have found out many times since that day, one can knock on any door and find an unusual story behind it. Who would have thought that an orgy of sensual skylarking could take place in the staid atmosphere of an English public school? Let me hasten to say that I record rather than condemn the free-and-easy ways of Dr and Mrs Tagholm. Their lifestyle might appear reprehensible to a majority of readers, but in fairness it should be pointed out that all the participants – both young and old – willingly joined in the fun. On the other hand, I would not recommend married couples to imitate their conduct unless both partners are totally and fully in agreement to extramarital poking. For what it is worth, I would strongly advise not starting anything that one might regret afterwards.

Having said this, I should have kept this maxim in mind when John Belling approached us and Mrs Tagholm introduced him to me. It transpired that John was the chairman of the Nayland College Performing Arts Society and he thanked me profusely for taking the time to come up to Derbyshire at such short notice. 'We're all greatly looking forward to your talk, Lady Tottenham,' he said. I gave him a slightly anxious smile as I replied: 'Well, I do hope that I won't disappoint you for I am not nearly as knowledgeable about cinematography as my

father. But I very much hope you will enjoy the selection of films that I plan to show.'

Well, dear Diary, at this moment of time nobody – certainly neither myself nor young John Belling – could have possibly known to what extent this wish was to be realized. Suffice it to say that Lady Katie Tottenham's film show is still talked about with bated breath by the Old Naylandians who were lucky enough to have attended it – and the reason why will shortly become abundantly clear . . .

I suppose that I must accept blame for what happened for I had been too busy sucking off and being fucked by Gregory Ritchie, Bernard Yocke and Dr Roger Tagholm, Nayland College's distinguished headmaster, to check the films from his large collection that my father had sent up.

Be that as it may, all went well at first. There was an audience of about sixty boys packed into the classroom where my projector and screen had been set up and they greeted me with a polite round of applause when John Belling and I entered the room. I stood at the back of the room by the projector and began by saying how the film would soon extinguish the magic lantern as a source of entertainment. 'Some of the slide shows are triumphs of miniature engineering and, perhaps like you, I remember marvelling at how at the turn of the handle dark clouds scudded across the moon and ships foundered in storms.

'However, not even multiple lanterns operated by the most skilled technicians can compete with the film. Fifteen years ago in 1891 Thomas Edison announced that he planned to throw upon a canvas a perfect picture of anybody and reproduce his words. Now, the former goal has yet to be achieved whilst we have not yet begun to attempt the latter.'

Then, thinking of my earlier conversation about the future of film with Sir Jeffrey Green, I continued: 'Only this morning on the train journey from London an eminent gentleman said to me that he forecast we would have moving pictures with

sound in our theatres within the next twenty years – and I would agree with that prediction.

‘But these are exciting times in this art form that was more or less born with the century. My father says that almost every film nowadays shows new ways of handling the camera, of lighting and of editing. And as the British film-maker Mr Lewis Osbourne wrote in *The Manchester Guardian* recently: “We may not be real artists. We are more like the pre-Elizabethan dramatists who were not really great writers but they made it possible for the next generations to become great artists and poets.”

‘Now I hope you will enjoy these examples of cinematic art,’ I said as I picked up a box at random. After glancing at the label, I announced that the first film to be shown was called *Hansel and Gretel* which, I imagined, would be an adaptation of the famous fairy story by the Brothers Grimm. It took only a minute to adjust the reel of film onto the projector and then I switched on the powerful electric lights as John Belling closed the curtains over the windows.

A surprised murmur ran round the room as I turned the handle and the screen was filled by the large announcement of the film’s title *Verzuckung* (*Ecstasy* – Editor) underneath which appeared in smaller letters *Ein Film von Hans Falda*. I clicked my tongue in annoyance. ‘Oh dear, I’m afraid that only the German scholars amongst you will be able to appreciate the dialogue captions. Still, perhaps the most important characteristic of film is that it can entertain and instruct in a universal language that can be understood by people all over the world.’

Completely unaware of Herr Hans Falda’s reputation, [*a distinguished portrait photographer; Hans Falda (1871–1957) also made some of the first blue movies of the European cinema. Alas, most films in his archive were destroyed during an Allied bombing raid on Berlin in 1943* – Editor] I continued to project

the film and watched the first scene open up to delighted whoops of surprise from my audience.

For waving merrily to the camera was a pretty girl standing in front of a bed. She was dressed in a scanty loose-fitting chemise with narrow shoulder straps: the garment reached down just to the tops of her thighs. Her hair was done up in long bunches at the sides of her smiling face which was shown in close-up until a title card appeared that read: *'Guten tag, alle! Meine name ist Eugenie und dis ist mein freund Franz.'*

'Hello, everybody! My name is Eugenie and this is my friend Franz,' translated John Belling who had chosen modern languages for his Sixth Form studies. An excited buzz now swept through the room as we were treated to the sight of Eugenie's companion, a stocky bare-chested young man clad only in a pair of athletic shorts. After another close-up shot of her face came another caption which read: *'Wir sind verliebt und jeder darf es sehen.'*

'What's she saying, Belling?' called out a boy in the front row and John my assistant translated: 'Franz and I are in love and the whole world may see it.'

His translation was immediately shown to be accurate for on the screen, to the accompaniment of wolf-whistles from the boys, we were treated to the sight of Eugenie sliding down her shoulder straps. Then, in one swift movement, she pulled her chemise over her head and let the flimsy garment flutter to the floor. With a sensual smile on her face, she stood naked as Nature intended and Franz began to unbutton his shorts as a third title flashed up: *'Seihst was für eine wunderschöne Latte mein liebe geiler Franz zwischen den Beinen hat!'*

John Belling exploded into hysterical laughter as he gasped out: 'See what a wonderful prick my dear horny Franz has!' And to great cheers Franz demonstrated that he was indeed extremely well endowed when he pointed his colossal cock towards the camera.

Diary, in all probability you must be wondering why I did not stop the show even before this point. All I can say in reply to this question is that I was so shocked at the notion of such a film being in my father's possession that I was spellbound and hardly heard the tumult that was going on around me. It rose to a crescendo when Eugenie lay down on the bed and parted her shapely legs as she opened up her cunney with a finger for lucky young Franz.

Nothing loath, he jumped on the bed and knelt down in front of her. She gracefully lifted her foot to roll her toes around the uncapped mushroomed helmet of his enormous tool. Then she gently drew him over her and, taking hold of his thick todger, inserted his knob inside her quim. Without further ado, Franz began to fuck her and from our viewpoint behind the randy fellow we could see the dimpled cheeks of his tight little backside jiggle up and down as he slewed his shaft in and out of Eugenie's snatch.

It was hardly necessary to call upon John Belling's comprehension of German when, after a brief glimpse of Eugenie's face, the title slide *Spritz es über meine bruste und in mein Gesicht!* occupied the screen just before we saw Franz pulling out his cock from Eugenie's cunt and spraying his copious emission all over her breasts and face.

Frankly, I doubted if the girl could have achieved a spend in such a short space of time but the last caption read *Ach, mein lieber; du hast wirklich einen gottlichen schwanz* before the final scene which showed Eugenie licking off the rest of the sticky jism from Franz's knob. The word *Ende* flickered up on the darkened screen which soon lit up white again as the last piece of film slid through the projector.

There was a short, eerie silence and then I was deafened by a huge roar of applause. I tried unsuccessfully to finesse matters by saying that I hoped the boys had enjoyed that educational photoplay on human biology and that it would now be my

pleasure to show them an equally instructive film on Coventry Cathedral.

Not surprisingly, this stratagem failed and a chant of '*Encore, encore*' resounded through the room as I hastily packed Herr Falda's naughty film back into my box. But sadly for the boys [although it saved me any further embarrassment] the noise had attracted the attention of Dr Tagholm and the hubbub instantly died down when the headmaster entered the room.

'Now I'm sure that Lady Tottenham is most appreciative of your approval but enough is as good as a feast,' he declared and waved his hand at me to continue my talk.

I took a deep breath, went on to say how film would become as important a medium of communication as the daily newspaper and continued. 'Hopefully, it will counter the ignorance that bedevils people all over the world who know so little about their neighbours and which has been one of the causes of misunderstandings, conflicts and wars.'

[Unfortunately, Katie's high hopes were soon hijacked by politicians and in just a few short years, films would be used as propaganda vehicles during the First World War – Editor]

I screened two further short films, one about Coventry Cathedral and the other on peasants working in the fields of Northern Italy but naturally these were not received with the same enthusiasm that had greeted my first offering! Nevertheless, when I sat down John Belling thanked me warmly for a most stimulating hour and, as the boys stood up to give me a rousing ovation, he invited me to take some refreshment in his study before I left Nayland College.

As the boys filed out of the room, Dr Tagholm walked over to me and said: 'Lady Tottenham, I'm afraid that Mrs Tagholm and I have a prior engagement this evening but Mr Yocke will be pleased to take you back to your hotel whenever you want.'

It was difficult to maintain formality with a man whose cock I had been sucking only a couple of hours before but I

kept my composure. Speaking with the necessary distanced politeness, I replied: 'Thank you, headmaster. I've thoroughly enjoyed my afternoon here. There's no need for you to stay as John Belling has kindly volunteered to help me pack up the equipment.'

'Well done, old chap,' said Dr Tagholm, clapping John on the shoulder. 'In that case, Lady Tottenham, goodbye and thank you again. Enjoy your journey back home tomorrow and you need have no worry about transporting the cinematograph. I will arrange for its return to your father, probably on an earlier train than the one you will be taking to Oxford.'

'Goodbye, Dr Tagholm,' I said and, after we had shaken hands, the headmaster swept out of the room. Well, it only took ten minutes to tidy up and I asked John Belling if he would be good enough to tell Mr Yocke that I was ready to leave for Matlock Bridge.

However, John shuffled his feet and, looking down at the floor, mumbled: 'Very well, Lady Tottenham I hope you won't think me a bothersome beast for asking again. But I wondered whether you would care to take a cup of tea in my study before you leave.'

Frankly, I was going to refuse the repeated invitation but he was a helpful, nice-looking young man and when I saw the hopeful look on his face, I changed my mind and replied: 'Thank you, John, that would be very nice but I can't stay too long.'

'Oh, I quite understand, it's very kind of you to give me any more of your time,' he said eagerly as he opened the door for me and then he led the way to the Sixth Form studies. Once inside his own private den I sat down in the battered but comfortable armchair and John hovered over me awkwardly as he said: 'I *can* make tea, but I also have a bottle of cherry brandy that I smuggled in at the beginning of term.'

'A small cherry brandy would be nice,' I smiled and he blushed when I added: 'And I promise not to tell Mr Yocke

about it when he takes me back to my hotel tonight.'

'Ah yes, someone told me you're staying at Lipman's,' John sighed as he bent down to bring out the cherry brandy and two liqueur glasses from the back of a cupboard. I looked up and noticed that a small smile was playing about his lips as he poured out two generous measures of cherry brandy, passed one to me and sat himself down on the rug by my feet.

Now I won't bother recording the answers I gave to the questions young John asked me about cinematography but whilst he was pouring me a second cherry brandy, I noticed a newspaper cutting lying on the floor. I picked it up and saw that it was an advertisement from the *Daily Mirror* for a book entitled *How To Overcome Shyness* by Professor Rodney Burbeck M. A. of London University and quickly scanned the text that read: 'At last! Here is a book that teaches men everything they need to know about how to attract women. Master some simple confidence-building exercises and conquer your fear of rejection to bring you out from the sidelines onto the field of play. You do not need to be wealthy or good-looking to use these highly effective techniques. Why stay at home evening after evening feeling miserable and depressed when you could be enjoying a hectic social life?'

'What's all this about?' I demanded and John's cheeks flamed as he bit his lip and muttered: 'Actually, I was thinking of sending off for Professor Burbeck's book. We rarely have the chance to meet girls and like most of the fellows here, even when I do, I get all tongue-tied and never know what to say.'

'It really is too shaming,' he said as he passed me my drink. Now it was my turn to sigh as I reflected on all the time, effort and money both men and women spend in trying to meet members of the opposite sex. By contrast, simple animals with brains the size of a peanuts have no trouble at all in finding a partner [often for life] without the aid of friends, relatives and assorted matchmakers.

Be that as it may, my heart went out to John when he sat down on the rug again and added wistfully: 'I was reading a horn book the other day by Count Gewirtz of Galicia*. He was only fifteen when he had his first girl and I'm almost eighteen and still haven't got off the mark.'

'Well, I can understand your frustration but you shouldn't compare yourself to one of the great European lovers,' I gently chided him. 'Remember that Count Gewirtz has been compared to such gallants as the great Casanova.'

He swallowed his second cherry brandy and answered: 'Yes, you're right, of course, Lady Tottenham—'

'Katie, please,' I said as I bent down and ruffled my fingers through his shiny hair. 'Still, I find it hard to believe that you have never enjoyed any sensual experience.'

'I'm a complete amateur,' confessed John with a lopsided grin. 'My only encounter happened just before we broke up last term when I was one of a small group of senior Sixth Formers who were allowed out of school one evening to attend the Old Naylandians dinner at Lipman's Hotel.'

'Ah, is that why you smiled when I told you I was staying there tonight?' I enquired. He nodded: 'It was quite a lively affair and although not an Old Naylandian himself, Mr Lipman himself was invited to sit down to dinner with us.' He paused and passed his hand over his mouth as I said encouragingly: 'I've been told that Mr Lipman is an extremely jolly host.'

'Very much so, and he made us extremely welcome, so much so in fact that every few minutes the waitresses were bringing in more tasty dishes and bottles of champagne to drink with them. Anyhow, after the meal the party broke up and some of the Old Boys went upstairs to play billiards and some others sat down in the lounge for a rubber or two of

**Erotic Memoirs Vols I and II* [Printed in Paris 1907 but republished in paperback by New English Library in 1995]

bridge. But most of them settled down at the bar for a chinwag.

‘We had to be back at the school by ten-thirty. Then, whilst I was debating what to do with myself in the remaining half-hour before the taxi arrived to take us back, one of the waitresses who had been serving us came up to me and said: “Hello there, Master John, did you enjoy your dinner?”

‘I turned to the girl, whom I recognized as Linda, one of the laundry maids who came in to the school every day during term-time. “Very much, thank you, Linda,” I replied. She winked at me and went on: “Come down to the kitchen with me and I’ll give you a lovely special sweet which wasn’t on the menu.”

‘Linda’s speech seemed slightly slurred and I thought I detected the smell of alcohol on her breath, a view which was reinforced when she giggled: “My goodness, your party has got through a nice few bottles of bubbly tonight. Mind you, Philippa and I made sure we had a glass or two as well whilst we were serving you.”

‘My heartbeat quickened as I followed her downstairs and, looking back, I am sure that Linda deliberately wiggled her bottom as we walked through to the kitchens. Anyhow, she suddenly stopped and pulled me into a little room where extra cutlery and stuff is stored and to my utter astonishment, she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me on the lips.

‘She broke off the kiss to ask in a husky voice. “There, isn’t that better than playing billiards or drinking yourself silly at the bar all night?”

‘I was struck speechless by her unexpected behaviour but I managed to nod my head in agreement and reached up to tilt her chin and cover her mouth with mine in a long wet kiss. Locked together in this passionate embrace, we slid down to sit on an upturned crate and Linda pressed her hand against the front of my trousers to rub her palm along my throbbing tool.

‘“Oooh, that feels like a big stiffie you have down there,

Master John," she whispered in my ear. "Let's have a closer look at it."

'I was still too overcome by emotion to reply although, naturally, I was more than happy to assist her in unbuttoning my flies. She reached inside, pulled out my quivering cock and curled her hand around it. Our mouths met for a second time and my hand now cupped one of her breasts as she slid her clenched fist up and down my shaft. Her hand jerked faster and faster and I opened my eyes for a moment and saw that a few spunky drops had already oozed out of my knob. I tried my best not to cum but it took only a few more strokes and a fountain of jism shot out and splattered all over Linda's fingers. Truthfully, I felt very embarrassed and stuffed my prick back inside my pants, though to be fair Linda did not complain that I had come too quickly.'

John shrugged his shoulders and sighed: 'And that's about it, I'm afraid. I never saw Linda again to try and continue where we left off because shortly afterwards she left Matlock to work at a large hotel up in Harrogate.'

'So you are still a virgin,' I mused thoughtfully whilst I looked at the bed in the corner of the room [for senior Sixth Formers slept in their studies which had small en suite bathrooms attached to them]. Then, glancing down at the sweet boy, I recalled the wise words of dear Dickie Tucker who wrote in a recent anonymous essay printed in *The Oyster*: 'Virginity is a disease which often causes great mental and physical distress. Nevertheless, for young men it can easily be cured, preferably by a more experienced partner. Show me a man who appreciates the educated talents of an older woman and I'll show you a man who understands pleasure and the joys of sharing it.'

With this in mind, I decided to take it upon myself to relieve John Belling of the unwanted yoke upon his shoulders. So, rising up from my chair, I kicked off my shoes and said to

him: 'It's high time your education was taken further than a furtive frigging. Now, I want you to undress and lie down on your bed whilst I go and change into something more comfortable.'

I walked briskly to the bathroom and took off my clothes. I then waited for another minute to allow John time to compose himself for, despite his eagerness to cross the Rubicon, he would be dreadfully nervous about the voyage. Sure enough, he had only stripped down to his undershorts and my heart warmed to him as I donned his bathrobe before going in to him.

'Don't be shy, John,' I said encouragingly as I strolled back into the study. 'Take it from me, there is no substitute for making love in the nude.'

And showing that I practised what I preached I walked over to the bed and told him to open the sash of the robe. He tugged at the cord and, slipping gracefully out of the garment, I stepped forward towards him in all my naked glory. My breasts swung invitingly as I pirouetted daintily on the balls of my feet, displaying my peachy burn cheeks to the entranced young man whose shining face showed his delight.

Next I drew my hand slowly across my fluffy blonde bush, parting my pussey lips with my fingers. This quite overwhelmed him for he began to gasp with excitement and the perceptible bulge in his drawers indicated that John fully appreciated this little exhibition.

'Now it's time to begin the lesson in earnest,' I remarked as I slid into bed beside him and kissed him lightly on the lips. 'But first I must know whether you are attracted by the merchandise displayed or shall I wrap it up again and put it back on the shelf?'

'No, no, Lady Katie, please don't do that,' he said in some alarm. So I stroked the inside of his leg in an upward movement until the tip of my fingers brushed against the bulge of his

balls and declared. 'In that case, we'll get rid of your underpants and get straight down to work.'

John gripped my arm and in a trembling voice he asked: 'You aren't just leading me on, are you? I don't think I could bear it.'

'Of course not, I wouldn't be so cruel,' I assured him as with a quick sudden tug I yanked off his drawers. Out popped a well-formed stiffstander which was of surprising thickness for a lad of only seventeen.

He looked so sweet as I took his hands in mine. I felt the warmth of his breath as I leaned over and his supple lips rested on mine for a moment or two in a gentle kiss. Then my tongue slid out and our kiss was transformed into a raging embrace. We clung together as I pressed his hands to my breasts, my nipples firming up into hard, rubbery points against his palms.

'Are we really going to do it?' he whispered hoarsely and in answer I drew one of his hands down over my tummy until his fingertips trailed through the flaxen hairs of my pussey bush.

Then I reached down and squeezed John's hot, twitching tool and told him to move up over me. I guided his blunt, fleshy knob towards my pouting love lips and into the slippery haven of my moist honeypot. Overcome with the emotion of the moment, his body quivered all over and I said softly: 'Don't rush, my dear, there's no hurry.'

I spread my legs to enable him to push his prick further inside my clingy quim but he lay motionless after sliding his shaft fully inside me. 'Doesn't that feel good, John?' I went on. 'Now just push your tool to and fro until you feel the spunk rushing up from your balls like it does when you're playing with yourself.'

Well, nature took its course and his thick chopper squelched merrily in and out of my juicy cunt as instinct took over and he began to fuck me at an ever-increasing speed. I wound my

legs around the back of his thighs and heaved up and down to meet his thrusts as my hands slipped behind him to clasp his taut little bum cheeks. His balls slapped against my backside as the ecstatic lad drove home, burying his big cock inside me to the very root.

What John Belling lacked in experience he made up for in enthusiasm, bouncing up and down at a great rate of knots whilst I clawed at his jerking bottom. How I enjoyed the urgent pumping of his virile young cock as it sluiced to and fro, causing me to experience the most exquisite sensations in my pussey, and I found myself climaxing just as his shivering shaft expelled jet after jet of sticky seed in long, leaping spouts. We both let out cries of joy as John collapsed down on top of me as rivulets of our mingled love juices coursed out of my sated love funnel.

Like all novices John wanted to know how he had performed! 'How did I do?' he panted. I chuckled: 'Oh, very well indeed, I had a splendid cum. But I would advise you to try and take things a little more slowly in the future. It usually takes longer for a lady to achieve a climax and a considerate lover will always try and wait for his partner if he possibly can. That isn't always easy to do. I know of one dear friend of mine who begins to recite the alphabet backwards if he finds himself on the brink of a spend too quickly. Another gentleman of my acquaintance mentally goes through the telephone numbers of his chums.

'I shall send you under plain cover a copy of a most interesting little book entitled *Fucking for Beginners* by Dr Jonathan Letchmore. It contains much valuable advice which I would urge all lusty young men to follow.'

'Thank you very much,' he said with a cheeky grin. I glanced down to see from the state of his thickening shaft that my fine young lover would have liked nothing better than to have continued with this lesson in *l'art de faire l'amour*. But although I was tempted by the throbbing todger pressing against my

thigh, there was really no time to enjoy a second joust. So I gave John a final kiss and said: 'I really must be on my way.'

'Yes, of course,' he said with a heavy sigh as I swung my legs out of the bed and onto the floor. 'And please believe me, Katie, no one will ever hear from me about what happened this afternoon.'

I nodded approvingly as I slipped on the bathrobe and said: 'Good boy, only scoundrels tell tales about their bed-mates. The only exception to this rule is if one contracts an unfortunate condition from an erstwhile partner, in which case one is honour bound to warn all and sundry about the person concerned.'

I went into the bathroom to put on my clothes and heard John get out of bed to also begin dressing himself. He called out: 'Katie, although I shan't say a word about us to anybody, may I please write to you?'

'By all means,' I replied. But thinking it best not to give him my London address because young men often became foolishly infatuated with the first girl they poke, I added: 'Send any correspondence to Tottenham Lodge, near Witney, Oxfordshire. I travel quite extensively but the housekeeper will forward your letter to me if I happen to be living away from home when it arrives.'

We finished dressing ourselves and John escorted me across to the Master's Common Room where Bernard Yocke was patiently waiting to take me back to Lipman's Hotel. As Dr Tagholm had informed me, the headmaster and his wife had left the school for a prior engagement so our mode of transport was Bernard's own Austin tourer.

He seemed slightly downcast and so after he started the car I complimented him on his expert engaging of his gears [*Changing gear in these early vehicles was a hazardous operation that needed the skill of a surgeon – Editor*] for I have yet to meet a man (and probably never will!) who does not think of himself as a good driver and is not happy to hear

confirmation of this fact – even though such praise is often unwarranted!

However, this tactic failed to cheer up poor Bernard who drove the short journey to Matlock Bridge in almost total silence. Nevertheless, when we reached our destination, like John Belling he also asked if he might be allowed to write to me.

‘Please do, I love receiving letters though there never seems to be time enough to reply as fully as I would like these days,’ I smiled. But, concerned that Bernard might be suffering from the same complaint as John, I gave him too the address of our family seat in leafy Oxfordshire. He copied it down in his diary, then pulled out an envelope from his inside pocket and handed it to me. ‘Katie, this is for you, I wrote it whilst you were showing your films. It’s pretty poor stuff, really, as I had only an hour or so but it expresses my feelings about you.’

I thanked him and we shook hands as I said goodbye. I think Bernard was a little disappointed that I did not invite him to stay for a while but I wanted a rest before dinner – and believe it or not, Diary, I cannot recall a day in which I had taken part in so much hectic fucking. Though I did not know it, my pussey was again going to be engaged in further lascivious adventures that very evening.

I entered the hotel and Mr Lipman bustled over to greet me as I took my room key from the porter. ‘Ah, Lady Tottenham, just who I was looking for,’ he beamed with a wide smile on his face. ‘Many congratulations, and tonight may I recommend the fresh asparagus soup before our speciality dish, plaited salmon and sole in a herb butter sauce followed by Filets Mignons à la Bonne Bouche and, to finish off, a selection of ice creams and seasonal fruits. Would you prefer me to select the wines from our cellar? I would suggest a delicate dry Chablis with the fish and one of my own favourites, an ’04 St Emilion claret, with the entrée.’

I looked at him blankly and he chortled: 'Goodness me, I can see that our little conversation earlier this afternoon has slipped your mind. Ma'am, Euston Road romped home at sixteen to one! You've won twenty pounds and, as I promised, it's my pleasure to offer you dinner as our guest tonight which is the least I could do because I put a fiver on the blessed nag!'

'Well, that's grand news, and you're quite right, Mr Lipman, I *had* quite forgotten all about my wager,' I laughed as I made a mental note to thank Sir Jeffrey Green for the tip-off when he arrived at the hotel later that evening. In fact, I was mildly surprised to find that the distinguished lawyer had checked in fifteen minutes ago and was presently in his room which, Mr Lipman informed me, was opposite my own on the first floor.

He went on with evident satisfaction: 'Some other people here have also benefited from Euston Road. Our housekeeper, Mrs Brockbank, and three of our waiters each had half a crown on the nose so you can be certain of first-class service in the restaurant this evening! And I'll have to send the boy up to Nayland College to give that schoolmaster friend of yours his winnings.'

Oh well, this should console Bernard Yocke, I said to myself, even if, as I suspected, he would be disappointed to discover that I was not interested in any kind of ongoing relationship. After all, I am still being partnered around London by dear Dickie Tucker and I'll always be true to him, Diary, in my admittedly unorthodox fashion.

