

CAROLINE

*ET*

SAINT-HILAIRE

*OU*

LES PUTAINS DU PALAIS-ROYAL

[Translated by Patrick Kearney.]

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# NOTICE

## FROM THE TRANSLATOR.

I am persuaded that the majority of readers will doubt the claim that this work is a translation from the Italian. How can it be, they will say, that a work whose scene appears to take place in France, in Paris itself, whose topography is so exact, and whose characters and names are all French, should have been composed and printed in Italy? This objection—the only one that could plausibly be raised—will fall of itself through the following reflections. First, I might say: the memoirs of the famous C...m—where have they not been printed? In Germany before being printed in France. But, critics will reply, the cases are not entirely parallel, since in that instance the heroine would have had to be French and only the work itself printed in Italian. Thus I do not dwell much upon this argument. Yet is it not true that often, indeed almost always, authors who fear their writing may be seized, or who attack persons whose resentment they have reason to fear, change the place of the scene and pretend that an event occurring near them takes place instead among a foreign nation, whose characters, customs, and names they give to their heroes? All allegorical works are written in this manner. See *les Lettres d'Aspasia*, *les Lettres Persanes*, etc., etc.

Well then, dear readers, it is the same with this work: the events took place in Italy, and the Italian editor—whom I know personally—so as to thwart the pursuit of his heroine,

asserts that this very true history occurred in France, and it is for that reason that he has followed the topography so exactly. Be that as it may, it appears that this editor is as skillful a geographer as he is an energetic historian; for it must be admitted that he indicates places with precision. Moreover, another reason, no less convincing than the preceding ones—and which will entirely triumph over the incredulous, should any still remain after what I have just said—is that it is impossible that among our newly enriched French ladies there should be any as dissolute as Caroline, and that consequently it is impossible that this heroine should be French. Let one rather ask the wealthy purveyors Lisette N..., Catiche N..., Goton N..., Nanette N...—all of them brilliant parvenues who know perfectly well all the ladies of the new France. They will tell you that if such pastimes were attributed to any of them, it would be lying by almost one half. After this, dear readers, you are convinced, I think; thus, I shall say no more.

Noc ED Liop.

## DEDICATION

### THE EDITOR TO THE AUTHOR.

I cannot dedicate better than to you yourself, Caroline, the story of which you are the brilliant heroine, and which your skillful hand has traced with a pen dipped in burning seed. The public, who until now know only your charms, will therefore be instructed in all your great exploits! Like Caesar, who knew how to conquer the world and write the story of his triumphs, you have known how to conquer our hearts and our cocks, and to depict their defeats. By turns muse of history and priestess of pleasures, no one will know whether to praise you more for the talent of Minerva or the cunt of Venus. You may perhaps complain that, without consulting you, I suddenly launch you to the highest degree of glory to which a girl may aspire; but it is precisely the fear of that modesty which prevented me from informing you beforehand, being fully persuaded that virtues such as yours still like to avoid publicity. Thus the efforts which that modesty would have led you to make with me might perhaps have prevailed over the public good and the interest of your glory. I therefore preferred to betray your modesty in order to spare it the trouble of defending itself. But if this is a passable excuse for having delivered you to the press, have I one equally solid to present in justification of the sort of theft by which your history came into my hands? I leave you, as well as the public, to judge of that. Perhaps the simple account of the adventure that procured me this manuscript will excuse me in your eyes and in theirs.

For two mortal hours—you know it—I had been waiting with the keenest impatience, in your delightful boudoir, for the quarter-hour of our rendezvous, for which you had made me sigh these past six months. Burning with love and impatient for pleasure, I had already kissed a thousand times the charming objects that adorned that happy abode of my future bliss. From moment to moment the faithful and lively Minette came to distract my impatience, always telling me, by way of excuse for your delay, that monsieur was still at madame's levée, but that he would not delay in leaving her free. After having at last heard Minette's little consolations ten times, after having run through the novels, the engravings, the pretty little indecencies that embellish this place of voluptuousness and which only served to electrify all my senses further by inflaming my imagination, I went mechanically to lean near your writing desk; just as mechanically I pulled out the sliding panel—it yielded, and the desk was open. An inscription struck me; I read: *Secrets de l'Amour*. The idea of seeing whether my verses, whether my letters dictated by the most ardent love occupied a place among these secrets seized my mind and left me no time to reflect. I therefore searched, but only a single notebook presented itself to my inquiries; it bore the title: *Mon Histoire*. I had just opened it when a noise heard in the drawing room made me close the desk; the notebook remained in my hand. As I believed this noise to be caused by someone approaching, the fear of being surprised made me put the manuscript into my pocket, fully resolved to return it to its place when I could conveniently do so. The noise having ceased, I opened the door and entered the drawing room to see what had caused it. What did I see? Minette on the sofa grappling with a handsome young man. This sight enlightened me: I believed myself the dupe of both maid and mistress. Indignant, I rushed toward the door to leave. Minette, frightened, freed herself from her Adonis and, running toward me, cried: "Sir, come back, you will ruin us!

Not that way—you are going to madame’s room!” In fact, my head was in confusion, and instead of taking the door of the hall to leave, I took the door of your apartment; but it was done—I had entered. And what a second scene presented itself to my eyes! You, Caroline—beautiful as Venus, naked as Love, in the arms of a lackey! I confess I felt ashamed for you; but what was my surprise, or rather my fury, when, without appearing to notice me, without any other fault than that of a mistress who scolds, you exclaimed against Minette for allowing an imprudent man, a stranger, a scoundrel no doubt destined to be thrown out of the window, to penetrate even into your room! Outraged by such indignity, in my despair I was about to blow out the brains of that vile brute to whom I was sacrificed, when the clever and ever-prudent Minette, pulling me forcibly out of your chamber, said coolly: “You rash fool, all this will be explained to you; nothing is yet lost, if you wish...” I pushed her away without listening and went out in despair, firmly resolved to take my revenge. Withdrawn to my own home, I searched in vain for the means; one scheme destroyed another. I was suddenly distracted by the memory that I had in my pocket a manuscript that might perhaps serve me. I opened it eagerly and read the history... which will be seen. After reading it, no one will be surprised that so many brilliant exploits reconciled me with so great a heroine. Hatred and the love of vengeance cannot stand against a great heart that must rise above injuries. Thus, by reading first the notice that follows, the public will clearly see that the sentiment guiding my pen is intended rather as praise than as satire of my heroine—that is to say, of you, O Caroline!

## AN ADDRESS TO THE FORNICATING PUBLIC.

I present to you the history of a great fucker written by herself; that is to say, a celebrated woman who will mark an epoch in our annals—and let this not surprise you: the love of fucking has always been the seal that distinguished heroines. Indeed, in every age and among all nations, these women were fuckers. Let one consult the annals of empires, run through the history of republics, examine the book of the sciences and the arts: everywhere one finds that it is fuckers who have stirred up empires, sustained republics, and enlarged the domain of the arts. Messalina fucked with the guards of the emperor her husband and governed the empire. Esther gave her cunt to Ahasuerus and brought about a revolution. Thebé, wife of Alexander, tyrant of Ephesus, fucked with her three brothers in order to obtain from them the tyrant's death... The famous Maid fucked with Dunois and reconquered France. Elizabeth fucked with her attendants. Catherine with her generals. Theresa with her captains; her daughter with abbés and clerks—and all these fuckers, as is known, shook the world. In free states, what good was not accomplished by fuckers? They were the best citizens.

Laufella, a Roman lady who counted chastity as a dupe's virtue and behaved accordingly, was an excellent patriot. Leonide, a citizen of Lacedaemon, swore by Castor and Pollux that she loved to fuck because it made children for the fatherland. Dematrimon likewise, a celebrated Lacedaemonian, on

learning of her son's death in the army, said: my son is dead, be it so; but our neighbour's prick is not. Loena, an Athenian who fucked with the porters of the harbor, bit off her tongue so as not to betray the patriots Harmodius and Aristogiton. Aspasia, who fucked with all the youth of Miletus, Mycenae, and Athens, governed the great Pericles of Greece.

Epicharis, a Roman woman, strangled herself with her gir-dle rather than betray the conspirators against Nero—and she had fucked with Nero and with the conspirators. The Gallic women who formed a senate that deliberated on peace and war for the maintenance of liberty were public fuckers; but they did not like priests, and it was because they refused to fuck with the Druids that these latter had their tribunal destroyed.

Among the celebrated one may cite the famous Daphne, a Greek priestess from whom Homer borrowed the greatest beauties of his *Iliad* and his *Odyssey*. Daphne fucked in the public squares with those who found her verses pretty. Astianassa, chambermaid to the fucker Helen, composed the book *De variis concubitus modis*, according to her experience and that of her mistress. Elephantine and Phinecis went further and enlarged the book—which supposes that they fucked even more than their models. Phryne and Lais verified the arts and fucked with philosophers and schoolboys. Spilembergue, a Venetian woman whose paintings were confused with those of Titian, her contemporary, fucked with her models and the grinders of colors. I should never finish if I wished to unfold the whole catalogue of all the fuckers whose names history has transmitted to us with éclat. For one Marie Coronel, who, in order not to succumb to the violent temptation of being unfaithful to her husband, killed herself by thrusting a burning brand into her cunt, how many women are there who put quite another thing there without even the temptation, and who are loudly applauded by their century and by posterity. The celebrated

heroine whose exploits you are about to read deserves, without doubt, to occupy a place among the women I have just cited, because all women are her models; and it is very likely that, after having made such great progress and done so many different things in order to increase her own knowledge, she will finally devote to public instruction and to the common happiness the remainder of a life during which she may acquire a more universal glory and fly toward immortality.

## APPROBATION

### THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

I have read your **Dedication** and your **Address to the Fornicating Public**. I have nothing to say to you about the address; but in reply to the Dedication I shall tell you that your conscience may be at ease: my modesty forgives you the printing, and my kindness forgets the theft. As for your anger against that supposed lackey, I would punish you for it, if what I am about to tell you did not already avenge me sufficiently.

Know then that this favored lover, this supposed boor whom you see only through the lens of your passion, is the handsome **St.-Far**, and that your pretty young man was his lackey, who was amusing himself with Minette. Why this disguise, you will say? It is a little game of love that I am quite willing to explain to you. My husband is an imbecile, a man full of prejudices, who has taken it into his head to be jealous of St.-Far and to forbid him to me. St.-Far therefore adopted the expedient of a disguise; you see that the precaution was not useless, since it has succeeded very well.

If therefore you had listened less to your ill-tempered head, the matter would have been explained to you. You would have been told that St.-Far, who was about to depart on a rather long journey, had come to me at the very moment when I was about to retire to my boudoir. My relations with Saint-Far, which you knew of since you possess my history, did not allow me to send him away. Is St.-Far a lover who must submit to ordinary considerations?

But no—Monsieur is one of those fashionable wonders of the day who wish that when a woman betrays her husband it should be exclusively for them. And what merit, presumptuous young man, had you yet in my eyes that I should sacrifice both my lover and my husband for you? Is it my fault if, when a woman wishes to favor you and promises you a rendezvous, you have not even the courage to sacrifice your impatience to her, nor enough confidence in her love to refrain from trying to penetrate her mysteries?

Reflect on what pleasure you deprived yourself of through your foolishness. St.-Far was about to depart, and for two whole months you might have filled the empty place he left in my heart.

From this adventure never forget—if you wish to have any success with women—that even if you were to see her in the arms of another, if she denies it to you, you must believe her without reply; for you must believe your mistress rather than yourself.

Since my husband reads nothing but the *Cours des Changes*, it makes no difference to me; on the contrary, it will amuse me greatly, because people will laugh at you for not having fucked me.

CAROLINE  
*or*  
MY FUCKERIES.

The Setting :

*Gallery of the Palais-Royal, on the side of the Rue des Bons-Enfants. The first days of spring. It is six o'clock in the evening.*

“Do you want to come up, my friend? By God, you look handsome! But are you really obliging?”

“Listen; I have firm tits, a white ass, and a divine cunt: well then, my complaisance surpasses the firmness of my tits, the whiteness of my ass, and the beauty of my cunt.”

“That’s what we shall see: I’ll follow you.”

“Come this way, mind the railing... It’s not high; it’s on the second floor: here we are... give me your hand... Come in... Minette, some light and some chairs... Good; I’ll ring when I need you.”

“By faith, she’s charming.”

“Come, sit down on the sofa... Oh!... little libertine... ah!... you’re too impatient... come now, my friend, give me your little present.”

“My beauty, you’re rather impatient yourself! First let us consult my purse... Come, here’s a louis, if you please me...”

But by faith, the more I look at you, the more I find you resemble the most adorable person... whom I once had in a very singular way."

"And what do I care about your resemblance?"

"But truly, it is she! it is you! Don't you have a little spot near the jewel?... Why yes, well then!..."

"Ah! good God, let me see... wait... let me look... Why yes, by fuck, there's no doubt... What! it's you... Caroline! It's you whom I saw at Arcis, near Nancy! You whom I snatched from the bosom of the waters, whom I laid naked upon a thick and flowering moss, and from whom I ravished, half willingly and half by force, the finest gift of the gods—your charming maidenhead."

"What! you are St.-Far? Oh, little monster! Forgive me for not recognizing you. Though I only saw you twice—the first time when I encountered you so strangely; the second when you did it to me so well—I ought not to have forgotten you, for a woman always recognizes the lover to whom she has given herself, even in the midst of darkness."

"But, too charming rogue, what adventures have dragged you into the abyss where I now find you? How is it that I discover you at the Palais-Royal—you whom I believed worthy to dwell in a palace, though another than this?"

"Indeed, my friend, I will tell you that tonight, for I hope you will give the whole night to me; for the moment, content yourself with receiving my apologies for the infamous tone I used when I first addressed you. But, my dear friend, men are so depraved, so jaded, so worn out, that nothing but obscenities—both in words and in deeds—can still attract or hold them. Unhappy, a thousand times unhappy, the lost girls who are forced, in order to exist, to abandon themselves to such excesses of corruption!

"But it is enough for you to know for the moment that I am still worthy of being conquered by you; that for more than

a full month I have been a virgin again; that it is only for nearly fifteen days that I have been at the Palais-Royal; that no man has sullied my nights; and that the dreadful state of a public girl—whose hideous vileness and horror fifteen days have been enough to teach me—is more odious to me than the most frightful poverty.

“I therefore believe myself at the height of happiness in having met you, because I take you for a man of honor and place my hopes in you. But that is enough morality for the moment; I abandon myself to my dear St.-Far. Give yourself without fear to my embraces, to whatever desire or remnant of your former love may inspire you.”

“Well then, yes, Caroline, see in me only a lover. I believe you sincere—let us give ourselves to joy and pleasure, and let the devil take fear and remorse! Come, abandon yourself without reserve, and let me devour your charms, intoxicate myself with the pleasure of doing it a hundred times, if I can.”

“Ah! may the god Priapus grant your wishes! Away with this cursed, troublesome garment! What charming skin! A neck of ivory!... I break this lace that keeps captive two rosebuds... what lively, fresh color! Mischievous little hair stirred by the breath of love! What elasticity! What a beautiful breast lifted hastily by burning desire! Oh, St.-Far, how your hands burn me; they wander like a devouring flame over my whole body—they set me ablaze. Take off this troublesome garment... Ah! rogue! your hands stray furiously; you lift my all-too-compliant petticoats...”

“More slowly—let us prolong our pleasures. I want to see everything, feel everything, devour everything. Away with that little shoe that hides that pretty foot; away with that stocking, too fortunate, which clasps and envelops a divine leg!...

What soft and delightful skin—like velvet! What firm and burning thighs, living and active columns of the temple of voluptuousness. What intoxication! Oh! no more petticoats, no

more veils—insolent guardians of the sanctuary of the greatest delights!”

“How you arrange me, Saint-Far... leave me... finish... oh! at least leave me my shift.”

“No, by Priapus! You shall be naked—naked like Jupiter’s daughter in the arms of Mars.”

“Well then, little rake, put yourself too in the posture of Mars and let nothing be lacking. See—every garment has disappeared.”

“Indeed—very well! There are even the features of the god! But no—the weapon of Mars, I wager, did not fill the hand of the goddess better than yours fills mine... There it is, proud and threatening, that conquering shaft which on the edge of the water gave me so deep a wound... a charming wound... a divine hurt...”

“Come then—lift that shift; the combat begins... I shall be worthy of such a rival.”

“God! how you thrust... It is a fury... Ah! St.-Far, spare your Caroline!... what intoxication!... what pain!... what delight!...”

“Hold me, Caroline—press me, move yourself... Ah! what pleasure!... I devour you... your tongue in my mouth... dart it quickly... I expire with pleasure!”

“I die in torrents of delight... you flood me with a burning fuck that sets me aflame...”

“Ah! you answer my strokes... I feel your fuck that has just mingled with mine—hold me fast in this ecstasy!...”

“Forward!...”

“I drive deeper!...”

“You will reach my heart!”

“I wish my whole being could be placed in your cunt. Ah! if only I were nothing but fuck!”

“And I—if only I were nothing but cock!”

“Ah! so that I may breathe at last, withdraw, St.-Far.”

“No—I want to die there.”

