



The *Fidelis Blue*
Private Life
of
Anne Boleyn

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Chapter One

"I hear," said Sir Thomas, "that since he got her with child he's lost interest."

"I believe it," said his companion. "He has but two uses for women. One is that they provide him with a male heir. Which she cannot do, since he is married to another, and so is she, and an heir cannot be illegitimate."

"And the second?" said Sir Thomas, knowing what the answer would be.

"To slake his lust. Once her belly shows, his desire flags."

"There are some who like nothing better than a roll with a girl with a round belly. They say such girls are lusty, even lewd in their appetites."

"I think Henry is not among that number. He likes them slim and girlish, with small breasts and tight little bottoms."

"Mary has a sister who would fit that description. I've heard."

"Anne? Yes, so I am told."

"She's recently returned from several years in France."

"Has she learned French ways?"

They both laughed.

"I had a French whore once, for a whole weekend. She certainly knew a trick or two," said Sir Thomas.

"They say they like to use their mouth as if it were their cunny," said his friend.

"Indeed they do," said Sir Thomas. "She told me that it was just as a way of avoiding conception. But I think it was for lust. Nothing pleased her more than to take my member in her mouth and suck on it, for a full hour if I would let her, and then drain all the spunk out of me and swallow it."

"Sheer wantonness," said his companion.

"She delighted in stroking me while she sucked, so that my effusion went directly into her mouth. While she stroked and sucked there were other refinements too."

"Pray tell," said his friend.

“She liked to fiddle with my fundament,” said Sir Thomas. “Her nimble fingers went into me, fingering deftly, then emerging to squeeze my balls before further working of my ass. It was pure lechery.”

“Surely no English wench, be she ever so bawdy, would venture to such a debauch.”

“Perhaps not; though I believe there are some who would have the mind to do it if it were suggested to them.”

“Are there French whores in London who would perform such feats?”

“I am sure,” said Sir Thomas. “Down among the stews in Bermondsey there are places that hath such. Shall we visit one day soon?”

“Indeed,” said the friend. “I should admire to go.”

“If we do, there is one more thing to mention. French men have a taste for buggery, with women as well as boys; the women encourage them, and in truth they lead them on to it. Of course a whore may say that is only another way to avoid being got with child, but like the mouth I think it is for lechery too.”

“Some say the French men like it because in truth they all favour boys; the rump of a woman, however choice, is but a substitute for the ripe ass of a peachy boy. But acting thus with a girl may be judged with more leniency, more in line with what the Church teaches against sodomy, whereas congress with a boy is an abomination.”

“Then half the clerics in England are condemned to hellfire,” said Sir Thomas, laughing. “Though surely the Church does not condone sodomy, even with a woman.”

“Perhaps not, but they would say it is more natural.”

“Natural? How can it be natural to embed one’s root in a woman’s ass?”

“Be that as it may, Sir Thomas, it is a fact that Frenchwomen are partial to such an act, as are their men. And perhaps Anne, newly arrived from the land of licence, is adept at such a practice.”

“Does the King favour such tricks?”

“I know not. But let he who first tries mistress Anne prove it so,” said Sir Thomas.

“Shall it be you, friend?”

“I fear not. I am in pursuit of other game. And, with her sister already in the King’s bed, she is too close to the throne for comfort. I value my head more than the pleasures of French practices, however pleasing.”

“Wise words. But someone, more foolhardy than you, will try her, I am sure.”

“I have been told she is irresistible, both for her looks and for her wiles. I shall stay away.”

One of the speakers was Sir Thomas Wyatt, courtier, poet, wit, lover. Some said later that he had carnal knowledge of Anne Boleyn, the subject of his conversation with his friend; by the time of her death her name had been dragged through the gutter to the extent that half the menfolk of England might have been thought to have bedded her. His friend was the Earl of Surrey, another poet and courtier. At the very moment this conversation was taking place, the subject of it, Anne Boleyn, was putting into practice some of the lessons she had learned during her sojourn in France. Anne was determined to lose no time in furthering her ambitions once she was introduced at the English court, and was standing by a window in a secluded corner of the Palace of Westminster. Standing beside her was the Duke of Richmond. Within the past week, Anne had managed to make the acquaintance of this noble and now was set to turn it to her advantage.