'So what time do you wish to dine, ma'am?' asked Mr Lipman but before I could answer a familiar voice behind me replied: 'Eight o'clock, if that's all right with you, Katie.' And I spun round to see none other than Sir Jeffrey Green himself standing behind me! He gave a little bow and chuckled: 'Please forgive the interruption but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with Mr Lipman. I'm glad that you had a small

flutter on Euston Road and if you want to repay me in any way, I would be honoured if you would dine with me tonight.'

'So Lady Tottenham's information came from you, Sir Jeffrey?' said Mr Lipman. 'Then I insist you also dine as our guest.' He waved aside Sir Jeffrey's protest that he had not mentioned anything in the hope of obtaining a reward and went on: 'I guessed that whoever had told Lady Tottenham about the horse must have known something special about such a rank outsider so I put a fiver on Euston Road.'

'Mrs Lipman will be very pleased when you tell her of your windfall,' I remarked but the jolly hotelier begged us not to say a word to his wife about the affair. 'Geraldine would be furious if she knew I had put on a bet because this year I promised to give up the horses except for the Derby, the Grand National and the Cheltenham Gold Cup,' he said anxiously. Sir Jeffrey grunted: 'The bookies been getting their hands on your profits, Brian?'

'No, no, in fact I had twenty sovs on Eremon [*The winner of the 1907 Grand National – Editor*] but I celebrated rather unwisely and broke the Eleventh Commandment,' he explained ruefully.

'The Eleventh Commandment,' I queried. 'What's that?'

'Thou shalt not get found out,' answered Mr Lipman dolefully. 'Mrs Lipman came back home to find me in a slightly compromising position with one of our chambermaids.'

'Oh dear, that wasn't very clever, was it?' twinkled Sir Jeffrey. Mr Lipman groaned: 'It certainly wasn't – you can't imagine how difficult it was to persuade Geraldine that Estelle was only giving me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation after I had suffered a coughing fit after choking on a piece of apple.'

'Really? In the circumstances, I think you deserve full marks for concocting such a plausible explanation,' I commented. Despite himself Mr Lipman managed a smile as he remarked: 'Thank you, my lady, but I wasn't clever enough because

Geraldine immediately wanted to see the apple. I should have said it was a biscuit which went down the wrong way and then it would have been more difficult to contradict me!

‘Anyhow, the long and short of it is that I had to promise not to back any more gee-gees except for those three big races I mentioned on which I am allowed a small wager because Geraldine herself always has a flutter on them.’

‘Oh well, it’s a nice problem you have, salting away eighty pounds that your wife knows nothing about,’ observed Sir Jeffrey with a little chuckle and on that note we split up, Mr Lipman to make the necessary arrangements with the restaurant staff, Sir Jeffrey to mull over some legal documents and myself to run a nice, refreshing bath before changing for dinner.

However, I decided to lie down for a much needed rest – after all, I had been on my feet (and on my back!) since early this morning. So I made myself comfortable on the bed and slit open the envelope Bernard Yocke had pressed into my hand. I opened his letter and read the following *billet-doux*:

Dearest Katie,

I hardly know how to begin this letter of thanks to you for making today one of the happiest days of my life. Alas, I have neither the time nor the wit to write more than this composition in honour of our tryst:

*I care not what other men may say,
The girl who suits my mind
Is a woman who meets me in joyous play
And whilst she is good she is kind.
With her beauties never could I be cloyed
Such pleasures I find at her side;
For I don't love her less because she's enjoyed
By a very close colleague beside.
She opens her thighs without fear or dread*

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

*And points to her dear little muff,
Its lips are so red and all overspread
With blonde hair of the fuzziest fluff.
Reclined on her breasts or clasped in her arms,
With her my best moments I spend,
And revel the more in her sweet melting charms,
Because they are shared with a friend.*

*All my love,
Bernard*

Well, the poem may not have withstood great critical scrutiny but I appreciated the sincere thoughts that lay behind Bernard's verses. I carefully folded the sheets of paper back into the envelope and returned them to my bag before closing my eyes for a much-needed little doze.

June 17th, 1907 [Conclusion]

I'm inclined to agree with the sentiment expressed in Mrs Susan Moser's popular music hall ditty that *There's Nothing To Beat A Snooze*. Certainly I felt tremendously refreshed after my thirty-minute catnap. I bathed and changed into a daringly low-cut and tight-fitting black silk dress with a hem far higher than my Mama would have thought decent which I saw originally in a French fashion magazine. It was only with some difficulty that I had persuaded my tailor to copy it for Mr Goldberg was none too happy about undertaking the assignment. I smiled when I pulled out of the pocket the note he had written to me with his bill which read:

*Dear Lady Katie,
Here's your dress and you should wear it in good health.
I've made it to measure though if it feels a trifle tight around
the backside [you should excuse me] don't worry, that's the*

way it's supposed to be. Mrs Goldberg says you should always wrap up warm outdoors when you're wearing this dress even on a warm summer's night or you might well catch a cold.

She also says I should be ashamed of myself, making up such a dress for you, so do me a favour and next time you come to the workshop, tell her that in the end you decided not to wear it.

Yours respectfully,

Sidney Goldberg

P. S. But my son Morry says that if you ever have a photograph taken of yourself in this dress, he would very much appreciate a copy.

Nevertheless, I hoped that the gown would not be frowned upon by such a pillar of the Establishment as Sir Jeffrey Green. But the lawyer did not give the impression of being a stuffy person, I said to myself as I walked down the staircase to the hotel lounge – and it was immediately clear from the delighted smile on Sir Jeffrey's face that he took a similar view of my dress as Goldberg *films*. In fact Jeffrey [as I shall now call him for we were soon on first-name terms] complimented me on my gown as I sat down next to him on the sofa.

'It's of French manufacture, I presume,' remarked the lawyer as he stopped a passing waiter and instructed him to serve the champagne he had previously ordered. 'We will never be able to match the flair of Continental designers who seem far more able to throw off the shackles of convention.'

At this point, Diary, I feel it necessary to state that no man, however handsome and however wealthy, can ever hope to win my love except through the force of his own personality. I am in complete agreement with my radical chum Arabella Strachan [*a notorious 'wild woman' who was at the forefront of Suffragette demonstrations such as the breaking of shop windows and the*

flinging of paint over reactionary anti-Suffrage MPs – Editor] who insists that what is in the heart is more important than anything else. Using this measure as a yardstick for her affections, Arabella declares that she would be happy to entertain a country bumpkin's rough-hewn rammer rather than the smooth-skinned shaft of a scion of the aristocracy.

I stress this fact because I would not want it thought by anyone who might catch sight of these memoirs that I was seduced only by Jeffrey's position in Society. We all know how powerful the fervour of sexual attraction can be and there are few who are able to resist this magical force that draws two people together like pieces of metal to a magnet.

Anyhow, I make no apologies for admitting that over our delicious dinner I was quite overwhelmed by Jeffrey's conversation which demonstrated his wife-ranging knowledge of current affairs, sparkling wit and genuine sympathy for the idea of votes for women. Some may be surprised at the inclusion of this last factor but, like most of my bosom friends, I would find it impossible to form a relationship with any man who did not champion the cause of female suffrage.

Without being immodest, it must have been obvious to any observer that Jeffrey's feelings towards me were very similar to mine towards him. Admittedly, I had helped to fan the flames of desire by wearing a dress with a loose neckline and I was well aware that every time I leaned forward the swell of my creamy ripe breasts would be thrust into his line of sight.

Anyhow, by the time the dessert plates were taken off the table by our attentive waiter, it was plain to see from Jeffrey's heated glances that he was feeling as horny as me! And knowing we would shortly be able to satisfy our lust made my nipples swell against the fine silk of my chemise as I imagined how thrilling it would be for Jeffrey to kiss and suck them.

I confess that I could no longer contain myself and, shielded by the tablecloth, I slipped off my shoes, moved my stockinged

foot up between Jeffrey's legs and ran my toes along the awesome bulge in his lap. A strangled gurgle escaped from his lips when I pressed my heel against his stiffie but he was still able to nod to the waiter who was poised to pour coffee into the colourful red, blue and gold Royal Crown Derby cups. Although his prick was threatening to burst out of his trousers, he somehow managed to maintain a look of cool stoicism except for the odd passionate glance that he threw across to me when he judged it safe to do so.

Jeffrey then showed he possessed a devilish sense of humour for now he also wriggled one of his feet out of its shoe and it was my turn to feel his toes rub themselves against my calf as they journeyed inexorably upwards underneath my skirt. In no time, I was aroused to boiling point and my knickers were already damp by the time his sole was brushing against my pussy.

'No more coffee for me, thank you,' I said to the waiter when he approached us with his cafetière and, after waving him away, Jeffrey boldly reached across and gently squeezed my hand as he murmured: 'Your room or mine?'

'Mine, I think,' I answered quietly and I rose from my seat while Jeffrey placed the handsome gratuity of a half-sovereign for our waiter on the table. Resisting the temptation to take Jeffrey's hand, I strolled out of the restaurant at a slow even pace to the lift which I entered, wishing him good night in a voice loud enough for any passing guests or staff to hear.

However, I had not even turned the key in the lock when I saw my new beau arrive at the top of the stairs. I wagged a reproving finger at him for bounding up the stairs so quickly. 'It's very bad for your digestion to take such violent exercise so soon after a heavy meal,' I scolded him as we entered my bedroom. He grinned: 'I'm sure you're right but I needed to get myself in trim for what I hope we both have in mind.'

Well, a suitable riposte did not come quickly to mind and,

to be frank, I could hardly be bothered to summon up anything from memory: my mind was already set on other, more immediate matters! Seconds later we started to tear off each other's clothes and I was taken with Jeffrey's muscular physique, noting with satisfaction the state of his cock which, though not one of the largest I had ever seen, was standing stiffly upwards like a guardsman on parade.

When we were both naked, I stood there trembling with excitement by the bed as he took me in his arms and our mouths met in a fiery kiss. The scent of his cologne wafted into my nostrils and the mat of dark hair on his chest tickled my titties as his throbbing tool pressed against his belly.

Locked together in a passionate embrace, we slid down onto the bed. I wrapped my fingers around his pulsating prick while he moved his hand down to my flaxen-haired mound, moving his fingertips between the lips of my soaking slit and then sliding them into my sticky honeypot.

Then I lowered my head to kiss the knob of his throbbing tool and swirled my tongue wetly over it before taking the wide mushroom dome into my mouth. I sucked deeply on his fleshy lollipop but when I slid my fist down to the base of his shaft, I realized that there was something strange about Jeffrey's todger that for a moment puzzled me. Now why was this cock different from all other cocks? In a flash the simple answer came to me – his shaft was lacking a foreskin!

My curiosity must have shown on my face for Jeffrey enquired if there was anything wrong. 'No, not really,' I blurted out in some discomfiture. 'It's just that I've never seen a shaft quite like this before.'

To my relief, he threw back his head and roared with laughter. 'My dear girl, haven't you ever seen a circumcised cock before? As I am of the Jewish persuasion, my foreskin was removed when I was ten days old. And before you ask, it makes no difference to the working of my tackle. In fact, it can be a

positive advantage as I never have to worry about keeping my cock clean!’

[Circumcision did not become fashionable in Britain until the 1930s when it was widely practised among the upper classes and the Royal Family. Since the 1960s it has lost much of its popularity although the surgical procedure (which takes about two seconds to perform) is still widely practised in many American states as well as in the Middle and Far East, for circumcision remains a fundamental observance even amongst secular Jews and Muslims – Editor]

This was to be my first introduction to Roundheads, as I understand they are called in our public schools, as distinct from the vast majority of Cavaliers. Here I can also speak for Belinda Cheshire and several other friends who have experience of these shorn shafts when I record the fact that there is not a jot of difference between them as far as rumpy-pumpy is concerned. In either case, one’s enjoyment depends upon the owner of the particular prick’s expertise in *l’art de faire l’amour*.

Thus reassured, we resumed our exploration of each other’s bodies. I washed my tongue over the majestic purple crown of his cock, licking and lapping on the rounded knob whilst Jeffrey tenderly parted my pussey lips to open up my love funnel which was already moistening to a delicious wetness.

‘Let’s make love, Katie,’ he whispered. I cast my eyes again over Jeffrey’s rugged face with his warm brown eyes and generous mouth. He gently pushed me down upon my back and rubbed his rock-hard rod against my yielding pussey lips, but as I parted my legs he pulled back and murmured softly: ‘Darling, would you mind very much if I take you from behind? I have a great fancy to see your delectable bum cheeks jiggle when I fuck you.’

‘Certainly you may,’ I answered, rolling myself onto my tummy and then up on my hands and knees. I pushed out my bottom and turned to blow him a loving kiss as Jeffrey smoothed

his hands over the dimpled *rondeurs* of my backside. Then he pulled them apart and, ah! What a gorgeous feeling of pleasure I experienced as his cock slid into the cleft of my bum and jiggled around my love lips before gliding home.

His rampant chopper filled my cunt and then he withdrew all but his bell-end before sliding his pulsing prick back in, repeating this thrilling exercise again and again. He gradually increased the tempo as he felt my excitement rising until he was slamming the entire length of his blue-veined shaft in and out of my saturated snatch so that his mossy grove of pubic hair brushed sensually against the cheeks of my bum on every forward stroke.

In no time at all I was bucking and writhing like a wild animal and he had to hold me firmly as I shouted 'Fuck me! Fuck me!' in uninhibited cries of pure unadulterated lust. Very soon Jeffrey reached the point of no return and he cried out: 'Katie! I want to spunk! May I shoot inside you?'

'Yes! Yes! Go on!' I panted and with a hoarse yell he pumped a creamy jet of jism just as I was reaching the heights of what would have been a truly magnificent climax. Yet this was a hugely enjoyable fuck even though I did not actually achieve a cum. This might well have been because we were fucking 'doggie-style', a position in which the cock invariably stimulates the pussey to the mutual delectation of both participants.

When he pulled his prick out of my cunt I was delighted to see that Jeffrey's cock was still semi-erect and waving saucily between his muscular thighs. So I turned over onto my back and awaited the lusty lawyer who positioned himself on his knees in front of me with a satisfied smile on his face.

'Please sir, I want some more,' I giggled as I repeated the famous request of Oliver Twist. Jeffrey looked down on my puffy pussey lips pouting through their fluffy veil of soft golden hair. He did not reply but inhaled deeply and placed his right hand on my sopping thatch, splaying my love lips with his

fingers whilst he gently ran his left thumb down the length of my moist crack.

‘Wooh!’ I panted as he slipped three fingers directly into my cunny. My hips rose up to greet these welcome visitors. Whilst Jeffrey frigged my tingling snatch he slid himself down on his belly with his head between my thighs and soon I was letting out squeals of excitement as his lips pressed against my quim and his tongue darted out to lash against my clitty. I clasped my legs around Jeffrey’s head as he continued to lick and lap on the engorged fleshy button and I yelped with joy as he finished me off with his wickedly clever tongue.

Then, on my instruction, he rolled over on his back and kept still as I smoothed my hand over his flat tummy and let my fingers stray into Jeffrey’s thick curly thatch of pubic hair. I licked my lips with gusto when I looked closely at his cock which was not yet fully erect but had a deliciously meaty look about it.

‘Allow me to repay the compliment,’ I said huskily as I clenched my fingers around the wet shaft and slicked my fist up and down it which immediately had the desired effect. I could feel Jeffrey’s prick pulse in my hand as his chopper began to twitch and dance like a marionette controlled by a wild puppeteer.

Now it was his turn to groan with ecstasy as I brushed back some stray hairs from my face and washed my tongue over the mushroom dome of his helmet. This sent Jeffrey into fresh paroxysms of pleasure and he clutched at my bobbing head as I started to suck greedily on my tasty sweetmeat, slurping my tongue along the length of his throbbing tool. I kept my lips taut as I palated Jeffrey’s prick with long rolling sucks until his shaft began to tremble and I realized that he was about to spend. So I jerked my head upwards and breathlessly informed him that rather than bring him off with my mouth, I would prefer to be poked with his cock.

‘That would hardly be an imposition,’ Jeffrey replied gallantly. ‘It will be my pleasure to fuck your sweet little notch again.’

‘Good, that makes two of us,’ I said, pulling his head down to my bosoms and pushing the stiff raspberry of a nipple into his mouth. I gave a contented sigh while Jeffrey nibbled away as he took hold of his shaft and nudged his knob against my pouting pussey lips. I was already so wet that he entered me easily, sliding his todger deep inside my tingling cunt. He moved to and fro in small gentle shoves and just listening to the sound of his squelching shaft sent sparks of sheer delight crackling through every fibre of my body.

Then Jeffrey began to work up to a faster pace, burying his boner inside me with deep, powerful plunges that mashed my clitty against his pubic bone, penetrating my pussey with a lightning force and speed. He managed to keep this up for perhaps half a minute until a heavy groan escaped from his lips and with one almighty heave he flooded my honeypot with a sticky fountain of creamy jism.

‘Y-e-s-s-s! Y-e-s-s-s! Y-e-s-s-s!’ I screeched as a truly magnificent climax juddered its way through my cunney which gushed out its own liquid tribute to our glorious mutual spend. Jeffrey pulled out his deflated shaft from my sated quim and rolled over to lie heaving and panting beside me. We were both in need of rest after this lusty exercise and so we cuddled up happily together and drifted into the arms of Morpheus.

June 18th, 1907

Jeffrey was still asleep when I woke up and gently wriggled out of his embrace to peer at the clock on the bedside table. There was enough light shining through the curtains for me to see that it was already well past six o’clock. I reckoned I would soon have to wake him as he would have to dress and get back to his own room before the maids came round to the rooms

with the trays of early-morning tea and biscuits.

I slid out of bed and padded across to the bathroom but when I returned I noticed a sheet of paper lying beside Jeffrey's jacket that must have inadvertently fallen out of his pocket whilst we were pulling off our clothes. I picked it up and, noticing that there was an embossed insignia on the top of the sheet, I looked more closely at the expensive blue laid paper and caught my breath sharply when I realised from an article I had recently seen in a magazine that the coat of arms was that of the Marquis of Northwick.

Now, of course it was extremely naughty of me to read someone else's correspondence but I was burning to know whether the letter contained any reference to the rumour that was currently going the rounds of Belgravia and Mayfair about the Marquis and Grafin von Horwitz of Brandenburg.

However, as my eyes skimmed over the letter it instantly became clear it had been penned not by the Marquis but by his daughter Georgina who had been a fellow pupil of mine at Dame Hilda Shackleton's Finishing School in Cheltenham. In fact, Georgina was a year younger than me and we only met at the end of my final week there when, as one of a party of new girls who would begin their studies in the following term, she stayed at the school for a short three-day preparatory course.

I recalled that Georgina was a pretty though shy girl and I was stunned to read the explicit letter to a Cambridge undergraduate named Roger which she had written from Dame Hilda's and which ran as follows:

Dearest Roger,

I simply had to write and tell you how much I take pleasure from my short visit to Cambridge, the high spot of which was the lovely fuck we had in your rooms after luncheon! I am writing this letter in the library on Monday afternoon during the time which Dame Hilda allocates for composing

our letters home to our parents. I wrote mine yesterday so I shan't be hauled over the coals for writing to you instead. As you might expect, we are strictly forbidden to write to boys but old Mulliken the gardener will post any letters the girls give him for threepence.

Oh Roger, what would I give to have your hands freely roaming over my naked body this afternoon, sliding your palms slowly across my breasts, cupping my firm bosoms and rolling my titties between your fingers.

I have taken the liberty of telling my close friends about our secret liaison and they are all madly jealous! Not that my chums are of a particularly envious disposition but when one has a situation where seventy-six healthy, high spirited girls of seventeen and eighteen are closeted together day and night it is easy to understand their feelings. And also, as I have said to you before, it can be no surprise that, in such an unnatural atmosphere, there is a plethora of whispered gossip about the many intimate and emotional affairs that flourish amongst us.

To lessen the pain of rejection we have developed a set of rules which you will find of interest for I know how much you enjoy hearing detailed accounts of our intra-feminine activities. The cardinal principle is that no naughtiness is allowed except in the bathrooms. There, if the object of one's desire is bending over a basin having a before-lights-out wash, it is permissible to approach her from behind and gently run one's finger down her spine or smooth one's hand over her backside. If these advance are not checked, one might then proceed to slowly rub one's pussey against the jouncy cheeks of her bottom.

Many times whilst busily splashing my face with water, I have sensed a warm presence behind me and felt the delicate touch of soft hands lifting my nightdress and squeezing my bum. What joy it is to look up and see the face of the masseuse

in the mirror and wait in thrilling anticipation for those same hands to reach around and cup my uptilted breasts, tweaking the stalky red nipples until they stand proudly erect with growing excitement.

And I am not ashamed to admit that I have occasionally been the instigator and quivered with delight as the pretty girl in question shyly wiggles her delicious bottom to signal that the way ahead is clear. Next comes the magic moment when the nightdress is raised and the delights of her soft dimpled bum cheeks are laid bare, first for an admiring glance and then to be kissed, stroked or perhaps lightly slapped to bring up the wobbly spheres to a nice rosy hue. Then one continues in whichever fashion is agreeable to both participants and it is not unknown for others to join in a kind of 'daisy chain' so that one might find oneself frigging the juicy quim of the girl in front whilst another girl behind you is fondling your titties!

Yet whilst we do have some great fun here, all this horseplay pales into insignificance in comparison of the thrilling fuck we had in Cambridge! So if I am approached tonight by another girl in the fashion I have just described, I shall have to close my eyes and imagine that it is not her forefinger but your thick throbbing cock that is dipping in and out of my juicy cunt.

But now I must close because the bell has just rung and Dame Hilda will be coming in shortly for our daily lesson in etiquette.

So, in haste but with all my love and lots and lots of kisses,

Georgina

My word! Of course I knew all about the goings-on at Dame Hilda's although Belinda Cheshire and I only infrequently took part in these tribadic orgies. For we had already sampled the

delights of genuine lovemaking, me with Dickie Tucker and Belinda with the Honourable [or, as some say in jest] Dishonourable Monty Brookfield, the son of Viscount Finchley.

Still, I wondered who the lucky young gentleman to whom Georgina's epistle was addressed might be and – an even more fascinating question – how and why her letter came to be found in Sir Jeffrey Green's pocket.

I sat on the bed and shook Jeffrey's shoulder as I said cheerfully: 'Wakey, wakey! Time to rise and shine.'

'Good morning, Katie,' he mumbled as he heaved himself up into a sitting position. 'I see you're a real early bird, my dear.'

'Not usually, Jeffrey,' I rejoined and without further comment I dropped Georgina's letter onto the eiderdown. His face paled as he looked up at me and said sharply: 'Katie, from where did you get this?'

'I didn't steal it, if that's what you're implying,' I said indignantly. 'I picked it up from the floor five minutes ago when I was coming back from the bathroom. Presumably it must have fallen out of your pocket.'

He nodded and immediately apologized to me, saying that he never meant to suggest any wrongdoing on my part. 'I suppose you've read it,' he sighed and gave me a lop-sided grin as he went on: 'Young Georgina is quite a feisty lass and I'm sure this will be only the first legal negotiation concerning her in which I shall be involved.'

Mollified by his apology, I sat myself cross-legged on the bed and remarked: 'You surprise me, because although I was only slightly acquainted with her my impression of Georgina was that she was a shy and retiring person.'

'Well, if she ever was such a girl, she's certainly undergone a dramatic change, as that letter shows,' he said drily. 'It came into my possession because it happened to be in the batch from other of her pupils that Dame Hilda Shackleton happened

to see in the gardener's hand as he was on his way to post them.'

'Do Georgina and the other girls know that their letters have been intercepted?' I asked. He replied: 'I don't know what happened to the others but after confronting Georgina, Dame Hilda sent me the letter after Georgina confessed that this fellow Roger had asked her to lend him a substantial amount of money on the pretext that his father had forgotten to instruct their bank to transfer funds from the family's account to his own before leaving for a long voyage to South America.'

I was fascinated by this interesting story and said: 'Gosh! This all sounds like a scene from a popular novel. So Roger is after Georgina's cash as well as her body – I suppose you are going to have charges preferred against him.'

But Jeffrey shrugged: 'For what offence, Katie? He hasn't tried to blackmail Georgina by threatening to reveal their relationship to her parents. However, that doesn't mean to say that he won't try in the future if she doesn't cough up. Even then it would be a difficult case to prove. And think of the dreadful publicity in the newspapers if the affair was aired in open court.'

'Forgive me, Jeffrey, but in that case, why are you involved? Come to that, whose instructions are you taking?' I asked. He grinned: 'Those are two good questions, my dear. Dame Hilda Shackleton asked me to intervene because she is concerned about the effects of any whiff of scandal attaching itself to any of her pupils. I was pleased to agree as coincidentally the Marquis of Northwick retains my services on an ongoing basis to look out for his interests in any situation regarding his personal life that comes to my attention.'

'Such as finding out whether there really are any compromising photographs in circulation about the Marquis and Grafyn Barbara von Horwitz?' I said with a mischievous giggle. Jeffrey tried not to grin as he tut-tutted: 'Really, Katie, I'm surprised

at you – such ill-founded gossip! Anyhow, to return to young Georgina, I propose to have a little chat to Roger Garston and nip any little scheme he has to obtain money from her in the bud.'

'But I thought you said that there were no legal charges that could be brought against him,' I objected and Jeffrey answered darkly: 'You've no doubt heard of Prestoncrest Carriages? Well, Grahame Johnstone can also provide the services of two or three heavily-built gentlemen who have extremely effective powers of persuasion which have so far never failed to convince people such as our Mr Roger Garston.'

He leaned forward and kissed me on the tip of my nose. 'Is there time to start the day with a little rumpy-pumpy?' he enquired and, despite my worries about the distinguished jurist being discovered in my bed, I made no move to check the progress of his hands as they pulled me closer to him.

There is no point denying that Sir Jeffrey Green transfixed me with his sensual brown eyes and ruggedly handsome face. In no time at all I was lying in his arms as he tweaked my nipples with his fingers whilst his moustache tickled its way around my neck as he planted several burning kisses upon it. Then he raised his head and my lips offered no resistance when his tongue parted them and entered my willing mouth.

