

## Sex Doll

*La Femme Endormie*  
Madame B\_\_, Avocat  
[1899]

Paul Molaus, a well-to-do man in his middle forties, had gone through every possible disappointment with his mistresses, and had come to the point where he only saw a woman in an emergency. In such conditions, good-bye to flourishes, good-bye to delicacies.

A brutal ride, a lick and a promise as it were, and he was back with his household gods, crestfallen, sick at heart, practically despondent.

Then ideas started flowing again. In a corner of his mind more than naturalistic fantasies began to accumulate. He dreamed of an imaginary, will-less creature who would submit ecstatically to his obsessions and his lewdness.

Day and night he dreamed of this being.

Suddenly, inspiration struck.

Why not buy one of those magnificent statues which display their incomparable nudity in the annual Beaux Arts exhibition?

The marble of such a loved one couldn't be any colder than courtesans' hearts.

However this Pygmalion love, this love he would vow to a modern day Galatea, would demand purely spiritual worship and would not attain the desired goal.

He wouldn't mind a statue, but only on the condition that that statue would perfectly, in every way, replace a woman.

The idea of desecrating the marble made Paul's blood run cold.

Having taken this tack, our rake's inventive mind immediately started examining a thousand new combinations and at last, came the light. Like Archimedes he shouted: "Eureka!"

A kindly soul had invented the dildo for women deprived of male contact; for the pleasures of brave Captain Pamphile, someone had brought forth the rubber woman, for our hero, a deft craftsman, an artist, would invent a miraculous Phrynée he would be able to manipulate at will—she would always be compliant and silent, no matter how lewd the act he chose to perform.

Money overcomes all obstacles. Paul had plenty of it.

He unearthed a man who consented to create the desired marvel. The creator did it for a very stiff price, because he suspected what dream his eccentric client cherished.

The artist outdid himself. A more exquisite work of tart had never been created by human hands.

She was an admirable woman with very uplifted, very firm breasts, outstanding, appetizing hips, extremely well-shaped buttocks, divinely curved loins, flawless thighs, well-rounded calves. All of this topped off by a most suavely shaped face, her golden hair royally coiffed. Her flesh was so white and smooth it was almost real, and all her joints were flexible. She was sent in a crate, marked "fragile," to M. Paul Molaus, Financier, *Bois-Colombes*.

An explanatory note accompanied the shipment:

"The extraordinary doll that I've conceived and executed," said the artist, "doesn't differ from a woman, except in one respect: she can't speak. I paid particular attention to her interior, which is fitted with three basins, several boxes and cylinders, and a number of little ducts, so as to permit the circulation of all sorts of products that it would please the experimenter to introduce into the silent goddess's *body*. By pulling certain curls of her hair, her eyes and lips can be made to move. One can place her in *every* imaginable position: standing up, seated, kneeling, lying prone, lying on her back. By pushing the navel, one provokes undulations in every part of her body. Her sexual organs are as perfect as those of any live woman. To warm up her body, all one has to do is to pour boiling milk or hot water in sufficient quantity into the different receptacles located under her head, behind her breasts, in her buttocks, stomach, legs, etc. One can also warm up a certain part of her body while leaving the rest only lukewarm. The liquid runs down through a series of tubes in her legs to the heels where a small peg is located. Just turn this peg to empty."

There followed instructions to keep the interior clean by means of a mechanism which opened the neck, the back, the thighs and the calves.

Paul read all of these directions attentively before unpacking the mistress of his dreams. He was alone in his country house at Bois-Colombes, sheltered from any indiscreet observers. His heart pounding at the thought of finally being in possession of a mistress who wouldn't betray him and who would refuse him nothing, absolutely nothing, he opened the crate.

The crate lay open in the middle of the elegant bedroom, voluptuous in the half-light filtering through the heavy drapes. Paul sat down in front of the box and gazed for a few seconds at the thick fabric, which hid the idol.