“Remember that we have the whole night, for you give it to me, do you not?”

“How so? It is I who beg it of you.”

“It is agreed: ring for Minette.”

“Minette—warm water and linen.”

“Yes, madame; I shall return at once.”

“See, St.-Far, how you have... you have... do you realize that you are worth another maidenhead?”

“Ha! ha! ha!”

“What are you laughing at?”

“I remember that a moment ago you told me I had taken your maidenhead during our first adventure—and that was not true.”

“It is very strange that men think they know something about that; yet the cleverest are always fooled—you were, my friend. You will know how when I tell you my story... But Minette is taking a long time... Ah! there she is.

Here, St.-Far, step into that little room—light Minette’s way... How happy I am about today’s meeting!... Well, Minette, what do you say of my lover?... He is adorable, is he not? Come, give me my *négligé*—the one you say makes me irresistible... good...

St.-Far, you will sup and sleep here; but while waiting for supper you shall give us a little collation.”

“Yes, madame; I go and return at once.”

“Ah! St.-Far, come back.”

“What—already dressed again? What elegance! What charms you show me... Truly, without your severe prohibition I would already be very bold again—I would take my revenge... What! Minette brings Málaga, biscuits, sugar—divine!... Oh! it is settled, Minette—I install myself in this new earthly paradise.”

“Well then, St.-Far, I promised you the story of my adventures; but first I want to know what brings you to Paris, and by what chance we have been able to meet—you whom I believed in the other world.”

“Caroline, my story will not be long, because I shall tell only what may have some relation between us.”

I had, in the first days of the Revolution, the foolish pride to emigrate. I was at Coblenz when the deadline reached me ordering emigrants to return to France under penalty of being treated as criminals of state. I left my foolish companions, took the post road, and, wishing to reach Paris, passed through Strasbourg and Metz; but my carriage broke down a few leagues from Jouy.

My accident drew a crowd about me, and among the on-lookers was a young officer, one of my former friends, who had come from the neighboring town to spend a few days in the country. He begged me to accept a bed at his house until my carriage could be repaired. I accepted; he took me to sup at the château. We spent a most delightful evening, and the night was already far advanced when we left. The moon was magnificent; we were a little flushed with wine. My friend said to me: “If you wish, Saint-Far, we can finish the night as we began it. I know two charming women in the neighboring village; it is not half an hour’s walk if we cross the river. The ferry is behind my house, and the ferryman is obliging enough that he will not refuse to get up and take us across.”

The plan seemed divine to me. The boatman ferried us over, and soon we were in the meadow that borders the village, when muffled cries and repeated complaints reached our ears.

We ran toward the sound, shouting that we were coming. By the moonlight we saw two people fleeing, and we found stretched upon the ground, almost senseless, a charming girl—it was you. What a divine impression you made upon my

senses then! Your charms half veiled, and still more beautified by the pale brightness of the moon, your disordered state, your languor—everything moved my heart in your favor.

We begged you to tell us whether you wished to be avenged and who your enemies were.

“Ah! I forgive him,” you told us gently. “He is an unhappy lover who says he is outraged by the disdain with which I repaid his love; and tonight, almost from my mother’s arms, he carried me off, wishing to force me to follow him. His chaise stood at the entrance of the village. With the help of his servant he was about to force me into it when I threw myself into this plain, resolved to cast myself into the water rather than yield to that cruel admirer. A false step threw me down; they had seized me at last when you arrived and came to save my honor and my life.”

Moved by this story, we asked permission to escort you home. You even begged us to do so; and when we reached your house—telling us nothing except that your name was Caroline, refusing us permission to come and greet you the next day—you gave each of us a kiss and disappeared...

That kiss... But why those stifled laughs while I tell my story?”

“Ah! ah! I will explain all that when I tell mine—you will laugh as I do. Come, go on.”

“That kiss, then... Well! that kiss made me the most passionate of men. I told my friend that I would possess you, though it cost me my life, or I would blow out the brains of my rival.

Since the excursion we had planned had been interrupted by this adventure, we returned to Jouy. The next day I went back to the town that held everything I adored; but the place was so large that I could not discover the house that contained the object of my love, and all my searches were useless.

That evening, wandering sadly along the riverbank, I

pushed my way into a grove of willows where a branch of the river wound slowly in many bends. In the center the water formed a basin whose shaded banks, covered with thick grass, seemed a retreat for Naiads.

I had scarcely taken a few steps in this enchanted place when I saw two women, lightly clad in their shifts, gliding in a little boat upon the river, whose calm waters were stirred only by the gentle breath of the zephyrs.

What was my surprise and joy when I saw that one of these women was my adorable unknown! I wished to throw myself into the water; I hesitated, I feared—but soon my passion and my frenzy prevailed. I cast off my clothes, plunged in naked, and swimming to you, I overturned the little boat and threw you both into the river.

Then, without troubling myself about what might become of your troublesome companion, I seized you and carried you to the bank beneath some willows that bent together like an arch. Fright had deprived you of your senses; I tore off your shift and covered you with burning kisses, devouring with my hands and my eyes all your charms. It was then that I saw that little pink mark which has just allowed me to recognize you.

My passion finally overcame every other consideration, and I violated you as best I could. You cried out at my first triumph, which I obtained only with difficulty, leading me to think that I was conquering a maidenhead.

You did not seem to have recovered from your swoon when, at the second assault, you opened your eyes languidly and said with a sigh: “Monster... who are you?... what... is... your audacity?”

“See in me only a lover who adores you,” I answered. “It is I—St.-Far—who saved you from the violence of the ravisher you detest.”

For an instant it seemed that a smile wandered across your lips.

“So, you saved my honor,” you replied softly, “only to better satisfy your fury! You profit from my weakness... I can no longer speak... I am dying...”

During this dialogue I was pursuing my second career; at last, you seemed to share my pleasures. Then I proposed that we depart together, offering you my fortune, which was immense at Marseille.

Meanwhile I continued my efforts; and for the sixth time love was rekindling my torch when, through the leaves that formed a protective roof above us, I saw the head of a young man appear.

That head was to me the head of Medusa. I would have wished to change him not into a stag but into a toad, to crush at once that cursed Actaeon who smiled maliciously while devouring your naked charms with his eyes. I suddenly covered you with my cloak and cried to the indiscreet spectator:

“Impudent fellow—fifteen paces from here, or you are dead!”

Instead of withdrawing, he leapt toward me and said, grasping my hand firmly:

“In that case, there is no need for you to dress. I shall strip myself naked like you. I have an excellent pair of pistols, and the man who kills the other shall possess the beauty upon whom, besides, I have rights as sacred as yours.”

I hardly knew what to reply to so singular an address. While I hesitated, he threw off his clothes, and soon, naked, he presented me with a pair of pistols in one hand while with the other he held a firm and vigorous priapus that seemed to threaten me with its proud head.

“Accept,” he said, “or I fire.”

At last enraged by such insulting audacity, I took a pistol. Fate decreed that he should fire first; he missed me. I replied—and though blinded by rage I aimed well. The insolent priapus of an enemy still more insolent received the fatal ball.

I saw it suddenly fall, and with it the wretch, now become a eunuch, who in dying uttered only the word f——.

This incident suddenly brought back to me the danger in which I stood, and I thought it prudent to flee.

“What!” I said to myself. “Drown a girl, violate a virgin, kill a man! There is no hesitation—let us flee!”

Yet I wished to say farewell to you and learn your resolution at that extreme moment. I returned to the place of our pleasures—I found my cloak—but Caroline had disappeared.

This sudden disappearance increased my agitation. I imagined justice already at my heels. Without taking time to dress, I seized my cloak, swam across the river, and returned to my friend, to whom in a few words I told my adventure.

We mounted horses immediately—bareback. I, still with no clothing but my cloak, my thighs naked upon the horse, galloped full speed toward the neighboring town. There I disguised myself, took the post, and finally reached my father without further mishap.

I have thought a thousand times since of that extraordinary adventure; yet I have never been able to learn its consequences, having received no news from my friend since that time.

“I am delighted at last to have found again the charming heroine of it. It is unnecessary for me to tell you what I have done since that time; I will add only that for the past eight days I have been in Paris to collect funds from several bills of exchange drawn on a supplier—formerly a bankrupt of Marseille, now a wealthy creditor of the Republic, which already possesses his furniture, his houses, and his forests.”

“Indeed, my dear Saint-Far, your story has greatly amused me; but I think you will find it much more entertaining when I have told you certain episodes which, besides, do not change the facts of it, but somewhat alter its cause and its outcome.

However, let us postpone my story until after supper.

“Minette, you shall serve us.”

“What, Caroline—such luxury! And who, then, is the cook who...?”

“Why, it is Robert.”

“Sir Robert is a charming fellow—these pigeons are exquisite.”

“Taste this dish of cocks’ combs.”

“It is perfect; I cannot say as much for his wine.”

“In general, my friend, one is rather badly served with wine by the restaurateurs of the Palais-Royal. They bought as many of the cellars of the emigrés as they could; but the revolutionary committees had visited them before. And you know how they ‘visited’ them.”

“Ah yes—when they visited them they carried off the casks. Faith, one must admit that since the poor devils had long done nothing but rinse bottles, it was only fair that they should at last see what was put into them.”

“Come now, look what there is in this pâté.”

“Kidneys, crayfish, truffles. Is that Robert’s invention?”

“No—it is Minette who invented this medley; so I have given the pretty invention the name of *pâté Minette*.”

“Come, let us drink to the author’s health... Do you realize that after such a supper you ought to tremble for tonight—unless, in telling your story, you have the art to restrain the flame you are feeding so well?”

“Listen—let us make an arrangement: you shall do it to me only at the moment when I recount the first favor granted to each new conquest I have made, and never during the episodes.”

“Caroline, I can assure you that I have the will to obey; but—devil take it!—from what you tell me I begin to suspect that I may well be defeated in these arrangements.”

“But it seems to me, my friend, that I share equally in the

combat. Will you then allow yourself to be defeated by your mistress? Truly, I believed you had more courage—especially after devouring two pigeons, a dish of cocks' combs, a kidney pâté, and emptying two bottles of Bordeaux."

"Ah, little rogue—you are mocking me, I think. Very well, I accept: and the vanquished shall abandon himself to the discretion of the victor."

"Come, Minette, remove the attributes of Bacchus and adorn the altar of Venus."

"But who is ringing? Go and see, Minette."

"Madame, it is a note."

"For me?"

"See."

"Let us see then:

"To the beautiful Caroline.

"Charming girl, I saw you yesterday in a box at the Montansier Theatre; I was opposite you, beside St.-Hilaire. I asked her for your address, which jealousy at first made her refuse, saying that you were a newcomer and that she did not know you; but I know that this girl keeps an exact list of the novelties of the Palais-Royal, and two écus made her see reason. The good she told me of you—while thinking she was speaking ill of you—made me wish to become your lover. If a louis a day, in exchange for seeing you for a quarter of an hour, suits you, I shall present myself tomorrow at your rising, where we shall seal this agreement.

Entirely yours."

"Without a signature! Who could think of writing to me in such a way? Minette, who brought this letter?"

"A great fool."

"Let him come in. Who is your master?"

"A young man, rich and generous."

"And his name?"

"He forbade me to tell it to you, saying he wished to tell you himself."

“So he wants an answer?”

“He ordered me to insist on having one.”

“Very well—I shall give it to you for madame. Come here, rascal—down with your breeches! Down with them, I say, or I’ll blow your brains out!”

“Oh my God, my God! what are you going to do to me, sir?”

“Minette, the switch. Don’t move, wretch, or you’re dead.”

“Ohi! ohi! ohi!”

“Come, Minette, lay on with all your might on the back-side of this big rogue.”

“Ohi! ohi! ohi!”

“Harder, Minette—very good!”

“Ahi! ahi! ahi!”

“Ha! ha! ha! ha!”

“My friend, I’m suffocating with laughter—enough, leave the poor devil alone. That will teach you, scoundrel, to carry a message to an honest woman! Ha! ha! ha! Go tell your master that you have made the experiment; if he wishes to present himself to receive as much, no one will rob him of his money. Tell him besides that St.-Hilaire will provide him with girls who will not ask him a louis for a flogging... Minette, show this rascal to the door.”

“That’s well, Caroline; let us forget this little diversion and think of our pleasures.”

“Minette—come now—twenty candles in the salon; on the floor my charming carpet, my fine mattress, a pair of muslin sheets, my eiderdown coverlet, and six cushions.”

“Ah! what attention, Caroline.”

“You will not forget two dozen biscuits, two dozen macarons, and the bottle of ratafia.”

“You are a divinity!”

“Well then—try to be a god.”

“O my dear! what a delightful night you promise me! I see it—I shall die of pleasure!...”

“Madame, the salon is prepared.”

“Go, Minette—leave the sacrificer and the victim free... Let us enter, St.-Far.”

“But what do I see written in letters of fire? ‘This temple is open only to the children of nature; far from it all finery and every deceitful veil.’”

“I obey—come, let us leave our clothes at the entrance of the temple.”

“It is done.”

“Let us enter. Perfumes—what a sweet odor! what charms! what voluptuousness! you intoxicate me... Come upon the altar and sacrifice to the god.”

“One moment, St.-Far. You know our agreements—think only of fulfilling them; but to favor your impatience I will hasten my story. Let us sit on the down; I hope you will give me credit for my frankness—it shall be complete. I listen.”

“I begin.

“A simple village, Saint-Genty, a few leagues from Lyon, saw my birth. Orphaned at an early age, I was occupied under the supervision of one of my uncles with gardening work, when a lady named Durancy—whom I had sometimes seen in our village—appeared eager to take me away with her. My uncle, quite pleased to have found an opportunity to rid himself of me, for I was, he said, too lazy for my condition, consented, and I followed her with joy.

“It was night when we arrived at Lyon. We stopped at Madame Durancy’s house. I was made to go up into a magnificently furnished room and was told that it was my apartment. Supper was served to me a moment later; I was alone and did it full justice.

“After my meal I examined my new lodging carefully and was delighted with it. For nearly six months nothing occurred

except a very simple and monotonous life. During that time I did not go out once. It is true that my days were filled and that I had little time for walks; besides, I could relieve my boredom in a superb garden (to which I was admitted two hours a day), but as it was winter I scarcely made use of it.

“During those first months I was occupied with my teachers in reading, writing, dancing, and the pianoforte; whatever time remained I spent reading plays and novels. I usually ate alone, though sometimes I dined with Madame Durancy, who treated me rather coldly. I found it difficult to reconcile all that she did for me with her reserved manner and with the uselessness I seemed to be to her. At first, I had supposed she had taken me as her maid; but the education she gave me was not the ordinary education of such people.

“The only thing of which I was deprived—something I did not at first think about, but which time, age, and that instinct of nature which never loses its rights soon made me ardently desire—was the sight of men. I knew, however, that men came into the house, but I had never been able to find an opportunity to see them. Sometimes, near the partition beside my bed, I heard voices without distinguishing what was said; but the sound of one voice assured me it was a man’s voice, and made my heartbeat without my knowing why. Yet that was all I discovered before the six months had passed.

“At that time my face, my arms, my hands had gained whiteness; my eyes expression; my figure was formed. I danced well, played fairly well, and sang delightfully—such were the compliments of my teachers when, with the spring, I reached my sixteenth year and the late signs of my maturity.

“I was indisposed for a few days; everyone then showed me the greatest care, and my health soon recovered its bloom. It seemed to me that a change had taken place in my whole being; I became sad and dreamy without knowing why.

“Madame Durancy, dining with me, asked the cause—

though she knew it very well—but I could not explain it, since I did not know it myself. She sent me back to my room, calling me sullen. I murmured; soon she followed me, armed with a light switch. She looked at me with a feigned anger which I believed real. She threw me upon my bed, lifted my skirts, and delivered a long lecture to me which my agitation prevented me from understanding. Then she applied a few awkward strokes to my buttocks, which I tried to avoid by turning around and presenting my belly to her, covering it with both hands.

“She seemed to cast a curious glance there while pretending to turn me over again to strike me once more, when suddenly a young man entered and saw my situation and my shame.”

Furious at the humiliation I felt on being seen in such a state by the first man who had appeared before me in six months, I made so violent an effort to free myself from Madame Durancy’s hands that I nearly fainted. But the young man threw himself at Madame Durancy’s feet, calling her his mother, and begged her to forgive me, whatever my fault might be. He put so much grace and sincerity into his plea that it moved me to tears. Madame Durancy, after a show of resistance, was willing to set me free and left the room, calling to her son, who pressed my hand, cast a passionate glance at me, and gave me a kiss.

