

CHAPTER ONE

The saying is that young whores eventually become old religious crones, but that was not my case. I became a whore at an early age and experienced everything a woman can—in bed, on chairs, across tables, over benches, standing against walls, lying on the grass, in dark hallways, in private bed-chambers, on rail-road trains, in lodging houses, in jail; in fact in every conceivable place where it was possible—but I have no regrets. I am along in years now. The enjoyment which Sex afforded me is fast disappearing. I am rich, but faded, and often very lonesome. Yet it never enters my mind to do penance.

My escape from squalor and drudgery I owe entirely to my healthful body. Without my youthful experience and the early awakenings of sexual passion, I undoubtedly would have succumbed like many of my playmates to the poorhouse, or would have died as a drudge in some household.

I did not succumb to any of these. Instead, I obtained a good education, for which I can thank only my life as a prostitute, which brought me into touch with educated men, broadened my mind and enlightened me.

I escaped the life which is led by ignorant, lowborn peasants—for which they are not to blame, but of which they are so often accused. It is not their fault; they know no better. But I have seen the world in a different light, for all of which I have to thank my Me as a prostitute, so often condemned by the Public.

I am writing my experiences only to shorten my time of loneliness and to give to the public the truth about the experiences which led up to the life I finally adopted. I deem this far better than to run with long confessions to the priest—confessions which might please him personally but which would only make me absolutely weary. I also find that a biography such as I am writing never before has been printed. The books which I have read tell none of the absolute facts as they really happen.

I feel that I am doing a good act in exposing the doings of our so-called refined, rich men, who lure us poor girls into all kinds of the most shameful and sinful acts, and to describe the impressions a girl who has had the actual experience which I have had, and to narrate the real facts as they so often do happen.

And now to begin...

CHAPTER TWO

My father was a very poor man who worked as a saddler in Josef City. We lived in a tenement house away out in Ottakring—at that time a new house—which was filled from top to bottom with the poorer class of tenants. All of the tenants had many children, who were forced to play in the back yards, which were much too small for so many.

I had two older brothers. My father and my mother and we three children lived in two rooms—a living-room and kitchen. We also had a roomer.

The other tenants, probably fifty in all, came and went, sometimes in a friendly way, more often in anger. Most of them disappeared and we never heard from them again.

I distinctly remember two of our roomers. One was a locksmith-apprentice. He had dark eyes and was a sad-looking lad. His black eyes and lark face always were covered with grime and soot. We children were very much afraid of him. He was a very silent man, never saying a word.

I remember one afternoon, when I was alone in the house, he came home. I was then only five years old. My mother and my two brothers had gone to Furstenfeld and my father had not yet returned from work.

The locksmith took me up from the floor, where I was playing, and held me on his lap. I wanted to cry, but he quietly told me: "Be quiet, I won't hurt you." He then laid me back, lifted up my little skirt and "examined" me.

I was badly frightened as he viewed me naked upon his lap, but I remained perfectly quiet. Then he heard my mother coming, putting me down on the floor, he retreated hastily into the kitchen.

A few days later, he again came home early. Mother was about to go out, so she asked him to look after me until she returned. This was a commission which he accepted gladly.

As soon as Mother was gone, the knave again held me on his knees and began examining my naked underparts. He did not utter a word; he just stared at the tender organ constantly. I did not dare say anything. He repeated this performance on many occasions as long as he roomed with us. As a child, of course, I had no idea of its import, and did not give the matter a second thought. Today I know different, and often I call this fellow my first lover.

My two brothers, Franz and Lorenz, differed greatly in temperament. My oldest brother, Lorenz, four years older than me, was quiet, industrious and religious. Franz, the younger one, who was a year and a half older than me, was just the opposite—happy, carefree, and much more affectionate to me than was my other brother.

I had reached the age of seven when, one day, Franz and I went to visit some neighbor's children. These children were always alone. Their mother was dead and their father was away at work.

Anna, the younger, then a girl of nine years, was pale, thin and light blonde, with a split lip. Her brother, Ferdl, was thirteen years old, robust and also blond, but red-cheeked and broad-shouldered.

We were innocently playing, when Anna remarked: "Now, let's play 'father and mother.'"

Her brother laughed and said: "She always wants to play 'father and mother.'"

But Anna insisted. Going to my brother, she said: "You be the man and I will be your wife."

Ferdl came and took hold of my arm and declared: "Well, then, I'll be your man and you be my wife."

Anna immediately got two pillow slips and made two rag dolls, handed me one, saying: "Here is your child!"

I began to fondle and caress the doll, but Anna and Ferdl began to laugh at me, saying: "That is not the way; first you must make the baby, then you must be pregnant and then you must give birth to the baby. Only then you can fondle it."

I naturally had often heard people say that a woman was in the "family way" and soon would have a baby. The story about the stork I had long doubted, and, when I saw a woman with a big stomach, I imagined what that meant. But, of course, I was ignorant of the actual facts, as was also my brother Franz.

Consequently, Franz and I stood bewildered and helpless and at a loss whether to proceed with this new game or not. But Anna stepped up to Franz and, reaching for the opening in his trousers, said: "Come on, take your 'pipe' out!"

At that she unbuttoned his trousers and removed his little stem, while Ferdl and I looked on, Ferdl with amusement and I with astonishment, wonder and anger (yet with a strange, exultant feeling which I never had experienced before).

Franz stood like a statue, not seeming to realize what was happening. At Anna's touch, his little device stood up stiff.

"Now, come," I heard Anna whisper. Then she threw herself on the floor on her back, and, lifting her skirts, spread her legs far apart.

At this moment Ferdl grabbed me and said: "Lie down."

Immediately I felt his hand between my legs. I willingly lay down and lifted my skirts as Anna had done. Ferdl rubbed his rugged little plow against my untilled furrows.

I had to laugh, for his ministrations tickled not a little as he rubbed against my belly and thighs and all over me. He was breathing hard and he laid heavily upon my breast. The whole proceeding seemed foolish and laughable. Yet a strange feeling which came over me—one which I cannot describe, and which induced me to lie still.

Now I became quite serious. Suddenly Ferdl jumped up. I also got up. He showed me his instrument, which I took in my hand. A small drop of liquid was visible on the end.

Ferdl drew back the tiny spear's soft flesh covering and a little, red head appeared. I pushed the covering back and forth several times and thought it great sport to see the head, like the head of some small animal, appear and disappear.

Anna and my brother still lay on the floor, and I saw that Franz was excitedly pushing back and forth. His cheeks were red and he was breathing hard, the same as Ferdl had done before. Anna was completely changed. Her pale face was colored, her eyes were closed and I feared

that she was ill. But suddenly both became quiet, laid on each other a few seconds and then got up.

We sat together for a while, Ferdl with his hand under my skirts, holding my “susie,” Franz doing the same to Anna. I had Ferdl's “pipe” in my hand, while Anna held my brother's, and it was all very soothing to me. It did not tickle as before, but created a pleasant feeling which seemed to go through my entire body.

This proceeding was interrupted by Anna, who gave me one of the rag dolls, keeping the other. We placed them under our skirts, next to our bellies.

"Now," Anna said, "We are in the family way."

We walked up and down the room with our bellies sticking out, laughing. We then “gave birth” to our babies, fondled them and handed them to our “husbands” so that they could admire and wonder at them. In this way we played for some time.

Presently Anna conceived the idea that we must nurse our babies. She unbuttoned her waist and pulled down her undershirt so as to let the baby reach her breast. As she did this, I noticed that she already had a good-sized pair of globes, with large nipples—with which her brother promptly started to play. Franz, seeing this, also began to play with them, remarking as he did so that it was too bad that I had not “titties” yet.

Then we were enlightened by Ferdl as to what the proceedings had been all about. We found out that what we had just done was called “intercourse,” and that our parents did the same thing to each other in bed, and that women became mothers of babies as a result of the operation. Ferdl seemed far advanced in these matters, informing us girls that our openings were still grown shut, which was why he and Franz could only rub their “tails” around on the outside and not put them in. He also informed us that when we grew bigger we should have a lot of hair grow there. I did not want to believe it, but Anna declared that Ferdl knew all about it and was very positive, as he had experimented with Mrs. Rhineland in the attic, and, when he did so, his “tail” went clear up into her “hole."

Mrs. Rhineland was the wife of a street-car conductor, who lived on the top floor of our building. She was a short, dark-skinned woman, small and pretty and always friendly. Ferdl told us a story about her, which I will relate in the next chapter.

CHAPTER THREE

"Mrs. Rhineland," said Ferdl, "had just finished her washing and was carrying a basket filled with clothes to the attic. As I passed her she said:

"Come, Ferdl, you are a strong boy: you can help me carry this heavy basket to the attic."

"So I helped her with the basket. When we got to the attic she said:

"Now, what do you want for helping me up with the basket?"

"I told her 'nothing,' then she remarked:

"Come, I will show you something.'

"She put my hand on her titties, and said:

"Doesn't that feel good..."

"I immediately guessed what she wanted for I had often poked Anna."

We all listened to Ferdl's story with great interest. Anna nodded, confirming his assertion that he often poked her. Then Ferdl went on:

"I did not care to go too far, so I just kept on playing with her titties, but she unbuttoned her waist so that I could play with them naked. Then she took out my 'peter' and laughingly remarked:

"If you will promise not to tell a living soul, I will let you do something else!"

"I said nothing but sat down on her lap. She again warned me not to say anything. I promised that I surely would not tell.

"She then laid down the clothes-basket, pulled me on top of her and put my 'peter' up into her fat slit! She forced it away up into her. She asked whether it felt good, and I told her that it sure did! Then she started to push up and down like crazy while I kept on playing with her titties. When she finished, she jumped up, buttoned her waist and said to me angrily:

"Now get out of here, you imp, and if you tell anybody what happened, I'll tear your head off I!" Ferdl ceased speaking, and Anna inquired: "Don't you think that you could get it way up into me now?"

Ferdl looked at her. She was still holding the rag doll to her naked breast. He reached over and began playing with her. She remarked: "Try it just a little. Then well play 'papa and mama' again."

Franz immediately went over to her, and I, after all this teaching and after the story which I had just heard, was willing to start right in again. But Anna said:

"No! Now Ferdl will be my husband and Franz will be yours."

Immediately she went to her brother and unbuttoned his trousers, whereupon he pulled out his "peter" and pushed the foreskin back and forth while he plied my "slit" with his finger. Since I had now learned how it was done, I lay down at once and directed his "peter" straight into my "slit." The feeling was so pleasant as he entered me that I began to work my body with all my strength. This lasted until Franz had his "come." Then he fell on me exhausted and did not stir. We remained quiet a few minutes.

Then we heard Anna and Ferdl quarreling. He was still lying on top of her. She had her legs over his back, so that her feet touched each other. Ferdl was saying: "It will go in all right." Anna said:

"Yet, but it hurts. Stop, it hurts." But Ferdl told her to keep quiet, that it would only hurt until he got it in.

Franz and I crouched down to look, in order to be sure that he really had it in. We were greatly astonished to see Anna's "slit" wide open. Ferdl had the head and part of the rest of his "peter" into her and was working back and forth with his body. Then, suddenly, the "tool" slipped out altogether.

I reached down and steered it back inside, for I did not wish to miss the fun. I noticed Anna's opening had been rubbed to a bright red. Ferdl tried hard to get it in again, but Anna began to scream, and, becoming alarmed, we finally quit trying.

Next I tried to take Ferdl once more. He was all excited, but I was getting sore myself and it was getting late, so we stopped the game and went home.

Franz and I did not talk on the way home. We lived on the top floor of the tenement, next door to Mrs. Rhineland. As we came in, we saw her talking to a neighbor. We stopped and stared at her, but as she turned around, we both laughed loudly and ran into our own door.

From that day on I looked at children and grown people in an entirely different light. Although I was only seven years old, I had tasted of the forbidden fruit and my womanhood was developing wonderfully, which must have been very noticeable in my eyes and general appearance. My face, my mouth, my walk, must have been a challenge to men to grab me and throw me over. Only in this way can I account for men, upon first acquaintance with me, even strangers, wanting to take advantage of me, forgetting all caution.

Even to the present day this same fate follows me. Although I am old and far from pretty, my whole body dried up, no signs left of my past life, yet even today I meet men who, upon sight of me, became excited and cannot keep their eyes off my body.

But to return to my story.

A few days after the events described above, Franz began to question Lorenz, asking him if he knew where babies come from and how they were made. Lorenz remarked: "Perhaps you know."

Franz and I laughed. I took Franz's "tail" out of his pants and stroked it gently. Lorenz looked on with a solemn face, and Franz began to tickle my "pussy." Then Franz and I laid down on the bed and went through our little performance, which he had so thoroughly learned from Anna and her brother. Lorenz did not say a word until we had finished. But, as I went up to him, reaching for his "tool" and inviting him to take a turn with me, he shoved me from him, to my astonishment, saying; "I have known how to poke for a long time. You don't think I would wait for you, do you? But it is a great sin to do this, and he who sins like this will surely go to hell."

Franz and I were quite alarmed and said that this was not so.

"Do you think father and mother will go to hell?" I asked.

Lorenz could not answer this, so we lost our fright and began to make fun of Lorenz. He threatened to tell our teacher, the priest's understudy, unless we promised to not do "it" any more. But after having been bitten by the bug, there is no cure and one cannot be frightened.

We often visited Anna and Ferdl, always playing the same game. I always was poked by Ferdl first; then Anna was "had" by Franz; then Anna took on her brother, and finally I went through the act with my brother. There was hardly a day passed that we did not enjoy our little tail. But our main subject of conversation and our main wish was to be poked by a grown-up person: Anna and I wished for a man, while Franz's only wish was to poke Mrs. Rhineland.

Once when we visited Anna and Ferdl, we saw that they had company—a thirteen-year-old girl cousin named Mizzi and her brother, Polde, who was eleven.

Mizzi was a pretty girl, fully developed; her breasts were hard and firm and stood out under her thin blouse like two little apples.

The conversation naturally drifted to poking. Polde bragged that his sister had lots of hair on her "pussy." He raised her skirts and we looked with wonder at the little triangular patch which covered her where we were still bare. Polde then uncovered her breasts and we looked in astonishment and began to fondle them.

Mizzi now became very much excited. She closed her eyes and reached for Franz and her brother. They both placed their "peters" in her hands, while Ferdl began playing with her "pussy." Suddenly she threw herself on the bed, crying: "Polde! Polde! Come! I can't stand it any longer!"

Her brother promptly sprang on top of her. Meanwhile Ferdl placed his pecker in the girl's hand, while Anna took hold of Franz.

I watched with great astonishment as Polde kissed his sister, for I was not yet aware that kissing was part of this fascinating game. I noticed also that Polde was continually playing with her "titties" while he lay on top of her, and I saw how hard and prominent the nipples came out. I reached between her legs to convince myself that he really had it all the way in her, and found that he had. This was real poking! What a great experience for a seven-year-old whore!

I became greatly excited when I felt with my own hands that his peter, which was considerably larger than that of either Franz or Ferdl, sank into her belly to the end—disappeared entirely—came out—went in again. But most of all I wondered at Mizzie's action as she squirmed madly beneath him, crying, "Faster! Faster! Still faster!..." until she finally cried, "Oh, that was so good!" as Polde withdrew his "tail" and got off of her.

Franz and Ferdl now pressed close to her. She remained lying with her legs spread wide apart, smiling as she exhibited her bare thighs and titties. Ferdl and Franz began quarreling to see who should be next to poke her.

Mizzie settled the dispute by reaching for Franz, saying: "First the little one."

Franz sprang on top of her and began rubbing his “tool” against her as we children always did, but she stopped him, taking his little tail in her hand and with one push sending him away up into her! Franz was so astonished that he remained perfectly quiet, acting as though he could not believe what had happened.

Mizzie then began to work in earnest, twisting from side to side and moving up and down. When she started to wiggle her bottom, Franz's little tool fell out. He was not able to find his way back without help, which I gave him. And, by holding my hand in readiness, I was able to shove him back every time that he threatened to slip out again. A new difficulty now arose. Mizzie insisted that Franz play with her “titties;” but every time that he began playing with them, he forgot about poking. Then, when Mizzie reminded him of that, he forgot the other. He absolutely could not master both at the same time.

“Too bad,” she said, “he is so ignorant” Ferd, anxiously waiting his turn, finally began playing with her titties, squeezing them and kissing the nipples until they finally got hard, thus relieving Franz of half the work. Franz in the meantime had got down to a regular action, which Mizzie seemed to enjoy very much, becoming greatly excited, repeatedly crying out: “Oh! But that little ‘peter’ is so good!”

Suddenly she began to thrash violently to and fro, gnashing her teeth and crushing Franz against her breast. Then she sank back with a deep sigh, her eyes closed. Finally she became quiet, and, in a short time, Franz got up. No sooner had he done so than Ferd, with his “peter” at the ready, leaped between her legs. Mizzi seemed anxious to receive him. I helped him find the right spot and also fingered his little “nuts.” In this way I could see and feel each time that he went away up inside her. Franz remarked that it was the same as it had been when with Mrs. Rhineland. He showed himself to be very efficient at this business, and, as he worked up and down, the bed began to creak and Mizzie's breath came fast and short. Suddenly she went through another spasm, writhing and moaning terribly, and then sank down as if in a faint.

Anna and I decided now that it was our turn for some fun. Anna immediately threw herself on the bed, calling Polde, in whom she seemed greatly interested. But Polde had again busied himself with his sister's titties, and, pressing them together with his hands, he took both nipples in his mouth and began to suck them. Mizzie, leaning back against the cupboard, enjoying the performance. She began playing with his “tool” while Anna lay helplessly in bed, all prepared for what did not happen. After a few moments, Polde raised Mizzie's dress and stuck his sword into her again, thus poking her standing up. He poked her so violently that the cupboard rattled. We had not known that it could be done standing up, so we watched much astonished at this new feat.

When Polde finished, it again came Franz's turn. He did a great deal better this trip, as he was learning the game rapidly. She then went through the same performance with Ferd, this making number six for her, all of which she enjoyed greatly, not showing the least bit of fatigue.

Anna now went again to Polde and assured him that he could get it away into her and would not have to rub it around as he did before on the outside. He put his hand under her dress and began sticking his finger into her “crack,” but said that he was sure that it would not go all the way in yet. However, Anna would not let him go. She held his “peter” and began playing with it. But her efforts were to no avail: The weary member hung down soft and limber.

In the meantime, I had been playing with Ferdl, but could not arouse any passion in him. He simply allowed me to play with it. In the meantime he felt my “titties,” which were conspicuous by their absence, saying: “It's too bad that you haven't any titties like Mizzie.”

I finally was obliged to give the enterprise up. I could not get any satisfaction from him. I turned to Franz and saw him again on Mizzie. He was not poking her, but was playing with her titties. Reaching into his pants, I found that his engine suddenly had plenty of steam in it again. He asked me to help him put it into Mizzie once more! I refused, so he found his way alone. Mizzie now went for number seven, but showed her exhaustion, for it took all of half an hour to finish this round.

Thus Anna and I were denied the pleasure of a little poking and we both felt very badly. I went home in a sad state, cursing Mizzie and the hair on her “pussy” and her big “titties.” In a few days, however, everything was forgotten, as Mizzie and her brother lived a great distance away and seldom came to visit their cousins. In the meantime, Anna and I were satisfied with our old partners. We discontinued the old game of ‘papa and mama’ and just poked when we felt like it, just as Mizzie and Polde had done, sitting, lying, standing—in all conceivable positions.

This life lasted all summer. Then our friends moved away, and I did not see blond Anna again for a long time. Before this occurred, however, another event took place, which I will relate in my next chapter.

CHAPTER FOUR

Anna and her brother one day had received another visit from her cousins Mizzie and Polde. This time they brought with them a big boy. He was fifteen years of age and his name was Robert. He was learning a trade and was quite well-grown for his age.

He immediately declared himself chief of our games, and, when he showed us his “pecker,” we saw that he already had a lot of hair around it. We three girls played with it and enjoyed a strange thrill as we felt the pulse beating in it. We were extremely happy and excited as we manipulated it, for it was by far the largest one that we had ever seen.

Mizzie asked him to poke her first, but he answered: “No, first I am going to diddle Pepi.”

I remember how proud I had felt at this. I rushed up to the bed, lay down on my back, lifted up my dresses, unbuttoned my panties and spread my legs apart.

Robert came to bed, felt my “kitten,” looked at it and said: “My dear, I can only poke you from the outside!”

Mizzie cried: “Why, of course; she hasn't even got hair on it! Come and poke me! I can stand your putting it all the way in, you know.”

She immediately lay down, trying to push me out of the bed, but he said: “No, I am going to poke Pepi!”

I lay perfectly quiet, as you can imagine. I looked at Robert. His face was red and he put his finger into my slit and rubbed it until I was excited and passionate as never before.

He thought it over for a minute, then declared: "I'll show you something!"

He called Anna, who also had to go into bed, lying next to the wall. I was in the middle and Mizzie on the outside. Robert then got in, but did not get on top of me. He told me to turn over.

I was lying on my stomach. He raised my clothing so that my little bottom was bare. He then had Anna crawl up to the head of the bed, so that her thighs were next to my shoulder. He then uncovered her grotto.

Now he ordered Mizzie to bare her titties. She unbuttoned her waist and pulled down her chemise, and I noticed that her nipples stood out hard and firm.

Robert then raised me up and put a pillow under my stomach so that my bottom was slightly raised, then he told me to squeeze my legs together, and he pushed his shaft from behind toward until I felt it rubbing gently against my "kitten" from between my buttocks.

He then started working up and down. A most pleasant sensation seemed to go through my entire body. Suddenly I began to moan like Mizzie had done, and began working my bottom up and down in rhythm with his movements. My face buried in the pillow under my head, I saw nothing. But I felt the most pleasant sensation between my legs!

Finally I heard Anna and Mizzie breathing heavily and moaning. I looked up from my pillow and saw Robert playing with Anna's slit with his left hand, which must have made her feel very good indeed, for she was working forward and back with all her might. With his right hand he was working Mizzie's nipples, which were getting harder and bigger all the time.

Finally Mizzie started to cry out: "Oh! ... I want somebody to poke me ... I must be poked ... Franz! ... Ferd! ... Please ... Oh! Franz ... Come ... !"

She caught hold of his tool and pulled him to her. He lay down beside Robert, attacking Mizzie with all his might, while Robert helped him by playing with her nipples. But Mizzi still was unsatisfied. She reached out again, this time grabbing her brother, Polde, by the shaft. She was so excited that she took the tiny tool between her lips and started to suck on it.

By this time Ferd! could not stand it any longer.

He crawled up to his sister, Anna, and invaded her mouth. This seemed to excite her still more, and she started licking and sucking the stiff little offering—

So there, the seven of us, were thus busily engaged.

Robert still was slowly pushing in and pulling out, while I experienced such a wonderful, pleasant sensation. Then, all of a sudden, Robert began to work faster and faster, and, with a shock, I felt something wet and hot pouring out of him and onto my stomach.

I was frightened and screamed, but Robert kept right on moving. The hot stuff seemed to be spreading over me.

I said: "Something has happened. Stop it."

But he kept right on, saying: "Keep quiet, I am discharging."

I said: "You are peeing on me."

But he said: "No, I am not. I am 'going off.' That has to happen."

When he was through and got up, the rest of the group separated, all wondering about this curious phenomenon of Robert's 'discharge.' Robert told us that Franz, Ferdl and Polde still were too young; that they would not be able to 'go off' until they had a Jot of hair on their bellies and around their tools.

Mizzie inquired: "Why is that?"

But the boys and I wanted to see Robert discharge again. He was willing and said: "But you must do it with your hand."

We did not know how, so he showed us. He sat on a chair and began to tug at his tool. We soon learned how it was done. Then we took turns doing it, the same as he had done. Mizzie finally placed it in her watering mouth and began to suck on it. She was so hot and excited that she took it all in.

Finally it was my turn. I had no time to think, but puckered up my lips and took the thing into my mouth as she had done. I felt a sensation in my grotto and realized again the sensation of being poked.

After me, Anna had her turn, but she had hardly begun, when Robert began to 'squirt.' She jumped back and spit out what she had received in her mouth. Robert at once started to tug at himself until he rid himself of the whole 'discharge.' At every jerk, large drops of white matter were thrown out so far that I got one big drop in my face. We were all greatly astonished and very much excited over this phenomenon.

Anna immediately fell on Robert and graciously begged him: "Now, you will please poke me now, won't you?"

But Robert's tail hung limp and exhausted. "I can't do it, I can't do it. He won't stand again."

Mizzie was beside herself. She sat down between his legs, took the slack appendage in her mouth and started to suck, saying: "When he stands you must poke me."

In the meantime, Franz, Ferdl and Polde wanted to try this new and delightful discovery of sucking, so Anna and I went at it. It was easier with the boys, as their weapons were smaller and thinner than Robert's. I took Ferdl and Anna took Franz.

Ferdl was wild. He pushed into my throat so that I had his entire device in my mouth. After pushing it in and out about a do/en times, he 'went off.' I felt a drop when he discharged, but

I felt a sensation between my legs as though I had it away up inside me and I must have 'gone off' at the same time. It was beyond description.

I held his stalk in my mouth until it was soft and limp. Then, since Anna and Ferdl still were at it, I took Polde, who was waiting. He had already done this before with his sister and was quite expert.

Almost immediately I experienced a tickling sensation and a buss which I cannot describe. I began playing around the head of the stalk with my tongue, which caused Polde to 'come' at once. He held me tightly around my neck, pushing his rigid rove away into my mouth. I had the keenest sensation as I felt the pulsation in the splendid shaft. I held him in my mouth until he became soft.

In the meantime, Mizzie, with all her teasing and licking, had succeeded in bringing Robert back to life. Franz and Anna could not make room quickly enough. Mizzie acted like a crazy woman. She bounced on the bed and dragged Robert after her. Taking one of his fingers after another, as she had previously done with his tool, she put them into her mouth, sucking and biting them. She grabbed his staff and pushed it into her opening, then worked so hard that the bed creaked. At last, she was getting a poke from her Robert, as she had been trying to do all afternoon.

Suddenly Robert bent down, took one of her nipples into his mouth and began working it and sucking it the same as she had done with his shaft. Mizzie cried out: "Oh ... poke me ... Poke me! Oh, such a spear ... such a grand, glorious spear ... push harder ... faster ... still faster ... poke me tonight ... tomorrow afternoon ... every day ... Oh ... how grand and beautiful ... !"

Robert gave a short grunt and squirted; Mizzie lay as one dead. There was no doubt that Robert was a great man.

Anna was happy that at last she had been poked like a grown-up but we did not pay any attention to her in the excitement. Robert told us that he had been poking for two years. His step-mother had taught him how. His father was a cripple and slept with his wife, Robert's step-mother, while Robert slept in the kitchen. One evening, while he was sitting on a bench in the kitchen, his step-mother came in. As it slowly grew dark, she sat closer beside him and began to fondle him—first his hands, then his head, and then his thighs and legs, suddenly slipping her hand into his trousers.

But perhaps I had better tell the story as he told it to us children.

"My step-mother ran her hand into my trousers and my shaft stiffened. She then let go of me and, unbuttoning her dress, put my hand on her naked nipples and showed me how to play with and manipulate them. She gave them to me, first one and then the other, finally both together, and we had a great time.

"She had long, thin breasts which hung down nearly to her waist, and big brown nipples which responded to manipulation quickly. She soon began breathing so loudly that father heard her and called out:

""What is the matter in there?"

"Nothing,' she answered, 'I am just sitting here with Robert,' at the same time fondling my stalk.

"After doing this for a time, she left me and returned to the other room. During the night, however, when father was asleep, she came out to the kitchen in her night-dress, got into bed with me, crawled on top of me and put my spear into her grotto. Then she leaned over and put her nipples into my mouth, first one, then the other. It felt very good, as you can imagine. She showed me how to work up and down, and I poked her until she 'went off,' sinking on me totally exhausted.

"The next evening we sat again in the kitchen playing with each other, and, that night, when father had gone to sleep, she again came in and we poked once more.

"One night she did not come. I could not sleep and could not imagine why she did not come to me. Sitting up in bed, by the light of the moon, which streamed in through the window in the adjoining room, I could see their bed. I saw mother on top of father, who could not move. She was entirely nude, and was vigorously working up and down. Stooping over and putting her nipples in his mouth, 'she went through the same performance as she had done with me.

"Waiting until she was through with my father, I called out, making believe that I was ill. She came to my bed and leaned over me, asking what was the matter. I suppose that she understood that I had seen what had just been going on. She immediately gave me her titties to play with, got into bed beside me, took off her nightdress so that she was entirely naked and said to me: 'Tonight you must get on top of me.'

"She showed me how to do it in this manner and then we both went at it with a great vigor. In fact, we made such a racket that my father called out: "What does the boy want?"

"She replied, keeping right on thrusting: 'He wants me ... he's feeling better now.'

"Father again fell asleep and we continued our enterprise. We had to stop several times, for we rolled and shook so much that the bed was making a terrible noise and we were afraid of waking my father again.

"When we had finished, mother wanted some more. As I could not get stiff, she took my tool into her mouth, starting to suck on it. I wanted to cry out, the feeling was so intense. Of course, my tool immediately stiffened under this treatment. And, as soon as it got hard, she made me get up, go over and sit on the bench, and she sat astride of me, and we had one more poke in this manner. Then she put on her night-dress and returned to her room.

"The next day I spent in bed, being too tired to get up. Father thought that I really was ill, but it was simply the result of the violent night I had spent."

Robert had by now been poking his stepmother regularly for the past two years. We looked on him with great admiration and respect, as he had been well-instructed in the arts of love.

When he finished his story, we were all set to go at it again, the idea of lying on top of him interesting us greatly. Robert, however, said that there were still other ways of doing it: he had also poked his step-mother from behind. Anna and Mizzie immediately wanted to do it that way. But they misunderstood what he meant by back-door poking. Both wanted to try it

while lying on top of him. I also wanted to try it, but since Robert could not raise himself to the tack again, I began laying with Ferdl.

Shortly after this delightful afternoon, Anna and Ferdl and their father moved away, and I saw them no more for a long time.

CHAPTER FIVE

Quite frequently at home I heard my father and mother shaking the bed and breathing hard, but I could not discern anything in the dark. I had an idea that I knew what it all was about, however, so, when this occurred, I would lie in bed listening with rapt attention, at the same time fingering myself. I got so that I could satisfy myself very well by this method. I often heard mother and father whispering to each other in a tone too low for me to distinguish words.

One Saturday night father came home drunker than usual. Mother got up and helped him undress. When I awoke at the noise, I saw a light in the room. Father pushed mother over on the bed and reaching up under her clothing, she at the time fighting him off.

He whispered: "Here now ... spread your legs apart!"

Mother refused, saying: "Go away! You are drunk!"

"What of it? ... Come on ... !"

He was a powerful man. Wild-eyed, he grabbed her, tore her night-dress, caught her by the breasts and pushed her back on the bed. Then he got on top of her, brandishing his big, stiff shaft out, all ready for business.

"Put out the light, the children are looking," mother said. But father just said: "Put it in, damn it!"

Mother again said: "Put out the lights, you fool! We don't want the children watching this."

Father just growled: "They are asleep." And he went right on with his business.

Soon I heard mother say: "Oh, but that is so good! How big you are tonight!"

They presently finished and all was quiet once more, father falling asleep immediately and mother soon afterward.

When they had started to snore, I slipped out of my bed and over to Franz, who slept on a nearby lounge. He had not seen anything but he heard it all.

I got into his bed with him and we hugged each other fiercely. He wanted to get on top of me, but I turned over and made him invade me from behind as Robert had done. We were very quiet; nobody heard us, but we were rather frightened at first.

