

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

(ILLUSTRATED)

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BY

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FORBIDDEN FRUIT
BY
ANONYMOUS
LUSCIOUS AND
EXCITING STORY
AND
MORE FORBIDDEN FRUIT
OR
MASTER PERCY'S PROGRESS IN
AND BEYOND THE DOMESTIC
CIRCLE





FORBIDDEN FRUIT

LONDON

1905

PREFACE My readers of *Forbidden Fruit* may wish to know the origin of the work. It was this way, whilst I was staying at an out of the way village on the Sussex coast, I used to take long solitary walks, and several times saw a very beautiful girl sitting on a secluded part of the downs, attentively reading what looked like a manuscript in a black cover. Naturally I concluded she was some very studious young lady trying to improve

her leisure, as she did not appear anything like the frivolous novel about what she was so intent upon.

One day, on the same foot-path, I picked up what I believed to be her manuscript book, and looking curiously at the contents, was surprised to find it was a tale of the grossest kind, scenes of love and lust depicted in the most realistic manner, and other things mentioned in the plainest language.

I sat down on the bank to enjoy this unexpected voluptuous treat, when suddenly I was startled by a breathless exclamation of: "That's my book! Oh, give it me back, Sir; I must have dropped it as I passed along here, a short time ago, and ran back to find it."

"Your book, Miss. I was just looking to see if there was any address in it, when I saw what it was about. Excuse my looking, it was done quite innocently, and your secret is safe with me."

Realising at once the shame of the thing, she gasped for breath, flushed crimson, and then turning pale as death, fell fainting at my feet, before I could catch her in my arms.

Reclining her against the mossy bank upon which I had been sitting, I rubbed and chafed her hands, squeezing her fingers quite painfully, in order to bring her to herself, but for several minutes without success,

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as there was no chance to obtain either water or brandy in such a place.

Presently she murmured! Shove in into me! I want it all—I must have it now;" and a succession of bawdy expressions, quite shocking from the lips of such a young girl, as she could not be more than seventeen, at most.

It was incredible she could be so depraved, but it seemed a striking confirmation of what a doctor once told me, viz, that even the most virtuous girls often use frightfully obscene words, when recovering from a fainting fit.

Anyhow, I resolved not to take advantage of her, and behave honourably to her.

As she came round a little she opened her eyes with the question: "Oh! where am I?" And catching sight of me holding her hands so tightly, all her shame returned to her in quite an overwhelming sense, and bursting into tears, she cried so bitterly, it was a long time before I could reassure her.

Promising to keep the secret of her book, I only asked one thing, and that was that she would not avoid me, and allow me to see her again.

This of course led to a close friendship between us; I lent her a variety of voluptuous books, and she let me

have the manuscript to copy for my printer, but would not impart to me how she came by it, saying: "Some day, perhaps, after I am married, and tell you all; it will not be long, my wedding is fixed to come off in two months time; I'm a virgin and mean to be so till I have my husband, but have to thank your forbearance that dreadful day when, you found my book, and did not take advantage of the situation. I both respect and love you for it."

She would permit me every familiarity but the one thing. We Frigged, Sucked, and enjoyed every other pleasure, both abroad, and in my own rooms, where she would visit me, having perfect liberty, living with an old nurse of hers; so not a soul in the place knew anything about either of us.

When we parted it was, "Au Revoir," and some day I may have more to tell.

THE AUTHOR.

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How well I remember my early days, almost to babyhood when it was always the care of my beautiful mother to bath me herself every day; there was also Mary my nursemaid, but when Mamma had to be away at any time the supervision of my bath was delegated to

her sister. Auntie Gertie, a pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen.

Till six or seven years of age I slept in a cot in my parents' own bed-room. Papa was a very dark fine handsome man, Mamma equally so, or much more beautiful to me, had lovely golden hair and deep blue eyes full of love for me in every glance.

I can just remember one day when Mary and Auntie Gertie were giving me my bath, I thought they were looking at my little spout, as I said saucily: "What are you looking at, Papa has got such a big one."

Amongst the tricks I used to play on my nurse was one of suddenly running up to her and raising her skirts in fun, so one day when Mamma was bathing me, I suddenly said, "Mamma dear, Mary has such a lot of hair at the bottom of her belly;" making the poor girl blush crimson, as she explained my tricks to Mamma.

Another time to Auntie Gertie: "You should see my Papa hug my Mamma like a bear in bed."

After this my cot was removed to the nursery, as Master Percy was getting too observant.

