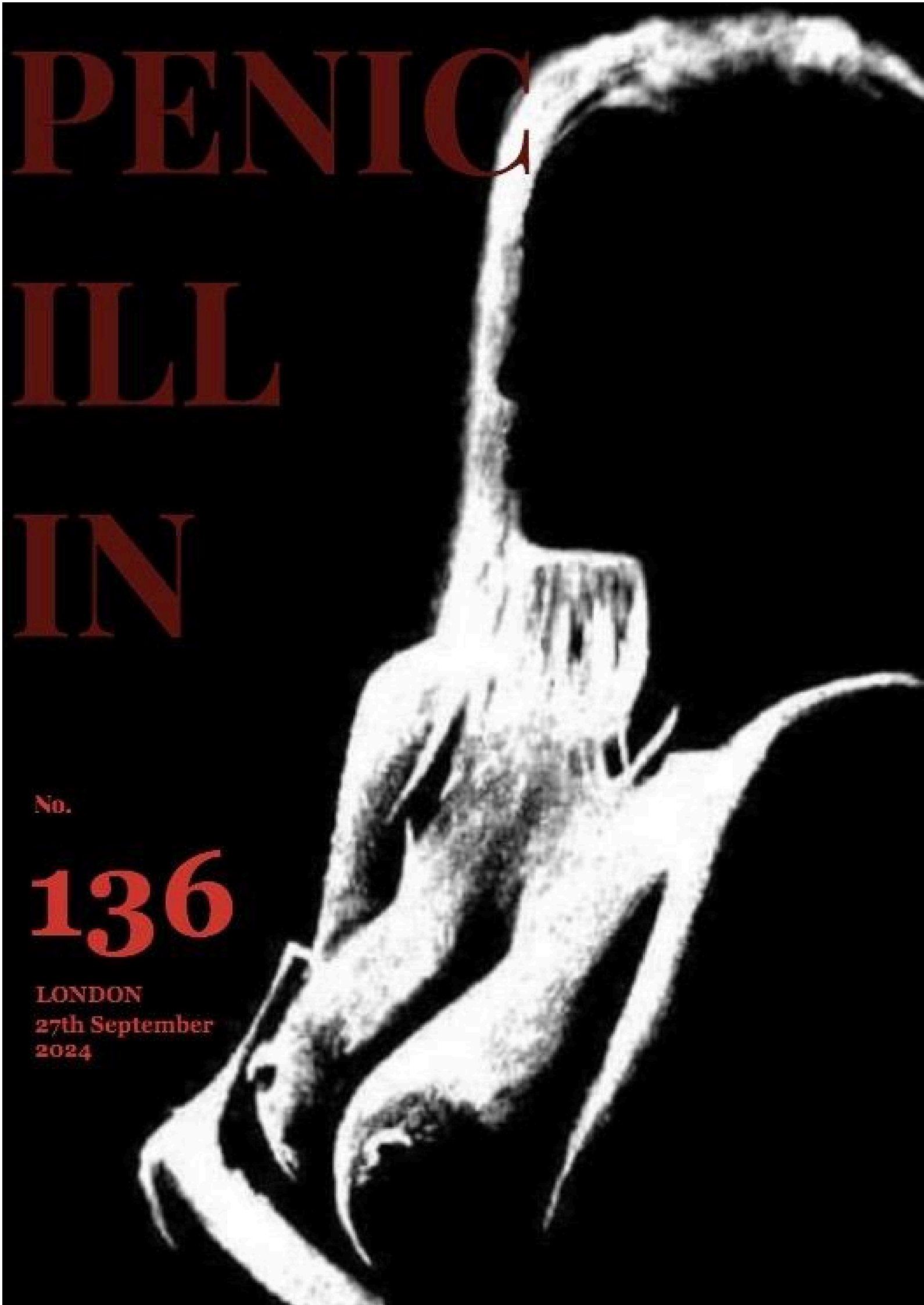
PENIC ILL IN



No.

136

LONDON
27th September
2024

THE STRIPPER

2007
Grand Guignol in a G-string

By Ernst Graf

II

Adelaide lived in Kurfürstendamm, the 'Champs-Élysées of Berlin', in one large room in an old Berlin mansion that had once been a brothel, one of these wonderful pre-war buildings that still remained, pock-marked by bullet-holes and soot-blackened by bombs and half-covered with ivy. The black room was lit only by a single red lamp on the bedside cabinet, black-out-style curtains on the floor to ceiling windows, like we were expecting a bombing raid at any moment, and it was here, in this black-draped four-poster canopied bed with a mirror in the roof, that I made love for the first time with Adelaide. I started to get a condom out of my pocket but she just grinned and shook her head, and pulled me down to her. "It's all right. I'm on the pill. Just fuck me. FILL ME with your sperm!" I obliged. How uncanny to watch yourself fucking in the mirror above you. But—as Adelaide was to say to me many times—"When in Berlin, do as the Berliners do!" If Nana's bed was the glowing forge at the heart of Zola's Second Empire Paris, then Adelaide's vast black bed lit by a single red lamp became the glowing forge at the heart of 2007 Berlin. Waking, Adelaide rolled into my arms, opened her eyes, and grinned at me. "After all this time—we've found each other!" "But I've been here all night, my love—what do you mean?" "Oh shut up!"



On her balcony she could look down into the white ice of the Ku'damm itself. She stood out there now, 4AM, naked. It was freezing cold but she did not care. She called me to join her and as I rose from the massive black bed I started to pull my long johns on; "No!" she shouted. "Naked!" We stood out there on the cold balcony naked together, me with my tool pointing vertically up to the black sky, with snow gently falling around us. I had never loved anybody so much in all my life as I loved Adelaide in this moment now. "You know, you should have just fucked me when I was 16. It is not illegal. It would have got it over with. Lanced the boil. Cured our curiosity. Maybe it would have been a disaster. Maybe then we would have been happy to go our separate ways. Instead I've been unhappy for eight years thinking about you and you've been unhappy for eight years thinking about me. Perhaps it would have been amazing and we would still be living in Soho now, happy ever after. And I wouldn't be living this shitty life I do here now in Berlin. But you like this life, don't you. Watching girls take their knickers off on a stage?"



There was lingerie hanging all over the place, see-through lingerie, silk nighties, expensive glittering evening dresses, black stockings, vases of flowers. The whole place was like a strip club dressing room, or Mata Hari's bedroom. Her kitchen, lavatory, bathroom, handbasin, were all in the one room. 'Life is a Cabaret' playing on her gramophone. More than once while we were in bed, there would be men coming up the stairs and knocking at her apartment door. "Lily! Fraulein Lily!" "Ssshhh!" she whispered to me. "They will go away if they think I'm not here!" She said it was probably the landlord demanding the rent she owed him, but on a couple of occasions I looked through the spyhole and saw men with bunches of flowers in their hands, heading disappointedly back down the stairs. The landlord brought her flowers? Ha! She made me laugh. All the women I had ever loved most in my life were all whores or strippers, that was certainly not going to stop me loving Adelaide. On the contrary, it probably just made her all the more desirable to me. "It's a hand to mouth existence," she told me very sternly, then giggling and jumping on top of me naked. "Or cock to mouth! To be honest!"

I only had two in the Alt Berlin before it closed, but really wish I had got through the day without any. I have a real desire to not drink now & stay sober, for Adelaide. If I am loved by her I do not need to drink. I can write all day in my little nest as I always planned.***Adelaide just called 12:45 & said she is still in bed. “Can I join you?” “Yesss.” “At your place?” “Nooo. Your place. Later.” She will leave 6 or 7. She has got my germs & wants me to take them back. She had told me she did not want me drinking anymore and I was not allowed to cut my hair either. Not only Salome but now Samson & Delilah, our affair was assuming Biblical proportions, but rather like Samson & Delilah in reverse, she REFUSED to let me cut my hair. “But short hair makes me feel strong, long hair makes me feel weak.” “If you cut your hair off, I’ll cut your cock off. If you drink, I’ll cut your cock off. Your hair belongs to me now. Your cock belongs to me now. You must make sacrifices to be with beautiful young woman!” my Berlin Delilah explained kindly. “Or else you will sacrifice beautiful young woman!” “But my love, not cutting my hair makes me unhappy.” “Shut up! Being with me is all the happiness you could ever possibly need!” “Schindler’s Lifts!” she giggled, pointing at the brass company nameplate as we got in the lift on the ground floor of my building. “Always makes me laugh!”