Flushed, his hands throbbing feverishly, Paul hesitated, glancing nervously about him. He cast a sidelong glance at a good-sized sofa where he intended to install his *Dulcinea*. He was in ecstasy thinking about the sensuous things he would offer himself, not yet knowing which one he would begin with. He looked around to see if his surroundings weren't hiding any jealous rivals.

Perfume phials and boxes of perfumed powders were scattered on a stand; in the fireplace, milk and water were boiling.

Was she naked underneath the fabric?

He would have liked to find her dressed.

Abruptly he came to a decision and threw off the fabric hiding his strange beloved.

A cry of admiration escaped from his lips as he fell on his knees, his hands joined together.

His madness began that very moment.

Chastely enveloped in a blue satin wrapper, *Galatea* lay on her back, smiling. Only the beginning of her bosom and the tip of the most charming little foot in the world showed.

Expression had been so well captured in her face and body that one could have believed the statue was alive.

"Oh, marvelous one, oh, divine one," murmured Paul. "You belong to me, you're mine!"

He ran his hands over her body. It wasn't cold, as he had feared it would be.

Lifting her carefully in order not to remove the wrapper, he carried her to the sofa, laid her down, and slowly, avidly, gazed at her from head to foot, as little by little he

drew back the corners of the wrapper.

He owned a really womanly woman.

The statue kept smiling and Paul told her softly: "You like that, don't you, my sweet? You love the impudence of my hand already approaching your divine treasures. Tell me, will you love me?"

He pushed his index finger near her notch, started, then putting his hand to his forehead exclaimed: "It's as warm and soft as that of one of Eve's daughters!"

Getting up, he walked around the room, not paying attention to the trunk which got in his way.

"Ah, what beautiful things, what feats of valor I'm going to perform! I wasn't cheated. A marvelous creature has been delivered to me. Anything that comes into my head I will act out until I get satisfaction. I'll never hear another screeching voice jangling my nerves, shackling my virility. Never will I have to cope with a gesture of tiredness. She's 'so beautiful! More than beautiful— superb! There is nothing missing in that divine body, and it certainly won't suffer from want of adornment. She will have dresses fit for a queen; she will have the most beautiful, naughty dishabilles of all. I'll give her anything she wants. Beg pardon, anything I want. Shivers are running through my loins. This is just the time to celebrate our honeymoon! Our wedding night! And say, why not begin by offering her a bride's trousseau? That's it exactly. I'll do it first thing tomorrow. I'll just have to take her measurements. Well, well. I'm going to get married to a doll. But I'm not going to wait for the wedding night to enjoy my rights! She would be offended. Oh, oh! What a plaything! She's just as good as the most fantastic courtesan! She'll also play that role, by the way. What fun we're going to have. Let's come a little closer, undo the' wrapper and admire her in all her nakedness."

No sooner said than done.

The statue, negligently stretched out on the sofa, displayed in front of Paul's dancing eyes her breasts, her rounded stomach covered with thin down, her slightly parted thighs, all the harmonious lines of her body.

"You will be called Mea," he said, "because you are really mine and I want to gamahuche you in order to prove all my love. Here, Mea, exquisite perfumes for your lovely body. Voluptuousness, here we come!"

His tongue went directly to the artificial cunt and his hands were delicately directed to her buttocks.

Fever overtook him.

"Egad! What's this!" he exclaimed after a few seconds. "Am I imagining things? Look, did you really spend, you devil, or am I going mad?"

He slid his fingers between her thighs and, dumbfounded, ascertained the presence of a few little whitish drops.

The doll, flopped on her back, her arms swinging at her sides, her head tossed back, abundant masses of hair flowing all over, belly sticking out, breasts pointing straight to the ceiling, indeed looked just like a woman who had dissolved into bliss.

Paul couldn't resist.

Disrobing in a flash, he bounded onto the irresponsible prey and possessed her wildly. He entered her cunt which, warmed up by his own heat, hardly differed from that of a real woman's, so well had the internal and external work been done. He finally withdrew, after having thought that he would never stop spending.