We were quite naked and the feeling of our little bodies rubbing so close together without the interference of clothing was delightful. Finally completed off our little poke, and, finding that we were comparatively safe, we did it often at night, as we could feel reasonably safe when all the rest were asleep.

Soon after this, we got a new roomer in our home. This roomer was a middle-aged man of fifty or so. I do not know what his business was, but he was at home a great deal and sat in the kitchen for hours talking to mother. I often was left alone with him.

Since he had a full, bushy beard I often wondered how much hair he had between his legs. One Sunday, when he was washing himself, I noticed his hairy chest. This only enhanced my curiosity as to his other parts.

He was very friendly to me. Often he stroked my hair, chuckled me under the chin and caressed and fondled me frequently. I always went to him smiling when he spoke.

Happening to be at home alone with him one day, I thought: "Now is my chance."

I went up to him and began to stroke his beard. He must have perceived something in my looks which robbed him of his senses for a moment. He began shivering, and put his hand between my legs as if looking for an entrance.

I was standing in front of him. I did not discourage any movement on his part, but smiled encouragingly. He pressed harder, but as yet only on the outside of my fluffy dress. I stepped up closer, between his knees, and smiled.

His face reddened and he pulled me to him and kissed me. He then lifted up my dress, pulled down my panties and kissed me passionately on the mouth. He next looked at and began to finger my grotto.

This sensation seemed different from anything I had ever before experienced, due no doubt, to the fact that hitherto I had played only with boys while this was a grown man. I became so excited that I could hardly control myself. I did not know whether he was using one finger or five. But I did not care. I felt as if I was being poked. Excitedly I began to work back and forth, at the same time playing with the hair on his breast. He took my other hand and placed it on his shaft which he had taken out. It was so large I could hardly get my hand around it.

I started working it back and forth while he rubbed my mound and kissed me. We kept this up until suddenly he stiffened out and twisted and squirmed and began to ejaculate in great drops that squirted far into the room. At the same time, part of the hot and sticky deluge flowed across my hand.

I also 'came,' for he had quickened the movement on my "kitten" with his finger as he 'came.'

When he had finished, he sat there frightened, telling me not to breathe a word of what had happened between us, to anyone. As I shook my head, he kissed me again, got up and went out.

For several days I hardly saw him. He was apparently ashamed. This also affected me, and when I would see him approaching, I would run away.

About a week later, while playing in the backyard with my brothers, I saw him go into the house. Since my mother had gone out previously, I knew that he would be all alone up in his room. Without hesitating I sneaked up after him, my heart beating wildly and rapidly, and I quivering in excitement.

When I entered the kitchen, he reached eagerly for me, his hands shaking. I threw myself into his arms and he at once put his hand between my legs and began to finger my slit. We sat down beside each other and he put his tool into my hand. I now had a good chance to examine it, and I must say, even after all these years, having had thousands of shafts not only pushed into my grotto but into every opening in my body, that this was an exceptionally fine specimen of a healthy, strong spear, twice as long as Robert's, somewhat bent, with a large red head; and a great mass of dark hair surrounding it. I certainly could have had a great time with it had I been but a few years older and more developed.

I eagerly manipulated this massive member with one hand, as I had learned to do from Robert. When I tired, and stopped working, he whispered: "Go on, my angel; my darling girl; my little sweet-heart! For goodness sake, go on ... don't stop!"

Much pleased at these pet names, I worked hard and tried to do what he wanted. Soon he 'squirted' so high that the deluge almost struck me in the face.

A few days later, during a repeat performance, he said: "Darling, angel, sweetheart."

I was doing my best to please him, throwing my hips around as he was working at my grotto. "Oh, goodness," he continued, "if I could only poke you right ... just once, just one little poke!"

In a moment I pulled away, laid on the floor on my back, spread my legs apart and said:

"Come on, try it."

He came over, stooped down, coughed and said: "No, damn it. You're too small."

"That's nothing," I answered. "Try it anyhow."

Half wild, he got on top of me. He put his hand under my bottom, lifted me up and rubbed his tool against my toolbox. I held on to the monstrous machine, making sure that he rubbed it all over.

Between shoves, he asked: "Have you been poked before?"

Something warned me to deny it. I did so, but he insisted, saying: "Now, angel, tell me, you have been poked, haven't you? I know it. Who was it? Often? Was it good?"

I was breathing hard. I could feel his engine jerking, but I still denied it, saying: "No, certainly not. Of course not. This is the first time."

His breath came faster and the pleasure for me became greater. "Is it good?" he asked.

"Oh, so good," I said.

Just then he 'went off,' wetting my belly. "Lay still," he said, and he wiped me clean.

Now he asked: "Are you telling the truth? Come on and tell me."

I told him that I had seen it done and pointed to the other room. "Yes, yes. Your father and mother."

He wanted me to tell him all, and, as I told him what I had seen and heard, he played with my slit until I again went off.

I did not tell Franz that I had been poked by a grown-up man, although he was always talking of Mrs. Rhineland, dreaming about her...

CHAPTER SIX

After the delightful experience with Mr. Eckhard—for that was the bearded boarder's name—I began to look around for other grown-up men, imagining myself sitting on their knees and playing with their shafts. I looked at many different men. They would stop and stare at me, astonished.

One man turned around once and winked at me, but I did not follow him, although I was much excited. After this incident, I often walked out on the streets, hoping to meet a second Mr. Eckhard.

At one time, having gone farther away from home than usual, I got lost. Soon it began to grow late and got dark. Presently I met a soldier. I smiled at him, and he looked at me in astonishment, but kept right on walking. Since no one was in sight, I stopped and turned and saw that the soldier had also stopped and was looking back at me. I again smiled and he beckoned to me.

My heart was throbbing and my grotto burning, I was so excited. Nevertheless, I stood still, much frightened and yet wildly curious.

He hurried back and with a very sober face asked me: "Are you alone?"

I nodded. "Then come," he said, and he led the way round to the bushes.

Still frightened but highly elated, I followed him. We had scarcely reached the bushes when he threw me down on my back and at once got on top of me. I felt his big stiff shaft as he pushed it against my slit. I put my hand down and tried to guide it into me. I hurt at every movement, but I said nothing.

At last, almost wild, he made a strong effort. I felt the head going into me. It pained me so that I wanted to scream, but I bit my lips to keep quite. I did not want him to stop.

Suddenly he 'went off.' Jumping up like a rabbit, he then ran away, not even looking back at me. My insides burned something terrible and I could hardly walk.

But I had been poked. Really and truly poked.

All the way in.

I had at last lost my maidenhead.

As I came out of the bushes and started walking away, I saw the soldier urinating against a tree. It was not quite dark and I began to get scared. I still had no idea of where I was, but I began to walk wildly in random directions, hoping to discover some familiar landmark.

I had hardly gone a hundred yards when someone tapped me on the shoulder. Frightened, I turned around and saw a ragged boy somewhat older than myself.

"What did you do with that soldier?" he inquired.

"Nothing!" I replied.

"So, nothing! I saw it all!"

"You saw nothing!" I shouted, almost crying.

At this he put his hand between my legs, feeling my still-damp fleece. "You wench," he said, "I saw the whole business. You were poked by the soldier back in the bushes."

"Well, what do you want?" I asked him. (I saw that there was no use of further denial.)

He stepped up closer to me, squeezing my mound and said: "I want to poke you too, do you understand?"

"No! No! Get away, get out of here."

But he slapped me in the face. "I'll show you who to push!" he said. "You'll poke a soldier; me, you want to push away! I'll show you! I'll follow you home and tell your mother. I know you."

With a jump I stepped aside and started to run, but he caught up with me, took me by the shoulder and was about to slap me again. When I saw that it was no use, I said: "All right, come on. I'll let you poke m%."

We went back to the bushes and I got down. He lifted my dress and lay on top of me, saying: "All afternoon I have been waiting for some girl to poke!"

"How did you happen to see me?"

"I was lying on the grass when the soldier came to you and then I followed the two of you." He had a nice, pointed spear and poked quite well. I soon began to enjoy it, wondering why I had tried to run away from him. The boy must have enjoyed it too, for he was working like

clockwork. Although it was quite painful, I was a very proud girl. Again I was being poked like a grown woman.

It took quite a little time for the boy to finish, but at last he was through, at which he jumped up and ran away, and I started walking again. Presently I recognized a familiar building, found my street and made my way home.

When I arrived, I found that father and mother were gone. They probably had gone to the inn for the evening. The boys were asleep and Mr. Eckhard also was asleep. When I came in, however, Mr. Eckhard awoke and he whispered to me.

I stepped up to him and he put my hand on his shaft, which was standing straight and stiff. He was completely naked, and I could feel his thighs, stem and sack—in short, everything he had!

"Don't you want to diddle?" he asked.

I answered: "Not tonight!"

He tried to put his hand under my clothes but I drew back, afraid that he would discover that I was wet. However, I was tugging his tool with all my might and became so excited that I forgot everything else.

Raising my dress he lifted me upon him and began to work up and down, whispering: "Beautiful angel! Sweetheart!"

Fortunately he did not notice my wet condition. Then he started to 'squirt' and wet me to such an extent that my skirt did not dry over night.

This certainly had been an eventful day for me, nearly as eventful as the day when Robert taught me how to really poke and suck.

Franz still followed Mrs. Rhineland, and I also kept a close watch on her in order to report any new developments to my brother. I often observed her talking to a Mr. Horak, whom I suspected of being intimate with her, and in this case I was not mistaken, as it turned out later.

This man was a beer salesman, coming to her house every day with a load of beer, which he unloaded into the storage room in the basement. He was a man of about thirty years, large, strong and athletic. He had a red face and wore small, gold earrings, which I particularly noticed. I thought him a fine looking man, always wearing either white overalls or a blue suit. A heavy, silver watch-chain with a small, silver horse for a charm was particularly noticeable.

One day on my return from school I saw Mrs. Rhineland and Mr. Horak talking together. She was wearing a loose, red blouse and no corsets, and her whole breasts, even the nipples, were plainly visible.

Mr. Horak leaned close to her, both of them laughing. When he reached for her titties, she pushed him away, and, when he made a movement to put his hand under her clothes, she

jumped back, but all in fun. Soon they were talking earnestly in low tones, then he disappeared into the house, immediately followed by Mrs. Rhineland, who went down to the cellar.

Waiting a few moments, I crept after her. I discovered a niche in the wall from which I could see everything without being observed, there being a dim light coming through the opening between the barrels of beer.

Mr. Horak and Mrs. Rhineland were in the center of the cellar, hugging and kissing. He had unbuttoned her blouse and was playing with her breasts. They were milk-white, large and firm. I noticed that as Mr. Horak played with them the nipples seemed to grow stiff. While he was kissing her, she was feeling around the front of his trousers; then she opened the flap, reaching away up inside.

As she stroked his shaft, she began to shiver, getting much excited. The enormous engine was so long that her hand seemed small beside it as she worked it up and down. I was astonished at its great length and thinness.

Mr. Horak, breathing so hard that I could hear him plainly where I stood, now pushed her towards a large barrel, on which she sat with her back against the wall.

She whispered: "Come quick. I can't stand this any longer!"

He then took her legs in his arms and held her up while she inserted his shaft. He shoved it into her as far as he could, and she whispered hoarsely:

"For goodness sake! You are pushing my stomach out of place!"

Since I had never seen it done in this way before, I watched closely, missing nothing. He had his hand down between her breasts. She constantly kissed him, grunting and moaning: "Oh! I can't stand this any longer—I am going to die!—Now—don't squirt yet—I am 'coming'—my goodness—I am 'coming' again—Oh Lord!—Hold back—don't squirt, I beg you!—This is heavenly—I—Jesus-Mary—If my old man could only poke me like you do—I am 'going off' again—that feels so big in me—Shove it clear in—Oh! God!—I have never had anyone as good as you are!—I can feel it clear up in my throat!—If I had only known this, you could have had it long ago!—A person must be a fool to deny herself such a great pleasure—Oh! Oh! Lord! Faster, faster!—My God!—Oh, that feels good!"

Mr. Horak, however, did not answer, but kept right on poking. Meanwhile, Mrs. Rhineland was now writhing and twisting around on the barrel, her buttocks extending away out in front. He grabbed her cheeks and, with one final push, sheathed his sword completely.

"Ah!—Ah!" she moaned with pleasure.

His head then sank exhausted. He withdrew his shaft and she jumped down, arranged her clothing. Then throwing herself around his neck and kissing him, she exclaimed: "Not one man in ten can do it like that!"

He calmly lit a cigarette, asking: "How many times did you come?"

"Oh, I don't know. At least five."

Then, beginning to finger her breasts and slit, he asked: "How many times do you come when your husband pokes you?"

She replied in a disgusted tone: "Not at all. He no sooner puts it in that he 'squirts,' just teasing me, leaving me so excited that I have to satisfy myself with my fingers!"

"But why don't you tell him to treat you better?"

"I do, but he says that all men poke alike; that there is no different way. But I know different! He does not dream that I get myself a little booty on the side now and then. A piece of real meat. I often think that if I could make him do it a second time it would take longer and perhaps I could 'go off,' but no use. He can't raise another shaft. Often I try taking it in my mouth, but no success. You can't imagine how far such a man can drive a woman. Sometimes I go insanely mad for want of it. He nearly drives me crazy. He simply won't poke me properly."

Horak stepped up closer to her. He was still holding her white breasts, which looked very good to me. He said:

"Why don't you show me how you take it in your mouth for him. I've never had it done that way."

"I don't believe that, Mr. Horak," replied she. "I am sure that you could have any woman you wanted. They will all be only too glad to do that for you."

In my hiding place I thought the same and would be glad to do anything for him.

"No," he remarked, "I want it done that way by you. Come on. Show me!"

He pushed her back on the barrel, still holding her breasts, and stood very close to her.

"But that is not necessary with you," she said. "You will get stiff without that."

At which he pulled out his weapon, which now hung down soft and limber, saying: "See, he will not get stiff again!"

She took hold of it, saying: "You are getting me all excited again, and I haven't got any time. I must go—"

But he kept on caressing her, playing with her breasts. Suddenly she stopped and took it in her mouth. It was now his turn to cry: "Mother—Mary—and Joseph!"

At that moment I heard someone descending the cellar stairs. The two lovers seemed to be too engrossed to notice. Unthinkingly I called out: "Some one is coming!" And I darted away from my hiding place.

Thunderstruck, they stared at me, unable to move. Mr. Horak put his engine back in his trousers and buttoned them hurriedly.

Then he helped Mrs. Rhinelandt button up her blouse. I stepped up beside them, also afraid of who might be coming. We stood there staring at each other, they looking very much ashamed but saying nothing.

The intruder happened to be the landlord of the building. He passed, nodding to us, and seemed to notice nothing unusual in our appearance. He got a broom from the corner and went back upstairs.

Mr. Horak stood staring at the wall, not daring to look at me. Mrs. Rhinelandt, seeing that he would not talk, caught my hands, crying: "Did you see anything, dearie?"

I shook my head at first, and then laughed. I said: "I saw the whole thing!"

She became frightened and seemed about to run away. Then she apparently thought better of it. She continued to hold me and they looked at each other helplessly. Mr. Horak put his hand in his pocket and took out a silver coin, a gulden, which he handed to me.

I was much pleased at this turn of affairs, for I had expected a good thrashing at least. Now, however, all my anxiety vanished as I realized that they were afraid of me. I laughed, starting to go, but Mrs. Rhinelandt called me back, saying in a wheedling way: "Wait a little, sweetheart!"

She whispered something in Mr. Horak's ear. He turned quite red. Then she said: "Come here, little one!"

As I came to her, she put an arm around me and said in a friendly way: "Now tell us. What did you really see?"

When I did not answer her, she said: "Come now, tell me. Tell what you know!"

And still when I did not answer, she said: "You see, you know nothing."

But I replied: "Oh, yes, I did!"

"Well, then talk. Don't be afraid of Mr. Horak. If you tell Mr. Horak he will give you a present—or he'll show you something nice. Well, now—?"

"First you sat on the barrel and Mr. Horak was between your legs!"

She hugged me tightly, saying: "Well, go on!"

I took out her breasts, showing how Horak had played with them.

She asked: "Well, anything else?"

I again whispered into her ear: "I saw you take this thing in your mouth."

Still holding me tightly in her arms, she asked: "And do you know what that is called?"

Mr. Horak came closer to us. She winked at him as she again asked me. Anxious to show that I was not innocent, I answered: "Yes, Mrs. Rhineland." "

"Come, my dear girl; tell me what it is?"

I snuggled close to her, refusing to tell. I could see that my teasing manner excited her. She reached over, took Mr. Horak's shaft—which was again stiff and straight—and, as I watched closely, she stroked its head and said: "Now, won't you tell?"

When I remained silent, she put my hand on his shaft—to which I did not object—and slowly worked the foreskin back and forth, smiling up at him at the same time. His knees began to quiver. Mrs. Rhineland now pushed my head down until my mouth was close to the throbbing engine. I could not resist. Taking it in my mouth, I began to suck on it.

I could feel the pulsations. It was so long that I could only get a quarter of its length into my mouth. I was sucking and licking it when Mrs. Rhineland said to him: "Don't 'squirt'; I want some too!"

She now put me down off her lap and at once buried his sword in her scabbard. Then, turning to me, she said:

"Now, do you know what this is called?"

"Poking!" I cried.

Mr. Horak reached under my dress and began playing with my 'kitten,' putting one finger after the other. My legs shook with pleasure. I seemed to be burning up. In this manner, we all three 'went off' together.

Having finished, Mr. Horak, buttoning his trousers, remarked: "The child is an artist."

Mrs. Rhineland smilingly said: "I saw that at once. She is a little wench, a natural whore!" She asked me: "Have you been poked yet?"

I naturally denied it, but she insisted: "I don't believe you. Don't lie. How often have you done it?"

But I insisted: "Never! I have only seen it done at home."

Mrs. Rhineland and I then went upstairs, while Mr. Horak remained in the cellar. She seemed now like a partner, and I was very proud of this community of interest with a grown-up woman. This was something different from Anna and Mizzie and the rest. I thought of Ferdl having poked her up in the garret; since he had often poked me too, it seemed as if there were a bond between us.

As we got upstairs, I confessed that I had not told her the truth before. This I owned up to the fact that I had been poked before. She wanted to know all about it: how often, with whom, etc.

I replied: "Possibly ten times or more." Then I played my trump card and said: "With several boys—one of them Ferdl, the big boy, Anna's brother; you know him!"

She denied it, but I kept on saying: "You surely remember him, he helped you carry the wash to the attic."

She said: "Oh yes, I remember him now."

Leaning close to her, I whispered: "You know, he told me all about it!"

She cut me short saying: "Shut your mouth!"

That settled that. A few days later I saw Mr. Horak going into the cellar. I called "hello" to him. Spying me, and making sure that no one was in sight, he called to me: "Come along to the cellar." I was all too glad to go.

As we reached the dark passageway, he turned and, catching my head, pressed my face to the front of his trousers. I immediately put my hand into his pants and took out his shaft, which I held in both hands, rubbing it gently.

He remarked: "How nicely you do that."

After such praise, I tried to please him. I reached into his pants and began to play with his eggs, while with the other hand I continually rubbed his foreskin back and forth.

"Take it in your mouth!" he begged.

I refused. I don't know why, but I wanted to do it somewhere else.

"I will give you another gulden if you will take it in your mouth," he said.

But I still declined, saying to him: "Do it to me like you did to Mrs. Rhineland!"

In great astonishment, he said: "You want me to poke you?"

I nodded.

He then said: "But, child, you are too small!"

I kept on playing with his shaft, rubbing my mound against it and trying to put it inside me, all the while saying: "I am not too small. I can poke!"

"But you haven't any hair on you!"

"That makes no difference. I want to get poked!"

"Have you ever done it?"

I nodded.

He said: "How often?"

I said: "Several times."

He lifted me up and held me astride his hips, the same as one would carry a child, supporting me with one hand while I put my arms around his neck. With his other hand, he lifted my clothes and opened my slit with his fingers. Then he started the ascent.

I could feel the head of his immense organ going into me. I jumped up and down, trying to help him invade me. However, I was too small to receive him.

After trying for some time, he put me down, saying: "No! It won't go like this!" I noticed how red his shaft had become from rubbing against my body.

He sat down on a small keg and rolled a smaller one in front of him. Then he turned to me and drew me to him, with my back touching him, as I stood on the small keg. This pleased me greatly, for I thought that he was going to invade me from behind as Robert had done in bed. But, instead, he ordered me to bend forward. I did so, bracing my elbows on another keg, my little bottom raised high in the air.

I turned my head and saw him wetting his shaft with saliva. He said that this would make it go in easier. Then, raising my dress, he got up, leaned over me and started boring into the cleft between my buttocks.

I was very much frightened at this turn of affairs. I wanted to scream, but he quieted me, saying: "If it hurts, tell me."

He then pushed further. What's more in addition to thrusting his tool into my bottom, he pushed his finger into my grotto.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

Although it did hurt a little, the wonderful sensation which tickled both orifices was so delightful that I answered: "No!"

He then bored a little deeper and again asked if it hurt me.

I replied in the negative. He now pushed further, until I feared that the mammoth machine must be all the way into me. (He told me, later, that he had been able to get only about half of it in.)

At first I was disgusted to think of receiving a poke in this manner, but, as he worked on, I became calmer. The fear of being hurt disappeared and the tingling sensation felt so good that I began to moan with pleasure. He then withdrew, anxiously asking whether he had hurt me. This was an unpleasant interruption to a wonderful sensation, and I stretched up too, saying: "No, no! It doesn't hurt ... ! Please leave it in and keep on."

He now put it in again and I whispered: "just keep it there—there—oh! That feels so good!"

He was very gentle about it, and kept playing with my grotto all the time. Finally he was in to the hilt. I could not help thinking of the ragged boy who poked me in the bushes and who was the one to get my maidenhead; of the soldier who tried so hard but could not succeed; of Robert, who had got part way in, and of Mr. Eckhard, who had gone a bit further. The thoughts made me so excited that I was almost beside myself.

To feel my lover's lance better, I several times pinched my cheeks together tightly, greatly affecting Mr. Horak. He leaned forward, clutching me to him, working violently and whispering: "You darling! That's right—pinch some more—you sweet little whore—you must let me poke you thoroughly every day!—I'll meet you right here tomorrow and every day!"

"Every day?" I asked.

"Yes, every damned day, you darling little whore! Every day I want to poke you!"

This conversation wrought me up to a still greater pitch of excitement. "You want to poke me every day? But that will be impossible! Don't you think so?"

"Why will it?" he demanded, pushing still harder.

"But what if Mrs. Rhinelanders comes?"

"Nonsense!" he whispered, "I like you a great deal better."

"I don't believe it!"

"But, I tell you, it's true."

He now was inside me so far that I could feel his eggs bumping against my thighs. "But," I reminded him, "Mrs. Rhinelanders has big titties."

"I don't care. You will soon have big ones too!"

"No, not for a long time yet."

Then he comforted me by telling me: "Just do lots of poking and they will grow fast, never fear."

I was so pleased at this that I squeezed my buttocks several times.

He stopped talking and breathed very hard. Then, suddenly, he said: "Now! Now! Oh, my goodness!"

I felt something warm inside of me and knew that he was 'going off. His spear jerked furiously and his hot finger probed deep within my canal. I felt one hot wave after another go through me, as though I were being licked all over by a red hot tongue! I was breathing hard and moaning! When I got up, the hot juice was running down my legs like a waterfall.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Since I did not see Mr. Horak for several days after this meeting and since my attraction to him had crowded Mr. Eckhard completely out of my mind, I satisfied my longings in the old way with Franz. Also I continually watched my parents at night to see if I could once more catch them in the act.

One night I saw father poking mother from behind. Another time mother was on top of him. One night, having been awakened by the noise of their bed, I heard them talking. Mother and father were both naked and father was "giving her the birdie." Her legs up on his shoulders, he poked her with all his might and main.

Finally he whispered: "I am 'coming'...!" But mother said: "No, no, wait—hold back—wait for me!"

But father went off, and, letting go mother's legs, he sank down on the bed exhausted.

This displeased mother greatly. She said: Is that nice of you? I didn't even 'go off!'"

After a few minutes, mother asked: "Can't you do it once more?"

Father murmured: "Perhaps, after a little while."

Now mother was very angry. She said: "Oh, later on you will be snoring and it will be impossible for me to wake you!"

"But I can't do it now!"

"Well, then, why didn't you hold back? I want some, too!"

After a few minutes, she asked again: "Can't you make him stand now?"

"Not now. Wait!"

Then my mother said: "I will make him stand!"

She sat up in bed, and taking father's lance in her hand, began playing with it. Father played with her titties, but for about a quarter of an hour nothing happened.

Finally he said: "You see? It's no use!"

Mother, almost in tears by this time, said: "What can we do?"

"Nothing," said father. "Let up. He won't stand anymore!"

Mother, almost weeping, kept on playing with him. Finally she said: "My hand is tired! I must try something else."

She now stooped down and began to suck and lick him, all the while crying bitterly. I could hear her plainly.

At last she stopped crying and said: "Well, he just won't come. Oh, Lord! What can a woman do with a man like you? You push it in once or twice and then 'get off,' never thinking that a woman wants some too."

Father said nothing, but mother kept on: "What shall I do? With your teasing, my playing with it and taking it in my mouth, you almost drive me wild! What would you say if I pushed you away just as you were about to 'go off? I suppose that you would go out somewhere else and get it? Oh, you men can help yourselves; you would simply go and get a whore, but I— what would happen if I was poked by another man?"

"Oh, do what you like about it!"

"So—? I will remember that! Don't think for a minute that I can't get another man if I want!"

At that, father sat up, threw mother over, reached for her slit, put his fingers into it and began playing with her titties with his other hand.

Pretty soon I heard mother breathe hard, saying: "Now! Now! Push your finger away up! I am com-ing!-Oh!-Oh!-That was good!"

Father said: "Thank God. Let the poor soul rest!"

I soon heard them snoring peacefully. I seemed the only one awake, all excited and wishing I could get a little "piece," not knowing whom I would prefer, Franz, Ferdl, Robert, Mr. Eckhard, the soldier, the ragged boy or Mr. Horak. But I could have none of them, so I gave myself a good rubbing and fell asleep.

I had become familiar with several of the boys in the neighborhood. This was probably due to that certain something in my eyes or my looks which seemed to give them the courage to ask me for a "piece."

Of course, they were all wicked boys, the same as my brother, poking their sisters or such of their friends as they could get. Whenever I happened to meet one of these boys on the stairs or in the street he would slap me on my bottom or feel between my legs. If I liked him, I'd touch his shaft; if not, I would turn away.

With the girls I had very little to do. In school I was very quiet. If I did talk with one of the girls, she would start in to tell me how much she knew about poking, or else she would look at me in disgust when I mentioned it and shun me afterwards—if she was one of those "nice" girls.

With the boys it sometimes happened that, if I felt the lance of one of them and he took the hint we would slip into the cellar, which was always open, quickly snatch a "piece," standing up, then hurry away. I probably did it with eight different boys during this period. I especially remember two of the boys—one of them later becoming very closely connected in my story with Mr. Eckhard. I will relate further concerning these boys in my next chapter.

CHAPTER EIGHT

One of my boy friends was a lad named Alois, the son of our landlord; a fine boy, blonde hair, always faultlessly dressed in a brown velvet suit with Knickerbocker pants. He was about twelve years old. I really believe that I was in love with him. Every time that I met him I was nervous and excited. He seemed to be a very proud boy and carried his head high, as though he considered himself above the rest of us.

I felt ashamed and humble in his presence, but could not resist staring at him. He would give me a short look when we met, then haughtily turn away. He was always accompanied by a nurse; a middle-aged woman, very stout, with one lame shoulder.

I accidentally met him alone one day, while I was sneaking around the cellar door, looking for some boy; it did not much matter which one, for I was excited and wanted to be poked. I said: "Have you ever been in a cellar?"

He answered: "No, never."

"Well, let's go down together."

To this he agreed, and, on the stairs he whispered: "Are you sure that nobody will see us?"

This brought us more intimate than ever and also on friendly terms, and I knew that I had him where I wanted him. Still, not daring to touch him, I replied: "Why, there is no one there."

He said nothing as we went down the dark passage, but, stopping suddenly, he began to stroke me on the cheek. I was so happy at this notice that I held my breath. He now grew more bold and began to knead my breasts, and, since I did not object, he let his hand stray lower and lower until it had reached the throbbing crux of my passion.

I was now quivering with delight all over. Pressing me harder and harder as I leaned against the wall, he said: "Shall we do it?"

At first I resisted, saying: "What if somebody should come?"

But he lifted my dress and I felt his little engine rubbing against my citadel.

I was so worked up by this time that I reached the heights of passion as soon as I felt the head of the taut and twitching tool entering my canal. Alois' face still was sober, but he must have achieved satisfaction also, for I felt myself getting all wet.

Alois remained quiet, always with that grave look. Putting his hands under my buttock and pressing me tight to him, with one shove I suddenly felt his whole shaft entering me. It was a short, thick one, but ... it felt quite huge.

For several moments Alois did not move. Then he began a round-about, revolving movement, as if trying to enlarge the entrance while still keeping it sealed. I moaned and once more felt myself attaining pleasure's heights.

Alois remarked: "Now for the end!"

"With pleasure!" I replied gladly.

He slowly withdrew his shaft and pushed it in again, repeating this operation five or six times. I felt him quickly expel the scalding seed of his sexuality. There was not much, but he really enjoyed it. I could feel his meager machine convulsing inside me and I right along with him reached my goals for the third time.

When he had finished, Alois wiped himself on my shirt and put his instrument back in his pants. He then remarked, patting me on the cheek: "You do this much better than Clementina."

Not knowing who Clementina was, I said nothing, but I did not wonder, for I felt sure that such a fine boy could get almost any girl whom he wanted.

As he was about to leave me he said: "Come to my house tomorrow afternoon. My parents are going out and I will be alone!"

The next afternoon, I rang the door-bell. The cook came to the door and I bashfully inquired if Alois was in.

"Yes, the young master is there," said she, showing me to a beautiful elegantly furnished room, which appealed to me like a Paradise.

Alois showed me around the room and then showed me his bed, which was very beautiful. He also showed me a large couch covered with light, blue material, saying as he pointed to the bed: "That is where I sleep." And to the couch: "And the nurse sleeps here."

He then showed me his picture books, his soldiers, his guns and his swords. I never had known that a child could have so much luxury and that it could be possible to do the thing which we had done in the dark cellar in such a beautiful room.

In a few minutes, the nurse, who always accompanied him to and from school, came in, so we were not alone after all, as I had been led to expect. I then gave up all hope of repeating the very delightful performance of the day before. Alois smiled very pleasantly.

The nurse sat down on the couch and began to knit, paying no attention whatsoever to us playing at the table. Suddenly Alois got up and, going over to the fat nurse, began playing with her huge globes. I was naturally so astounded at this effrontery that I could not say a word.

She pushed him away, murmuring: "But Alois," glancing at me.

"Never mind her," he said. "Pepi is wise and understands everything."

Then he again put his hands on her fat, protruding breasts. She made no further objection, saying: "But won't she tell?"

Instead of replying, I got up and began to play with one of her breasts, pressing and squeezing it gently. It was soft and mushy, and her wrinkled old face began to get very red. Alois had already taken out his engine and put it in the nurse's hand. She started to play with it, but not as I had always done it. Instead, taking it between her thumb and her middle finger,

she began toying with the head, tapping it with her forefinger so the foreskin kept drawing further back.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked, her wrinkled face wide in a grin.

"Oh, yes," I said.

"And what is it called?"

"A tool!" I said in a low tone.