Now I feel so melancholy & sad, because Adelaide has left. At 615AM. I always hate it when she leaves. As she sat up on the edge of my bed putting her pink stockings on, I said “I love you” and she hesitated, then said something back in German, what was that? “I love you”. The previous night after ——, she lay with her head on the pillow, staring at me accusingly, angrily, & said “I am in love with you” then when I asked her to repeat it turned her face away “No. Bastard!” then “How can I talk to you if you are drunk?” Later I asked her how long, and she said two weeks, since the letter. Especially the bit where I said she is in my blood. Having got dressed she stood in front of the bathroom mirror looking at her cold sores absolutely covering the lower half of her face & said “How could you kiss me?” so I kissed her again & we kissed more than we ever did last night. She wore blue skirt, little tiny lime green top, long blue coat, black jackboots. I hate it when she leaves. Every time she leaves I feel it is over. “If you do not stop drinking, you are going to lose me,” she said to me quietly in the night. Talking about what music we liked, she said Bryan Adams is playing

in May, “you like?” “No.” “OK, then, maybe Christina would like to go with me?” she says in a funny singsong mock hurt voice. Asking me again if I would like to go with her back to London in August, I said “yes of course, but, we might be enemies by then”. She just quietly kissed me on the cheek.********235PM & still no word from Adelaide. I feel like it is already all over with her. I said to her “Will you come back here again?” “When can I come?” “Tonight.” “Is it all right if I just come for a short time?” “Yes.” Feel it is already all over with Adelaide. I will not be going to London with her in August. Four months from now we will have no contact. I said “I don’t go to strip clubs looking for a girlfriend, I go to avoid feeling anything for anyone, to just get drunk & lose myself in the music & the girls.” “But that is not life.”

It was amazing that she actually stayed with me. It got late & for the umpteenth time I said “stay” and this time she said “Are you sure? Are you sure?” She then got up, got out her toothpaste & toothbrush & went to brush her teeth. She did not stop holding me, & kissing me all night. Kissing my mouth, my cheek, my hand, all night. I love her so much. When I just went out at 5 for food, it was like a beautiful warm spring day. This was the first time I had been out since Adelaide stayed the night with me, & everything felt different about the world. I still feel so stupidly nervous, unsure of our relationship. Any moment it could end. I have no faith in relationships. 2050 Adelaide texts me: Hi baby England win 😀 I’ll go to sleep now, see u tomorrow! Don’t forget DONT DRINK ALCOOL xxX

“I’m in love with you,” Adelaide said to me again today. “I told L— I’m in love with you. I prayed to God to send me someone nice, someone I could trust, someone I could love. I’ve found you.” I’m stupid. “You are not stupid. You are brave….Once every week you asked to see me. It is brave if there is something that you want, you fight for it. You are brave.” She gave me one of her little fluffy dogs, Fifi, to remind me of her when she is not there. She rang me before 8 from the Black Pig to say “I am missing you. I don’t know what is wrong with me, I want to see you every day. My head is burning. What have you done to me? I think you have done some magic on me. I keep looking into your corner thinking you are there. I couldn’t think before because I was running for the underground,

and thought I was going to be late, then I was getting changed, then I had my first dance, and it was only then that I had time to think. You've done some magic on me." It's my germs. "No, it's not your germs!" I'm in your blood. Can I see you tonight? "No, not tonight. If I see you tonight I will want to come home with you & I can't tonight." There was someone knocking at her dressing room door, interrupting her,"Hi!", talking in German, saying something about —, & Adelaide talked to her for a while before coming back to me. "Bye sweetie." She will text me later & I can meet her when she finishes at 7 tomorrow. From the Black Pig she asked me, "Are you watching the football? England are playing. If you watch it in a pub, don't drink!"

Adelaide was very drunk on the top deck of the bus home from the Black Pig, which upset me greatly, as I had gone all day without drinking to please her, and had waited for her outside the Black Pig instead of going in. "I HAVE to drink—for work; you understand? Men like strippers who are drunk—they give us more money! It's not that I WANT to drink. You DO verstehen?" "Oh yes, my love. I DO verstehen." She looked stunning, in a neck-to-ankle red satin dress like Otto Dix's Anita Berber painting, a black bob wig that made her look like Diane Lane in *The Cotton Club*, still caked in lurid make-up & multi-coloured glitter, and kept putting her hand down my pants around the shaft of my cock, despite the disapproving looks of people all around us on the bus, and jealous looks of the men. Despite my sordid life, I was very puritanical at heart, especially when sober, when in public at least—when in public one should proceed with decorum—so this annoyed me as well. I wasn't allowed to get drunk & enjoy getting crazy so why should she? "Christina was saying an engagement ring costs £3,000, is that right? When are you going to buy me one?" "In ten years." I was in a proper bad mood now. She pouted her lips & pulled away from me & sat with arms crossed glaring at me. "Ten years?" She says "When do you want to have Phoebe?" "Next year." "Before we have Phoebe, I want us to be living together, as a family." What incredible words to be hearing from my Adelaide, my Lily! Saying these things to me! So I said "Have you found somewhere for us to live then?" In a sing-song voice "How can I? When I have been with you every day? Eh?"

Adelaide says Phoebe will have to be born in England, as it is too confusing for her here, where cars drive on the wrong side of the road. She says she missed me. She says on the day I get married I can drink as much as I want, but I must wait till then! She says you know where you are living now? I was confused, “Berlin?”, then she punched me and pointed at the centre of her chest. “I told you! Stupid! Here! In my heart.” It was so lovely waking with Adelaide this Friday morning, & knowing for the first time neither of us had to rush up & go anywhere, we could lay there as long as we liked. I was just about to text her last night to say I was coming to the salon, the more risqué private club where she only worked once a month or so (which always ended with ‘THE BIG STICKY’ when one of the girls would let all the men ejaculate on her), when she rang anyway, & said I could meet her 10 or 11 there. "Are you my boyfriend? Why no texts?" Later in bed I asked "What difference do texts make?" “Then I know you are thinking about me.” I told her I am always thinking about her, for a whole eight years not a minute passed without me thinking about her, she grinned and leaned over and kissed & hugged me.

One night she said to me “You are so sweet, you never once complained about the mess I live in.” And—blushing a little—”and the things I do.” “You can do what you like with other men when you are working, as long as you come home to me.” “Some men I’ve loved and liked and wanted to be with are disgusted by what I do, and so are disgusted by me.” “We all have to make the most of our competitive advantage, don’t we. You’re more beautiful than the other girls so you should make the most of it.” She grinned and threw herself on top of me and kissed me big wet kisses on the mouth, and face, and neck. “Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I knew you’d be lovely! All the men at the Pig are unhappy now,” she laughed, “as I won’t go out with them anymore.” When she said ‘go out’, I wondered what she really meant. “I hated going out with those old men. But I had to—you understand?” “Yes, I do. It is hard for all of us to put a roof over our heads. We all have to do whatever it takes to survive. I am just ashamed I earn such little money I can scarcely afford to help you at all. It is all I can do to pay my own rent.” “You’ll find something. Most men who start going out with a stripper straightaway want them to stop stripping,” she laughed. “That’s not going to be a problem with you, I don’t think! Most

people look down on me because I'm a stripper. You look UP to me because I'm a stripper! You ADORE me because I'm a stripper!" "I adore you because you're the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life." "Liar!" she cackled, punching me in the stomach, but pressing her wet mouth to mine. "But thank you anyway, mein Liebling!"