Sated, he sprawled out on a chair and looked at her in a daze. The statue remained in its former position, hardly disturbed by the fury of his possession, the same smile on her lips, the same fixed stare, the same immobile attitude.

He had come in that thing, and that thing now was flouting him with her glacial indifference.

Now that his desire had abated, he was sorry about the promptitude of his action.

If he was going to be carried away by passion instead of sampling the thousand promised sensations, it was not worth it to possess an inanimate being!

Then, too, why not master one's emotions?

It was that lewd trollop's fault. She deserved to be flogged.

"Slut," he shouted, "you didn't want me to spend my time looking at you, studying your postures, feasting upon your various poses, reveling in your cunt, your asshole, your tits, your calves; you didn't want me to cram my cock between your lips, between your breasts; you didn't want me to sprawl over the curves of your buttocks, or rest my head there. Wretched whore, you acted like a bitch, taking advantage of your body, and you drove me to spear you straight off so as to get rid of me quicker. Here, you harlot, come here. I'm going to whack your bottom to punish you for my stupid behavior."

He threw her onto the rug, turned her over like a bag of dirty laundry, kneeled down next to her to spank her and, at that moment, noticed, planted in the crack of her buns, a little piece of paper. Intrigued, he pulled it out. It was a letter and it was addressed to him...

Paul was stupefied. He didn't believe in witchcraft.

There was no doubt about it. He knew the handwriting; it was that of the artist who had created the masterpiece.

That man therefore wasn't ignorant about the purpose of the doll he had ordered.

In spite of his debauchery, he blushed to the roots of his hair. He felt ridiculous. He wondered if he would ever dare appear in the streets of Paris again.

A moment of reflection reassured him.

He had only found the note after coitus. If he hadn't been in such a hurry, if he had taken his time to examine his new marvel in all her aspects, he would have found the note without feeling ashamed by the *fait accompli*, ashamed at the thought that a perfect stranger suspected him.

Since he hadn't yet spent, he would rush to have it out with the artist, or else he would have a laugh with him over his missive.

He admitted that he didn't have enough courage and composure to approach the question in that manner. In the wrong—if a wrong had been committed—he flinched from the thought of facing a man who had so well divined his extravagant whims.

Besides, why should love for a doll cause as many worries as love for a woman? No, no, and no! He was a man, he was master of himself, he didn't have to account for his acts to anyone, he wasn't that artist's friend, he hadn't had any dealings with that obscure worker, he wouldn't see him any more now than he had before. The devil with irrelevant thoughts. Back to that trollop who's waiting for her spanking.

No. He would pardon her this time. In addition, he had to carry out the indispensable hygienic measures.

Following the instructions stated in the letter, he opened her back with scrupulous attention and was amazed by her inner workings. An entire system of little boxes, connected one to the other, of little basins, of tubes, appeared before his fascinated gaze.

All this rested within an elegant frame, lined with multicolored satin, silk, velvet, etc.

The breasts, shored up internally by circles of high quality steel, were prolonged inside the chest and connected by two pipes to a cylinder placed just about in the exact center of the neck. On this cylinder Paul read that only boiling milk should be used to fill it.

In the hollow of her stomach was a square container fitted with wire netting and various tubes going in all directions. In this container one could burn those small bits of charcoal used in foot-warmers, in order to diffuse heat to all the internal and external parts of the doll, and to keep the juices lukewarm.

Her belly and buttocks were divided into two basins, which one filled with milk.

Between the two cheeks of her buttocks, inside, Paul noticed a point jutting out with the letter X on it.

Consulting the instructions, he realized that by pulling a lever underneath, the two buttocks split apart, opening like double doors.

Having done this, Paul's admiration for the work executed for him was boundless.

The well-padded fleshy parts made the illusion complete. He discovered the anus, preceding an inner tube made of wadded half-rubber, which led to a sphere of unbreakable glass, fastened by strings attached to the tubes surrounding it, like so many points of a star. This stationary piece of glass could be removed to be cleaned in case the sperm, traveling all the length of the drainage duct, happened to fall there.