“What do you wish from me, sweet lady?” the Duke asked.

“I should like, sir, if you would have the king notice me.”

“And in return?”

“What do you desire, sir?”

“I shall not request. You must make an offer.”

Anne stood closer. Several times the Comtesse, her French tutor in such matters, had made her practise the furtive opening of a gentleman's doublet. Anne had become skilled at such a manoeuvre. Now her hand descended to the Duke's crotch and deftly found its way inside. Quickly she located his prick, which she was pleased to find big and warm. She squeezed it.

"Should you like something of this nature, sir?" she said sweetly, not looking at him but staring straight ahead.

The Duke grunted. "Show me what you can do," he said.

Anne pulled the Duke's prick out into the open. She looked down at it. "It is a fine weapon, my lord," she said. She knew how all men loved to have their pricks praised. "I think I should like to see it shoot, if that is your pleasure."

She loved to feel a man's prick in her hand. It always made her feel powerful, to hold his pleasure under her control. No doubt a prick in one's cunny was also something to be cherished, and one day she would know that pleasure. In the meantime, to feel the prick alive in her hand was a delight. She rubbed it slowly.

"There are other things you might do to please me," he said.

"Which things are they?" she said. Of course she knew only too well.

"Shall I lift up your skirts?" he said.

"Oh, sir, I could not allow that. Not here, in such a public place. And besides, I am a maid."

"You have a pretty mouth," he replied. "I know a thing you could do with it, if you went on your knees."

"I fear I cannot do that either, my lord, not on this occasion. The risk of discovery is too great. Your reputation would survive it but mine would not."

She moved her hand to his balls, caressing them, gently squeezing. The Comtesse had told her some men like this. Then she moved back to his prick, stroking now with more intent. She wondered whether to finish him or not. The

Comtesse had told her it was often better to leave a man still in need of release, to leave him wanting more. But would frustration really help the Duke's state of mind? If he was given pleasure, would he not be likely to come back for more? The decision was taken from her, for just at that moment she heard footsteps approaching, heavy boots echoing on the stone floor. Hurriedly she pushed the Duke's prick back into his doublet, only just in time before a member of his entourage approached.

"The king has required to see you, my lord," he said. For a moment Anne thought she might be able to accompany him. But the Duke turned and walked quickly away from her. Not for the first or last time, Anne bemoaned her lack of importance. The sense that she counted for so little in the scheme of things rankled in her bosom. One day she would outrank them all, she vowed, and those who had ignored her would regret their lack of respect.

As Thomas and his friend had surmised, Anne had acquired a thorough sexual education during her time in France. There was a great deal more to it than training her mouth and learning how to make her bottom serviceable for a man's pleasure, though this was certainly included. For, as Anne came to understand, it was not in essence about knowing what to do with various parts of the body, either hers or a man's. Rather, it was a matter of understanding the dynamics of sexual attraction, how to manage the ebb and flow of a man's desire, how to stoke it while keeping it in check, and how to turn to good advantage the appeal of her body and the skill with which she used it. In that process, physical acts were only part of what was involved. In fact, in her earlier interactions with young men, Anne only very rarely allowed them access to her person. She knew there were other girls about court who were not reluctant to permit a man to fondle, to insert his hand into her clothing, either down the front of her dress, or from the other direction, from underneath. She knew there were girls that

were even prepared to allow men further access than merely touching, girls who, if the inducements were sufficient, would open their legs and even their cunnies, that a man might penetrate them, not merely with a finger or two but with the ultimate weapon in his armoury. But Anne also knew that there were grave dangers in allowing such freedoms; if she had ever been in doubt, the dangers were there now to be seen, in the figure of her sister, five or six months gone, past the point where disguise was possible. She vowed at an early age that no man would ever penetrate this most precious of places until she wore a band of gold on her finger.