This strange scene would have thrown me into despair, had it not been for the thought that it had given me the happiness of seeing a young man; if the kindness he had shown in interceding for me, if the kiss he had given me, had not erased from my mind all that Mrs. Durancy’s anger had been so humiliating to me, leaving only the thought of my kind protector. All night long, I dreamed only of him; my head was heated by romantic reading, my temperament fiery. I had never seen any young man but Madame Durancy’s son, judge if I should love him then... So I adored him... The next morning, I was brought

some very fine linen; I had barely finished dressing when Madame Durancy entered. Caroline, she said to me (that was the name she had given me when I entered her house), I have come to compensate you for the unjust punishment I made you suffer yesterday; my son has shown me that my bad temper carried me too far, and I want you to forget everything. Madame Durancy was followed by another lady, tall in stature, whose face was hidden from me by a taffeta veil. She told me that she was a dressmaker who had come to take my measurements for new clothes that had been ordered for me. Soon she had stripped me naked, except for my chemise; but before taking my measurements, she explained to Madame Durancy that it was necessary to initiate me first into the mysteries of women's dress, as my age made this precaution necessary. It was the seamstress herself who was tasked with giving me my first lesson. Madame Durancy had a piece of furniture whose purpose had been unknown to me until then; she removed the lid, revealing an oblong porcelain basin, slightly indented in the middle, which filled the concavity: warm water was poured into it. I sat on it, one leg on either side; I didn't dare lift my shirt, but I had to, for fear that it would get wet. This modesty, so natural to young girls who still have it and which is nature's true coquetry, made me seem awkward and naive enough to inflame the coldest of mortals; for if I lifted it on one side, it fell back on the other, so that my charms were suddenly glimpsed, only to be veiled almost immediately; then the seamstress made me stand up and pinned the shirt high up with pins, exposing the entire lower part of my body from the waist down. I sat down, and this eager, officious lady immediately began to sprinkle the area around that little place that love offers to its favorites, which we call the vagina. She gently slid her finger to a spot where I suddenly felt such a delicious sensation, caused by a slight rubbing, that I fainted, letting myself

go in her arms. Here she stops, makes me stand up after removing her pins, and prepares to dress me: she begins by trying a corset on me; she spends a long time adjusting the fit around my throat, my shirt was either too high or too low, so they pulled it up from the bottom, but so high that half of my charms were exposed. Her two hands frolicked freely over all parts of my body where some disturbance seemed to require her care. The ladies finally left me after telling me to get dressed. When they left, all these movements and situations had set me on fire. I felt an unfamiliar turmoil; I made my way to my bed and slowly and delightedly lay down on it; I lifted my shirt as high as possible and tremblingly touched the place where a gentle rubbing had given me so much pleasure: nature was finally my first teacher, and I could hardly describe to you, my dear Saint-Far, the pleasures I was experiencing. Imagine, to give you a little idea, a sixteen-year-old girl, pretty as a picture, still fresh, in the situation I found myself in at the time, seeing her beautiful thighs moving in all directions, sometimes revealing the most beautiful rose to be picked; then, as she lifted herself up, revealing two buttocks as white as lilies, pretty and firm, like ivory; two thighs which, following the circular movement of her pretty rump, lightly brushed the bed that supported them. However, the approach of pleasure made her immobile, and she increased the movement of her finger; entirely absorbed in the delicious sensation she is experiencing, her breathing seems to stop, and soon a moist heat floods her; then her whole body leaps, and, in the voluptuous emotion she feels, she successively reveals an admirable curve of her lower back, plump hips that end a nymph-like waist, a belly as smooth and satiny as a beautiful mirror; finally, thick hair surrounding the oval, round door of the temple, which the queen of graces, which Venus herself would have envied.

Such was my dear St.-Far; such was your Caroline. With your delightful paintings, the originals of which I am touching

here, do you think I can wait any longer? You have set me ablaze, you see, and this will wreak as much havoc as your finger, I hope; come now, yield, I beg you, or I will unload. — As you wish; but remember that I still have many favors to grant you. — Yes... yes... ah! Now you know yourself well, you have just painted yourself... those firm thighs... those admirable nipples... that temple I penetrate... I am... in the sanctuary... love... accept this libation... I am expiring... with pleasure. "Ah! St.-Far, that is even better than the finger, even if it were the middle one... drink this glass of rota... take this biscuit... I will continue my story.

After everything that had just happened, after what I had just felt, my thoughts were so confused that I got up and sat on my bed, remaining motionless for some time, overwhelmed by a flood of disjointed, unrelated thoughts that delighted me. Meanwhile, my disheveled shirt left my charms exposed, and the air circulating in my room, entering through a window open onto a garden where a thousand different flowers were blooming, caused my lingerie to flutter slightly, increasing its freshness and giving me a sensation less intense than the previous ones, but sweet, pleasant, and intoxicating. I assisted the efforts of the zephyr by casting a curious glance at the temple of voluptuousness, where I saw considerable moisture. My first instinct was to bring it to my nose, and the smell was strange; I brought it to my tongue, and the taste was bland. Still unaware of where this liquid, which was not urine, might have come from, I got up and, to make it disappear, sat on the bidet, whose name and use I had learned from the great coutu-rière; the water calmed me, and I finally got dressed; looking at myself closely, an idea I had not had until then, I touched my buttocks and looked at them in the mirrors, running my hands over my thighs and always stopping near my beloved temple. I tried to kiss my nipples, intoxicated with pleasure, when I heard a noise in the neighboring apartment. My ears were

struck by that kind of whistling sound caused by passionate kissing; a sound like sighs echoed around me, and I compared them to those I had just experienced, and they seemed to come from the same source. The noise stopped, and I finished getting dressed.

Madame Durancy came during the day to inform me that I would be dining with her. Her son seemed jealous to see if I still harbored any resentment over his mother's reprimand... he hoped to preside over a perfect reconciliation... I went downstairs and we sat down to dinner. For the first time, Mrs. Durancy showered me with praise; her son paid me compliments that I was very touched by, and I responded timidly... I loved him... I was shy... that's the rule. I did not respond so coldly to his glances; it is true that my expressions of love were still animated by excellent wine, succulent dishes, and an ablution of excellent liqueur.

The moment of rest arrived: Madame Durancy informed me that she would be sharing my bed, as she had given hers to one of her relatives who had arrived that evening and, being tired, had already gone to bed. I retired to my room; I was eager to get into bed so that I could indulge in the sweet thoughts that the pleasures of the day had inspired in me. No sooner had I laid down in my sheets than sleep overtook me. A happy dream repeated the pleasures I had enjoyed during the day, but how different they were! I dreamed that young Durancy was by my side, leaving me only to enjoy the slightest touches of pleasure that his complacent hand provided me.

During the night, I was awakened by an excessive and overwhelming heat, and I remembered that I was lying with his mother; but I found myself in an extraordinary state of disorder; my shirt was pulled up on one side to shoulder height; Madame Durancy had one hand placed on my breast and the other quite far forward between my thighs; This bothered me, and what's more, one of my buttocks was being strangely

pressed by something hard that was protruding. I turned around to see what was causing my surprise; it was under my shirt. I tried to lift it up, but it was so tightly wrapped that I was afraid of waking her up with my efforts. This obstacle could not be overcome. I felt around several times, and it seemed to me that it was long, round, and above all very hard. I thought long and hard about what it could be, but I saw no trace of such a thing at the bottom of my belly. Since the novels I had read were fairly decent books, I could not guess what it was. I lost myself in my thoughts and fell back asleep. The next day when I woke up, I found myself alone. I went downstairs after getting dressed, and my first instinct was to check whether Mrs. Durancy's petticoats had been pushed forward by this affair that I couldn't quite define. After breakfast, we left for the countryside. This trip was necessary for a matter of interest that concerned me, though I knew nothing about it. I would not mention it if I had not had a little adventure that amused me greatly. I did not yet know the difference between a man and a woman, since the recent events. I was very eager to learn this difference. Since the exterior of a man is almost identical to that of a woman, except for the nipples and beard, I suspected that the difference lay between the thighs. I did not know how to verify my suspicions, but a mischievous little boy who played a prank on me provided me with the opportunity. I was alone in the garden, under thick foliage, when my little mischief-maker approached me. Under the pretext of punishing him for teasing me, I took off his pants and whipped him. Instead of getting angry at my apparent anger and trying to get away, the little rascal, who was about eight years old, let me do it. I lifted his shirt high and, striking him lightly, I saw his little instrument. I was immediately instructed and wanted to leave the mischievous little boy. "Well, my beautiful mistress," he said to me, "punish me again; if my fault is not great enough, punish me for the first time, and I promise to deserve

my punishment.” I saw that the little rascal was more mischievous than I was, but I was satisfied and let him go. During the eight days we stayed in the country, I thought only of this difference between the sexes and was consumed with curiosity as to what purpose it served, when one day at dusk, behind the foliage where I had punished the little rascal, I saw him with his pants down, bowing his head and carefully examining the thighs, the buttocks, and the slit of a little girl of about nine years old, who said to him: let me, let me do it to you; yesterday, without being seen, I saw my big sister, who was under the big pear tree with Nicolas; she was standing against the tree, and taking what he had between his thighs, she pushed it into her hole, and they seemed to be very comfortable, because they were kissing and kissing again and again. Well, let's do like them, said the little boy, bringing his short instrument between the little girl's thighs... That's how it's done... But you can't get into the slit... How hot you are... How tight you are... Oh! But I think you're peeing, yuck! You naughty boy! Come on, get out. Indeed, the little boy was peeing, and he withdrew, ashamed. As for me, this lovely scene set me on fire and made me want to.

Madame Durancy's son came to take us back to Lyon. He asked me how I had found the countryside; the beauty of the place and the acquaintances I had made there made it seem charming to me, so I replied that I had found it delightful. He smiled, and the next day we returned to Lyon. It was night when we arrived. We sat down to dinner, I was showered with affection, and Madame Durancy told me she would be sharing my bed. This time, I resolved to examine her closely and clear up my suspicions. I could never explain that hard thing I had felt between her thighs. Is it a man? I wondered, but she has nipples and no beard, so it can't be a man. But why is there something between her thighs? I sensed a mystery that I couldn't unravel.

I could see that I was keeping everyone busy. Madame Durancy's son loved me and let me know it without saying so. Madame Durancy seemed to fuss over me a lot in front of her son, but when he was away, she was cold and reserved with me. Jeannette, Madame Durancy's maid, about whom I shall have ample opportunity to speak in a moment, looked at me constantly, sighed when she was near me, and never spoke to me. The old woman who served me became more obliging and less taciturn with me: in short, I was the subject of some intrigue that I hoped to discover that evening. It occurred to me to drink wine only in moderation, as I believed it was the cause of the drowsiness I had felt the last time. I even decided not to drink an excellent liqueur that was served to me as being very good for the stomach, and consequently I rose on the pretext of weariness.

I obtained permission to withdraw and went up to my room. Hardly had I reached it when the maid brought me the bottle that contained this liquor, with an urgent invitation on Madame's part not to go to bed without taking some; but instead of following this advice I poured into a glass the portion I was supposed to drink and got into bed. I was curious to see Madame go to bed: I nestled to one side and waited impatiently for her arrival. Half an hour later someone came in; Madame Durancy asked in a loud voice whether I was asleep; I did not answer. "She is asleep," she said in a half-voice, "let us undress." A moment afterward the curtain of my bed was drawn slightly aside, and I felt myself kissed on the mouth with such ardor that I trembled inwardly; the coverlet was lifted with care; burning lips were pressed upon my breast, squeezed its nipple, and light touches of the tongue caused me a delicious tickling sensation. They tried to raise my shift; but I had wrapped myself so closely that it was impossible to manage it without the risk of waking me. I was turned over carefully, and soon I felt my shift gently lifted as far as my breast; my

body was immediately covered with kisses. Two trembling hands parted my thighs so that the entrance to the temple of love was entirely free: ardent kisses were lavished there. With the tongue its edges were caressed, and an attempt was made to introduce it; with one hand my buttocks were pressed, while with the other the nipple of my breast was lightly teased.

These various sensations made me experience an inconceivable intoxication; I half opened my eye, and by the dim light of a shaded lantern I distinctly perceived Madame Durancy naked at the foot of my bed; but I could not conceive who it was that had their head between my legs and was lying flat upon my bed. Madame Durancy with one hand held up her shift, and with the other she lightly flogged her buttocks; if she stopped, it was only to press her mouth upon her backside, after which she resumed her former occupation. It seemed to me that this ceremony gave her a rather sweet sensation, for at each stroke her posterior bounded with pleasure. This game lasted only a short time. Afterward Madame Durancy threw herself back upon the bed so that her head touched my hip, and the unknown person—whom I could not distinguish—lay upon her, so that Madame Durancy's mouth being level with my jewel, that person could spread his kisses over both of us. Nevertheless, I understood nothing of all that was happening: the backside of the person who was on top rose and fell repeatedly, but with such a racket that the wood of my bed groaned. As for Madame Durancy, she seemed to taste a great deal of satisfaction. The unknown one—for I suspected well enough that it was a man—covered her with kisses from moment to moment; then his tongue came to make me tremble with its charming play, and this mischievous tongue wandered thus from the mouth of Madame Durancy to the jewel of Caroline. Everything that was passing around me, the fire of my imagination, the lively sensations the unknown person pro-

cured for me, hastened the moment of pleasure; at the movement I made he perceived it, and then the rapidity of his action completed my plunge into delirium, and pleasure was expressed in my sighs and in the agitation of my whole body. From their movements and their exclamations, it seemed to me that they too had tasted the same enjoyment.

However, they withdrew, and the absence of this libertine couple allowed me to give myself over to the reflections awakened in me by all that had just taken place. Sleep overtook me in the midst of the confused ideas that agitated my mind. It was eleven in the morning when Madame Durancy entered my room with her son; they had come to inform me that they were leaving for the country. Until their return they were leaving me with the cook and with Jeannette, who was unwell; moreover, the house was abundantly supplied. They both embraced me. The son slipped twenty-five louis into my hand "for my little pleasures," as he said. As for Madame Durancy, she recommended that I behave sensibly as usual and not see Jeannette, because that would be lowering myself—or at least not to become familiar with her; otherwise, I might act as the absolute mistress of the house. We then parted.

Scarcely was I alone when I began to think about the prohibition Madame had given me—not to become familiar with Jeannette. It was the first time this girl had ever been mentioned between Madame Durancy and me. You suppose, St.-Far, that this Jeannette is my maid; but no! Madame Durancy's household consisted of an old cook who never left her kitchen, a maid who served at table and was more particularly attached to my service, and Jeannette—a lively young brunette, charmingly pretty—the chambermaid exclusively occupied with Madame Durancy.

During the three months she had been in the house I had not spoken two words to her, because we had never happened to meet together. Madame Durancy's room was forbidden to

me, and Jeannette scarcely ever left it. I do not know why I was dying to speak with this girl; this desire increased all the more when it was forbidden me. My first thought, therefore, as soon as I was free, was to see Jeannette; but since she was indisposed, as I have said, and as I did not think it proper to go to her, I rang for the cook so that she might give me news of her and bring me my breakfast. What was my surprise to see Jeannette herself enter immediately.

“How is it that you appear in such good health,” I said to her, “you who were a moment ago so ill?”

“Listen, Mademoiselle Caroline,” she replied, “I will speak to you frankly. I thought I should be happy if I could speak with you for a moment. When I learned that they were going to the country, and that, not being of the party, you would remain with your tiresome maid—which perhaps would be insupportable to you—I feigned an indisposition so as not to accompany them to the country, where their affairs will keep them for a full eight days. I managed things so that your maid was taken in my place. They have gone; I am no longer ill, and I shall try to make these eight days less tedious for you than if you had remained alone with your imbecile—pardon the word, but it is the truth.”

I thanked her somewhat ironically for the care she wished to take to amuse me; but inwardly I was grateful for this little stratagem, which pleased me as much as it did her, though I did not know why. I then asked for my breakfast, which was served promptly; and while I was eating she told me a hundred stories at which I had difficulty keeping from laughing. Hardly had I finished breakfast when she offered her services to dress me.

“How, mademoiselle, if I wish it? But it is your duty.”

She burst out laughing and immediately took hold of me; but she did everything awkwardly. It seemed to me she sought

every possible means to prolong the process of dressing. During this interval I questioned her. She told me she had been born of poor parents, that Madame Durancy had taken her into service three months before out of charity, and that she was patiently waiting for the moment when she might learn a trade. I questioned her about Madame Durancy's habits and about her son; but she was discreet, and I esteemed her the more for it.

We spent the day occupied with a few pieces of women's work; my companion showed no great skill at them. The day passed without incident. The next day Jeannette appeared more timid than usual; she did not frolic; there were no more witty remarks or lively sallies. She trembled while pouring my chocolate and almost spilled it entirely upon me; she trembled while dressing me; she was extraordinarily serious. In short, she was playing my role of the day before. That did not suit me; I resolved to play hers.

I frolicked, played her a thousand tricks, made a thousand jokes, teased her about her bad humor, and asked her pardon for having treated her the day before with so much haughtiness. To make my peace with her I insisted that she dine at my table.