I lay back to enjoy the exquisite sensations afforded by Jeffrey's cool hands working over my nipples and raising them up into two hard little rubbery bullets. I sighed with delight when he moved his head downwards and buried his face between my breasts. At the same time I grasped his swollen cock as his hand drove down between my thighs and his thumb and forefinger parted my already moist pussey lips. However, I was forced to relinquish my hold on his pulsing prick when he hauled himself up and moved himself between my knees though I was well compensated when he bent his head down and pressed his lips upon my excited quim.

'Ooooh! Ooooh!' I moaned as he began licking inside my sticky honeypot and my clitty stiffened each time he lashed his tongue along the walls of my love funnel. 'I need you inside me, Jeffrey, fuck me with your big cock and make me cum!'

He gave a low growl of approbation whilst he raised himself up and then Jeffrey gently lowered his torso upon mine, holding his throbbing tool which he aimed directly at the red chink between my puffy pussey lips. I purred with pleasure as he made a deliciously slow and sensual entry into my cunney and I raised my legs high to wrap them around his muscular body. Waves of the most exquisite sensations swept over me when his succulent shaft was fully embedded inside my cunt and his heavy balls were couched against my bottom.

We both knew that this passionate bout of lovemaking had to be of the short and sweet variety. So from the start Jeffrey pistoned his cock in and out of my juicy notch at some speed and his pumping quickened even further when my hips arched up to receive his thrusts. He slid his hands underneath me and cupped my bum cheeks as we fucked like a couple possessed, his powerful prick gliding effortlessly backwards and forwards inside my sopping snatch.

My cunt was soon aching for release and, using my cunney muscles, I gripped his shaft even tighter as I felt the fast-approaching onset of my spend. Jeffrey's climax was also very near and his face twisted up in rapturous effort as he ejaculated his spunky emission with such intensity that I could imagine it splashing off the rear wall of my cunney just as a lovely cum shuddered through my body. Indeed, so abundant was his emission that my bush was lathered when he withdrew his cock and rubbed it against my pussey lips in a final salute before rolling off me.

Incidentally, I have heard many friends scoff at the 'missionary' position and I would be the first to agree that variety is

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

the spice of life – but it is not by accident that this is the most popular and widely used of all lovemaking positions. It is comfortable for both partners and allows them to keep full body contact which I enjoy. Although I did not practise this particular variant with Jeffrey, I find it most pleasurable to place one leg over my lover's shoulder which allows him to direct his cock to different parts of my cunney and creates new sensations for both of us.

Be that as it may, it was now almost quarter to seven and I whispered to Jeffrey that he had better gather up his clothes and return to his room before the hotel staff began serving guests their early morning tea and biscuits.

'You're right, if I hurry I'll have time to rumple the sheets,' he agreed and after giving me a quick kiss on the cheek, we agreed to meet for breakfast in the dining room at half-past eight. Jeffrey pulled on his drawers, trousers and jacket and with the rest of his clothes over his arm, holding his shoes in one hand and his key in the other, he carefully opened my door. When he saw that the coast was clear, he dashed across the landing to his own room and I heard his door close behind him.

It was as well that Jeffrey left when he did for not more than ten minutes later there was a knock on my door and in walked a chambermaid with a pot of tea and a plate of digestive biscuits on a tray. She was a sweet-looking girl of about my age with vivacious green eyes and a flawless complexion that was complemented to perfection by her curvaceous figure.

'Good morning, my lady,' she said brightly as she put the tray down on my dressing table. 'Would you like me to pour you a cup of tea?'

'Thank you,' I said as I sat up and looked closely at the girl whose face was definitely familiar although I could not quite place the time or the place where I had seen her before. She saw me scrutinize her as she walked over to my bed and said:

'You don't recognize me, do you, Lady Tottenham? My name's Noreen and I was Belinda Cheshire's personal maid for three years till I gave in my notice just before Easter.'

Now I recognized the girl to whom Belinda had introduced me on the first of several occasions that I stayed at her family's beautiful country house in Hertfordshire. 'Noreen, of course I remember you,' I said warmly. 'And how are you getting on? Do you enjoy your work here? It's a long way from Hertfordshire.'

'Yes, it's about a hundred miles and I don't get home to Harpenden as often as I would like,' she answered as she put the cup down on my bedside table. 'But I saw Mr Lipman's advertisement in *Dalton's Weekly* and I'm glad I came here because he's a very nice man and I've learned an awful lot. Mind you, next year I want to go back to London and get a job in one of those big West End hotels.'

'So Belinda couldn't persuade you to come back and work for her again? She lives with me now in Belgravia and I recall how sorry she was that you decided to leave Cheshire Hall.'

Noreen clapped her hands together. 'Oh, I would be very happy to work for Miss Belinda again,' she said eagerly. 'I was sorry to leave her but I didn't really have any other choice.'

The question immediately crossed my mind as to whether Noreen had suffered a similar fate to that of poor Fiona Maxwell who had been forced to leave her post as governess to Belinda's nieces because of their father's improper advances.

However, the good-looking girl must have been reading my mind because she went on: 'No one forced me to leave, ma'am. It was my own silly fault that I had to go. Well, my fault and that of a certain husband and wife who lived near Cheshire Hall. The gentleman was always making saucy remarks to the maidservants when he visited the house whilst his wife often flirted with the footmen and – well, I'd better not say any more.'

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

‘Oh but you can, Noreen,’ I assured her for I guessed straightaway that she was referring to Charlton and Philomena Puckeridge, a well-to-do childless couple in their early thirties who lived only half a mile away from Belinda’s parents. ‘You’re referring to Mr and Mrs Puckeridge, are you not?’

Noreen’s eyes widened as she stammered out: ‘How did you know that? He never showed you any photographs of me, did he?’

‘No, but even though I have only met the Puckeridges two or three times and they were both pleasant enough towards me, I always had the feeling that there was a secret undertone in their conversation which I couldn’t quite fathom,’ I answered as I motioned Noreen to sit down on the bed. ‘Do tell me more if you have the time.’

She thought for a moment and then smiled: ‘Why not? You were my last call and I’m not needed downstairs for twenty minutes. Well, it all began on one of my half-holidays – I was waiting for a bus to take me to St Albans when Charlton came up in his motor car and offered me a lift. Now, I had never been in a motor car before so I accepted even though I had some experience of how he talked to servant girls. But to be honest, he behaved very nicely and we chatted away gaily together till we reached St Albans. Charlton asked me if I had any plans and I told him I was only going to the bioscope [*an early name for the cinema which curiously was in use until very recently in Southern Africa – Editor*] show in St Peter’s Street.’

She drew a deep breath and went on: ‘He asked if he might go with me to the bioscope and as I could see no harm in it, I said he could if he wanted to – but afterwards I knew I should have refused when he insisted on treating me to a slap-up meal. However, I was flattered by the invitation – and jolly hungry as well – so I agreed and he took me to a posh restaurant on Holywell Hill.

‘At first all went very well until just before the dessert course

when he began to squeeze my fingers and rub his foot against mine under the table whilst he told me how attractive he found me. Again I was flattered to be wooed by this good-looking older gentleman, though in fairness to him I told him firmly that this shameless flirting wouldn't succeed in getting me into his bed.

' "I don't indulge in you-know-what with married men," I said firmly but Charlton laughed out loud and said that his wife actually encouraged him to have love affairs. "I don't believe you," I said incredulously but he shrugged his shoulders and said: "It's the truth, Noreen, I give you my word."

'When he saw that I still doubted him he snapped his fingers and declared: "All right, I challenge you to take up this jolly wager. You don't have to be back till ten o'clock, do you? Well, after we've finished our dinner, come back to my house and ask Mrs Puckeridge herself whether she has any objection to us having a romp together. If Philomena says she does mind then I will give you a five-pound note [*at a time when a parlour maid's wages were only £25 a year – Editor*] and immediately drive you back to Cheshire Hall. But if Philomena replies that she is very happy for us to make love in our own bed . . ."

'He left it unsaid but I was left in no doubt that Charlton would then expect to fuck me, begging your pardon, ma'am.'

'Oh, that's all right, like Miss Belinda I prefer calling a spade a spade. So did you call his bluff?' I said cheerfully. Noreen gave a quick little smile and continued: 'Well, yes, because five pounds is a lot of money and I couldn't see how I could lose. And to be honest, even if his wife did agree to let Charlton fuck me, that wouldn't be the end of the world because I hadn't had a good poke for ages and I did rather fancy him!'

'So I agreed to the bet and it was quite funny to see how he could hardly conceal his impatience until we left the restaurant and I was back in his motor car. Charlton drove at terrific speed – at least thirty miles an hour – back to their big house.

He did not ring the bell for a servant to let us in but opened the door himself. After helping me off with my hat and coat he quietly ushered me upstairs where he called out: "Sweetheart, I'm home."

' "Come in, darling," his wife called back. Charlton took my hand and guided me into the bedroom where Mrs Puckeridge was sitting up in bed without a stitch of clothing on her upper body. She didn't seem at all put out to see me and she ran her hands over her rounded bare breasts as her husband said: "Philomena, I think you know Noreen, Belinda Cheshire's personal maid."

' "Of course I do," she said graciously, stretching out her hand in greeting. "What a pretty creature you are, Noreen, a real English rose."

'I smiled awkwardly at this unexpected compliment but this was nothing compared to what was to follow. I simply couldn't believe my ears when Mrs Puckeridge went on: "Yes, I hadn't looked at you closely before but now I can see why Charlton told me that you are the girl he fantasizes about fucking whilst he frigs himself every afternoon when we come up here for a rest after luncheon."

' "Oh dear, I'm dreadfully sorry," I said falteringly but she beamed: "Tush, tush, my dear, I don't mind at all. Every man should have a hobby and Charlton's is to fuck pretty girls. I have no objection to this pursuit which is far more interesting than collecting postage stamps or playing with model soldiers. Furthermore, it is a pastime that I am happy to share with him."

'Charlton had already taken off his jacket whilst his wife was speaking. Now he sat on the bed as he unbuttoned his shirt and, looking up at me, he said with a voluptuous smile: "There you are, I told you that Phillie would be happy for you to come here for some slap and tickle. Now why don't you take a chair and relax while I poke my lovely wife? Phillie's

such a good sport that she deserves a good seeing-to."

'For a moment the brazen impudence of his remark left me speechless. Then I began to laugh as I was struck by the funny side of the situation and I chuckled: "I'm sure she does but I think I should leave before all three of us are embarrassed."

'Charlton shrugged his shoulders but to my amazement Mrs Puckeridge took hold of my hand and begged me to stay. She declared with some pride: "My husband has a lovely big cock and he's quite capable of satisfying the pair of us."

' "Thank you for the vote of confidence, my love," grinned Charlton and, as if to prove the truth of his wife's remark, he tugged down his drawers and exposed his huge upright shaft which was admittedly one of the biggest I had ever seen, at least nine if not ten inches long.

'Without further ado Mrs Puckeridge pulled back the sheet and with his gigantic chopper in his hand, Charlton jumped upon her and guided it into her cunt. She squealed with joy as his throbbing boner slid into her juicy honeypot and he rammed home vigorously like a newly-betrothed groom on his wedding night, afraid that he might miss something if he paused even for a moment.

' "Phwar! Keep it up, darling, I'm almost there! Y-e-s-s-s, there I go! Now empty your balls, your gorgeous fuckpot!" she yelled out and Charlton duly obliged, jerking his hips to and fro as he discharged his seed inside her willing cunney. They both whooped with delight as the frenzy of their mutual spends spread through their bodies.

' "Don't be shy, Noreen, come and join in," he called out. I must confess that watching the lascivious couple had made me randy and, as if in a dream, I hastily started to take off my clothes. When I was naked I slid down on the bed in the space between them. My pussey began to tingle when I looked down at Charlton's cock which, although now flaccid, still hung a good six inches over his balls.

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

'However, I was now going to discover the real reason why Philomena [as she urged me to call her] was so tolerant of her husband's hobby of shagging other women. For as soon as I lay down beside her she swung me round to face her and fastened her mouth against mine in a hot, full-blooded kiss. Her tongue darted between my lips and I was so startled by this unexpected display of passion that I automatically returned her kiss as she slipped her thumb into my love funnel.'

'My goodness, are you telling me that it was Philomena rather than Charlton who wanted you in their bed?' I breathed. Noreen gave a wan smile as she replied: 'Oh, they both wanted me but I am sure that Philomena preferred to make love to girls rather than to her husband. Certainly she manipulated my cunney so skilfully that I was soon whimpering with pleasure and I arched my hairy muff against her hand when she started to massage her thumb against my clitty.'

'Our pussies ground together until she took my hand and guided it down to her furry mound where I instantly slid two fingers inside her quim and began to work them in and out of her dripping crack. We were both moaning loudly as we frigged each other off and a convulsive shudder ran through my body as I felt a stream of love juice flood out from my cunt whilst Philomena yelped with pleasure as the delicious sensations of her own cum coursed through her trembling body.'

'Now Charlton tapped me on the shoulder and I rolled myself over to see that his massive chopper was swelling up again as he whispered: "Just suck me for a few seconds and I'll be ready for you."

'It did cross my mind he was taking for granted the notion that I wanted him to fuck me. However, I must admit that his beefy prick looked so tempting that I didn't hesitate to lower my head and begin licking the sensitive underside of his throbbing tool until it was standing as stiff as a poker.'

'Then Charlton rolled me over onto my back and, after

carefully parting my cunney lips with his fingers, he began feeding his enormous cock inside my tingling snatch, entering my cunt slowly so that I was able to enjoy the sensation of each ribbed muscle as first his wide mushroom helmet and then his thick shaft slid deep inside my welcoming quim.'

'Was he a good fuck?' I asked Noreen for I was interested to know whether Charlton Puckeridge possessed any expertise in bed. Alas, in my experience too many of those gentlemen fortunate to have been endowed with larger than average members [though I am happy to say that Dickie Tucker is an exception to the rule] are lazy lovers who think that all they have to do is push in and out a few times to bring off their partners.

'Oh, I should say so, Lady Katie!' she promptly replied. 'I won't forget in a hurry how blissful it felt when Charlton began to pump away! Electric sparks crackled all over me when, whilst he was sliding his shaft to and fro, he moved his hand underneath my bum and stuck the tip of his little finger up my arse! He followed this by pulling up my knees and tucking them under his armpits as his rock-hard truncheon slammed in and out of my squelchy hole. I spent again and again before he jetted great blobs of creamy jism into my cunt.

'I had to be back at Cheshire Hall by ten so there was only time for one more game in which all three of us took part – Charlton fucked Philemona's bottom whilst I lay underneath her and played with his balls as I tongued her cunney and she bent forward to suck my juicy quim.

'Actually, I didn't get back till almost half-past ten but luckily Mr Fletcher the butler turned a blind eye,' concluded Noreen and there was silence for a few moments whilst I digested her story. True, the pretty chambermaid had been very naughty but I could not see why her saucy private behaviour should have led to her being forced to give in her notice.

I said as much and a blush appeared on her cheeks as she

answered: 'Ah, please don't tell Miss Belinda, Lady Katie, but the fact is that I enjoyed fucking with the Puckeridges so much that I went back for another session a few days later.'

This really made me hot under the collar and I said warmly: 'Well, so what? Your private life has nothing to do with your employers so long as you went back to the Puckeridges in your own time.'

'Of course I went back to the Puckeridges in my own time, Lady Katie,' sighed Noreen. 'But when I arrived at the house Charlton didn't tell me that Miss Belinda's uncle, Arthur Brierley, was already in bed with Philomena who was busily sucking his cock when we entered the bedroom.'

Mr Arthur Brierley again! The very same man who had caused poor Fiona Maxwell to resign from her position as his small daughters' governess because of his ungentlemanly conduct towards her.

'This isn't the first story I have heard that shows this fellow in an unfavourable light,' I said grimly. 'Noreen, am I right that Mr Brierley told you that unless you let him fuck you, he would suggest to Lady Cheshire that you should be dismissed?'

Noreen nodded her head in agreement as I continued: 'But I don't understand how the old rotter could threaten you because he would know that you could tell your mistress what he was up to at the Puckeridges'.'

She said: 'Yes, that's exactly what I thought but Charlton and Philomena took his side and said that unless I was nice to Mr Brierley they would deny anything I might say to Lady Cheshire. And let's face it, I know who she would believe with me on one side and her brother and her neighbours on the other!

'Anyhow, I decided then and there not to let Mr Brierley fuck me because I had never liked him. I went back to Cheshire Hall and I realized that I would always have this threat hanging over me. So I began looking for a new position the very next

day and gave in my notice when Mr Lipman offered me a job here.'

'How disgraceful! It is absolutely scandalous that anyone, let alone a young servant girl, should be treated so shabbily,' I commented and Noreen rose to her feet as she replied: 'Lady Katie, it happens all the time. Young women like me have no defence against wealthy gentlemen like Mr Brierley. I'm just lucky to have found another good position before he could put any pressure on me to change my mind.'

'Well, it's a real scandal and another good reason why women need the vote so we can change the law and take action against such bullies,' I said forcefully. I reached for my bag and brought out my card which I gave to her. 'This is where Miss Belinda and I live. Feel free to come and visit us if you do come back to London, especially if you need any help in a similar situation.'

She thanked me profusely and later at the breakfast table I recounted Noreen's story to Jeffrey Green over a plate of kedgeree [*a popular Edwardian dish of rice, cooked flaked fish and hard-boiled eggs* – Editor] and he agreed that the situation of servant girls could be made intolerable by bounders like Mr Brierley. In a low voice he said: 'Katie, don't tell any of my clients but I'm a bit of a Socialist at heart and I think it's high time that the Noreens in our society were able to bring cases for sexual harassment or wrongful dismissal if they found their situations intolerable.'

'Now I have some news that may be of interest to you. You may recall that I planned to travel to Buxton this morning for a couple of days' golf with Lord Stanmore. Unfortunately I have just received a telegram from his social secretary cancelling all his engagements as old Billy Stanmore fell off his horse yesterday and is in hospital with a broken leg and a couple of cracked ribs.'

'Oh dear, so will you stay in Matlock for a rest instead?' I

enquired. 'I don't know the area myself but I'm told the countryside is quite charming.'

'Yes, the Peak District is one of my favourite spots but I think I will use the time to track down Roger Garston, the young fellow with whom Georgina Northwick has become entangled.'

'Ah, so you will be travelling to Cambridge to confront the ghastly Mr Garston,' I remarked. But Jeffrey shook his head and said: 'No, the University term is finished and so I will make some enquiries about him in his home town which, strangely enough, happens to be Eynsham in Oxfordshire.'

'One would think he would have tried for a place at Oxford although if he's a science wallah he was probably advised to apply for a place at Cambridge.'

However, I was more interested in Mr Garston's origins than his choice of University and I exclaimed: 'Eynsham, did you say? Why, that's only a few miles away from my family's country home near Stanton Harcourt. I'm travelling there myself this morning on the eleven-fifty-five train to Oxford. Do come with me – and you will be our guest at Tottenham Lodge, of course. I'll send a telegram to my mother right now.'

'No, don't you do that, I wouldn't dream of putting her to any trouble,' he protested but I held up my hand and stopped him short: 'Don't be silly, Jeffrey, all she has to do is instruct Mrs Caghey to make up one of the guest rooms. Honestly, my mother would be most upset if you didn't come back with me.'

'Well, if you're sure,' he said doubtfully. I chuckled: 'I promise you that she would be mortified if one of the most famous lawyers in England was in the vicinity and *didn't* stay at Tottenham Lodge!'

CHAPTER FOUR

June 18th 1907 [continued]

The first-class carriages on the Oxford train were almost empty and Jeffrey and I had a compartment to ourselves as we settled down opposite each other in the seats by the window.

‘Katie, please excuse me but I need to check the prices of some shares in my portfolio,’ said Jeffrey as he put on his glasses and pulled out the *Financial Times* from his case.

‘Of course,’ I said and added with a smile: ‘So long as you promise to share any inside information on stocks and shares you possess with me. I’m always stony-broke these days and there’s no chance of my father increasing my allowance. But thanks to you and Euston Road, I’ve twenty pounds to invest right now, assuming that the banknote Mr Lipman gave me was genuine!’

Jeffrey burst out laughing and said: ‘So you want to ride your luck, eh? Well, the market is pretty jittery these days because of all the labour unrest. [*The Edwardian Age was ‘golden’ only for those at the top of the tree. Many people worked long hours for low wages whilst for slum dwellers at the bottom of the heap daily life consisted of a desperate slog to make ends meet – Editor*] The most sensible place to put your money is into Government funds.’

This was a disappointing reply and I said: ‘Oh no, how

boring! I would rather risk everything on shares that have a good chance to treble in value – preferably within a month or two – so I could sell my stock and pay off all the tradesmen.’

‘Such shares do exist but they are only for gamblers. More often than not it is the directors themselves who start the whispers about huge orders for their goods being won in America or about secret merger negotiations which will send the price of the company’s shares sky-high when they are formally announced the following week.’

‘Isn’t that illegal?’ I demanded and Jeffrey shrugged: ‘Very probably, but it’s a damned difficult charge to prove. Still, I did get wind of a certain little deal being cooked up by an old chum of mine named Alan Lewis, a merchant banker who manages the financial affairs of Count Gewirtz of Galicia in Britain.’

‘Ah, I’ve heard of the Count: isn’t he one of the King’s wealthy Continental friends?’ I interjected. ‘And I’ve heard several stories about His Majesty and the Count. Tell me, Jeffrey, when old Tum-Tum [*Society’s disrespectful soubriquet for King Edward VII – Editor*] was Prince of Wales, is it true that he attended a wild orgy with the Italian diva Vazelina Volpe and a trio of young chorus girls at the Count’s house in Mayfair?’

‘I’ve really no idea,’ said Jeffrey though I surmised from the way he immediately changed the course of the conversation that he knew more about this famous carousal than he was letting on. ‘Anyhow, I bumped into Alan at St Pancras station yesterday morning and he said to me: “Old boy, I owe you a favour for sorting out that difficult business with Mrs Ilford. If I were you, I would snap up a few hundred shares in Kreplach Excavations, an Australian mining company. You can buy them at about fourpence right now but on Friday morning I’m going into the market for Count Gewirtz and the price will probably double by the afternoon.”’

‘Wow! What a great chance to make a killing!’ I said

enthusiastically. But Jeffrey went on: 'Hold on, Katie, Alan advised me not to sell but to hang on till an announcement by Mr Franklin Chambersbury, the chairman of Kreplach Excavations, appears in the newspapers that the company has discovered huge new veins of silver in one of their mines in New South Wales. Only then should I dispose of my shares because twenty-four hours later Alan will carry out his instructions to put the Count's substantial holding on the market and that's such a big block of shares that the price will plummet by as much as fifty per cent.'

This puzzled me and I frowned: 'But why should Count Gewirtz sell all his shares? Or does he have prior knowledge that this Mr Chambersbury is disseminating false information in order to inflate the price of his company's stock?'

'Good heavens, no,' replied Jeffrey who appeared horrified at this suggestion. 'The Count would never involve himself in a totally dishonest scheme and Mr Chambersbury knows he could receive a prison sentence for fraud if it were later shown that he deliberately made such a false statement.'

'Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to imply anything untoward was being planned,' I apologized. Jeffrey chuckled: 'Well, I wouldn't say that it's all one hundred per cent above board. Alan Lewis didn't say any more but it's my guess that whilst the story about the new finds of silver is absolutely true. I presume that Count Gewirtz has already been informed about it by a coded cable from Mr Chambersbury—'

Now I understood the situation and I broke in: 'So that the Count could buy shares on Mr Chambersbury's behalf because he couldn't buy the shares himself because everyone would then know that something was up. Am I right?'

'Spot on, Katie,' nodded Jeffrey. 'And of course he knows the Count can be trusted to send him a generous present for the tip-off. I dare say some people might feel it's all a bit shady but this sort of thing goes on all the time.'

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

'You're sure the shares will rocket?' I enquired anxiously. Jeffrey grinned: 'I'm absolutely certain of it unless for some strange reason Alan Lewis has deliberately spun me a yarn about this business and he would be very foolish to do that because I still have in my possession certain foolish letters he wrote to the famous actress, Mrs Radleigh Ilford.'

'So if you want to invest in Kreplach Excavations I'll buy shares for you when I instruct my broker to purchase five hundred pounds' worth for myself. I would be surprised if we did not make a handsome profit though it will be a trifling amount compared to that of Count Gewirtz who will probably make fifty thousand pounds on his transactions.'

'But no one must ever know who tipped us off and you must promise me not to breathe a word of this conversation to anyone, neither now or in the future.'

I gave Jeffrey my word on that score and remarked that I had implicit trust in his judgement and would be pleased to leave it to him when to buy and sell. Then I went on: 'Incidentally, let me say now that I would never blame you if despite everything you have told me something went wrong for, as the poet says, "the best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley."

'And please don't think me greedy but I want to buy fifty pounds' worth of Kreplach shares. The only problem is that I can only pay for the extra shares when we get back to London where I'll borrow thirty pounds from Belinda Cheshire, my house-mate.'

'Very well, but there's no rush to pay me,' said Jeffrey as I opened my bag to give him Mr Lipman's twenty-pound note. 'Settlement day isn't till Tuesday week and by then I will have sold your shares so I'll just take off the fifty pounds from the cheque which hopefully I will be sending to you.'

I thanked Jeffrey again and left him to peruse his *Financial Times* in peace until the conductor came in and asked us if we

wished to take luncheon in the restaurant car. 'Yes, please,' said Jeffrey and we enjoyed an excellent light luncheon of a clear vegetable soup, lamb cutlets and a rhubarb tart. We drank only mineral water with this simple repast but Jeffrey ordered liqueurs with our coffee and over a glass of vintage port he told me a most interesting story about an unexpected visit of a titled lady to his home the previous week.

He said: 'Let's just call her Maisie for obviously I can't mention her real name. Well, on the evening in question I had invited round Dr Jonathan Letchmore, Mr Cyril Oakdene MP and the journalist Alexander Collinsdale for dinner and a game of bridge.