"How did you get started at the Pig?" "I just got off the train at Berlin Zoo, with my suitcase, not a word of German, I was walking around looking for a cheap place to stay and then I saw the Pig. I went down the stairs, saw the naked girls, asked if they had a job, and they asked me to audition. I put my suitcase down, had a beer, took my clothes off, and voila! Ecce femina! Behold the woman!—the rest is history! Everybody wanted to FUCK me! I became 'the star' of the Black Pig! The star of BERLIN, dahhhling!" Giggling, she fell into my arms, covering her face. "Why did you leave England?" "Because I was broken-hearted," she smiled sweetly. "I fell in love with some guy but he wasn't interested! Some fucking bullshit that I was 'too young'." Touché! She leaned close to me, cupped her hand over my ear and whispered conspiratorially, "I think he was A COWARD!" then giggling and laying her head back on her white pillow, looking up at her naked self in the mirror above us. "My mother had just died. She wasn't my real mother, she was my adopted mum, and after she went I had no family at all. My father was an alcoholic and had moved to Germany years before and I did not even remember what he looked like. I had some crazy idea I'd come to Germany to look for him, and, and I don't know what. I was lost, and I was sick. I didn't know why, but later I found out I have a problem with my kidneys. It comes & goes. I'm frightened I'm going to die young. All on my own. I suppose it makes me not really care much, about anything. I'd like to meet a nice man, a nice RICH man, who can look after me, with a nice big house, and we can have a baby, or two." She smiled at me, but a little sadly. "Could you be that man, I wonder? Do you even want to be?" "You know I've loved you since I first set eyes on you." "That's not what I asked you. Pity the girl who falls in love with a man who hates love."

"Have you been anywhere else in Europe?" "I stopped off in Paris for two nights on the way here. I hated it! It was horrible! The

French men wouldn't leave me alone. They used to follow me along the streets. If I sat down at a café table they'd sit down with me and wouldn't leave. The hotel manager tried to rape me in my room. I had to stick a knife in him to get him to stop. Why are Frenchmen like that? I mean, here in Berlin all the men want to fuck me, of course they do, look at me, but they're respectful about it, you know what I mean? Paris is a beautiful city though. I'd like to go back one day, with someone—maybe you?" "Yes, we shall," I said. "For our honeymoon." "Ha! So romantic! I don't know if you can ever give up the life you live now. But I think you *have* changed, haven't you? Already. A little bit?" "Yes. I'm afraid so."

I wake tortured & tormented & filled with self loathing & self disgust & inadequacy again. These feelings of worthlessness never go away. My identity feels like it is melting like ice. For some men love is not a solution, more a kind of poison. Before I used to be the cold, hard, monolithic Antarctica. Cold, frozen, but hard, solid, together, I could walk around on solid ground. Now the ice is all melting to slush & as I try to walk it is cracking & melting under my feet & I feel I am falling through slush into the freezing water. Ha! I am with most beautiful girl. I should be arrogant & cocky & full of power. I feel more useless than ever. I feel unworthy of her. She is out of my league and I do not deserve her and I will not be able to hold her back for long. She can have any man she wants; why would she waste her time with me? She needed a rich man who could pay for her and look after her, and that I knew could never be me. I'd always been poor, and I didn't see any way I could change it. I did not have the knack of getting well-paid jobs. I don't know how other people did it. There is always an egg in my mouth. A Serpent's Egg. I can never talk to people or look them in the eye, still. At least, not when sober. I want to have a drink. I want to get my hair cut. Discover my Byronic power. Please! Before I lose her.**********Today is Foscari Day. Yesterday was Lulu Viennese Eroticism Day. As Nietzsche says, we must make our own Feast Days. Christmas Day, birthdays, New Year's Eve, meant nothing to me; days society brainwashes us into celebrating "because everybody does". This was not a good enough reason for me. My personal feast days were what I celebrated. I couldn't resist going to the Alt Berlin, therefore, for two pints from stony-faced Anna (she had always fancied me & was now contemptuous as she

had obviously seen me there with Adelaide), then messaged Adelaide on the bus to the little hotel where I worked as Night Manager, walking around the creaky corridors at night naked, masturbating into the giant ferns at the end of each floor. In the morning guests checking out would say “What was that terrible noise in the night? Like a banshee wail, followed by the sound of someone in floods of tears?” “That was me,” I would tell them. “Masturbating into the pot plant outside your door”, and they would hurry off without another word, with me chasing after them along the street, shouting “Remember your Oscar Wilde, madame! Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind and poisons us!” Adelaide messaged back but I never saw it until about 845PM, torturing me further. Be WILD with Adelaide. Byronic. Gorgeous voluptuous cat face Russian whore at the hotel in the night, I had to rescue her from the basement after she had left some guest’s room & we joked in the lift as I took her back up & showed her to the exit. I was sorely tempted to show her to an empty room. As I held the hotel front door open for her, she grinned and kissed me on the lips before disappearing into the night. She made my chest flutter & my groin stir. I could have stayed with her all night.

Be dark, brooding, & Byronic! Explore the sordid with Adelaide. “You sound weary,” says my mother on the phone. Indeed I do. I barely have the heart or willpower or confidence to form any words at all. All I want to do is drink. Then I can be Byronic & sordid. Take drink & the Black Pig away from me and there is nothing left? I long for the dark sordid cinema, the wandering hands, the women coming in to be used by all & sundry, like I wanted to use that Russian whore in the hotel last night; I long for Evalina, & Iga, & Diana, & the Monte Carlo girls, & Olga & Alla, & the Ciro girls. “The sight of a whore is profoundly thrilling to a man.” My life is ruinous. I feel always that it is over with Adelaide & me, because how can an English rose as lovely as her love me? Today marks four weeks together. My first girlfriend. I cannot believe it has lasted so long. I feel gutted and choked that it is over; I always feel like this. This is how Kafka had his relationships, and Munch, & Proust. They brought scarcely any joy or happiness, just pain, & jealousy, & the paranoia that it was already over. When Adelaide ends things, I will lose myself so totally in the sordid. Back to the cinema and back to London & Vienna with a vengeance. I will completely fucking

destroy myself in the sordid. The whores of the Gare du Nord Brussels, the whores of Schillerstraße Munich, the whores of Stuttgarter Platz & Mazurka & Ciro Berlin, the whores of the Gurtel Vienna. And yet, just 730PM last night, Adelaide wrote to me "———" and how my heart leapt into my mouth. The ecstatic butterflies in my stomach. After insisting I fuck her one more time before she rushed for work, Adelaide called me giggling from the Black Pig to say when she stepped off stage after her first dance, one of the other girls told her "Lily, you have got something on your stockings", and it was my cum running down her leg.

Other MEN were watching MY sperm running down the leg of LILY, the sexiest stripper in Berlin! Talk about marking your territory!

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU ARE LUCKY!

One day Adelaide called me and suggested we meet at Dressler's close to where she lived in the Kurfürstendamm and asked me to bring her camera she'd left at my house; so I knew she was planning to tell me it was over. "I think you love Lily, not Adelaide. When it's just me you lose interest. I need someone to help support me. I'm dying on my arse here in Berlin. There are so many rich men here who'd set me up for life if I let them. I don't love them. Not at all. I love you. But I just think you only love 'Lily' on the stage, and you are bored with me. I need time to think. I think it better if we take a break until I've made up my mind. I will let you know when I am ready." "What about Phoebe?" "When I'm ready to make Phoebe I'll call you!" "What about Fifi?" "You can keep Fifi so she can keep an eye on you while I'm away. But don't do anything dirty with her, or she'll tell me!" She laughed & hugged me, kissing me on the lips, wet open mouth kisses, letting me massage her beautiful bra-less tits in her tight pink sweater as she unzipped my fly and stroked my erect tool faster & faster until I came in her hand. "This is how we break up in Berlin!" "We should break up more often!" Leaving Dressler's with me to go down onto the U-Bahn to get to her next job, some private party at some rich old man's house, she smiled back over her shoulder, "I have to run! Both of us!"

TO BE CONTINUED

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE MARQUIS DE VACCINE & THE GREAT

TROY FRANCIS

(from Penicillin No.23)

On the subject of Luchino Visconti's

DEATH IN VENICE

(1971)

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE MARQUIS DE VACCINE and TROY FRANCIS ON THE SUBJECT OF *DEATH IN VENICE*



Troy Francis
Fuck, I just saw Death in Venice. I AM Gustav von Aschenbach. With a hardon.

Marquis de Vaccine
Without the syphilis one hopes sir. And to be fair, I think Gustav also had a hard on throughout didn't he. It was implied.

Is it syphilis he dies of? From the hooker? Not the 'heart disease' that's referred to? I spent so much of last year a shadowy, sad figure like Gustav, sitting

alone in hotels. Stunned by my past, in a fog of sadness. I also banged some hookers.