What romps I used to have with Mary; then when I was about eight or nine years old, I often would insist upon sleeping with her, always creeping inside her night dress, to nestle close to her soft warm flesh.

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I would kiss her titties and pretend to be a little sucking pig, as I played with her belly even as low down as the hairy part, which she always resisted my handling by keeping her own hand over it.

Often her motions were very curious; I fancied she was rubbing herself between her thighs, and she would finish with deep sighs and what seemed to me a tremulous shudder; generally she would also kiss me ardently.

Time passed on and I was growing quite a big boy. Somehow Mary and myself seemed instinctively to avoid ever mentioning our bed-fellow games; as far as I was concerned, there seemed something too good to be told, even to Mamma.

I must have been nearly twelve when Mary had to go home for a few days, to nurse her mother, so Auntie Gertie took her place in the nursery.

She saw me to bed about eight o'clock, and then went away, leaving me awake, wondering if she would let me get into her bed. Bye and bye I heard her enter the room, so pretending to be asleep, closed my eyes as she came to look at me, with the lamp in her hand. "What a beautiful boy, if only I dared!" I heard her say softly to herself. Then placing the lamp on a table, she came again to the bedside, and imprinted a warm kiss on my cheek, then another and another. Opening my

eyes in apparent surprise, I threw my arms round her neck and gave her back kiss for kiss; this went on for quite a minute or two, till she said, laughing and blushing at the same time: "What a silly, spoony boy you are, Percy; I thought you were asleep."

"Oh, no, Auntie Gertie, dear, I do love you so, and when you kissed me I could not help paying you back; don't you love me a little?"

"Now go to sleep, there's a good boy, I must go to bed myself, put your head under the clothes, if I catch you peeping at me, I'll whip your bottom, that's all;" drawing the sheets up over my face. "Now keep like that, till the light is out."

If I could not see, my ears listened till I heard the well known ripple of her water in the chamber pot and out of shame impudence whistled, the same as I had heard the groom do to Papa's horse when he wanted it to piss. Sudden darkness.

The sound of that rushing stream electrified me; sensations I had never experienced before coursed through my veins, my little pego hardened of it's own accord, so jumping out of bed, I exclaimed: "Auntie, I must give you a last kiss, how funny the noise of your pee-pee has made me feel, I am all of a tremble, just feel me," winding my arms again round her neck; she seemed only too willing to return my eager kisses,

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drawing me to her bosom till I could feel the firm palpitating orbs pressing against my breast.

"Come into bed, and cuddle me, Percy, I feel so chilly to night," she whispered.

Only too pleased I nestled myself by her side, still kissing and calling her my loving Auntie.

Fate had ordained I was to lose my maidenhead that night, young as I was. Her hand passed all over me, caressing every part, and she freely abandoned her bosoms to my impassioned kisses.

Presently her hand wandered down to where my stiff standing pintle was throbbing against her belly, her hand closed upon my staff, which felt to me bigger and bigger every moment, and must even then have been a good six inches.

Not a word passed between us; she glued her lips to mine, almost sucking my breath away and altogether seemed in such an agitated state, that I was nearly frightened; still I felt only too pleased, as she held my affair in her hand and slowly passed her fingers up and down, up and down, drawing back the foreskin each time. Somehow she gradually worked me into a position between her legs as we lay side by side, then she commenced rubbing the nose of my machine in a moist sort of chink embowered in the silky hair at the bottom of her stomach. One of her arms hugged me round the

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waist, and presently a soft whisper murmured: "Percy, push yourself close to me, it's so nice, my darling."

I followed instructions, and hand directing my instrument, it slipped in somewhere very moist and deliciously warm. She wriggled her bottom and drew me in more and more at each motion; both her hands now pushed my bottom each time in response to her forward shoves.

The game grew faster and faster; she rolled over on her back, her legs entwined over my buttocks, so as not lose the little prisoner she had got in her grot.

"Now Percy, my love, shove in hard and fast, dear, make me come, isn't it delicious, my boy?" "Oh, Auntie, you dear Auntie Gertie: where am I going to?" I ejaculated in a delirium of entrancing sensations—"Ah oh! oh!—what's going to happen, I'm bursting!" and my head fell on her shoulder as I lay nearly lifeless, all the extatic emotions of the impulsive gushes throbbing from me, as her grot seemed to grip and suck every drop of my life, so as to mingle the very essence of our being in the recesses of what I now know was her womb.

What a grip she kept on me! Something inside of her caressed the head of my instrument, and the contractions of that moist warm chink seemed to increase every moment. The folds of her adorable