'Anyhow, at about ten o'clock I heard the doorbell ring as Dr Letchmore shuffled the pack for me to deal. Who could be calling at this time, I wondered as I picked up my cards and found myself staring at all four aces, the king of hearts and the two black queens. What a wonderful hand! But just as I was sorting the cards into their suits my butler Palmer came into the room and announced that a lady was waiting for me in the hall. "Here is her card, sir," he murmured quietly. "And the lady asks if she could see you about a most urgent matter."

'Suffice it to say that my eyes widened when I saw the name on the card. "Show her in, Palmer," I instructed and turning to my companions I said: "Well now, chaps, it appears that we have an unexpected visitor, a lady with whom you are all familiar. Put your cards face down on the table as I want to play this hand. I'm sure that Maisie won't be staying for very long."

'We rose to our feet when "Maisie" swept into the room and said in an agitated voice: "My dear friend, thank you so much for seeing me without notice at such a late hour. Oh Lord, have I interrupted a game of bridge? Gentlemen, please forgive me but I need to see Sir Jeffrey as soon as possible."

' "Think nothing of it," I said as Palmer took her hat and

coat and sidled out of the room. "Would you prefer to talk to me in my study?"

' "No, I think I'd prefer to stay here and ask the four of you for your advice," she replied. At my invitation she slumped into a chair and added: "After all, if a leading lawyer, a prominent Member of Parliament, a respected Harley Street physician and a brilliant writer cannot help me then I really am in terrible trouble."

' "Flattery will get you everywhere, Maisie," I laughed as I poured her a cognac and passed it to her. She took a delicate sip and went on: "I know that you can all be trusted to keep a secret so I'll come straight to the point. My husband and I are no longer on speaking terms because Algy caught me in bed with his brother this afternoon and caused the most dreadful scene."

' "Oh, I say," mumbled Cyril Oakdene who I knew was one of Maisie's great admirers. "If you don't mind my saying so, that was rather careless of you."

' Maisie threw out her arms. "Yes, I suppose it was, although I wasn't to know that Algy's business meeting that afternoon had been postponed at the last minute. I dare say that none of you will have much sympathy for me but there was a good reason for my behaviour. I am not suggesting that Algy has encouraged me to take lovers but the fact is that for the last few months he has only poked me at most once every six weeks.'

' "That's no way to treat one's wife," commented Dr Letchmore and Maisie threw him a grateful look as she continued: "I simply did not see why I should be expected to put up with such a situation especially as Algy could only perform doggie-style and even then only wanted to go up my bottom. Perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised for I recently found out that he had already been warned about his conduct in the public conveniences near Kensington Barracks."

' I was not entirely surprised to hear this shocking news

from Maisie because gossip had been circulating around town for some time about her husband's *recherche* sexual proclivities. "Well, what is the situation now? Has Algy ordered you to leave the matrimonial home? If so, do you want to be reconciled and if necessary sue for restitution of conjugal rights – or would you prefer to begin divorce proceedings?"

'She answered: "No, he hasn't thrown me out, but I just don't know what to do for the best. I'm truly fond of Algy but I've been so starved of physical affection that lately I have taken it wherever I can, even from his own brother."

' "Well, I don't think you should feel guilty about that," declared Alexander Collinson. "Anyhow, *chacun à sa chacune* is all the rage in the very highest circles these days. It's inevitable, really, when so many girls are pushed into loveless marriages arranged on one side to allow a family to climb up the social scale and on the other to provide much-needed funds for titled but impoverished landowners."

' "And what do you think, Jeffrey?" she asked. I replied. "More people would agree with Alex's views than, say, twenty years ago but you wouldn't want to wash your dirty linen in public and that's what would happen if anything about Algy's visits to Kensington Barracks appeared in the newspapers. I very much doubt if you or your family would welcome such attention."

'She sighed: "No, Jeffrey, I certainly wouldn't want that – so what's the answer?"

'Weighing my words carefully I replied: "There isn't a perfect solution to the problem but for what it's worth my advice would be to stay with Algy for now because your legal position would be weakened if you desert him. However, there is no reason why you cannot lead separate lives. It isn't an ideal arrangement but it worked well enough for the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry."

[Lord Londonderry never spoke to his wife again after he

was sent a bundle of her passionate love letters to the handsome dilettante and sportsman, Harry Cust. From that day they communicated only through a third party and received guests at formal occasions (for he was the Viceroy of Ireland) standing apart – Editor:]

‘Maisie rocked gently to and fro in her chair as she digested my candid observations and then exhaled a deep breath. “So you recommend that I should leave Algy to his nancy boys and carry on with my own life as I see fit?”

‘“That makes sense to me,” agreed Dr Letchmore. “Believe me, my dear Maisie, you are an extremely attractive young woman who is not short of either money or admirers. Enjoy yourself to the full and, who knows? One day you are bound to meet another man with whom you will wish to live and when that happens I am sure that Jeffrey can arrange a discreet separation from Algy.”

‘She smiled as she reflected further on our advice and then she declared: “Well, I can see the logic behind this argument but it’s a very difficult decision to take. May I stay here for a while to mull things over? Meanwhile, do continue with your game. I promise that I’ll be very quiet.”

‘“Of course you may,” I said as I refilled her glass before returning to the card table. However, I found it difficult to banish the mental image of Maisie lying naked on her bed being poked by Algy’s brother and missed making an easy small slam by foolishly trumping my own ace of diamonds. In normal circumstances such poor play would have brought forth a strong remonstrance from my wronged partner but it was clear that none of the other three players’ minds were fully on the game – indeed, play came to a complete standstill while Cyril Oakdene unnecessarily shuffled the cards for a fourth time.

‘Their concentration had undoubtedly been broken when Maisie took off her jacket. Like mine, the eyes of my three

chums were roving over the swell of her well-rounded breasts which were accentuated by her open-necked white blouse of the finest *crêpe de Chine* especially because this garment was transparent and she appeared to be wearing nothing underneath it.

‘ “Then she said suddenly: “Well, you’ve all told me that I should forget about Algy and enjoy myself so I’m going to start taking your advice right now. I’ve often wondered what it would be like to enjoy more than one man at a time. Will you four gentlemen help to satisfy my curiosity?”

‘With great deliberation Maisie stood up, undid the buttons of her blouse and slowly peeled it off her shoulders. It flashed through my mind that if Hodgson was listening at the keyhole he must have heard our collective intake of breath as the four of us were given a full view of her bare breasts which jutted out so proudly as she caressed her stalky nipples.

‘Then she swiftly unhooked her skirt, stepping out of it to pull her chemise over her head. We gasped again as it fluttered silently to the floor. For now we were gazing at her hairy pussey as Maisie stood stark naked in front of us. She swallowed down the rest of her cognac, then looked at us with a roguish smile on her face as she said: “Dear me, gentlemen, I’m sorry if I’ve shocked you but I am a staunch supporter of the Rational Dress Society and we wear only the minimum of underclothing in this hot summer weather.”

‘ “Quite so,” I said awkwardly and she declared: “Come now, Jeffrey, didn’t you tell me to let myself go and indulge myself? Well, as I said, I’ve often wondered what it would be like to be fucked by more than one man at a time and this seems the perfect time for me to find out. I’m sure *you* won’t be bashful, my dear, though I do hope your friends will join in and actually allow me to experience this flight of fancy.”

‘I must confess that the idea of fucking Maisie held great appeal and without hesitation I replied, “Of course we will,

my dear lady, it will be a real pleasure to oblige you.” Nevertheless, although I would have been more than happy to start the ball rolling myself, I turned to Cyril Oakdene and suggested to the (very!) Liberal MP for Leominster that he might care to open the innings for I was fairly sure that he had batted on this particular wicket before!

“By all means, old boy,” he said eagerly and he immediately stood up and began to divest himself of his clothes.

‘After pulling off his shirt and vest he quickly yanked down his trousers and drawers to release his formidable shaft which shot up smartly against his belly. The dimensions of his sizeable shaft had not gone unnoticed by Alexander Collinson who whispered in my ear: “Good grief, the lucky fellow must have been one of the first in the queue when wedding tackle was being handed out, eh? Now I know why the girls call him ‘Big Cyril’ down at the Jim Jam Club.”

“Oh for heaven’s sake, I wish I had a sovereign in my pocket for each time I’ve told a patient that size is far less important than technique,” muttered Dr Letchmore. However, every chap I know [and I include myself here] would have been proud to possess such a huge prick as Cyril’s which reached up to his navel. Women might scoff at this suggestion but I could see the lascivious glint in Maisie’s eyes as she took hold of Cyril’s colossal cock and fisted her hand up and down his swollen shaft as she sat down on the sofa.

“Please play with my pussey,” she murmured to him as she released his thick chopper. Cyril dropped to his knees between her parted legs to pay homage to the bushy thatch of auburn curls that adorned her prominent cunney lips.

“Wooh!” she panted happily when, without further ado, Cyril leaned forward and planted a fervent kiss upon her pretty snatch. He reached up to cup her breasts in his hands and she closed her thighs around his head as he pressed his mouth firmly against her hairy pussey.

‘It was crystal clear from the blissful expression on Maisie’s face that Cyril had burrowed his tongue inside her sticky honeypot and was hard at work, stabbing in and out of her juicy quim. In no time at all she shivered all over and yelped with joy when his licking and lapping brought her off while he gulped down the rivulets of cuntal juice which flowed out of her sopping slit.

‘Then Cyril stood up and, moving Maisie back to her chair, he gently bent her head across the arm face downwards. He smoothed his hands over her beautifully rounded backside and nudged her knees further apart which gave us all a good view of her wrinkled little bum-hole as well as the pouting lips of her hairy pussey.

‘Cyril paused for a moment and Alexander Collinson whispered to me: “Jeffrey, surely you should tell him not to fuck her bottom? She must have had enough of that sort of thing from Algy and in any case a cock of Cyril’s dimensions might cause the poor girl a nasty mischief.”

‘However, Alexander’s anxieties were not realized because as we watched Cyril carefully guide his domed helmet into the cleft between Maisie’s peachy bum cheeks it was evident that he was embedding his big cock inside her welcoming cunney.

‘“Mmm, that’s absolutely divine, you naughty man,” she gasped, turning her head to blow him a kiss as he started to fuck her at a slow, steady pace, achieving maximum penetration of her love funnel by bending over her and squeezing her bouncy bosoms as she thrust back her bottom towards him.

‘How Alex, Jonathan Letchmore and I relished the sight of Maisie’s delectable bum cheeks slapping against Cyril’s strong thighs as she fitted into the cadence of his rhythm and her little starfish-shaped arsehole seemed to quiver with every stroke of Cyril’s colossal cock.

‘It was so exciting that I could scarcely blame Alex Collinson

when, even before Maisie invited him to join in the fray, he ripped open his trousers and waggled his own sizeable shaft inches away from Maisie's face. Without hesitation the uninhibited young woman pulled his thick prick towards her lips and Alex let out a husky groan of sheer ecstasy when she sucked it into her mouth.

' "Oh, how exquisite!" he groaned as Maisie grasped hold of his beefy boner whilst her moist mouth worked its way up and down the length of his trembling tool. Keeping her lips taut, she sucked his cock with evident enjoyment until she pulled her lips away to look at the blob of pre-cum which had already oozed out of his knob. She licked it up with undisguised relish before clamping her mouth back over her fleshy sweetmeat.

' Jonathan Letchmore and I stood spellbound until Cyril called out breathlessly: "Come on, you two slowcoaches, what are you waiting for?" I looked at the famous Harley Street specialist who shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "Cyril's not wrong, Jeffrey. Why shouldn't we join the fun instead of standing here like two spare pricks on the first night of a honeymoon?"

' "Fair enough, but I can't quite imagine what she wants us for," I declared. But he laughed and winked at me as he unbuttoned his trousers and replied: "My dear chap, a lawyer like you should know that where there's a will there's a way."

' "Quite right, doctor," panted Maisie and she proved the truth of this old saying when we moved towards her by grasping hold of our todgers, one in each hand. She clenched her long fingers around our shafts and jerked her fists up and down our twitching truncheons. Occasionally she let her hand slip down to fondle my balls and this excited me so much that I started to shudder and a gout of creamy jism arced out of my knob as I spent profusely all over her fingers while she squeezed and pinched my shivering shaft.

‘So I was forced to retire from the fray but this allowed Maisie to reach out behind her and jiggle Cyril’s dangling balls as they continued to fuck away in perfect unison. Her bum cheeks jiggled deliciously in response to his shoves as he drove home again and again till his lusty pumping excited her to such raging peaks of lust that she shrieked: “More! More! Oooh, empty your balls, Cyril, I’m going to spend!”

‘Cyril smiled broadly as he duly obliged, quickening the tempo until with a grunting wheeze he squirted his seed inside her clingy cunt while she shuddered wildly as the force of her climax swept through her body. However, Maisie kept gobbling furiously on Alex Collinson’s boner until seconds later the journalist ejaculated his copious emission into her mouth. She swallowed as much as she could although a tiny runnel of spunk trickled out and ran slowly down her chin.’

At this point Jeffrey paused and signalled his desire for a second glass of port from the steward. He cleared his throat and said with a smile: ‘What do you think of this story so far, Katie? I haven’t quite finished but I give you my word that I have not exaggerated the details in any way.’

Now by this time I had guessed the identity of Jeffrey’s mysterious visitor for I was already familiar with the gossip about Lord Arbuthnot Dosall. This worthy had often been seen entering public houses known as meeting places for those of a homosexualist persuasion despite his marriage last September to Miss Minette Trenton, one of the prettiest and most eligible young women in London.

So I said: ‘I believe you, Jeffrey. If the lady in question is who I think it is, I am not surprised at all at her voluptuous behaviour. The poor girl was plainly making up for many months of deprivation.’

‘Quite so,’ he chuckled. After downing his port, he went on: ‘As far as I was concerned, though, the incident confirmed my opinion that whoever said that women are the weaker sex

needs to have his brains tested. For not five minutes later Maisie rose to her feet and said brightly: "Oooh, I hope you all enjoyed that as much as I did! It's funny, though, I haven't been as well fucked as that for ages because while Algy's young brother Cecil is a nice lad he isn't a skilled lover. Frankly, I sometimes think I would be better off with a ladies' comforter from one of those small shops in Charing Cross Road."

"I doubt it, although if you had done so Algy would not have caught you *in flagrante delicto*," commented Dr Letchmore rather unkindly. But Maisie did not take this remark amiss and agreed: "Yes indeed, Jonathan, though on the other hand if Algy *hadn't* have found me in bed with his brother, I wouldn't have rushed round here tonight and enjoyed that lovely romp with you and your friends."

"Now, who's ready to fuck my juicy crack? How about you, Alexander?" she enquired as she reached down to where the writer of leading articles for *The Times* was slumped at her feet and flipped his flaccid shaft over his thigh.

"But he shook his head sadly and said with a rueful grin: "I'm sorry, Maisie, my cock is out of action until further notice. Not even a scoop could make it stand up for another half an hour or so."

"Oh, what a shame," she said sadly but her face lit up when she glanced across at my prick which was still semi-erect and twitched lewdly when she slid her fingers around it. Maisie licked her lips and went on: "Never mind, though, I can see that Jeffrey's cock still looks in good shape and as I still have a great need to be shagged again, perhaps I can prevail upon him to poke me."

"Certainly you may," I said thickly as she slid down to join me. I kissed the frisky girl while the others moved themselves away so that I was able to lie Maisie on her back with her legs stretched out and her head propped up on a couple of soft cushions.

‘Then, on my belly, I swung myself between her parted thighs and, draping her shapely legs over my shoulders, buried my face in her pungent hirsute muff. Maisie purred with pleasure as I forced my tongue deep into her juicy love tunnel, sliding up and down her long crack. She let out a squeal of joy when I nibbled on her fleshy clitoris which had hardened into an erect little ball.

‘ “Yes! Yes! Suck my clitty!” she begged me. I was happy to give her love button my best attention, licking it from side to side as she bucked and twisted with such force that it was difficult to keep my lips pressed against her tasty quim.

‘ “Aaah! Aaah! Push your tongue further up my snatch, Jeffrey! Yes, that’s the way! Further! Harder!” yelled the salacious vixen, throwing back her head in a paroxysm of erotic fervour as her climax neared its peak. I continued to lick her out until, with a wrenching screech, she climaxed and my tongue slipped quickly along Maisie’s cunt to lap up her tangy emission which was now dribbling over my lips.

‘ “Please fuck me now,” she cried out and by now my swollen shaft had recovered all its previous stiffness and was proudly straining rigidly like an iron bar between the carpet and my tummy.

‘So I hauled myself up on top of Maisie’s trembling curves and my knob glided smoothly between her puffy pussey lips. When my cock was fully ensconced inside her slippery sheath I sucked on her erect nipples whilst I fucked the lovely girl with long sturdy strokes, plunging my prick in and out of her squishy slit in an intense powerful rhythm. My balls banged against her bum cheeks with every forward stroke as I slewed my glistening shaft to and fro.

‘It was an enjoyable if somewhat sloppy fuck because Maisie’s clingy love funnel had already been well washed by Cyril Oakdene’s spermy ejaculation. When I felt the seed rising up from my balls I powered myself up onto my palms, taking

the full weight of my twelve-stone torso onto my wrists as I thrust down upon her. Maisie yelled out: "Y-e-s-s!" and together we rode the wind as I shot an abundant torrent into her dripping crack before collapsing down upon her.

'My limp tool slipped out of her sated slit and she ruffled her hands through my hair as she murmured: "Oooh, that was divine, Jeffrey. My, I hadn't noticed what lovely hair you had before. Does it curl naturally?"

' "Yes, it does," I answered but not wanting to be challenged by any of my friends I quickly added: "With some help from Bacharach's Macassar Oil." '

'I don't suppose you played much more bridge that evening,' I remarked. Jeffrey shook his head. 'No, we didn't even deal the cards again,' he laughed. 'After Maisie and I had recovered from our exertions, Alex Collinson admitted that he had been fucking Patricia, my eighteen-year-old scullery maid, and she joined us for a further orgy of rumpy-pumpy. At one stage my cock was lodged in Patricia's juicy young cunt while she was sucking Alex Collinson's stalwart shaft as he finger-fucked Maisie who was slurping her tongue around the gigantic prick of Cyril Oakdene while she was being bum-fucked by Jonathan Letchmore!

'When Palmer came in to take away our empty glasses I heard him mutter: "Blimey, what I could earn if only I had a camera!" However, I was unworried because I had implicit trust in my old retainer who has been in my family's service for more than twenty years and I simply concentrated on pistoning my prick in and out of Patricia's squelchy quim,' he concluded, downing his glass of port in a lip-smacking gulp.

'So a good time was had by all,' I commented. Jeffrey let out a hoarse chuckle. 'Yes, except for old Cyril Oakdene who strained his back whilst attempting a Stand-and-Carry love-making position with Maisie.'

He saw the puzzled expression on my face and explained

further that this was a style of fucking in which the man stands holding his partner in his arms with his hands locked behind her waist. The girl then wraps her legs around his torso and her arms around his shoulders as she moves against him by pulling herself up and down whilst he keeps her in position with his arms.

'It's a rather strenuous exercise and though he stayed the night, I'm afraid that the poor chap was still in some pain when he left after breakfast the next morning,' added Jeffrey. I commented that whilst some lovemaking positions create their own urgency and excitement and adventurous couples can have great fun finding variations of their own, the good old missionary position is the most popular simply because it is so comfortable!

And on this note we retired to our compartment for a pleasant post-prandial snooze. When my eyes fluttered open I saw that Jeffrey was still deep in the Land of Nod so I picked up my newspaper and prepared to read it quietly until he woke up.

Unfortunately, as we roared through Redditch Station our driver gave such a loud and long blast on the whistle that Jeffrey was startled out of his slumber and he spluttered: 'What the blazes—'

'It's all right, it was only the driver blowing the whistle to warn people to keep away from the edge of the platform when we passed a station,' I said soothingly. He grunted: 'Hell's bells, Katie, why is it one either rouses oneself or is jolted awake by a noise out of a splendid dream. I was in the middle of a fascinating reverie when I was rudely interrupted by that damned whistle.'

'Were you now?' I said cheekily. 'What a shame! I'll wager your dream was all about fucking Lady Minette Dosall!'

Jeffrey's jaw dropped. But I assured him he had not blurted out this name in his sleep. I had guessed the identity of 'Maisie' well before he had finished the tale about her wild erotic

escapades with himself and his three friends.

'Don't worry, I shan't repeat the story,' I said quickly although it was plain to see he was discomfited by the knowledge that he had unwittingly revealed information about a client. He remarked: 'Thank you, my dear, I would be most grateful if you would keep the news of Lady Minette's fucking to yourself.'

Then he brightened up and remarked: 'Interesting, isn't it, what a splendidly useful word *fuck* is to us. There can't be any other such versatile words in the whole English language, which express so many conflicting emotions – besides its original function as a verb meaning to have sexual intercourse.'

'I suppose you're right,' I said slowly. 'The common person tends to use the word for all sorts of situations. For instance, as in a strong exclamatory phrase of anger like *Oh, fuck it!*'

'Or in the case of a difficulty such as *I don't understand why this fucking motor car has broken down,*' grinned Jeffrey. Not to be outdone I said: 'What about pained surprise: *What the fuck is going on here?*'

Jeffrey paused briefly for thought and said: 'Don't forget the aggressive insult: *Why don't you fuck off?*'

I instantly countered with another example. 'Yes, and then there is exasperation at incompetence as in *He fucks up everything he touches.*'

He replied with a smile: 'Yet in complete contrast we have an expression of admiration: *She is a fucking wonderful singer.*'

Determined to have the last word I said: 'And how about sheer emphasis when making a statement, such as *You have more fucking chance of drowning in the Sahara Desert!*'

Jeffrey furrowed his brow as he tried to think of a further example but then he shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed: 'Oh, fuck it! Let's play another game!'

We both laughed out loud and spent the rest of the journey playing each other at the popular game of seeing how many smaller words could be made up from a larger one within a

certain period of time. Like most lawyers, Jeffrey possessed a wide vocabulary and won most rounds although I did beat him on 'metallic' by dredging up twenty-two words of three letters or more from it in a span of five minutes.

[Readers might like to try this for themselves – I must admit to failure! – Editor]

Anyhow, when we steamed into Oxford station our chauffeur was waiting for us on the platform as Mama had promised and Ridout saluted me as I stepped down from the train. 'Good afternoon, Lady Katie. I hope you had a pleasant journey.'

'Good afternoon, Ridout,' I replied. 'This gentleman is Sir Jeffrey Green who is staying with us for the next few days.'

'Yes, m'lady, we received your telegram this morning. Welcome to Oxford, Sir Jeffrey,' he said as he waved to a porter to come over and put our luggage on his trolley. Then we followed Ridout to the station yard where he had parked my father's faithful York Landaulette.

[A 40 hp four-cylinder motor car of great dignity built by Herbert Austin and much favoured by Edwardian dignitaries – Editor]

'Have you any news to tell me, Ridout?' I enquired as the chauffeur stopped at a junction to let the traffic pass before turning into Botley Road.

'Well, your father is still away in Scotland but we have had other guests staying at Tottenham Lodge this week, m'lady. Mr Claud Whetstone, the new cultural attaché at the American Embassy, stayed the night yesterday with his wife and daughter after receiving a citation from Pembroke College for his work in setting up a fund to enable American and British scholars to spend a year's study at each other's colleges.

'Mr and Mrs Whetstone left for London this morning but your mother was pleased to agree to Miss Annabel Whetstone's request to stay on so she could meet you again.'

'Oh, how splendid!' I said and turning to Jeffrey I explained

how Annabel and I had met earlier this week at Johnny McNichol's house in St John's Wood – though naturally I said nothing about the high jinks off the tennis court!

Our butler Mr Luffkins was already standing in the drive as Ridout brought the car to a halt outside the front door. He opened the door for me and beamed: 'Welcome back, m'lady. It's always a pleasure to see you home.'

Then he turned to Jeffrey and said: 'Welcome to Tottenham Lodge, sir. Viscountess Redbourne has asked me to convey her apologies for not meeting you in person but she has a prior engagement to attend a directors' meeting at the cottage hospital this afternoon. She hopes to return at about five o'clock. Meanwhile she has instructed me to take your luggage up to the Blue Room. Alice will lay out your clothes, sir, as I'm afraid that Viscount Redbourne's valet has accompanied him to Edinburgh. Rose will look after you as usual, Lady Katie.'

'Very good, Luffkins,' I said and arranged to meet Jeffrey in half an hour's time before the butler ushered him up to his room. I also went up to my bedroom to wait for Horabin to bring up my cases. He arrived a few minutes later with my personal maid Rose in tow. I had just taken off my jacket when there was a knock on the door. It opened and there on the threshold stood Annabel Whetstone.

'Annabel! Do come in. What an unexpected pleasure to meet you again so soon!' I cried as we exchanged a sisterly hug and kiss.

'And it's lovely to see you, Katie,' she responded with equal enthusiasm. 'I just had to stay on when I heard you were coming back here. I hope your Mama did not think me too forward when I asked if I could stay for another couple of days.'

'Of course not,' I replied and, leaving Rose to unpack for me, I went out with Annabel to her bedroom which was next door to my own. There we sat down together on her bed as she said: 'So I understand you have been standing in for your father

to give a lecture on cinematography. You are a brave girl! Was it very nerve-racking?’

‘Well, it wasn’t too difficult to hold the audience’s attention as the venue for my talk was a boys’ school up in Derbyshire,’ I said. Annabel screamed with laughter when I told her about how I had inadvertently screened an extremely naughty foreign film from my father’s private collection to the excited young lads.

However, I did not deem it necessary to tell her how I was fucked both by the headmaster and one of the senior boys although I did relate details of the voluptuous *al fresco* encounter with Bernard Yocke, the randy artist Gregory Ritchie and Natalie his girlfriend, all of which had taken place only a little more than twenty-four hours ago.

‘And what have you been up to since our tennis match at Johnny McNichol’s?’ I enquired. To my surprise Annabel blushed and hung her head as she answered: ‘Oh, Katie, I have a dreadful confession to make. A similar thing happened to me yesterday when I was introduced to a most pleasant young gentleman called Antony Hammond during the ceremony at Pembroke College. He offered to take me round Oxford but after showing me the Sheldonian Theatre and the Bodleian Library as it was a warm afternoon he suggested that he should drive me out of town to the banks of the Cherwell where we could rest under the shade of the trees.