"And what do you do with such a tool?"

"Engulf it!" I whispered in reply.

She began to breathe faster as she quickened her play on his tool, saying:

"And in what is the tool engulfed?" At the same time, she smacked her lips.

"The canal!" Alois answered for me. Then he had loosened the nurse's waist and began playing with her flabby, bare breasts.

She now turned to him and began questioning him. I assumed that this was a game which they both often played with each other.

"What does the hoe do in a row?"

"Plow!" he answered, in the same quiet way that made him so charming to me.

"What other name has the act?"

Then Alois began to enumerate: "Pruntzing, screwing, shagging, nookieing, bootying, tailing, pootanging, gashing, frigging, diddling, scratching, meating, ... etc."

I was delighted at hearing so many names for the delightful amusement.

"What else can the hoe do?" she asked him.

"Tickle the cleft of the buttocks, go into the mouth, go between the titties or between the legs, under the arm-pits, etc."

"And what does Alois want to do now?"

Without answering, he pushed her back. She closed her eyes and panted heavily. Loosening her blouse, he took out her titties. I noticed how far they hung down, the nipples standing out like little fingers. Alois then took the first one and then the other, sucking at the nipples with all his might.

Each time that the woman jerked the corresponding shoulder after Alois had sucked the nipple on that, she said: "Oh, how wonderful."

Now he raised her dress, disclosing her fat, short naked legs. He smoothed the skirts out over her stomach, so that they would not bunch up. Then, stepping between her legs, he spread her black, hairy slit, which was of an enormous size, and deftly slipped his short, thick saber in to the hilt.

Clementina reached hotly behind him and, clasping one of his cheeks in each hand, drew him to her tightly. He pushed with all his might, she still holding him so that it would not slip out.

Clementina closed her eyes and gasped for breath. Holding a breast in each hand, Alois worked like a clock, as grave as he had been when he poked me the day before in the cellar at the school.

After working like this for a few minutes, Clementina said: "Now, for the end, with pleasure," and at the same time releasing his cheeks.

I noticed, him slowly withdraw his shaft. She jumped with pleasure. Slowly he put it in again. She acted as though she were having a fit which threatened to tear her in two. Again he slowly withdrew. Clementina seemed to be choking. Slowly he put it in again. She trembled all over.

Alois, always grave and sober, repeated this five or six times, always watching her face. As soon as her features relaxed and the spasm of spending was over, she sank back exhausted. Alois, getting red in the face, after several quick pushes, also sank forward, his face falling between her naked globes.

For several seconds he lay in this position. I had got so excited that I could hardly resist the temptation to manipulate my grotto.

They both now got up and Alois wiped himself on her undershirt. We all three sat on the couch and the woman, who was named Clementina, smiling at me, asked: "Well, did you like it?"

I only smiled, for Alois, who sat on the other side of her, was looking at me.

"She asked: "Do you understand that already?"

I did not dare deny it, and yet I did not want to confess. So I just smiled, which, of course, was really the same as admitting it.

"Well," she remarked, "we will see." And without further talk, she raised my skirt and began to examine me.

While feeling around, she remarked: "Oh my ... a lot has happened there!"

Carefully, before I realized what she was up to, she began going her little finger into me. Turning to Alois, she said. "You can get it in there all right."

She noticed how I was trembling, and said: "Shall he poke you now?"

Without hesitation, I answered: "Yes! Yes!" I was afraid that I would have to go home without what I had come for.

She said to him: "Well, won't you give this nice girl a little piece? What do you say?"

As he got up to come over to me, she stopped him, saying: "Wait! I must make you ready again!"

This certainly seemed necessary, for his engine hung down soft and slack. He undoubtedly had had too much action for a boy of his age. I should have been too glad to attend to this detail myself, but I soon saw something I had not before witnessed. She took his little, Umber device in her mouth and wet it with her tongue. Then, squeezing her titties together, she put the machine between them. It looked exactly as though he was putting it into a big, soft cavern.

This seemed to again arouse her passion, and I began to fear that I would be cheated out of my pleasure after all.

She kept up a continual stream of talk: "Where is my Alois now? ... Now he is with his nice titties, isn't he? But Alois has a good Clementina; no one else would do that for him. Her little man can poke her as often as he likes. Isn't that so?"

Half turning to me, she said: "In the night, when everything is quiet, he crawls out of his bed and comes to my couch and then we do it ... he does it fine! His nurse taught him how to do it properly, didn't she, Alois?"

I began to think that this selfish old pig would take it all, but, just then he withdrew his tool, which was again erect and stiff, saying: "Well, shall I take Pepi now?"

I could hardly resist taking hold of it. But I feared the homely old nurse, who seemed to be considering whether she would permit him to poke me or not. I remained quiet, hardly daring to breathe.

At length she gave consent, moved to one side of the couch and made me lie down with my head on her lap. Alois immediately lifted my skirts, got up on top of me, opened my slit with his fingers and with one push, forced his spear into me much farther and more satisfactorily than the day before. I wanted to talk to him and fondle him, for he was now pushing back and forth regularly, but Clementina was continually looking into my face and kept up a steady stream of talk. I felt bashful and did not dare to take any liberties.

"Have you got it in?" she asked.

"He is all in!" I whispered.

She put her hand down between our bellies, first playing with me, then with Alois. I had to cough, because her breast was pressing against my face. She straightened up, still questioning: "Is it good?"

I did not reply, but closed my eyes.

"I say," she again remarked, "Alois pokes well, doesn't he?"

"Yes," I answered, beginning to work my hips up and down.

"Have you ever had it as good as that?" she wanted to know.

"No!" I said, for I never had experienced such pleasure.

"With whom do you poke at other times?" she demanded.

"With Ferdl," I replied, since he was not living at our house any longer.

But she would rest. "Who else?" she asked in a very stern and authoritative voice.

I had to answer. "With Robert."

"Goon."

"With my brother."

Half crazed with pleasure and excitement, the names slipped from me. In my frenzied condition I gave no thought to the consequences. Fortunately she asked no further questions, but seemed to have conceived a new idea.

Unbuttoning my waist, she pushed it down, baring my little titties. Then she moistened her fingers and began playing with the nipples, which were perfectly flat. As she played faster and faster, like a tongue licking them, they began to get hard and stand out. With Alois still moving around inside me as though trying to enlarge my canal, the tickling was so great that I almost went wild. I began to moan softly; murmuring; "I am getting close ... I am getting closer!"

Meeting every move, Alois worked faster and faster. A feeling of heat suffused my entire body. I trembled. I felt as though I could not stand it any longer.

Alois whispered: "Now the end ... with pleasure!"

As he slowly withdrew his shaft, I squeezed my legs together, fearful of losing this final, great feeling, but he pushed the device back inside me again! Clementina, meanwhile, still played with my titties.

Now a wonderful stretching sensation went through me from my toes to the top of my head. I attained my goals three times in succession!

I let out a short scream and Clementina put her hand over my mouth. I felt a burning stream pouring into my canal as Alois squirted, and I again, which was the fourth time. I had never done this before.

Clementina's hand was held tightly over my mouth, preventing me from screaming, which I surely would have done. I started to lick the palm of her hand in my excitement.

I was forced to remain on the couch for at least an hour. I was so thoroughly exhausted and tired from what I had gone through that I was unable to move. I was completely poked out!

Clementina, however, was far from satisfied. I saw that she still had Alois standing before her on the couch and that she sitting in front of him. She again put his tool between her titties, but, as he pulled it out, it hung down limp and soft. She then put it into her mouth, at the same time tickling his tiny spheres. Then putting her face between his legs, she began tickling around the edges of the back entrance.

In astonishment I saw Alois' weapon slowly rising; finally it was once more hard and stiff and ready for combat. Claspng her by her ears, he pushed the spear into her mouth as far as it would go and began working it back and forth very slowly. I saw from the movement of her cheeks that she was sucking hard. She then wanted to withdraw it but he commanded her in his quiet manner to hold still.

I was surprised to see how she obeyed him, quietly permitting him to poke her in the mouth. He kept this up for quite a while. I simply stared. I had lost all my passion and excitement. I was simply exhausted.

Once more she begged him: "Come, sonny, let us poke."

But he, becoming angry, said: "Damn you, hold still."

She allowed him to return it to her mouth, moving as before. It was obvious that he was going to finish in this manner. Suddenly he cried out: "Now the end, with pleasure."

He slowly withdrew from her red lips, almost to the end, and then slowly pushed the organ in again. At this she suddenly went wild, shouting: "No! No! You must poke me!" And, seizing him as one would a small child, she threw him on his back on the couch and, placing herself astride of him, pushed his sword up into her scabbard. Then she jumped up and down like mad until she finally gained her goals. Then she sank back exhausted, completely hiding him under her great bulk.

The orgy now over, Clementina served us chocolates such as I had never tasted before. When I was ready to leave, she accompanied me to the door. In the dark hallway, she put her hand under my dress, squeezed my grotto and kissed me. She then handed me a silver coin, again admonishing me not to tattle, and said that I might come again. I opened the door and left for home.

CHAPTER NINE

The other boy whom I mentioned, as I recollect, lived several doors from us on the same street. His name was Shani. I liked him very much. He was thirteen years of age, pale and slender and very handsome, with dark eyes and hair.

We were accustomed to bid each other the time of day as we passed, but aside from this had held no conversation. Since he was in the same class at school as my brother, Lorenz, and very friendly with him, I feared to attempt what was in my mind.

I felt that he must be very chaste like Lorenz. He often visited Lorenz, but he always was so sober and grave that I feared to start anything with him, albeit he was very friendly with me.

He happened to come one afternoon when Lorenz and Franz had gone somewhere to deliver a message. I knew they would be some time, and mother was busy in the laundry. Needless to say, I planned to put the time to good use.

I informed Shani that Lorenz was not home. Then, as he started to leave, I asked him to come in and stay a while. He hesitated. I then fibbed a little, saying that Lorenz would soon return, and since he still seemed a little hesitant, I told him that I was afraid to stay alone. He then reluctantly came in.

We both were very bashful and embarrassed. But I took him from the kitchen into the living room, and, after a time our bashfulness wore off.

He said nothing; I also remained silent. I snuggled close to him. He smiled at me. I put my arms around his neck, rubbing my body closely against his. I thought that with this encouragement he would surely feel my kitten or take out his tool and put it in my hands.

But he did neither; simply stood still and smiled.

This was too slow. I went to bed, lay down on my back and said: "Come over here!"

As he slowly approached, I began to raise my dress, saying: "Now you don't see anything."

I raised them a little higher. "Still you see nothing."

He sat perfectly still and showed no interest whatever.

I then raised my hem above my stockings. "Still, you see nothing!"

He made no move, simply smiled bashfully.

"But, now," I called, as I completely uncovered the gem—I wore no panties that afternoon—"Now what?"

He stood still while I waited. My excitement arose still higher as I realized that his sword would fit my scabbard just as Alois had. I was anxious to see it, to hold it, to feel it inside me! I reached for his trousers. He stepped back, saying in a low, sorrowful voice:

"I can't do it!"

"Why not?" as I jumped from the bed.

"I just can't do it!" he whispered. "So show me!" I said, again reaching for his pants. "Show me why you can't."

He wanted to run away, but I held on. Reaching into his pants, I drew out his member. It was thin and very long. I noticed that the foreskin was drawn away back from the head, which

was a new phenomenon to me, but the handsome machine could stand just as straight and stiff as any of them.

I was so anxious to have this lovely object put in its proper place, that I immediately raised my dress, but he fought me off, saying: "Let me go, I can't do it!"

"You can, too!" I said.

"No, I cannot!"

"You lie, you can, but you don't want to do it."

"No I really can't," he said in a sad tone.

I was surprised by this demurrer and curious to know the reason. I asked him, but he turned away, put the splendid instrument back in his pants and buttoned them up again, saying: "It is impossible, I tell you!"

"My anger arose. "You lie! You don't want me! If you really don't just say so, but don't lie like that."

He came toward me. "I am not lying," he said, caressing my cleft without raising my skirt. He hesitated a moment, then again said: "No, I simply cannot do it!"

"But why?"

"On account of these damned women!" he blurted out.

"What women?"

"I have had to poke twice already today," he said.

"Who do you mean?" I asked.

He repeated: "Twice already, and if I poke you now, I won't be able to do anything tonight, and she'll whip me."

"Who?"

"My mother!"

"Your mother?"

"Yes."

"She will whip you if your shaft won't stand."

"Yes."

"But why? You don't mean to say that you poke your own mother."

"I must," he said, now almost in tears. "These God-forsaken women, they are all alike."

"And you have poked her twice already?"

"Oh, no. Her turn comes tonight."

"Well then, who do you poke?"

"My sisters."

"Your sisters?"

"Yes, both of them. And if I poke you now, it will not stand for me tonight when I get in bed with my mother and then she'll know I poked Rosa and Wetti, and she'll whip me."

After saying so much, he decided to tell me the whole story, seeming to be much relieved to confide in someone.

He had never known his father, who died when Shard was a baby. I had often seen his sisters and his mother, who was a small, thin, scrawny women with beautiful, black eyes and hair like her son. Rosa, the elder sister, was eighteen, blonde and slender, with lots of freckles and well-developed, pointed titties. Wetti, the younger sister, was sixteen, short and plump, with developed titties and a broad backside. This precocious girl had been seduced when only twelve years old by a book agent, who canvassed from house to house. Finding her alone at home one afternoon, he took advantage of the situation and enjoyed a healthy poke. He had not raped or forced her, by any means; she was perfectly willing to be seduced. She had started to develop quite young and was at that time already casting eyes at the men.

Wetti one day told her brother Shani of the adventure, also showing him how the book agent had done it, and after that they often played at this game. Then, they were in the midst of their fun, Rosa surprised him. She stood quietly looking at them. They hastily jumped up fearing a good real thrashing. They thought Rosa would tell on them.

But she simply asked: "What are you doing?"

Not receiving any answer, she said no more, but that night, after the family had retired and Shani was sleeping in the same room, she called to him.

As he came to her, she asked: "What were you doing to Wetti today?"

"Nothing!"

"So...? Well at least you had her dress up and her titties out."

"Oh, we were just playing."

"Show me how you played."

When he did not move, Rosa, lifting the covers, said: "Come in, lie down alongside of me." And as he crawled into bed with his sister, he noticed that she was entirely naked. He at once began to play with those lovely titties which he had long admired.

Rosa took hold of his shaft. She was so nervous that she could hardly talk. Shani had also become very much excited and passionate. Yet he was afraid, for heretofore he had poked Wetti only in the daytime, with all her clothes on. As a little boy, he had feared and respected Rosa, and it did not seem possible that he was now here in bed with her playing with her round, warm titties and she playing with his shaft.

"Have you often done it to Wetti?" Rosa asked.

"Yes," he confessed, "often."

"Shall I tell mother?" she asked and fondled his stiff stalk.

"No, please don't say anything," he begged.

She continued: "And now you are here in bed with me, playing with my titties and rubbing against me with your member. Just wait until I tell mother in the morning."

"Oh no. You can't say that, for you called me in.

"Like fun I did. Mother will believe me before she will you. I'll tell her that you came over and tried to poke me, and I'll tell her you have been poking Wetti."

At that she moved closer to him, again giving him her titties to play with. But, when he tried to get away, she held on to his member and said: "Stay her, you mutt. I won't say anything. Don't be afraid. I only want you to poke me too."

At that he climbed on top of her. She pushed his spear away up into her so that he could feel against his pelvis the lips and soft hair-cushion surrounding her grotto. But she was still a virgin, which made it very difficult. Finally, reaching behind her and pulling her to him, he gave one great push, and succeeded in getting inside.

He reached the apex of passion at once! After groaning several times, Rosa, also seemed satisfied. She then sent him back to his own bed. The next morning he noticed blood spots on his shirt and Rosa told him they came from her maidenhead.

It was only a short time until Wetti discovered what was going on between her brother and sister, night after night, so she joined them and now Shard had to take care of both sisters. Whether the mother suspected something from his pale appearance or whether she overheard the love-bouts during the night, Shani did not know, but one night, when he had fallen asleep in Rosa's bed, the mother came in, woke them and ordered Shani back to his own bed. In the morning she said: It is not proper for a boy to sleep with his own sisters."

Rosa at once said: "He is afraid."

The mother then declared: "If he is afraid from now on, he shall sleep in my room."

So his bed was moved into his mother's bedroom beside her own. At night she came in and then stepped up close to him and hugged him tightly, so that he should not be frightened. She put his hands on her breasts and he played with them until he fell asleep. (Her breasts were not so large and round as his sister's, but, of course, they were well developed.)

This went on for several nights, Shani becoming more courageous. One night she took him into bed with her and he snuggled up close to her and she noticed how stiff and hard his member was. She felt it against her side, felt it quiver. Pressing his hands against her breasts, he heard her cough nervously, moving away every time that his throbbing tool touched her bare thighs.

But, after several nights of this sort of thing, when he rubbed the weapon against her she no longer moved. Instead, she slowly lowered her hand and began fondling him. Then, suddenly pulling him over her, she pushed the device up inside her, pressing her breasts against his face and whispering: "Now ... push, my boy! ... my own son ... push! ... Mother will let you! ... Push. Push harder! ... Faster! ... My own son! ... Faster!"

Shani told me that from that night on he had to poke his mother at least twice a night, sometimes standing up, sometimes sideways, then from behind—in fact, in every conceivable way. His sisters soon discovered what was going on nightly; they were not afraid any more, but followed the poor boy all day, so that he was constantly forced to poke either his sisters or his mother in all possible positions and places. There was not a nook or corner in the house that they had not tackled him in. He had to poke them on chairs, on tables, on the floor, the kitchen bench, standing or lying, in all shapes and manners possible.

The sisters had long since lost all sense of shame and soon took turns. Sometimes one of the two watched the performance and, as soon as it was finished, took his organ in her mouth, sucking and licking it to make it hard again so that she could get hers while the other sister looked on. In a short time the mother got reckless and joined with her daughters.

At first, a lot of jealousy sprang up, but finally the trio agreed to share him equally, so that often the sisters would call him at night and the mother would let him go. After satisfying both the sisters, he would return. In the meantime, the mother would again have become passionate and, as soon as he returned, would start playing with him, taking his device in her mouth, doing everything possible to inspire another erection, so as to satisfy herself.

Often, when Shani made the rounds of the three, his mother, watching the others, would force him to poke her again. This would make it four times in succession he was forced to undergo the exercise. The mother noticed that he was getting weak and haggard looking, so she forbade the girls using him during the daytime, and if she discovered that he had disobeyed her during the day and was unable to do his duty at night, she gave him a whipping.

As he told me this story, growing angrier all the time, damning the three women, I became more passionate. I tried, several times, to take hold of his tool, but he, in his quiet way, begged me to leave him alone. At last, I raised my skirts and forced him to play with my kitten, but to no avail.

Suddenly we heard the kitchen door open, interrupting our conversation. I was shaking with passion and nervous fright. It was Mr. Eckhard, just returning home. Now my longing turned

toward him, thinking that he must satisfy me! I dismissed Shani in such haste that he was astonished, not knowing what to think of such actions.

I eagerly ran to Mr. Eckhard, whom I had avoided since my affair with Mr. Horak in the cellar and Alois in Clementina's lap. But now, in my present state, my passions aroused to the highest pitch, I certainly was pleased to see him! I thought of his spear, which I was curious to see and fondle again, of the endearments which he had bestowed upon me, and at the same time I thought of Shani's mother and sisters, of whom I now was heartily jealous, for they had a poke whenever they wanted one—forgetting all about Franz, my brother, who was now only too glad to poke me whenever I asked him. (But for a long time now he did not interest me.)

I ran up to Mr. Eckhard and before he had time to speak I had my hand in his pants feeling for his device. Throwing my other arm around his neck, I whispered: "Hurry, hurry, before someone comes!"

I felt him get hard, but he answered: "Hurry? What for? What do you want?" I was not bashful and he merely asked me so as to hear me say the words, and he well knew what I wanted. Without hesitation, I said:

"I want to be poked by you ... quickly!" Without further ado, Mr. Eckhard, trembling, threw himself onto me, nearly knocking me over. But I did not want it that way. Holding onto his shaft, I pulled him into the bedroom and threw myself on the bed. He was so intent on trying to force the great saber inside that he nearly split me.

I could not stand this violent assault, so, reaching down, I cupped my hands around his tool, holding it just so that the head went in. The pleasure was heavenly. I felt the pulse beats in his long stalk and the head trembling in my slit.

He pushed and pumped. It was so delightful that I wondered how I could ever want for any other man but him. The pleasure was so exquisite that I called out: "Oh ... just keep on ... that is so good ... poke me harder ... !"

Mr. Eckhard seemed to lose his senses when he finally squirted. He twitched and groaned and flipped and flopped. But I had tasted very little of this exquisite pleasure and was not nearly satisfied. Alas, he was all in. I was anxious to teach him what I had learned from Mr. Horak, so I started playing with his device. I wanted him to poke me through the back door, so I took his tool between my thumb and middle finger, playing round the head with my forefinger as I had seen Clementina do to Alois. When this did not seem to help, I took his limber weapon in my mouth, sucking and licking it around the head with my tongue. With my hands I played in the hair, which was tickling my eyes, and fondled his marbles, anxiously watching him grow stiff and hard again.

At last he grabbed me, ready for another "piece," but, putting my arms around his neck, I whispered into his ear: "Don't you want to get it in farther?"

"Yes! Yes!" he gasped, "way in—but it won't go." I pushed him away, saying: "No, not that way—but it will go!"

"But how?"

I turned my back to him, reached back between my legs, took his spear in my hand and inserted it. He grunted like a pig, as his mammoth member, which I had moistened with my saliva, slipped into me, he pushing it in further and further—indeed even further than Mr. Horak had succeeded in doing. It felt so glorious that I could not wish for anything more!

He had now become so wild with passion, that I had to push away his hands—which clawed at my mound—or he would have torn me apart. I was already bleeding.

I squeezed my sphincter together and he groaned loudly with pleasure. I enjoyed his groaning, so I squeezed repeatedly; but in consequence he discharged before I wanted him to. Then, exhausted, he leaned against the wall.

As I raised up, I shook with pleasure, feeling as though his energetic engine was still inside me; at this, the juices which he had injected there ran down the insides of my legs, tickling me as they dripped.

But I could not rest. Under the pretense of wiping him off, I again began pushing his foreskin back and forth. He begged me to leave him alone. But I was not satisfied. I was still thinking of Shani—his mother, his two sisters, so unabashed in a way in which I had never yet acted towards Mr. Eckhard.

I asked: "Have you ever done this naked?"

He remarked: "Why, you have been in bed with me!"

To this I replied: "Yes, but I mean all naked—without anything on?"

He asked: "Have you done it that way?"

"No," I replied, "but I would like to. Have you ever done it that way?"

"Of course! Why, I was married once."

"Did your wife die?"

"No, she is not dead."

"Then, where is she?"

"Why, she got to be a whore!"

I remembered Mr. Horak calling me that. I asked: "Well, then, perhaps I am a whore?"

"Oh, no!" he laughed outright. "You are my dear, little pepi!"

At that he caressed me, and I, taking advantage of this, began playing with his shaft.

"I never poked a little girl like you," he continued. "Why do you like to poke so much?"

Instead of answering, I stooped over and took his device so far into my mouth that the hair tickled my face. But he would not get stiff.

After a while he murmured: "Oh, that feels so good!"

Then, taking the instrument out of my mouth, he rubbed it around my grotto with his hand. It tickled as if a big tongue were licking me.

"Is that good?"

"Yes! But why doesn't it stand up again?" I asked. "I want it to stand up again!"

"If your mother knew what you are doing—" he suddenly remarked.

I laughed, saying: "Mother would like to have father's stand oftener."

Getting curious, he asked: "How do you know that?" (Still he continued playing around my slit with his soft machine.)

I told him of the scene which I had overheard. He listened eagerly and then said: "So she told him she would find someone else to poke her?" And just then, his shaft rose up stiff as ever.

He put me on his lap, astride him, and forced himself inside me as far as he would go. I began jumping up and down, and soon approached my heights. I told him: "I am coming again—don't put it in so far—that hurts there—there—I am coming again—!"

"At this, he asked: "Why wouldn't your mother let me poke her?"

As I jumped up and down, I replied: "I don't know!"

He said: "Ask your mother to let me. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes," I said, "but keep on, please-oh! That feels so good!"

He was now pumping away in grand style, becoming more and more stiff as he thought of what I had told him. Meanwhile my mind was on Shani's mother and two sisters.

"Do you think your mother would let me?" he asked again, coughing.

"Perhaps! I don't know," I answered, as he began pushing harder.

I warned him: "Not so deep!"

"I suppose with your mother I could get it all the way in?"

"Certainly!"

"Would you like to have me poke your own mother?"

To please him, I answered: "Yes!"

Just then he began to squirt. I jumped up, but, since he had not finished, he got mad, saying: "Lie still, you imp—you fool—don't run away before I am through!" So I had to finish it with my hand. It seemed as though he would never get through.

Since it had now become dark, I went to bed. Mr. Eckhard did the same. But after awhile I got up, went to his room, took my chemise and stood before his bed—naked. At first he did not want me, but he soon began petting my naked body, my breasts and my kitten. Then he rubbed my nipples with his wet finger tips, then my stomach. Finally he began to play inside me with his fingers. By this time I was so passionate that I was trembling.

I was afraid that some one might come in, so I pleaded: "Come on, Mr. Eckhard—hurry up! Somebody might come!"

"Hurry? What for?" he asked.

I whispered: "I want to poke you!"

"Now listen," he said, lifting me onto the bed and sitting me on his knee, trying to see my face in the dark: "I have poked you three times already today and you still want more?"

"Yes, but naked!" I replied.

"Just look at your kitten!" he exclaimed. "It's all done up for this evening!"

"But that is not from this evening," I said, not thinking.

"So!" From when is it?" he said, slipping his finger into my slit, which excited me still more. "So, who have you been poking? It seems to me that you are doing 'it' entirely too much! Tell me, who was it?" and he kept on manipulating his finger inside me.

I was almost crazy with excitement, but thinking quickly, I decided to tell him about Mr. Horak, since he was also a grown-up man.

"Well, who has been poking you today besides me?" Mr. Eckhard pressed, bending over me. Filled with curiosity, he still plied his finger in my canal. "Who?" You must tell me!"

"Mr. Horak!" I replied.

"The beer agent downstairs?"

"Yes!"

"Since when?"

"A long time!"

"Before I poked you?"

"No, afterwards!"

"Where did he catch you?"

"In the cellar."

"And how did it happen that he 'used' you so hard?"

"Because he has such a long shaft!"

"How long? Longer than mine?"

"Yes, much longer—but not so thick!"

"And how often does he poke you at a time?"

I lied to this, saying: "Always five times."

At this he became excited, saying: "All right. Come on! I will poke you once more!"

I slid under him. He raised my chemise away up and I felt his naked body against me. But it was no use; his member was soft and would not stand up.

"Damn it!" he whispered, "and surely I would like to!"

"So would I," I answered, pressing up against him. But still he could not become stiff again.

"Come," said he, "take it in your mouth again; that will make it stand!"

I kept on trying, playing with it.

"Take it in your mouth. I suppose that you do that with Mr. Horak also?"

"Yes!" I confessed.

He then began moving in the bed and I moved down until his tool touched my mouth. Immediately I took it between my lips, fearful that some of the folks might return home. His stomach was on my face—I could hardly breathe—but I kept right on with all my might. The fear of being discovered worried me. Mr. Eckhard had buried his face in a pillow and began working up and down as though he already inside me.

After awhile, I felt his engine getting harder and harder, until I could not take it all in my mouth anymore. I felt the pulse beats and it began to quiver. Quick as a cat, I slipped higher until I felt it between my legs. Taking hold of it, I quickly forced it into my opening as far as I could—holding my hands around that part remaining out.

I was so much pleased as I felt it working in and out. He now poked like mad—saying: "I never would have thought I could do it once more!"

"Push harder!" I begged, "Push harder—!"

Putting his hands on my breasts, he played with the nipples with his wet fingers so vigorously that I felt the pleasure down to the soles of my feet! Loosening my hands slightly, I felt him going in deeper inside me!

"Wait," he said, "now you little imp—you little whore—I'll show you!"

Pressing his mouth to my ear, he started licking his tongue around it and in it. I felt as though I were playing with someone and at the same time felt as though I were being poked by six men at once—in my kitten—my mouth—both ears and my nipples. I could hardly refrain from screaming with pleasure.

"Lord! Mr. Eckhard—that is so good! I will let nobody else ever do it to me again but you—Lord! I am coming—put it away in!

I let him in a little deeper; it began to hurt, but I did not mind.

"Just wait!" he whispered as he kept on working his tongue in my ear: "I'll teach you how to poke—I'll fix you so that you won't want to go to that cellar again and poke on beer barrels. I'll poke you as I did my wife—even if I knock you up—I don't care! Keep on working up against me. There—do you feel that?"

I was so overcome that I kept on poking and talking: "No, Mr. Eckhard, I'll not go into that cellar any more—I'll never let Mr. Horak poke me again. Nobody—only you—just you alone—I will never stay with Alois again—nor Franz—nor Robert—no soldier again—only you!"

"You have had so many pokes already?"

"Yes," I said, "and a number of other boys!"

He kept on poking with great energy. "Well then, I need not worry that you will ever accuse me."

"No, Mr. Eckhard," I stammered in ecstasy, "you must poke me every day—you feel so good!"

Said he: "Oh! I am coming again—keep on—faster—harder—if anything happens—you—you must say that Horak did it—you must let me poke you every day—yes, every day—oh—ah—ah! Let happen what will—I will keep on poking you until you can get it all in!"

And so we kept on, without conversation. My hands burned, my "kitten" burned; my ears burned; my breath came short. Eckhard now was working like a machine!

We kept on at least for an hour! Several times I ventured to ask: "Aren't you through soon?"

"No!" he said.

"Not yet?"

"Soon!"

After a while:

"Please, Mr. Eckhard—it is hurting me terribly!"

"Right away, my dear. Can't you come again?"

"No! I can't come anymore. Please squirt—please, Mr. Eckhard, please do 'go off!'"

He made one awful push. I thought that he would split me in two. Then he began to ejaculate—so much that it seemed like he was urinating. When it was over, he laid on me like a log, groaning. I crawled out from under him, half dazed.

Pushing me away, he said: "Now, get out of here, you imp—you damned little whore!"

Without answering I went to my bedroom, put on my shirt, threw myself on the bed. My slit burned like fire inside and around the edges. I thought that I must be torn and bleeding. I lit a lamp and examined myself with a hand mirror. I found no blood, but was surprised to see how red and inflamed I was and how open my grotto stood.

I ached all over. Lying down, I blew out the light and in a few minutes heard the folks returning home. I pretended that I were asleep, and I finally did fall asleep.

The next day Mr. Eckhard was sick. He remained in bed, putting cold towels on his head and I believe on some other place. I felt good, with the exception of a slight inflammation in my slit. Mr. Eckhard did not look at me and I avoided talking to him. He slept mostly all day, but as I passed his bed in the evening, he whispered; "This is your fault!"

I became frightened at this, and running to mother's room, I asked her:

"What ails Mr. Eckhard?"

She answered: "I don't know; he is sick."

In a few minutes she went into the kitchen and I heard her inquire: "What really seems to be the matter, Mr. Eckhard?"

I became terribly frightened, as I was sure that he would say: "It is pepi's fault." But he whispered something that I could not understand, and then I heard mother say:

"Go on, don't tell me that!"

I carefully tip-toed to the door to listen, cost what it might I was bound to hear what was going on. He whispered again and she said in low tones:

"But why did you do that?"

He answered: "The girl got me excited! I tell you that I was crazy!"