Having made such a decision, she resolved to learn all the ways in which a girl might secure advancement for herself without going to the ultimate. She discovered that so eager were most men for a touch, a sniff or a taste, that they could be enticed by a flirtatious word, by a light and feathery kiss on the cheek, by the "accidental" show of an ankle, neatly encased in a white silk stocking, or, if a girl were daring or needed some extra means of persuasion, then a discreet stroking of a delicate white hand over a manly swell in a doublet would most likely have the desired effect.

During her time at the French court Anne was fortunate enough to have not only a circle of friends, young French ladies equally as curious, flirtatious and wanton as herself, but also two older monitors, both of whom had offered to her parents to take Anne under their wing and guard against the many sorties that would doubtless be made upon her virtue.

One was the Comtesse de la Tournelle, a widow of some fifty years old. Many people around the court were in the habit of describing her as a highly respectable lady of impeccable morals. But some, wiser perhaps in the ways of the court and of the world in general, were more apt to refer to her as a lascivious old bawd, whose chief motivation was

in preparing innocent young girls for seduction by old, rich men, for which she received, it was said, a handsome fee, as well as the pick of the client's male servants for her recreation. Anne's parents, wise neither in the ways of the French world, nor of its court, were too much inclined to take the Comtesse at face value. Thus it was that in her early days as an ingénue Anne was in serious danger of having her reputation soiled before she had even made a start to her career.

Fortunately she was saved by her other mentor, the elderly Marquis de Saint-Briand. A noted libertine all his life, the Marquis, too old for running around any more, had latterly taken to chaperoning (as he put it) new arrivals at the court, shepherding them away from dangers to their virtue but teaching how they might put their good looks to their advantage. Anne was keen to learn. From early years her father had impressed on her how impoverished the family was. Since he had no money for her dowry, he said, she must set herself to enrichment through her own efforts. He told her she was blessed with a pretty face and a graceful body and that must be her fortune. She should learn how to increase men's desire for her without selling herself cheap. Marriage must be the key to her fortune.

Anne took this advice to heart. She saw how men looked at her, and she set out to make the most of it. The Marquis, having been introduced to her by her father, was full of counsel on the best ways to stoke men's desires.

"Men of the better sort do not care for whores," he said, "unless a man be brimful of spunk and simply require rutting."

Anne thought his frankness of speech rather shocking; no Englishman of her acquaintance would have addressed her thus. But she realised that the French were less hypocritical when it came to matters between the sexes. "What do they then prefer, sir?" she said, affecting an innocence she was already beginning to leave behind.

“A gentleman likes a girl to appear modest in public, her eyes lowered, nothing of a leg revealed above an ankle, the breasts suggested but not openly offered by her dress, her smile fresh and welcoming, not sly or sensual.”

“And when not in public, sir?” Anne asked.

“In private, Frenchmen like women to be lustful, frank in their desires, open to all experiment. Filthy, in a word.”

Anne blushed. She had been made to believe that men liked a blush in a girl, some physical evidence of shame and virtue, and she practised it in the mirror every morning.

“I suppose, dear Marquis,” Anne said coyly, “that if I allowed it, you would recite to me all the variations of licence which women may engage in without going to the ultimate?”

“To list them all would take many an afternoon, I fear, though I should be happy to begin at your convenience.”

“Suppose,” said Anne, looking about her, “we should take but one example today. Will you tell me what it is and how it is done?”

It was the middle of the afternoon. The ladies of the court were mostly seated in the card room, engaged in whichever game they preferred, while partaking of coffee or chocolate, often accompanied with tiny glasses of the choicest liqueurs. Anne occupied a window seat, gazing out into the grounds of the palace. It was a fine afternoon; perhaps she and the Marquis would later take a turn about the park. Last time they were together he had described an act which had taken her by surprise and which she had thought exceptionally lewd, but which had given her such a sharp pleasure to hear of that she could not bring herself to castigate him for his effrontery, nor had she been able to forget about it. But she knew that there were dozens of such acts in the experience of a man with such a long history of lechery, and she wanted to benefit from his knowledge, besides experiencing an occasional sensual thrill. And he

was after all, an old man; his limp member was surely no threat to her virtue.