The cook gave us an excellent meal; I made Jeannette drink several glasses of a very sparkling white wine, and soon I saw my young madcap, excited by my caresses and by the wine, begin to contend with me through her mischievous tricks; she skipped about me, seemed a little light-headed, kissed my hands, disarranged and snatched away my fichu, lifted my petticoats, and by sudden sallies tossed them high enough to reveal part of my thighs. While playing these little pranks we drank fine wines and liqueurs, and there we were, both more than merry, continuing all our follies. As she was much stronger than I, I had great difficulty freeing myself from her; in vain I

tried to take my revenge by slipping my hand beneath her petticoats—her dexterity always surpassed my expectation, and I grew vexed; her persecutions had made me quite warm. I asked for a truce in order to remove our clothes; she agreed, adding that if my wish was to wrestle, she would, like me, prepare for it, and soon we were both in short petticoats and white corsets. We agreed that whichever of us raised the other's skirts the highest might impose whatever penalty she pleased. The sturdy Jeannette seized me at once and threw me upon the bed; despite my efforts I soon saw my petticoats flying over my head. Jeannette triumphed and immediately dictated her orders: I was to stand up; she blindfolded me and made me raise my clothes as high as my hips; in this state she exclaimed at the beauty of my body. Her repeated caresses attested her enthusiasm; it seemed to me that the borders of the abode of pleasure were swelling. Jeannette placed her hand there, just as I was about to beg her to do so. I was all on fire; she threw me back upon the bed and lay upon me. I could not feel her in that position without recalling the scene that had taken place between Madame Durancy and the unknown man; my heartbeat violently; a kiss that Jeannette gave me on the mouth inflamed me, and I returned it while clasping her in my arms. Then she raised her petticoats and her belly pressed against mine; that sweet contact electrified me as her hand approached and passed between my thighs. I parted them voluptuously; soon her finger became animated... what delights... I returned a hundredfold the kisses she gave me; I clasped her in my arms... I raised her petticoat to the middle of her back and caressed her pretty backside. The assaults of pleasure began to make themselves felt; my thighs lifted amorously, my legs crossed upon her rump, and in that posture the fountain of love opened, and its effusion sent through my veins that delicious sensation which seizes all the faculties of the soul. I was only brought out of this state by the pain caused by Jeannette's

efforts to introduce her finger into the temple—her finger which she had until then kept at the entrance; I uttered a cry and tore away the bandage that covered my eyes as I sprang up suddenly. At once Jeannette withdrew, and I clearly saw her petticoats pushed forward in an extraordinary way; I leapt from the bed, seeking to surprise her while she stood at the window, where she pretended to look into the garden to hide her confusion. I slipped my hand beneath her shift; at the top of her thighs I seized I know not what hard object, which her quick turn prevented me from holding. Suspecting then that Jeannette was a man in disguise, I was so delighted that a universal tremor of pleasure seized me and a disturbance difficult to conceal. I resolved to send Jeannette away on the pretext that, as I wished to sup early, she should give orders to the cook; accordingly, she went out. She soon returned; but her manner was embarrassed, uneasy, mysterious; she lowered her eyes and her cheeks were brightly colored. I gave her a light slap, telling her it was to punish her for having hurt me with her finger; then she looked at me with such tenderness that I was tempted to press my lips to her beautiful mouth.

After supper we shut ourselves up in my room. The weather was stormy, lightning flashing on all sides. I pretended to be frightened and persuaded Jeannette to sleep with me, firmly resolved to verify my suspicions. I knew where the bottle was that contained the liquor whose soporific virtue I suspected; I made her drink a large glass of it on purpose, and shortly afterward she indeed grew drowsy, to the point that she had only strength enough to get into the bed, where she immediately fell into a deep sleep.

After remaining a few moments longer at the window to observe the effect of the storm, so as to make sure that Jeannette was asleep, I approached the bed step by step, filled with desire, curiosity, and hope. I gently raised the coverlet and, trembling, carried my hand to that place which had excited my

curiosity. My surprise was extreme, as was my joy, on perceiving a small singular member stretched along her thighs and attached between them, in the middle of two little oval balls. "Ah! I can no longer doubt it," I cried in transport, "it is a man! it is a god! it is Love who sends him to me!" I pressed this object in my hands; I kissed and kissed it again, recalling the pleasure it had procured me. I lifted my shift and my finger began to act; but what Jeannette possessed had something far more enticing. I undressed myself completely, climbed upon the bed, parted my thighs, and bent down so that, taking this finger—of a kind entirely new to me—I raised it to the cleft of love; and, moving it along the shore of pleasure, I felt it grow, swell, stiffen, striving to lie against the belly at the base of which it was fixed, so that I could scarcely keep it upright toward my opening, against which it soon discharged a burning liquid that flooded the entrance of the temple of pleasure and fell back upon the thick down that surrounds it. This abundant effusion crowned my pleasure and my joyful astonishment; if I had not restrained myself, I should have fallen, intoxicated, upon the body of my charming Adonis...

However, I examined the construction of this object which, in his hands, had become the charming instrument of my pleasure. How astonishing its structure and all that depended upon it appeared to me! From the narrow opening placed at the top of the head there still distilled a liquid which I believed to have been excited by the same pleasure that had produced in me the same effect: a slight shudder that had passed through Jeannette at the moment of the emission helped to persuade me of it. After having considered it attentively, I ended by covering it with kisses. After that I went to bed, where I soon fell asleep.

I had taken the precaution of moving far enough away from my pretty sleeper to leave her no suspicion; I delighted in the thought of letting myself be surprised at the first opportunity

when we should resume our games.

“What! Caroline, Jeannette did not wake up, did she not...?”

“I must wait a little longer!”

“Ah! cursed sleeper, why did you drink from the bottle!”

“Truly, Caroline, I can wait no longer—make haste and wake your pretty sleeper.”

“Patience, patience, dear St.-Far, we shall come to that presently.”

The next day I awoke and rose before my sleeper, who appeared quite vexed and rather foolish when he saw me already up. I pretended to notice nothing and teased him about his laziness. It seems that the dose of the soporific liquor had been very strong, since it had prolonged his sleep for so long. I passed the whole morning without saying anything to him or letting anything appear; but when dinner time came and Jeannette sat down at table, the white wine soon stimulated our mutual gaiety.

We shut ourselves up in my room; she began by giving me a little smack on my petticoats, but I told her that I no longer wished to play with her, since the conditions she had established the day before were too advantageous for her, considering the disproportion of our strength. To satisfy me, she first proposed to subscribe to whatever I might demand of her, and that she would in turn submit to whatever laws I might impose upon her. This being more reasonable, I agreed. Immediately I received the order to remove my clothes: she sat in an arm-chair at the foot of my bed while I remained standing. Jeannette ordered me to raise my shift to a certain height; every time I failed to reach the exact point I was to be whipped. At her command I turned around and lifted my shift so as to show her only one buttock. As I could not comply precisely with the order, she laid me across her knees and flogged me. The rods were so slender that their fall delighted me infinitely; their

tickling made me part my thighs, and the tips brushed that region which lies near the temple of love. I often found myself obliged to receive this agreeable punishment, for it was very difficult to execute exactly what she commanded. I had to reveal my thighs in turn halfway, three-quarters, and finally up to the hip; at another time it was my right buttock or my little mound. I succeeded only twice—in raising my shift successively above my rump and to the height of my navel; and as the reward for my skill those two parts of my body were covered with kisses. Meanwhile the fire of love penetrated me by degrees; how fond I had become of the one who awakened its effects with so much grace and delicacy. Seeing me animated, Jeannette immediately changed her commands: she rose, made me stand upon the bed, ordered me to part my thighs; her mouth approached, her tongue played lightly; with one hand she clasped my hips, and with the other she continued to flog me, pausing from time to time.

“Ah! Jeannette,” I said to her in those intervals, “how sweet it is to lose at play with you! My dear Jeannette, the intoxication into which you plunge me makes it impossible for me to resist you.” She made me change position once more; all these changes, by suspending the course of the delights my soul was savouring, served only to stimulate my desires; every pore of my body seemed to open to give them free passage. Jeannette took me lovingly in her arms; docile in assuming the new position to which she wished to lead me, I was soon bent over the bed, my backside exposed to her gaze; a cushion placed beneath my belly raised it higher, my shift fluttered above my shoulders, and the rods began again to act upon my buttocks and part of my thighs; their gentle pricking spurred my senses. Soon her belly pressed against me; then the tickling I felt was no longer the work of her finger—I felt the other finger of the man... I parted my thighs to give him greater freedom.

Ah! what an increase of delight! Stretched out and almost

without sensation from feeling too much, my existence showed itself only in the sort of convulsions of my hips. The rods and Jeannette's action opened abundantly the source of pleasure. From my breathing and the active, repeated shudder that seized me, Jeannette perceived my state; suddenly with both hands she opened the entrance to the temple of love; to guide his dart there and drive it in was the work of but a moment... A sudden and cruel pain tore from me a sharp cry and I fainted; but the unknown effect of this new act soon recalled me to myself... The sort of tearing I had just experienced was almost effaced by a sensation that spread through every part of my body and suspended the faculties of my soul. At last, I returned entirely to myself, feeling myself flooded with abundant streams of love, whose lively and varied effusion added to my delirium. My young lover embraced me, raised me up, and wiped away even the traces of the burning tears that sensitive pleasure had made us shed.

Such, my friend, are the circumstances that preceded the loss of that flower—the object of the envy of all men—which you believe you conquered during our adventure. “Ah, little rogue! how happy he must have been, Caroline, to have plucked your charming rose! But truly you are so tight that with you it is always a virginity: come, let me now be avenged; let a thousand kisses cover your crimson lips; let me gather even the slightest breath you exhale... Charming globes, rounded by love! What freshness still! what elasticity! what thighs still full of life! And that little grove, the refuge of pleasure, whose black ebony heightens the whiteness of your fine and velvety skin! That temple... I am its god... I enter it... I flow... gods... I die... in... delight...” “Yes, I swear it, Caroline, you are still worth a virginity.” “Come now, that is enough, St.-Far, wipe yourself; some macaroons... some ratafia... good! be sensible. Listen:”

After what had just taken place, Jeannette was trembling at

my side; having embraced her, I spoke to her thus: "You have deceived me, Jeannette—you are a man; but nevertheless I excuse everything, if from this moment you swear to be henceforth entirely frank with me: I demand a full confession." — "Adorable Caroline, my frankness shall equal your kindness," replied Jeannette tenderly; "I am indeed a man. My name is Brabant, and here is the reason for my disguise. About three months ago Madame Durancy was walking outside the city along the river; I was sitting, sad and pensive, upon a small rise in the ground, deeply distressed by a theft that had been committed against me. One hundred louis—the sole remainder of the fragments of my fortune, which unhappy lawsuits had consumed, causing the death of one of my relatives—had just been taken from me at the inn where I had spent the night. Near a large city, without resources, without acquaintances, I was reflecting on what I ought to do, when this lady came and sat down beside me, accompanied by a person who seemed to me one of her friends. We entered into conversation; my situation interested her so much that she invited me to follow her.

We set out; she led me to the house of a lady of her acquaintance, left her some money, and went away, inviting me not to worry, assuring me that she would not be long in returning. For my part, I resolved to abandon myself to whatever fortune this adventure might bring; it was the best thing I could do, since I did not have a sou. The next day I saw my patroness arrive; she spoke to me very amicably and told me that her intention was to take me to her home, if I would resolve to change my sex outwardly. She added that I would not have reason to repent of my compliance. As she spoke thus, she passed a gentle hand under my chin, drew me toward her, and came so close to me that I kissed her on the mouth. "You look like a little libertine," she said to me; "but we shall correct you. Come, let us go." We then left the lady of her acquaintance; I got into her carriage, and we arrived at a house where we were

shown into a secluded room.

A woman entered carrying several garments, and Madame Durancy, after examining them, informed me that they were intended for me: they were women's clothes. "My child," she said to me, "I am going to take you to my house; you will remain there until a new arrangement is made; but as my husband is singularly jealous, under this disguise you will give him no cause for suspicion. Now let me teach you how to dress yourself, for fear your awkwardness might betray you; come, off with all your clothes." Her presence at this new toilette intimidated me so much that I carried out the operation only slowly. The two women grew impatient. "Ah! ah! Sir, modesty!" said Madame Durancy, "you are playing the child; come, help me." The other woman to whom these words were addressed unbuttoned my coat and removed it; Madame Durancy set to work at my breeches, which were soon down around my heels.

"Come now, Sir, modesty aside: let us pull his shirt up from above." "Ah! ah!" she cried as it rose higher, "so this is what Monsieur did not wish to show us; indeed he was right—he has quite a pretty little jewel." As she spoke she pressed it delicately in such a way that it soon filled her hand. "You are a little rogue," she said, giving me a light slap on the behind. She then began to arrange my hair; for fear that the powder might whiten her petticoats, she had tucked them up very high in front and fastened them behind with a pin, so that only her chemise covered her charms in front. Leaning against the mantel of a fireplace, her legs apart, she drew me so close that our bellies touched. "But make that rascal keep still," she added, placing her hand upon what she called my jewel and pretending to try to turn it aside; the nearness of her hand produced in me so agreeable a sensation that its stiffness increased and always returned to the same point. The charms of Madame Durancy, separated from me only by a linen whose texture

equaled the fineness of her skin, increased my ardor... Meanwhile, her activity in arranging my hair made me sway so much that I thought it necessary to steady myself by placing my hands upon her hips. "Lean on me," she said. By virtue of this arrangement I gradually crossed my arms behind her back; I pretended to play with my fingers, but in reality I carefully tried to raise her chemise with dexterity. I trembled lest the friction caused by lifting her linen might betray my design. With what impatience I longed to lay my hands upon her buttocks, which I imagined to be of dazzling whiteness and polish! I was already almost at the end of her chemise when a movement too sudden made me fear I would fall, and I abruptly placed my hands upon her buttocks. "What does this mean?" she said to me in the coldest tone. I was so confused that she must have felt my jewel slacken and almost shrink into nothing; I no longer dared move, and I did not abandon my position, though with regret, until she informed me that my toilette was finished. Then they completed dressing me as a chambermaid. I breathed a voluptuous softness beneath this clothing and believed the whole ceremony finished, when Madame Durancy laid me on the bed and lifted up my clothes; I then compared myself to a fortunate victim of the god of pleasures. She seized my jewel: "It must be prevented," she said to the other woman, "from betraying itself by its tension to my husband; with the help of this tie he can fasten it beneath the cords of the petticoats. We must also take care of the two little globes." Saying this, she slowly moved them with her hand... What shall I say? My jewel soon became as splendid as it had been a moment before. "You are more of a rogue than ever," she said, lifting my thigh and giving me several rather strong blows; this was hardly the way to quiet my ardor, and immediately a flood burst forth and covered Madame Durancy's face. "How now, you shameless fellow!" she cried; "ah, heavens—" "Ma... da... me, I... beg... oh!... pardon..." were the only words I could utter during the

escape of the amorous fluid! Meanwhile she was briskly striking my backside. "I beg your pardon," I said to her with a deep sigh; "but in truth it gives so much pleasure that even the greatest respect cannot interrupt its course." She began to laugh, finished arranging me, and we went out.

I arrived at Madame Durancy's house; she presented me to her husband as an excellent acquisition for a chambermaid. He received me fairly well, passed his hand under my chin, and gave me a little slap while laughing. As for Madame, she overwhelmed me with kindnesses of which I was not the dupe, presuming that before long I should make him pay dearly for them. Indeed, as he was obliged to leave two days later for the country, she wished me to sleep with her, and from that time we have never ceased with our little doings, and I console her in advance for the absence and the coming infidelities of M. de Varennes. — "And whom do you call de Varennes?" I said to Brabant. — "Why, it is that young man whom before me she calls her husband, whom before you she calls her son, and who is nothing other than a very rich young man who has been living with her for four years."

But I greatly fear that soon the beautiful Caroline will supplant Durancy. Two days ago, she said to me: "It is all over; de Varennes is escaping me; he is mad about little Caroline. But you will remain with me, will you not, my dear Jeannette? I am now rich enough to make your fortune. Oh yes, yes, you will remain with me." Such is my position with regard to Madame Durancy; but what a difference between that woman and the amiable Caroline! I saw you very rarely, as you know; I did not dare speak to you, knowing on the one hand that you were destined for M. de Varennes, and on the other seeing myself closely watched by Madame Durancy. It was only for you, in order to speak with you and tell you how much I loved you, that I feigned a serious indisposition at the departure of our guests; and Madame Durancy left me at the house only

with anxiety, and under a severe prohibition, on pain of incurring her indignation, if I spoke to you and revealed the mystery. — “Ah! dear Brabant,” I said to him, “how happy I am that this charming mystery is discovered. Come, let us swear to love each other always, and seal this pretty oath with a thousand kisses.”

During the few days that still passed before the arrival of our guests, there was no sacrifice we did not make to love, no strange worship we did not invent to please him. Brabant had learned a great deal from Madame Durancy; but our imagination furnished us with a thousand new and charming ceremonies besides. Yet, of all the positions we invented, there was none that gave us so much pleasure as this: naked, I was kneeling upon a cushion, my head lowered upon another cushion placed likewise on the floor, so that my backside was raised. Brabant, likewise kneeling upon a cushion behind me, had the cleft of happiness at the height of his jewel; he leaned against my buttocks and entered me, and at the same time he passed his hand along my hip, slipped it to my lower belly, and his finger was upon my clitoris, while the great finger of his other hand was in the opening of my backside and touched, through a light fabric, the top of his Priapus as it was buried within me. By this means he could excite or restrain the mutual tickling, and thus, by a skilful manoeuvre, one could enjoy a quarter of an hour without provoking the libation; but if then it were allowed free course, it was so abundant that we both swooned, and the excess of pleasure seemed to confound and annihilate us together.