Listening to this, I was very much frightened. Mother then said: "But she must have been a dirty bitch?"

To which he replied: "No—no—no—she was just a child and did not know what she was doing! She was about as old as your Pepi," at which I breathed easier. But mother clasped her hands together, saying: "And you dared mistreat a child?"

Mr. Eckhard laughed, saying: "Nonsense! Mistreat nothing! When she herself takes my tool out of my pants and puts it in her mouth and begins to suck? How could I mistreat a child, doing such a thing?"

Mother was indignant, saying: "How bad the children are nowadays; it shows that you cannot watch them enough." Then she lowered her voice to a whisper, so I could only surmise what she was saying from his answers. He seemed to be getting better, as he remarked:

"Why, no, it wouldn't go in at all—just a little ways—give me your hand—I will show you!"

"No! No! Thank you! What are you thinking of?"

"Well, there would be no harm," said Mr. Eckhard.

Mother interrupted him, saying: "How often did you say?"

He lied: "Six times!"

I was amused by this, as I knew that mother had no idea of the facts.

"Six times I had to do it. She would not rest!"

"Go on!" mother broke in. "Impossible! Six times! Why do you lie like that?"

"But I will tell you," he insisted, "you see I can hardly move—six times!"

"Oh no—" Mother did not believe him, "no man can stand that!"

"Listen, Mrs. Mutzenbacher, hasn't your husband ever done it to you six times?"

Mother snickered, saying: "Yes, what of it—?"

Just then someone came in, which ended the conversation, but I felt relieved of all fear.

Mr. Eckhard was sick for several days. He did not remain in bed, but he walked around the kitchen in his drawers and slippers and an old overcoat over his shoulders. He often sat with mother and I noticed that they still talked about "the affair."

A few days later, I was excused from school at ten o'clock in the morning. Going home, I saw that there was no one in the kitchen, but as I looked through the glass door leading into the bedroom—which was locked—I spied mother and Mr. Eckhard. I kept very quiet, hoping to overhear their conversation. Sneaking to the door, I listened.

Mother was saying: "You heard nothing. That is a lie!"

He replied: "But just think back? You told him that you had not 'gone off' yet, and wanted him to make a second round!"

Mother laughed, saying: "Him—and a second round? I am happy that he is able to make the first round!"

"Well, you see," Eckhard eagerly replied, "he is so weak that he comes before you do."

Mother answered: "I guess that other men are no better."

"But that is where you are mistaken," replied Mr. Eckhard. "I can hold it back as long as I like. It makes no difference if you want to come three times before I 'go off' once!"

Mother laughed. "Anybody can say that! I don't believe it!"

"Let me try it and I will show you!"

Mother shook her head, saying: "No, no, you know very well that I would not do that!"

He took hold of her by her hips: "Come on! I feel like going a couple of rounds!"

They began to tussle. She said: "Let me go, Mr. Eckhard, or I will scream!"

He released her but stood close to her, whispering: "Come on—let me do it. I have long admired you!"

She stepped back, shaking her head, and then said: "Now, leave me alone; I am a decent woman, don't forget that."

My mother was a good-looking and slender but well-built woman, about thirty-six years old. She had a fresh-looking face and blonde hair.

"No one would imagine that you have had three children," Eckhard remarked. "I mean by looking at your face. I presume that otherwise it would be noticeable?"

"It is not noticeable. I am just as fresh as when I was a girl," she said.

Now he tried the doubtful tack, saying: "Oh, go on, your breasts will undoubtedly show it."

Mother answered, indignantly saying: "My breasts are the same as they always were."

He tried to take a feel of them, saying: "I must convince myself."

Mother stepped back, saying: "If you don't believe it—leave it!"

He succeeded in putting his hand on one of them, however, and squeezing it, shouted with joy: "Why—that is most wonderful! They are just like a young girl's. I have never seen anything like it in my Me!"

After a weak struggle, mother stood still, smiling at him, in triumph. She said: "Now, do you see! Now do you believe?"

"I certainly do believe it!" He took the other tittie in his hand.

My mother made no objection. Mr. Eckhard went on, still playing with her until I could see the titties getting quite hard.

Said he: "You are foolish to exert yourself as you do, trying to get satisfaction from your husband, when another man will do anything if you just let him, just for the sake of these beautiful breasts!"

"But I am a good woman," she replied, standing perfectly quiet and allowing him to play.

"Good, nonsense," he continued. "When a woman can't get satisfaction from her husband, her obligation ceases. Nature must be satisfied." At that he unbuttoned her waist, taking the titties in his hands.

"Now, stop!" she whispered, trying to get away from him, but he stooped and kissed her left nipple and saw how she was trembling.

"Stop! Stop!" she again whispered.

She was standing in front of the bed, which had not yet been made up from the night before. He shoved her over, immediately getting on top of her and between her legs. She fought him—he could hardly hold her down.

"No!—No!—" she whispered, "I won't! I am a good woman!"

"Nonsense! He said, "I think that you have had a strange spear before this."

"No—never—go away—or I'll scream!"

He was already feeling for her slit with his tool, sayings "Don't be foolish; I will make it good." I could see how he was fondling and squeezing her titties.

"But if someone should come?" pleaded mother.

"Nobody is going to come," said he, pushing hard.

She now lay perfectly quiet, just murmuring:

"Don't do it—I beg of you not to do it." Then suddenly she laughed, saying: "Why—you can't even find your way in—wait! I will help you!"

Soon I heard her sigh—he had found the "opening." In an instant everything was changed. She trembled from head to foot and spread her legs way apart. He put his arms around her, saying: "Dear, we do it so!"

I saw his every movement and he was now poking her with all his might and pleasure. I was at a loss about what to do—whether to watch them or to run into the cellar and look for Mr. Horak. But fearing that they might hear me, I remained where I was.

Mother now began to work with Mr. Eckhard.

He said to her: “Oh, but you do it wonderfully! Such a warm, small ‘kitten’—such wonderful work—I could hold back forever—just always leave it in—!”

Mother was breathing hard and fast, and finally she began to talk: “Mary—Joseph—you hurt! Such a big thick shaft. And so sweet!—Oh, but that is different from what I have had. Go on—faster—faster, please—I feel it away up in my titties—oh, poke hard—I am coming right away!”

“Just take your time,” said Mr. Eckhard, “I won't go yet!”

“Oh, but this is different from what I have had—oh, but that is good—! I have never experienced anything like it, when you don't have to hurry!” she whispered. “My husband would have been through long ago; oh, that is so good—now, put it way in—keep on—my husband could never do it like this—!”

“You wouldn't want me to take it out right now, would you?” said Eckhard, withdrawing it slightly.

Mother screamed softly, holding him tight as she again put it in. She said: “Oh, goodness! I am coming—I am coming—for goodness sake, don't take it out now, please—”

He just bounced up and down: “So, now you'll let me, but at first you fought against me?”

“Oh, goodness! Had I only known how good this is—and such wonderful tool and how you can poke—! Now—now—!”

She started crying, laughing and smacking her lips, gasping for breath. He kept right on.

She said: “I went off!”

“It makes no difference, you can ‘come’ again,” said he, continuing his movements.

“Oh—I am really coming again!—Oh! My husband could never do that—oh, I am dying—I feel your shaft way up in my mouth now—I beg of you—take my titties—play with them—! There—there—keep right on poking, please—”

He exerted himself still more, whispering, “Now I can play with the titties? Now you are not yelling ‘I am a good woman,’ with my poke in your hole all such nonsense ceases.”

She answered, pleased: “Yes—yes—just leave it in there—I am coming again—! I don't care if anyone does come—I don't care if I get a child with you!”

He was now working like mad, holding her legs way up. I heard a rattle in his throat which I well knew. He said: “Now! Now, I am going to squirt!”

"Go on! Squirt!"

She trembled with pleasure, as she received the discharge. Then she began to giggle: "Oh, my, I am coming with you—I will surely have a baby, but I don't care. When my husband goes off he lays perfectly quiet, but you keep working! Oh, how heavenly! If my husband really goes off twice, it sure is his limit!"

Then they both lay quiet. It was over! Finally they sat up, mother sitting there with her hair down and her dress all mussed up. She held her hands before her face, smiling at him through her fingers.

Pulling her hands away, he said: "Now everything is all right?"

"Such a shaft—such a shaft!" she said, as she held it with both hands, admiring it. "I feel as though it was inside of me yet!"

Then she stooped and took it all in her mouth. As if by magic, it stood up again, hard and stiff as ever.

Mr. Eckhard took it out of her mouth and said: "Come, let us do it again!"

"No—no, could you really do it once more—?"

"That is nothing; five times more if nobody comes in," he said.

"Oh, let us hope that nobody comes," cried mother. "I don't know; I think that I must be crazy. I can't stand it!"

"I think," said he, "for fear that someone might come and surprise us, we won't lie down; we will sit here."

So, as he seated himself on a chair, his big staff standing up stiff and hard, mother carefully straddled him and with her hands quickly guided his saber into place. Soon she was jumping up and down like a "jumping-jack."

"Oh, my goodness! This is much better!" she said, "I can feel it tickling my heart!"

He muttered: "You see, if you had not always been too proud, you could have done this a long time ago."

Mother said: "Hold my breasts—hold me all over! I have been married fifteen years but I have never been poked like this—! My husband does not deserve a true woman."

He was now kissing first one nipple and then the other.

"I am coming—always coming—every minute Nature asserts itself—oh, you good man! How wonderful you do it! I—am coming again—again—!"

I soon heard the familiar rattle in his throat. In one last effort he raised her way up, holding onto her titties, but she noticed nothing. Lying quietly against him, she received his discharge. I saw her whole body trembling. Then for a long time she lay there as dead.

They finally got up and suddenly mother knelt in front of him. Taking his shaft, she began to suck and lick it like a woman gone mad. He then remarked:

"Well, shall we enjoy this often?" as she stepped away. Then she said: "I am always alone in the morning, you know."

He shook his head, saying: "But I must go to work in the morning!"

She immediately replied: "Then I will come to you at night when my husband is in the saloon."

"And what of the children?"

"Oh, don't mind them; they sleep."

He must have thought of me as he answered: "Don't be too sure about the children sleeping."

"Oh, no," she insisted, "they won't hear anything. Doesn't my husband always poke me when they sleep and they don't hear anything?"

"Well, I am willing."

All this time, she was playing with his tool in her mouth, only stopping to speak.

Just then he said: "Now let me have one more-quick—before somebody comes!"

She sprang up, saying: "For goodness sake—is it possible? Then hurry up, I am coming only once this time."

Throwing herself on the bed, she raised her dress. But he said: "No, turn around!"

He stood her in front of the bed, made her stoop over until her head rested on the bedspread, then, raising her dress, he pushed his weapon into her from behind.

I heard another gurgle, then sighing, she whispered: "I am coming already! Oh, please—come with me now—now!"

He then withdrew, sat down on a chair and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. She got a basin filled with water, squatted down over it and washed her "kitten." When she finished, she went to him and begged him to kiss the nipples once more. He did so eagerly. Then she buttoned up her waist, saying: "Perhaps I can come to you tonight."

"I shall be glad to have you," he replied.

Suddenly she asked him: "And now, what about the little wench that you poked six times?" never dreaming that she was talking about me.

He answered: "What about her?"

"Are you going to poke her after this?"

Eckhard smiled: "You are jealous?"

"Yes!" she said, "I want you to poke me—only me!"

"But you let others poke you?"

Mother was astonished: "I? Who do you mean?"

"Well, you let your husband poke you, don't you?"

"Oh, him? I shall never let him again!"

"Impossible! He will want it sometimes."

"Well," she hesitated, "he can only do it every two or three weeks; that, I am sure, will not annoy you; he just gets in a little ways, two or three jerks and he is through."

"Well, then, I will only poke my girl every two or three weeks, and I won't put it all the way in, so, we are even."

"I beg of you; you might get caught and you will surely be arrested."

He laughed, saying: "No, no, they won't catch me, and you will certainly get your share even if I do poke my girl occasionally."

"You had better get out now," mother told him. "It is almost noon and somebody is liable to come."

She hugged him once more, he, putting both hands on her titties. Feeling of his pants, she kissed him and he came out of the room.

When he spied me, he was so shocked that he could not speak. I grinned at him knowingly. He came to me and whispered: "Did you see everything?"

When I simply smiled, he quickly put his hand under my dress, felt of my slit and then said: "You won't tell anybody, will you?"

I shook my head and he stopped, fearing that mother might come out. After that, several times I heard them having "their fun" together at night, and once I spied them in the afternoon.

After that, however, I did not allow Mr. Eckhard to poke me again. I don't know why, but I just wouldn't.

One day, he came home early, knowing that I would be alone. He tried to fondle me and, when I objected, he threw me down and got on top of me. But I held my knees so tight together, that he could do nothing. He got up, looked at me, but never bothered me again.

CHAPTER TEN

During the following year, I had only Alois and Mr. Horak, and I constantly looked for them in the cellar. Shani came at one time and informed me that both his mother and Rosa were having monthlies, so that he had only Wetli to poke that day, and as that night he would not have to do it at all, we took advantage of the opportunity and went at it standing up. We hurried for fear of being caught, of which I remember little except that he, feeling my nipples, exclaimed:

"Here, you are getting nice, little rosebuds," at which they began to stand out quite hard. I was very proud of them.

A few days later, I made Mr. Horak feel them under my blouse. He was so pleased that they were growing so much, and when he felt them, his weapon immediately got stiff, although he had twice poked me already; still playing with them as they stood firmer all the time, he was able to do it a third time.

Franz, I remember, also poked me several times during this year, but he could not shut Mrs. Rhinelanders out of his mind, always on the watch for her.

One morning I spied her going to the attic. I called Franz and told him:

"Now is your chance."

He came along but did not dare follow her to the attic alone. I encouraged him, telling him that Mr. Horak was poking her. I assured him that she would surely be willing to let him do it. I pictured her nice, white breasts, but he still was afraid. Bold as I was, I offered to go with him.

We found Mrs. Rhinelanders just taking her wash down from the line.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rhinelanders?" I greeted her.

"Greetings. What are you doing here?" she asked.

"We just came to see you."

"Sol What do you want of me?"

"Perhaps we might help you," I replied.

"Well, well, I thank you."

As she was folding up a sheet, I went up to her and at once began playing with her big breasts, bobbing them up and down. Franz stood by, looking on, not winking an eye. Mrs. Rhinelandt hugged me to her, saying:

"What are you doing?"

"They are so nice," I said to flatter her.

At this she blushed and looked at Franz and smiled.

He also smiled in a foolish manner but did not dare to come closer.

I slipped my hand into her blouse and got out her bare breasts. She did not object but looked at Franz and remarked:

"What are you doing?"

Then I whispered to her:

"Franz would like to—," I felt her nipples getting hard, and she asked:

"Would he like to?"

"Oh, you know," I answered.

She smiled and allowed me to bare her breasts.

"I can watch you," I said, as I sprang away from her.

I gave Franz a push, shoving him right against her breasts, then I stood guard, the same as I had done when Mr. Horak was poking Mrs. Rhinelandt in the cellar, so nobody could surprise them.

If I remember rightly, this was my first time as a matchmaker, unless you might call my telling Mr. Eckhardt of my mother's disappointment with father, which led to Mr. Eckhardt now poking my mother. Otherwise, he would probably have been satisfied with her daughter—me!

Franz stood with his face buried in her breasts, she hugged him tightly and asked:

"Well, now, what do you want, my little man?"

He could not answer as she forced one of her nipples into his mouth, which he began to suck furiously, so that it got larger and longer all the time. She was now getting nervous and began to tremble.

She said nothing more.

I forgot my duties of watching and was anxious to get into the game. She now laid down on her wash-basket. Raising up her skirts, I saw her large, hairy love nest, into which I feared

that Franz might disappear—head first! She drew him to her and with her hand put his little bird way in! It seemed as though she had swallowed it whole. Franz begged her to be a little easy and then began to work like a clock. She lay there, and laughed, saying:

"How that tickles!" She lay quiet. "How well he does it!"

Looking at me:

"Does he do it often?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And does he always do it fast?"

"Yes," I said. "Franz always pokes fast."

Then I knelt down beside her; I began to tickle her in the ear with my tongue, as Mr. Eckhard had done to me. She gurgled with pleasure.

"Don't do it so fast, my boy! I want to help too! There-see-that is better!"

She now regulated his strokes with her buttocks.

"Oh, I'm coming—! Oh, I can't stand it—when Pepi tickles my ear—oh, I am coming again—oh, children! What wonderful children—what a sweet little tool—" suddenly she said to Franz:

"Why don't you take one of the nipples in your mouth, my boy?"

Franz took a nipple and sucked for dear life, but she exclaimed:

"But you must not stop poking—and I was just then coming again—there—that is better—Oh Lord!"

Now Franz stopped sucking the nipple.

She exclaimed:

"Why do you stop sucking on the nipple?"

But he had not learned how to do both at the same time, so I came to the rescue, and letting go of her ear, I took her nipples, first one, and then the other. At this, I also became passionate; I was leaning over, so her face was right in front of my grotto; reaching up under my dress, she started playing with it with her fingers; I felt as though I was also being poked. Suddenly we all three reached a climax together, Mrs. Rhineland saying:

"Oh, my dear children—how good that feels—oh Franz—," she began squirming, "I feel you squirting into me now—and Pepi—you are all wet tool Oh, my, oh!"

For some time, we all lay on the basket, exhausted. Suddenly she jumped up, pushed us aside, arranged her clothing, very red in the face and ashamed, exclaiming:

"Well, of all the things! Such children!" and hurried down the stairs. Franz and I made ourselves comfortable on the basket of wash, which she had forgotten in her hurry.

I took his instrument in my mouth and tried to make it stand again, saying:

"Now you must poke me!"

"No!" he answered, "Mrs. Rhinelanders might come back."

"But what difference would that make?" She knows that we do it."

"But I don't want to."

"Why not?"

"Because you have no breasts."

"What?" Tearing open my blouse, I showed him my little sprouts; he began to play with them.

I laid down and he got on top of me; once more, with one shove, he started to poke me and I helped him to put it all the way in. He did it fine and it felt so good! We soon finished and got up, leaving the wash basket as it was, and left the attic.

Now Franz always watched for Mrs. Rhinelanders, more passionate than ever, and whenever she saw him, she took him in her rooms, as often as possible, and taught him how to do both at the same time, that is, make love and play with her breasts. He made very satisfactory progress.

She often called him from our rooms, always giving some excuse, such as asking him to get her some kerosene or beer. Whenever she came in this way, I knew what was about to happen to Franz—in her room.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Matters went on in this way, when suddenly my mother died.

I was at that time thirteen years old and developing fast. My breasts had grown and quite a bunch of blonde locks had made their appearance on my little citadel. As I look back, I lay my early development to all the intercourses I had had with the different men and boys up to the time of my mother's death; probably as many as fifty, all told.

Of those about whom I am writing, there was first my brother Franz, then Robert, then Mr. Horak, who "tapped" me from behind, as you would a barrel of beer, about fifty times; then Alois, who often poked me as I lay in Clementina's lap; then Mr. Eckhard, then Shani—with

him only the one time; once with the soldier, once with the ragged boy, who forced me, and in addition, all the boys whom I had enticed into the cellar and who had taken a “turn” at me; also two men who caught me alone on the highway. They threw me down but were so eager that they just squirted all over my stomach. Several others that I must have forgotten, but I do remember a drunken locksmith who tried to choke me, but luckily he climaxed as soon as my hand touched his member, which satisfied him.

Then I remember an old man who coaxed me into the water-closet. He sat down, standing me between his legs and rubbed his half-limber machine between my thighs until he reached a climax. He gave me a pair of blue garters.

In all, there were probably two dozen men.

When mother died, I did not find out what ailed her. She was sick only two days and the day after her death they immediately took her to the morgue. We children cried a great deal, while we greatly feared our father, who was very strict with us.

My brother Lorenz said:

"That is my punishment for your sins; Franz" and yours!"

I was deeply touched by his words, and believed them. I resolutely resolved after her death, never to do wrong again. The sight of Mr. Eckhard was unbearable. After a week he left us. I breathed easier when he was out of the house.

Franz, with whom I was now often alone, tried to feel my breasts once; I slapped his face and after that he left me alone.

My mother's death had made a great change in my life. I had fully made up my mind to be good, which would probably have been the case, had not fate willed otherwise.

CHAPTER TWELVE

After the death of my mother, my conduct in school was much improved. I was more studious. For two months after her death I led a pure Me, never seeing a love-instrument, and, when my grotto itched and I felt as though I must, I bravely withstood all temptation to satisfy myself with my finger.

Then it was announced that all of us school children must attend confession. I had decided, in order to obtain forgiveness for my sins, to confess all—even confessing that the greatest of all sins, which was to deny all that I had heretofore done.

Previously, when I had confessed to the priest's understudy, at the conclusion of which he would always ask: “Have you had intercourse with boys or men?”

I would deny it. This man was dark, tall and pale, with a firm expression and I was much afraid of him. This time, however, I decided to make a full confession.

When we went to confession, the church was filled with children. I went to the booth of an elderly, stout associate-priest with a full, round face. I knew him only by sight. He seemed very generous, as he always looked friendly. At first I confessed only my minor misdeeds, but he asked: "Have you ever had intercourse with men?"

I answered: "Yes."

Putting his face close to the grating, he asked: "With whom?"

"With Franz."

"Who is he?"

"My brother."

"Your brother? So? And perhaps with others also?"

"Yes."

"Well, with whom?"

"With Mr. Horak."

"Who is he?"

"The beer agent at our house."

I had to tell him all the names. He said nothing until I had finished. Then, after a pause, he asked:

"And how did you do this?"

I did not know how to answer, but he snapped out:

"Well, how did you do it?"

"Well," I stuttered, "with what I have got between my legs."

Shaking his head, he said:

"Did you get poked?"

I was surprised, but answered:

"Yes."

"And did you also take it in your mouth?"

"Yes," I answered.

He breathed hard and sighed:

"Oh, Lord, oh Lord, my child—deadly sins—deadly sins!"

I was nearly beside myself with fright, but he said:

"I must know all, do you hear?"

"But that will be a long confession—and the other children are waiting."

"I must give you a separate hearing, do you understand?"

"Yes, Father," I stammered.

"Come to me this afternoon at two o'clock. In the meantime, you must think of everything. If you don't confess all, the Communion will not save you."

With a heavy heart I walked home. Sitting down, I tried hard to remember everything I had done. I greatly feared this confession in his private room, fearing the penance he would inflict on me for my sins. When it was time to go, my brother, Lorenz, asked where I was going all dressed up.

I answered him quite proudly:

"To Father Mayer. He ordered me to his house."

Lorenz gave me a queer look as I went out.

It was summer, and, as I entered the priest's house, I experienced a cool and holy feeling, which greatly impressed me. Reading the signs on the doors, I rapped on the one bearing Father Mayer's name.

He opened the door in his shirt sleeves. His vest was unbuttoned and I noticed his big, protruding stomach. Now, as I saw him outside of the confessional, with his fat, red, priestly face, I was filled with awe and respect for him and blushed with shame when I realized what he knew about me.

"Blessed be the Lord," I said.

To which he answered:

"Forever, everlasting; well, here you are."

As I kissed his fat hand, he closed the door. Leading me through a small, dark hall, he showed me to his study, which looked out upon the cemetery. Green leaves outside hid the view.

The room was large and painted white. On one wall hung a large crucifix. Against the other stood an iron bed covered with an embroidered spread. The center of the room was taken up by a large writing table and an arm chair.

Father Mayer put on his bathrobe and buttoned it, saying:

"Come here!"

We knelt in front of the cross and repeated the Lord's prayer. Then, taking my hand, he sat in the arm chair and leaned against the table.

"Now," he said, "I am listening."

I was so confused that I could say nothing.

"Well, now, tell me your story."

I remained silent, looking down.

"Now, listen, my child," he said, putting his hand under my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes. "You know that you have sinned—intercourse—a deadly sin, you understand—and with your brother: a horrible crime!"

I began to tremble violently.

He went on:

"Who knows, perhaps you are wholly damned and your punishment will last forever. If I am to save your soul, I must know all and you must confess all—to seek forgiveness."

I began to cry.

"Don't cry," he commanded.

I dried my tears but dared not speak.

"Yes, yes," he went on, "the temptations are great and you may not have known that you were sinning. That this is such a great sin, surely, you did not. You are only a child. You did not know, did you?"

Encouraged at this, I said:

"No, I knew nothing."

"Now that is better; you did not do it on your own accord, but you were led into it by others."

Now, for instance, thinking at once of the first time I had heard father and mother, I eagerly replied:

"Yes, Father, I was led to it."

"I thought so," he said, as he put his hand lightly on my breast. "That is what invites the tempter."

No thought of harm entered my head at this, though I felt the warmth of his hand.

That is the work of Satan which gives to a child the breast of a woman," he went on. And, with this, he put his other hand on the other breast, now holding them both.

"But women should hide their breasts from the sight of men so as not to excite them. They are the tools of passion. God gave them to a woman so that she might nurse her young, but Satan made a 'plaything' of them to arouse the passion of men. They should be hid."

I did not think anything about what he was doing to my breasts. Innocently I listened to what he said.

"Well, now, how was it when you were poked by all those men?" he asked. But it was impossible for me to talk about it.

"Good?" he asked mildly. Then, after a pause, he said:

"Well, I will do the talking. I see that your heart is pure, you are filled with shame for your misdeeds and you do not want to talk of these things. Now, then, I will question you; if you cannot answer verbally, you may show me with deeds how you have sinned. Will you do this —?"

"I will, Father," I promised thankfully. Taking his hand from my breast, I kissed it eagerly.

"I must know every land and grade of sin that you have committed. Now begin. Did you take the shaft in your mouth?" I nodded. "Often?"

"Did you play with it with your hands?" Again I nodded.

"How did you play?"

I stood there, not knowing what to do or say.

"Show me exactly how!" he whispered. "How did you do it?"

I was helpless and did not move.

He smiled, saying:

"Just take my shaft and show me—Don't worry—an ordained priest is pure; he cannot sin; nothing that he does is sinful."

I was shocked and did not stir.

He took my hand, whispering:

"Just take my organ and show me all your sins. I will lend you my body so that you may confess to my face and thereby purify your soul!"

With that, he put my hand in front of his trousers. I was obliged to reach far back under his stomach. Trembling, I unbuttoned his pants and found his stiff, short shaft, standing upright, hid away in those black trousers.

"How did you play with it?" he asked.

Much perplexed, I put my hand around it and rubbed it back and forth several times.

With a stem face, he inquired further:

"Was that all? Don't hide anything, I tell you!"

I said nothing.

Rubbing it a few more times, he asked:

"What else did you do with it?"

Thinking of Clementina's act, I took it between my thumb and middle finger, tapping it with my forefinger. I slowly stripped back the foreskin.

Leaning back in his chair, he wanted to know:

"What other works of art did you perform?"

I was afraid to do more. Letting go of his stout engine, I whispered: "I took it in my mouth."

"How?" he said, breathing hard. "How did you do it?"

Perplexed, I looked at him. "I cannot tell you."

"Then show me. Are you prepared?" he asked, urging my head toward his throbbing device. "Or will you be ungrateful for the mercy that I have shown you? Half of your sins will be already forgiven if you do the same to me as you did to the others."

This made me quite happy. I considered myself lucky to be able to have my sins forgiven. I knelt before him and put his tool into my mouth. "Only the point?" he asked sternly. I at once pushed the rest of the shaft down my throat.

"And nothing else?" I heard from above my head.

I began pushing it in and out, sucking it, tickling it with my tongue. Whether from fear of from the thought that I was doing penance or whether it was passion, I cannot say. But I heard Father groan:

"Oh, oh, to think! Such a sinner; oh, oh!" Taking pity on him I stopped, not wanting to prolong his misery. I took his shaft from my mouth, wiped it dry with my handkerchief and got up.

He was very red and eagerly reaching for me he went on:

"And what else did you do with the organs that you had like that?"

"I held intercourse with them," I whispered.

"I know that," he said, his breath coming short.

"You have shown me three ways and of these three ways you have purified your own body. But you did other things with those organs, child! Now, don't deny it!"

"No, your Reverence."

"Well what was it you did?"

"I was poked, your Reverence."

"How?"

"Well, I just was poked!" I replied.

"Of that I know nothing," he said peevishly. "You must show me how you did it."

"Yes, I will," I said, anxious to show him everything and at the same time happy to know that with a priest it would be not sin but the means of having my sins forgiven. Furthermore, I was happy because I had not had a "piece" for a long time and the sucking which I had done had already made me very passionate. I was crazy for him to poke me.

He got up, leading me to his bed, and said:

"How did you do it?"

I replied:

"Your Reverence already knows."

"I know nothing!" he replied. "You must show me everything. Did you lie underneath the man or on top?"

"Sometimes one way, sometimes the other way."

"Well, how did you lie underneath?" I lay down across the bed on my back, my legs hanging over the edge of the bed.

"Is that the way you lay?"

"Yes, yes, your Reverence," I answered.

"But you have your dress on. It would be impossible for the tempter to reach your parts. Did he raise your dress?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps like this?" He lifted my skirts so that my legs and my blonde-haired mound were bared.

I spread my legs apart, panting with anticipation.

He stepped between my knees, laid his fat belly on mine, although he was still standing.

"Did he penetrate you like this, to satisfy your passions?"

"Yes."

Still standing, he pushed his blessed spear into my canal. I was obliged to assist him as he slowly pushed it in. I could not see his face, but heard him cough and groan. I held him tightly. I was so passionate that I was dying to be poked—more so now, knowing that it was not a sin.

Then, suddenly, I realized that the priest was only playing with me—just shamming in order to get a “piece.” Yet in my heart I felt that he really had the power to forgive me my sins. As he stood there motionless, neither pushing in nor pulling out, I began working my hips up and down, which caused more coughing and groaning.

"Your Reverence," I whispered.

"What now," he said.

"It was not like this."

"How then?"

"My partners were moving vigorously in and out of me." He began to work—forward and back, out and in.

"Perhaps like that?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "Like that, only quicker and harder!"

"You dear child," he said, "tell me every-thing—talk to me!"

"Oh! Oh! That is it! Oh—that is so good—oh, your Reverence—now ‘go off!’—I am coming—I can't help it—it feels so good—what your Reverence is doing!"

He was leaning over me as far as his fat stomach would permit. His fat face was blue and his eyes looked like those of a stuck calf. He was poking like a “billy goat,” whispering:

"Oh, take it all in—so—so—it won't hurt you—you are a dear girl—and you want me to ‘squirt’—I'll do it!—I'll save you—I will ‘come’—"

"Your Reverence," I whispered, "I also sinned with my titties!"

"How so?" he said, as he stared at me.

"Because—oh—oh—I am coming again!—while poking I always had them played with and kissed and sucked and fondled."

I wanted him to do the same but his belly was so big that he could not reach them. He had to brace himself with his hands to keep his position.

"That will come later—I will attend to your titties later," he stammered as he worked away. "Just let me 'go off' now—keep on working—Oh, my dear—Oh! But you do know how!—Just let me finish in you—I will attend to your titties later; I am 'coming'—Oh, goodness—but that is good!—"

And stammering thus, he began to squirt.

He rid himself of an awful charge, wetting everything.

When he had finished, he said:

"You see, my dear, I have been initiated and have imitated your seducer's vulgar speeches, so that now the evil spirits will hold no more power over you!"

I sat on the edge of the bed and with his handkerchief I wiped away the flood which he had left between my legs. I was convinced that he had been lying to me, but I said nothing. To be poked was to be poked.

Father Mayer now was in the same class with Mr. Horak and Mr. Eckhard, only I was more interested in him because he was more refined. I looked up to him with great respect, because, as I thought, he had shown me a preference in poking me and I still believed that he had the power to forgive my sins.