At the bladder level there was a basin for milk. Next to the cunt's orifice there was a tube analogous to the one in the buttocks, with a tapered extremity which penetrated into the uterus by a sort of recoil operated under external pressure. Having entered the womb, the tube plunged into a mixture of milk, vinegar, and egg white, sucked it up and, under the effect of the heat, returned it outside, thus producing the illusion of spending that had surprised Paul.

Sponges around the vagina were expertly placed to absorb the semen, and Paul noticed traces of his recent coitus.

He then understood what hygienic measures he should take, and proceeded with them.

Empty the liquids, clean the containers and the cylinders, take out the charcoal ashes, wash the sponges, perfume the inside. Paul took great pleasure in carrying out these tasks, and when he was finished his wrath had dissipated, sparing Mea her promised punishment,

It was getting late. He got dressed to go back to the city before nightfall.

Just before leaving his villa, where he was to return the next day, he looked for a place to leave his prized doll.

On the floor? Wouldn't he risk having some insect deteriorate her? Lay her down on the sofa? That might give rise to malevolent suppositions, in case some stranger accidentally entered the house before he came back. Put her in his bed? Same inconveniences there as on the sofa.

He decided to put her back in the chest, postponing until the next day the decision of what lodgings to give her.

The next day, Paul Molaus woke up dejected and somewhat battered.

Zounds! For a man past forty, to use *so* ardently an artificial woman doesn't go without consequences.

His ideas, less randy than the day before, persistently evoked thoughts of the artist,

and this fact tormented him.

Then, all of a sudden, a feeling of revulsion, a violent sensation of anger at the creator trying out love-making with his creature welled up in Paul.

And why not? That boor, that lout, that mercenary, that proletarian who had guessed Paul's lewdness, had wanted to taste the fruit, and had devirginized an article belonging to him. Exclusive possession of a woman seemed indeed impossible, even when she was a fictitious being!

Jealousy had bitten him. He was the second to grind the beautiful doll. And who knows? Maybe during his absence the slut, discovered by some neighbor, was being used for the satisfaction of other sensuous appetites.

That he would not put up with!

He would lock her up in a special trunk that he was going to order especially for that purpose. He would deck her out in that famous Middle Ages chastity belt, he would don her with monastic robes, with hoods. No one would ever see her.

His jealousy reawakened his lasciviousness.

He came back to normal.

He wasn't going to renege on his promise not to go back to Bois-Colombes that day. He went out to buy a wedding trousseau for his mistress.

He went into a large lingerie store, and having described what he wanted, Mademoiselle Lucile was assigned to take care of his needs.

Mlle. Lucile was a ravishing brunette, twenty-four years old, erect carriage, gracefully shaped, with a nipped in, coquettish waist, a pert but gracious face, an engaging smile; one of those exquisite Parisian girls who know perfectly well how beautiful they are, how to best complement it, and who take every man for an admirer.

She greeted Paul pleasantly and asked him: "What you need, Monsieur, is a complete trousseau—stockings, chemises, petticoats, drawers, morning wrappers, neck scarves. What price did you want to pay?"

"Money's no object. I want the best. End of the nineteenth century, that lingerie is sheer poetry. Do you understand?" Mlle. Lucile smiled and answered:

"Very well, Monsieur. We shall certainly please you. Oh, if Madame had come with Monsieur, that would have helped me in the choice of our perfections. A particular type of beauty is very inspiring. What looks good on brunettes doesn't go on blondes. Depending on the person, we give her shorter or longer garments, revealing or less revealing, etc. A thousand nuances come into play. You understand, Monsieur, that we are here to satisfy your tastes."

The glance accentuating these words embarrassed Paul. After reflecting a few seconds he replied:

"Madame lives in the country and cannot come to Paris." "Very far?"

"Bois-Colombes."

"That's right next door. We could send someone."

"That won't be necessary. I have her measurements and I know what I want."

Transparent shifts, flower-wreathed chemises, silk stockings of every possible color, starched petticoats, surah and satin petticoats, bodices of batiste, chemises long and short, tight and puffed out drawers, garters of every sort, elegant morning wrappers, etc. Paul bought everything they presented to him, to the great wonder of Mlle. Lucile, who didn't understand why he didn't take just an assortment.