“Ah! by heaven, Caroline, let us renew the experiment at once.” — “No, no, Saint-Far, let us reserve that method, as they say, for the best bite at the end; for indeed, after it, nothing more can be done.” — “Very well, I resign myself.”

Meanwhile Madame Durancy and her supposed husband—or son—arrived; fatigued by the journey, they withdrew early.

As for me, I went sadly to bed, complaining of the absence of my lover. M. de Varennes came to see me the next day. "Caroline," he said to me, "it is time at last that I make you happy, if on your side you will consent to my happiness." — "You are very kind," I replied; "but what can I do? You know that I am your very humble servant." This air of innocence enchanted him; yet, not trusting appearances, he said: "Permit me, before saying more, to examine you at my leisure." At once he had my bed rolled in front of the window, removed the coverlet, and told me to spread my thighs. I innocently obeyed the order, and soon I saw his eye sparkle and his face gradually inflame. I forgot to tell you that Brabant had given me, to wash myself after our orgies, a water used by Madame Durancy. It had the property of refreshing and tightening the skin, of maintaining the rosy color at the entrance of the temple of pleasure and love; and poor M. de Varennes was, like you, deceived as to my virginity. I therefore saw this lover fall into raptures; his eye sparkled and his face gradually inflamed. Suddenly he threw himself upon me and bit my thigh so violently that I uttered a sharp cry. The pain made me turn over, and at once he set his teeth into my buttocks with the same fury. I turned around hastily: "Mercy!" I cried to him in the excess of pain that pierced me; I moved my arms and thighs in every direction. M. de Varennes remained standing and contemplated avidly all these movements occasioned by the pain, which in an instant revealed my charms to him a hundredfold. "This little friend," said he, "how she suffers! Let us see that I cure her." — "Ah! how cruel you are," I said to him gently, "how much you have hurt me! See in what a state you have left me." I naively presented him my backside. "The poor child," said he, passing his hand lightly over it; "what a pity." Suddenly he seized both my buttocks and bit them both so strongly that I almost lost the use of my senses: a burning heat held my spirits; then my whole body leapt in various ways; I

called him executioner, tyrant. In this state de Varennes sprang upon me. Too occupied with my pains, it did not occur to me to resist him, and I did not perceive his intention until I felt within me the action of his Priapus. Being very tight, and the passage not yet well opened, I again felt much pain, because de Varennes was large; on the other hand, the hurt in my buttocks tormented me so much that, fearing to rest them upon the bed lest I increase the pain, I kept my backside suspended; the places where he had bitten me seemed to contain sharp points whose sudden and repeated pressure increased and varied the movement of my hips. De Varennes did not move; he relied upon my activity for his pleasure, and if my pains, becoming calmer, suspended their effects, he took care to touch somewhat roughly the part he had bitten; then my hips would rise spontaneously, giving new value to his enjoyment and preparing the most agreeable delights for him, delights purchased solely by his cruelty. At last, he departed, after leaving beside me a considerable purse; I tried to forget my pains by examining it: it contained a thousand louis. The greatness of the gift made my pains more tolerable, and, placing myself on my side, I tried to fall asleep, my head resting upon a pillow of gold. I had spent two hours in this state when someone came to inform me that dinner was ready; but I replied that an indisposition kept me in bed and that I could not come down. It was not until the day after the next that I was able to stand upright.

De Varennes came to see me again; I received him with such bitterness that he withdrew. The next day he presented himself once more and made me apologies which I was obliged to accept. He then told me everything that his love had inspired him to do for me. It was he who had insisted that Madame Durancy take me into her house; it was he who had supervised and paid for my education and my masters; it was he who had disguised himself as a woman and presented himself under the title of a seamstress; it was he who had come at night

into my bed when I believed I was receiving Madame Durancy. After this account of the conduct he had pursued toward me, and after having, as he said, sighed for me during six months, he wished at last to become my lover. He told me that Madame Durancy—whom he believed he was informing me was not his mother—was already forewarned, that he had just secured her future, and that within three days he would be rid of her. As for me, mistress of his happiness, I should equally be mistress of his fortune, if I wished to be wise and constant. Such brilliant promises made me forget the bites I had received. My future happiness seemed assured, when a singular event caused so many fine projects to miscarry. After a dinner...

“One moment, Caroline; I have willingly allowed the pains of your buttocks—which gave so much pleasure to your brutal lover—to calm before enjoying my right; but now that you are cured, permit me to recall to you, though in a gentler manner, the wound that extravagant fellow gave you.” — “Oh! my dear Saint-Far, you give me as much pleasure as he gave me pain. Heavens... what charm!... what vigor... You seem always to be at your first onset... oh... oh... you overwhelm me... Ah! divine Saint-Far, you are... invincible, and I greatly fear I shall be conquered... Well then, give me the macaron and the little glass... Good; but where was I?” — “You were at the point after dinner.”

**FIN DU TOME PREMIER.**

CAROLINE  
*or*  
MY FUCKERIES.

After a dinner that love and delicacy seemed to have prepared by the hands of De Varennes, I had gone back up to my room; De Varennes followed me there. "My adorable one," he said, embracing me, "it is tonight that we shall cement our union; I am going at once to my notary to assure you a thousand écus of income, and that shall be the gift of the night. You have seen that country house to which you came, and which you told me pleased you—it shall be yours; that was the motive for our journey." He left; soon Brabant entered, threw himself at my feet. "So it is done then," he said to me, "my dear Caroline, I have heard everything. De Varennes is going to take you away from my love. He leaves this house to Madame Durancy; he is taking you to his château of Mont-Brison. Madame Durancy wishes to keep me; she is thinking of giving me the title of her husband." — "I see it, my dear Brabant," I said to him, "we are both the victims of fortune; but if you love me, we may remain united. Refuse Madame Durancy and ask De Varennes to enter my service." — "Ah! divine Caroline," he replied, "do you first believe that Madame Durancy would not avenge herself by revealing our intrigue? And besides, could I, without dying a thousand times, see you in the arms of a rival? No, I see it well—we must yield to my fate. If I follow you, I prevent your fortune; if I carry you off, we are without resources." — "My friend," I said to him, "you see

all our misfortune; let us wait before deciding.” Saying these words, I pressed him to my breast, and with the most ardent kisses I poured into his soul the sparks of the fire that consumed me. Distracted in his arms, I allowed myself to be led almost lifeless to my bed, and there my young and vigorous lover made me experience the liveliest pleasures one can taste with what one loves.

I embraced him, pressed him close, returned a hundredfold the kisses he gave me, and through a happy accord of feeling our movements together were about to precipitate us into that state of insensibility born of the most delicious sensation... A sudden noise was heard in the neighboring apartment: fury seemed to be its cause; everything announced that we were discovered. Silent and trembling, we separated, and I remained alone in the room, delivered over to the cruellest uncertainty. I approached the side from which the tumult seemed to come: De Varennes and Madame Durancy were quarreling violently. At every moment I expected to see De Varennes arrive in a rage; but I saw no one, except the cook who came to bring me my supper. Not daring to question her, and she probably not daring to tell me anything, I went to bed without learning what had happened; the night passed amid alarms. In the morning De Varennes entered: the air of gaiety that reigned upon his face astonished and disturbed me. “I did not think,” he said in a distracted tone, “that chance had made you find a lover here; Durancy has deceived me. Jeannette is a man; she received him in her bed as you in yours; from that place I saw everything, heard everything.” At the same time, he set a spring in motion and showed me that a simple gauze had always separated his bed from mine; it was from there that the sighs I had sometimes heard came when he was with Madame Durancy. “I ought to be very angry,” he continued, “especially with you, whom I sincerely loved; but I should be wrong, for women are essentially libertines; thus, beautiful Caroline—no

resentment; but also no country house, no contract.” He left coldly... At the hour of dinner they had me come down, and there De Varennes openly explained his intentions toward us. First he demanded that Brabant present himself dressed in the clothes of his own sex; he then told us that he wished to send us away both satisfied, as much as we had the right to hope, but that he wished to conclude with a party of pleasure which, by its novelty, would leave nothing to be desired for each person’s taste and for voluptuousness. Accordingly the dinner was crowned by abundant libations which, enlivening the imagination, gradually warmed us.

Afterwards we went into Madame Durancy’s apartment... De Varennes seized me, embraced me ardently, lifted my petticoats... Madame Durancy on her side, wishing to rid Brabant of his usual timidity, had thrown him back upon her bed and, after unbuttoning his breeches, she clasped with rapture his jewel, which had reached a degree of vigor fit to delight the most difficult woman. I looked at him, and I read in his eyes that the sight of my charms, which the voluptuous De Varennes exposed to view, was the sole cause of his ardor. Already I was naked, Madame Durancy likewise; in their turn our two cavaliers were stripped by our hands:

We admired one another’s jewels in turn. Kisses quickly followed our mutual praises. De Varennes, drunk with voluptuousness, overwhelmed me with caresses; his activity and the sight of Brabant, who was opposite me with Madame Durancy, increased my illusion. Meanwhile each of us armed ourselves with a handful of switches; we drew nearer. De Varennes let them fall upon my backside; I struck Brabant’s, who flogged Madame Durancy, who in her turn whipped De Varennes. Nothing could be more voluptuous! What a picture that foursome presented: each of us breathed sighs provoked by the touch of pleasure. Our senses, spurred by the action of the switches and the objects that inflamed love presented to our

eyes, manifested themselves by the various movements of our bodies. De Varennes had one hand between my thighs; with the other he tickled my backside with the sceptre which old age is said to use to excite its desires, but which in youth is only the prelude to the most delicious pleasures. With one hand I clasped the jewel of my dear Brabant; with the other I excited his hips to move in different ways; he stirred Durancy in the same manner. Soon a more ardent fire circulated through our veins; mute and beside ourselves, each let himself fall upon the carpet that covered the floor: De Varennes had his head placed between my feet; Durancy turned toward him, and I clasped my dear Brabant in my arms. Then it was no longer an illusion; all that love had painted for us as most alluring became reality. In the position in which I was, I saw clearly the play of Durancy and De Varennes. Sensitive to the deference he showed toward me in leaving me with my young lover, I delicately tickled the two globes attached to his jewel. Brabant meanwhile devoured me with kisses, and by a voluptuously executed movement he enchained my senses. All that presented itself to my sight, and the sensations that the tender Brabant excited within me, soon drew me from that charming state to plunge me into a sea of delights, which my exclamations, my sighs, and the sweet trembling felt at the same instant in every part of my being expressed. Lovingly stretched beside Brabant whom I clasped in my arms, I suddenly felt myself seized by the robust De Varennes; he turned me over, leaned upon my knees, and, my thighs being parted, he in his turn introduced his torch of love into the sanctuary... Heavens! how full of attraction this new position seemed to me! My head was bent upon Brabant's body; my tongue caressed the head of his prick and my hands set it in motion. On his side he made his finger flutter about the seat of pleasure; but what he himself experienced transported him. In the excess of his

ardor he pressed his mouth to the entrance of Madame Durancy's temple, who, kneeling, had each of her thighs beside his head and by her position offered her secret charms to the avidity of his kisses; one of her hands lightly brushed my thighs, the other struck the backside of De Varennes, while their mouths, pressed together, darted reciprocal strokes of the tongue. Entirely given up to the pleasures De Varennes procured for me, my mind sought only to lavish upon Brabant caresses that increased as the sources of pleasure opened. At last the desired moment arrived. De Varennes, who in his new position penetrated to the bottom of the sanctuary of love and traversed all its extent with as much variety as rapidity, caused abundant floods of love to spring forth. Almost lifeless I let myself fall upon Brabant, clasped him languidly in my arms, and my mouth—which already gave him only those kisses whose intervals and gentle impression attest to what degree the sense of happiness and pleasure had taken possession of me—my mouth received the proof of Brabant's pleasure. An abundant ablution filled it, while his received that which the same pleasure caused Durancy to shed; all four of us were plunged in equal intoxication: all four of us received unmistakable proofs of the liveliest voluptuousness. Thus was executed and concluded that party which De Varennes wished to hold before our complete separation.

Left alone in my room, they brought me supper there; and the next day I received, by the hands of an unknown person, a very considerable sum from M. De Varennes, with orders to leave the lodging that very day. I would have wished to inform Brabant of the situation in which I found myself and to persuade him to follow me; I hoped he would probably make some attempt to rejoin me; but I did not see him. The love Durancy had for him made me suspect that they had departed together. This unhappy idea inflamed my resentment. I had a carriage brought, had all my effects placed in it, and entered it

myself without having seen a living soul in the house. I had myself driven to the most distant suburb, and there I stopped before the first furnished hotel.

I announced myself as newly arrived in Lyon and retired to the apartment given me in order to reflect upon my situation and the course I ought to take. I was young, pretty, and possessed about twenty thousand francs, besides my jewels and other effects. What should I do? Should I follow the school of pleasure? Should I listen to the lessons of wisdom? In the latter case I might find an honorable marriage that would make my days happy; but what am I saying—happy? Is it in marriage, at seventeen, that one tastes happiness? To have always beside oneself a husband like Argus who might one day learn what had been my first school, and who would avenge himself by contempt or otherwise? No, my ardent soul could not endure it. Since my destiny seems to have made me born for pleasure, let us leave austere and tiresome wisdom aside and abandon ourselves to the god who formed me to enjoy. Life is so short a passage! If one can, one must pass it among roses. Besides, I am at the age to make my fortune in the world; it must be taken advantage of. Consequently I resolved to go to a rich and flourishing city. A seaport appeared favorable to my plans; I decided to go to Bordeaux. I spent five or six weeks putting my affairs in order. I sold my useless clothes; I disposed of my jewels, and after realizing thirty thousand francs from them I placed that money with a celebrated merchant. I kept only a hundred louis; I took a seat in a public coach, and there I was on the road. Resolved as I was to give myself up to all the appearances of adventure in order to produce real ones, you may well suppose that I was not long without finding them. Indeed chance had placed me in the coach between a man of sixty and a young man of twenty-eight; both hastened on the first day to pay court to me. I answered their civilities with an

air of decency and honesty which gave them the highest opinion of me. The old man, more enterprising, was always alert to render me every service that occasion presented. At table he seemed to divine in my eyes whatever I lacked, while the young man bore upon his face all the traits that characterize sorrow. On the second day the old man showed me the same deference and much tenderness; cheerful and witty, he amused and entertained me; I was grateful for his attentions. Meanwhile his rival sighed and was constantly agitated; in a word, everything in his gestures announced that love and jealousy tormented his soul. It was night, and we were still nearly two leagues from the place where we were to stop; my young admirer ventured to take one of my hands—I let him have it. He carried it to his lips. This slight favor seemed to efface all the torments he had suffered. He drew closer to me, pressed me to his breast, and told me in my ear that he adored me. We squeezed one another's hands and remained silent. I was extremely fatigued by the jolting of the coach; sleep was beginning to overcome me when I felt the old man slip his hand between the folds of my petticoat; I then feigned a deeper slumber. My silence emboldened him; though trembling, he managed to overcome the difficulties that separated him from my charms, and after some efforts he reached the garden of Cythera. If my embarrassment had had for its object certain pleasures which the hope of seeing my charms at any moment in his power procured for me; if every movement he made to reach them had made me start—what was my alarm when, by the movement of my petticoats, I perceived that my young neighbor was lifting them with the greatest precaution! This time I was beside myself.

A mortal chill slips into my veins; but already it has reached my thigh, and too ardent to be satisfied with that slight pleasure, it has arrived at the place where the old man's hand sought

to kindle the fires of love. As I seized that hand, my two adorers were taken aback. The younger approached my ear and told me that it was his place to procure for me the pleasures which, he said, I was trying to excite myself. As he spoke thus, he pushed away the old man's hand, who, believing me offended, said in his turn that he begged me to excuse his boldness on account of the excess of his passion. I laughed inwardly at the mistake of these two characters; I felt with pleasure that my charms had remained in the power of the one for whom I had the greatest inclination. While his obliging hand prepared my pleasures, I allowed mine to be carried off by the old man, who introduced it into his breeches: I had to grope several times before finding his pitiful instrument. However, enraptured by my touches, he sighed with such force and agitation that one might have thought him delivered over to a painful dream. But when, after much searching, I had encountered his meagre charms, I turned abruptly to the other side, and, as if by chance, I let my hand fall upon the other's thigh. This time I was not mistaken, and under the cover of the night's shadow nothing escaped the avidity of my caresses; my bosom, the environs of the garden of Cytherea were equally in his power. Our kisses full of fire, our broken transports, the extreme agitation of our hearts carried us away, and, had it not been for our neighbors, who might at any moment have discovered what was going on, we would have tried to give free course to our ardor. The constraint in which we found ourselves only inflamed our desires; but the more precautions we had to take to conceal even the slightest trace of our pleasures, the more delicious those which we succeeded in furtively procuring seemed to us: such at least was what I experienced. Obligated to act with the greatest caution so as not to betray our secret frolics, I still had to fear that the old man, to whom I had abandoned my behind and who had managed to slip his finger into the depths of the canal of Venus, might be discovered by the

young man who amused himself by exploring its edges with much art and prudence. I remained in this charming situation until the moment when the carriage stopped.