Yes I believe he catches syphilis from the hooker Esmeralda (this is why I call hookers Esmeraldas). If you give in to your passions they will kill you, but to not give in to your passions makes life not worth living, that kind of message I think. Aschenbach supposedly based on a mix of Mahler and Nietzsche, Nietzsche thought to have also died of the syphilis he caught in a brothel.



What happens to his wife? Does she die at some point before he travels to Venice?

Wikipedia tells me he was widowed at a young age, yes. I note no reference to syphilis either. Dies of heart attack. I am sure syphilis was a complicating factor though. Perhaps I was putting my own life into the film and getting the two mixed up. I read somewhere, I'm sure, it is an unspoken subtext. Otherwise there is little point of including the Esmeralda scene at all, and what a horrifying scene it is. Both of us have

had experience like this with ladies of the night I think. You come away thinking what the hell did I do that for?



In the movie we see that devastating glimpse of his daughter's coffin, but then his wife comes to comfort him, or appears to anyway. My guess is that she dies or leaves him before he goes on the trip to Venice but I'm not sure if it's shown?

My take on the hooker scene was that he went to try to rid himself of his desire for the boy—as a replacement or distraction. and of course it doesn't work. But whether that's 'enough' to justify its position in the film without the additional syphilitic layer you suggest I'm not sure. Your assertion certainly makes a lot of sense, and heightens the tragedy, since he dies partly by his own hand that way.

Another key theme seems to me that he is a failure as an artist since he is not visceral enough (according to his hectoring friend, and to put it crudely). It is only when he falls in love with the boy and truly suffers that he has thrown off his misplaced



The remake of DEATH IN VENICE has started shooting, & stars Troy Francis as syphilitic Gustav von Aschenbach, "a role I was born to play"

affection for morality and 'proper' behaviour and reaches his potential in this regard—hence the voiceover from the hectoring friend (imagined, I think) towards the end telling him that the man and the artist are now one and as such he may as well die.

This is in line with something both of us talk about (I think)—that in order to be a true artist one must throw oneself into the fires of life (Soho, the Bogotá brothels etc). The Rimbaudian life. But the problem with this is it distracts you from actually doing the work—something I've been discovering anew recently.

In a way, then, the final scene might be viewed as bittersweet. He dies without getting what he wants (the boy) but in his misplaced love for the boy he has seen the culmination of his artistic vision and ascended to greatness—the greatness of the true artist.

Nutsack.

P.S. Henry Miller talks about this somewhere—that it's not so much the books you end up writing that makes you a great writer, more your own unique aesthetic vision. The artist can be great regardless of whether he actually creates anything or not. So it doesn't matter that Gustav never writes another symphony. He has reached the perfect pinnacle of his art anyway.

I shall think more about this later, but just one point, I think it is only when he hears the boy playing Für Elise on the piano in the Venice hotel (bearing in mind I've not seen the film for a year or two!) he is taken in a flashback to his MEMORY of Esmeralda playing Für Elise in the brothel.The brothel where he caught syphilis I will not be dislodged from this contention. Nutsack to you too.



Dismounting skills are often overlooked when talking about sexual technique.
A good dismount can make all the difference.
A bad dismount can leave a very sour taste in the mouth.

The Goddess A Demon

By Richard Marsh

1900

CHAPTER IX.
THE REVELATIONS OF "MR. GEORGE WITHERS"

Miss Adair was a tall, commandingly built young woman, with about her more than a suggestion of muscularity. I had recognized her at once. On the stage she was accustomed to play the part of the dashing adventuress; the sort of person who could not, under any possible circumstances, be put down. I realized that she might be disposed to carry something of her stage manner into actual life. She confronted me as if I were some despised, but lifelong enemy, whose attacks she was prepared to resist at every point.

"When are you going to tell me what has happened to Bessie? In the first place, where is she?"

"She's at Imperial Mansions."

"What's she doing there?"

"She's in charge of the housekeeper—Mrs. Peddar."

"In charge! What do you mean?"

"Miss Moore is not—not herself."

"You men have been playing some trick on her. You shall pay for it dearly if you have!"

I caught her by the arm; she evincing a strong inclination to rush off to Imperial Mansions there and then.

"Miss Moore came through my bedroom window, at an early hour this morning, in—a curious condition."

"Your bedroom window! This morning! She must have been in a curious condition!"

"A man was murdered in the building about the same time that she appeared at the window. His set of chambers are on the same floor as mine; they communicate by the balcony along which she came. When she entered the cloak she wore was soaked in blood, and her hands were wet with it."

Miss Adair drew back, staring at me with distended eyes.

"Man! Are you a man, or are you a devil? Do you dare to hint that Bessie, my Bessie Moore, could by any possibility be guilty of murder!"

"I simply state to you the facts. That she was in the dead man's room there is irrefutable evidence to show; that she had anything to do with his murder I do not for a moment believe—I am as convinced of her innocence as you can be. My theory is that she was an unwilling witness of what took place, and that the horror of it temporarily unhinged her brain."

"Is she—mad?"

"No; but she suffers from entire loss of memory. Her life might have commenced with her entrance through my window; she can remember nothing of what occurred before, not even her own name. I believe that if she could be brought to recall what she actually saw take place, her innocence would be at once made plain."

"What is the name of the man who was—murdered?" I told her. "Lawrence? Edwin Lawrence? I don't remember ever having heard the name."

"She said nothing to you last night about having an appointment with him? Or with any one?"

She hesitated.

"Are you—Bessie's friend?"

"I am. At least, I hope I may call myself her friend, although I never spoke to her before last night. I do not think that there is anything which I would not do to save her from misconstruction."

She eyed me—quizzically.

"I think I'll trust you, Mr. Ferguson, though I never trusted a man yet without regretting it. I hope you won't feel hurt, but there is something about you which reminds me of a St. Bernard. You're big—very big; you look strong—awfully strong; you're hairy." I involuntarily put my hand up to my beard. "Oh, I don't mean that you're too hairy, the beard's becoming; but you are hairy. You look simple; somehow one associates simplicity with trustworthiness; and now you're blushing." She would have made any one blush! "The blush settles it; I will repose my confidence in you, as I have done in others!"

Her manner changed; she became serious.

"The truth is that last night Bessie did seem worried, frightfully worried; and that's what's been worrying me. She was not like her usual self a bit; I couldn't make her out at all. I hadn't the faintest notion what was wrong; when I asked her if she was ill she snapped my head off. And for Bessie to be snappish was an unheard-of thing; her temper's not like mine, always going off, she's the gentlest, sweetest soul. She dressed

herself, and walked out of the theatre, without saying a word to me; I only ran against her in the street, by accident, just as she was getting into a cab.

"I said, 'Bessie, aren't you coming home with me?'—because we always do come home together. But she answered, quite huffishly, that she was not—she had an appointment to keep. I did not dare to ask with whom, or where; though it did seem odd that she should have made an appointment, at that hour of the night, without saying a word of it to me; but I did venture to inquire when I might expect her to return. Leaning her head out of the cab, just as it was starting, she called out to me, 'Perhaps never.' I didn't suppose that she was entirely in earnest, but somehow I couldn't help feeling that, about the answer, there was something which might turn out to be unpleasantly prophetic."

"One thing is plain, Miss Adair, you must come with me at once to Imperial Mansions. Your presence may restore to your friend her memory. But, whether or not, you must bring her home, or at any rate you must take her away from the Mansions, and that immediately."

"Your manner, Mr. Ferguson, is autocratic. You don't ask me, you command; but I'll obey. That is, if you'll condescend to wait while I put a hat on."

She went upstairs. Almost immediately she had done so there came a ring at the front door. The door was opened and shut again. After it had been shut, Miss Adair called down the stairs:

"Ellen, who was that?"

The maid's voice replied, "It was some one who wished to see Miss Moore. He said his name was Withers—Mr. George Withers."

"George Withers!" I shouted.

Without a moment's hesitation I rushed out of the sitting-room, flung open the front door, and dashed into the street. I dare say that Ellen, and Miss Adair, too, thought that I had suddenly become a raving lunatic. But Ellen's mention of the caller's name recalled to me the fact that the peculiar letter which I had found in the pocket of the plum-coloured cloak had been addressed to "George Withers."

A young man was going down the street, walking rather quickly. I shouted to him.

"Hallo! Mr. George Withers!"