“I can describe many such acts to you, dear lady. One I have in mind requires the presence of a third person if it is to be illustrated.”

“Oh,” said Anne. It had, in her innocence, not occurred to her that amatory performances might involve more than two. Or that they might move so immediately from mere discussion to enactment.

“Is the third person required to be another lady, or at least a wench, or a gentleman?”

“It could be either,” said the Marquis. “But it becomes a different experience if the sex of the third party alters.”

“When might such an occasion present itself, dear Marquis?”

“Patience, child,” he said. “It will take a day or two to make the necessary arrangements.”

Anne was most intrigued. She experienced that tingling sensation between her legs which she had recently become familiar with as her lessons from both the Marquis and the Comtesse had progressed. She had mentioned this sensation to the Comtesse, who had said, rather teasingly, that she knew a cure for that.

She glanced at the clock on the shelf. It would soon be time for the evening soiree, at which girls such as herself showed themselves, flirted when they got the chance, or even conducted their affairs with their lovers in shadowy nooks. Anne liked always to look her best. She summoned her maid and ordered the hip bath to be filled. Before the fire, burning softly in its grate, she disrobed and lay back in the water, perfumed and lathered. Once more her hand stretch to that spot between her legs. She wondered when the Comtesse had planned to have her cunny shaved. The more she thought about it, the more she was attracted to the idea. Whether her cunny was pretty or not she did not know. But she was certain it was the one part of a woman

that men most desired to see. If ever she found herself in a situation where such a revelation might be made, she thought a cunny denuded of hair, or mostly so, would afford a gentleman as much view as he desired.

The Comtesse's habitual flowery language nevertheless hid a good deal of sense, and Anne always listened to what she had to say. She was all too aware that she was as yet a naïve, unsophisticated girl who had much to learn about relations between men and women. If she wished to rise in society, and undoubtedly she did, she knew she must listen to such as the Comtesse, especially if what she had to say went against Anne's own beliefs or experiences. Recently the Comtesse had mentioned to her that her late husband had been fond of kissing her cunny. To have a man put his mouth upon her cunny was to Anne's mind unnatural, even disgusting. But that it might be a source of pleasure for both parties was something she needed to consider. The proof of that pudding, she thought, would be in the eating; she smiled at the appositeness of the phrase. At some time, if a suitable opportunity arose, she would have to make a try.

There were many things, she knew, which she needed to get experience of, not least, of course, the ultimate act of congress between male and female. That, however, would have to be left for some time to come. Her reputation and with it her chances of advancement would not be enhanced by permitting any man to know her in that fashion. Though she admitted to a great deal of curiosity about what it would be like, she would have for the moment to confine herself to garnering what information she could about it, in the hope it would be of value one day.

One afternoon, as she walked in the park with the Comtesse, enjoying the admiring glance from gentlemen who passed, Anne was moved to make some further enquiries of her advisor. "What do you think, dear lady, might a young girl such as myself, of good breeding, passable appearance and desiring of making her way in the

world, allow herself in her social relations with gentlemen? I wish to strike a balance between seeming forward, even wanton, and being too much of a mouse ever to be noticed or form acquaintanceships."

"Do you have in mind to form an immediate relationship with some person in particular?" the Comtesse asked.

"Oh, no," said Anne immediately. "I merely speak in general. I am still uncertain of so many rules which govern social intercourse. If I dance at balls, whom may I partner? How may I touch them when dancing, if at all? May I walk in the park with a gentleman without a chaperone? Is it proper to send a gentleman a note? To play at cards with one? How should my clothing and deportment be? Do you consider my dress sufficiently modest, or too much so? Do I seem to you to smile too much, to laugh over much? Too ready to talk to all and sundry?"

"Mon dieu," said the Comtesse. "So many things to be thought about. Let us take dancing first. Since you will be surrounded by polite society, you cannot come to much harm. You may dance with any gentleman who asks you. But of course you must not ask him first. You may touch as everyone else does, but no further. Do not on any account accept an invitation to take a walk outside or get the air. It will be dark and you will be instantly alone. And in the daytime it is unwise to walk with a man unless there is a third party present. Do not exchange notes with gentlemen. If any sends you one, ignore it. Tear it up and throw it away, lest one day it be evidence against you."