‘I hesitated at first but then Antony said: “I can thoroughly recommend it, Annabel. The Cherwell is a sweet river especially devised for the enjoyment of lazing.”

‘ “In that case, thank you – it sounds like a lovely idea,” I smiled and waited on a bench seat in Cornmarket whilst he went to the garage to pick up his motor car which had needed some attention. Well, he returned ten minutes later and drove me down to the river in his little tourer. However Antony then insisted on hiring a punt, saying I would feel refreshed by the

slight breeze from the water and I could take some photographs of the scenery with my new Brownie.

‘With a flourish he lifted out a plaited straw box from the back of his car and grinned: “We won’t get hungry or thirsty whilst we’re on the river. I picked up this hamper at a café whilst the garage were making some final adjustments to my carburettor.” ’

‘Well, I don’t see anything wrong so far,’ I declared but Annabel wagged a warning finger at me and went on: ‘We had a lovely time, though Antony warned me what to expect when we passed Parson’s Pleasure at the corner of the University Park.’

Now I knew all about Parson’s Pleasure and I laughed: ‘Oh, that’s the University Bathing Place where some of the undergraduates swim in the nude and all females must land and walk by a little path to a backwater whilst their boat is conveyed by a portage over rollers and a paddle past the bathers.’

‘Yes, although a naked youth ran across the pathway a few yards in front of me before diving into the river,’ chuckled Annabel. ‘Antony was horrified when I told him but then he grinned when I told him that the young fellow hadn’t shown me anything that I hadn’t seen before!’

‘Anyhow, about ten minutes later Antony pulled over into a secluded shady nook on the bank of an islet in the river. Then he spread a sheet on the ground for us to sit on, took out a thermos flask from the hamper and poured two glasses of chilled white wine. “Most people know that these flasks are jolly good for keeping drinks hot but they’re equally useful for keeping iced drinks cold as well,” he remarked as we clinked our glasses together and settled down to enjoy our picnic.’

She paused and slowly ran her fingers down her cheek.

‘Now as to what happened about half an hour later, all I can say that it was a perfect summer afternoon and the sun was shining so brightly that after a while I sighed: “Mmm, wouldn’t it be nice to cool off with a little swim. If

only we had brought along our bathing costumes."

'Antony looked up and murmured: "That doesn't have to stop us, you know. Honestly, it's odds-on that no one would disturb us if we took off our clothes and went in for a quick dip. We can use the sheet as a towel: it won't take long to dry off in the sunshine." '

She fell silent. It wasn't difficult for me to guess why Annabel was embarrassed to continue with her story because Antony Hammond had taken me several times to this particular secluded spot where we had engaged in passionate lovemaking both in and out of the river.

It was obvious that Annabel was under the impression that I might be angry with her for letting herself be poked by one of my boyfriends. I tried to put her mind at rest by assuring her that neither Antony nor I had ever made any commitment not to enjoy ourselves with other people.

'Is that really so, Katie? You're not just saying that to make me feel better about letting him make love to me?' she asked anxiously. I said lightly: 'Of course not, my dear. I'm delighted that you should have had your first fuck in Oxford with such an agreeable fellow. I don't see Antony all that often nowadays as he is an officer in the Honourable Artillery Company and is often away on military manoeuvres, although as it happens the reason why I could not stay at Johnny McNichol's tennis party the other day was because I was meeting Antony for tea at the Ritz.'

Annabel brightened up at this news. She moved up closer to me and squeezed my hand as she said gratefully: 'Oh, I'm so pleased, Katie. I've been feeling so guilty about letting him screw me.'

'Well, now you don't have to,' I said firmly as we made ourselves more comfortable by lying down on Annabel's bed in each other's arms. 'I just hope that Antony's performance was up to scratch.'

The Sensual Memoirs of an Edwardian Lady: Volume One

She nodded: 'Oh yes, very much so. We undressed behind a clump of bushes and then ran hand in hand into the water. After ten minutes or so we made our way back and, after drying our faces with a towel, we sat back on the sheet and let the warm sunshine soak up the moisture from our naked bodies.

'I could see Antony wriggling himself closer and closer to me and I must admit that my pussey began to tingle when I glanced down at his beefy prick which was rising up between his thighs. Then he leaned over and kissed my cheek and without further ado I reached down and smoothed my hand across the matted hairs on his broad chest. With a low growl he pressed his lips against mine and as we exchanged a passionate French kiss his hands moved to my breasts. I slid my fingers around his pulsing stiff shaft as we rolled to and fro, clasped in each other's arms.

'As if in a dream, I allowed him to lay me down on my back and, taking hold of his quivering cock, he eased the round knob into my juicy quim, propelling it in inch by inch until our pubic hairs were matted together. Then he began to fuck me with powerful long lunges, spearing me deliciously every time he slewed his shaft in and out of my squishy slit. His thick truncheon stretched my cunney deliciously as he pumped into me faster and faster, rapidly reaching the point of no return.

' "H-a-r-r!" he cried out as his body stiffened. I clasped my hand over his firm manly buttocks to keep his twitching tool deep inside my cunt as I humped myself up and down till he exploded into me in a rush of liquid fire. With every pulse of his iron-hard prick, I felt more and more of his creamy jism slide against the walls of my honeypot and my own climax arrived a few seconds later to send waves of sheer bliss rippling through my trembling body.

'I lost myself in the excitement of the cum and, forgetting that other boats might be in the vicinity, I wailed loudly with delight as his stiff shaft finished me off beautifully in a series

of delirious spends that made my love funnel shudder all round his jerking cock which was still throbbing strongly inside my saturated sheath.

‘Luckily no one heard me and I gently eased his now deflated chopper out of my cunney. But sensing that I wanted to cum again, Antony replaced his cock with his mouth and, flicking his tongue in and out of my dripping slit, he soon brought me off for a second time.

‘I was delighted to discover that his cock was now stiff again and he let out an ecstatic sigh of anticipation after I whispered to him that I was going to suck him off.

‘“Phwoar!” he gurgled when I swooped down and washed his uncapped purple helmet with my tongue. Then I took him completely in my mouth and treated his cock to a series of long, rolling sucks. My head bobbed up and down whilst I cupped his balls in my hand and gently squeezed them until he let out a low cry and filled my mouth with a torrent of salty seed. I gulped down his copious emission and rolled my tongue around his shaft until it began to soften. I gave it a final licking before pulling myself up to kneel beside him.

‘This lewd play made us so hot and sticky again that we took another swim in the river. But even though his stalwart shaft began to swell up again when we came out, we decided not to chance our luck. Once we were dry we dressed ourselves, after which Antony rowed us back to where he had hired the boat and then drove me back to Tottenham Lodge.’

Annabel gave me a big hug and said: ‘At least let me make it up to you in some way. I know, wouldn’t you like a bath after your long journey?’

‘Thank you, that sounds a lovely idea,’ I replied and Annabel dashed out to the bathroom to turn on the taps. I heaved myself up and began to unbutton my blouse as she came back into the bedroom and plumped herself down next to me.

‘Katie, I’ll join you if I may,’ she said as she kicked off her

shoes. When we were both naked she pulled me up from the bed and hand in hand we walked back to the bathroom where I switched off the taps and slid myself into the pleasantly warm water.

‘There’s room for me, isn’t there?’ asked Annabel as she climbed in and cuddled up beside me with her head on my shoulders while I picked up the sponge and soaped her superbly rounded bosoms. She splashed water over my aroused nipples which made them stand up like two erect little red bullets.

‘I’m a firm believer that Cleanliness is next to Godliness,’ she remarked and I nodded my approval as she fondled my breasts whilst she nuzzled her lips against my neck. Then her hand glided under the water to slide across my pussey as she kissed my shoulder and moved her mouth across to my breasts. Letting my head fall back I closed my eyes and luxuriated in the delicious sensations as Annabel’s tongue swirled round and round my stalky nipples. She sucked gently at first and then more urgently as a whimper of delight escaped from my lips.

Now her fingers slithered between my pussey lips and the heel of her hand rubbed sweetly against my swollen clitty as I rotated my bottom in slow sensual circles. Annabel whispered: ‘Ooh darling, isn’t it remarkable how our love funnels juice up even when our pussies are under water?’

In reply I reached down between her shapely thighs to let my questing fingers dance about the outer folds of her pretty honeypot and murmured: ‘Yes, darling, your cunt is as sticky as mine.’

‘I’m not surprised,’ smiled Annabel as she stretched out a leg and pulled up the plug chain so that the water began to flow out of the tub.

We kissed long and passionately, stroking our slippery bodies in lascivious fashion. Our nipples rubbed together as we slithered one against the other, fucking each others’ mouths with our

tongues. I let my hands roam over her trembling body, running over her jutting breasts, round and firm like mine if not quite so large.

'Let's make love in the French style,' I breathed and she needed little urging to take part in what turned out to be a magical *soixante-neuf*.

We assumed the position immediately with myself underneath and Annabel threw herself over me, pressing her lovely backside firmly against my face. I parted her buttocks and inhaled the fragrant cunney odour – the unique bouquet of sweet feminine perfume blended with the natural spicy aroma of sexual excitement. Grabbing her bum cheeks, I buried my face in her sticky honeypot, licking, lapping and tonguing her pungent pussey. Then I found her clitty and slurped on the hard little bud, making Annabel sigh with pleasure.

Simultaneously the gorgeous girl leaned forward to cover my fluffy blonde muff with her lips, running her fluttering tongue along the full length of my pouting pussey lips. With a little yelp she slid her hands under my bottom so she could press my pussey up into even tighter contact with her mouth. Lovingly, Annabel began to lick me out, forcing her wicked tongue deep into my tingling quim and sliding up and down my crack as my cunney opened like the petals of an exotic flower.

My moans of joy were partially stifled by my own frantic licking of Annabel's squelchy crack as I rubbed myself off to a glorious spend against her mouth. Then she started to buck and twist as my tongue continued to lash her clitty.

'Feel me cum, Katie!' she cried out, raising her head from my sated slit and shuddering all over before collapsing on top of me, our mouths drenched with the runnels of piquant cuntal juice that had poured out of our cunnies.

After a while she swivelled herself off me and we exchanged the tenderest of embraces before I heaved myself up to my

feet. We dried ourselves quickly and when we had dressed I escorted Annabel downstairs to the drawing room where I introduced her to Sir Jeffrey Green.

Then Horabin wheeled in a tea trolley followed by Poppy, a very attractive new parlourmaid who I noticed caught Jeffrey's eye when she helped the footman serve us tea. Nevertheless it was clear that he was also taken with Annabel as he chatted amiably with her about the differences between life in England and America.

'I have the impression that this country has been undergoing a period of change since Queen Victoria died,' observed Annabel. Jeffrey pointed to the newspaper in the magazine rack and grinned: 'Ah, I take it you have been reading about the latest Suffragette disturbances in London and how Mrs Pankhurst has been arrested again.

'However, I sometimes wonder whether these violent demonstrations help the cause,' he continued thoughtfully. 'Of course I accept the premise that women should be able to vote. There is no logical reasoning for disenfranchisement on the basis of gender but I believe that peaceful protest is a more sensible path for the suffragettes to follow. Holding huge meetings in Trafalgar Square will win more hearts and minds than smashing shop windows in Bond Street.'

I was not wholly in agreement with this view because, despite the tremendous support the suffragette movement could now call upon from women throughout the country, the Government appeared unwilling to honour its promise to legislate an end to this foolish and hurtful injustice.

[Although the Liberal government elected in 1905 possessed a huge majority in the House of Commons, Mr Herbert Asquith, the Prime Minister, was at best lukewarm about giving women the vote, fearing perhaps that working-class women would support the new Labour Party and those from the upper classes would vote for the Conservatives – Editor]

But before I had a chance to argue the point Luffkins entered the room and barely had time to announce the arrival of my mother before she swept into the room.

'Good afternoon, everybody,' she said as she walked across to kiss me on the cheek. 'Kate my dear, how nice to see you again. You must come up and see us more often. Now I presume this gentleman is Sir Jeffrey Green.'

Jeffrey stood up and took my mother's proffered hand as he said: 'A great pleasure to meet you, Viscountess Redbourne. May I thank you for your kind hospitality. Really, it is an unwarranted intrusion but Katie insisted on sending you a telegram this morning about my visit to Eynsham.'

'And I am very pleased she did so, Sir Jeffrey, it is our pleasure to have you staying at Tottenham Lodge,' she said firmly. 'Now I see that you have already been introduced to Miss Whetstone so would you excuse me for a few moments whilst I speak to Mrs Vincent about this evening's arrangements? I want her to prepare dinner for seven o'clock sharp.'

'Why do you wish us to dine so early, Mama?' I asked and she replied: 'Because at the meeting this afternoon I was introduced to Professor Shenley-Hill of Wadham College. He has just written a fascinating book on hypnosis and he is giving a talk about the science at the village hall this evening which I plan to attend.'

I groaned inwardly for I immediately guessed what she was about to say. Sure enough, my mother added: 'I do hope you will join me and Colonel and Mrs Withers who will also be going to hear what the Professor has to say.'

The thought of listening to a boring medical lecture was of little appeal. I was about to plead for leave of absence on the grounds of tiredness from the long train journey when Jeffrey scuppered this plan by replying politely: 'This all sounds most interesting and I will be delighted to join you.'

'I am sure you will not be disappointed,' beamed my mother.

So when she turned to me I sighed: 'So dinner will be at seven o'clock this evening, Mama?'

'That is correct, Katie,' she said as she made her way towards the door. 'You'll find it will be a small inconvenience to pay for listening to the Professor.'

June 18th, 1907 [concluded]

Well now, Diary, it is fast approaching midnight and I am almost at a loss as to how to record the events of this extraordinary evening in your pages. Suffice it say that, despite my foreboding, my misgivings about Professor Leonard Shenley-Hill's discourse turned out to be totally unfounded. Indeed, I can't remember the last time I enjoyed such a hilarious entertainment as the Professor inadvertently furnished for his audience.

The walk of three-quarters of a mile to the village hall provided us with a first-class constitutional to work off the effects of Mrs Vincent's superb *Poulet et Langue à l'Anglaise* and the bottles of a fruity '03 Chablis which Luffkins served with it. As we strolled down the drive I dropped back out of my mother's earshot and cautioned Jeffrey to steer clear of Mama's friend, Mrs Henrietta Withers, if humanly possible.

'She is only in her early forties but is very Victorian in her attitudes. Why, she dismissed one of her parlourmaids on the spot when she discovered the girl having a kiss and cuddle with her young man down Lovers' Lane on her evening off.'

'Dear me, she sounds like a real martinet,' he murmured quietly. 'Is Mrs Withers one of these ladies who believes it is her duty to protect the lower classes from their own natural instincts?'

'You describe her perfectly,' I chuckled as we reached the gates of Tottenham Lodge. When we arrived at the hall Jeffrey carefully placed himself at the end of a row and invited my mother, Annabel and myself to pass him and take seats in the

centre. In fact, Mrs Withers only arrived a few moments before Reverend Smeeth, our dear old Vicar, got up on his feet to introduce Professor Shenley-Hill to the audience of some forty people and she was forced to sit at the back of the hall.

After a smattering of applause following Reverend Smeeth's introduction the Professor climbed to his feet and began by saying that hypnotism was an artificially induced state of semi-consciousness characterized by a greatly increased susceptibility to suggestions made by the hypnotist.

'There is nothing dangerous about the practice despite the warnings of some ignorant and irresponsible journalists in the popular press,' declared the Professor, a well-built, distinguished-looking gentleman who, though as bald as a coot, nevertheless sported a luxuriant moustache and a full black beard. 'Although the science probably dates back to ancient times, it was the Austrian physician Friedrich Mesmer who first used hypnosis in a medical capacity some one hundred and fifty years ago. He proved that he could treat his patients and spare them much unnecessary pain by imposing his will upon them.'

He droned on for a while about Dr Mesmer's experiments and I confess that after ten minutes or so my eyes began to droop. Fortunately Jeffrey stopped me from falling fast asleep by gently nudging me in the ribs with his elbow.

With difficulty I stifled a yawn as the Professor went on: 'There are hypnotists currently displaying their craft on the music hall stage, calling up members of the audience and hypnotizing them into performing strange actions. This is a matter of concern to me for I believe that hypnotism is a serious business and should not be popularized purely for the purpose of vulgar amusement.'

Somehow I managed to keep awake for the rest of his talk and, with a sigh of relief, I led the applause when he finally sat down. Thankfully there were only two or three questions

from the floor after which Reverend Smeeth brought the meeting to a close. People began to file out but Mama asked us to wait whilst she had a private word with the Professor about whether he could cure her migraine headaches.

However, shortly after she mounted the dais Mama was joined by Mrs Withers who came bustling up to them. I heard her snort with disapproval when the Professor said to my mother that he would be happy to see if he could help her.

‘Really, Lavinia, I am surprised you are taken in by all this mumbo-jumbo,’ exclaimed Mrs Withers. ‘I don’t believe that hypnotism actually exists. I’ve seen one of these stage hypnotists at work at a garden party and a gentleman pretended to be hypnotized and went round the room quacking like a duck for five minutes. The pair of them must have arranged these parlour tricks beforehand.’

The Professor spread out his hands. ‘Not necessarily so, madam, a genuine hypnotist would have no problem in making the gentleman concerned behave oddly.’

‘H’mph, that’s as maybe,’ she snorted and, turning to my mother, she added: ‘I’d like to see somebody try and put *me* in a trance!’

The Professor was clearly stung by the contemptuous tone of her voice and said coldly: ‘Madam, you can rest assured that it is impossible for even the most expert hypnotist to put someone under his influence against their will.’

‘Oh come now, Professor. I find that very hard to accept,’ said Mrs Withers, shaking her head in disbelief. But the Professor went on: ‘I use hypnosis myself in my work. If you like I will put you in a trance here and now. Of course, you must not fight against me and naturally you have my word that I shall not attempt to make you look ridiculous whilst you are under my influence.’

‘Good enough,’ she answered promptly and at his request sat herself down in Reverend Smeeth’s chair.

'Are you sure this is wise, dear lady?' asked the Vicar anxiously. But Mrs Withers brushed aside his concern and said: 'I'm ready for you, Professor, and I promise to obey your instructions as best I can. Now tell me what you want me to do.'

'This should be fun,' giggled Annabel as the Professor called for silence while he sat down opposite Mrs Withers, took out his pocket watch and dangled it on its chain in front of her face.

He said: 'Please look at this watch and follow its progress with your eyes as I swing it from side to side. Now you will begin to feel drowsy, very drowsy indeed . . . your eyes are heavy and on the count of three you will go to sleep . . . one, two, *three!*'

'Bless my soul,' murmured Reverend Smeeth. He and the rest of the small audience watched with growing interest as Mrs Withers's head lolled forward whilst she sat slumbering in her chair.

Professor Shenley-Hill looked at her with evident satisfaction and cleared his throat. 'Now raise your right arm in front of you,' he commanded and then paused as she instantly obeyed his instruction. 'But when I tell you to drop it back to your side your arm will feel as light as a balloon – so light, in fact, that when you attempt to bring it down the arm will fly up again straightaway. Now, on the count of three, drop your arm – one, two, *three!*'

The spectators gave a collective gasp of astonishment when Mrs Withers dropped her arm. Then, just as the Professor had predicted, it shot up again seemingly of its own accord and stayed there until he told her that she could now rest her hands in her lap.

'Are your subjects able to speak whilst under hypnosis?' asked Annabel curiously.

'Oh yes, let me show you,' replied the Professor. Turning to

Mrs Withers he asked: 'Your friend Viscountess Redbourne is standing here. Would you like to tell her if you received any visitors at home today?'

Now this was an innocent enough question. No one could possibly attach any blame to Professor Shenley-Hill for what secrets were revealed after she answered: 'I had no visitors today and I cancelled all appointments in my diary because I knew that Bailey was due to come round this afternoon.'

'Bailey?' he prompted and Mrs Withers nodded: 'Yes, the new window cleaner who took over from Cheetham when he retired last month. There is no doubt that Bailey performs his work far better than his predecessor.'

I was surprised to hear that Mrs Withers showed even the slightest interest in such a utilitarian matter. The Professor must have been equally puzzled because he went on: 'Yet you were concerned that he would not polish the windows properly?'

'Don't be so foolish! I couldn't care less about the damned windows,' she answered impatiently. 'I was only concerned about the state of his prick.'

'His *what*?' spluttered the hypnotist. Annabel and I collapsed into a fit of giggles as Mrs Withers calmly repeated: 'His prick, I said. After all, it didn't surprise me that Cheetham sold his round on his sixtieth birthday as he was finding it impossible to service all the ladies in the district who demand to be fucked before he washes their windows. However, Bailey is a younger man and if this afternoon's experience is anything to go by, I am sure he will be able to cope.'

'I had sent out all the servants on various errands so I opened the scullery door myself when he arrived and asked if he would like a glass of beer before he began his work. "Bring it upstairs with you as I want to show you some marks on the windows of one of the bedrooms which will need special attention," I said and then—'

By now my mother interrupted her friend by rising to her

feet and pulling Professor Shenley-Hill's coat-tails as she burst out: 'Stop this at once, Professor! For heaven's sake, bring Mrs Withers out of her trance!'

And I am certain that the Professor would have done so but when he turned back to his garrulous subject he tripped over Jeffrey's foot, sending them both sprawling off the dais and down onto the uncarpeted floor below. Jeffrey was only slightly dazed by the fall but the poor Professor hit his head a nasty crack on the leg of a chair and was clearly out for the count.

'Oh my goodness, is he badly hurt?' cried out Reverend Smeeth and Annabel [who had taken an advanced course in First Aid at finishing school] jumped down and quickly examined the Professor. 'No, I don't think so – his breathing is regular and his pulse is quite strong. Would anyone have some smelling salts?'

'I'll get a bottle of *sal volatile* from the Vicarage,' replied Reverend Smeeth. As he hurried out my mother joined Annabel to see if she could help revive the Professor. I continued to listen to the lewd revelations of Mrs Withers who was well on her way to describing her shameless seduction of her young window cleaner.

Oblivious to all the commotion going on around her, she went on: 'So he snuggled up to me on the bed and said: "Mrs W, I've always considered you to be the most desirable of all the ladies I meet when I'm on the job."

' "Get on with you, Bailey, I'm sure you say that to every female," I chided him as he slipped his hand inside my blouse and gently squeezed my left bosom.

'I raised my hand to stop him but he moved his head round and kissed me on the lips. I responded eagerly and in no time at all the muscular young man had removed my blouse and tugged up my chemise to cup my bare breasts in his hands. His tongue slid into my mouth as he moved one of his hands under my skirt and rubbed his palm over my tingling pussy.

My thighs tightened like a vice over his arm and I shuddered all over as he brought me off to a delicious little spend.

'I tore open his trousers and pulled out his stiff cock. But I was forced to release his throbbing tool when he rolled me onto my back and started to lick my titties whilst he unhooked the catch at the top of my skirt.

'By the time he peeled off my knickers my hairy crack was sopping wet and I cried out: "Fuck me, Bailey, fuck me!" But he just smiled and flicked at my erect nipples with his tongue. Then his mouth travelled down my belly until his lips were pressed against my seething slit whilst he whipped off all his clothes with the sole exception of his drawers.

' "Would you like to pull down my pants, Mrs W?" he asked teasingly as he raised himself to his knees. Without bothering to reply I yanked them off, wrapped my hand around his thick shaft and guided it towards my aching quim.

'I spread my legs and let out a sigh of sheer ecstasy as his fat cock slid between my yielding love lips. His rigid rod stretched my sheath really nicely so I moved my thighs further apart to allow him to embed his full length inside my juicy cunt.

' "Ooooh! Fuck me hard, Bailey!" I groaned and he slewed his shaft in and out of my sticky crack with ever-increasing force, his balls banging against my bum as he thrust his chopper into me again and again. Then my fine young fellow-me-lad began to tremble all over and, pulling out his prick onto my belly, he squirted a torrent of jism into my muff.

' "You silly boy, if it had been necessary I would have warned you to pull out," I told him but he shrugged: "Sorry, Mrs W., but better safe than sorry is my motto."

'Fortunately I managed to suck Bailey's cock up again for one more lovely fuck. But then he had to get dressed because I needed him to clean the windows before going on to Mrs Kishawe who also wanted his special attention.'

God knows who else she might have named. But the Vicar had already rushed back with a bottle of smelling salts and revived the Professor who, helped by Jeffrey, groggily climbed back onto the dais and immediately snapped Mrs Withers out of her trance.

She covered her mouth with her hand as she gave a wide yawn and said to my mother: 'There, now will you believe me, Lavinia, I told you that hypnotism was all hocus pocus.' Then she looked at her wristwatch and added: 'Heavens above! Is it really half-past nine? I must be on my way. Good night, everybody.'

'Good night,' we murmured. Then, with uncharacteristic force, Reverend Smeeth said sternly: 'I hope that I don't have to ask everyone here never to gossip about what Mrs Withers said to us. Her remarks should be treated as if they were made in the privacy of a doctor's surgery.'

Well, I had no intention of omitting this incident from my diary, but writing about something in a private memoir is quite different to spreading tales by word of mouth. So I murmured my agreement with the others as the Vicar continued: 'Let us not forget that Colonel Withers is a military man who is often away from home. In any case, I am sure she is not the only one among us who has been tempted to stray from the straight and narrow.'

'How very true, sir,' said Jeffrey solemnly, although he gave me a large wink as we filed out of the hall. We said nothing more about this extraordinary business until we reached Tottenham Lodge where, happily, Mama wished us all good night and retired to her room.

Then, over a nightcap of whisky and soda, Jeffrey said quietly to Annabel and myself 'You know, I found it most interesting to hear Mrs Withers praise the way in which she was poked by a working-class chap like her window cleaner. This may shock you but several people – and I am referring to the *crème de la*

crème here – think that the lower orders are a different kind of species to themselves and incapable of enjoying the subtler nuances of fucking.’