He stopped and turned with something of a start; then stared, as if uncertain what to make of me or what to do. I called to him again.

"I want you!"

As I spoke I moved towards him, intending, since he seemed indisposed to come to me, to go to him and then explain. But no sooner had I started than he swung round on his heels, tore off at full speed,

and, before I realised what it was that he was doing, had vanished round the corner. Although I was unable to guess why he should run away from me as if I were the plague, I had no intention, if I could help it, of being run away from; so, as hard as I could pelt, I went after him.

It was a lively chase while it lasted; I must have presented an elegant figure as, hatless, my coat tails flying, I raced through those respectable streets. Fortunately, he was no match for me in pace; I had him before he reached the Fulham Road. He must have been in shocking condition, for he had already run himself right out, and, gasping for breath, was panting like a blown rabbit.

Saying nothing—I felt that that was not the place in which to carry on the sort of conversation I had in my mind's eye—I took him by the shoulder and marched him back again. He, on his part, was equally mute, and made not the slightest effort at resistance. Miss Adair received us at the door.

"What on earth is the matter? Where have you been? And who is this man?"

Her trick of speaking in italics reminded me of her manner on the stage. I led my companion into the sitting-room. There I introduced him.

"This is Mr. George Withers. I fancy he can give us information on a subject on which, at this moment, information is very much needed."

"Mr. George Withers" was a mere youth, scarcely more than a boy. I was not prepossessed by his appearance, though he was well dressed and had a handsome face. He had proved himself a cur; I felt sure that he was a sneak, and perhaps something worse as well. I handed him the letter which I had taken from the lady's pocket.

"I believe, Mr. Withers, that this letter is for you."

He seemed at first reluctant to take it, as if fearful that it contained something which might disturb his peace of mind. He eyed it doubtfully; read the address; perceived that the envelope had been opened. A disagreeable look came upon his handsome countenance; he turned on me with a snarl.

"Who are you? What do you mean by treating me as you have done? And how dare you open a letter that's addressed to me?"

"First read your letter, Mr. Withers. Put your questions afterwards."

He scanned the brief epistle with looks which did not improve as he went on. Then he snapped at me as if he would have liked to bite as well.

"You stole it; you must have stolen it! I've half a mind to give you in charge; you don't know what mischief you mayn't have done."

"Is the person alluded to as 'that scoundrel' in the letter which you are holding Mr. Edwin Lawrence of Imperial Mansions?"

"What do you want to know for? What do you mean by meddling in my affairs? What business is it of yours?"

"Because, if it is, Mr. Edwin Lawrence is dead."

"Dead!"

"He was murdered last night."

"Murdered!" The fashion of his countenance changed. "Then she—she killed him."

He staggered back till he staggered against a chair. A pitiful object he presented as he perched himself upon the edge. Neither Miss Adair nor I said a word. After a moment's interval, during which the muscles of his face twitched as if he had become suddenly possessed with St. Vitus' Dance, he went rambling on, apparently not altogether conscious of what it was that he was saying.

"I knew there'd be mischief—I knew there would. I said if she would meddle in my affairs she'd make a mess of it. I told her she didn't know what she was going in for, that he was dangerous. But she's as obstinate as a mule; she never would take my advice, never!"

"Which shows that she is a lady of considerable discretion. What connection, Mr. Withers, have you with Miss Moore?"

He started forward on the chair, casting a frightened look about him.

"Is she—taken? And are you a policeman?"

"No, I am not a policeman; I have not that honour. And she is not taken—as yet. I repeat my inquiry. What connection, Mr. Withers, have you with Miss Moore?"

"Never mind! That's my business, not yours. She's got into this mess by herself, and she must get out of it by herself; I wash my hands of her. I've got an appointment which I must keep. You let me go."

He got up with a little air of bluster which was pitiful; it was such a poor attempt at make-believe.

"Listen to me, Mr. Withers—correct me if I am wrong; but you seem to be a nice young man—a very nice young man. And it's because you're such a very nice young man, always attending, Mr. Withers, your correction, that I desire to inform you that if you don't answer my questions, as truthfully as your nature will allow you, there'll be trouble. You understand? Trouble. So be so good as to tell me at once what there can possibly be in common between a lady of Miss Moore's class and a person of yours?"

"'Yours' is good. I don't see what difference there can be between our classes, considering that she's my sister."

Miss Adair interposed.

"Your sister? Bessie's your sister. Then you're Tom Moore, her vagabond of a brother, who's robbed her of hundreds and hundreds of

pounds. I thought I knew your face, it's like a bad copy of Bessie's, with all her goodness left out and your own wickedness put in. You ungrateful scamp, to speak of her in that cold-blooded manner, when she has done all that she possibly could for you, and you, in return, have been to her the one trouble of her life."

He confronted the frank-spoken lady with looks which were alive with impudence. I perceived that he was a better match for a woman than a man.

"I know who you are; you call yourself 'Miss Adair.' 'Adair!' Go on! Sure that's your proper name? I know more about you than you perhaps think. And for Bessie to let out things to you about me shows the sort she is; telling a pack of lies about her only relative."

"Her only relative! It's her misfortune that she has you."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then from this day forward she hasn't got me; tell her so, with my kind regards. As I've said already, I wash my hands of her; I cut the relationship. Willingly I'll never own to bearing her name again. It's not a name I ever have been particularly proud of, and now it's one of which I shall have less cause to be proud than ever, from what I'm told. Good-day to you, Miss Adair!"

He was now actually marching from the room. I had to give him a gentle hint in order to detain him. He winced under my touch like a hound which fears punishment.

"What was the nature of your business, Mr. Moore, which took your sister last night to Mr. Edwin Lawrence?"

"That's my business; it's none of yours."

"Answer my question."

He actually whimpered. It was beginning to dawn on me that I might be constrained to wring his neck before he went.

"Don't! You hurt! It was about some bills."

"Some bills of yours which you had given to Mr. Lawrence?"

"No, it wasn't then. Don't! It was about some bills which he got me to—to fake."

"I see. And might some of them have borne the name of Mr. Philip Lawrence?"

"Who told you? How do you know?"

"Never mind who told me. Answer!"

"It was all his fault! I should never have thought of such a thing if it hadn't been for him; he egged me on. I—I owed him a few pounds, and he said if I were to fake up some bills, with his brother's name on them, he'd let me off."

"And put the forgeries on the market, dividing the proceeds of the fraud with you?"

“Nothing of the kind, I’ll take my oath to it; I swear I never had a penny. I never dreamt that he’d discount them, not for a moment! I thought it was a game he was going to play off on his brother—some sort of joke.”

“Keen sense of humour yours, Mr. Moore.”

“That’s where he had me; he must have gone straight off and cashed the bills. Then his brother found it out, and then he came to me and threatened to tell his brother that it was I who’d done it.”

“And then you went to your sister and asked her, probably on your bended knees, to save you from exposure.”

“There was no bended knees about it; you’re very much mistaken if you think there was. I’m not that kind. But I—I certainly mentioned to her something about it—she’s my own flesh and blood.”

“Being your own flesh and blood she, possibly, offered to do her best to square it for you.”

“That’s the mistake she made. She talked about giving him a hundred or two, as though that would be of any use. I said to her that if she’d give the money to me I could go abroad and start afresh, and it might be the making of me. But she never would take my advice, never!”