"Evidence of what?" said Anne.

"Who can say? It depends on what transpires."

"What about my dress?"

"This is most important. The first thing is that you be fashionable. No man about court with any self-respect would entertain friendship with a lady who paid no attention to the latest modes, in dresses, in hats, in gloves and shoes and the rest. To ignore fashion is to be dowdy. It condemns you

to looking like a bluestocking, and there is nothing men find so distasteful as a woman who aspires to be learned and clever. True cleverness in a woman lies in disguising her intelligence. Men can be easily enough deceived. A lack of attention to fashion can also be an indication of poverty, and no man of means wishes to be the quarry of a fortune-hunter.”

“But I am indeed poor, Comtesse, as you know. My father cannot afford to give me a good dowry.”

“I know all that,” replied the Comtesse. “But like intelligence, poverty is something that must be hidden. Let a man only know your lack of means when it is too late for him to withdraw.”

Secretly Anne thought this to be deceitful, but she held her tongue. She was learning that honesty was a luxury she could not always afford.

“By using her native wit and her eyes and ingenuity, a girl can give the impression of dressing smartly even if she cannot afford the most expensive things. A little style can often compensate for the lack of money.”

“How far do you think modesty a requirement in dress, Comtesse?” Anne asked.

The Comtesse thought. “You must always seek to tread the line between respectability and provocation,” the Comtesse said. “Too far towards respectability and you become a frump. Too far the other way and you risk being called a slut. Be a girl who dresses with style and offers enough of herself to interest a man, but always leave him wanting to see more.”

Chapter Two

Anne was excited. After all the talk, she was about to have a practical demonstration at last, of a thing which she knew to play a central role in sexual life, particularly the sexual life of those who are not married, or at least not to each other. It was true that she had already had some practical experience of pricks. The Comtesse had been eager to introduce her to some basic facts. She had explained to Anne what a prick looked like, and felt like. She explained the response of a prick to being handled, including the phenomenon of ejaculation, which up till then had been for Anne a mystery. She had heard of such a thing, but had little idea of what it was, why it occurred and how it might be induced.

“What you must always remember, Anne, is that for a man the discharge of his penis is the chief object of his life. The more frequently this can be achieved, and with the widest variety of company, the better he will be pleased.”

“It’s really that important?” Anne asked.

“Nothing more so,” said the Comtesse firmly. “And I think it about time you had some experience of what men set such value by.”

“Very well,” Anne said. “I shall be grateful if you can provide it.”

After a week, during which time Anne grew increasingly impatient, the Comtesse announced that she had found a suitable subject for the demonstration.

“It was essential that I did not select a man of quality,” she said, “for there might be a danger to your reputation if it were known that you were involved in such an act. In society secrets can never be kept for long.”

The Comtesse would no doubt have been put out to be told that it was women like herself, who spent much of their time in gossip, that endangered the reputation of young girls.

“And so I have procured a young man of the common people. I shall pay him for his participation and also for his silence.”

Anne was agog to know who the man was and when she would meet him. After several more days the Comtesse told Anne that the following afternoon they would go for a drive in the country. Anne pressed her for details, but for once the Comtesse said no more.

At 2pm. the next day the Comtesse arranged to meet Anne at the back of the palace. Standing in a courtyard was a coach and horses, and sitting up on top a single coachman. The Comtesse was already inside. Her arm appeared through the window of the coach, beckoning Anne. Once she was seated and the door closed, they set off.

“Where are we going?” Anne asked.

“Wait and see,” replied the Comtesse.

“And who is the gentleman we are going to meet?”

The Comtesse smiled but said nothing. The road entered a wood. After about ten minutes, the coach turned off down a track which eventually petered out. The coachdriver pulled up. The Comtesse got out, taking Anne with her.

“Where is the gentleman?” Anne asked, mystified.

“Come down, Jean,” said the Comtesse.

The coachdriver got down. He was a young fellow, well put together, with an intelligent face. He looked at Anne with an interest she thought verging on the impertinent.