I raised my eyebrows and exclaimed: ‘How snobby of them! A man or woman’s social status has absolutely nothing to do with their abilities in bed.’

‘I should say not,’ concurred Annabel warmly. ‘Why, several of my most memorable cums have been with what they would call common people.’

Jeffrey gave a low chuckle and said: ‘I decline to say anything further on the subject on the grounds that I might incriminate myself! However, I hope neither of you will mind me saying that some women do take attitudes which most men find very irritating.’

‘Well, I’m sure the same rule of thumb also applies to men,’ Annabel said spiritedly. Jeffrey held up his hands in surrender and replied. ‘Certainly it does, my dear. I’m sure there is a male equivalent to the girl who gives a loud sigh and says: “Haven’t you finished yet?”’

I instantly replied: ‘Of course there is, Jeffrey. The marathon man who goes on and on and then says: “Why can’t you cum?”’

‘Or, on the other hand, the boy who spends before you’ve even really started,’ chirped up Annabel with a mischievous grin. ‘And then has the brass nerve to ask “How was it for you?”’

Jeffrey gave a hoarse chuckle and thought for a moment before he countered: ‘Yes, I grant you that those chaps are letting the side down but so do girls who look at your cock and are tactless enough to say “My word, I’ve never seen one like *that* before”.’

‘True, though I’m sure no girl has ever said that to you,’ remarked Annabel boldly. Not wishing to embarrass the eminent lawyer I quickly said: ‘Actually they might have done, Annabel. You see Jeffrey is circumcised.’

'Circumcised? What's that mean?' she enquired. It is just as well that I am not of a jealous disposition for, after I had answered her query, Annabel licked her lips and said: 'How fascinating! I would be most interested to see such a cock for myself, preferably in the privacy of my own room, of course, and especially if you were there as well to keep me company.'

Well, I must confess that the idea of enjoying some late-night rumpy-pumpy with Annabel and Jeffrey did have more than a little appeal but it had been a long day and I was now feeling quite drowsy. However, not wishing to be accused of being a spoilsport, I heaved myself out of my chair and replied: 'Darling, I've no objection if you would like to ask Jeffrey's permission to examine his prick – I'm sure he won't refuse you. But you'll have to excuse me, I'm too tired to do anything but enjoy a good night's sleep. A very good night to you both.'

'Good night, Katie,' they chorused and I went upstairs to bed alone. While I undressed it crossed my mind that I could always creep into Annabel's room and join in the fun if the mood took me. But I really felt quite exhausted and my eyes closed only moments after my head touched the pillow.

CHAPTER FIVE

June 19th, 1907

I woke up shortly before half-past six, disturbed perhaps by the sounds of the country for the calls of wild birds and the lowing of cattle are not to be heard in Belgravia! Refreshed by my deep sleep, I bathed and dressed and as the bright sun was already blazing in the early-morning sky, I decided to go for a short walk round the front garden before breakfast.

All seemed very peaceful but as I wandered past the motor house [*The word "garage" only became widely used after about 1920 – Editor*] I heard gasping sounds coming from inside the building. It crossed my mind that I might have heard a burglar at work. Although car theft was a growing problem in London, it was doubtful if there were even half a dozen people in the village who knew how to drive – so it was barely conceivable that the noises were from Ridout, our chauffeur, engaged in a struggle with a local desperado.

Nevertheless, I walked briskly round to the front of the motor house and peered through the window to discover that a struggle was indeed taking place there – but it involved neither Ridout nor any local hobbledehoy!

The groans were coming from Poppy, the prettiest of our servant girls, and Horabin the footman who had spread out an old mattress covered by a blanket on the floor in front of our

York Landaulette on which the randy pair were sitting, kissing and cuddling with great passion. Indeed, their ardour was so intent that they did not see or hear me open the door and close it softly behind me.

By the time I had turned the key in the lock Horabin had slipped off Poppy's blouse and had pulled down the straps of her chemise to reveal for a few moments her beautiful bare breasts before he cupped the soft globes in his hands. Poppy let herself be laid down on her back but then gasped with astonished fright when the footman found the opening of her skirt and tugged it off so that she was clad only in a pair of tight white knickers, her shoes and stockings clearly having been previously discarded. Now whether it was by accident or design, I do not know but her sculpted thighs were already parted as his hand reached down between them and began to massage her pussey through the thin cotton of her drawers.

'Oh Giles, Giles, you mustn't do that,' panted Poppy when he started to roll down her knickers, although she lifted her bottom so that he could yank them down to her ankles and she wriggled one foot free of them. 'Remember what we agreed, I'm not going to let you fuck me until I'm eighteen.'

'But that's only two months away,' the handsome footman protested as he rubbed his fingertips over her hairy mound. 'Still, if that is what you want, I promise that I will respect your wishes.'

She wagged a forefinger at him. 'Just make sure you do because I mean what I say. Still, my friend Dora tells me that it would be easier for you to keep your promise if I relieved your feelings. But the trouble is, I'm not really sure how to do it.'

Horabin's face brightened up. 'Is that what Dora said? Well, she's quite right – shall I show you what she means?'

Poppy nodded and Horabin swiftly pulled down his trousers, not knowing, of course, that an extra pair of eyes was firmly

glued to the bulge in his undershorts. When he slid them off an involuntary little yelp escaped from my throat.

For what a magnificent tool jutted out proudly from the curly moss between his thighs! It was one of the thickest I had ever clapped eyes on, as hard as a rock with a giant bulbous crown. Horabin rubbed his fist up and down the shaft and each time the footman pulled his foreskin to and fro the movement caused a juicy squelch from the pre-cum juice that had already leaked out in his excitement.

He had not heard my tiny gasp but Poppy sat up and looked wildly around as she whispered: 'Giles, there's someone here watching us!'

In order not to alarm her I instantly stepped forward and said: 'Don't worry, it's only me. I didn't mean to spy on you but really you should never forget the golden rule – always lock the door!'

'Don't worry, I won't peach on you,' I added and the couple thanked me effusively. Then Poppy said shyly: 'Miss Katie, did you hear what I told Giles? I don't suppose *you* know what my friend Dora meant when she said that I should relieve his feelings.'

'Well, I do have an idea what she was getting at,' I admitted and the pretty girl went on: 'Oh, I'd be terribly grateful if you would show me what to do.'

'And so would I, Miss Katie,' added Horabin with an anticipatory gleam in his eye.

Yes, Diary, I realize that the sensible course would have been to withdraw well before this point but I couldn't resist the thought of playing with the footman's thick stiffstander. So I replied: 'In that case I'll stay if you two can just forget that I'm here and carry on as before.'

'That won't be difficult,' he said and in seconds they were locked in a fine embrace. Once Poppy was settled down again I saw her little pink love lips flutter out as Horabin slid his

questing forefinger up and down the full length of her pouting slit.

'Ooooh! Ooooh! Oh, Giles, you are naughty,' Poppy panted as she slowly worked his finger inside her juicy cunt.

'I'm glad you like it, my pet,' he answered breathlessly and, looking up at me, he said meaningfully: 'I only wish that someone would do the same for me!'

How could I resist the invitation! I looked down at his throbbing erection and thought to myself that in any case it would be useful for Poppy to see how a cock should be sucked. So I slid down on my knees and cuddled up next to them as I said: 'Let me show you how to make your boyfriend very happy.'

I wet my lips with my tongue while I grasped his broad shaft at the base, then bent forward to kiss the dewy knob and slurped my tongue around the rim. I looked up at Poppy and added: 'Now watch how I suck all the seed out of his balls.'

Horabin gave a strangled cry of joy as I slipped his helmet inside my mouth, enjoying to the full the salty masculine tang of his pre-cum. His fingers continued to slide in and out of Poppy's squishy crack as I closed my lips around his tool and worked on his knob with my tongue, easing my lips forward to take in a little more of his throbbing shaft. I circled the base of his prick with my fingers and began to bob my head up and down on this enormous fleshy sweetmeat. I sucked and sucked on this delicious cock until it almost touched the back of my throat.

Little did I know it at the time, but the footman was now excited almost beyond belief because, as he was to tell me shortly afterwards, contrary to my understanding, his idea of "relief" had been simply for Poppy to rub his cock and this was the very first time he had been sucked off!

His hips lifted off the mattress and into the air when I cupped his balls in the palm of my hands. Then his rigid rod started to tremble and spurted out jets of creamy jism. At the same time

Poppy let out a scream as she too now spent in a series of shudders, coating Horabin's fingers with cunney juice while I gulped down his copious emission until the fountain eased off into a sticky dribble.

'Oh, thank you, Miss Katie, thank you,' he gasped and went on to say that he had never experienced such a wonderful sensation before. Then it dawned on me that both of the young pair were ignorant of the joys of *fellatio* and *cunnilingus*. So I explained the mechanics of the practices and added that many high-class ladies and gentlemen – including His Majesty the King, Edward VII, God Bless Him! – loved to lick and suck each other's cocks and pussies.

Poppy looked slightly doubtful and I said to her: 'Believe me, my dear, it's one of the nicest things you can do together if, for whatever reason, you prefer not to fuck.'

'I wouldn't mind trying it out,' she rejoined thoughtfully. 'But look at poor Giles's cock. It's gone all shrivelled up and soft.'

'Of course it has,' I replied as I wriggled forward to sit next to her. 'All cocks do after being milked, but I know how we can make it stand up again and at the same time show Giles how to lick out your cunney.'

And without further ado, I pulled the naked girl onto my lap and we pressed our lips together, wiggling our tongues in each other's mouths until I moved mine down to her firm young breasts, twirling my tongue round each engorged nipple in turn. Her skin was beautifully soft but I lingered only briefly around the whorl of her navel before sliding down to her moist pussy. I moved in to nuzzle my lips onto her sweet slit which was already deliciously moist and sucked on her hard little clitty, flicking my tongue in and out of her lovely quim, slurping the tasty love juice from her heated cunt which was filling the air with the pungent scent of sensual arousal.

The pretty girl was now writhing in ecstasy as I pushed my

lips hard up against her, moving my entire head back and forth in a slow, sensual rhythm. It was clear that I was playing the right notes upon Poppy's delicate instrument for she was now drenching my mouth with torrents of cum and I raised my head slightly to see that Giles Horabin was fast recovering from his previous spend.

He was holding his cock in his hand, capping and uncapping the knob of his thickening tool. By now I too was fully aroused and my knickers were becoming rather uncomfortably damp from the cunney juice that was leaking out of my pussey.

Indeed, Horabin was rubbing his swollen shaft so furiously that I was concerned that he would shoot off before Poppy could suck his prick! So I moved my mouth from her sticky honeypot and murmured: 'Poppy, now's the time for your first lesson. Just kiss his cock and nature will take its course.'

The grave girl smiled at me and, wetting her lips as she had seen me do a few minutes before, she swooped down on Horabin's enormous stiffstander and licked the underside of his blue-veined truncheon before cramming at least four inches of his thick prick into her mouth. Without doubt, Poppy was a natural cocksucker and very soon the footman groaned loudly as he shot his load. Now, most novices find it difficult to swallow the gush of seed while it is still jetting into the mouth, but Poppy found no difficulty and clearly enjoyed the taste of spunk for she licked Giles's cock clean until Horabin withdrew his shrunken shaft from her mouth.

It was time for me to leave and the happy couple thanked me again for my instruction. 'Not at all,' I smiled as I scrambled to my feet. 'I'm only too glad to have been of help.'

And on this slightly unsatisfactory note – for I have always preferred to play rather than watch – I walked back to the house where I went upstairs to my room and took off my wet knickers. But my pussey was still tingling and I decided to seek my own 'relief' with Jeffrey Green who I guessed had

gone back to his own room after his fun and games with Annabel.

So I took off my shoes and stockings and padded across the landing to the Blue Room and slowly opened the door. Sure enough, Jeffrey was lying in bed fast asleep and he did not wake up when the door creaked as I closed it and turned the key in the lock. However, when I sat down on the bed and twiddled his nose between my fingers he gave a startled little snort and his eyes opened wide.

‘Shoosh, it’s only me,’ I said softly as I put a finger across his lips. ‘Wake up, Jeffrey, I need your services.’

‘My services?’ said the solicitor groggily as he glanced at his bedside clock. ‘Katie, you can’t need any legal advice at quarter-past seven in the morning.’

‘Who said anything about legal advice?’ I giggled. I started to unbutton his pyjama jacket while I recounted the story of my little adventure with Poppy and Horabin in the motor house. I concluded by remarking how strange it was that the couple were completely ignorant of the pleasures of licking and lapping.

Jeffrey sat up and said: ‘Mmm, that’s an interesting little story but I can’t say it surprises me very much. Society still frowns upon the enjoyment of lovemaking even though as far as those at the top of the tree are concerned, it’s more a case of don’t do as I do, do as I say.’

‘What do you mean?’ I asked. He shrugged: ‘Many members of the upper classes think nothing of committing adultery or even swapping partners at country house weekends. Just as well, perhaps, because I make a very good living sorting out their tangled affairs. Honestly, Katie, I dare not keep a diary in case it should ever fall into the wrong hands!’

‘But this doesn’t stop my noble clients lecturing the lower orders about morality and heaven help a poor parlourmaid who gets in the family way – she’ll be thrown out of her job without a reference. Add this to the fact that young people are

deliberately kept in ignorance about their bodies and fed foolish stories such as how masturbation will make you blind and it's little wonder that Poppy and her young man know little about the more *recherché* joys of the bedroom.'

He gave a husky chuckle and concluded: 'Not that all that many men are skilled in the art of sucking pussey, as no doubt you have discovered for yourself.'

I returned his grin and countered: 'Yes, Jeffrey, and from the smile on your face I'm equally sure that you have found that out as well!'

'You're quite right, Katie,' he admitted with a smile. 'I would have spent a quiet evening alone at the Reefknot Club last Tuesday week had a certain Tory MP preferred to spend more time with his wife as opposed to leaving her in town whilst he went to shooting parties in the country with his chum, the Marquess of Ripon. [*A fanatically keen shot who often took late-night practice with his loaders in his host's library – Editor*].

'True, I'm no sportsman but with such an exquisitely pretty wife as Miranda I find it difficult to understand how any man could prefer hunting, shooting or fishing to her company. Still, it takes all sorts and I certainly benefited from his absence.

'Fortunately I had met Miranda before at Lady Randall's Spring Ball and so there was no need for any introductions. I recalled that she was interested in art so I asked her whether she had seen the current exhibition of pre-Raphaelites at the Tate Gallery. Miranda is an exquisitely beautiful woman – almost as pretty as you, Katie – and I could hardly take my eyes off her as she talked animatedly about her love of Dyce, Millais and Rossetti.

'At about eleven o'clock I looked at my watch and remarked with genuine regret that I had better be on my way. Miranda hesitated for a second and then said quietly: "Jeffrey, must you go so soon? I am staying at the club tonight. Would you like to come up to my suite for a nightcap?"

‘Naturally I accepted the invitation and I insisted on ordering a bottle of champagne to be sent up to Miranda’s rooms. Well, I won’t bore you with the details but I sat down beside her on a small sofa and soon after we had drunk each other’s health we began to kiss and cuddle.

‘I gently unbuttoned the top of her dress to free her small but well-rounded breasts that swelled enticingly when I let my fingers flick across them, feeling the hard nipples against my palm.

‘Then we began to undress and as each piece of clothing came off the caressing and kissing became even more abandoned. Soon we were both naked, entwined in each other’s arms. Miranda’s skin was unusually soft and smooth and her breasts may have been on the small side but they were deliciously uptilted with large pink areolae upon which sat two of the perkier nipples one could wish to fondle.

‘Whilst I admired her lovely body she pleased me with her own special feminine caresses. Miranda’s delicate fingers created the most delicious sensations as they moved from my face to my chest and then down to my stiff cock which she grasped firmly in her hand. She glanced up at me and then slid her lips over my prick and washed my knob with her tongue.

‘I knew I would spend too quickly if she continued to suck my cock. So I scooped her up in my arms and gently laid her down on the bed where she transferred her mouth to mine whilst I ran my hand across her silky brown bush. We kissed deeply and Miranda began to whimper with passion when I spread her puffy love lips apart and inserted first one and then two fingers inside her moist honeypot.

‘She shivered with delight as I moved my lips down to her titties and on down to her pussy where the tip of my tongue pushed through the dampening patch of soft hair and found her clitty.

‘“Aaaah! Aaaah! Oh, Jeffrey, that’s so lovely!” she cried

out fervently. "I've begged my husband to lick me out but he refuses even to touch my pussey. More, please, more!"

'It was my very real pleasure to oblige and she reached a magnificent climax when I nipped her clitty with my teeth. Miranda thrashed and groaned as the orgasm swept through her body. Then, after she had regained a little composure, she made me lie on my back and straddled me, sliding down slowly on my throbbing tool with a blissful smile of satisfaction on her pretty face. I reached up to squeeze her stalky nipples as my shaft slid all the way up inside her clingy wet cunt.

'Gad! I was almost delirious with joy when she began to ride me with long steady movements of her supple thighs and I started to move my hips with her while I played with her luscious titties. Gritting my teeth, I held on for as long as I could but the seed was soon boiling up in my balls and I simply could not hold back until Miranda could cum again. My cock began to quiver and I shot a fierce fountain of jism into her love funnel.

'However, after a short rest we climbed into the bed for a second torrid session of fucking. As she fisted her hand up and down my rock-hard shaft, Miranda whispered: "Oh Jeffrey, I can't tell you how excited I feel. You see, after only one quick fuck my husband turns his back on me and goes straight to sleep."

' "Well, rest assured that I don't intend to do that," I declared and this time I climbed on top and placed my knob between her puffy pussey lips. She giggled as I teased her by pushing forward only an inch or so at first but then I slid my cock fully inside until our pubic hairs were tangled together.

'Faster and faster I plunged in and out of her gloriously tight wet cunney and she squealed with delight as I pumped away. Like yourself, Katie, the gorgeous girl enjoyed that marvellous ability to contract her cunney muscles so that her quim was like a soft hand frigging my shaft at every stroke as

I thrust to and fro. She lifted her hips to meet me as I moulded her breasts in my hands.

‘When she was ready to spend she gently squeezed my balls and this time we came together, crying out in ecstasy as waves of erotic passion coursed through our bodies.’

Jeffrey stopped for a moment and then grinned: ‘And the point of my story is that this all happened because Miranda’s foolish husband never tried to please his wife by kissing her cunt!’

‘There’s a moral in that tale somewhere,’ I said thoughtfully as I started to slip off my clothes. ‘Only I’m not too sure what or where it is!’

Jeffrey’s eyes gleamed when my skirt dropped to the floor and he saw that I had dispensed with any underwear. When I slid into the bed beside him he ran his hand over my breasts and pinched my nipples as he murmured: ‘Miranda might have lovely bosoms but they are not as beautiful as yours, Katie.’

‘Oh pooh! I’ll wager that you say that to every girl,’ I rejoined with a smile. But Jeffrey shook his head and began sucking my large titties which made me tingle all over with erotic excitement.

I moved my hand down his body and was not surprised to discover that he was not wearing any pyjama bottoms. After listening to Jeffrey’s story about pleasuring Miranda’s pussy, I should have pulled his head between my legs and made him lick my cunt but I was in the mood to be fucked, so I grasped hold of his naked cock which was sticking up flat against his belly and ran my hand up and down the pulsing shaft.

I moved my lips further down his body leaving a wake of feathery kisses and when I reached his weighty stiff shaft I slurped my tongue over his knob to lap up the bubble of pre-cum that had already formed there. Then I opened my mouth and engulfed his pulsing prick, feeling the fleshy pole nudge against the back of my throat as I began sucking it, sliding my

lips up and down his hot, thick cock as I toyed with his balls.

'Careful, Katie, I'm on the brink of a spend,' he gurgled. As I wanted Jeffrey's cock inside my cunt I immediately pulled my mouth away and laid back on the pillow, spreading my legs wide as I stroked my fingertips through my fluffy blonde bush.

He moved on top of me and as he slid his shaft between my yielding pussey lips, he panted: 'Darling Katie this is sheer ecstasy. You have the most divine cunney, so delightfully moist and tight.'

Slowly at first Jeffrey began to fuck me. My toes curled as our pubic hairs matted together and I heaved my bottom up off the bed with every thrust of his stiff shaft. I raised my thighs and hooked my legs across his back as he slewed his shaft in and out of my sopping slit.

'Haaagh!' I gasped when he pushed the tip of his little finger into my bottom crack. 'Oh yes, Jeffrey! Push in and empty your balls, you rogue!'

I did not have long to wait for his spermy emission and I soon felt spout after spout of Jeffrey's creamy seed. My climax exploded around his twitching tool. We were consumed with the joy of the moment but I muffled my rapturous groans by pressing my lips against Jeffrey's neck, for I was conscious of the fact that the servants were now busying themselves around the house.

Nevertheless, there was still time for Jeffrey to slide down the bed until his head was between my legs. He began to lick me out, lapping up the aromatic mix of our love juices, and this enabled me to scale the heights of ecstasy one more time.

Ah, what sweet recollections I have of lying with Sir Jeffrey Green on those crushed and rumpled sheets, caressed by the rays of morning sunshine that were streaming through the window. But *tempus fugit* and all too soon he sighed 'My dear Katie, I would love to spend the morning in bed with you, but duty calls. Remember, I am in Oxford to find out more about

Roger Garston, that cheeky young puppy who would appear to be extracting money under false pretences from Viscount Northwick's daughter, Georgina.'

'Oh yes, of course,' I said for I had not forgotten reading the letter that had slipped out of Jeffrey's pocket the previous morning from Georgina to her lover. The young man had asked her to lend him a substantial amount of cash because his father had forgotten to transfer funds from the family account before leaving the country on a long voyage to South America.

'I have this address in Eynsham and I plan to visit Mr Garston this morning,' said Jeffrey grimly as he threw back the sheets and hauled himself out of bed.

'Could Annabel and I come with you? I know she would find your quest very exciting and I promise that we wouldn't get in the way.'

'Hm, I'm not so sure about that,' said Jeffrey doubtfully. But then, seeing the look of disappointment on my face, he relented and chuckled: 'Oh, very well then, I dare say it might be useful to have witnesses to my conversation with the young whippersnapper.'

June 19th, 1907 [continued]

As I had forecast, Annabel was delighted to accompany us to Eynsham. But just as we finished breakfast I received a telephone call from Antony Hammond whose house was only a mile or so away.

'Are you free this afternoon, Katie? Do come over here for tea. My people are away for the next three days and we'll have the house to ourselves,' he said eagerly.

Antony was probably disappointed when I told him that I was not alone. But, being a polite young man, he went on: 'Well, bring along anyone else you like, the more the merrier! Anyhow, I'm expecting my chum Piers Brettenham and his girl friend Louisa to come round too so we might as well make

up a party. Do you remember Piers? I introduced him to you at Patricia Fletcher's coming-out ball last summer.'

'Oh yes, of course I do. It will be very nice to see him again,' I replied. Luckily Antony could not see me for my cheeks coloured a bright shade of red: although Antony had escorted me to Patricia Fletcher's ball, I had been very attracted by his handsome friend and Piers and I had engaged in a spot of hanky-panky behind the greenhouses at the far end of Lord Randolph Fletcher's garden.

Be that as it may, Jeffrey and Annabel were pleased to accept Antony's invitation, especially when I told them that a tributary of the River Windrush passed through the Hammonds' estate and, if the weather stayed fine, we could go for a dip.

'You can borrow one of my bathing costumes, Annabel, but Jeffrey will have to swim in the nude!' I laughed but Jeffrey glanced anxiously towards the door where my mother stood, aghast at hearing my flippant remark.

Hastily I explained that I was only joking but Mama looked at me severely and said: 'Sir Jeffrey can borrow one of your father's costumes, Katie, so that will solve the problem. Assuming that he wishes to accompany you, of course.'

She turned to him and went on: 'I have some correspondence and some other matters to attend to this morning but after luncheon I would be delighted to take you to Oxford and show you round one or two of the colleges.'

Jeffrey's face paled and he quickly made his excuses. 'Thank you, Lady Redbourne, but I don't know how long it will take me to complete the work that brought me to Oxford, so perhaps I could take up your kind invitation at another time.'

This mollified my mother and half an hour later the three of us piled into the York Landaulette. As Ridout pulled out of the front gates of Tottenham Lodge, I must say I felt quite excited, feeling a little like Dr Watson to Jeffrey's Sherlock Holmes.

When we arrived at Roger Garston's address, we discovered that his home was a charming cottage residence in a quiet and secluded road on the outskirts of Eynsham. Ridout parked the car some fifty yards from the entrance and I turned to Jeffrey and said: 'Well, are you going straight in to confront him with Georgina's letter or would you prefer to adopt a more subtle approach?'

'A more subtle approach,' he repeated with a frown. 'Now precisely what do you have in mind, Katie?'

I thought for a moment and then answered: 'Well, Annabel and I could knock on the door and say to Mr Garston that we were friends of Georgina from Dame Shackleton's Finishing School who suggested that we should make ourselves known to him if we found ourselves in the vicinity of Eynsham. If we gain his confidence, we might learn some interesting facts about him.'

'Fancy some cloak and dagger stuff, eh?' he grinned broadly. 'H'm, I suppose it could be useful although Annabel was never a student there and—'

But I interrupted him by tugging on his sleeve as I blurted out: 'Hush, Jeffrey! Look down the road, there at the corner. Do you see that girl coming this way? It's none other than Georgina Northwick herself!'

Jeffrey peered through the window and hissed: 'Good heavens, so it is! Hell and damnation! Georgina has known me since she was a small girl and she'll know exactly why I'm here.'

'Even more reason to put my plan into operation,' I said forcefully. 'Though now I can't say that Georgina and I were old chums. Wait a minute, though! I have it. She's just gone into the house so Annabel and I ask to see her, saying that we recognized her walking down the road while we were canvassing for the suffragettes! Leave it to us, Jeffrey, we'll get our feet under the table.'

‘Hm, I suppose it’s worth a try,’ he agreed. ‘Very well then, if I see you go inside the house, Ridout can drive me into town for a newspaper and then we’ll come back here and wait in the car for you.’