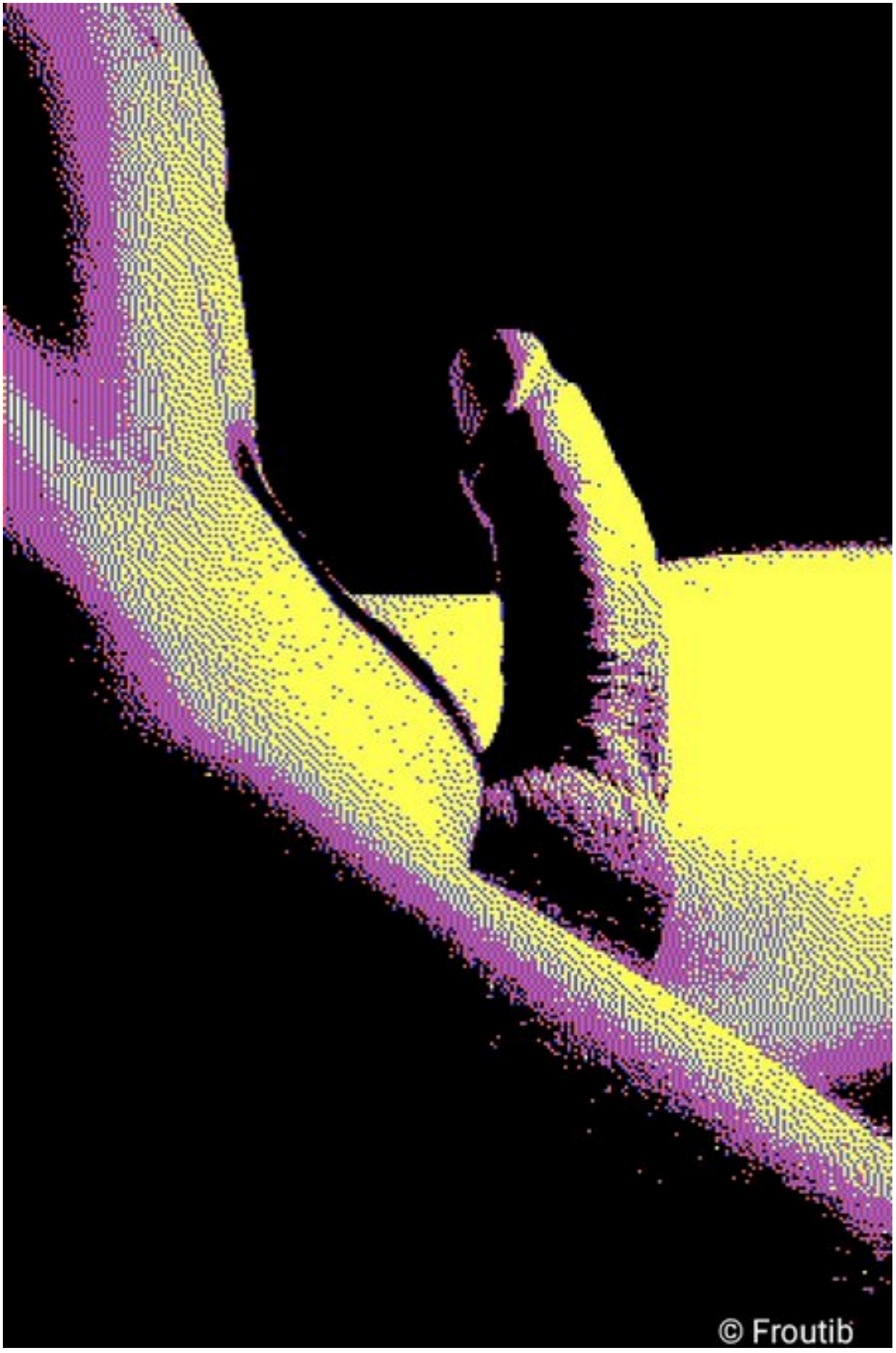
“So your sister, a young, unprotected girl, at your urgent solicitation, went alone to this man at that hour of the night, at the risk of—a good many things; and, in order to save you from the well-merited consequences of your being a cowardly rascal, offered to hand over to him her hard-won savings, and, in all probability, to pledge to the fullest extent her future earnings. And when, in the morning, he is found to have been murdered, you immediately jump to the conclusion that she killed him. With you, Mr. Moore, the sense of gratitude takes a peculiar form. In a state of civilisation in which logic prevailed, the breath would be crushed out of your body; sharing the fate of other vermin, you would not be allowed to exist. Unfortunately for you, this is not a moment in the world’s history in which logic does prevail.”

So I shook him—gently. I did not treat him to a thousandth part of his deserts, for his sister’s sake. Yet, when I dropped him back on to the floor, to judge from his looks and his behaviour, he might have been used with considerable severity. He seemed to be under the impression that I had murdered him.

“That was good!” said Miss Adair. “I feel better.”

I don’t know what prompted her to make such a remark, but I felt better too.

NEXT WEEK—WHERE MISS MOORE WAS GOING



Penchée by Froutib

EDEN



A Romance

by Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 55
YOU ARE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

I was thinking about last night about Katharina or not, then I realised the No.1 biggest reason why I SHOULD bring Katharina to Berlin—how it will shock and shoot my haters up the arse to see me strolling up the Kurfürstendamm hand in hand with Katharina! What a fucking shock to them. Knowing I am going to bed with this 23-year-old Brazilian sexpot. Knowing I just KEEP ON winning.

Hello how are you? Today I felt alone in the world. I thank God for putting you in my life. You are my guardian angel. Maybe I'm sentimental because I'm getting close to my period, but anyway I thought I'd talk to you because you're one of the most important people in my life.

I said it's a heavy responsibility. She replied with an English voice message "I'm sorry". I replied "Oh don't be sorry, you're the best thing in my life. I am lucky to have met you". She replied "I'm the lucky one".

Well, a dramatic Midsummer Day. In the first real heat of summer, already 23°C by 11am, as I headed to — . Had one pint and was taking my glass back to the bar planning to leave, when I saw a really pretty barmaid, and decided to have another just to be served by her, Nadia. Only after she came past me to deliver food to someone did I realise for sure it was the girl I called Priyanka from a year previous. So fucking exciting I stayed for

four in the end. Her slim slim body is now filling out and she had real noticeable boobies which were never evident before. — just came right back to life.

Back to — for one with David having passed very pretty Yoyo in the Chinese door. Her face is delectable. Went back and she was in the door again, 35 to the house for massage, then she quoted 80 for naked, or 130 for sex. I gave her all 110 in euros that I had and then she insisted on taking 40 in English pounds to make up the difference but I really wanted her.

Missionary first then her on top, she wouldn't allow from behind (which of course I preferred) as I would go in too deep, "spit me in half!", and hand to finish but I had to give up as time was up. Half in — to end.

I can't just go home after something like that.

I always used to think she was boring, vanilla, but she is not vanilla at all, she just charges more before she will do anything. She knows her worth is greater than the other "girls" so she will make you pay for it. Her youth and beauty is rare among Chinese massage girls.

First time I have ever actually fucked a Chinese massage girl, rather than just suffering them to give me a happy ending massage.

It cost a hell of a lot of money but I do not regret it. It was a boil that had to be lanced.

Lovely video from Katharina, 0004, laying on pillow in pyjamas, smiling at me. Makes me want to live with her after all. Would save money if we were both contributing to the rent I suppose.

Didn't go to — today as I thought do they have a sexy barmaid like Nadia? No. Are there sexier girls in — Strasse than — Platz? No. So what point? So rare I see anything exciting in — . Whereas my bulge in — was massive. Felt so excited. Vindication for going out on a work day, and thankfully the later disaster at Eden was not caused by my drinking.

Christ Yoyo was genuinely arousing.

Life is sweet.

And Christ Katharina looked so lovely in that video.

Getting swollen just thinking about Yoyo now. Her riding me was so good.

1045am start to — for two, but NO Nadia. — outside, and young Brazilian couple sat at my table with my permission. I had a nice bulge outside, and when they left, the man grimly nodded a terse moody “thanks”, but the brunette smiled at me a lot to say “thank you”, I think she had seen my bulge and was very turned on by it. That smile was long and lingering and admiring. So sexy.

*

Yesterday, real nice swell in the — , just a shame there was nothing to excite me; and real nice swell outside the — as well, and the smile from the Brazilian girl as she thanked me for letting them sit as she was leaving was LONG, she knew I had an erection and she liked it. Such a sexy long smile from her. That was the moment of the day.

It is a game changer that I have discovered I can put my hand in my right pocket and reposition my little man and balls for maximum effect while I am sitting down. The — chairs are perfect for it, and the — outside chairs are perfect for it, but the — stools are no good for it. Nice to finish at the window though.

Interesting on Monday I had four pints in — and one in — and still got big and hard with Yoyo.