He sat down in the arm-chair and called to me:

"Now, come here. I will attend to your breasts, as you wished it."

He unbuttoned my dress and took out my little titties, which stood out like billiard balls. The nipples were like two little strawberries. He was undoubtedly fond of fresh fruit, as he took one after the other in his mouth and sucked them until they were blood-red.

After doing this for some time, with a lot of grunting and hard breathing, he asked:

"Is this the right way?"

"Yes," I answered, "that is fine."

"Well, and were you always as lazy as this while your titties were being played with?" as he made them bob up and down. "Didn't you do anything—didn't you play with your lover's lance?"

I realized now what he wanted and I began playing with his weapon, but it was flaccid and would not stand.

"Sit on the table," he commanded.

I did. He braced my feet on his knees.

"Now," he said, "we will have the best of all!"

I did not know what he meant, but I just smiled.

"Yes," my priest remarked, "now I will cleanse you of all the sinning you have done."

At that he raised my dress so that my grotto was bare. He placed my legs over his shoulders and put his head between my legs. I had to brace myself with my elbows to keep from falling back.

Putting his mouth to the orifice he began to lick me with his tongue. I could feel his hot breath. I still did not know what he was about to do, but I hoped for something pleasant.

A strange feeling came over me as I felt his lips pressed against my slit. He ran his tongue in it from the bottom to the top. I had never experienced such bliss and rapture before. Heretofore, I had sucked the men, but this good Father was the first one to use his tongue on me! I squeezed my lips together as though I were receiving a new kind of shaft. Finally my perverse priest raised his head and inquired if I liked what he had done to me.

Trembling and filled with curiosity, I replied that I certainly did! When he again inserted the tip of his tongue the pleasure was so great that it pained me. He asked:

"Has anyone ever done this to you before?"

"No," I answered, raising my seat so that my grotto presented a vegetable cup.

"That will cleanse you—that will free you of all sins," he said, and I grabbed his head, pushing it down so that he could make better use of his mouth and tongue than by talking.

Now he began, first playing with his tongue around my twig. I felt as though an electric current were shooting through my entire body. The innermost regions of my soul seemed electrified as he touched me with his tongue!

I lost my breath. The room seemed to be going round and round. I closed my eyes.

All at once—he pushed his tongue all the way up into my gaping cleft. I danced a jig on the table. Lord, what was plain poking compared to this?

As I jumped up and down, I rubbed my mound all over his face. I felt his tongue shoot away into me.

Soon I 'went off.' I felt as though he were sucking out my whole insides! This was far better than any poke I had ever experienced. I had but one thought, that of a big slippery shaft going into me, clear to my stomach.

"I am coming again—always coming—!" I yelled. "Oh, this is heaven—it has never been so good as this—oh, poke me, your Reverence—please—I'll cry and scream."

He sat up, his face blue and his mouth covered with slimy froth.

"Come," he mumbled, "sit on me and you can have my spear once more."

He leaned back. I held on to the arms of the chair. I could only reach the head of his tool, for his big belly was in the way. He held on to my titties so that I would not fall off. In this manner we accomplished another "round," which, we both enjoyed hugely.

Letting me down from his lap, he now handed me a towel.

I arranged my clothing and waited for further developments, but nothing occurred.

He bade me go, saying:

"I will pray for you. In the morning come to me in the church for confession."

I kissed his hand and went.

As he was about to unlock the door, someone knocked. He opened the door and I saw one of my schoolmates. He cut her short, saying:

"I have no time for you today; come tomorrow."

He let me out and locked the door behind us. She and I walked home together and talked a great deal. Her name was Melani. She was the daughter of the inn keeper, and she looked the part.

Although she was only thirteen, she was very stout. Her feet spread apart as she walked. Her bottom was large and broad. Her titties were so large that she could not see her navel.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Melani and I walked down the stairs together and she asked:

"What have you been doing at the Reverend Father's?"

"What did you want of him?" I asked in reply.

"I can imagine what you did," she said.

"Well, what do you think that I did?"

"Made a confession of your sins with men."

I had to laugh at that.

"Have you often been to him?" she asked.

"This was my first time," I replied, "How about you?"

"Oh, I?" she smiled. "I have been probably twenty times—and the Ferndinger girl, the Grosbauer the Huster and the Schudle girls have all been to him."

These were all schoolmates of ours. I was greatly surprised.

Melani went on:

"Did he do it with his mouth?"

I was careful, so I asked:

"Did he to you?"

"Certainly," she replied, "he always does it with his mouth. He does it to all the girls that way—that is for the real cleansing. It is a good way, isn't it? Has anyone ever done it to you with his mouth before?"

"No," I replied, "this was the first time, today."

She boasted:

"Our waiter does it to me as often as I want him to. All I have to do is to go into the waiter's room."

"And how about the other waiters?"

"Oh, they won't come in when we are in there—they know."

"What?" I asked, perplexed, "They know of it?"

"Certainly!" she said, "They poke me too when I want them to. We have a cashier, a porter, a bartender and the driver. They all sleep in the waiter's room. Two years ago I drove with the driver to Simmering. Returning, we reached the open prairie. It was dark. I felt his hand on my titties, they were as large as your's are now."

"John, what are you doing?" I asked him.

"He did not answer, but stopped the horse, and, reaching into my dress, took hold of my large titties."

"John," I said again, "what are you up to?"

"He did not answer but raised my dress and felt of my grotto."

"What do you want, John?" I asked him innocently.

"Of course I knew what he wanted, for the Ferndinger girl had told me all about what men and women do. But I had never done it myself.

"Now, what do you want, John?" I asked again.

"Then he got off the wagon and said:

"Come, Miss Melani.'

"He helped me off the wagon and laid me on some wheat aside from the road.

"I was quite pleased, for I thought: now I will find out what it is and whether the Ferndinger girl has told the truth.

"As I lay there, John immediately got between my legs, took hold of my titties and tried to push his shaft into me. It hurt me so badly that I screamed, but he held his hand over my mouth, and, in a short time, as he began working in and out, it began to feel good in spite of all the pain. Soon he 'went off' and we climbed back into the wagon. He said:

"Miss Melani, you must wash yourself when you get home so that no one will notice the blood.

"What blood?" I asked.

"Well,' he said, 'you were still a maiden, you now are broken!'"

"Soon he added: 'You won't tell, will you Miss Melani?'"

"I snuggled close to him. Reaching for his pants, he took out his tool and put my hand on it. I played with it until we neared the house. Then, suddenly, he remarked:

"Peter is a damn liar!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he told me that he had poked you.' "I became angry and swore that Peter had never touched me. (Peter is our bartender.) "A few days later I met John in the barn, and he laid me on the feed-box and poked me but his shaft still would not go in again like it does now."

"Can you get it all the way in?" I asked enviously. She laughed, saying:

"Of course! Long ago, our cashier, Leopold—who has one as big as a stud horse got all the way in. So has our teacher." She was very proud of this achievement.

"I don't believe it," I said.

"If you don't believe it, why leave it," she answered curtly.

Then after a pause she suggested: "If you don't believe it, come with me. I am going to the waiter's room. His Reverence did not do it today to me, and, if Leopold is there, you can

watch him do it and be convinced. The Ferndinger girl would not believe it either, so I showed her."

"All right!" I answered, "I will go with you." I was intensely curious to see this fat girl at it. I was hoping that I might get a chance to play with her big titties myself. I was always greatly interested in nice, big breasts, and I was also in hope that I might find a new shaft, I was now anxious for another "piece" myself. Melani went on:

"A few days later I was looking for John in the waiter's room and found Peter there alone. I at once thought of the lie which he had told on me.

"In a rage, I said.

"'You darn liar!' What did you boast of to John about me?"

"'Well, what?'" he said, and smiled.

"'You said that you poked me.'"

"I saw at once that I had informed on myself—that Peter now must know that the driver had poked me. I was convinced when he looked at me, smiling.

"He said:

"'John is a liar himself. I did not say that I had poked you, but that I would like to. That is all I said. There is surely nothing to that. You are such a nice girl that you surely won't get angry at me or at any man for expressing his wish?'"

"At that he came up to me and began playing with my titties. My rage was gone and I wanted to be poked, very badly, right there and then.

"'Come, Miss,' he said, let's go to it!"

"I bade him bolt the door. Then he laid me on the bed and slowly poked me."

"Do you poke for the porter, too?" I asked.

"With Maxi?" she laughed. "Sure! He overheard Peter and me one day. The next day he followed me to the toilet, told me that he knew all about it and asked me to let him do it too. I consented. We had to do it standing. There is nothing to that."

I inquired:

"And how about Leopold, the cashier?"

"Oh, him?" she chuckled, putting her arm in mine. "You know, Maxi told me about his long lance. I became very curious. Leopold always slept till noon. One day I managed to unbolt the door. He awoke as I said to him:

"'Who would stay in bed so long? Get up, you lazy bones!"

"Let me alone,' he grumbled.

"I said: "No!" and began to tickle him.

"He reached over and caught hold of my titties.

"I stood still and looked at him.

"He pulled me into the bed and put my hand on his shaft. I tell you—it was so long! He put it in a little and began to poke me, but stopped short, saying:

"I am afraid that I will hurt you.'

"He then got down and began licking my twig. I became so passionate that I was almost crazy!

"Then he got up, squeezing my titties together, and started to poke between them. Finally he 'went off'—squirting way up in my face."

"What?" I asked. "The cashier doesn't always do it between your titties, does he?"

"Oh, no, not any more. That was two years ago when I was only eleven. Now he pokes me in the regular way. I told you that I would let you look on."

Arriving at the house, we went through the barroom and she said: "Leopold, is father home?"

"No, he is at the Coffee House." "And mother?"

"She is asleep."

"And John?"

"He is in Simmering."

"Then let us go upstairs."

He blushed, saying:

"I will come at once!"

He was a small man, clean-shaved and wrinkled face with a long crooked nose. I found him absolutely homely, but I wanted to see the long lance. We went to the waiter's room, containing four iron beds. He soon appeared, but, upon seeing me, hesitated.

Melani threw herself on the bed, calling to him:

"Come, Leopold. Poke me."

"Perhaps," he said to me, "the young lady might like a little poking too?"

Then he knelt down, raised Melani's dress and buried his face in her lap. I sat at their head and saw how she turned her eyes.

"Wait!" I said. "I will do something for you too!"

I opened her dress and began to play with her titties. They were as large as Clementina's, but not so flabby. They were hard and stood out like two pumpkins, with little, rosy-red nipples. I fondled them with my hands, then kissed and sucked the nipples. She cried out and jumped about like mad under Leopold's manipulations.

"I can't stand it!—Oh, goodness!—How good that is!—Keep on sucking!—Lord, if I could only do something!—I would like to suck yours, Pepi!—Why not?—I would like to do to you what Leopold is doing to me—oh—oh—!"

She cried so loud that I became frightened and stopped, saying: "Someone might hear!"

Leopold stopped lapping her, saying:

"Not a soul can hear us in here. She soon will scream some more—" And he got on top of her.

She called out: "Now look at his lance!"

I stooped over to see it. He raised himself so that I could observe it in all its splendor. It was the longest that I have ever seen, and curved like an extra large sausage. Astonished, I could not resist taking hold of it.

I put the head into my mouth. Leopold played with Melani's titties, so she did not notice what I was doing down below. He jerked so hard that he almost broke my jaws apart. I played around the head with my tongue, rubbing the other part with my hand. I wondered how long it really was.

Melani interrupted, saying: "Now let him poke me, Pepi."

I had to let go. Enviously I looked on at her grotto, at her big, white thighs, spread wide apart, at her mound glistening with moisture. Every time that she drew back, a drop of white fluid appeared, hanging to her black hair like so many pearls.

"Pepi! Pepi!" she called. "Now watch it go all the way in! If you don't believe it, then watch!"

I could not see, but, feeling with my hand, I felt the long lance slowly, completely disappear inside of her. She gave one long yell. Then, catching Leopold tightly and gasping for breath, she said: "Only with Leopold do I have to yell, because with him I have to 'come' all the time!"

Leopold poked like a machine. Raising up high, he quickly pushed away in again, Melani raising and lowering her hips with his movements. I crawled up and sat on a pillow. He pressed her titties, taking both nipples in his mouth. He licked and sucked. I raised my dress, anxious to get into the game too, and Melani noticing this called: "Suck her off, too!"

Leopold then turned his face and began tickling me with his tongue. I trembled with pleasure as I laid back on the bed. He was an artist! He could make his tongue as stiff as his spear, which he slid in and out in the same time as he slid his sword into Melani's scabbard. I was beside myself with pleasure. We kept this up until finally we all three 'went off' together. Leopold disappeared immediately. Melani and I also got up, arranged our clothes and left the waiter's room.

The next morning, after this eventful day, I went to church for confession.

The priest asked me: "So you have had intercourse with men—many men?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You let them poke you?"

"Yes."

"You took the male organs in your mouth?"

"Yes."

"You have played with them in your hands?"

"Yes."

"Have you done anything else?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"I let them stick into me from behind."

"Backwards?"

"Yes."

"Not in the back?"

"Yes, your Reverence."

"You forgot that—"

"Your Reverence did not ask me."

"Did you do anything else?"

"Yes."

"What else?"

"I let them suck and lap my grotto."

"That you need not confess; that is not sin," he said in a stern voice.

"Your Reverence," I replied, "I did not mean you. It was someone else."

In harsh tones, he said: "But you told me that no one ever sucked you off."

"No, but this happened yesterday with someone else.

"Who?" He was astonished.

"Leopold."

"Who is he?"

"The cashier at Melani's."

"How did it happen?"

I confessed all.

He shook his head, saying: "Did you do anything else? Perhaps with female organs?"

"Yes, I played with Melani's titties and did many other things."

"And with your titties then you committed that blood sin?"

I did not know what he meant, so I answered "yes," fearing otherwise to anger him.

He commanded me to repeat the Lord's prayer many times, also other prayers as a penance. Then he asked me if I repented for my sins.

I answered in the affirmative. Then he solemnly said:

"Go now, and sin no more. Your sins are forgiven. But should you sin again, come to me, and I will cleanse your soul. But, should you ever breathe a word of this, your soul will be lost forever. You will be condemned to hell, where Satan will roast you on glowing coals for all eternity."

I left him with a light heart. But in school, I noticed that the teacher was eyeing me in a queer manner for several weeks.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I was afraid of this teacher. I felt that he meant me harm. As he would walk up and down the aisle, talking to the class, he always stopped at my seat, patting my hair and rubbing his hand

on my back. I was choked and shocked every time that he did this, but I felt quite flattered at these friendly overtures and smiled at him when he walked away.

At times he would ask me questions and I had to write them on the blackboard, which was in back . of his desk. Then he would turn around and, as I wrote, he would have me stand between his knees. Since his desk was between us and the other children, they could not see what was going on behind it.

He now would take my hand, and, quite accidentally so I thought—place it at the opening of his pants saying: “I am sure that you have studied your lessons well.” At the same time, looking at me, he pressed my hand against him so hard that I could feel the stiff shaft standing erect in his pants.

One day, he released my hand, as usual; but, when I did not withdraw it, he again looked at me. I now was getting excited and felt quite proud that he had chosen me. As my passions arose, I courageously closed my hand, firmly clasping his appendage.

He began a long speech to the class, to keep their attention from us. Then he unbuttoned the flap of his pants and his naked device popped out. It was bent and very thick and burning hot.

As we looked at each other, I slowly began to rub him up and down. My movements were slow and gentle, so as not to draw the attention of the other children. He became pale, and with one quick move, which nobody noticed, he put his hand under my dress.

I now spread my feet apart and stepped nearer to him, pushing out my hips so as to give him better access. He easily found my twig, which he began to tickle, making chills and fever run up and down my spine.

Gazing into each other's eyes, we stood as he continued his dictation to the class; at last he stopped and sent me to my seat. Then he called Miss Ferndinger. She stepped on the platform. I watched from my seat as she stood between his knees. I saw that she immediately began to play with him, as I had done; I also saw him slip his hand under her dress.

She got very red in the face as he fingered her slit. But, evidently, she failed to satisfy him. Soon after he again called me, saying; “Bring your writing material with you. You can write up here.”

Standing at his desk, I leaned forward, and, as I began to write, I knew that something else was going to happen, so I stood quiet. As I expected, he slowly raised my dress, and carefully tried to sheathe his sword. I turned as much as I could in trying to help him.

When he got the head in, he gently pulled me back and gave me to understand that he wanted me to sit down on it. He could do no pushing without being detected, so I slowly worked up and down the best I could, in this way doing the work for him.

He now leaned over, as though looking at my writing closer. He placed his open hand upon the surface of the desk. I realized what he meant, and, bending closer, I placed my tittie in his hand. He began to press and fondle it and play with the nipple, which now stood out quite hard.

I could barely believe the situation—being poked in the presence of all the children by the teacher whom I had always greatly feared, hardly daring to move for fear of being detected. This all added greatly to my excitement. So, I slowly kept on until I was ready to “go off.” It hurt because his shaft was so thick. He had forced more than half of it inside me.

I finally “went off,” which must have caused him to “come” too. I felt him squirting the hot juice into me. All this time, he quietly kept on with his slow dictation, which I neither heard nor wrote on my paper. When he had finished, his engine slipped out of its own accord. The little lesson was over.

As we left the school, Miss Ferndinger and Miss Melani ran up to me. The latter said; “Today the teacher poked you, didn't he?”

I said: “No.”

“That means that he did,” Miss Ferndinger laughed.

Melani said: “We know all about it.”

“He never pokes me,”

Miss Ferndinger said: “And he only jerks me off.” She was a skinny, homely girl with two small breasts which stood out straight and a broad bottom.

“He had been poking me since last year,” Melani went on.

“Undoubtedly now it is my turn.”

One time later, he kept me after school. As soon as the girls had left the room he called me to the platform and, without any remarks, put his tool into my hand. I immediately proceeded to satisfy him.

Being alone, we had nothing to fear. After I had played with him for awhile and after he had put his fingers into my opening several times, he sat me on his lap, astride him as though I were riding a horse. He then hugged me close to him, playing with my titties while tenderly kissing me on the mouth. I was quite touched with this show of tenderness, and since we were quite alone, I worked so hard that I nearly broke my back. But, in five minutes it was all over and I went home.

I remember with regret what happened to this charming teacher. (I felt very sorry for him, as I was quite fond of him.) In one of the lower grades was a beautiful girl, the daughter of a carpenter. She was about eight years old, small for her age, but thick-set and broad, with an angel face, rosy cheeks and long, blonde curls. She was unusually stout and her little titties were quite noticeable. This teacher taught her how to jerk him off, and even went so far as to squirt into her bare little grotto. The child undoubtedly told her mother of the fiendish acts. The mother was naturally terribly enraged and immediately told her husband, who, having no use for teachers in general, reported the matter to the police. After an investigation the teacher was arrested. The police investigation led to the discovery of other victims of his nefarious deeds and the children began telling on each other. Finally my father received a summons to appear in court with me.

When we arrived we found a large gathering of children with their mother and fathers. We were not blamed as they discussed their troubles. My father was ignorant of the whole affair until now. He just asked me if it all were true. I did not answer for I was ashamed.

A great many of our teacher's "goings-on" were now discovered. A number of small children, some from the first grade and hardly able to talk plain, told how the teacher had put his "peter" into their little mouths and then Tee-Peed!" The astonishment and rage was enormous.

Melani was there with her father. Every time she started to talk he shouted: "shut up!" People looking at her remarked: "It is no wonder that he 'used' her. She is no longer a girl; she is a grown woman."

Finally we were called before the judge. There was one other man present, whom we later learned was a doctor. The judge was a nice looking man and young too, and he could hardly keep from laughing. He asked me: "Did the teacher do anything to you?"

"No," I said.

"I mean, did he touch you—you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Where did he touch you?"

"There!" I bashfully answered, pointing to my grotto.

"And what else did he do?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't he put something in your hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what was it?"

I was silent.

"Well—I know," said the judge. "And then did he put that 'thing' in 'there'?" He pointed to the 'spot.'

"No, not all in."

"Oh, just a little ways?"

"Yes, about half."

The judge and the doctor both laughed outright. My father looked at me in silence.

"Where else did he touch you?"

"Here," pointing to my breasts.

"Well," remarked the judge to the doctor chuckling. "I doubt if there was any temptation for him there."

The doctor came over to me and in a businesslike way felt and examined my titties, saying: "Oh, plenty—plenty of temptation."

"Well, now, tell me," the judge went on, "didn't you try to resist him?"

"What was that, please?"

"I mean, didn't you push his hand away?"

"No."

"And why did you touch his 'thing'?"

"Because the teacher wanted me to."

"So, so; but he did not force you to?"

Hesitating, I ventured a "no," but I noticed that this was a dangerous and important question.

"And why did you allow him to do all this?"

"Because the teacher wanted it."

"Yes; but why didn't you say: 'Teacher, please, I don't like that?'"

"Because I did not dare."

"So it was respect and fear of the teacher?"

"Yes," I sighed, relieved, "it was fear."

But the judge continued: "Didn't you tempt him? Didn't you say: yes, I want to do it, or look at him like this?" The judge smiled at me with loving eyes.

With all my trembling and fright, I had to smile, but answered: "No!"

"And now," the judge continued: "tell me one thing more. But I want the truth. Do you understand? The absolute truth. Did you like what the teacher did to you?"

I did not answer; I was afraid.

"I mean," he repeated, "were you willing and did you like to play with his 'thing'?"

"Oh, no," I eagerly replied.

"Or—but I want to know the truth"—he went on—"when he put that 'thing' into you, did it give you any pleasure or did it hurt?"

"Sometimes it hurt, but not always," I replied.

"So sometimes it felt good?" he asked in sharp tones.

"Yes," I blurted out, "sometimes. But only on rare occasions."

The judge smiled; my father looked at me astonished and angry.

"Well, go on, little one," the judge continued.

"Sometimes it felt good."

"And you did it willingly, isn't that so?"

"No!" I remonstrated, fearing my father. "I did not like it and I never did it willingly."

"Yes, but you just said that it felt good."

"Well, I couldn't help it, when it went in and out—"

He interrupted: "All right, all right. You did not like to do it, but you unwillingly got some pleasure from it. Is that it?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Doctor, please," the judge turned to the doctor. "Will you kindly affirm this matter?"

I did not know what was about to happen. The doctor ordered me to sit on a high stool. He raised my skirt and, spreading my thighs, opened my lips with his fingers. I felt him insert something hard. Withdrawing it, he said: "The proof is absolute. She has had intercourse with him."

Bewildered, I got down from the chair.

"Now tell me," the judge went on, "do you know whether the teacher has done this thing to other girls?"

"Why, there are a number of them in the anteroom," I said.

He laughed again. "I know that, but I want you to tell me whether you personally heard or saw anything?"

"Yes," I answered. "Melani and the Ferndinger girl told me so themselves."

"And did he do the same to them as he did to you?"

"No," I said in haste. "He never poked Ferndinger."

"Did you hear that word from the teacher?" the judge asked.

I was perplexed. "No, not from him."

"From whom, then?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, just in school—from the other girls."

"From the Hoffer girl or Ferndinger girl?"

"I don't remember." "Now you said he did not poke Ferndinger?"

"No, he just had her play with him."

"But Miss Hoffer?"

"Yes, he poked her."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, I saw it once."

"And the other times?"

"She just told me about them."

Turning to my father, he said: "Mr. Mutzenbacher, I am sorry that you have been obliged to hear this pitiful story; that such an erring educator, without conscience, should have ruined your daughter. Be consoled; the child is young. I assure you that no one will ever hear of this, and by keeping a strict moral watch over her, I hope that all evil results will be avoided."

We went home and then I felt convinced that the teacher had "ruined" me. He was sentenced to a long term in prison. The fact that he had "ruined" both Melani and me made the case doubly strong against him.

(When I now think back that Melani and I had been "ruined" long before, as undoubtedly had been many of the other girls who had testified against him, I really feel sorry for him.)

But this affair seemed to have decided my entire future life, as you will see as I proceed with my story. I might have been a good, true woman, as is Melani, who is married now and mistress of her father's inn. She is surrounded by a brood of her own children. A number of my former schoolmates also have pleasant homes and families. These early indiscretions did them no harm. Undoubtedly, the fear of becoming pregnant had a great bearing on their purity, until they fell in love and married. Although they say that they have been indiscreet at times, as my mother has been, in the eyes of the world they were honorable, good wives; they did not become whores, as I have done. In my next chapter, I will write of the adventures which caused me to become a courtesan.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

As I have said before, I do not regret the life that I have led. But I do regret the cause. I do wish to state here, however, that I am convinced that today there are thousands of girls, in the lower as well as the upper classes, who, as children, go through the same experiences which I have so far recounted; and later become honorable girls—good, true wives and mothers—who completely forget the mistakes of their childhood days. Now to resume with my story. My brothers had gone out as apprentices, Lorenz to learn the same trade as my father. Franz to become a bookbinder. I saw them only on Sunday afternoons. Lorenz rarely talked to me, but Franz told me that he had met a servant girl who let him poke her and that he could sleep with her nights if he liked.

My family had at this time a roomer, a quiet old man, who left the house early and returned late. I slept on the lounge, while my mother's bed, still unoccupied, stood beside father's.

One day father said, with reference to the episode with the teacher: "I should give you a good thrashing. You are a dirty little wench!"

This was the only time he ever mentioned the matter. I was shocked. "But," I replied, "I could not help it!"

"Well, yes," he said, "I suppose that is so. But such a dirty pup!" And he continued: "Well what's done is done, but, from now on, I will watch you. You will go nowhere without my permission, and from today on, you will sleep there—" pointing to mother's bed, next to his own. "We always have a roomer and I am going to watch you."

So that night I slept in mother's bed, next to my father's. When he came home from the saloon, it was probably eleven o'clock. I did not wake until I heard him whisper: "Are you there? Do you hear? Are you there?"

Half asleep, I answered: "Yes, father, I am here."

"Where are you?"

"Here, father, I am here," I answered.

He reached over and touched me.

"Oh, yes—there you are!"

His hand slid down my throat, where he had first touched me, to my breast. I was paralyzed, as he began to feel my titties. I lay perfectly quiet.

"So, then," he stammered, "that is where the teacher held you?"

"Yes, father," I whispered.

There also?" taking hold of the other breast. "Yes, father."

"The scoundrel," he went on, "the dog. He would like that." But all the time he was playing with my nipples. "How exactly did he do it?" he asked. "Just as you are doing it," I stammered. Running his hand under my nightshirt, he caught hold of my mound. Playing in the hair with his fingers, he whispered: "Pepi?"

"Yes, father?"

"Pepi, did he feel down here, too—?"

"Yes, father, there too!"

"Perhaps even with his shaft—?" I was so choked, shocked and frightened at all this that I could not speak. Since father knew everything, I could not imagine why he was asking me these questions. Had he forgotten, or, was he doing all this for some other purpose? He repeated: "I say with his shaft, did he touch you here?"

"Yes, father."

"In there—?" He tried to push his finger in. But I pushed his hand away. "But, father?" I said.

"I want to know," he whispered, again taking hold of me.

"But father!" I begged, "don't do that!" He had his finger in the "opening" now. "Father! Stop!" I whispered. "You know that he 'had it in.' Please!—Stop—!" I whispered.

"Did he poke you?" he asked, pushing his finger still further in.

"Yes!" I said quickly, "he poked me—I could not help it!"

"That is your good fortune," he grumbled, leaving me alone. He then turned over and went to sleep.

For a few nights we slept quietly in our respective beds. He did not touch me again. I had nearly forgotten the incident. When I did think of it, I laid it to the terrible rage which I thought he must have harbored against the teacher.

Then, one Saturday, we had been in the inn. As we went to bed that night, father again reached over.

"You—," he said, as he took hold of my breasts.

"Yes, father!"

"How often did the teacher poke you—?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, how of ten?"

"But I can't remember!"

"I want to know!" He squeezed my breasts so hard that I screamed.

"But, father-!"

"How often-?"

"Perhaps ten times—"

"So? Ten times, eh?"

He played with my nipple until it got hard.

"Ten times?" he suddenly asked.

I had to smile. "But, no, each time only once."

"So; ten times?"

He fingered my nipple until it stood out straight.

became curious and quite passionate, but so ashamed that I pushed his hand away.

"Now, father—stop!—What are you doing?"

"Nothing—nothing!" he murmured and withdrew.

For a few more days nothing occurred. I was usually asleep when he came into the bedroom. It never entered my thoughts that he wanted anything else. I just imagined that he could not forget the teacher.

One evening, we retired early. Reaching over and feeling for me, he said: "What have you been doing all day?"

"Nothing, father," I answered.

He reached into my nightshirt and I covered my breasts with my hands. "Were you in school?"

"Yes."

He tried to push my hands aside and reach for my breasts. "Have you a new teacher?"

"Yes."

"Well, does he fondle you too?" He caught hold of my breast and began playing with it.

"No, father."

"And about the other teacher?"

"We have a woman teacher."

"So? And the other teacher? Does he do anything to you?"

I tried to force his hand away, saying: "No, he does nothing. He is still in prison. Remember?"

With a quick movement, he reached between my legs. Before I could prevent it, he held my cleft in his hand. "I beg of you father," I cried. "Father!" I breathed hard. He was tickling me. I became hot and passionate.

"You know," he stuttered, "if the new teacher should begin to play with you"—he began to drum on my twig—"If he should really try anything like this"—he tried to get his finger in my 'opening'—"don't you let him!"

"No, father, no—but now—stop!" And I closed my legs together. With a quick jerk, I freed myself.

"Well, well, that's all right," he said. I still had no idea of anything wrong. I was only afraid of myself. His actions made me so passionate that I wanted to be poked. The longing for a shaft became so great that I could hardly control myself. But I was afraid that he would kill me if I made the wrong move. I thought that he was only trying me out to see if I would resist temptation.

But a few nights later, when I awoke from a sound sleep, he lay close beside me. He was carefully playing with my nipples until they were hard and standing out I acted as though I were asleep. I was filled with curiosity, anxious to see what he wanted. I remained perfectly quiet.

He took my left nipple and began to loss and lick it. Unwittingly I began to tremble—more with passion than curiosity. He again started to lick and suck. Then he began fooling with both titties.

Every time that I trembled he stopped. I thought that he was trying to find out if I was awake, but I pretended to sleep harder than ever.

Suddenly he lifted the bed covers and raised my nightshirt.

My heart beat loudly. I was afraid and very passionate but still I believed that he was subjecting me to a new test It was such an unheard of performance that I was beside myself with excitement.

He sat up and slowly spread my feet apart. I let him proceed without resistance, but, as he put his hand on my slit I began to tremble, so he stopped again.

I now began to snore, acting as though I were not aware of these actions. He got between my legs, bracing himself on his elbows. He slowly rubbed his shaft against my slit. I could not resist that, but, as I began working up and down, I continued snoring and acting as though I were performing the act in my sleep.

Father held his lance up against my lips barely getting the head in. By now I was so excited that I was nearly crazy. But his action caused him to go off, suddenly wetting my hair and belly with his discharge. I was left frustrated.

I was now convinced of what he wanted, and I was delighted I must admit, painful as the recollection of the incident is to me now. I thought so little of it at the time as not to wonder if it was right or wrong. I knew that it pleased me and I felt that I was now grown-up and did not have to fear my father any more. I was independent.

The following night I did not fall asleep, but made believe that I was asleep. As I expected, father came in. He looked to see if I was asleep and, satisfied from my regular breathing that I was, he undressed.

Raising the bedcovers, he got into my bed and, lying by my side, carefully covered both of us. He then lay close to me and suddenly raising my nightshirt—I felt his shift stiffen—pressed against my naked thigh. Edging my gown higher and higher until it was around my neck, he began playing with my titties.