‘Golly! Isn’t this fun!’ enthused Annabel excitedly as she opened the door of the car and stepped out onto the pavement. ‘You had better do the talking, though, Katie. After all, I’ve never even met this girl before.’

Well, Diary, my little subterfuge worked perfectly! Fortunately Georgina did remember me from our brief meetings at Dame Shackleton’s and being a sympathizer to the cause, she was eager to hear of my progress I had made in making local people aware of the injustice of denying the vote to women.

‘They are a very conservative lot and frightened of any change,’ she commented. ‘For instance, I’m staying with my uncle and aunt – Uncle Hubert is the local MP, by the way – and you should hear the nonsense he spouts about “the wild women”.

‘As I am a guest in his house, it would be rude of me to contradict him but I found it hard to bite my tongue last night when my uncle said to me: “What these foolish creatures forget is that the normal relation between husband and wife must be one of control and decision on the husband’s side and deference and submission on the wife’s. As the old saying has it, where two ride on a horse, one must needs ride behind.” ’

‘What absolute tommy-rot,’ commented Roger Garston warmly. ‘Doesn’t your Uncle Hubert realize that wives are not mere chattels who belong to their husbands?’

I looked across at Roger Garston whose tall, athletic frame was crowned by a handsome face crowned with a mop of dark, curly hair. It was easy to see why Georgina had fallen for him and I was delighted when he continued: ‘Forgive me, but I feel very strongly about the need for female emancipation. The world has changed so rapidly over the last twenty years

that the rift between the sexes will become wider if women continue to be held back and are never allowed to take a step in advance. The choice is not between going on and standing still, it is between advancing and retreating.'

He stood up and said: 'Lady Katie, it has been a real pleasure to meet you and your charming friend but you must excuse me as I have an important appointment to keep with the manager of the National Bank in town. My parents went to Argentina last month to visit our relatives who live in Buenos Aires and quite forgot to transfer funds to my account before they left England – if Georgina hadn't lent me some cash to tide me over I might have had to sing in the streets to earn an honest penny!

'However, as soon as my father received my cable he immediately sent instructions to the bank to put a thousand pounds at my disposal and I'm off now to collect a cheque to pay her back.'

'You silly boy, there's no rush to pay me back,' laughed Georgina. She turned to me and said: 'I had a huge argument with Roger because the silly boy actually wanted to pay me interest on the loan.'

'Georgie, call me foolish if you must but I heartily disliked having to borrow even a farthing from you,' he protested. 'As the Bard of Avon put it: *Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend.*'

Well, his words put my mind to rest for it was clear that Roger Garston was *not* wheedling his way into Georgina's affections purely for financial gain. As I later commented to Jeffrey Green, this little incident showed how wrong it is to jump to conclusions without any solid proof to back up one's suppositions.

Anyhow, before Annabel and I left Roger and Georgina, I took the opportunity of inviting them to join us for a swim at Antony Hammond's place that afternoon. To my great satisfac-

tion they agreed to come along and as things turned out, we all enjoyed a splendid afternoon, details of which I am slightly hesitant in recording in your pages, Diary, because things did get rather out of hand . . .

June 19th, 1907 [concluded]

Jeffrey Green was extremely happy to hear that his worries about Roger Garston were unfounded and so we were all in light-hearted mood when we clambered into the motor car again after luncheon for Ridout to drive us to the Hammond residence just a few miles away near Stanton Harcourt.

This was a newly-built house set in four acres of well-matured gardens in which Antony's father, General Thomas de Vere Hammond, late of the Indian Army, had constructed a swimming pool that was kept clean by an ingenious drainage system the General had developed in conjunction with the water company.

Antony greeted us warmly and was delighted to see that I had brought with me the lovely Annabel Whetstone, with whom he had already enjoyed a sensual afternoon on the river, although he was slightly overawed meeting Sir Jeffrey Green for Antony was aware of the reputation of the famous solicitor.

However, I had not realized that his friend Piers Brettenham had just qualified as a barrister so when he introduced Piers to Jeffrey, the two gentlemen immediately had matters of common interest to discuss. Roger Garston and Georgina Northwick arrived soon afterwards and then, as we sat drinking the fashionable new cocktail of white wine and soda water, a pretty girl with a cheeky little face set under a mop of bright gold-dusted curls came into the room.

'Ah, let me introduce you to everybody, Vicky' said Antony, rising to his feet. 'This is my cousin Victoria Gerrard from Gloucester.'

Vicky was a lively girl, not at all shy, and I was sure that I saw Jeffrey's cock wiggling in his lap when she sat down beside

him and began chatting about last month's murder of William Whiteley, the owner of the famous emporium in Bayswater who had been shot in his store by a young man who had then shot himself and died shortly afterwards. 'Was there any truth in his claim to be Whiteley's illegitimate son?' asked Vicky, who readily confessed to an appetite for the sensational stories that appeared in the popular penny newspapers.

'I know little more than what has appeared in the press,' replied Jeffrey. 'As you have read, the fellow left a note in his pocket that Mr Whiteley was his father but I rather fancy he was suffering from a severe mental illness which caused this fateful delusion.'

'How dreadful! So poor Mr Whiteley died at the hands of a lunatic,' said Vicky disappointedly. 'Are you quite sure there was no attempt to suppress the true facts of the matter such as occurred last year in the Beechvale divorce case?'

[A famous Edwardian scandal involving the admitted adultery of Lord Adele Scullion (who claimed that her husband beat her after she refused his demand for anal intercourse) with one Noel Amos, her page boy, who in one of the first examples of modern chequebook journalism promptly sold his story to the Daily Chronicle after the conclusion of the divorce proceedings – Editor]

'It's possible,' Jeffrey nodded and then added with a slight smile of reproof, 'Although in my opinion it should be possible for people to end their marriages far more easily and I feel sorry for people whose intimate lives are held up to public view in the divorce courts. I think that consenting adults should be free to act as they please so long as they don't make love in the street and frighten the horses!'

I looked out of the window and, glancing up at the bright sun, I said: 'It looks lovely and warm outside. Would anyone like to join me for a swim?'

Well, Annabel, Georgina and Vicky were all keen to join

me but Antony had mentioned that his father had taken delivery of a new full-size billiards table from the General Trading Company so it was agreed that we girls would go down to the pool and the men would join us later after a game of snooker.

I shared one of the two bathing huts with Georgina and when she disrobed I was most impressed by her firm high-tilted breasts and beautiful figure. I had a momentary view of her luscious pussey that was fledged with only a light thatch of auburn curls. Georgina must have noticed the look of appreciation on my face for when I turned away and bent down to pick up my swimming costume which had fallen to the floor, I felt the girl's hands smooth their way over my backside and she whispered in my ear: 'Do you remember what that meant back at Dame Shackleton's Finishing School?'

I straightened up and replied softly: 'Of course I do, Georgina.'

'Oh good,' she went on with a giggle and proceeded to the next stage of rubbing her pussey against my bum cheeks. I turned round and for a few quiet moments we stood grinning at each other like a pair of Cheshire cats. I found myself gazing into her pretty face while she studied me with a look of pure lust in her eyes.

Then the silence was broken when she said boldly: 'Katie, we are thinking on similar lines, aren't we?'

'Quite probably,' I agreed and she went on: 'Don't let's bother with these silly bathing costumes. It's far nice to splash around in the nude. We've plenty of time to ourselves, I doubt if the boys will come down from the games room for at least an hour.'

'Yes, all right,' I said gaily. 'It will serve them right for preferring a game of snooker to staying with us when we tell them what a sight they have missed!'

Nevertheless, I looked around carefully when I opened the door but neither Annabel nor Vicky had emerged from their

hut. Anyhow, I stepped gingerly into the pool and Georgina followed me in. The water was nicely warm and we frolicked around for a while until I swam to the side of the pool and stood up for a rest. Then Georgina came up to me and began rubbing my pussey with the palm of her hand.

‘Let me give you one of my special massages,’ she cooed in my ear. ‘It will be nice for me to pleasure a lovely girl like you instead of randy Roger. I do like him very much but I still take pleasure from the kind of lovemaking we enjoyed at Dame Shackleton’s.’

Her fingertips ran through my pussey hair and though the sensation was frankly delicious, I still made a nominal protest. ‘You shouldn’t really do that,’ I whispered when Georgina started to caress my breasts and tweaked my nipples with one hand as she started to rub my pussey in earnest. But I was so fired up that the last traces of resistance vanished when Georgina murmured how she wanted to stick her tongue inside my honeypot and suck my clitty. I kissed her cheek and said: ‘That’s all very well but you can’t lick my pussey in the water.’

So we hauled ourselves out of the pool and ran back to the bathing hut where, after drying ourselves on the big bath towels that Antony’s servants had left on the bench, I stood with my back against the wall. Georgina pressed herself against me as, running her tongue over the lips in anticipation, she giggled: ‘My, what a contrast there is between our pussies, Katie. You have an exquisitely dainty crack fringed with golden hair whilst mine has two big puffy lips covered in soft silky curls.’

Our mouths meshed together as we kissed deeply, rubbing our titties and cunnies together in complete, uninhibited abandon. The sensation of her gleaming nude body pressing against me heightened my desire still further and when my erect stalky nipples brushed against Georgina’s own nut-brown titties, tingling spasms of delight ran through my entire body.

‘Ooooh, that’s heavenly’ I gasped when the naughty girl

dropped to her knees and moved her tousled head between my thighs. She licked and lapped along my crack whilst she tenderly parted the yielding love lips and slid her finger deep inside my soaking slit.

I squirmed with ecstatic joy when she kissed my quim and playfully nibbled on my swollen clitty until I thought I would explode. However, just as I neared a cum, she pulled her face away and spread one of the large fluffy towels upon the floor. Sensing the direction of her thoughts, I laid myself down on the towel and with the swiftness and grace of a gazelle Georgina twisted herself round and lowered her pussey onto my face as she bent forward and kissed my cunt. I thrust my tongue into her rosy chink and we licked each other out in perfect unison until we reached gigantic peaks of orgasmic lust and spent profusely in each other's mouths.

Now I did not fail to heed the prime directive I had given early that morning to Poppy and Giles Horabin about the need to lock the door before commencing any rumpy-pumpy! For the fact of the matter was that there were no locks on the doors of the bathing huts! So it was to my horror that I heard a delicate cough and looked up to see Annabel and Vicky, dressed in their bathing costumes, in the doorway looking down in an amused fashion at us.

It was all too shaming although I took some consolation from the fact that at least it wasn't the boys who had discovered the pair of us licking out each others' pusseys. Annabel was clearly excited by seeing Georgina and I in a tribadic *soixante-neuf* and she muttered something to Vicky whose eyes shone as she nodded and sat down next to us on the towel.

'Would you move up, please?' requested Annabel as she also now wiggled herself down to the floor. In a trice she and Vicky were kissing and cuddling in the most voluptuous manner. Annabel slid off Vicky's shoulder straps as their mouths glued together and expertly undid the buttons to bare

the girl's pert breasts. Vicky returned the compliment and then, with her head in my lap, she lay back as Annabel settled herself between her legs and kissed her jiggling bosoms, licking all round them in circles before jamming her lips over the proud stiff nipples.

Then, slipping her hands underneath Vicky's bottom, Annabel nuzzled her head between her thighs and Georgina and I watched entranced as we saw and heard Annabel's tongue slurp in and out of Vicky's juicy little cunt whilst her lithe body jerked up and down with sensual excitement.

Georgina and I were thoroughly enjoying this exhibition: we had our hands over our pussies and were finger-fucking ourselves as Annabel continued to lick Vicky's cunney. Then Georgina moved across to rummage in the cloth bag in which she had brought her costume whilst I scrambled across behind Annabel and caressed her dimpled bum cheeks before spreading them to give access to her tiny starfish-shaped arsehole. Annabel gurgled with delight when I inserted the tip of my little finger inside her rear dimple.

Vicky's and Annabel's bodies shook as they spent simultaneously and I thought this would be the end of our games. But to my astonishment, I looked up to see Georgina standing at my side wearing a black leather belt around her waist which had attached to it at the front a polished pink wooden handle sculpted exactly like a giant erect prick underneath which lay a well-fashioned ballsack.

She put her hands on my shoulders and asked: 'Have you ever been fucked by one of these new French dildoes, Katie? I promise you'll enjoy it just as much as a real cock.'

This was the first time I had actually seen one of these strap-on affairs, although I had read about such things in *The Oyster* and other rude magazines that the pupils used to smuggle into Dame Shackleton's Finishing School. Whilst I was curious to know if it could provide anything like the satisfaction afforded

by a sturdy stiffstander, yet at the same time I was slightly hesitant about the idea of being poked by another girl in this fashion.

Georgina sensed my apprehension, assured me that I had nothing to fear and continued: 'This particular dildo was fashioned from a plaster cast of the thick prick of one of the most renowned ladies' men in Europe, Count Johann Gewirtz of Galicia. I understand that the Queen of Italy and Princess Marussia of Uzbekestan both possess Count Gewirtz's cock carved in ivory by the Zweig manufactory in Paris.'

'Very well then, I'll give it a try,' I said as Annabel and Vicky moved aside while Georgina climbed on top of me. I spread my legs to enable her to insert the tip of the artificial tool between my pussey lips. She slid in a further inch or so and the feeling was certainly far from unpleasant!

I wrapped my thighs around Georgina's waist and locked my ankles together as she moved to and fro, making the dildo slide in and out of my juicy quim. I gurgled with pleasure, urging her on, and it took only a short time to find the right rhythm to please me. Every time she pistoned the wooden cock inside me, it rubbed against my clitty and at the end of each thrust my cunney disgorged fresh floods of love juice as I shuddered my way to a delicious climax.

When I had recovered my senses, we formed a daisy chain with Georgina parting Vicky's plump pussey lips with her dildo while Annabel slipped her hand underneath Georgina's chubby bum cheeks from behind to play with her pussey as I lay face downward across Annabel who tongued the wet grooves of my cunt quite exquisitely and set me off again on yet another delightful cum.

My own hands were free to fondle Vicky's firm uptilted breasts. I rubbed her tawny nipples up to new peaks of hardness against my palms while the pretty girl swirled around in sheer ecstasy from the stimulation of my fingers tweaking her

elongated nipples and Georgina sliding her imitation cock in and out of her sopping sheath.

Then Georgina asked me if I would like to strap on the dildo and fuck her with it. However, I demurred, saying that the boys would be coming along shortly and there would be four genuine cocks to choose from if she wanted to be poked. But not wishing to sound ungrateful, I added: 'Still, I very much enjoyed being pleased by your dildo, though to be frank I feel as if I have just eaten a particularly tasty *hors d'oeuvres* which has sharpened my appetite for the main dish.'

Georgina nodded her head and sighed: 'Yes, I agree that a good-sized cock on a boy who knows how to use it takes a lot of beating, and I love being fucked by Roger. But I do so delight in having my cunney licked out and Roger simply can't bring me off as you did just now, Katie. The truth is that he doesn't possess the pussey-eating skills of the girls at Dame Shackleton's. Perhaps it would help if you could show him how he should lick and lap from my bum to my clit and then flick his tongue over the grooves of my cunney.'

From my own experience I knew how many Englishmen lacked even the will to pleasure their partners in this way [though curiously enough I have found the opposite to be the case in Wales and Scotland] and I asked Georgina whether she had encouraged Roger to tongue her cunney by sucking his prick.

'Oh yes, I thoroughly enjoy bringing him off in my mouth,' she replied, an answer that caused Vicky to wrinkle her nose in distaste as she enquired whether Georgina actually swallowed Roger's cum.

'Of course I do!' she replied spiritedly. 'The very sensation of the jets of seed spurting down my throat often brings on an instant spend. Doesn't it do the same for you?'

Vicky shook her head. 'I quite like sucking a cock but I just can't bring myself to swallow his jism and it upsets my current boyfriend that I pull back when I feel he is about to cum and

finish him off by frigging his shaft with my fingers.'

'H'mm, I'm not surprised,' remarked Annabel with a smile. 'After I gobbled Jeffrey Green last night he said to me: "Oh, that was wonderful, my dear. You know, having one's cock sucked gives a man the most sensual pleasure imaginable. To lie back and receive complete, luxurious and detailed attention from the lips and tongue of a pretty girl like you is pure heaven." '

'And swallowing spunk cannot harm you,' observed Georgina. 'In fact, only a tiny percentage of the mix is sperm and the rest is a highly nutritious mix of minerals like zinc and potassium.'

I felt it necessary to redress the balance and interjected: 'On the other hand your boyfriend has no right to be angry simply because you don't want to swallow his jism. True, one should always respect and if possible accommodate the desires of a lover but this must be a two-way process. Does he pleasure your pussey in the way you most enjoy? Too many men still think of girls as mere receptacles in the bedroom and, outside it, as inferior beings fit only to wait upon them hand and foot.

'So I say, hurrah for the suffragettes! They're leading the revolt against this second-class way of life that has been allotted to us by male-dominated Society.'

Vicky looked at me in wide-eyed amazement. 'Goodness, Katie, are you one of the "wild women" whom my Papa rants about when he reads the newspapers?'

'I'm no "wild woman",' I demurred as I mounted my favourite hobby-horse. 'But I do feel passionately that women must be allowed to free themselves from the tyranny of bearing and rearing vast families and running a home often in straitened circumstances. We must be allowed equal opportunities to progress and to take part in the running of government. As Mrs Pankhurst says, we must go forward not just for our own sake but for the sake of future generations.'

'My word, you're quite the politician,' said Vicky admiringly. 'You should speak to our MP at Banbury Summer Fair.'

'Knowing Katie, she will pin him to the wall and not let him go until he gives his word to support the suffragettes,' chuckled Annabel. 'And to make sure he does what he's told she'll promise to suck his prick afterwards!'

We burst out laughing and sat down to pore through a book of naughty French postcards which Georgina produced from her bag. The photographs were taken by Alain Gottlieb [*a famous Parisian portrait photographer and friend of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec – Editor*] and were of the distinctly rude variety. The depicted several couples presenting their cocks and cunnies to the camera. My favourite print showed a lovely naked girl seated on the lap of her handsome lover: between her thighs her hairy cunt was seen to be filled with his erect cock. Her arms were clasped around his neck and her pretty face was turned up, beaming with the satisfaction she was experiencing in her well-filled cunney.

We were so engaged in looking at these risqué photographs that, when I heard a timid tap on the door, none of the other girls made any comment when I automatically called out 'Come in' to our unknown visitor. It happened to be none other than Piers Brettenham who stood there slack jawed and wide-eyed when he realized that he was surrounded by four beautiful naked girls.

'Hello, Piers, you've come just at the right time! These photographs have made us feel terribly randy,' I said gaily. 'So where are the other three boys?'

'They are still playing billiards,' he stammered awkwardly as his eyes roved up and down our gleaming nude bodies. 'But I left the game as I wanted to take a dip.'

'Oh, you'll do that all right,' laughed Annabel and Piers was lost for words as the four of us began to argue about who should be the first to be fucked by the good-looking young barrister.

'I think we should toss for it,' said Georgina and this unwitting *double entendre* set off a fit of giggling. Then I snapped my fingers and said: 'I have the answer! Let's all guess how big Piers's cock is and the girl whose guess is nearest to the actual size is entitled to be shagged first.'

'What a splendid idea,' said Vicky brightly. 'And it so happens that I have a tape measure in my bag.'

She turned and bent down to pick up her bag and sight of her luscious bum cheeks and inviting arse crack caused Piers to tug at his crotch where a bulge had already begun to form.

'I don't suppose I have any say in the matter,' he said hoarsely. I squeezed his arm and said: 'Don't fret, Piers. This way you don't have to offend anyone by having to make a choice and if you have the stamina you can fuck all four of us!'

'Well, that would be nice but that reminds me of the little rhyme some wag made up about Susie Ransom [*a popular music hall star around the turn of the century who was famous for her 'naughty-but-nice' ditties* – Editor]:

'There was a young lady named Ransom
Who was rogered three times in a hansom.
When she cried out for more,
A voice from the floor
Cried out: "Susie, I'm Simpson, not Sampson!"

We laughed as Piers continued: 'Well now, ladies, I really should give you a clue as to the size of my cock but the truth is that I've never measured it. I'm not different to other fellows in that I wouldn't say no to an extra inch or two although I wouldn't like to be hung like a horse.'

'There's a chap in my chambers named Donald who plays cricket for the Chelsea Gentlemen and he is known to his team-mates as D. D. (Donkey Don). He swears that being extraordinarily well-endowed has never made him particularly

confident with women. Quite the reverse, in fact. He told me that when his last girlfriend unbuttoned his trousers and pulled out his prick she almost fainted when she saw how big it was.'

'The poor girl,' I commented as I began the game by stating that my estimate of the length of Piers's love truncheon was five and seven-eighths inches.

'Six and a half inches,' hazarded Vicky and Georgina screwed up her face in deep concentration before announcing that she would plump for seven inches.

'I'll go for seven and a quarter inches,' Annabel decided with a sigh. 'Although I have never won a decent prize in a tombola or in a raffle. It will be my luck that Piers's prick will turn out to be one of those short stubby cocks which can give great pleasure when jabbed in and out of one's pussey at speed.'

'You never know your luck,' said Vicky as she knelt down in front of Piers and swiftly unbuttoned his flies whilst he discarded his shirt and vest. She yanked down his trousers and with a flourish she whipped off his drawers: four pairs of feminine eyes swerved towards his crotch. It was not yet clear which of us might be the winner for his thickening tool was shortish but with a thickly-barrelled shaft.

Vicky reached out and slipped her fingers around Piers's twitching todger. Her warm touch was all he needed and his chopper stiffened perceptibly, his foreskin peeling back to reveal a huge mushroom-domed knob. When his cock was fully erect and stood proudly up against his flat muscular belly, Vicky placed one end of the tape measure against the base of his shaft and carefully calculated the length of the beefy boner which was throbbing against her fingers.

'So which of us gains the prize?' I demanded. Vicky pointed to Annabel as she answered: 'We were all too conservative; Piers's cock measures fractionally under seven and a half inches so I declare Miss Annabel Whetstone to be the winner.'

Annabel clapped her hands in glee and wasted no time in

claiming her reward. We made room for Piers to lie down on the towel with Georgina and Vicky on one side and me on the other, giving Annabel the room to enjoy her fuck in comfort.

She began by stroking Piers's thick prick and, after giving the smooth dome a thorough wash with her tongue, she took hold of his cock and straddled him, turning her bottom towards him as she slowly lowered herself onto his meaty chopper.

'Aaah, that's lovely,' she crooned when Piers snaked his hand around her waist to diddle her clitty whilst she began to bounce up and down and he jerked his hips upward in a frenetic rhythm. With increasing vigour, she lifted and lowered her dripping quim and each time more of Piers's prick was crammed inside her honeypot until they melted away in sheer ecstasy with Annabel spitted upon his rampant rod.

'Y-e-s-s-s!' screamed Annabel when she felt the heat of the initial sparks of her fast-approaching climax speed through her. She let out a deep moan of delight as Piers flooded her tingling love funnel with a torrent of sticky cum.

It was a quick fuck but extremely satisfying to both participants and Annabel was now happy to retire and let the rest of us see if we could restore Piers's now-flaccid cock to its former glorious rock-hard state.

Without further ado Georgina, Vicky and myself began with a mutual canoodling session, engaging in passionate three-way kisses, our tongues probing and sliding into each other's mouths until Vicky swooped down and started sucking Piers's sinewy shaft which rapidly regained its stiffness under the ministrations of her wicked wet lips.

Then Georgina climbed over the lucky lad and pulling open her pussey lips with her fingers, she began to rub her open cunney across his handsome face. He instantly grabbed hold of her bum cheeks and in a trice his tongue was darting in and out of the tiny ring of her anus.

Now this was all well and good but where was I supposed

to place myself? I looked at Vicky who was lying on her back with her head on Piers's thigh as she lustily sucked his cock. So I moved my hand up her thigh and let my fingers run through the soft auburn curls of her pussey hair and then allowed a fingertip to insert itself inside her juicy snatch. She shuddered all over when I began dipping my finger in and out of her love funnel in an unhurried rhythm as her body rocked backwards and forwards in time with my gentle probing.

Then I moved myself upwards and nuzzled my mouth around her pubic bush. I pulled her puffy pussey lips apart and sucked her erect little clitty into my mouth where the tip of my tongue began to explore it from all directions. I could feel it growing larger as she twitched up and down with excitement.

I continued to twirl my tongue round and round the sensitive love button and I could taste the pungent cuntal juice that was now flowing out of her honeypot. Vicky's cunney was delicious and pushing my lips hard up against her pussey, I moved my head back and forth and with each stroke she arched her body in ecstasy, pressing her fleshy clit up against my flickering tongue.

As Vicky achieved her spend, there came a muffled gasp from Piers whose cock was still jammed between her lips. He had been busy himself tonguing Georgina's arsehole and frigging her clitty with his fingers. I looked up and saw his hips jerk upwards as he shot his copious emission into Vicky's throat and I noted that despite her previous caveat about her dislike of swallowing cum, she gulped down Piers's seed with every appearance of enjoyment, sucking and slurping noisily as he pumped spurt after spurt of creamy jism into her mouth. She gobbled down every last drain of love juice out of his pulsating prick until it started to shrink down into flaccidity and his bell-end slipped back underneath his foreskin.

Meanwhile Georgina had climaxed over Piers's mouth but of course this did little to satisfy me. However, in all the

excitement I had not noticed that Roger Garston had now entered the room and was standing in the corner of the room where Annabel was on her knees lustily sucking his balls while she frigged his swollen shaft.

'Oh I say, let me join in,' I cried out and in seconds I was kneeling beside her. We took it in turns to stroke Roger's quivering cock and, as if planned by an erotic choreographer, our two faces bent forward in unison to lick his smooth ruby helmet. We each took one of his balls in hand, cradling the hairy sack as our questing lips met at the moist 'eye' and tongue touched tongue as Annabel and I jostled to taste Roger's salty pre-spend.