The young man, whose name was Beville, was married; his wife was waiting for him at the inn where we alighted. Then I conjectured that I would see him no more; we pressed hands as we descended from the carriage; I afterward accepted that of the old man. He remained constantly at my side throughout supper and did not cease to charm the company by his gaiety. We rose from the table; he accompanied me to my room and took the key, under the pretext of coming to wake me the next morning; he preferred to take this care himself rather than let me be disturbed by inn servants, usually brutal and awkward. I go to bed, not without making some reflections on what had happened; I was sorry to be separated from Beville. But this old man, whose dress announced much ease, seemed capable of compensating me for the loss my heart suffered. I suspected that he had taken the key of my apartment with the intention of securing entry to it: indeed, I soon heard him come. He called to me. I feigned great surprise and anger at the liberty he was taking. He replied in the name of his love; he nevertheless ended by offering me a considerable present if I would allow him to share my bed. After some discussion which decency required, I received him at my side; but first I carefully placed between the two mattresses what he had brought me. Out of gratitude I united all my attentions to make him happy. Alas! in him age had chilled feeling. In vain did I lend myself to everything he demanded of me; in vain did I assume all the positions which his desire to enjoy suggested to him—nothing could overcome the constant softness of his wretched member. He wished me to lie upon him; he claimed that this other position would revive fires of which no spark had existed for a long time. I even complied with that fancy, but soon I perceived that he had fallen asleep. However,

I was angry with this cursed old man, beside whom all my attentions had served only to inflame me without allowing me to hope to satisfy my ardor. Some noise, which I thought I heard in the room, stopped my reflections. I suspected that it was Beville, and, so as not to let him perceive that I was in bed with the old man, I remained in the position I was in. I pushed the legs of my nocturnal companion to the edge of the bed and delivered my behind to the attacks of the other. He came forward to the foot of the bed, and, feeling that my behind was advanced, he set about taking advantage of my position: he gently uncovered me from below, threw the cover over my head, knelt upon the bed, placed an eager hand upon my charms, devoured them with kisses, and finally hastened to obey his desires. Silent and motionless, I feared to let him perceive that I yielded to his wishes. Obligated to steady myself for fear of awakening the old man, the pleasure seemed more piquant, since his preparations were hindered on both sides. At last Beville ceased his great movements; the supple play of his blade was the pledge of the delirium into which he had plunged himself; his vigorous exertions had already made me feel the attacks of voluptuousness, and a lesser rapidity prepared delights all the more sensitive because they unfolded successively.

Beville withdrew; I remained for another moment in that position, and finally, judging by the silence reigning in the room that he had completely gone, I restored my old man to the bed and stretched myself beside him. Unable to close my eyes and thinking of the present I had just received, I was curious to know of what it might consist. Taking therefore the packet in which it was contained, I got out of bed in order to unfold it in a corner of the room near the window, whose shutter was not well closed. While groping I believed I felt a watch and pieces of money which I perceived to be louis; I hastily shut it again at the noise that was made in my room.

Someone was warmly embracing the old man, and by the noise of the bed I conjectured that Beville had returned to the charge. I nearly burst into laughter, but at a muffled cry that was heard I ran to the door without quite knowing what I wanted; I tore away the key which the old man had left in it when entering, and I was about to lock it again when it seemed to me that a new actor was introducing himself there, which made me withdraw into a little closet I had seen in this apartment before going to bed. Immediately violent blows resounded in the room; a dull noise similar to a fall was heard; the cries of "Help!" increased, and soon people came running with a light; I remained hidden. The host of the house with some servants had come to put a stop to it; they were greatly astonished to find in my apartment Madame de Beville, who, rage upon her brow, was striking her husband who sought to cover the old man with his body. "Infamous man," she said, redoubling her blows, "what! before my eyes!" "Alas, she is dead!" cried Beville on his side; meanwhile they restrained the wife, they tore the husband with difficulty from the body he held tightly embraced: judge of the spectators' surprise! Beville, ashamed of his mistake, gained his apartment followed by his wife, who lavished upon him the most biting mockeries.

Meanwhile they busied themselves searching for me, and they carried the old man into his room. The master of the inn, a light in his hand, entered the cabinet. At his approach I feigned having lost the use of my senses. Thrown back upon a sofa, I was in his eyes the image of expiring beauty; but my charms, which were only half veiled, awakened his desires. He immediately sent away the boy who accompanied him, under the pretext of going to fetch the help proper to bring me back to life, and scarcely had he gone than he set about satisfying his desire. I was greatly embarrassed; for the sake of my honor I had to sustain the role I had begun; besides, my host was already under the power of my charms. Urged by a most brutal

ardor, he held my two legs beneath his arms, and by the vehemence of his movements he soon succeeded in making me lose the use of sensation. He had scarcely begun to enjoy the happiness excited by the sweet outpouring of love when his wife arrived. Too occupied with the charm he was experiencing, he was not master enough to interrupt his action; but I leave you to judge the fury of the woman; she overturned upon him the water she brought to aid me, so great a quantity of drops fell upon my body that I involuntarily uttered a cry and opened my eyes; then I had indeed to feign wishing to free myself from the hands of my host, and I implored the assistance of those present. Their efforts combined with his own to remain at his post gave more liveliness to his action and more value to my pleasure, so that I cried out, "Pull him away, ma... dam... madam, pull... him... away!" My efforts, those of his wife, the insults she showered upon him, the hail of blows with which she overwhelmed him, did not make him loosen his hold until he had finished his course. He was driven away by his dear half with all the fury that the sight of his infidelity deserved.

—Ah! one moment, Caroline... and this Beville and this rogue of an innkeeper—must I owe each of them a stroke? — In truth, my friend, one will suffice for two; one must spare oneself, you see that I am traveling. —I understand you, I'm there, ah God! it is done. —I have drunk. —Again. —Give... and the biscuit... good... —I continue:

Upon the return of the innkeeper's wife, I was sitting upright: "Where am I, madam?" I said to her with an air that breathed the greatest indignation. "What! thieves come by night into my apartment: terror seizes me, and at the very moment when it casts me upon the brink of the tomb, your husband is insolent enough to commit toward me one of the most atrocious actions!... I shall, madam, complain to the officer of police." The good woman took all this in good earnest; she invited me, she begged me not to dishonor her house; it was

the first time such an affair had happened to her. She wished me to take some rest, promising that she herself would watch over my safety.

I disdained her offers; she begged me so much, pressed me so earnestly to hush up the affair, that I resolved to turn this adventure to my own advantage. I therefore told her that I consented to forget everything; but that, being on my way to ... for a lawsuit very important to me, and as one cannot have too much money to secure victory, I demanded of her two hundred louis to keep silent. I made her understand that I had three or four lawsuits already, that one more or less would not inconvenience me; that consequently, if she would not satisfy me, I would ruin her entirely, both by discrediting her inn and by dishonoring her personally, and by having her husband condemned to twenty thousand francs in damages for the affront he had offered me. The poor woman threw herself at my feet and told me she did not have that sum, but that she offered me one hundred louis. After many difficulties I accepted, as if by favor, and added that my intention was to depart immediately and that I wanted four horses in order to remove myself as quickly as possible from that infamous place.

Delighted to have overcome my resistance, she had four horses harnessed to a berline with which I intended to get ahead of my traveling companions. The scandal that had just occurred and the present I had received from the good old man weighed greatly on my mind. Consequently, in order to avoid the eyes of everyone and for fear that my champions might reveal my little escapade to the hostess, I skillfully took advantage of the woman's fright; I dressed, packed my belongings, and set out with my hundred louis and the old man's packet.

I waited impatiently the coming of daylight in order at last to see the extent of the present of my old admirer. Scarcely had the light allowed me to unfold it than I untied the cords:

a watch enriched with diamonds and a roll of fifty louis were the fruits of my conquest. I began to laugh at the thought of the little benefit he had drawn from his excessive generosity.

I arrived at the place where I was to stop; but soon I reflected that if there were no carriage ready, my travelers of the previous evening might find me there, which I certainly wished to avoid. This thought itself determined me to change my route. As I had taken the road to Bordeaux, some of the travelers, I said to myself, might discover me in that city, and this adventure might harm my designs. I therefore offered my driver twenty pistoles if he would take me to ....., a route entirely opposite to that of my journey. He consented with joy; we stopped only half an hour, and we resumed at full speed the road I had indicated. Three leagues from the place we had just left, we were crossing a wood about half a league long when a young man on horseback, who was coming toward us, having cast a glance into the carriage, uttered a cry that drew me from my reverie, and rushing toward the postilion ordered him to stop. The latter, believing him to be a robber, spurred his horses and set off at a gallop, delivering a lash of his whip to the rider, who was thrown down. A minute later another rider approached at a gallop, fired a pistol shot which knocked the postilion from his horses, fastened his own horse behind the carriage, took the postilion's place, and set off like lightning. I had witnessed this event with fear and terror, and with emotion.

The new postilion drove at a furious pace; at last we approached the town of \*\*\*, my guide stopped, removed his hat, and said to me: "Madam, you probably have a very bad idea of the adventure that has just happened to you; it is therefore possible that as soon as you find the opportunity you will have me arrested, and the proximity of the town might provide it. But you must see from my conduct that my intentions do not

appear evil. However, as the death of the rogue who was conducting you might bring pursuit upon my track, and as I cannot be assured of you any more than you can be certain of the purity of my intentions—which it is not possible for me to persuade you of—permit me, through a prudence for which you will later thank me, to place you in the impossibility of harming me as well as yourself; but I beg you, let me do it and do not be frightened.” Saying these words, he dismounted, climbed into my carriage, asked for my handkerchief with which he covered my mouth, tied my hands behind my back with his own, and at the same time made me a thousand apologies for these measures which he said he was always obliged to employ for his own safety and mine. He remounted his horse and set off like lightning; he did not enter the town but left the high road and, by a cross path, after six hours of a forced ride, we arrived very late at a place which I do not know to have been a town or a village; for I arrived there at night and left it the same way. We stopped opposite a park; three strokes of the whip opened the gates, and we entered. The postilion, always very polite, made me a thousand apologies for the way he had treated me; he released me and told me that I was at home, that I might dispose of everything, that tomorrow my lover would be at my feet and that I might reign. This last speech, though having nothing positively reassuring in it, nevertheless made me forget the terror of the journey, and I began to think that this adventure might indeed have nothing disagreeable for me; I therefore resigned myself easily to await its outcome.

I had taken nothing all day; I was hungry. I asked for supper: while waiting, having grown somewhat bolder, I cast my eyes around me; I saw charming furniture, exquisite engravings, divine paintings. A charming portrait represented Venus with beautiful buttocks; it bore an inscription, which I read. It was thus conceived: *Is that not yet Caroline?* My surprise began to

become a surprise of pleasure, especially when I saw the excellent supper, the zeal of the servants, and the refinement that reigned in everything. I wished to ask questions, but everyone was silent. My curiosity and impatience were at their height; I was obliged to go to bed without having been enlightened, and I slept until ten o'clock in the morning.

Ah! I forgot—since you saw that according to my system I had begun by being interested, you will ask what I had done with my money. It was tightly secured in a leather purse which I had had made for the journey and which closed with a secret clasp. I went to bed with it and took care not to let it be suspected that I possessed more than a few louis.

At ten o'clock therefore I rang; a well-built young man presented himself and asked what his mistress desired. He was a handsome blond of eighteen; but in his replies and his conduct he displayed that simplicity known among experienced people by the name of innocence. However, he was discreet in the answers he gave to my questions, both concerning the place where I was and the master of the house. For the rest, I convinced myself of his perfect naïveté. I soon forgot my questions, to pay attention only to my great innocent. I always recalled with delight that moment when, feigning to mistake Brabant's sex, I had delivered myself for the first time to his desires; jealous of procuring for myself, while awaiting the lover who had been promised to me, a pleasure equally voluptuous with this stranger, my mind set itself to finding the means of accomplishing it.

Philippe was so dull-witted that my teasing, for the past two days, had produced nothing upon his imagination. As I desire with violence what I have once desired, I resolved to hasten the moment of my pleasure since the lover who had been promised did not come. In order to inflame Philippe's mind, I tried partially to unveil my charms to him; accordingly I asked him several times to fasten my garter. The fool, in lifting my

petticoats, tightened them so closely upon my knee that, with the best intention of letting him see my charms, he turned his eyes away from the slightest opening that might allow his gaze to plunge there. If I told him to loosen my corset, he immediately raised my fichu, so that my bosom found itself veiled. "You have raised my chemise too much," I said to him impatiently; "pass your hand beneath my skirts to pull it down." I then felt the pleasure one tastes when our charms are touched or uncovered by a new object: innocent and timid, he trembled, and his timidity, the sole cause of his slowness in fulfilling this office, caused me that sensation which increases the nearer one approaches the garden of Cytherea. However, he lowers my linen slightly; he was about to withdraw when I compelled him to pass his hand between my thighs, in order to render me the same service from behind. He looks at me with a bewildered air; his eyes are inflamed. I profit from the moment when nature speaks to his soul in order to succeed in my design; I press my mouth upon his; I make circulate in my veins an unknown ardor. Not knowing what agitates him, he remains motionless at my knees; he seems to await that I should define for him the cause of the fires that burn him; I throw him down, and after having spread my legs beneath him, I place myself so as to give him the facility of satisfying his curiosity by contemplating my charms. My hand brushes his thigh; a slight movement warns me that he is sensitive to my action; his breeches swell before my eyes, and the strong tension of his jewel, which I continue to rub and press lightly, is the proof that my attentions are not fruitless. Everything is natural in the man to whom the vigor of temperament causes him to feel by degrees the charms of voluptuousness; thus, as I remove a button, his sighs announce the rapture he experiences; it increases when his breeches are entirely open, and the rubbing of his shirt, when I remove it, makes him start with joy. At last his

charms entirely bare offer me the most beautiful shaft that Cupid ever had in his bow, and which can be compared only to that of St-Far. I seize it, agitate it: this time he cannot withstand the various sensations which art and voluptuousness, skillfully developed, procure for him.

My hand flutters everywhere; each of these changes is marked by the impression he feels. Now his mouth expresses by broken sounds that the fires of love have taken possession of his senses; in the excess of his intoxication he lifts my petticoats, and, prey to the sweet attacks of voluptuousness, his mouth applies itself to one of my buttocks with that ardor whose force spreads over all the parts capable of receiving its electricity. One of his hands slips between my thighs! Ah, what pleasure—I give him free passage; my charms are thus in the power of innocence which, guided by nature, came for the first time to marvel at their sight and lavish upon them the most lively and tender caresses. When he began to raise my petticoats I was in that state of desire whose effects, as swift as lightning, made themselves felt and increased in proportion to his progress in uncovering my charms. Love had transported all its fires to the borders of the temple; it awaited only a slight effort to burst forth. Thus, as soon as his hand, that hand so much desired, had touched it, their eruption announced itself by a sensation which I cannot define; at the same instant the shaft which I hold in my hand whitens with that spirited liquid which, by its first effects, inspires in this young man cries, gestures, movements—unequivocal pledges of the state in which his soul swims. I rise and fix my eyes upon him: “Philippe,” I say to him, “what do you feel now? do you love me?” He does not answer. A sort of bewilderment is painted in his looks; he lifts his head, and scarcely has he cast his eyes upon his instrument and upon the liquid he has shed when he cries out loudly: “I am dead!” he says; “that is how my father became swollen little by little, and I am moreover like my grandmother who

died of spilled milk." Fearing that his complaints might attract some persons of the house, I take him in my arms and try to reassure him. "Look, my dear Philippe, between my thighs," I say to him, "an outpouring absolutely similar; I have experienced the same pleasure, and it is you who have procured it for me." At last, convinced that the same effects had manifested themselves in me, he ceased his complaints.

His mother then knocked at the door and asked him why he had cried out in that way. At this question I shuddered; but Philippe answered more ingeniously than I would have believed: that it was a great story he had told me on purpose to amuse me. "Come, come," said the old woman then, "my son is not so foolish as he appears." Then the old woman withdrew; but Philippe remained.

Soon he shows me his jewel, which was in the same state as a moment before; he pleasantly begs me to make him lose that hardness which inconvenienced him; to me alone, doubtless, who had given him that vigor, belonged the power to take it away. "Philippe," I said to him while again gently pressing his fine instrument, "I am willing, by a new pleasure which you do not know, to restore you once more to your former state, but on condition that you will finally tell me where I am and who your master is."

"Charming lady," he said to me, "I am forbidden, on pain of my life, to say anything; but even if I had no fear, I have sworn it, and when I have sworn, I never betray a secret. But think of the pleasure I have just given you; well, I will increase it still further." "Madam, even if I were to have more than that which you promise me again, never will I betray my master's secret." This astonishing discretion made Philippe dearer to me. "There," said I, "is a man who will be a discreet lover. Besides, what does it matter to me where I am, provided I enjoy myself? Come," I said, "charming discreet one; I ask nothing more of you but silence about our pleasures; since you

know so well how to keep silent, you shall be happy. Come, let our lips be glued to one another! let our amorous tongues, compressed by the tender and mutual efforts of our mouths, maintain and nourish our ardor! let your sweet and fresh breath penetrate my bosom and pour there all the fire of your soul!" But I am already stretched upon the bed; my charms are uncovered, and Philippe, whose breeches I have thrown down to his heels, already has his belly upon mine; I guide his shaft into the charming retreat where love draws it, and placing my hands upon his two buttocks, as firm and as fresh as those of the master, I give him only a slight idea of the movement necessary to our pleasures. The sensation he experiences is his only master. As it becomes more piquant, his kisses kindle upon the circumference of my mouth, gathering even my lightest breath, which, mingling then with his own, inspires in us an ardor, a sentiment, and delights whose union gives them all their value.