Then they discussed dresses. The store had ready-made dresses. Paul asked that they be shown to him. He decided two of them might suit Mea: a plaid one and another in blue

and yellow satin for evening wear. He bought them both.

Mlle. Lucile told him: "If there are any alterations, all you need do is write us and we'll send a seamstress."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle, I shan't forget."

All of it was to be sent the next day. The only items he took with him were a chemise, two petticoats, a pair of stockings, and a corset.

"What an eccentric," said Mlle. Lucile as soon as he had gone. "I hope," commented the proprietress, "that you took good care of him and that he'll come back to us."

"I should certainly think so!"

After leaving the shop, Paul got into his car and was driven to a famous shoemaker, where he bought boots to go with the dresses, slippers for at home, and a few pair of low-heeled shoes.

Once these purchases were made, he was in a feverish sweat.

The very thought of dressing his Mea already had him dizzy with a thousand lustful hallucinations.

The next day had hardly begun when Paul was up and running to the St. Lazare station and into the train which would take him to his villa.

His heart pounding, as if he had a gallant rendezvous, he opened the trunk and uncovered the doll with the ardor of an adolescent. He found her even more beautiful than before.

Throwing back the satin covering he filled the various containers of his Dulcinea, somehow receiving a certain pleasure from this far from poetic task. He then sat her on a settee, kneeled down, and put on her silk stockings—black with gold stripes. They looked ravishing on her.

"Well," he exclaimed, "aren't we beautiful, my Mea, and you will love me well, won't you? You're mine alone, you have not belonged to anyone else! You'll tell me everything, won't you? We're now going to put on this pretty chemise. Will you ever be saucy in this! Quick, give us a buss, little coquette."

He kissed her smile and remembering the instructions for moving the lips, he reached under her hair and pressed an almost imperceptible button.

Her mouth closed instantly, opened again with slight, repeated gestures, responding to the pressure of his fingers on her hair, thus seeming to react to his caresses.

He touched the area commanding the eyes and in the same manner they opened and closed at his will.

"Wonder of wonders," he exclaimed. "I lose my reason in your arms. I belong to you as much as you belong to me."

He kissed her lips and her closed eyes, as though she were sleeping, and slipped the chemise over her shoulders.

He expertly arranged her breasts outside it, tucked the chemise around her body, stretched out the doll on the settee, her head resting on a pillow, and marveled at length over the beauty of the forms showing under the transparent chemise.

Her darling nipples fascinated him at the same time as her calf, showing under the stockings, plunged him into a thousand lascivious desires he could hardly control.

Oh, he didn't want to rush anything!

With trembling fingers, he decided to attach the garters above the knee, then, lecher to the tips of his fingers, he turned back the edge of the chemise to mid thigh, and pushed Mea's hand into the gap thus produced, as though she felt like amusing herself all alone.

He was so enchanted by this scene that he dropped to his knees a few feet away,

murmuring: "Oh, extraordinary, extraordinary, extraordinary! She's just as alive as I am!"

He dropped to all fours in order to see the hand of the doll playing with her cunt. He had the illusion that that hand was moving with little fluttering motions and, still on his knees and without approaching the settee, took out his prick, by now quite on the horn, and held it between his fingers saying: "Dear Mea, shall we come together, at the same second, each of us masturbating like this? Just look at me the way I'm looking at you and the deed is done!"

The doorbell rang, making him jump, tearing him away from his extravagant whim. [It was Lucile, who had been ordered to deliver personally Paul's wife's underclothing.]...

Once Lucile had gone, Paul, replete, came back to the doll's side.

He considered her scornfully for several long seconds.