“So, Anne,” said the Comtesse. “You have never seen a penis up close. But now that is to be rectified. Jean, as I have already ascertained, has an excellent one, and he has volunteered to show it to you. Jean, lower your breeches.”

Boldly, with not a sign of shame, the coachman pulled down his breeches, revealing his prick. Not being quite sure what to expect, Anne regarded it with great interest. It was not quite as large as she expected, but as she watched it

the thing appeared to grow in size. It also became stiff, sticking out at ninety degrees.

The Comtesse put out her hand and grasped it, holding it firmly. "We shall not attempt any refinements this afternoon," she said. "There will be no use of the mouth, nor rubbing the prick against other parts of your anatomy, no smacking nor pinching or other forms of rough play. All these things have their place, but that is for another time. So, watch."

The Comtesse held the prick with her fingers wrapped round it, then pulled them back. A flap of skin at the front of the prick slid back, revealing a head that was, in contrast to the whiteness of the shaft, a dark pink. Anne observed that there was a hole at the end. She remembered having heard that a man pissed from his prick, as well as using it for sex. Doubtless that hole was where the stream emerged.

"Hold it," the Comtesse said to Anne. Nervously she put out her hand and the Comtesse placed the prick in it. She found the thing pleasantly warm to hold, and also an interesting combination of hardness and smooth softness. Gingerly she began to rub it. Jean moaned softly.

"Could she not apply her lips to it for a little while?" he said.

"No," said the Comtesse. "That was not what was agreed."

Anne continued to rub it while examining it closely. She noted the thick veins just beneath the skin. At the base was a little circle of hair, and also what she knew were his balls, enclosed in a bag of wrinkled skin. She left off holding his prick for a moment to touch them, gathering his balls in the palm of her hand and gently squeezing. Jean gasped; was it with pleasure? Anne began to stroke the shaft again.

"What shall I do now, Comtesse?" she asked.

"Keep rubbing and watch what happens," was the reply.

The prick was now of a considerable size. From close examination of herself, Anne had a sense of the dimensions

of her cunny, having pushed a finger or two inside it. It did not seem to her that this thing, this penis, would fit. Surely it was too big, both too long and too thick. And yet was that not what was supposed to happen when a man fucked you?

Suddenly, without warning, the penis jerked in her hand. Jean made a groan and several ribbons of thick, creamy liquid shot from the end, falling onto the ground.

“You see?” exclaimed the Comtesse. “You made him cum. Well done!”

The Comtesse put her finger to the penis and scooped up some drops of the white stuff that was running down the shaft. She held her finger up to Anne’s nose. Anne made a face.

“Sniff and then taste,” the Comtesse ordered.

The odour was not particularly pleasant, Anne thought; both acrid and earthy. Tentatively she stuck out her tongue and tasted. The flavour was not strong; she wasn’t sure she could ever acquire a taste for it. But then, she saw no reason why the thing should spurt forth anywhere close to her face.

“Thank you, Jean. You may put it away now.”

Anne saw that the penis had quickly began to shrivel. So that was it? The whole event had lasted only a couple of minutes. This was the chief object of a man’s life, to perform this brief act?

“I see from your face you are a little disappointed, my dear. But you must understand that I have shown you only the mere basics of the act. The refinements one may engage in are limitless, as you will eventually find out.”

“I hope so, Comtesse,” said Anne. “When will you show me some?”

“Do not be impatient, child. All in good time.”

Jean drove them back to the stables. Despite the perfunctory nature of what had happened, Anne was aroused. Her first proper sight of a prick had left her wanting more. When they got back to the stables Anne and the

Comtesse dismounted from the coach and the Comtesse hurried away, muttering about an appointment with her doctor. Anne watched Jean unhitch the horse and take off its harness, then back it into its stall. On an impulse she entered the stables and approached Jean. He turned to look at her.

“You have a nice prick,” she said. “I should like to see it again.”

She would not have spoken to a gentleman like this, but a mere coachman could be so addressed. Jean gave a little smile and once more lowered his breeches. His prick was soft and drooping. Anne took hold of it and stroked it. Immediately she felt the hardness coming back. She pushed Jean up against the wall and pressed herself against him. “Kiss me,” she said.