"Ah! dear Philippe! a moment—we shall see whether we can forget you!—You would be excusable; you would be at your fifth stroke, and Philippe was at the first of nature; but you cut me short! How you avenge yourself, invincible lover, how you avenge yourself! What delights, my friend! What intoxication! the seed floods me, and I am almost overcome.—Caroline, I owe much to your divine play. Your divine rump marvelously aids my efforts, and here you have done more than I. Come then, vigorous maidenhood of Philippe.—To the ever-erect member of Saint-Far?—This time the macarons will pay you, and do not spare the rest! you know how to make such good use of it!—Well then! Philippe, we left it upon your breast?—Yes, I am there. Ah, God!" he cries, "what unknown pleasure! why are you not my wife! why am I not Brabant!"

"Brabant!" I cried; "Brabant! great God! what are you saying?" The movement I made frightened Philippe: he fell from the bed, rolled across the room, and fled while pulling up his

breeches. In vain I called him back; he was far away. "How," said I to myself, "is Brabant known here? Am I here at Brabant's?" A crowd of unknown and confused ideas seized my mind. I questioned them; they smiled at the name of Brabant and made no answer. I fell into a fury; I seized Philippe's mother with one hand, and with the other, taking a pistol that was at the head of the bed, I summoned her, on pain of her life, to tell me what she knew of Brabant. She answered me at last, trembling: "Madam, you are at Brabant's; but believe that we have had no part in the violence done to you."—"What violence? charming violence! What! I am at Brabant's; he is not here?" My transports of fury changed into transports of joy. "Here, my good woman, receive this little present: where is Brabant?"—"Madam, since it was not by violence that you were brought here, and since you love Brabant, I will tell you everything."—"Sit down, my good woman; tell, tell me."

For two months Brabant has been the owner of this château, which he purchased from .....; before that he was mourning a mistress said to be beautiful, though I doubt she was as much so as you. The day before yesterday he went out with his faithful servant. In the evening the servant returned alone, bringing you with him, and ordered us, on pain of dismissal, not to say where you were nor even to pronounce Brabant's name. He commanded us to treat you as the mistress of the château, but not to let you leave it or speak with anyone belonging to the house. And we would have kept our oath, had it not been for the foolishness of my son, who probably told you the truth of the matter: that a lady had bought this château and come to settle here with Brabant; that during a hunting party she had been wounded and died the next day; and that he, Brabant, became her sole heir. Great God! I cried, I am in Brabant's house! How happy I am! I laughed, I leapt about, I embraced everything around me; but a fatal letter soon

disturbed my pleasures and my hopes of happiness. It was Brabant who wrote. “Adorable Caroline! forgive the violence I did you, but blame your foolish postilion. My intention, when I approached your carriage, was merely to stop it and speak with you. His refusal and brutality alone caused his misfortune; for when he knocked me down and wounded me with a blow of his whip, I ordered my faithful Charles to blow out his brains and to bring you carefully to my house. I did not wish to join you until the following day, because I meant to go to the neighboring town to recover from my fall, being unable in my condition to endure a long and hurried journey. I thought it prudent to conceal my name from you, wishing to give you the pleasure of surprise, if you were still free and still favorably disposed toward me; but the fate that should have made me the happiest of men has greatly changed. I have just been arrested as the murderer of that unfortunate postilion, who has come back from the other world, it seems, to accuse me. Yet as it was he who struck me, I shall clear myself. I have just sent off the faithful Charles.

A letter from my relatives, which I received here, gives me the brightest hopes if I emigrate, and I am inclined to do so. As soon as I leave prison I shall go to Metz, to the house of M. B... You may go on ahead and wait for me in that city. I shall take with me nearly one hundred thousand francs left to me by poor D...; and if you wish to share my destiny we shall be happy. Send me a simple yes—that will be your reply. I do not press you to come, because a certain adventure at an inn, which I believe to be yours, has made some noise and people are searching for its heroine. Farewell, my most adorable one; I hope our next meeting will be happier than this...”

—I answered my lover with a yes, and the very next day I set out. But I did not forget the one who had brought me such consolation in that château, the naïve Philippe. Thus I set off on the road with my dear Adonis. The four-horse equipage

and the berlin carriage remained mine; at first I thought of sending them back to the inn where my adventures had taken place. Yet on reflection I resolved to keep them. It seems to me, I said to myself, that a woman like me is well worth two hundred louis or more to a coarse innkeeper who had the good fortune to enjoy me under his wife's very eyes. Still, fearing that the description of the carriage might be known in the places through which I would pass, I had both horses and carriage dyed, and set out with confidence.

I forgot to tell you that Brabant, in a postscript, advised me to take from a casket—whose secret he indicated to me—four rolls of one hundred louis for my income, which placed me in funds. Yet, fearing some mishap during so long a journey, and having already enough money with me, I sent the rest by the first post to the banker who already held my earlier deposits.

Up to Metz my adventures were none at all, because I desired none, being perfectly satisfied with Philippe. On arriving in that city I informed the Chevalier de B... Brabant had already warned him; he wrote that I should be received with consideration and that he himself would arrive within a month at most. I refused to lodge with the Chevalier B..., loving my freedom and wishing to appear with a certain splendor. I rented a magnificent house, engaged a maid, and kept a carriage. As Philippe was beginning to bore me, I longed for an intrigue; nor was I long without finding one, and a very singular one indeed. Being in need of funds, I had sent to a jeweler-banker to dispose of some useless trinkets. As I could not go out myself, being slightly indisposed, I asked that the merchant's son be sent to me; the son came in person—a charming young man!—who at once made his conquest of me. I spoke little of the business that had brought him; instead I gave him a jewel, telling him to return the next day with its valuation and what he could offer me for it. I lay languidly upon my

sofa, and while observing this handsome youth I soon perceived that I made the same impression upon him as he had made upon me. In vain I tried to engage him in sustained conversation; he was so distracted that it was impossible. I soon discovered the reason: his eyes were fixed upon one of my legs, which chance had left uncovered. The languor painted in his eyes touched me, and I pitied his agitation. But I needed to give him the opportunity to satisfy his desire without appearing to consent to it. Accordingly, under the pretext of feeling unwell, I went to bed and begged him to remain until my maid returned. A few minutes later I feigned a deep sleep. I expected he would attempt to slip his hand between my sheets; but respect for my repose kept him motionless. I broke the silence and, speaking as though to my maid, said: Lucile, prepare me an enema and give it to me. —At once, madam, he replied, softening his voice.

I was delighted that he had both the wit and the willingness to play along with the ruse I wished to employ. When I judged the preparation ready, I told him to come administer it. I have always found a certain delicate pleasure in letting my charms be revealed, especially when a timid hand performs the office. I had taken the posture required for the operation. My young man came to the foot of my bed, slightly opened the curtains, and the first object that struck him was a form whose whiteness shone through the fine linen. He slipped his hand beneath to uncover me; one might have thought I was tightly wrapped, such difficulty did he seem to have in loosening my garments. In the turns he took he did not fail to pass his hand over my thighs, even brushing their upper part to finish raising my chemise. All these little maneuvers offered an infinity of agreeable details. When it came time to place the syringe, my young man was so agitated that he could not succeed; finally, under the pretext that I was beginning to feel cold, I dismissed him.

A few moments later, hearing a certain noise, I became curious to know its cause. I gently raised my head and through a small opening between the curtains I saw my poor young man busily occupied; his face was turned toward my bed, his lips seemed to murmur, and he sent me kisses. The sight affected me so strongly that I began to employ the same means as he to calm the fire that had entered my soul. One hand already wandered over the temple of love, while with the other, passed beneath my thighs, I sought relief within. This double ardor soon inspired the most delicious sensations, and I surrendered to them with dexterity. Yet suddenly I reflected that it was foolish to deprive myself of so promising an object. I rearranged myself in bed and asked whether my maid had gone out again. Yes, madam, he replied. It was time to complete my plan. I called him nearer and, thanking him for his honesty in remaining during my maid's absence, I added that I wished to show how sensible I was of all he had done for me. I spoke with him; he had wit, he desired me—and he succeeded. If my heart were mine to dispose of, I said, charmed by your fine qualities I would not hesitate to grant what you ask and even offer you my hand; but I have a most amiable sister, whose affection for me will not allow her to hesitate over the husband I present to her.

He pressed my hand in a manner that seemed to say: alas! it is you alone I wished to marry. But pretending to interpret his gesture as the desire that I should become his sister-in-law, I continued: the city where we were born has always done justice to the probity and virtue of my family from time immemorial; frankness and conjugal fidelity have marked it from the earliest times. It would be grievous indeed if, by introducing you into this respectable household, I was to admit a man who might bring sorrow and despair. I do not doubt your moral qualities, I continued; but even the most virtuous woman needs a husband capable of fulfilling the duties of marriage.

Good will alone is not enough; nature must also have given him the proper means to accomplish his task. Come then—will you allow me to assure myself of it with my own eyes? And immediately I put my hand to his breeches. Having reached what I sought, I told him it was passable. Yet by urging and stirring it, it soon acquired that vigor which promises victory. It is not enough, I told him, to possess such a jewel—let us see whether you know how to use it.

Saying this, I drew him toward me and, uncovering myself, placed myself in the most favorable position to receive him.

At first, he was astonished but seizing the opportunity he sprang forward. Skilled in this art, my young man seemed eager to surpass himself: now he brushed lightly over every part within that secret sanctuary, now by another movement he set it wholly aflame. Ah! what delight that charm gave me! I felt the libations lovers pour forth in the transports of passion. Sir, I said, you... are... worthy... to... be... the... hus... band... of... my... sis... ter... The last word had scarcely left my lips when all was accomplished. Like a pious priestess, I remained motionless for a moment, as though the god who had inspired me had filled my breast with the liveliest emotion.

The next day he returned. We concluded the business of my jewel; he wished to leave it with me for only one night in exchange for a night with me, but I pretended not to understand him, which completely disconcerted him. During the few days I remained in Metz he came regularly to pay me court; yet jealous to maintain my principles of virtue, I reproached him sharply, accusing him of indiscretion toward me and of disrespect toward my sister, who deserved more attachment than he showed in my presence. At last, when I departed, I promised—after his urgent entreaties—to bring him soon that adorable sister whom he is still awaiting.

Meanwhile I awaited young Brabant with impatience. At last he arrived—but with no other fortune than his sword. It

had cost him much to extricate himself from his difficulties, yet that was not the end of his misfortunes.

A few days after my departure from his château, the peasants—who wanted no more lords—had set fire to it and pillaged everything. He had no hope left except in the six hundred louis that I possessed and in the brilliant prospects promised him if he emigrated. This unexpected reversal of fortune altered him somewhat in my eyes, I confess. Despite myself, several ideas suddenly arose that prejudiced him in my mind, and I began to suspect Brabant of being interested rather than devoted. At least I liked persuading myself of it, and I easily believed it. He had left me with de Varennes in order to follow Durancy and had made, he admitted, no effort to find me again, because—so he said—he had sacrificed himself to the gratitude he owed Madame Durancy; yet her death had restored him to love. Besides, he had entrusted me only with the money necessary for the journey. This stinginess returned to my mind; and since, while sacrificing to pleasure, I had not forgotten what procures it—namely money—I immediately resolved what to do. I took three hundred louis and gave them to Brabant, telling him that I felt an invincible repugnance toward emigration, that I loved France and wished to remain there; that moreover my fortune was insufficient for both of us; and that since he had not wished to remain with me on leaving the house of de Varennes—since he feared harming my fortune—I likewise feared harming his by departing with him.

He either feigned despair or truly felt it; but the blow had been struck, and I loved him no longer. While waiting until I could persuade him to depart without me, I rented a country house a few leagues from Metz and retired there. He came to visit me; and as, with the three hundred louis I had given him, he had been fortunate enough to win another thousand, he tried to force me to take them back. I constantly refused, even

pleased that by this means he could not suspect what was truly in my mind. Yet this change in his fortune had done little to alter my feelings toward him. Seeing at last that gentleness could achieve nothing, he wished to resort to force and violence; finally he appeared to resign himself. He told me he had made up his mind, that he urged me to settle somewhere, and that as the émigrés would not be long in returning, he would come back to find me. I agreed to this arrangement, since it bound me to nothing. One day he came to tell me that he was leaving the next morning, and that we must take our leave of one another with an orgy. I consented; but when the fatigue of pleasure and of the meal had left me without strength, Brabant and his servant carried me off. I was already near the post-chaise he had brought up toward the village when fury seized me. Traitor! I cried, you shall carry me away only dying! I struggled with such violence that I escaped and flung myself toward the river.

It was that night when you came to my rescue. I believed Brabant had departed without me, and the next day I went out walking while thinking of you; your honesty had made a deep impression upon me. I was amusing myself with Lucile when you appeared, and your bold action made you master of me. I was the happiest of women; I thanked you for your crime, and from that moment I swore you an unbounded love. But what terror I felt when we were surprised, as you know. —Who was that ravisher?... —Guess... —It was Brabant, from whom you avenged me. But while you were finishing your quarrel with him, I was still the victim of another adventure. I was dying of fright at the moment when you rushed upon Brabant; what became of me when, trying to flee and to cover myself with your cloak, I encountered a man who said: “Leave, Caroline, these two fools to dispute your conquest; I have some right to carry you off before them.” What was my astonishment when I recognized in that voice that of Varennes! So

many events following one another so rapidly deprived me of my senses, and Varennes took skillful advantage of it. Soon he forced me to follow him and conducted me back to his house, more dead than alive. Varennes reassured me and told me he would shelter me from the consequences of this adventure. Through him I learned of Brabant's death and of Philippe's flight, who had remained in his service and escaped with all his master's gold. I learned also of the disappearance of my dear St.-Far. As your clothes had been found, people said you had thrown yourself into the water and drowned. I heard nothing to contradict this report, which led me to believe you were dead, as I told you when you returned. When I asked Varennes how it happened that he had met me there, he told me that, passing through Metz on his way to Strasbourg, he had encountered Brabant at the theatre. Brabant had at first concealed my retreat from him; but having learned it, he had come to see me when the cries of my maid—who was drowning after you had thrown her into the water—had drawn him to that spot. After rescuing the unfortunate girl, she told him to run to the aid of her mistress, who was being violated. He arrived when all was over. As for Brabant, he presumed that, not satisfied with his attempt of the previous day, he hoped to be more fortunate that night; but his design had failed and been punished.

Varennes remained with me for several days in order to protect me, in case the affair caused any scandal.

During that time he amused himself by composing a little poem which the wretch spread everywhere, finding that my adventure was not yet famous enough to suit him. (See the end.)

As soon as I saw that the best course was to leave the country, I resolved to return to my first idea. Your image, my dear St.-Far, pursued me constantly; and as you had told me you were from Marseille, the hope that perhaps you were not dead

and that I might find you there decided me in favor of that city.

I arrived there at last without adventure, for I traveled day and night by post and left the carriage only to descend in the city. I formed a plan of conduct which I resolved to follow strictly. I therefore took a respectable apartment and admitted none of those young gentlemen who merely pay sterile court to women and ruin them. I acquired in my neighborhood a reputation for virtue and prudence against which all the treasures of Peru seemed to dash themselves in vain. I rarely went out, but I was examined with avid curiosity; I was the novelty of the day. As soon as strangers arrived, people spoke to them of my charms; they praised my figure and my appearance with such enthusiasm that every day I received an infinity of love letters—but the wind carried them all away.

Several very wealthy young merchants asked to visit me, declaring that their intention was marriage. I was believed to be rich; I kept a house furnished without ostentation but with refinement—a maid, a servant, and a cook—that was my household. From time to time I gave little concerts in which I myself performed, wishing people to judge my fortune from the arrangement of my home. My intention truly was marriage; however I did not seriously think of it until I had secretly caused the most exact inquiries to be made about my dear St.-Far. But I learned nothing of him, and this finally determined me to the course you shall see.

Opposite my lodging stood a spacious house occupied by a Turk. His retinue proclaimed him a man of immense wealth; the sequins of this faithful Muslim made me smile more than once. I was astonished that he had not yet made any attempt to approach me. At last one day I saw him at one of his windows, which looked directly upon me. At first, in order to maintain my great reputation for virtue, I withdrew. The next

day I did not appear on the balcony while he remained constantly at his window. On the third day I seized the moment when this new admirer fixed his gaze upon my apartment and followed my slightest movements while I was dressing. You may well imagine that I pretended not to notice he was there. My maid, skilled in the art of inflaming a lover, gave my observer no rest. She passed me a chemise, and the one I wore, falling with carefully measured speed as the other descended, revealed my charms with the rapidity of lightning. She adjusted my corset; and if a portion of my bosom presented itself to my curious spectator, she turned me so suddenly that, leaning forward, he vainly tried to follow with his eyes the objects he so ardently desired. Under various pretexts my garments were lifted again and again; but falling in ample folds from the hand of my attendant, they prevented him from penetrating their thick drapery. He could scarcely glimpse a few fleeting shades of my charms—but faint as they were, they sufficed to increase the ardor consuming him.