935pm

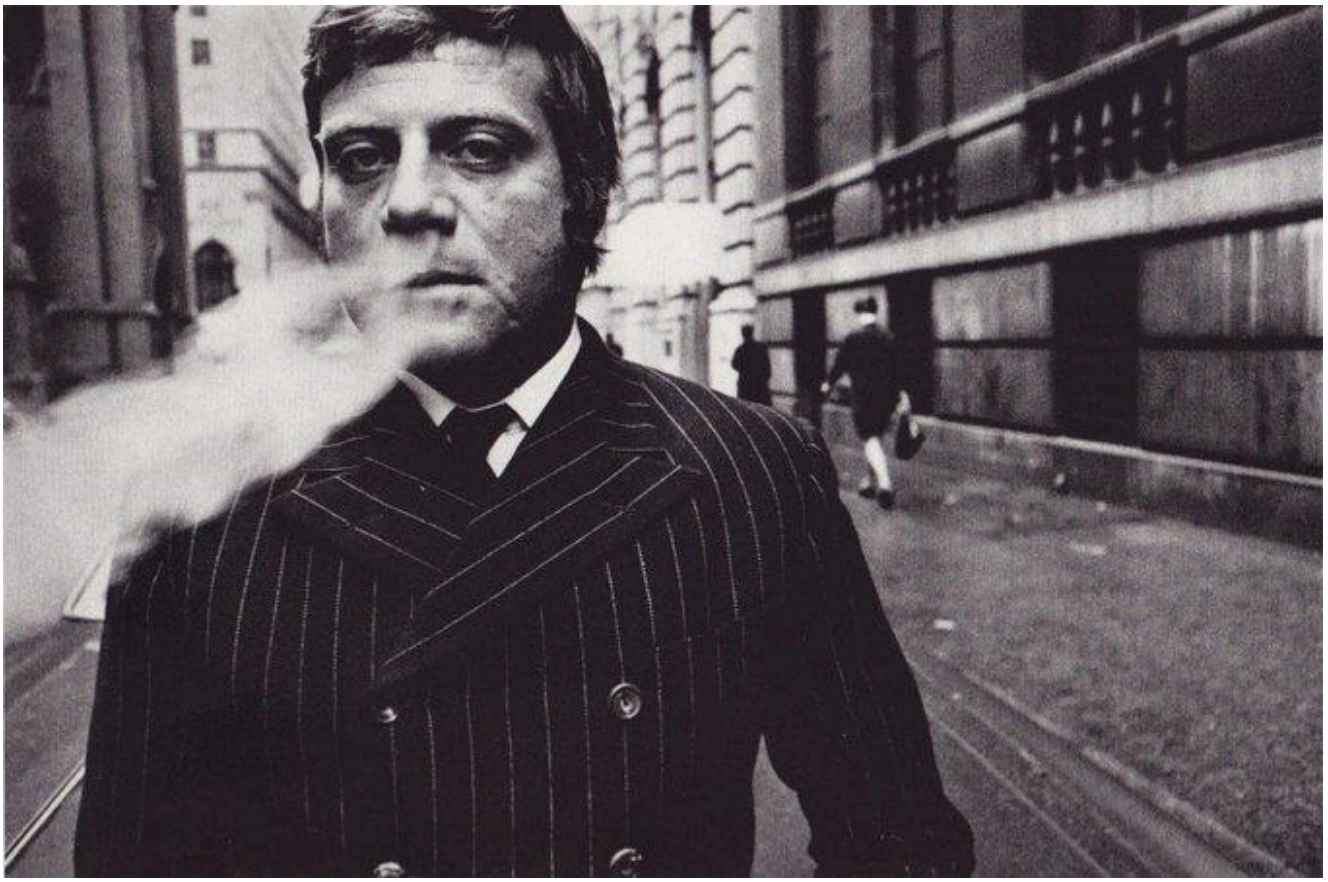
I dreamed about you last night. I dreamed that you were a little thinner and that we were walking down the street, you and my son. Then I was ahead and you were behind, holding my son's hand to cross the street. We walked on the street. I spoke English to you. Really like a family.

A little thinner? What does she mean by that?

Oliver Reed as James Bond.

When Connery hung up his toupée they should have gone with Reed. He would have been the greatest Bond ever.

Discuss.



Working on EROS, first volume of my autobiography covering the years 1992-1999.

Looking back on these pages what comes out is the greatest sexual memories all came from masturbating–either in the porn cinemas or that night in Sunset Strip when I accidentally came in my pants. Not ONE of my fucks with the Soho 'French models' is recorded with any excitement or fondness whatsoever. Usually I didn't even record their names. Porn cinemas and strippers clearly turned me on more than sex did. Visual stimulation was always the greatest arousal for me.

I haven't changed one bit.

What an incredible chapter of my life will open when Katharina does arrive.

CHAPTER 56
I CANNOT LIVE WITH YOU

This morning I thought wouldn't it be great if Katharina and I found a little flat to share with separate bedroom in the Tiergarten or Potsdamer Platz area just walking distance from Eden, then I look at the prices and it is totally impossible.

For rich people only.

Everywhere. Just a room in a shared house starts at 900.

I realise again how impossibly mindblowingly cheap is this little garret flat in Charlottenburg. — a MONTH? All bills INCLUDED? It is mindblowing. I can never leave here.

So Katharina will have to find a room for herself & her little boy somewhere, but for that she will need to earn at least 900 a month and how can she?

At least let her come, marry, so she at least has the right to live in Berlin or London and work for rest of her life. Then let her find a rich man to support her. Or the miracle of finding a friend who will let her stay in their house for free. Only then does she have a chance. But for Katharina to pay rent herself—no chance.

But I can never leave this lovely little flat in Charlottenburg. Studios in Charlottenburg are more than **2000**. I am paying nearly half the going rate it seems. I never realised how blessed I was.

Don't I have to forget about Katharina coming to Berlin? And if I forgot about that, what is left for me?

Drinking in — and —, fish & chips then home, or steakhouse and home. My only pleasures. For the rest of my life. Cannot afford travel and 1924 Paris is dire anyway.

Any girls I fancy in Berlin? No, none at all.

I don't know how she can possibly survive here. But fine, let her come, marry, see if she finds a friend to let her live for free.

Concentrate now on loving living here in Charlotte Mansions for JUST — a month, all bills included. It is the blessing of my life. And working in a lovely place like Eden, for a great company like — , with occasional nights at —'s house and who knows what else to come in the future.

Let Katharina come, marry, and be legally able to work. Then she is on her own and will have to make use of her own genius to find a miracle of her own, like I have done with Charlotte Mansions and Eden. "Find a rich boyfriend, or just a friend who will let you stay for free. I don't know how ANYONE can afford to rent a flat in Berlin. That is, a single person with no children who is free to work long hours. For a single mother to be able to work enough to pay rent, I just don't know how it is conceivable. But miracles happen. A miracle could happen for you here in Berlin but it will not happen unless you are here."

"I cannot support you financially in Berlin, I work every hour I can as it is just to break even and pay my rent and keep my head above water. I cannot live with you."

Scary that I made a loss of £265 in June, even with FOUR nights overtime. That includes £187 I sent to Katharina and perhaps 35+150 I spent on Yoyo. So even without Katharina and Yoyo I still would only have scraped a £100 profit.

Just imagine if I had NOT had overtime in June. I would have dropped £900 in a month on basic four on four off. Scary.

That Saturday night girl outside — bar, zebra print long dress with large boobies spilling over top, best pair of tits I've seen for a very long time. Then the flight of green parakeets along the front of Eden then around the corner into — Strasse.

Good morning. Do you think it's not worth the cost of the course? I'm trying really hard. To learn. In addition to the cost, I am studying at home too. I'm sad that you're disappointed.

I had no idea what she was talking about. No one was more in favour of her learning English than me (German she already speaks, passably, for some complicated family reasons I never quite understood), for how it might help her in the future and for us to be together of course. Lost in translation again. Another of our little misunderstandings.

You said it in a tone that it might not be worth the cost of the course. Or maybe I'm understanding it wrong. Yesterday a stitch broke during my mouth surgery and I had a bad night. I'm menstruating. And with that my mood is shaky. I hope you are well. Have a good day and a good rest.

I asked if her motorbike was still OK, and if there was any progress with the authorities about getting money from her son's father.

It is, thanks to God. I take my son to school and then I come to work. It is very useful. No, I don't have contact with them. My lawyer hasn't given me any news for two months. I'm tired of waiting for the audience. That incompetent man had told me that the process was quick. It's going to be a year already.

"I think I will be very happy when you are in Berlin close to me. I just worry about the financial difficulty for you. I wish I was richer. But hopefully you will have good luck, and miracles will happen, and we will find a way to make it work out okay."