We rolled him onto his back and I sat astride his knees whilst Annabel perched herself on his chest facing me. I moved my lips back to his cock and slid my tongue up and down the sensitive underside while Annabel moved backwards until she could sit on Roger's mouth so that he could suck her moistening pussey. The three of us throbbed in a powerful rhythm until I shifted myself forward and lowered my lubricated cunney over his rock-hard rammer. I bounced merrily up and down on his meaty column while Annabel and I embraced and French kissed to the sound of Roger slurping valiantly away on Annabel's juicy crack.

'I'm going to spend,' I panted and from the pulsing of Roger's cock I could tell that he too was about to climax. So I reached down and gently squeezed his balls. Seconds later he emitted a low growl as, with a tidal rush, a fountain of warm seed burst out of his cock into my tingling cunt. His sturdy shaft remained stiff despite being milked by my cunney muscles and his fingers sought out my clitty to finish me off in the most delectable fashion whilst he continued to tongue Annabel's quim until she achieved a spend and we slumped exhausted but happy over his heaving body.

Whilst we were engaged in this delightful threesome fuck,

Antony Hammond and Jeffrey Green had filed into the hut and I heard Jeffrey mutter: 'My goodness, we should have come here ten minutes ago. I would willingly have forgone that fifty-six break for a rattling good fuck!'

'Don't worry, you're not too late,' called out Georgina brightly. 'Whichever of you gets undressed first can have me.'

In a trice the two gentlemen whipped off their clothes, so quickly in fact that it was impossible to tell who had won the race, and Vicky remarked: 'It looks like a dead heat to me, Georgie. Do you need any assistance or can you accommodate both these fat cocks at the same time?'

'Thank you for the offer, my sweet, I'll call on you if need be but I don't think I'll have any problems taking on these two splendid shafts,' Georgina replied as she grasped hold of the two throbbing tools and went on: 'Now, Antony, what would be nice would be to sit astride you and bounce up and down on your chopper and then Jeffrey can bum-fuck me at the same time.'

'Your wish is my command,' replied our host and he stretched himself down on the towel as Georgina straddled him, holding his twitching todger in her hands.

'Goodness me, Mr Hammond, you really are a big boy, I'm certainly going to enjoy this,' she said admiringly as she took hold of his rigid rod and guided the smooth uncapped helmet between her pussey lips, easing herself down until it was completely embedded inside her.

'Oh, Antony, what happiness!' moaned the lusty girl as she drove herself up and down on his fleshy blue-veined pole.

'Don't you mean, what a penis,' I laughed as Antony cupped Georgie's beautiful breasts in his hands, jiggling them in his palms as she bobbed up and down on his cock, her cunney muscles nipping the sides of his slipper shaft as she rocked to and fro in an ecstatic lascivious rhythm.

Then she stayed still with his cock ensconced inside her

juicy love funnel and offered herself to Jeffrey who was standing behind her by saucily sticking out her backside towards him.

Fortunately Annabel had brought a small tube of baby oil with her and she passed it to Jeffrey who thanked her as he carefully poured the liquid between Georgina's bum cheeks. Then he slipped the flat of his hand into the crack of her bottom and rubbed it around the puckered little entrance of her arsehole.

'Oooh, Jeffrey, that feels nice,' she breathed softly. 'Now pop in your prick, you randy old rogue!'

Nothing loath, Jeffrey angled Georgina's legs further apart to afford himself a better view of her wrinkled brown rosette before nudging his knob in between her rolling bum cheeks.

'H-a-r-g-h!' she cried out as Jeffrey pushed on, his hands gripping her hips, and while at first Georgina grimaced with discomfort, her sphincter muscle gradually relaxed as he plunged his shaft inside her tight sheath and for some moments stayed still so that Georgina was able to enjoy the experience of having two cocks inside her, separated only by the thin dividing membrane between her cunney and her back passage.

This lewd fucking excited the three participants so much that they spent very quickly – first Roger who sent a stream of spunk whooshing up Georgina's cunt as the lovely girl herself exploded into an intense cum and finally Jeffrey Green who flooded her back passage with a copious emission of jism as he continued to work his shaft back and forth until with a 'pop' he uncorked his cock from her well-lubricated bottom.

Piers Brettenham led a spontaneous round of applause and when he had recovered his senses, Antony opened the three bottles of champagne which he had brought from the house. We piled outside into the warm sunshine and sat down at the side of the pool with our legs dangling in the water.

'I've never had two cocks inside me at the same time,' said Annabel to Georgina. 'I'm sure it must be very exhilarating. But I must be an old-fashioned girl at heart because I have

fucked standing up, sitting down, doggie-style and what-have-you but my favourite is still the straightforward simply lying down in a soft warm bed with a springy mattress and letting the boy clamber on top of me and sliding his cock between my pussy lips into my juicy honeypot. Generally speaking, no other position gives me any greater pleasure.'

'I don't see anything strange in that,' chipped in our host. 'The so-called missionary position is my favourite position too.'

I wagged my finger at him and said: 'Maybe it is, Mr Hammond, though on the other hand you would fuck in any fashion with anyone in a skirt between the ages of fifteen and fifty.'

'Except a Scotsman in a kilt,' said Roger with a smile.

'Don't be too sure,' said Piers darkly and Antony himself joined in the laughter and chuckled: 'Now, now, folks, be fair. True, the driver of a motor bus in Oxford called me a bugger the other day when I swerved in front of him but he assured that the epithet was pejorative rather than descriptive.'

'That's certainly true, everyone,' smiled Annabel as she moved up to him and placed herself squarely on his lap. 'I was in the car at the time and the bus driver can hardly be faulted for snarling out a few choice words about your parentage after the way you suddenly forced him to brake!'

Antony had the good grace to acknowledge the fact that on the afternoon in question his concentration had strayed whilst driving up Broad Street. Then he changed the subject by asking: 'But can anyone tell me why the most popular mode of fucking is known as the missionary position?'

'Oh, that's an easy question to answer,' said Jeffrey. 'You see, the missionaries in the South Pacific were horrified to learn that those naughty brown-skinned people were actually enjoying sexual intercourse in many ways. So when they foisted their joyless religion upon the benighted heathen, in addition

to bundling the bare-breasted native girls into unnecessary clothing, they also taught that the man-on-top-woman-underneath position was the only permitted way to have sexual intercourse.

'Now as Annabel has just remarked, this position *is* one of the most pleasant for a good fuck. But variety is the spice of life and I am continually surprised at the ingenuity of some couples to find new ways to enjoy themselves in and out of bed.'

I nodded my agreement and said: 'Dickie Tucker, my regular boyfriend, loves to find new ways of fucking. He bought a copy of Professor Mulliken's *Advanced Copulatory Techniques* a few months ago and we've tried most of the positions illustrated in the book. The latest is for me to keep one leg on the bed after he has pistoned his prick inside my cunt and then lift the other in the air as high as I can. Having studied ballet, I can lift my leg well above his shoulder without any real discomfort.'

'And do you enjoy making love in this position, Katie?' asked Piers with interest.

'Very much so,' I replied. 'It enables Dickie to penetrate me even more deeply and this allows me to achieve a wonderful climax.'

'Don't you find that the right time of day is important to enjoy a good poke?' remarked Georgina whose proud breasts were now being fondled by Roger who himself sported a gigantic hard-on. 'I always enjoy making love but at night I'm tired and in the morning there never seems to be enough time. Indeed, I think the best time of all for fucking is in the afternoons, especially in summer and with such good company!'

'In that case, let's waste no more time talking,' grunted Roger as he laid the exquisite girl down upon the quilted canvas mattress and Georgina parted her thighs to give him a fair view of the red chink of her cunney between her puffy pussey

lips. He dexterously brought his knees up to the sides of her hips and then, after inserting his cock inside her crack, he sat back on his heels.

Georgina gasped as Roger moved his tool backwards and forwards inside her sticky sheath as he reached behind and took hold of her ankles. This kept her legs outstretched as he began to pump faster and faster and we could hear the squelchy sound of Roger's swollen shaft swishing to and fro, in and out of Georgina's juicy cunt. She shivered all over as a series of short electric cums crackled through her body but Roger managed to stave off his cum and turned the lithe girl over onto her tummy.

Clearly, Georgina also enjoyed being fucked doggie-style for she pushed out her firm little bum cheeks and reached out with her hand to guide his purple helmet into the crack of her arse and back inside her sopping slit. When he began to slide his shaft in and out of her gooey love funnel she kept her arm behind her and lowered her hand to fondle his balls.

I was now ready for a further joust and asked Piers if he would care to oblige me. 'With the greatest of pleasure,' he replied and I snuggled up to Georgina on the mattress and lay back with my legs parted as the handsome boy placed himself between my knees, plunging his head downwards to bury his face in my fluffy blonde bush and slide his tongue along the length of my pussey. He placed one hand under my bum and with the other spread my love lips with his thumb and forefinger.

Then he placed his lips over my clitty and sucked it into his mouth. Almost immediately he found the special tiny button under the fold at the base of my clit and started to twirl his tongue around it which caused waves of ecstasy to sweep through every fibre of my body.

Once these delicious sensations had died away I pulled Piers over me and he eased his mouth towards mine. I ran my tongue round his lips and tasted my own piquant cuntal juice as the

smooth dome of his knob nudged into my cunt.

‘Yes! Yes! Yes!’ I shrieked as I wriggled my hips to grant him access and – wham! – with one splendid thrust his cock was fully embedded inside me. Every nerve in my body was set alight by the sensations of Piers’s prick pistoning its way in and out of my sated cunney. I wound my legs around his lithe torso so that his balls slapped against my bottom on every forward lunge and gloried in one of the most intense orgasms I have ever experienced as the entire length and depth of my pussy throbbed and throbbed again as his fleshy shaft slid in and out of my cunt.

Then I began to shake with laughter for I turned my head and saw that Roger and Georgina were matching our every move!

‘We must put ourselves up for the British synchronized fucking team in next year’s Olympic Games,’ she panted but I was too caught up with an impending second shuddering orgasm to answer her.

Piers was pumping his prick into me in a slow pumping motion but when he began to heave and buck with increasing rapidity I took off once more on that wonderful journey to paradise.

‘Now, Piers, now! Cream my cunt, you lovely big-cocked boy!’ I yelled. A wordless growl came out of his mouth as with sharp, stabbing strokes he duly shot a stream of sticky spunk into my squishy slit as my own juices flowed freely from my excited cunt.

We finished the afternoon’s fucking with a grand bacchanal, with Antony fucking Georgina from behind doggie-fashion whilst she bent over a garden chair. How her luscious bum cheeks rotated as Antony slicked his thick prick in and out of her squishy crack and her jiggling bottom so aroused Jeffrey that he ran across to offer the wide ruby helmet of his circumcised cock to Georgina’s cherry lips and her pink tongue flicked out to wash the mushroom bell-end before she sucked it into her mouth.

Next to join in was Vicky who knelt on the floor underneath Antony and licked his balls as he continued to fuck Georgina. Then Piers took the opportunity to kneel alongside Vicky who grabbed hold of his chopper and began to frig his sturdy shaft, her hand sliding at speed up and down the length of his trembling todger while I straddled her with my pussey over her mouth and she licked and lapped at my tasty cunt as I fondled Piers's wrinkled pink ballsack.

This was followed by Annabel who dropped to her knees in front of Piers. As they exchanged a burning kiss, he cupped her full breasts in his hands, kneading the firm flesh and rubbing his palms against the stalky nut-brown nipples – and the chain was completed when Roger moistened Annabel's arsehole with Vaseline and worked his knob into the narrow sheath of her back passage.

Antony Hammond was the first to spend, shooting a stream of spunk into Georgina's saturated cunt while the lascivious lass gulped down an equally copious fountain of jism from Jeffrey Green. Shortly afterwards Roger Garston discharged his spermy load into Annabel's bottom and Vicky tossed off Piers Brettenham whose jet of creamy spunk spattered over her fingers. Alas, neither Vicky nor myself were able to reach the heights of a fully-blown cum but we were happy enough to take a minor role in the action and the eight of us settled down for a much-needed rest.

While we recovered our composure, we heard an interesting story from Piers who mentioned how much he was looking forward to his forthcoming aeronautic adventure with the noted aviator Professor Mayer Wantman of Massachusetts who was spending a short holiday in England with Lord and Lady Everleigh who happened to be good friends of Piers's parents.

He went on excitedly: 'Under Professor Wantman's supervision, Lord Everleigh has employed mechanics from Mr Morris's motor car factory at Cowley to construct an aeroplane

on his estate and the Professor has kindly agreed to take me up for a flight in the machine next week. He says that we should easily be able to reach a height of five hundred feet.'

[Alas, there is no further mention of this episode in later volumes of Katie's diaries which is most unfortunate – for if she had confirmed that Lord Everleigh's aeroplane did take to the air, it would have preceded the first officially recorded flight in Britain by Samuel Franklin Cody some nine months later in Spring, 1908 – Editor.]

'How thrilling it would be to fuck at five hundred feet,' said Georgina dreamily. 'I wonder whether the sensation would be enhanced by the rarefied atmosphere.'

'An interesting thought but the atmosphere at five hundred feet is no different to that down here,' smiled Piers. 'One would have to fly at a height of some thousands of feet to notice any difference and it will be some years before an aeroplane will be invented that is capable of flying as high as the clouds.'

'If ever,' observed Roger doubtfully. But Piers shook his head and said: 'Well, according to Professor Wantman, there is no limit to where the science of aeronautics will lead us. He is willing to wager a hundred dollars that we will have flown to the Moon by the end of the century.'

This brought a hoot of derision from the company and Jeffrey said: 'Oh come now, Piers, don't you think that the Professor is taking a flight of fancy with such a preposterous remark?'

'I quite agree,' said Georgina. 'As my Mama says, God would have given us wings if we were meant to fly.'

But Piers refused to join in the laughter and protested: 'I don't see why this should be beyond the bounds of possibility. Why, if we were sitting here one hundred years ago in 1807 and I had forecast inventions like the telephone or the cinematograph, you would all have ridiculed such a prophecy.'

'Now Lord Everleigh returned only a few months ago from Virginia where Mr Orville Wright collected a prize of thirty

thousand dollars from the United States government for constructing an aeroplane that is capable of flying at over forty miles an hour.'

'You can travel by train faster and in much more comfort,' I remarked. Piers nodded: 'True, Katie, but on his return home Lord Everleigh told me that he was convinced that in ten years' time we will think nothing of flying to Paris at speeds in excess of one hundred miles an hour.'

[Lord Everleigh's forecast was almost spot on – the first London-to-Paris passenger flights began twelve years later in 1919 and in the same year Alcock and Brown made their historic trip across the Atlantic at an average speed of 125 m.p.h. – Editor]

This made me wonder whether I had been too hasty in pooh-poohing Professor Wantman's prediction about flying to the Moon. Certainly, Piers's words led me to think that the aeroplane was more than a mere toy and it could well happen that one day flying from city to city or even from country to country will become an accepted part of life just like travelling by motor car, a form of transportation that many people never believed would supercede the horse and cart on our highways.

A slight breeze had blown up while Piers had been talking and we decided to take one final dip in the swimming pool before going back to the bathing huts to change back into our clothes. However, Antony had considerably brought four towelling dressing gowns with him from the house for his female guests and he said: 'I thought you ladies might like to refresh yourselves with a warm bath. Jeffrey, Piers and I will change here and I'll ask our housekeeper to bring your clothes up to the house.'

'Thank you, kind sir, that is most thoughtful of you,' I said to him. 'I would certainly like to wash off the sticky perspiration and the other equally sticky fluids that have recently run over my skin.'

So off we trotted and made our way upstairs to the guest bathroom on the third floor where Vicky turned on the taps. The Hammond family believed in large baths and ours was a big oval affair which two of us could get in together. Vicky and I were the first to splash around in the warm water but when I climbed out and sat on the side with a towel draped around my shoulders, Georgina could not resist sitting next to me and giving my wet fluffy muff a friendly rub with the palm of her hand.

Then Annabel joined her so that while Georgina now kissed all around my pouting pussey lips, she ran her mouth over my shoulder, leaving a moist trail on my skin as she cradled my breasts in her hands. I let out a little sigh and closed my eyes as I gave into the delicious sensations when Annabel's lips found my quivering elongated nipple, and she nibbled around the strawberry stalk, sending sparks of delight shivering through my entire body.

Now Georgina began to make love to my cunney in earnest and instinctively I tightened my thighs around her head and pushed myself against her probing tongue which was so delightfully exploring my moist love funnel. I moaned with pleasure when she kissed my clitty and I opened my eyes momentarily to see that Vicky was so aroused by what the other two girls were doing to me that she was working the fingers of her hand inside her own cunney which was still underwater in the bath.

Meanwhile Georgina kept her mouth glued to my pussey, inhaling the tangy feminine aroma of my cuntal juices and I gasped: 'Lick my crack, darling. Rub your lips around my quim and suck my clitty until I cum.'

All three girls were now playing with their pussies as Georgina slid into the bath and gave Vicky a huge loving hug. But the pretty girl was upset that she had not spent so Annabel and I padded across to the bedroom with Vicky and without further ado laid her out on the bed. Slipping a pillow underneath

her bottom, I began stroking the insides of her thighs and gently parted her legs to accommodate Annabel who was teasing her tongue along the length of the pretty girl's pussey which was making her writhe from side to side in paroxysms of sensual pleasure.

Then Georgina reappeared, wearing the leather belt with the polished wooden dildo complete with its carefully-fashioned balls. Vicky looked a mite concerned but as Annabel and I withdrew, I said encouragingly: 'Don't worry, darling. Just lie back and let her fuck you for I am sure you will enjoy it: Georgie is marvellously skilled at playing the gentleman.'

Vicky spreadeagled her legs as Georgina climbed onto the bed and kissed her passionately on the lips as she reached down and rubbed the heel of her hand against her yielding pussey lips. Then she pulled herself on top of Vicky and inserted the knob of the wooden cock into her cunt which made the pretty petite girl gasp as the dildo slid into her sopping slit. It took only a few seconds to find a rhythm that pleased both girls and once they had synchronized their pushing and pumping, it was clear that Vicky was genuinely enjoying this voluptuously novel experience. Each time Georgina thrust forward, the edge of the dildo touched Vicky's clitty and at the end of each stroke when the comforter was deeply embedded in her cunt, it rubbed into the furthest recesses of her quim. Soon she spent profusely as Georgina continued to thrust and pull back until Vicky cried out that her cunney had been filled enough and Georgina instantly took out the imitation cock from her quim and rolled off her.

Still, the lusty young vixen had extracted as much pleasure as I had done when Georgina had fucked me with her dildo. As she used a small hand towel to mop up the dribble of love juice that had trickled down her thighs, Vicky panted: 'Oooh, that was really lovely, Georgie. Tell me, do you often strap on one of those contraptions?'

'Now and then,' she answered. 'I don't often cum when using it, although I must confess it does give me a sense of power knowing that I have a stiff cock between my legs that will give any girl a good time.'

'It doesn't put you off boys, though, does it?' asked Annabel. Georgina laughed as she shook her head and went on: 'No, far from it! However, I've found that playing with this dildo does make me uncommonly randy. For instance, I was pumping it into the pussy of a sweet sixteen-year-old girlfriend last week when Roger happened to walk in and immediately I unbuttoned his trousers, took out his todger and sucked him off. Afterwards he fucked both of us quite beautifully but that's another story.'

'How nice,' said Vicky lightly. 'And don't you agree that there is a lot to be said for a threesome, for it allows one to participate in something very special without any thoughts of embarrassment. I've found that the best combination is two girls and a boy but frankly I'm not fussy so long as there is at least one thick prick available. On the other hand—'

'There's nothing like a straightforward honest fuck, though perhaps you will think me old-fashioned,' cut in a jovial masculine voice. We looked up to see Jeffrey Green standing in the doorway, his huge circumcised cock rising proudly up from the shaggy nest of dark curls under which dangled his wrinkled pink balls.

'No, no, there is much to be said for traditional ways so long as they don't preclude experimentation with new ideas,' Vicky said diplomatically as the famous solicitor moved towards the bed. 'For instance, I have never had the opportunity to be fucked by a mature gentleman such as yourself.'

'Well, that can be remedied very easily,' twinkled Jeffrey and Vicky returned his easy smile as she slid her fingers around his swollen shaft, looking with interest at its uncapped purple dome. 'Do you know, this is the first time I have had a good

look at a circumcised cock,' she said shyly.

'Don't worry, my love, it won't bite you,' I assured her. 'From my own personal experience I can promise you there is no difference between Jeffrey's chopper and any other cock once his truncheon is lodged in your cunney.'

'Thank you for those few kind words, Katie,' chuckled Jeffrey as Vicky continued to frig his pulsing stiffie. Then with surprising agility he leaped onto the bed and Vicky guided his tool inside her cunt. They rolled about in ecstasy and Vicky fairly bounced up and down on the soft mattress as he plunged in and out of her wet crack, but not surprisingly after the pounding her pussey had endured from Georgina's dildo, she suddenly grimaced and said: 'Ouch! I'm sorry but my cunney is becoming a little sore. Would you mind very much if I finished you off by sucking your cock? I now have no inhibitions about gulping down the creamy cum.'

'I don't mind at all,' said Jeffrey politely as he withdrew his shaft from between her pussey lips and moved forward on his knees until his knob was only inches away from her mouth. Vicky sat up and kissed the smooth helmet before uninhibitedly gobbling his throbbing tool, somehow managing to cram Jeffrey's entire length between her lips and letting it slide easily over her tongue down to her throat without gagging on his beefy boner.

'Phwoar!' gurgled Jeffrey and, ensuring that his cock stayed firmly inside the deliciously wet prison of Vicky's mouth, he twisted the girl round until he was lying on his back and she was above him facing the foot of the bed with her hairy muff pressed against his mouth.

Presumably Jeffrey's tongue found her clitty almost immediately for very soon Vicky began to shudder as, with her lips still clamped around his cock, her hips bucked faster and faster as the crashing waves of her climax surged through her veins. Her abundant libation of cuntal juice filled Jeffrey's mouth as

he struggled to hold on to the trembling girl as she bucked and twisted with the force of her spend.

As soon as Vicky's perspiring body subsided into stillness she released Jeffrey's quivering cock from her mouth as she cradled his balls. Then she kissed him lightly on his knob and said: 'Oh dear, I know you haven't spent but my cunney is now quite refreshed from your lovely tonguing so do let me finish you off with a fuck.'

This caused Jeffrey to smile and reply that whatever way she wanted to continue was good enough for him. He laid back happily to let Vicky straddle him and slowly lower herself onto his cock and, along with Annabel and myself, he could see his straining shaft disappear inside her open-mouthed cunney before she settled down with a saucy wriggle to seal the union.

Sitting upright, Vicky arched her back so that her magnificent breasts jutted out above him. Putting her hands behind his neck, she shook her curly tresses as she reached down and, taking her weight on her hands, she kissed him full on the lips as she lifted herself until she was almost clear of his pulsating prick.

Again she lowered herself, pausing so that her cunney lips could brush against the ruby helmet of his knob before she slipped her luscious wetness down the full length of his blue-veined truncheon. Both were at the very brink and suddenly the muscles of her cunney must have tightened around his shaft for he cried out hoarsely and jerked his hips upwards when Vicky leaned forward so that her strawberry nipples smoothed against his chest. She clung to him like a cowboy on a bucking bronco whilst she ground her pussey against him as she surrendered to one final awesome cum. Her teeth bit into his shoulder and her breasts crushed against him as he pulled the pert cheeks of her bum towards him while their love juices mingled to flood over their bellies and thighs. As

they slowly came down to earth, Jeffrey reached down into the wetness and smeared their sticky cream over her succulent titties as they lay entwined in an intimate embrace. I remarked: 'Vicky, I think you need another bath. Shall I go and run one for you?'

'Yes please, Katie,' she said gratefully but before I could move Antony burst into the room waving a small envelope in his hand. He panted out: 'I'm sorry to interrupt the fun and games, everyone, but this telegram has just arrived for you, Jeffrey. It was sent to Tottenham Lodge so your footman knew you could be found here and cycled over with it.'

He gave the telegram to Jeffrey who shrugged as he ripped open the envelope and said: 'That was most commendable of the young man although I doubt if he needed to have bothered. It's probably only some minor crisis in the office.'

But then he sat bolt upright and burst out: 'My God, it's from His Majesty! He wants to see me first thing tomorrow morning at Buckingham Palace!'

Why did King Edward VII command Sir Jeffrey Green to rush back to London? All will be revealed in the second volume of Lady Katie Tottenham's memoirs to be pushed in Autumn 1997.

THE NAKED TRUTH

In the lusty reign of King Edward VII, when Britain ruled the waves and an Empire upon which the sun never set, many upper-class girls threw their inhibitions to the winds as a reaction against the stuffy restrictions of the recently deceased Victorian era. None more so than young Lady Katie Tottenham – as is clear from the pages of her recently rediscovered diary for 1907. Penned by Lady Katie at the age of eighteen, it recounts how she and her bosom friends receive eager young gentlemen callers with open – er – arms.

In jolly romps with some very important people, whether in the back seats of the new-fangled motor cars or deep in the lush country gardens of Tottenham Lodge, Katie and her amorous chums drive their male friends to delicious distraction. Give them an inch – or several – and they'll do their level best to please . . .

THE SENSUAL MEMOIRS OF AN EDWARDIAN LADY gives a sensationally explicit insight into the secret erotic life of upper-crust Britain in the heyday of its power and glory.

More Victorian and Edwardian erotica in New English Library Paperback

The Pearl (three volumes plus omnibus edition)

The Oyster (six volumes plus omnibus edition)

Erotic Memoirs (two volumes)

The Ruby (three volumes)

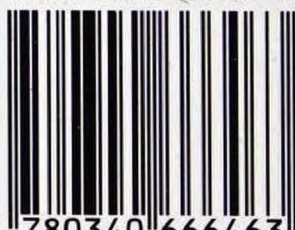
The Black Pearl: the Memoirs of a Victorian Sex-Magician (three volumes)

The Secret Sutras: the 'lost' erotic memoirs of Sir Richard Burton

NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY
Erotica

Photography © Rod Ashford

ISBN 0-340-66646-3



9 780340 666463

00599