This aroused my passion. I was afraid that he was going to play around the outside again, and that I thus would be cheated out of my share of the pleasure. Still I did not dare to make any advances.

Sliding his hands down, he parted my legs. This was easy, for I had partly spread them already. Then he touched me with his fingers, and I did not resist. Instead I began to help him.

I knew that from the night before he thought that I was asleep. My movements got him so excited that he immediately got on top of me and when, he started poking around my well with his lance, I got so passionate that I could not resist. I kept moving around in order to get it inside me.

Whether he thought that I was asleep or completely forgot himself, I do not know. But he also began to work and, with one quick push, he got it in as far as it would go! The sensation was so delicious, that I unthinkingly said: "Oh!"

Father now lay quiet, his shaft still sticking in me. I knew that I had nothing to fear, and, acting as though just awakening, I said: "Father! What are you doing?" At the same time I slowly ground my hips in a sensuous circle around his delicious shaft. He was frightened, but did not leave me.

"Father!" I whispered again, still writhing. "For goodness sake, what are you doing?"

He did not answer.

"Stop, Father! Stop! What are you doing?" And, as I spoke, I began to writhe more vigorously.

"Nothing!" he whispered, "Nothing! I was asleep!"

"But, father, what are you doing to me?"

"I did not know it was you!" he said, as an excuse.

"Yes, father it is! It is I!" I cried, each time giving a harder push. He said nothing.

"Why!" I continued. "Father, you are poking me!" And I put my arms around him.

He caught my breast, and, without further words, started to work with furious strokes. Holding him tight, I whispered in his ear:

"This is a sin—father! I am afraid—but oh! father—I love you—faster—faster—faster! There—that is good! But I am afraid—oh, father—!"

"That's all right," he answered. "Nobody knows it, and nobody will find out."

"No," I said. "No—I won't say anything!" He pushed hard.

"That is right. You are a nice daughter!"

I asked: "Father is it good for you too—?"

"Yes! Yes!" And he again put his mouth on one of my titties.

"Whenever you want to, father—" I whispered. "You can poke me all that you want—!"

"Keep quiet!"

"Father—I am 'coming'. Faster—faster-oh, now!" I was happy. I had waited so long, and now I was satisfied. "Father, are you 'coming' too—?"

"Yes, now. Now!-Pepi!-Now-Oh! But that feels good!"

We both "went off" together; then, in each other's arms, we went to sleep.

The next day father was very shy. He talked in low tones, never looking at me. I went out and waited for the evening. As we went to bed, I crawled over him. Placing his hand on my naked titties, I whispered: "Father, are you angry at me?"

"No," he answered, "I am not angry."

"You did not speak to me today."

"I have been thinking," he remarked.

"What about, father?"

"Well, I think," he answered, stroking my titties, "that if the teacher could do this, then it is all right for me."

I reached down, took hold of his shaft, which immediately stood like a soldier at command. It occurred to me that I was created from inside this same shaft.

"Father, if you would like to have me again, I will let you," I said.

"In God's name," he gasped.

I then got on top of him and began riding him. He held my breasts. We soon finished another "turn."

My father now was very friendly. During the day, every time that he came near me, he patted my titties, and I, in returned pinched him in "front" He talked about his business, the running of the house, money matters, etc. He bought me new clothes—in fact everything that I could wish for, and even allowed me to keep the rent from our roomer and I felt quite grown-up and very important.

I once asked him: "Father, do you remember what else the teacher had me to do for him?"

"No, what was it?"

"Shall I show you?"

"Yes, I am curious to know."

I put my head down, took out his shaft—which was now limber—and began to suck on it. "Is that good?" I asked.

"Yes, that is very blissful and good! Keep it up!"

"Father," I lied, "the teacher did something else to me too."

"Do you want me to do that, too—?" he asked. I nodded.

He threw me across the bed, burying his face between my thighs. He then began to suck—my own father—so vigorously that I almost lost my breath! I was immensely satisfied.

About this time we changed roomers. The new one was a waiter in a small restaurant. His name was Rudolph. He was a slender fellow with a yellow, sallow complexion and dark eyes. Although about thirty-six, he had only a few hairs on his lips—a poor excuse for a moustache. I disliked him.

After the first few days, he tried to feel my breasts. He eyed me with scorn then, holding me, began pressing my titties. Enraged, I struck at him and kicked him until he had to let me go.

"Well," he replied nastily, "I suppose that only a teacher can touch the young lady?"

"Hold your tongue!"

"I see! I see! Only learned men may poke you!" "If you don't keep your mouth shut," I shouted, "I will report you to the police."

He turned pale and, in a rage, finished dressing, throwing his things around in his room. Angrily putting on his hat, he came closer to me and whispered: "Wait! You threaten me with the police, you bitch—just wait! You will beg me to do you the honor some day!"

Several weeks later I was washing myself, wearing only an undershirt. Father was just leaving, and he quickly bade me farewell. Reaching into my shirt, he quickly fondled my breasts. At that instant, Rudolph opened his door. Father quickly withdrew his hand.

Rudolph meekly asked: "Pardon me, could I have my breakfast earlier? I have to go to the magistrate."

We hoped that he had not noticed anything, but when father had gone and I went into the kitchen to prepare Rudolph's breakfast, he grinned and asked: "So—your father may play with your titties?"

"You lie!" I answered, blushing.

"But I saw it," he said.

"You saw nothing of the kind!" I shouted back at him. "Father said only that I should wash myself better."

He laughed out loud. Walking to the sink, he quietly took out his shaft and began washing it, saying: "I must wash myself better, too!" He then came towards me and continued: "Yes, I must wash myself better, because today or tomorrow Miss Pepi may ask me to poke her!"

I laughed with scorn and he left. But it was he who laughed last.

Weeks passed. Rudolph seemed not to notice me. Father and I enjoyed ourselves—not every night, but quite often. We had tried every way which I had learned. Living in this way with father, I remained away from all the others. Only twice did I go to see the priest, and then intending only to go to Communion, not to be poked.

The first time that I went to him, I found a little, seven-year-old girl in his room. He had completely undressed her. She smiled at him, lying there on his bed. As I entered, the father was licking her little grotto with his tongue—an act which the little tot greatly enjoyed. (She later told me that her uncle and the butcher did "that" to her too; of course they could not poke her.) His Reverence did not try to poke her, but as a precaution that she might not sin in the future, he was "just cleansing her."

I arrived just in time. I lay on the bed and he gave me a good poke! Then he dismissed us both.

The second time Father Mayer and I were alone. I confessed my relations with my father. Clapping his hands, he said: Then you are lost!"

I did not believe this nonsense any more, but I played my part in the comedy. I decided that I would earn his "absolution" at any cost.

"I will do penance, your Reverence!" I said solemnly.

"What do you mean, 'penance'?" he asked.

I knelt before him, took out his shaft and began licking it and sucking so hard that he trembled like a kettle of boiling water. I pushed his holy "wand" away back into my throat.

He stopped, lifted me up and said: "Come!"

I turned around. Raising my dress, I reached back and pushed his "holy stem" into me from behind. I worked so hard and fast that he could not hold back, but "went off" in a few minutes.

But I did not rest. Immediately I began to play with him again, sucking and using all the known arts. I soon had him going the second time.

We parted the best of friends. My sins were all "forgiven." I had only to promise to have nothing more to do with father sexually—which I readily promised, knowing that I could easily get his forgiveness every time that I broke the promise.

After our first great passions had been satisfied, father made it a rule to poke me only on Sunday mornings before getting up. This was the custom among all the working classes, for the men were tired during the week, but, on Sunday morning, after a good night's rest they were raring to go. So now I very seldom got a "piece" during the week or at night unless I begged for it.

Father seemed to be in the best of humor in the morning while he was dressing and I was preparing his breakfast. I wore no clothes except a chemise or possibly a short skirt. He always played with me a little while before leaving the house.

One morning—I think it was a Thursday—we had not done anything since the Sunday morning before. Every time father came near me he felt my breasts. This aroused my passions. Finally, after he had finished washing himself, I was about to air the bedclothes when I passed him and he started to play with my nipples until they got hard.

I now was crazy for a good poke. As he stood in front of me in his underclothes, I took hold of his shaft, which promptly shot out straight. After playing with each other a short time, father not thinking, threw me down on the bed, where I was ready to pick up the clothes to take them out for an airing, and we began to indulge in a "little morning exercise."

Father had just raised my skirt and got on top of me when Rudolph opened the door. "Oh, pardon me!" he said, jumping back.

We jumped up. Father went out at once. He chuckled: "You have to drag that girl out of bed, or she will not get up." Rudolph laughed wickedly. Father then came back to quiet me, saying: "He did not see anything."

I did not argue, but I was convinced otherwise. Father had barely left the house when Rudolph stalked in. "Well!" he snapped, "perhaps your father just wanted you to wash yourself better again, today?"

I still was clothed only in my chemise and short skirt. I held a towel before my naked breasts.

Tearing it away, he said: "Stop your nonsense. I have no respect for a bitch who puts out for her own father!"

"We were not poking," I replied, denying the truth.

"Shut up!" he yelled, "You mean to deny what I saw myself?"

"You saw nothing!"

"So—wasn't he lying on top of you when I came in? And, didn't you have your chemise up to your neck?"

"No!" I said, but uncertainly.

"So? So?" he continued as he came nearer. "I will tell you what I saw: I was outside and saw him put his hand in your chemise. And do you know what else I saw—?"

I looked scared.

"I saw," he went on, "how you took his shaft out of his pants and how he then threw you down on the bed."

I was dumbfounded.

"Well—?" he laughed as he lifted my chin. "Isn't that the truth?"

I looked down and did not answer.

"And, now," he said in decisive and threatening tones, "because Miss Pepi was so saucy and mean to me, I am going straight to the police and report the whole story."

I was not prepared for this. I was seized with a terrible fear. He was pleased at my reaction and tantalized me further, saying: "You will both be locked up—you and your dear papa!"

"No!" I called out.

"No?" he repeated. "No, well, we shall see! I can swear to what I saw." And, with that, he walked towards the door, saying: "I will go at once!"

I jumped between him and the door. "Please—" I stammered.

"There is no use to beg," he replied.

He reached for the door.

I held his arm.

"Please—" I begged again.

"Please, what?" he said mockingly.

"I—won't you forgive me, Mr. Rudolph, for being rude to you?"

"Aha!" he mocked, "Now all at once—well—well!"

"Don't go to the police, Mr. Rudolph, please."

I burst out crying: "Please don't go, Mr. Rudolph. I could not help it!"

"What couldn't you help?"

"What my father does to me."

"So—" he said, stepping up close to me, "on that account you pushed me from you when I wanted to feel your titties?"

"I won't do it again!" I cried.

"So, now you will let me play with your titties-yes?"

"Yes, Mr. Rudolph."

He took hold of my chemise, tore it open, took out my nipple and began to drum on it with his forefinger.

"I may do this now, may I?" he said mockingly. "Yes! Yes!" I said, permitting him to rub against my middle with his stomach.

"I suppose now that I may also do this—?"

"Yes, Mr. Rudolph!" I was helpless.

"And, now," he grinned, "you would let me poke you—?"

It seemed my only hope. "Yes, Mr. Rudolph!"

"But I don't care to poke you!" he laughed suddenly. "I just want to go to the police."

I cried and sobbed loudly. Then he went on: "Unless you beg me to poke you—ha?"

"I beg you, please—Mr. Rudolph!"

"What's that?" he chuckled, playing harder with my titties.

"Please, Mr. Rudolph!" I repeated.

"Say it!" he shouted pushing me against the wall.

"Please, Mr. Rudolph—poke me!" I said obediently.

"Well, then, come—" He went to the bed, and I followed.

"Lie down!"

I obeyed.

"Raise your clothes!"

Again I obeyed.

He looked at me as I lay there, then commanded: "Unbutton my pants!"

I obeyed this order. As I did, his shaft popped out. It was long and white and curved upward.

He got on top of me, saying: "And now, you must put it in yourself."

I did as he ordered. I felt a pleasant shock. Also I had lost my fear of the police. I breathed easier.

Now he had his weapon almost all in. Still he remained perfectly quiet. He said, "Now, you must say, 'Please, Mr. Rudolph, push!'"

"Please, Mr. Rudolph-push!" I gladly repeated.

My breasts were bare and he played with them a while as he slowly worked his tool inside me. Then he slowly withdrew it mostly all the way. Oh, how I hated him! Yet, I was made passionate from his slow, regular movements.

After about ten of these insertions I began to work. I was now enjoying it despite my hate for him, and wondering why I had dreaded him for so long a time.

"Oh! Oh!" he said, "now I shall poke Pepi often!"

And I answered: "Yes, but harder! Harder! I am coming—oh, yes—poke me often—as often as you please!"

"That is right," he responded. "Now we understand each other, and we will get along fine."

"Oh!" I whispered, "I am 'coming'—please, 'come' too, Mr. Rudolph!"

"Take it easy!" he replied. "I have plenty of time." Keeping up the same slow movement, he then asked: "Do you often get poked by your father?"

I lied: "No, this was the first time that he tried it."

Pushing his shaft way in again, he said: "Don't lie!"

"Oh, I am 'coming'—I am 'coming' again—" I called.

"Tell me the truth!" he commanded.

"Yes! Yes!" I answered.

"So; you and your father poke very often?"

"Yes—often—I am ‘coming! Again—faster—faster!"

"When mostly?"

"Mostly at night!"

"Since when?"

"About six months ago."

"Every night?"

"No!"

"Does he poke well?"

"Yes!"

"Better than I?"

"No, oh no," I assured him. "Oh—I am ‘coming’ again!"

"Do you also take it in your mouth," he inquired further.

"Yes!"

"And you will take mine?"

"Yes," I promised him.

"And does he ‘suck’ you off?"

"Yes!"

"Do you want me to do it to you, too?"

He kept this up for about half an hour. I fairly swam in my own bliss and juices.

At last he stammered: "I am ‘coming’ now!—Now!—Now!"

He filled me with such a discharge that you could hear it gurgle as it ran out of my grotto.

"I knew at once," he said afterwards, "that I was going to poke you!"

"How?"

"Because I know at once what was going on when I heard the story about the teacher and then I saw that you slept with your father."

"I can't help it," I replied, defending myself. "Father said so."

"I believe that," he laughed.

"You won't tell anybody?" I wanted to know.

"Of course not, if you will always let me poke you."

"Yes, I will always let you," I answered.

"And, besides—I have known it for some time," he smiled.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, your 'doings' with your father."

"How so?"

"Because I have watched you several times."

Shocked once more, I said: "When? Where and when did you see it?"

"Several times on Sunday morning."

"So?"

"Shall I prove it? Last Sunday you were on top the first time, then you took it in your mouth and then you finished the second underneath—isn't that right?"

"Yes," I said.

He got up, saying: "Well, from today on, you are my sweetheart; now I have two."

"Two?"

"Yes."

"And who is the other one?"

"You will see her soon enough." At that he left.

After that he came in every morning after father had gone, inquiring: "Well, anything doing last night?"

I had to tell him whether I had been poked or not. He also wanted to know whether I was being poked by any other men. I denied this and wisely told him nothing about the priest.

He did not stay with me every day. Often he would just play around for a while, telling me: "Nothing doing today. Yesterday I poked my sweetheart."

I did not like him except when he was doing it to me. I did not hate him anymore, however. I thought him unusually clever and looked up to him.

I went to see the priest about every two weeks. By now my visits were not confession, repentance, doing penance or cleansing.

One day as soon as I came into the room, he undressed me, then poked me and sucked me off. I did the same to him. We talked frankly, nothing but smut; since then I treated him as other men, even calling him by his given name.

Rudolph treated me well, as also did my father. I wanted nothing more. When father played with my titties while dressing or I played with his shaft, I had nothing to fear for I knew that Rudolph was not watching.

Several times I jokingly remarked: "This morning you could have caught me and my father."

And he replied: "Did you go all the way?"

"No, but he played with me again."

"Well, let him play—I will not watch anymore."

Several times while playing with me father remarked: "Psst! Rudolph might come in!"

It was I who quieted him. "Never mind, he is asleep."

One morning, having opened my chemise, Father was kissing and sucking my nipples—an act which, to the present day arouses my passions at once. He was clad only in his nightshirt. I reached for his shaft and, when I stroked it, it at once stood erect. Putting his hand under my chemise, he pushed me towards the bed. I happened to think of Rudolph, and resisted, saying: "No! No! He might hear!"

"Nonsense, he is sleeping," father said, "and I will 'come' quickly!"

"Well, come this way!" I did not dare lie down.

"But you will have no pleasure this way," he remarked.

"I don't need any," I said, anxious not to have Rudolph catch us.

But he would not have it. "No, no, no, come on!" he urged.

Since I was also getting anxious for "it," I let him throw me on the bed, and, not to waste time, I put it in myself. "Now, father, please push!"

He began pushing.

"Oh, faster-faster!" I pleaded.

"Oh—today it is so good!" he whispered. "I am 'coming' already—now!"

I said: "Just one more push—there—there—I am 'coming' too!"

I felt him "going," but just then the door opened. Rudolph appeared and directly inquired: "What are you doing there, neighbor?"

Father was non-plussed, but he pushed several times more in his eagerness to finish.

Rudolph remarked with sarcasm: "Don't let me disturb you."

Father now jumped up. Pale and panting hard, he stood before Rudolph. Rudolph eyed him sharply. I remained on the bed, not knowing what to do.

"Let us cover the girl first," said Rudolph, pulling down my chemise. Seeing my naked titties, he threw a pillow over them; "Allow me—seeing naked breasts always disturbs me."

Father could not utter a word.

Rudolph turned to him and said: "Well, neighbor, what have you been doing to your daughter?"

"Mr. Rudolph, you surely do not want to ruin me?"

Rudolph laughed: "Why should I? It is nobody's business if you choose to poke your own daughter. You made her, didn't you?"

"Mr. Rudolph!" stuttered father. "I am a widower. I have no more. I can't sweat it out of my hide!"

]Well, well, that is all right!"

"Mr. Rudolph, do you give me your holy oath that you will not betray me?"

"I could not think of it!" he called, "I will not swear to anything. But I think that we can work something out. I am leaving for a little stroll now. But, when I return, we'll talk it over."

Father whispered to me: "If he reports me, the scoundrel-I'll kill him!"

I felt the same way about this matter.

We fell asleep; woke up; fell asleep again, woke up again, anxiously waiting for Rudolph to come home, hoping that father could talk to him. I About three o'clock we heard the door open. "Now he has come," father said, thinking that I must be awake—which I was.

Rudolph undressed; we heard him fussing about. "Shall I go to him?" asked father.

"Yes, try it," I suggested.

Before Father could get out of bed, Rudolph came in. It was dark and we could not see him, but we heard him inquire: "Are you asleep, neighbors?"

"No, no," father anxiously replied. "I am awake, Mr. Rudolph."

Without further talk, Rudolph called:

"Let Pepi come out to me!"

"What do you want?" father asked, sitting up in bed.

Rudolph slowly repeated: "Let Pepi come out to me." Then, in a threatening tone he added: "Of course you have no objections—"

Father understood and did not answer. Rudolph waited at the door. Finally father whispered: "Well—go, Pepi. We can do nothing else," he said, down-hearted.

I sprang out of bed and ran to the door. "Come to bed," Rudolph said. We both got in.

"So—he whispered, hugging me tight "Now you remain here for half an hour, then go back and tell him that I poked you!"

"But aren't you going to poke me?"

"No," he answered. "I just poked my sweetheart twice; I can't do it anymore."

"Nevertheless," I said, taking hold of his limber shaft, "I am sure that it will go."

"Do you want to?" he said, taking one of my breasts.

"I would like to," I replied.

"I am afraid that I can't, but will try it. Wait-I will show you a way that you will enjoy also."

He had me get on top of him, my head so positioned so that I could take his shaft in my mouth. At the same time he played in my grotto with his tongue. This was something new for me, and I found it exceedingly pleasant. While I played with his shaft in my mouth, he sucked me off, so, I went "off" every few minutes.

I was glad to hold his device in my mouth. It hindered my crying out, which I could not help from doing—the feeling was so heavenly! I was glad for father's sake that I could keep quiet. When he finally "went off," he lifted me so high that I almost fell out of the bed. When it was all over, he said:

"Now, go back."

I was afraid. I told Rudolph so. "I am afraid."

"Nonsense!" he said, "if he wants anything, let him come to me. Just tell him that he had sent you himself."

I crept back to our room. Father did not snore. As I got into bed, he asked: "Well, what was it?"

"Nothing," I whispered.

"Nothing? What did he want with you?"

"You know, father," I answered.

"Did he poke you?" he angrily asked.

"Yes—but you sent me out there!"

"He poked you?"

"I couldn't help it." I tried to quiet him.

"Come here at once!" he commanded.

"Oh, what are you going to do, father?"

He pulled me over onto the bed, spread my legs apart, getting between them. I reached for his shaft, which had never seemed so hard before.

"Never mind, father," I said, "you may do it to me as often as you like. I will never let that scoundrel do it to me again!"

"Shut up, you whore!" he said, and pushed into me as far as his throbbing lance would go. "You are nothing but a whore—and now he poked you too—he too—and did he put it in your mouth, too?"

"I am 'coming' father—I am 'coming'—oh!"

"I want to know, did he put it in your mouth?"

"Yes, father, he did everything!" I told him what he wanted to hear. "He did everything—he put it all over me—he 'sucked me off also—oh, I am 'coming'—faster—faster—!"

"And did you 'go off' with him?"

"Yes," I answered. I was embarrassed no more. "Yes, I went off several times!"

I had hardly uttered these words when he sent an awful discharge against my womb. Exhausted, we both fell asleep. The next morning nothing was said.

Several days passed. Father and Rudolph had not spoken during all this time. Then, one evening we had just finished our supper and father sat smoking his pipe. Rudolph came in.

"Good evening, neighbor," he cheerfully grunted to father, placing two bottles of wine on the table. "Shall we have some wine together?"

Father liked wine, so he smiled, saying: "I don't mind."

Rudolph went on, very friendly: "I hope that we are not enemies? What say you—?"

"No!" laughed father. "Not enemies. On account of Pepi, you mean—?"

"Neighbor, you are a fine fellow—let us be merry. From today on, I am your friend. Let us make an evening of it—are you willing?"

"Agreed," said father, and I began to think that they were both going to poke me.

But, Rudolph relieved my mind saying: "Neighbor, you will not object if I invite my sweetheart to be present?"

"What sweetheart?" inquired father, astonished.

"She is waiting out in the hall," Rudolph said.

"I beg of you to have her come in!"

Rudolph and father called us. As we came to them, Rudolph wanted to put his hand on me.

"No," mumbled father, "I will poke my daughter—my daughter does not have to poke strangers in whom she has no concern."

This angered Rudolph, but Zenzi sat down on his lap and busied herself with his shaft. I did the same to my father.

Soon we were all at it. Father reached for Zenzi's pointed breasts, while Rudolph did the same to me. That night we all slept in the two beds in our room. Zenzi and I could not sleep, but the two men snored.

After a while, Zenzi asked me: "Do you feel that you would like another poke?"

"Yes," I answered. "But it is impossible to wake them."

"That makes no difference," she said, and laughed. "When he is drunk—I poke him anyway!"

She took his shaft in her mouth. It stiffened at once. I did the same to father. Both lances now stood up stiff before us.

"Which one do you want?" I asked her.

"Neither!" she said. "I have had enough. I don't want any more!"

"Well, what shall we do?" I inquired.

"You take both!" she laughed.

Following her directions, I squatted down on father, my back towards his head. Zenzi guided his shaft into my grotto. I began bobbing up and down on it.

"Is it good that way?" Zenzi asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Wait! I shall show you something," she said, and reaching down she started to play with my twig.

I now danced a regular jig. Father moaned in his sleep. Zenzi started to suck my nipples. I was about to "come" for the second time—when father let go of his discharge. It seemed like a pail full—as though all the wine that he had drunk had suddenly broke loose.

"Now come over to Rudolph," Zenzi cried.

She crawled after me, now performing the same duty as before. I soon was jumping up and down again, holding her and singing the same old song, I am 'coming'—oh! Oh! I am 'coming'—I'm 'coming'!"

Rudolph ground his teeth and coughed, but did not wake up. He was in a sound, drunken sleep.

"I am 'coming' again—oh, Zenzi—I am 'coming,'" I yelled.

"With Rudolph, one always comes," she whispered.

I grabbed her titties. I hardly knew why. I played with them. I felt that I had to do something. Finally I sobbed: "I am through—help me down!"

"No," she said, "you must stay until Rudolph 'goes off,'"—which he finally did, the discharge rising like a fountain inside of me.

When the last drop had been spent, we both sank down between the two sleeping men. But the night had not passed as yet. Now Zenzi began to cry: "Oh, my—oh, my—now I want some, too—I want some too!"

"Why don't you do the same that I did?" I suggested.

"No! No! That is impossible; they will not stand for it!"

"Try it," I encouraged her.

She began with father, rubbing and playing with him, finally taking his shaft in her mouth. But it was useless. She could not make it rise. She then turned to Rudolph, who proved equally incapable of rising to the occasion.

Finally she came to me, sobbing: "Oh, Lord! Now I am worse off than before!" I laughed.

"You can laugh!" she snapped, "You have Had yours. I was a damn fool for letting you!"

I laughed still harder.

"But, what shall I do?" she moaned, helplessly moving back and forth.

Suddenly she took my hand and put it between her legs, and, begging, said: "You do it to me, won't you?"

"How can I do it?"

"I want to be poked—come on—won't you?"

She lay on her back and made me get on top of her, rubbing her mound against mine for a while. Then she made me put my hand between her legs, using my finger as though it were a shaft.

"There—there—that feels so good! Put your finger all the way in—!"

She now started playing with my titties, and with her free hand played with my grotto. Finally she said: "I am 'coming'—I am 'coming,' oh—!"

I used my finger as best I could. Throwing her arms around me, she hugged me. Taking my nipples in her mouth, she aroused my passion as Rudolph went out and immediately returned with his sweetheart. She was barely fifteen and very pretty, with a turned-up nose, cute eyes and a broad mouth. I noticed that her breasts were unusually large, standing far apart, straight and solid. When she walked, they shook.

The entertainment began. Rudolph was very witty. The girl's name was Zenzi; she laughed at everything that he said. The wine started to work. Rudolph, embracing Zenzi, took one of her little titties in his hand, saving to Father: "That is some tittle, neighbor-hard as a rock!"

She laughed out loud, and father eyed the tittle in Rudolph's hand. Father did not move. Rudolph released her, and, coming towards me, not noticing father, he put his hand on my breasts, saying: "Yes, Pepi has nice, hard titties too—never any nicer-very nice indeed—just as nice as Zenzi's, only smaller, not so pointed, but more round."

"Zenzi!" commanded Rudolph, "show this gentleman your titties!"

Zenzi laughed again.

Obediently she unbuttoned her blouse, then her chemise. One breast popped out. It was wonderful! How pointed and solid it stood! The nipple looked like a small teat grown onto the larger one. I was admiring it and did not notice that Rudolph now slipped his hand under my chemise and then on my breasts.

"Well, what do you say?" Rudolph asked father.

"Very nice—very nice indeed!" father said. He could not resist putting his hand on the girl's marvelous appendages. He made them bounce up and down.

"Enjoy yourself, neighbor!" said Rudolph.

Father now held the breasts. Zenzi stepped closer to him and laughed.

"Zenzi!" commanded Rudolph, "play with the gentleman!"

Obediently, she unbuttoned father's trousers; quickly taking out his shaft, she fondled it. Then she looked into father's eyes and laughed.

"If you want to poke Zenzi, you may, with pleasure!" called Rudolph. "It is only right, neighbor, since I poked Pepi."

Father did not reply, but permitted Zenzi to continue rubbing his shaft.

"Zenzi," said Rudolph, "you will let the gentleman do whatever he wants. Do you understand?"

Zenzi understood. Raising her dress, she prepared to sit on father's knees.

"Zenzi!" called Rudolph, "What do you do first?"

Immediately she knelt before my father and his shaft disappeared into her mouth!

Rudolph got up. "Now then, I will leave her with you, neighbor," he said, "and I will take Pepi with me. Are you willing?"

Father nodded as if quite embarrassed. However, he got up and threw Zenzi on the bed and got on top of her. She laughed loudly, and with one quick move steered him to the right "place."

Rudolph and I watched as my father began to work.

Zenzi now whispered: "Ah, you poke nice—so nice—that's good!"

Rudolph and I were very passionate. "Well, now," he said, "we need not mind them." Promptly he threw me on the other bed and I felt him pushing his shaft inside me.

We were a fine quartette. Father breathed hard:

"Give me your titties, Zenzi! Push harder!—There! That is good!"

Rudolph coughed. "Heaven and earth—but that is good! That is the way that I like it—go slow—we have time—!"

I called out: "I am 'coming'—father—Rudolph—I am 'coming'—!"

Zenzi whispered: "Oh, poke me—make me a baby—poke me—yes—yes—bite the titties—bite them off—oh, Rudolph!—he is sucking my titties—he is poking me—!"

Soon both Rudolph and my father reached their goals. Their bellowing, snorting and coughing mingled with the squealings, sobbings and hard breathings of us two girls. When we had finished, Rudolph called to Zenzi: "Come and sleep with me!"

Zenzi got up.

Upon leaving, Rudolph remarked to father: "The next 'round' each will have with his own!"

Father rolled over to my side and began at one to play with my titties. I got busy with his shaft, trying to bring on another erection. Not meeting immediately with successful result, I turned around, and as I was getting under father, decided to try the new art which I had recently learned from Rudolph. Placing my hips over my father's face, my head between his legs, I licked and sucked his staff. Immediately the tired tool started to stand.

We heard Zenzi in the other room, say: "Poke me, Rudi, please-You do it best of all-Oh! Rudi!—Of all the shafts that I ever had, you are the best of all!—Oh, poke me hard!—there!—there—in and out, in and out—ah—ah—I will do anything you say Rudi—oh!—Rudi!"

He answered: "Shut up, you goose, and let me poke!"

"Does she do it well?" I asked father as he began to work on me.

"Yes, very good—so warm—so tight."

"Better than I? I asked, as I moved up and down with my hips.

"No, no! Now faster—faster with your hips—oh faster-!"

And I answered: "Oh, poke me—oh, please, poke me—there—you do it best that way!"

"I just learned that from Zenzi," father replied.

From then on, Zenzi lived with us. She slept with Rudolph in the kitchen and busied herself around the house with me during the day. She was patient and obedient in every way. I soon became accustomed to her.

Sometimes she slept with father; on those nights I slept with Rudolph. The two men got along well together and shared us as they saw fit.

One day as I was returning home, I found Mr. Horak feeling of Zenzi's titties. Zenzi called out: "Hello, Pepi!" Horak barely noticed me. I found Rudolph in the kitchen. He inquired: "Have you seen Zenzi?" Angry with her for having so thoroughly captivated my ex-lover, I answered: "Yes, down the hall." "Who was with her?" he asked.

"Mr. Horak," I replied.

"So? What is she doing with him?"

"I don't know—I just saw him feeling her titties."

"Well, well," he laughed, "if that affords him any pleasure, he is welcome."

After a long time, Zenzi came in. I expected a scene and listened to them.

"Where have you been so long?" asked Rudolph.

"He poked me already!" she said, laughingly.

"Where?" Rudolph asked, astonished.

"In the cellar," he said.

"And?" he pressed.

"Two gulden—there it is—" said she, giving him some money.

Rudolph laughed and then sent her for some cigarettes.