She replied in English for a change—

My love, don't worry. If it's not right, I'll go, I'll make you sick of my annoyance and I'll leave. I'm not afraid to go back to Brasil if I need to. I'm prepared for anything.

“I hope that doesn’t happen.”

We just have to calm down and do things like adults. Do it at the right time to make it work.

“You won’t be trapped in Berlin at least as you were in Paris. I will always help you go home if you want to.”

If it doesn’t work out and I have to go back, is it possible for you to come and see me? Once a year? Until I can go back to Berlin?

“Nooooo. No way I am flying over the Atlantic Ocean.”

💔

“And I cannot stand hot weather. I know you are smart, and beautiful, charming, sexy, and brave, and you are a fighter, all the qualities that should help you in Berlin, so then you just need good luck. Anyone who meets you will want to help you. Any employer who meets you for a job interview will give you the job as soon as you walk in the door.”

“As we say in English, where there’s a will there’s a way (and in this case, a Will as well). If you really desire something, even intractable problems can be overcome. We will find some magical solution I am sure. Things turn up when you least expect them, if you really want it bad enough. You are an amazing person, so I am confident you will find some amazing solution in Berlin.”

Yes we hope so. Thank you very much for the words. I’m afraid of bothering you the first month I need to stay in your apartment, and if it takes me a while to find a place.

“Are you mad? You can stay with me as long as you like. As long as you can cope with me. I have wanted you to be with me since the night I met you. You remember, I told you, but you always

said it was not possible.. I am not worried about you staying with me. I am more worried about you leaving."

As long as I can cope with you? What do you mean by that? I can't deal with rudeness and mistreatment. Maybe it doesn't seem like it but I'm emotionally sensitive. I cry if you yell at me. I had a horrible experience with Georges when I moved in with him.

I am reminded of the Zoe Clark song 'Zero Feelings' which always reminded me of Katharina those first few times I used to see her in the Sphynx. Only when I started to get to know her did I realise she is not like that at all. At that time she was overwhelmed by feelings. She was in trauma mode. Going through things which made her question if she wanted to live anymore.

"No I will never mistreat you. I might be moody sometimes, but I will never mistreat you. I'm sure it will be fine."

I hope so. As I said, I'm ready to go back if it doesn't work out.

"I will not let you go back. If you go back, I WILL go to the inferno of Brazil to get you. My future depends on you making a successful life in Berlin now. I do not buy English lessons with a private tutor for just anybody. I do not buy a MOTORBIKE for just anybody. And I don't care if you are with me or somebody else. I want you to succeed in Berlin. For you and your son. I am more committed to this project than you are (possibly). Together, there is nothing we cannot achieve. We are a power couple. Like Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor." Neither of whom she had ever heard of, I am sure. "We will destroy the world. What I see in you is someone who has not yet even achieved 1% of her potential. In Berlin you can achieve 100% and MORE of your potential. I am committed to making this happen. Whether you are with me or with someone else, it does not matter. I will give you your first roof over your head in Berlin, after that I will support you in your

rise to superstardom. You are a superstar, in the chrysalis. I believe in you. I have never met a girl I believe in as much as I believe in you. Don't give up. I am waiting for you. In Berlin I think you will meet a Very Very rich man who can look after you and your son, so you never have to work again. I believe this will happen. You are a genius. You are not normal. I spend every minute of my life life looking in vain for someone special like you, and then in 1924 Paris I found her. You can destroy the world. You have that power. Berlin is waiting for you. To take over."

I agree with your messages. They are beautiful and comfort my heart. I am very grateful for your kind messages. I was needing. Thank you very much for what you provide.

Did I see one sexy girl yesterday? No. Any bulge? No.

Another cold miserable day, 16-18°C, grey cloud, spits of rain.

Always amazes me how quickly after seeing a girl you fancy does the blood surge to your penis. Less than a second.

The male body is amazing. Mine is anyway.

NEXT WEEK—THE SADNESS OF THE SPHYNX

ENDNOTES

Your Editor Ernst Graf—A cultured man with a passion for opera & European pornography Marquis de Yellow Pill / X and My Books

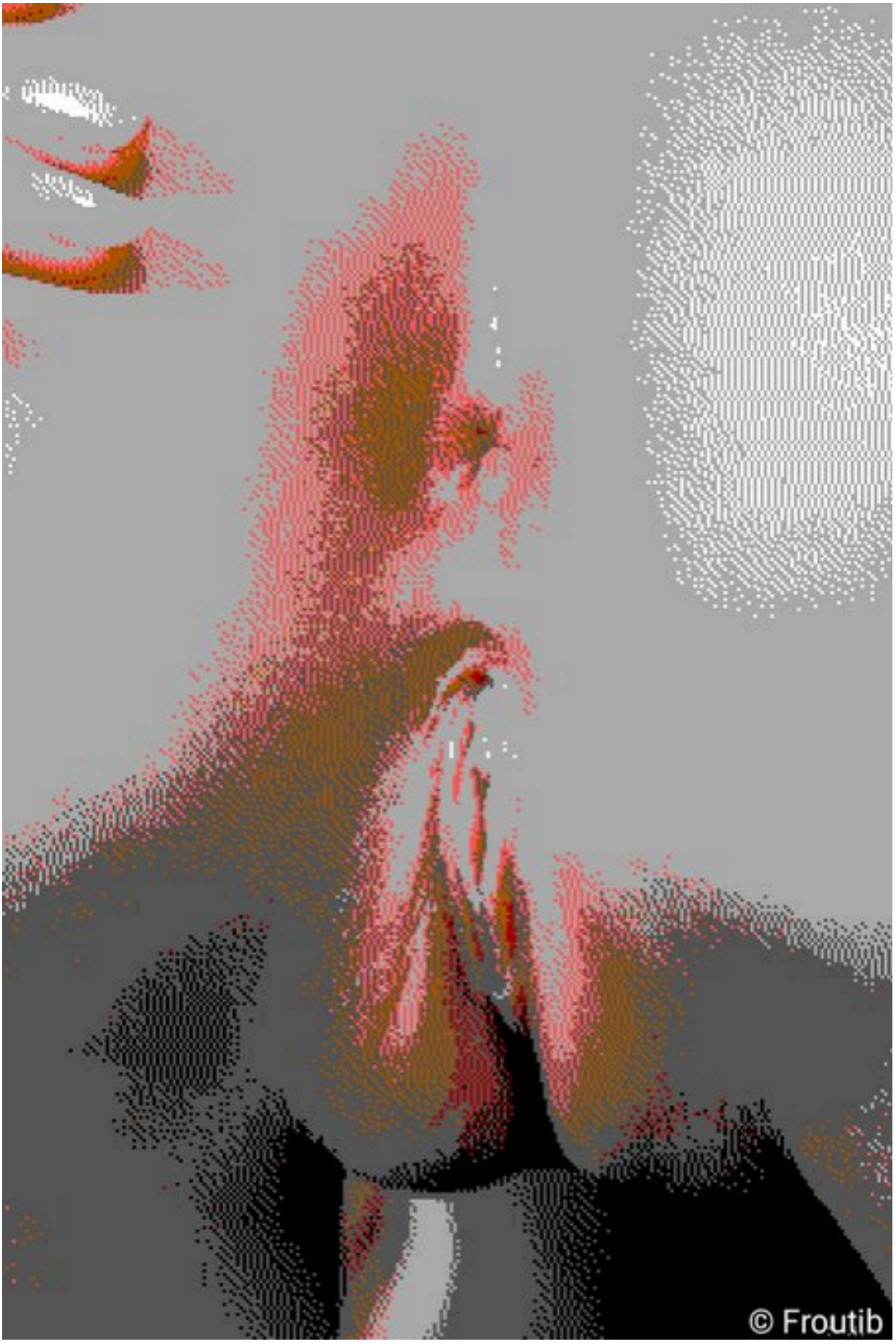
Troy Francis—Troy Francis is a writer & also a coach who helps high value men achieve success in their dating lives. Find him on Twitter Troy Francis (@RealTroyFrancis) / X

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Gentle by Froutib



Waiting for my Husband to Finish the Latest Issue of Penicillin Magazine (1883 or earlier) by William Henry Longmaid