At length I seated myself in an armchair while Lucile occupied herself in putting on my stockings. No sooner had they reached my knee than my petticoats stopped there as well. One of my shoes seemed difficult to put on; in the midst of her efforts she raised my leg high enough to reveal the curve of one of my buttocks—but the shoe was already in place and I was standing again.

I had in my apartment a mirror facing his house. I cast a glance into it and clearly saw his dressing gown in agitation; one of his hands beneath it soon revealed the cause of that movement. Alas! it was to my charms that he sacrificed himself. He addressed his vows to them; he seemed to say: this amorous contest which the mere appearance of your charms inspires in me would be something far greater if, abandoning them to the lover who adores you, you would share his transports. I avoided showing myself for the rest of the day.

The next day I received an anonymous letter with a magnificent bracelet. A few days later the other bracelet arrived with a second note. The gifts were first placed in the hands of my maid. The tenderness of my admirer—whom I supposed to be my neighbor—taking a favorable turn, I thought it proper to act with some cunning. At the third visit of the messenger, who came bringing a large quantity of rich fabrics, my maid declared that her mistress had ordered her not only to accept nothing but even to return what had already been received. “It was only yesterday,” she added, “that I presented the bracelets to madam, and I was severely scolded for it. I beg you therefore to wait a moment while I fetch them.”

The messenger, taking advantage of the moment when she passed into the next room, threw his package upon a table and fled in haste.

Finally, to conclude this anecdote of my amorous adventures, I shall tell you that a few days later I saw my neighbor arrive. I pretended not to recognize him, in order to play my part the better. Many compliments upon my charms and much ardor on his part—that was his beginning. I showed him how sensible I was to the flattering things he said to me. He expressed a great desire to cultivate my acquaintance; I confided to him my fears of the gossip his visits might excite in the city, and I always kept him at such a distance, refusing his offers so constantly, that, full of love and ardor, he was at last forced to offer me his hand in order to satisfy his desires.

Assured of his immense fortune, I accepted after allowing myself to be entreated. Our union was civilly arranged; nothing remained for the amorous Ali but to seal it with the enjoyment for which he had long sighed. Accordingly, after one of the most delicate suppers, I was conducted by four young girls into a charming apartment. There they removed my garments. A simple Turkish chemise of the finest fabric alone veiled my

charms, and I was immediately led into a magnificently decorated salon. The most exquisite perfumes of the Orient were lavishly diffused there; their soft fragrance invited one to voluptuousness.

I had scarcely entered when my husband arrived. He was followed by four young girls who, in the twinkling of an eye, freed themselves of their garments. At the same moment four young Turks emerged from the adjoining cabinet; they likewise undressed and approached their companions.

Ali was seated upon a sofa placed opposite the one upon which I reclined. In the space between us the eight performers imitated in a thousand ways the combats waged in the isle of Cythera. A thick carpet laid over mats that covered the floor protected them from any danger in their falls. One saw them rolling together in confusion! The women feigned defeat; then the young Turks rushed upon them. They believed themselves already at the summit of happiness when the girls slipped away with skill and ran around the room. The men pursued them; they allowed themselves to be thrown down, received their lovers in their arms, but matching their trickery, they freed themselves from their embraces and came to arrange themselves around my sofa. Two turned their faces toward me; two presented me with forms as white as alabaster upon which my hands wandered, as they did upon two firm emblems crowned with fire. They rushed upon me. My chemise was lifted; my charms lay uncovered, and each pressed his burning lips upon them. No part of my body was spared their kisses, while the four young girls lavished the same caresses upon Ali.

Meanwhile our young combatants draw closer together. One of the most vigorous Turks seizes a girl, drives himself into her, and, supporting her in his arms, runs around the apartment while the girls follow him, striking him playfully upon the buttocks. The three other men pursue them; all mingle together, and everything becomes delightfully confused.

Meanwhile one of the Turks falls to his knees and kisses the pretty little tuft of his neighbor; the action draws from her a sigh of intoxication. She carries her hand to the spot which an amorous mouth inflames; her eyes, voluptuously raised toward heaven, seem to invoke the god of pleasure, while the others throw themselves upon the floor.

Here it is a young girl surprised from behind by one of the stiffest of darts; there it is two girls crouched upon the stomachs of their lovers, holding in their hands the emblems with which they prepare the avenues of happiness.

At the given signal, everyone stands up; two men get down on all fours—as the saying goes—at the foot of my sofa, facing opposite directions; two others lift me up, hold me, and place me on the backs of the first two: a seat was suspended by two ropes lowered to waist height; two young girls take their places on it, one sitting and the other kneeling. Two other girls, busy caressing Ali from the front and the back, lead him in front of me; he grasps my legs, and his member, guided by the hands of the two attendants, penetrates me. Ali was standing; at the level of his head were these two young girls who, as I said, were placed on this sort of swing; one presented her front to him, and the other her back. His eye is satisfied; he presses his ardent lips against the objects that present themselves to his view.

The other two are occupied in caressing him in every possible way; they kiss him by turns wherever the touch of their lips may awaken sensation. They even go so far as to seek the very root of his vigor, so that no part of his body may remain untouched by pleasure.

Meanwhile I place my hands to right and left upon the backs of the men across whom I lie stretched. The other two, standing beside me, present me by turns their forms and their ardor. If one covers me with kisses, the other with his finger

stirs the banks of the fountain of pleasure. Hardly has he produced the first sensation when his companion succeeds him in this agreeable game. In short—what shall I say?—the first act of our union was consummated. These varied and alluring tableaux of the god of pleasure, displayed before our eyes, gave our enjoyment a charm I can scarcely express, and the scene was sealed with six libations.

Ali died some time afterward and left me mistress of his entire fortune.

I confess it was time for Ali to die; for the excesses by which his senses sought new stimulation had at last begun to disgust me. —Here is the seventh, Caroline. —Ah! St.-Far, I beg you! spare me! let us leave some pleasure for tomorrow. —No, by the gods! your story has revived me; see how splendid it is! grant it yet another victory! —First take the glass and the biscuit. —No, afterward. —I cannot delay, and I am still all fire; see for yourself. —Ah! I see nothing; I feel only your burning brand. This time it consumes me: mercy, mercy! I beg it of you in the name of Ali who dies. —Come, then, he is buried. —I say therefore that Ali soon died exhausted and left me mistress of his fortune.

Until now you have seen only the brilliant side of my story, and my happiness seemed complete. I believed that my husband's death left me the free mistress of an income of one hundred thousand livres, when one morning I saw a woman arrive at my house who claimed to be my husband's heir. She had kept silent during Ali's lifetime because she feared he might divorce her or dispose of his property elsewhere; whereas by maintaining the silence she had promised—on condition of the fifty thousand livres Ali had given her—she was certain that he would cease thinking of her altogether. She had a son; I had no child; she won her lawsuit. Thus I found myself less wealthy than before. I had withdrawn my funds from my bankers; they had all been given to my maid, who had so skillfully conducted

my intrigue and arranged my marriage. I had nothing left but my jewels and my wardrobe. In Marseille people pitied me, but no one offered to console me. I came to Paris, hoping to make some conquest in that capital. A supposed marquis, eager to indulge in reckless extravagance, carried off my jewels and robbed me of everything. At last, completely ruined, without resources or acquaintances, I was reduced to the infamous trade in which you saw me when I so fortunately encountered my dear St.-Far.

By the way, before ending our charming conversation, I must tell you the little poem—very malicious and very moral—which Varennes circulated everywhere about my adventure in the meadow.

#### THE SINGULAR COMBAT

Two rivals fought to learn to which of the two  
Fate would accord the right to happiness  
    Upon the lovely breast of Caroline.  
The maiden waited to enjoy their sport,  
Till the victor of the other had torn away the p....  
    Our champions, standing but a few steps apart,  
Engage at once in the greatest combats.  
By a hundred turns their bodies stretch and recoil,  
    They advance and challenge one another.  
    They press... but in vain.  
    Their steel thrust fiercely measures itself,  
    Yet it gives no wound.

    Their valiant hands  
    Deals thrust and cut alike,  
    And nothing comes of it:  
Our heroes, transported by rage and love,  
Entwine together, avoiding each other in turn.  
    Such is a cock... still a novice

In the art of fucking a cunt,  
Who prepares to gather the flower newly opened,  
Still bearing its tender down;  
He longs to cross the barrier that opposes  
The pleasure of plucking this rose.  
He recoils... advances... and the rage of effort  
Expires upon the brink.  
Thus, our two rivals whom fury inflames,  
Strive in vain to pierce each other to the soul  
Their mutual hopes, their mutual efforts,  
Deceived and reborn without cease,  
At last expire: yet tenderness remains.

Pride and fury make their blows more violent,  
Their pricks erect raise insolent crests,  
Threatening each other with their triple couillon,  
Hard, thick, and round,  
Announce a coming flood,  
Ready to burst forth.  
At last, a brilliant stroke  
Ends this long combat.

Achilles strikes a cock, and Hector through and through  
Pierces it; the other falls crying: "Fuck!"  
A cherished French word so dear to love.

But for her part,  
What was Caroline doing  
During these terrible debates?  
She prepared her charms,  
Her pretty hand wandering across them,  
to welcome the victorious cock.

When there passed by  
A rogue eager to try his luck;  
He saw the end of the combat,  
And guessing at the mystery

Resolved to make it his affair.  
And since, in every respect,  
The matter pressed,  
He delivered his speech at one:  
“Angel of heaven,” he cried in transport,  
“How I pity your sweet plight,  
And the alarms it causes me!  
Why reserve so many charms,  
    So much freshness and attraction,  
For some rascal who, panting and breathless,  
Will present a cock scarcely standing?  
It cannot be so if I possessed  
    The finest shaft love ever formed.  
See, charming woman, you must at last yield.”  
Saying this in a lively, tender tone.  
A long, thick cock made it clearer still.  
Our gallant rogue took hair, skin, thighs, breasts,  
    And his daring hand  
    Suddenly reaches the cunt.  
Caroline, bewildered,  
    Falls upon the grass,  
    Gently stretched out.  
    Soon panting and undone,  
She sighs and says she has been six times fucked.  
    Thus comes a third thief:  
    He seizes Master Aliboron.<sup>1</sup>

You have seen, my dear Saint-Far, my frankness even in the smallest details; I hope it will give you confidence in the out-pouring of the feelings you inspire in me and which I now

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<sup>1</sup> **Maître Aliboron**: name traditionally given to a donkey in French literature (notably in *La Fontaine*); here used mockingly for the defeated rival and with a bawdy undertone. — translator’s note.

express. Oh yes, is it not so? you will love your Caroline? She swears to adore you always. But enough for this night; come and rest upon my heart, let Morpheus surround us with his pleasant dreams, and when love awakens us again may he find us ready for new and eternal pleasures. — How happy you make me, my dear Caroline! With what delights you have intoxicated me! I swear it by love itself—we shall live for happiness.

*(Here Caroline's style changes: instead of continuing her tale in action, she adopts the tone of a simple narrator.)*

For eighteen days I enjoyed with Saint-Far pleasures that were forever renewed. This generous and delicate lover had installed me in a charming apartment, which he had furnished with the most elegant appointments and whose contents he had made entirely my own. Every day brought new pleasures, new amusements. Happy to see him constantly, I never thought of exercising the power of my charms to make fresh conquests; love prevailed over the coquetry so natural to my sex. Thus, I had experienced no adventures when an unforeseen event suddenly cast me into an anxiety that seems destined to decide the fate of my life. Saint-Far and I were driving to Bagatelle in a light and rapid curricule when a man, mounted on a fine horse which he urged forward at full speed, cast a glance at me and cried as he passed: "Great God! it is she! how ravishing she is!" He continued on his way and disappeared. We arrived at Bagatelle and enjoyed the charms of that delightful place. At a moment when Saint-Far had stepped away from me, a stranger passed quickly by, seized my hand with agility, slipped a note into it, and vanished. He performed this movement with such speed that I had not even time to think of preventing it. I held the note; I had no choice but to read it. It contained the following lines, written in pencil:

"Adorable Caroline, I had the misfortune to insult you because I did not know you. I burn to repair my fault; and if my

hand and my fortune can contribute to it, say but a word and I am at your feet. If, however, misfortune does not pursue me so far that your heart and your hand are no longer free, I shall soon appear before you.”

I read and reread this note; a thousand conflicting emotions seized my heart. But who was this stranger? What insult was he speaking of? I searched through the whole course of my life in memory and exhausted myself in conjectures, when I saw Saint-Far returning toward me with a man whom I did not know, and who, at the sight of me, seemed timid and embarrassed. He soon recovered himself; he admired my charms extravagantly, praised me with great frankness, and continuing his conversation with Saint-Far said: “Sir, tomorrow your money will be ready; and if you will permit me to have it delivered to you and to breakfast with this charming lady—who is doubtless your wife—I shall esteem it a great favor.” “No, sir,” replied Saint-Far, “the lady is my cousin.” “What do you say? Great heavens! can I be so fortunate? I cannot resist the fire that torments me. Listen, sir: I have apologies to make to mademoiselle; but before confessing my fault to her, allow me first to tell you what reparation I intended to make. You have just received a note, mademoiselle; show it to your cousin.” Not knowing what to think of all this, I mechanically handed the note to Saint-Far, uncertain how he would take this adventure. He read it, returned it to me, and said to this lover, as though thunderstruck: “My cousin is mistress of her own fate; she will reflect upon your proposed reparation when she knows the fault she is asked to forgive. Tomorrow you may come and tell it to her.” With these words we remounted our curricule and drove away.

Saint-Far laughed a great deal at this adventure; but presently, becoming serious again, he said: “Listen, Caroline. You cannot doubt my love; but I think that in this circumstance I ought to sacrifice it to your happiness. And since he has failed

twice at least, you may be sure he is rich. It was upon him that I held fifty thousand francs in drafts when your presence dispelled my fears and restored the credit of my paper; but it is not of myself, nor of my affairs and interests, that I wish to speak. You cannot remain always with me, Caroline; I cannot swear you an eternal love, and I am not wealthy enough to secure you an independent fortune. Marry this contractor; he is rich. You will place your funds; I will give you the fifty thousand francs he owes me; I will arrange matters so that you gain two hundred thousand. Whatever happens afterward, you will be above the vicissitudes of fortune. That is for you. But it is only just that I should not forget myself; my title of cousin must give me entrance to your husband's house—and to you—and my title of lover must give me entrance to your boudoir; you understand me, do you not?" "Oh divine Saint-Far!" I cried. "Yes, yes—always yours! You are my god; guide my destiny. I give myself entirely to my protector and always to my lover." We arranged our plan.

The next day the contractor came. His good-nature and his stupidity amused me, but his strongbox pleased me very much as well—I must confess it. He declared his love to me and told me that, to repair the fault of which he had been guilty, he was ready to beg my pardon at my feet and to grant me whatever reparation I desired. When I asked him what this fault was—of which I knew nothing—he hesitated greatly; but at last he confessed that it was he who had had the impertinence to write me that letter whose delivery had cost his servant so dearly. I flew into a great rage at this recital; I refused to see him; I wished him gone and was ready to go to any excess when Saint-Far appeared, reconciled everyone, arranged everything, and placed his cousin in the arms of Monsieur—shall I say—Mondor; for after all it is useless to reveal the face of such a husband, who is already sufficiently known from what I have said. Thus I became Madame Mondor, happy in the riches of

my husband and happy in the tenderness of my lover.

A small adventure soon disturbed our household for a moment. My husband discovered a note from Saint-Far that was perfectly intelligible. I had given him an appointment for the following night. He replied that, by the false door of which he had the key, he would be at my feet at ten o'clock. Mondor showed nothing of his discovery; but the next night he remained with me until ten. I complained in vain of a dreadful headache, begged to be left alone, desired only to sleep; the pitiless Mondor awakened me in his coarse manner and became only the more detestable to me. Ten o'clock struck; he left me. Believing my dupe safely retired, I opened to Saint-Far, whom I heard ascending. He had scarcely undressed and was ready to come to bed beside me when, through the same door, who should enter but my husband, pistol in one hand and candle in the other, ordering Saint-Far instantly to leave and turning him out into the street in that condition. The wretch then, to complete his cruelty, spent the rest of the night with me. Since that time I see my dear Saint-Far only with the greatest precautions. I confess that this sometimes annoys me and that I could wish for a friend who, under the pretext of being Mondor's, might in truth be mine. I have five or six admirers who press me strongly; but my heart cannot yet resolve to make a choice.

**THE EDITOR.** This is where the history of the beautiful Caroline now stands. One may hope that, in making her choice, she will decide to take all five or six; she appears capable of sustaining such an enterprise. As for myself, if I were of the number of those five or six, I should willingly abandon everything; I do not wish to be an actor in these scenes of debauchery, and I reserve for myself only the role of narrator of the events in the life of so great a heroine, which I shall give to the public if it receives with favor this first part of her life.

**HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.**

**END.**