A few days later, Zenzi came home at dusk, accompanied by a man. Opening the door slightly, she whispered to Rudolph: "Who is there?"

"Come into the other room," Rudolph told me.

As we reached it we heard a man walking into the kitchen. Rudolph and I listened at the door.

Zenzi said to the man: "Make yourself comfortable."

"Oh, no," he said, "I will just unbutton my trousers."

We then heard Zenzi: "Yes-what a nice little shaft—and how it stands—!"

He said: "Remove your chemise from your breasts."

She replied: "Shall I undress?" It would be better," he answered.

After a pause we heard a noise as if someone were falling on the bed.

Immediately we heard Zenzi moan:

"Ah poke me—poke me nice—there!"

The man interrupted, saying: "Keep still; I can't bear talking while I am poking."

The hog!" whispered Rudolph.

Through listening I became amorous and reached for Rudolph's trousers. He pushed me away, saying: "Stop that! I have no time now!"

In the kitchen the bed was creaking, the man grunting and Zenzi breathing hard. Finally she laughed, saying: "Now, it is over!"

The man got out of bed.

Zenzi said: "Now, you are already dressed."

We heard money rattle. Then the man opened the door and disappeared. Zenzi came in, naked and laughing. She handed three gulden to Rudolph.

"I got three gulden," she said.

Rudolph put the money in his pocket, saying: "Dress yourself!"

She put on her clothes, telling us what a nice man she had had and what a short, thick shaft he possessed.

Rudolph interrupted her and sent her for some wine and cigarettes. As soon as she was gone, he asked me: "Now do you want to be poked?"

Not waiting for an answer, he backed me against the wall and poked me standing up.

Then he said: "Tonight you will sleep with me."

Father came home soon, and he and Rudolph both got drunk. Father was continually feeling under Zenzi's clothes. "I would like to—yes, I'd like to—" he stammered.

"Undress yourself!" commanded Rudolph, and she obeyed at once.

"You too!" father said to me.

I took off my clothes, all of them, the same as Zenzi. We kept up until, finally exhausted, we went to sleep.

After that night we were fast friends. I often played with her titties like a man, and she with mine. The next day we slept until broad daylight.

Lorenz came home from the shop to find out why father did not come to work. Father told him that he was sick. Without even one look at me, he left.

These drunken orgies now were repeated at short intervals. Zenzi brought men to the house quite often. Rudolph did not work any more.

One day Zenzi came in with a man. We judged from his voice that he was old. When he undressed, Zenzi laughed: "Oh, such a little 'root!'"

The old man remonstrated: "Oh, that is nothing; that makes no difference; when he gets stiff, he will get much larger, all right!"

After some time, she called out: "But he won't stand!"

He said: "It only takes a little longer, but he will stand!"

After another long pause, she said in a whisper: "But I can't any more—my hand aches!"

He said: "That is nothing. Take it in your mouth!"

She asked: "What will you give me if I do?"

"What will I give you? I don't mind—I will give you ten gulden—but take it in your mouth!"

Rudolph gulped.

"Good God!" he mumbled.

I, too, was thunderstruck at so much money.

After a long wait, Zenzi finally said: "Now he is standing—come on—!"

We heard them fall on the bed.

Soon she laughed: "He has gone down again."

The man mumbled something. They rolled around in the bed, then Zenzi cried: "There—there—yes, that is good—now faster—faster—!"

Rudolph remarked: "He is 'sucking her off!'"

And then Zenzi called: "Come quick, now! He is up again!"

They rolled again. Zenzi laughed: "Now, he fell down again!"

The old man got mad, saying: "It is not so—just put it in!"

The bed shook and Zenzi said: "You have not got it in at all! Let me do it I will get it in!"

The bed shook again. Zenzi sobbed and called: "There—at last—! Now—poke hard—real hard—what?—Through already—?"

After that we heard them walking around in the kitchen. Soon the door opened and the man departed. Zenzi came running into the room holding her ten gulden in her hand and handed them to Rudolph.

Naturally, that night we had a big spree. We all got drunk. I don't remember what we went through. But the next morning father overslept again. After this happened several times, he finally was discharged. He came home scolding and cursing. But Rudolph comforted him: "That is nothing; you soon will find work in some other place. Rest a few days and then look around. It will do you good to have a few day's sleep."

So father began to sleep and rest. In the morning he remained in bed. Then, when he got up, Rudolph and he played cards. In this way they both killed their time. Sometimes they toyed with Zenzi or me.

Father now "used me" almost every night, and, when he was able, he also "used" Zenzi, during the day. He was drunk all the time.

One day while he was home, Zenzi brought a man. Now we three stood behind the kitchen door and listened as she did her “business” in the kitchen. Father was astonished. His eyes bulged out as he saw Zenzi come in and hand Rudolph three gulden.

A few days later the rental agent called and informed us that he could not allow these doings to continue in his home. We either had to move or Zenzi must stop bringing men into the rooms. He was very polite and especially friendly toward Rudolph. I have no doubt that Rudolph had been bribing him with money. Zenzi only laughed. She probably had allowed him to “use her” on different occasions, or undoubtedly he would have put a stop to it long before. He was very sorry that he was obliged to notify us, he said—but that the order came directly from the owner of the building.

When the agent had gone, Rudolph took Zenzi into the kitchen where they had a long conference. They did not come out, but we soon heard them on the bed, and, from the noise and Zenzi's sobbing and hard breathing—we knew what was going on. This, of course, had its effect upon us, so, without any wine and fully dressed, Father and I soon were playing the same “game!”

After this Zenzi remained away all day, usually returning late at night, sometimes not until the next morning. If Rudolph was at home when she arrived, she handed him her “earnings.”

This interested father greatly. He was always eager to know how much she had earned.

Since Zenzi now remained away for days and nights at a time and slept most of the time when he was at home, I had to satisfy both father and Rudolph. Often during the night I had to go from one to the other, and sometimes Rudolph came right in and slept in my bed beside father. Father now, frequently borrowed money from Rudolph, which he never refused to lend.

Father was earning nothing and, naturally, in a short time found himself in all lands of difficulties. Once, when he asked Rudolph for money, the reply was: “Why doesn't Pepi earn some too?”

“Pepi?” father said, looking at me.

Rudolph replied “She could easily earn just as much as Zenzi!”

“Do you mean for her to become a whore?” slowly asked father.

“A whore? Nonsense!” said Rudolph. “She is doing the same as Zenzi is doing now—there is nothing to that!—Thousands of girls are obliged to earn money that way!”

“That may be true,” said father doubtfully, “but-?”

“There is no but about it,” continued Rudolph. “Do you think that it is more honorable for a girl to be poked by her own father? Besides, Zenzi does business with only fine gentlemen. She will have nothing to do with ordinary men. Believe me, I have trained Zenzi! The men whom she has dealings with are all gentlemen—a great deal nobler and finer than your daughter's dirty cur!”

"The dirty cur!" repeated father, suddenly enraged.

"It certainly would not harm her to earn some money for her father! You have surely worked for your children long enough," said Rudolph.

"Yes, you are right," agreed father.

"Well, then, let Pepi go with Zenzi. I am sure that he will bring you at least three gulden every day. She's such a beautiful girl!"

I felt flattered at this. But father anxiously inquired: "But, the police?"

"Never mind the police," said Rudolph. "Have I ever had any trouble with Zenzi? Just leave that to Zenzi—she knows what she is doing."

"But, if it should happen?" said father.

"Well, then," laughed Rudolph, "just say that you know nothing about it. Say that she went 'wrong' on her own accord. Pepi will not betray you."

I was silent during the entire conversation. In fact, I was not asked any questions.

After considering for some time, father remarked: "No, I should hate to see her become a whore!"

"That is not the question," said Rudolph. "Let her do this for the present, until you get another job. Then she can become respectable again."

This seemed to satisfy father. Rudolph had won him over completely. As a further assurance, Rudolph went on: "I only allow Zenzi to do this when I am out of work. As soon as I have a position, she must behave!"

The next day I started out with Zenzi. It had been agreed, and now I entered upon my new career.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Zenzi and I walked to the city, going from one main street down to the other. It was Summertime and very warm. We were very lightly dressed, thin waists, and she taught me how to turn back my shirt so that my bare titties were visible through the garment.

She seemed very efficient. She smiled at every man we met. I had not quite mastered this; I was timid and looked at every man in a sad manner. However, this seemed to suffice.

On Lantern Street, I noticed a dark, old house. The first floor was entirely dark. Zenzi took me by the hand. Entering the yard, she rapped on a door. We were admitted by a homely old woman.

We now found ourselves in a dark kitchen. From there we went into a small chamber, also dark. Looking me over, the old woman inquired: "Are you fourteen years old?"

"Long ago," Zenzi lied for me. "She is small for her age."

"You understand," said the old woman, "for each time that you work here you pay me one gulden. But you must never come before eight o'clock in the evening. Above all things, look out for the police, and always collect from the men in advance."

We now returned to the main street, and Zenzi touched me, saying: "Look! That fellow over there is following us!"

Meanwhile, in front of us was a tall, well-dressed man, with black whiskers. He turned around and looked at us. He walked slowly, allowing us to pass him. At the corner, Zenzi drew me into the side street: "Come," she whispered, "we will turn in here."

She turned around. The man was standing on the corner. Zenzi nodded to him. He came toward us.

"Come on," she said, "he will not speak to us out in the open here."

Stepping into the hallway of a vacant house we waited. Zenzi remarked: "This is a good place for you to come when you are in the neighborhood. Nobody lives here."

Just then the man came in. Zenzi smiled at him, but, walking up to me, he said: "Well, what is up?"

"Nothing," I answered.

Zenzi asked: "Don't you want to come with us? Near here I know a woman from whom we can get a room."

"No," he whispered, "I haven't the time. We might go up these stairs—nobody lives here. Will you?" he asked me.

I looked at him astonished. He looked more respectable than any man I had ever seen in this neighborhood. He carried a fine, silver-handled cane and wore a long, gold watch chain.

We went upstairs. Zenzi remained on the landing, saying: "I will watch!"

The man felt my breasts, saying: "Unbutton your blouse." Then he thrust his hand inside my chemise. He seemed pleased that I was soft and tender.

"Well, now, come on," he said, his breath coming fast.

I unbuttoned his pants and took out his shaft. It was white and tender, but stood straight like a wax candle. I leaned against the wall, raising my dress, thinking that he would poke me standing up. But he refused, saying: "I don't care to do it here. Just play with it and let me play with you!"

So I began rubbing it back and forth. He played with my titties.

He suddenly remarked: "There—that is good! Now up a little further-faster-wait!"

He handed me a handkerchief, with which I covered the head of the sword, and then proceeded. His legs began to tremble. I felt his engine quiver nervously in my hand. Then he "went off."

I wiped him—also my hand, which was wet and slimy—and then handed him back his handkerchief. He gave me two gulden and hurried away without once looking back at me.

Zenzi and I waited a short time, then we also slipped out of the house. I was happy to have earned two gulden in only two minutes—and so easily!—I had had no trouble whatever. What's more, I had liked this gentleman so much that I would not have asked him for any money!

On the street an old man spoke to me. I was so surprised that I was afraid to answer him. Zenzi poked me in the side.

He asked: "May I come with you?"

I quickly answered: "Yes!"

He commanded: "Walk in front, I will follow you."

I started for the dark house. Zenzi had mysteriously disappeared. The old woman opened the door, ushered us into a dark room and left us alone.

"Undress," he said.

While undressing, I could see his face, which was smooth-shaven. His mouth was toothless, and he had a few white hairs on his head. His hands trembled. He seemed generally broken down.

He sat on the couch. When I was completely undressed, he nodded to me to come to him. I had to stand in front of him while he looked at me, but he did not touch me. I thought that he was waiting for me to make the first move.

I reached down to unbutton his trousers, but he slapped my fingers and said: "Wait till I tell you what to do! Stand still!"

I stood before him expectantly. Finally he began stroking my titties with the handle of his cane. It was made of ivory and felt cool. Then he pried my legs apart. "Now, come here," he said, stretching himself on the couch.

I started to lie down beside him, but he pushed me away with such haste that it frightened me. "Stay here!" he snapped in his thin, squeakish voice.

So, standing, I had to unbutton his pants. I took out his engine. It was so small that it reminded me of the worn-out stub of a pencil. It had as many wrinkles as the year had hours.

Taking this little, flabby piece of gristle between my fingers, I began working it up and down. I did not think that it could possibly get hard. I thought of the old man with whom Zenzi had had so much trouble, and I feared that I would suffer a like fate.

But my surprise was great when, under my manipulations, my champion began to grow until the skin on his weapon was as smooth as a newly-ironed cloth. "Now, just a minute," he commanded, angrily.

Not understanding what he meant, I was nonplussed.

"A minute!" he called louder.

I rubbed harder. He fairly screamed:

"What the devil!—Don't you understand!—A minute!—"

"Pardon me, sir," I replied timidly, "I do not know what you mean when you say 'a minute!'"

He apparently did not enjoy my ignorance, but snapped at me: "Take it in your mouth, you bashful dummy!"

I did as he commanded. I worked as hard as possible, terribly afraid of the old codger. To my surprise, his once slack shaft grew bigger and bigger, until I could not hold it all in my mouth!

Suddenly he commanded: "Stop!"

As I drew my hand back, the stick-stiff lance snapped loudly up against his belly. "Now!" he ordered. "Quick! You are so slow! You could be on top already!"

He remained on his back. I had to straddle him. I could not stand more than half of that terrible weapon. I had to hold on to the couch to keep from getting it too far inside and injuring me.

Now he began working up and down with all his might, continually talking to himself: "So—I will show her how I can still poke the girls—she doesn't have to have others do it for me—she probably thinks that because I am an old man—well, if she does, I don't care—there—there—there—there—there—!"

He kept this up until suddenly he seemed to collapse under me. I had to run and get him some wine from the nearest Inn.

When I returned he laid there like a dead man and did not move. I was terribly frightened. I called the old lady. She told me that she knew him and said that there was no need to get frightened. Sprinkling some water on his face she said: "He always acts like that. He soon will be all right!"

Suddenly he opened his eyes and jumped up. He saw the wine, drained the glass in one gulp, angrily stared at me, gave me five gulden and then left.

I felt rich! I jumped with joy! Now I realized what a fortune my grotto was worth, and I decided never to use it for “charity” again.

As I was about to leave, Zenzi came in with a tall young man. As she passed me in the kitchen, she hurriedly whispered: “Wait a minute, don't go yet.” The man also said in a weak, trembling voice: “Yes, I beg of you, do that!”

Zenzi came out of the room, calling me: “Come in, he will take the both of us. He pays well. This will be some sport, you will see! But you must do everything that I tell you.”

As we stepped back into the room, the young man got up. He was very pale and haggard. A black, full beard made him look even paler. He had sad, dark eyes.

He bowed low when Zenzi introduced me. “This is my friend Josephine.”

I was surprised at the stern, somber way in which she said this, but I was even more surprised when the young man took my hand and kissed it. I had to laugh. I thought it a joke.

But she nudged me, saying: “Don't laugh! Stay serious!”

The young man raised his head, saying, as though he were afraid of me: “So young, my esteemed lady, and so noble!”

Zenzi cut him short with: “Hold your tongue!”

He seemed frightened, stammering: “Pardon me!”

“Shut up!” Zenzi continued angrily. “Speak only when you are spoken to!”

I hardly recognized Zenzi. Her smiling face had changed so. It was now dark and stern.

“Undress yourself!” she ordered him.

“But, no,” he remonstrated, “no, it is not time for that yet!”

“What then?” asked Zenzi, perplexed.

“The questions are first,” he whispered.

“You are right!” She then tapped her forehead and walked back and forth before him, a dark, gloomy expression on her face. She called to him: “You vagabond—you dog—you rowdy—you surely have been thinking of me again, haven't you?”

He stammered: “My dear countess—I could not help it—I had to think! Oh, dear!”

She interrupted him, saying: “Confess this instant what you thought!”

He stammered again: “My dear Countess, you can read my heart. You know what I thought!”

"You pig—you miserable pig—!" she thundered. "You thought of my grotto—of my titties—you whore-master—confess!"

"I confess!" he answered quietly.

"You thought—you miserable object"—she continued, in the same fierce tone—"that you would like to lie on top of me—that I would spread my legs apart and you would put your shaft into me!—You scoundrel!—you thought that you were poking me and playing with my breasts!—Confess, you miserable wretch!"

Folding his hands and begging, he said: "Yes, worthy Countess, I confess all!"

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, before the Princess?" said Zenzi, pointing to me.

"Yes, I am ashamed indeed," he said eagerly, slowly raising his hands to me.

"Kneel!" commanded Zenzi. Immediately throwing himself on his knees, he now meekly said: "Forgive me, dear Countess, I crave your pardon also!"

"No!" said Zenzi angrily, "there will be no pardon. First your punishment!"

Blushing slightly, he stuttered: "Yes, first the punishment!"

"Undress yourself I" ordered Zenzi. Quickly he undressed. His body was exceedingly white. He stood before us like a whipped cur, with lowered head. Finally he nodded to me. I nodded back.

"Just wait, you thief!" Zenzi said, undressing. "You shall see us naked. You may look at the Princess, but you will not touch her!"

Naked she stepped in front of him her head held high, her eyes sparkling and lips trembling. She seemed nervous and excited. She rubbed her breasts against his body and rubbed her belly against his. She had me do the same.

The man looked at us sadly, his arms at his side, not moving. He made no attempt to touch either one of us.

An electric shock seemed to go through me as I rubbed my titties against him. When I rubbed my grotto against his hair, his skin was as soft as velvet and burning hot. But I noticed that his shaft hung down lifeless.

What nonsense! I thought: when will this all stop? When will we poke? I was getting very passionate.

Zenzi soon drew me away: "Now the punishment, you pig!" she said.

He anxiously followed her movements with his eyes. She went to the trunk and took out two switches.

"Do you know these you damned devil?" she asked, swinging the switches.

"Yes I know them, most worthy Countess!" he sobbed.

"And do you know what is going to happen now, you whore-master?"

"Now, the punishment, worthy Countess," he replied, breathing fast. "Punish me!" And, turning to me, he said: "Most exalted Princess, you will also punish me!"

Zenzi handed me one of the switches, and whispered: "Now hit—hit hard!" To him she called: "Out of the corner, you thief!"

With one cut of the switch, she struck him across the chest, raising a heavy, red welt. He jumped, and, astonished, I noticed that his lance stood erect.

"Do you feel that, you thief?—You ribald robber! You louse!—You vagabond!" she said, whipping with all her might, using a new name at every stroke. His chest and stomach got redder all the time.

"Yes, I feel it, worthy Countess!" he moaned. "And I thank you for this punishment! I thank you! Punish me some more—harder!—And you, Princess—why don't you punish me?"

"Whip him," Zenzi shouted.

I raised my switch, touching him lightly. I was frightened, but he whispered:

"Oh, Princess! I know that I am unworthy, but please punish me harder—harder!"

I did as he asked and I began to enjoy the game.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he stammered.

"Shut up!" commanded Zenzi.

We now kept time. Zenzi whipping his breast, belly and legs while I belabored his back, which was soon fiery red. The more we whipped, the more excited we got and the more enjoyment he seemed to derive from it.

He stood trembling and talking: "Forgive me—forgive me—I will not think of your beautiful breasts again; forgive me, Princess, your breasts are so beautiful and hard—but I will never do it again—Oh, the torture—the pain—but I dreamed that I tore your maiden head, worthy Countess, but I know one must not do that—I imagined that I poked the Princess; I know that that is wrong—I know—Oh, forgive me—!"

"Kneel!" Zenzi ordered.

He got to his knees and moaned: "I lay in dust before you!—Destroy me!—Have no mercy on me!—Kill me!—I am repentant!"

"You may kiss my feet!" Zenzi growled.

He stooped and covered her feet with kisses. Zenzi at the same time continued whipping him across the back.

He moaned: "Oh Countess, at your feet—I am your dog-your slave—!"

"Kiss my grotto—you have insulted the Princess," Zenzi ordered.

Raising to his knees, he buried his face between her legs.

"You dirty dog! Prison bird!—Pick-pocket!—she shouted, pounding his shoulders and back with her switch.

"Will the Princess also allow me?" he asked.

"First you must beg!" said Zenzi.

Turning to me, he pleaded: "Please—please—exalted Princess?"

"Now sit up nice," said Zenzi.

He sat up like a puppy. I wanted to laugh, but Zenzi stopped me with a look.

"Now, go to her," said she as she pushed him.

Crawling on his hands and knees he started to kiss my feet. As his hot lips touched me, a flush went through me. I began whipping his back until small drops of blood appeared on the blue surface, but I kept on as his lips tickled me.

"Exalted Princess," he whispered, "never again will I insult you—even in thought. Punish me—you are cruel, but righteous—I suffer gladly—I deserve it!"

"Now, her grotto!" shouted Zenzi.

He raised his head, kissing me all over. Each touch of his hot lips seemed to pierce my heart. Just then he buried his face in my lap, always kissing, but he did not use his tongue.

I was now so aroused that I forgot to whip. I was busy with my own emotions. He stopped at once.

Zenzi coming closer, commanded: "Get up!"

"End this, worthy Countess—end my suffering—you cruel one—" he begged.

"Very well," she answered, "I will. Now, who do you want in front?—the Princess or me?"

"Please—the Princess—if she will do me the honor!"

Then Zenzi showed me what was expected of me. "You take his bag like this," said she, standing in front of him. "Then you squeeze hard, but not the eggs. Just above—where it

grows to his body. With the other hand you switch his feet and his legs and wherever else you happen to stroke."

Kneeling down, I did as she had shown me. He stood erect, his hands folded across his chest. I took his bag in my left hand and squeezed until my fingers ached. At the same time I used the switch. His lance got stiffer at every stroke. It wobbled back and forth like a staff in the wind.

Suddenly he 'went off!' It was so unexpected that I got the full discharge in my face.

When he had rid himself, Zenzi stopped and sat down on the couch to rest.

"Oh, Princess! Oh, my worthy Countess!" he sobbed.

I remained seated on the floor, wiping my face, wondering what would happen next, still thinking that he would either poke one or the other of us. For a short time he stood motionless, as one in deep thought. Then he hastily put on his clothes. Walking to the corner of the room he deposited something on a chair, and, without one further glance at us, left the room.

As soon as he had closed the door, Zenzi rushed to the chair, picked up two ten golden guildens.

Dancing around the room, she gave me one, shouting: "That is great, don't you thing so?"

I was dumbfounded, but of the same opinion.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A few days later a man in a velvet suit followed me. He looked like an Italian. He had black hair and, as was the custom of the Italians and the French, at that time, wore a goatee.

I turned into a side street. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon. Remembering the vacant house, I went to it and waited in the hall. He came in at once and began to feel my titties.

"Well, how about it?" he asked. (They all ask about the same question.)

I answered: "Shall I go first?"

"Where to?" he asked.

"Lantern Street; it is near here," I said.

"No," he replied, "I don't want to go there with you."

I was prepared for this, so I answered smiling: "All right! Then we'll stay here."

"Here?" He was surprised.

"Why, yes," I said. "We can go upstairs. Nobody lives here."

"No," he laughed.

"Then from "behind," I continued.

He shook his head.

I thought perhaps that he wanted me to go through some performance like the one which Zenzi and I had practiced on the young man. "Do you want to be switched?" I asked.

"My God, but you are blase," he said. "But, no, not that either."

"Well, then, I don't know—I give up," I said.

"I want to make photographs of you," he said.

"Photos?"

"Yes—nude pictures in all poses."

I laughed. I never had been photographed. I hoped that I would get some nice pictures of myself.

We finally arrived at our destination. He lived in a new cottage hidden in an old garden. We entered the gate, passed through a lawn and garden, then arrived at the house. It contained several rooms and a studio.

We were received by a small, stout woman. She was blonde, which made her appear stouter, and had dark rings under her eyes. She was dressed in a bath robe. Giving me a friendly nod, she remarked to the man: "She will be just right."

The photographer said: "Let us hurry and take advantage of the light."

She said: "Shall I get Albert?"

"Certainly! We can't do anything without him."

She was about to leave, but he stopped her, saying: "I will get him myself. You two get ready." He disappeared through the garden.

The woman now looked at me and remarked: "He is afraid that I might be alone with Albert." Then she led me through the house directly to the studio, which, with its glass room and high windows, impressed me very favorably.

After removing a chest which hid a door through which we entered a small room, lit by one window, she ordered me to undress, which I did and she took off her bathrobe, to my surprise. "You Mme. take off everything, except your shoes and stockings," said she. "Those you may keep on."

Standing before me in her shirt, she waited until I was undressed, then she stepped closer and looked me over. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Nearly fourteen."

"Has my husband told you what he wants of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," she said, taking off her shirt, "the rest you will see for yourself."

"Will he photograph you too?" I asked, astonished.

She laughed. "Certainly. Heretofore he has photographed only me because we have not been able to find another woman who would do. In the first place, it is too great a risk, and moreover, they are too expensive."

"What do I get?" I inquired.

"Don't worry," she said, "you will be satisfied."

I liked her friendly manner. "I am not worrying," I smiled.

"He would not have engaged you, but he has an order for which he must have a young girl like yourself," she said.

"Why, you are still young yourself," I said to compliment her.

"Oh, yes—for such large titties, they are still solid," she replied, lifting in her hands the objects in question.

"They are nice," I acknowledged. "Just feel them," she said. I felt them; they were really good and solid. "Only my stomach is too big," she went on. "Oh, no," I assured her.

"And my legs," she said, slapping her thighs. "Much too fat." Then, laughing, she added: "When Albert sees me like this he gets very passionate." "I believe it," I replied.

"But then my husband gets angry," she laughed. "But, if Albert could not get stiff, we could not take pictures, so it all works out in the end."

Now I began to realize what I was to do. Just then her husband returned. He called us and we entered the studio. I saw a young man, about eighteen years old; he might have been an errand or stable boy. He was sun-burned and had small ears and a red nose. He was fairly well dressed, slight though muscular in build. I liked his looks very much.

The photographer, whose name was Mr. Capuzzi, sent the young man, whom I learned was Albert, into the dressing-room. "Hurry up," he called. Then he started to examine me.

"Not bad at all," he remarked to his wife. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes," she answered, "she's just what you need."

"And her titties are still way up," he remarked.

"They are not completely developed yet," she said.

"No hips, of course," he continued, "and just a few hairs."

But he was satisfied and he assured me that I would also be. Then he arranged his camera.

I watched curiously as Mr. Capuzzi put his head under the black cloth. Just then Albert came out of the dressing room naked. I could not help looking at his shaft which stood straight out. Mrs. Capuzzi laughed loudly, and said: "He is actually standing again!"

Capuzzi shouted: "Be quiet!"

Albert was well-built. I admired his broad chest, his muscular arms and legs, and, above all, his immense engine as it stood erect from the hair-cushion surrounding it.

Capuzzi said: "Now we will begin." Then, pushing a small, carpeted bench without sides into place, he ordered: "first you, Melani; then Albert and you—what is your name?"

"Pepi," I answered.

"Well, then, Pepi—Albert you sit in the middle. Now Melani on his right and Pepi on his left."

We hurried to our places.

"Now each take hold of his shaft," called our director.

We took hold.

"Albert," said Capuzzi, "you must do something, too. Put your arms around their shoulders—no, wait a minute—that's better." He disappeared under the black cloth, and then called out; "Don't move, Melani. Look up, Albert. Turn up your eyes!"

We obeyed his orders. Melani and I holding Albert's shaft so that only the head was visible.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—" Capuzzi counted. "Done!"

We all jumped up.

"A new pose," Capuzzi now exclaimed.

"Which one?" asked the woman.

"Lie down, Albert," Capuzzi told him.

Albert situated himself on the narrow bench, his feet hanging down on the sides.

"Melani, you stand over him," said Capuzzi, putting a pillow on each side. She stepped on the pillow, the bench between her knees.

"Now stoop over him!" called Capuzzi. "No, not like that."

She stooped over, bracing her arms. Her breasts hung right over Albert's face.

"Now, Albert, take the breast in your hand," said Capuzzi. Albert put his hands on her breast and began playing with the nipple.

"He is getting me excited again!" called Mrs. Capuzzi.

"Albert!" shouted the photographer. "Keep your hand still, or I will get after you!"

Albert quietly held her breast in his hand, but now it was Melani who moved about, rubbing against Albert's hands. "Now, see—!" said Albert. "You are playing with yourself!"

"Melani!" yelled the photographer angrily.

"Well, yes—" she said. "When I am all 'worked up,' I can't help it."

"Pepi!" Capuzzi called to me, "now you put his shaft in Melani, but don't let go of it!"

I took Albert's staff, holding it up, while with the other hand I sought for Melani's 'opening.' But she beat me to it, grabbing the enormous device and stuffing it wildly inside her.

"Oh," she said, "the torture is beginning again!"

"Don't put it in so far, Melani!" called out the photographer. "I must be able to see Pepi's hand!"

"How's that?" she replied, raising her hips.

"There-that is all right!"

"But, no!" she cried. "That way he will slip out!" And she lowered herself to get further in.

"No! No! The devil—!" thundered her husband.

She drew back again. Capuzzi ran to her and gave her a rousing slap on her ass. "You are letting him poke you, aren't you, you wench! But you can't fool me!"

"We are poking anyway!" she answered hotly. "As soon as you have it in, you are poking!"

"No," Capuzzi continued, still in a rage, "that is positioning. How often have I explained that to you? Positioning I will grant, but never will I permit another man to poke my wife.

She drew back again, saying: "I don't mind, but I think that the other way would be much better!" Then she lowered herself on Albert's shaft.

Capuzzi was exasperated.

I was still holding Albert's stem and felt it tremble. I ran my hand up to Melani's slit and could feel the lips opening and closing over the head of the rigid rod. Poor Albert was almost crazy with passion.

"Will it take much longer?" asked Melani.

"No. Look into the camera and smile. You too, Pepi! There—one, two, three, four, five, six—done!"

Melani jumped off Albert. "Thank God, I can't stand that any longer!" she gasped.

Albert quietly remained on his back.

"Now, change about—Pepi on top!" ordered Capuzzi.

I took Melani's place.

"Melani, now you put it in Pepi," her husband called.

"Shall I hold her breast?" asked Albert.

"Of course! Why do you ask?" Capuzzi answered.

Albert put his hands on my breasts and began playing. We smiled at each other. The photographer paid no attention to us. Melani then guided his shaft into my cleft. Albert and I smiled knowingly. He began to push and I bobbed up and down. She was obliged to withdraw her hand, and called to her husband: "Now, you don't say a word! They can do as they please!"

"Quiet, children!" Capuzzi said, and slowly counted: "One, two, three, four, five, six! Remain quiet!"

Melani again held Albert's shaft as though trying to help.

"Done!" called Capuzzi.

We now started moving again, but Melani got mad and shouted: "Albert! Will you stop?"

"Albert will you stop that!" thundered Capuzzi in an echo.

Now the photographer tore me from my comfortable place. "That—I strictly forbid!" he told me. "Later you can do what you like!"

We now started to prepare a new pose.

Albert had to stay on the bench. Melani, kneeling, had to take his shaft into her mouth!

"Only the point!" cautioned Capuzzi "just for position!"

I had to stand over Albert's head, with my cleft to his lips. He began to play on my twig with his tongue. I could feel that he was an artist at it. I began to wiggle and he stopped at once and held the position for the photographer.

Melani was doing her share. I could see it by the movement of her cheeks and the perking of Albert's tool. She was breathing hard and anxiously watching her husband. When he put his head under the black cloth, she took a chance and put Albert's device away into her mouth. Just then Capuzzi began to count: "One, two, three, four, etc.—" Albert gave my grotto a parting kiss.