Jean put his mouth to hers and slid his tongue between her lips. Anne had never felt such a thing. Instinctively she opened her mouth and his tongue moved inside. She sucked on it greedily. She could feel her blood pulsing in her ears, feel an urgency in her belly. No, lower down. She placed his prick on her dress, right against her pubic mound, moving it with her hand so that she could feel it rub against her cunny. She knew what she really wanted now, she wanted to raise her skirts and press his prick against her naked groin, against her cunny, and guide it into her. She ached to feel him inside. But Anne possessed an iron will, with which she controlled the impulses of her body. Certain acts, despite the acute pleasure she was sure they would give, would lead to disaster, to the destruction of all her dreams. Her ambition held her back.

But still, her dress remaining down, she rubbed herself against his prick, rock hard now. An idea came to her. Perhaps if she rubbed hard enough and long enough she could stimulate herself to a climax, in just the way she did when she was alone and playing with herself. She clung on to Jean around his neck, pressing her mouth harder against

his, bending her knees to get traction against him, And then suddenly he groaned, his body tensed and she felt his prick shudder through her dress. She looked down. Below her belly her dress was wet. She could see his spunk clotted on her, already beginning to stain the silk from which her dress was made.

She pulled back in anger. "What have you done?" she cried. "You've spoiled my dress, you dirty boy." She pulled at his shirt, trying to wipe the sticky white stuff off from her. But most of it had already soaked into the material.

Jean was red-faced. "I'm sorry," he said. "I did not mean to."

"You've ruined this dress," Anne said. "And how am I to get back to my room without someone seeing my shame?"

She slapped him hard across the face. "I should have you whipped," she said, "except that all would know what you have done."

She turned on her heels and made off, holding her hand across her groin in the hope of shielding her soiled dress. She was angry, not only with Jean but with herself for getting carried away, for not having anticipated something like this might happen. In future she would remain in control.

Back in her room she stripped off her dress and called for Camille, her maid. She told her to sponge down the dress. Camille took it and examined it. Then she looked up at Anne.

"Please, miss," she said. "I think the stain has gone through into your petticoat."

Anne looked down. "Damn," she said. Camille helped her off with the petticoat too, then put it to her nose and sniffed. Anne blushed furiously. It was obvious enough Camille knew just what had made the stain. She decided to brazen it out. Did it matter if her maid knew? Already she must suspect some of Anne's behaviour.

“There is a lot of it,” said Camille with a smile. “He must have been a virile fellow.”

Anne was still blushing, but calmer now. “Yes,” she said. “And it was the second time this afternoon he had done it.”

“I wish I could know such a man,” Camille said.

“Do you not have a young man, Camille?” Anne asked, suddenly curious.

“No.”

“Why not? You are pretty.”

“I do not trust them. To a girl like me, men are nothing but trouble. They want only one thing, and I will not give it.”

“There are ways that avoid the danger,” Anne said.

“But they are messy,” Camille said, holding up the petticoat. Both girls giggled.

Anne was seated on the bed. Under her petticoat she wore white silk stockings and a white silk corset that nipped in her waist, though fell short of her bosom and reached down no further than her hips. She was aware that under her petticoat her belly was bare. She saw Camille looking at her. Anne took her servant’s hand and pressed it to the base of her belly.

“Would you like me to do it for you, miss?” Camille said. “I’ve done it many times with girls.”

Sometimes in her dreams Anne would see images of pretty girls, naked, bathing in a stream or at their toilette. Around the palace there were many paintings of such scenes. It had happened that, in bed at night, awaiting sleep, her hand slipped between her legs and instead of the thoughts of men which came usually to her, she would imagine naked girls disporting themselves. But she had never touched a girl in real life. Now, she wondered why not? What could be safer, and more pleasurable?

“Take off something first,” Anne said. Camille was a pretty girl. She had pink cheeks and a rosy mouth and blonde curls, and as far as could be seen her breasts were full and her bottom nicely rounded.