Capuzzi commanded: "Change about!" It was my turn to take Albert's shaft in my mouth, and I did it in a way which proved to him that I was as efficient in this art as was he. He must have been convinced, judging from the way he acted.

Melani then propped on his head. I could see that they were not just holding position, but she was bearing down hard, her eyes rolling, her lips trembling. Soon she drew her husband's attention.

"Melani!" Capuzzi shouted. "Stop that! Instead, with your titties. Act as though you were trying to kiss the nipples!"

She raised her breasts and lowered her head. Taking advantage of this opportunity, she also hurriedly bobbed up and down a few times. At this, Albert's tongue must have slipped, for I heard a smacking noise. Capuzzi also heard it and running to Albert, shouted: "I really believe you are 'sucking' my wife 'off!'"

"I am not!" Albert blubbered, straining under the great weight that was resting on him.

"I warn you not to," Capuzzi said, stooping to see what was going on.

"But he is not doing anything!" Melani at one replied.

Capuzzi looked at her face and remarked: "Why, you are all excited!"

"Naturally!" she said, "I am always excited while doing this! I am not made out of wood. Hurry up so we can get through!"

While Capuzzi was returning to his camera, she quickly got in a few more wiggles, which Albert returned with his tongue. But Capuzzi was ready before she could finish.

While Capuzzi was returning to his camera, she quickly got in a few more wiggles, which Albert returned with his tongue. But Capuzzi was ready before she could finish. His monotonous "one, two, put an end to the pleasure which we were having. We jumped apart.

"What now?" asked Melani, standing there trembling.

"Now you lie down," her husband said.

She obeyed.

"Now Pepi, you straddle her mouth and Albert will lie on top of you."

"No!" Melani protested, "I don't want to lick her!"

"You need not do that," Capuzzi replied. "Just hold the position."

"Well, I don't want anything in my mouth," Melani answered.

"Well, then, let Pepi lie down," Capuzzi suggested, "and you stand over her."

But his wife would not agree to this, either. She did not want to miss the opportunity of getting at Albert's tail. "I'll tell you what," she said. "Let Pepi play with my titties. That will not look so vulgar."

Capuzzi finally agreed to this, and, kneeling beside her, I took both breasts in my lips and, sucking the nipples, did all I could to help her have a little pleasure. She could not resist pushing up and down several times. With one jump, Capuzzi was at her side. Giving her a resounding slap on the face, he shouted: "You can't stop wriggling, can you?"

"You rough brute!" she sobbed; "Pepi was sucking my titties and I could not help it."

"Stop sucking!" he said to me. "That is only an excuse," he scolded Melani. "You are always thinking of trying to be poked by Albert. I know!"

"Let me alone!" she replied. "Is it any wonder a person becomes excited and has to move when she has such a big shaft shoved into her?"

"Well, well, you can wait. I will do it for you as soon as we have finished," he said, disappearing under the cloth.

Then: "One, two, three, etc.—" and he had finished.

"I must go now to the dark room," Capuzzi told us. "Don't you dare do anything while I am gone or I will kill you!"

But, as soon as he left, Melani said: "My dearest Albert, wouldn't you like to poke me just once?"

"Oh, yes!" the youth replied. "I gladly would—but I don't dare."

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" Melani lamented to me, "you can't imagine how I love that boy! You can't imagine how I wish that he would poke me—just once, even!"

"Well, why don't you do it?" I asked, astonished. "Why don't you do it now—quick!"

"But how?" She pointed to the door through which Capuzzi had disappeared. "Through that red glass he can see everything."

I noticed a small pane of dark glass in the door.

"Yes, that is it," she said sadly. "For two months we have been working like this. Two long months, I have had a shaft in my hands, in my mouth, between my titties—in my grotto—every place, but always only the point, always only the beginning! I feel that I am going crazy!"

"Of course," I agreed, "that is terrible."

"Just think," said Albert, "he lets me see her naked. I feel her titties and her 'kitten'! But I can't go further—that is not to be thought of!" "How do you satisfy yourself?" I inquired. He blushed, but said nothing. "I suppose that you 'jerk' yourself 'off'?" "Oh, no!" he said.

"Well, then, what do you do?" I asked him again. "The Italian way," said Melani laughing. "How is that?" I asked, curious. "You will see—perhaps my husband will take another picture of him in the act."

Capuzzi then came out, saying: "One pose is spoiled. We will have to make it over again." "Which one?"

"The last one, and it was all your fault too!" he growled at his wife. "You wiggled!"

She then lay down again and Albert got on top, putting in just the head of his shaft. I dutifully again took her breast. When Capuzzi called "Done," Albert immediately began to poke.

"Jesus! Mary!—" Capuzzi cried and with one jerk pulled Albert off, almost throwing him down to the floor.

Albert laughed, saying: "I surely will poke her some day!"

"Never!" shouted Capuzzi in a rage. Melani fairly screamed: "For pity's sake, then, you come here! I can't stand it any longer!"

Capuzzi fairly foamed: "And with such a woman one is expected to work and accomplish some-thing?-No! We poke later, and that's that!"

Melani put her fingers into her grotto saying: "Well, then, get out of here!"

We needed no second invitation, but rushed to the dressing room and got down on the floor. "Oh!" said Albert, "I am glad that you are here! For once I can poke with pleasure! And you have such a nice, small 'kitten'! Now, help—but wait—give me your titties—I want to lass the nipples—now—now—yes, that is fine!"

"And I have also waited for this!" I said. "I got so nervous from all those trials, now—faster—oh, your shaft! So long—so warm—faster! Yes—yes—now! Now—squirt—now—now—now! Oh, how many more times?—Oh! I have 'come' twice already!"

After we had "finished," we heard Capuzzi and his wife still "at it!"

"No! No!" she whispered, "don't squirt yet—not yet—I have not had enough yet—more—give me more!"

He murmured: "But you would sooner have Albert, wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't shit on Albert!" she said in plain words. "You are the only one—ah! What a poke-poke me, my love—ah." The rest was only a jumble of words.

Capuzzi asked again: "Now, may I squirt? I can't wait any longer! Oh, your titties—may I!—Now!"

"Yes—yes—now squirt—oh—ah—but that feels so good! There—now! Albert can play all he likes. It will not affect me any more! Oh! But that is so sweet—"

"Why does he tease you?" inquired Capuzzi. They both were finished, but still talking.

"He does not tease me," she assured him. "When he has his shaft in me, or when I have it in my mouth, I always think of yours! Albert means nothing to me!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Albert to me. "She is lying to him. You heard how crazy she is about me. She told you so herself!"

"Certainly!" I agreed. "Why haven't you poked her long ago? You surely must have had the chance."

"It is impossible," declared Albert. "The old man watches us all the time."

"But when he is not at home?"

"Oh, no," Albert shook his head. "He is too cunning. You never know where he is. He is liable to show up at any moment!"

"And, what if he should?" I asked.

Albert sobered up and said: "Don't even think about it. He would be likely to kill the both of us. He is stronger than I am."

"Unbelievable," I said.

"Wait!" said Albert. "Wait until you see him naked!"

"How?"

"Well, sometimes he has his wife photograph him."

"So? I jolly well hope that he will have me do that some day."

"Do you know," Albert went on, "how often he pokes his wife's every day?"

"No. How often?"

"At least seven or eight times a day!"

"Well, she ought to have enough," I said.

"Yes, but it is a regular habit with her."

We were now called into the studio again. "A new pose," said Capuzzi. He was in his undershirt and drawers. His face was red and so were lovely Melani's ears. She laughed, satisfied. Her eyes shone.

"Oh, my," she said. Those two have been 'doing it' too!" Taking hold of Albert's limber shaft, she showed it to her husband. Then, coming closer to me, she whispered: "Was it good?"

"Well, what shall we do now?" said Capuzzi. "It looks like Albert's shaft won't stand any more."

At that he took off his clothes and I marveled at his enormous chest, all covered with hair; his muscular arms and the terrible tool which hung down from his belly. He came towards me, but Melani called: "Halt! Nothing doing! Make your pose with Albert. It would be too bad to waste another plate."

"We have already made that pose with Albert."

"But I don't want you to pose with that girl! Leave her alone," she said emphatically.

"Foolish!" he said. "If I allow you to pose with Albert I surely should be allowed to pose with Pepi!"

"No!" she said. "You will get hot and passionate!"

"No thought of it," he defended himself. "If I should get hot, I would simply poke you once more."

This seemed to suit her. "But only the position," she warned.

I had to lie on the bench, spreading my legs far apart so that he could get in between them. "Now!" he called to his wife, inserting the head of his enormous engine into my cleft.

"Not so far!" Melani called. "Not so far!"

Her warning was not necessary. I could not have taken more than he already had in. Even now the device was quite springy from just having made the preliminary assault, and I soon had the pleasure of feeling it grow bigger and bigger-filling me completely! This was the consequence of the so-called "position."

"Done!" called Mrs. Capuzzi.

Her husband released me and began making another pose. He sat on a stool and had me sit on his lap, with my back towards him. I was facing the camera.

Beaching under through my arms, he put his hands on my breasts and his shaft inside me. I could not resist moving up and down, but he whispered: "Not now!"

"Done!" called his wife from behind the camera.

We were to make another pose, but, it was necessary to use Albert, who, after so many rough trials, was unable to rise to the task. The enterprise had to be postponed until some future time.

Capuzzi engaged me to be on hand two days later. Then he paid me ten guildens and dismissed me for the time being.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

I went towards town. At the crossroads I met my friend Zenzi. Together we went to the dark house on Lantern Street. I was anxious to show her the money which I had just earned and to tell her of my experience with the photographer. My description of the different poses caused her to get excited.

"Well, of all things—!" she said, dropping onto the couch. "From your talk I am all 'worked up!' If only I could be poked right now!"

I was of the same mind. I crawled beside her on the couch. She lay there, her eyes shining and her titties trembling. She was entirely different from the way I had hitherto seen her at home—not at all the same, meek Zenzi.

For some time we played with each other's titties. Then, as I was all ready to get on top of her, she pushed me away, saying: "Oh, that is no good!"

She called to the kitchen: "Mrs. Bock, is Karl there?"

The old lady opened the door and said: "Yes, he is here—what do you want of him?"

"Just call him," said Zenzi.

"But what do you want?" she inquired.

"Don't ask any questions," said Zenzi in a rough tone. I had never before heard her talk like this. I was only beginning to learn her true character.

The old lady disappeared.

"Who is Karl?" I asked Zenzi.

"He is the old woman's grandson," she informed me. Then, taking something from her pocket, she again lay down on the couch.

"And what do you want of him?" I asked.

"I want him to poke me," she answered.

The door opened and a boy of about seventeen entered. He was good-looking and a trifle pale, with sharp features. He was smoking a cigarette and grinning.

"Hello Karl! Here is a gulden—I want you to poke me," Zenzi said.

He leisurely walked to the couch, took the gulden, examined it, then put it in his pocket. Then he began playing with her titties, all the while looking at me as if wondering who I was.

"Don't stand there like a dummy!" Zenzi said.

He unbuttoned his trousers. Zenzi winked at him.

"Look at that shaft! Did you ever see anything like that before?"

Karl grinned.

I sat up to get a better look, and—God be my witness—I had never seen anything like it. It reached beyond his navel. The head itself was as big as most organs that I had seen!

"Well?" asked Zenzi, "Isn't that worth a gulden?" Karl hurled himself on top of her, throwing away his cigarette at the same time.

Zenzi moved around under him and said: "Well—come on, now!"

"Oh, put it in yourself," he grumbled. Zenzi immediately put it in, beginning to wiggle and calling: "My dear Karl, oh, poke me good—not so fast—! Oh, I am coming—my dear Karl—I love you—I would like to be with you in bed poking! Oh, you dearest thing!"

"To hell with you! he hissed, keeping up his regular motion.

"Then why do you poke me?" she asked. "Because you pay me. I would poke my grandmother if she gave me a gulden—" he answered.

Zenzi worked with all her might. I got so passionate looking at them that I began to wonder whether I had better not give him a gulden too, but I decided not to.

When he had finished, he wanted to go. "Stay here!" begged Zenzi. "No!" he answered her roughly. "Why don't you want to stay with me a while?" "Because I am sick of your ways—good bye!" he answered and was gone.

Zenzi grabbed a glass and hurled it after him, shouting: "You miserable cur!"

The glass struck the door and fell into pieces.

Zenzi cried; "He is the only one that I love—the rowdy! I will never let him poke me again!"

Astonished, I asked: "But how about Rudolph?"

"Oh, please, don't mention his name!"

"But you must love Rudolph. You do all that he wants you to do for him."

"With Rudolph it is different. He is old enough to be my father! And furthermore—I do not love him," she said.

"Yes, but you tell Rudolph that he 'does it' best of all," I said.

"What doesn't one say when one has a shaft stuck into her? What haven't I heard you tell your father when he was on top of you and you were about to 'go off?'" she answered.

I said: "That is true!"

"I have been with Rudolph eight years," she said.

"Why, you are only fifteen now," I replied.

"Yes, that is just it. My mother was his sweetheart, and, when she died of consumption, I was left. He took me with him."

"As his sweetheart?" I asked.

"No; at first I slept on the floor in his room. I was thankful because I was afraid of the Orphan Asylum."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Mother always was crying while she was in the hospital—If I die, my poor child will have to go to the Orphan Asylum'."

"Where did you stay while your mother was in the hospital?"

"With Rudolph. Mother lived with him before she got sick."

"And your father?"

"I don't remember him; I was only two years old when he died."

We sat on the couch, still naked. Zenzi seemed to be quieted down and also relieved that she could unburden her troubles and at the same time confide in me.

Continuing her story, she said: "Rudolph promised mother on her death bed that he would always look after me. So, for several months I slept on the floor. Rudolph slept in the bed. Finally he told me to get into bed with him, saying: It is not necessary for you to sleep on the floor any more.' When I got into bed with him, he raised my shirt and played with my 'kitten,' fondling me all over."

"Did you like that?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! You know that I liked it. I knew what it meant. I had often heard him and my mother 'doing the same thing' during the night."

"That's very much like my own situation," I observed.

"The first night he did nothing but fondle me," Zenzi went on, ignoring my comment. "The next night he had me play with his shaft. At that time he told me: 'Zenzi, now you are my sweetheart. But you must not tell anybody. I will always take good care of you.'"

"I was pleased at this. I felt proud that I already had a sweetheart. And I was happy that I was to be provided for, because, even as a child, I often had gone hungry. Moreover, I was afraid to sleep on the floor alone after mother was gone, but I was not afraid any more when I slept with Rudolph. I would have done anything that he wanted. "Even if it were distasteful?" I asked.

"Certainly. I was afraid that he would throw me out and that the police would take me to the Orphan Asylum where the children had to kneel on hard peas and pray all the time."

"Of course," I said, "it is far better to have a nice warm bed to sleep in and a nice warm shaft in your hand!"

"Or in your belly—ha, ha, ha!" said Zenzi.

"Well, I don't think that you got 'it' in your belly right away, did you?" I asked.

"No, not right away; at first Rudolph just put his tool in my hand, saying: This is what a man puts into a woman.'"

"In where did you say he puts it?" I asked.

"In there—!" he said, and showed me where the heavenly 'carpenter' had placed my opening."

"He certainly was a good teacher!" I said.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "he was a good teacher!"

"These are the eggs," he said, putting them in my hand, "and from here you squirt into the woman's belly and from that she gets a child!"

I said: "I was not so enlightened at first, but learned it all later on."

Zenzi continued; "After he had explained to me all about poking, he got on top of me and did the job; that is, he rubbed his shaft on the outside, explaining that he could not get it in until I had grown a little older and that he just wanted to show me how it was done."

"And from that he 'went off' himself?" I asked.

"Oh, no! He only 'went off when he did it from behind!"

"In your rectum. I know."

"In your rectum?" asked Zenzi. "But it can't be done that way, can it?"

"It can't, eh? Three years ago Mr. Horak poked me that way and 'went off three times."

"But didn't that hurt you terribly?"

"Oh, yes, at first. But after it was all in it didn't hurt any more!"

"I must try it sometime," said Zenzi.

"But that is not necessary now. You can take it in front," I said.

"At that time Rudolph only pushed it between my thighs," she went on.

"Oh, I know. You squeezed your thighs together and he pushed through them between your buttocks—is that it?"

"Yes, yes, just so!

"And then, did he squirt?"

"Yes, and also when I took his shaft in my mouth!"

"What? You did that, too?"

"Yes. It was hard at first! I vomited several times. But I soon got used to it."

"And did you swallow it?"

"Sometimes; you always swallow a little."

"And did he do the same thing to your 'kitten'?"

"Sometimes. For hours he would lay with his face between my legs, licking and sucking and saying: I am doing this so you will have a little pleasure, too!"

"And how did you feel?"

"I was all done up, it felt so good!"

"I know it—it is good! I wish that we had someone here right now to do it to the both of us!"

"Yes-so do I!"

We were now playing with each other. We could not hold back any longer, so we lay down. She was "fingering" me, and I did the same for her until we both "went off!"

Being directly satisfied, for the present we sat up; then I begged her to go on with her story.

"See my breasts—how big they are?" she said. "Well, Rudolph says that that is the result of so much poking. When I was only nine years old they had begun to develop, and hair was already growing on my little "kitten'."

"And did anybody else poke you besides Rudolph?"

"Oh, yes. Rudolph told me that if anybody touched me or coaxed me, I should just be careful so no harm would come to me and to be sure that nobody saw me."

"And did he allow you to go with others at the time?"

"Oh, yes. He said that I could stay with older men, but that if he caught me with little boys he would kill me!"

"I do not understand."

"Well, Rudolph said: 'You may let men do it, but you must be paid for it; if a man just feels of your 'kitten' he must pay for the privilege. Only death comes without pay.' Now, you see why I always like to stay with Rudolph. He is so wise. You can ask him anything and he will tell you all about it."

"Why did he let my father poke you?"

"That is simple: since that time we have not paid any room or board."

"That is outrageous—and he pokes me for nothing!"

"Yes," she said, "and for that he does not betray you and your father to the police."

"It is a shame," I said. "I won't let him do it to me again."

"Do as you like; I don't care!"

"Well, let that rest," I said. Tell me more of your story. Did you earn any money at that time?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "First the storekeeper on the corner; he always looked at me and tickled me under the chin. I told Rudolph, and he said: 'Do anything that he wants, but you must ask him for money.' The first time he gave me only a few pennies.

He was standing in front of the store and I passed him. I smiled at him and he called me inside. He took me into the storeroom and said that he was going to give me some pennies or figs or something like that. When we were in the storeroom, he said: "You have a little 'fig' that I would like,'—meaning my kitten, of course."

"Then what did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, go on and tell it to me. Don't make me ask questions," I said.

She replied: "I am telling it; he said to let him see the 'fig' that I had between my legs. He said that if I would do that, that he would give me as many figs as I wanted."

"You did that, didn't you?"

"No!"

"No? Why?"

"I am very fond of figs."

"So am I. Well, then, why didn't you do it?"

"Well, I thought of Rudolph, and said; I don't need any figs; I want something else."

"What?" he asked.

"And I answered: 'Money!'"

"All right,' he answered. Then he lifted my skirt and played around my "kitten' and took out his shaft, pushed it between my legs and rubbed it against my belly until he 'went off.' Then he gave me thirty kreutzers and told me that I must tell no one. I gave the money to Rudolph."

"And were you with the storekeeper often?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—I bought everything that Rudolph sent me for and never paid for anything."

"That means that you went into the storeroom with him?"

"Yes!"

"Who else did you have?"

"My teacher. When I was in the fourth grade, there was a girl in our class who had big titties. The teacher always used to feel them, and I can tell you that she was very proud of it, too. During our gymnasium exercises, the teacher always helped her at the rings, or, when we were climbing, he always took hold of our arms or backs. But this girl, he always held her titties or had his hand on her behind. Then she always blushed. And I always stood there and laughed. Then he blushed, too."

"Go on," I said.

"One time while he was holding her she could not get up on the bar, so he told her that she would have to stay and do it after the class was dismissed. I stayed also, to see what would happen. I surmised what it would be. I waited outside until he came out in about a half hour. Then I walked with the girl and questioned her.

"Why does the teacher always feel of your titties and your behind?" I asked.

"Then she began to talk. The teacher has a long "stopper" between his legs—" she confided.

"Well, did he show you it?" I asked her.

"Yes," she stammered—but she didn't know what it was. Then she told me that he put it between her legs and rubbed it between her titties. He promised her a lot of pennies—and then a lot of white water came out of it.

"So I explained everything to her. She got wise, She said that she didn't care what that thing was called. If he would only not make her study any more, she would let him poke her as often as he liked.

"I thought that I might make use of this tactic also. I already had titties, but, of course, they were still small. The next time that teacher wanted to help me, taking hold of my arm, I said: 'Please, teacher, I am so ticklish.' So he took hold of my breast. "He looked at me strangely, and I smiled. Then he said: "You will stay after school.'

"When all the others had gone, I remained in the dark cloak room. He came in and, putting his hands on both my titties, asked: 'Do you like gymnasium work?'"

"Yes, teacher.'

"He put his hand under my dress, holding my 'kitten,' and said: What is this?"

"I acted ignorant, and said: I don't know.'

"He then put his hand into his trousers. I took hold of his shaft, which was stiff and randy.

"He asked: What is that?"

"I told him: That is the teacher's shaft.'

"He questioned me further. 'And what is it used for?"

"To piss and to poke with!' I answered.

"At that he almost went crazy. He said: "Do you want some pennies?"

"I said: 'Yes. But I want something else besides pennies.'

"What?" he asked in astonishment.

"Some real money!"

"Real money?"

"Yes," I said, laughing.

"But what for?" he said, taking his hands off me.

"I raised my dress way up—so that he could see everything. Then I said: What for? So that the teacher can poke me and I will not betray him!"

"He started right in! He tried to get inside me, but he couldn't. I was too small! So I took it in my mouth and then he gave me fifty kreutzers!"

"How did you happen to come to the city?" I asked her.

"I came with Rudolph."

"He does know everything," I said.

"Yes," she replied; "He once said: 'There is no business out in the country,' so he brought me into the city."

"And I am here, too!"

"Yes; Rudolph always said: 'Pepi could make lots of money if she had any sense.'"

"Well, I like that!" I fumed, hurt at his appraisal of me.

"Now, you can see for yourself!" she replied. "How much have you made today?"

"Two gulden in the hallway; five gulden with the old man and ten gulden now—two gulden I must pay to the old woman—that leaves fifteen gulden. Boy, father will look surprised when I bring all this money home!"

"What?" she said. "You surely do not intend to do that, do you? You would be foolish!"

"How so?"

"You don't intend to give it all up, do you?"

"No? Why not?"

"God forbid! Perhaps tomorrow you won't earn anything. What will you do then?"

"Then I will just tell him that I didn't earn anything."

"So? Perhaps get a good scolding? No, no, this is the way I do it. One day I give up three, another day five, sometimes six and so on. Rudolph is happy because I bring him something every day. And why should I care if I lie to him. It is my money, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, you are right."

"Besides," Zenzi went on, "you need some money for yourself; if you have it, you won't have to ask for it, and if you want to buy yourself something, you always can."

"Yes, and then father will know at once that I held out on him!"

"You fool—if he sees it, tell him that it is a present, that is the best excuse. Always be loving to him and then you can do anything that you like."

"Aha! So that is why you act so loving to Rudolph?"

"Certainly! To keep him in a good humor, so that he lets me do as I like."

We dressed and decided to go home, although it was barely dark. We had enough money to assure us a friendly welcome, so we took the street car home. I gave father five gulden; he said nothing, but immediately went after some wine. Zenzi had to tell Rudolph how I had behaved. He praised me: Then the usual orgy began. That night I had to poke father. So ended my first day as a whore!

CONCLUSION

I was now for sale! A plaything for anybody who had the price!

I accompanied Zenzi to the City every afternoon. Sometimes I went alone. I promptly gave my father my earnings on my return. He never dreamed of looking for work any more. He lived off my earnings, spending most of the money for drinks.

I never saw my brothers. Franz was still in Simmering, on the other side of the town, and Robert, who "realized what was going on—he despised Rudolph—never came near us.

With the money which I held out, I bought myself some nice clothes and occasionally some little luxury. But Rudolph never allowed Zenzi and me to go after business dressed up too fancily. If we did, the police might notice us, and then the men who patronized us would stay away, for we would be recognized as professional whores.

I had now learned all the tricks of my career. I knew how to keep out of the hands of the police; how to fool them, and how to get the most money out of my serviceable customers. I also had been warned against the "French sickness," as syphilis was called. I knew how to detect it—I carefully examined every man whom I had anything to do with, and I am thankful for this precaution to the present day. But, with all the precautions, I had several light touches. It was a miracle that I did not fare worse for I often was thrown into places where I was unable to use any precautions, and nothing short of a miracle saved me from being caught hundreds of times.

I owe Rudolph many thanks for my luck. It was he, who told me to beware of men doing me bodily harm; to not let them get a chance to choke me or to hold their hands over my mouth. He impressed on me always to demand my money in advance in case I accompanied a man to a hotel in a private dwelling. It was he who warned me never to enter a public whore-house.

It is impossible to relate all my adventures during the years that I have been a whore. These adventures of my childhood, however—no matter how varied they were—are still fresh in my memory as I relate them in my story.

I must confess that these memories of my childhood, all relating to sexual matters, hardly seem like the adventures of a child, but, be that as it may, they are engraved on my memory deeper and more lastingly than any adventure which I have had in all my later years.

When you stop to think that there are 365 days in the year, and I probably have had intercourse with at least three and four men each day. That means eleven hundred men in a year! In thirty years—the time that I have followed my career—that would mean thirty-three thousand men—a good-sized army!

You would hardly expect or wish me to give an account of each one of these shafts which I have “served.”

The adventures in my late years, I am sure, would not be as interesting, or teach the lessons that I want to demonstrate by recounting the adventures of my childhood.

Taking everything into consideration, love is a foolish nonsense. The woman likes her shaft, the man likes his grotto. He lies on top and she lies underneath, or vice versa. They do the pushing, and we are being pushed—that is the only difference. But life still goes on.

"He still denies the whole thing, and with the most pigheaded insolence!"

The Prince-Regent smiled. “He has a right to. I should do the same in his place.”

"Certainly, Your Highness,” answered the Prime Minister, “the accused has the right to deny his crime; but to be insolent?” He ended on a note of inquiry.

The Prince-Regent smiled a second time. “I think I should be insolent, too—or what you gentlemen on the bench call insolent. You see, my dear Count, the importance of this case is being exaggerated. Just the same, I am sorry about the police lieutenant. How is he?”

"I am sorry to inform Your Highness that he is still hovering between Me and death. And if he lives, he will hover between sanity and insanity."

The Prince-Regent's lean, thoughtful face clouded “Too bad. I will visit him tomorrow or the next day. Do you think he will recognize me?”

"That's out of the question. But it will make the deepest impression on the police force, on the population of the whole country, when it becomes known that Your Highness was gracious enough to visit the sick-bed of this wounded man."

"Good,” said the Prince-Regent. “It shall be done, tomorrow or the day after.”

"I offer the humble suggestion that Your Highness arrange your most gracious visit for tomorrow.” The Prince raised his eye-brow and the Prime Minister hastened to explain: “The final hearing is set for the day after tomorrow. It would do much to uphold justice if Your Highness had been the day before—”

The Prince-Regent interrupted him. “I do not like upholding justice. Justice which needs to be upheld must have weak legs to stand on.”

"But this time,” insisted the Prime Minister, “there is need for a counter-weight to balance the demagogic insolence of the accused.”

"Demagogic?"

"Insolence in a court-room has a demagogic effect, almost always. Conrad Brodler is no professional law-breaker. He is an educated man; a student of chemistry; on the point of getting his doctor's degree. A criminal disposition, of course. But so far without any record against him. That means that in the eyes of the public he is an honest man. So that when he behaves in court as he has been doing—"

"The insolence of this little student is the one thing which interests me about the whole affair." The Prince-Regent began smiling again. "One man standing alone—that takes courage. I find your predicament amusing, and I must confess a certain sympathy for our would-be chemist."

"It must be kept in mind that this kind of fellow easily attracts imitators and followers. An excited mob is a serious thing—"

The Prince raised his hand to ward off such notions. "I have no fear of that, Count Werder—"

"There is something more effective than fear, Your Highness. Prudence! Forethought! To my mind, that is one of the sacred responsibilities of a ruler. Conrad Brodler's lawless act occurred during a hunger riot. Moreover, the riot came about after some demonstrations staged by the unemployed. I must beg to remind you of that. We have no mere crime here; we have crime in the midst of outrages that were beaten down only with difficulty."

"While our poor police lieutenant was beaten down with no difficulty at all?" The Prince-Regent's tone was dissatisfied and the glance with which he measured the Prime Minister was cold and brief.

"That will show Your Highness how violent this Brodler can be," the Prime Minister argued. "We are dealing with a regular savage who is incapable of conscience or remorse; a dangerous wild beast who must be put out of harm's way. The police proceeded very carefully and humanely. That is what I meant when I said that it had taken a great deal of trouble to suppress the disturbance. Now a precedent had better be established."

"Go ahead and establish it," said the Prince-Regent, as if he had had enough of the discussion. He rose from his chair and began walking up and down past the four windows of his room, finally pausing in front of one and staring through the transparent curtains at the park. Then he turned abruptly towards Count Werder. "We have other things to talk over," he said rather grimly, "more important things." He came back to his desk and sank back in his chair.

Count Werder sighed audibly. "Yes, indeed, our little country has a great deal to suffer from the results of the World War. It did not help us much to stay neutral. The economic distress everywhere, not only in Europe—"

He went on talking about finance, loans, bills of exchange. In the meanwhile the Prince-Regent scrutinized the Count's compact little figure; his attractive, round, cheerful face, now striving to look apprehensive; his healthy crop of grey hair; his lively, clear blue eyes. He understood nothing whatever about finance, this Prince-Regent, and still less about loans and bills of exchange. And he was quite right in supposing that the Prime Minister knew even less. Anyway, there was scarcely anything that could be done for their little country, since not one of the larger ones had found a way out either. Why wrack one's brains? What must come,

must come. Thus, the two distinguished gentlemen sat there exchanging words, as though they seriously believed that their consultations might lead to something significant. The most they could do would be to maintain the status quo for the longest possible time. But neither of them had the courage to acknowledge this even to himself, much less to speak of it openly to his companion...

The Prime Minister stopped speaking. His peroration was finished. He dabbed his brow with a handkerchief and somewhat elaborately fastened his brief-case.

"Anything more today?" inquired the Prince-Regent.

"Nothing more, Your Highness." There ensued a moment of silence. Count Werder was waiting for a gesture of dismissal. But the Prince-Regent made no move of any sort; he stared at the ceiling as if in deep thought.

At last he said: "To them it seems so simple. It is not as easy as they think."

"Who does Your Highness mean?" wondered Count Werder.

"Well, people like this young Brodler." The Prince-Regent's thin lips parted in a disparaging smile. "If he were in my place and had really to face the problem, had really to wrack his brain to procure bread and work and prosperity he would learn a new concept of what it means to improve the world."

"True," sighed Count Werder. "It all depends on one's station in life."

"And I believe," the Prince-Regent continued, "I believe that I am right in assuming that one can see further from an elevated station than from below, jammed together in the crowd."

"But down there one would have a more intimate contact with poverty," remarked the Prime Minister. "One would feel it in one's own body."

"But does rioting do away with poverty? When a poor police officer gets his head split open, does any one get more to eat?" The Prince-Regent spoke quietly, as if his own mind had long since been made up. He added: "That is why I say that people think it much too simple." Then he smiled again. "Thank you very much, my dear Count."

The Prime Minister departed.