"You're made out of rubber, my beauty," he said, "and I was on the verge of being jealous of your attractive skin! What a nincompoop! But I must be magnanimous. Thanks to you, I now have the most gracious of women ready to accomplish anything I want. I won't need to fill her stomach and belly with milk and water beforehand. That reminds me—I must clean you up. Here we go, oop! Let's get rid of this chemise and those stockings, Madame. Turn over on your back. Move along now. Oh, the poetic task! We'll open Madame's back and fiddle about with her intestines. Just look at all those containers! My heavens! There, let's not damage anything, one never knows what may happen. All this work, and I haven't even fucked this idiot. Silly one, you don't speak, you don't reason the way that irresistible Lucile does. Wasn't she nice to grant me my every wish? No embarrassment, no hesitations. She just took the right position. And you, heap of rubber, you're going to serve me too! Oh, what a difference!"

Her back closed again after he had removed all the liquid she was holding, the top half of the doll's body was lying prone on the sofa, her legs extended along the floor, her buttocks sticking out.

"My, my," he said, "you're just as admirably made on this side as on the other. Lucile certainly would have complimented me had she seen you. What shall we do with you for the moment? I'm going out for lunch. I'm not going back to Paris until this evening. I'll try your dresses on you after lunch. But I'm afraid you'll catch cold in here and I'm going to put you in my bed. That will be amusing. The other girl and I have mussed it up, so you can lie in the disorder. Before leaving I'll put away all your dainty little clothes in the bedroom. You can admire my generosity during my absence. What's this, Madame? Your legs are tired, you can't walk? Up you go then. Over my shoulder and night-night."

Paul lifted up poor Mea in his arms, carried her into the bedroom, and put her down on the bed.

"You don't look so bad there," he said looking at her, "and it's true, you deserve the benefit of a disheveled bed. I don't want to shirk my gentlemanly duties. I'll put your chemise back on and you'll sleep better while I'm gone."

When he had done this he went down to the first floor salon to fetch the dresses Lucile had brought him and draped them as well as the other pieces of clothing he had bought over the bedroom chairs.

"On my way back, my dear," he said, "I'll stop by Commissioner Bertin's, to see if he's received the packages from the store and if so, I'll bring you your trousseau. Good-bye, beautiful child."

He jeered at her, the ungrateful man, making fun of the woman created expressly for him.

All of a sudden, he stopped, stupefied. A cold shiver ran down his spine and he felt his hair rising.

The doll had moved a leg.

"Gads!" he exclaimed after a few seconds of panic, "am I batty or am I going batty? What is the meaning of this? She moved or I dreamed she did, or I saw double, or I've drunk too much—but no, I know that's not the case. Let's not be childish. Let's examine things carefully."

He went to the side of the bed, leaned over the doll, and broke out laughing.

"How ridiculous can one be? I was shaking like a four-year-old child. I had put one of the legs on top of the other, and the effect of this position made the upper one slip down. Just you wait, sweet girl, till I put you to bed in my own obscene way. When I return, I'm going to fall into ecstasy in front of *your* little ass, since up to now I've only had the pleasure of looking at your front."

He laid her down, her face turned toward the wall, placed her half on her stomach, flipped the chemise back over her loins, revealing the admirable curves of her buttocks, clucked his tongue in appreciation, gave her a good whack on her bottom and left, saying: "There you are, Madame, that's to teach you to be good in our absence. I'm not too worried about you making me grow a pair of horns, but it's always better to warn women, even rubber ones, that one will not tolerate breaches of conduct and that if they don't walk the straight and narrow road of virtue and fidelity, they'll be sure to pay for it in the end. Do not forget that your ass and your cunt, as well as the rest of your charming person, are my legitimate property. No one has the right to use them without being guilty of theft. I will see you soon, my sleeping beauty."...

Anastasius [the artist] quickly learned how to profit from Paul's absences to get into his park.

Mea's master's servants never left Paris, and the care of the villa was left to a gardener of the region who came once a week.

Once in the garden, Anastasius wanted to get into the house. Without the slightest scruple, acting just like anyone in love, he didn't hesitate to take the impression of the keyhole of one of the doors opening onto the park. With this impression he had a key made. He had this key with him that morning.

Surprised by Paul's early morning arrival, but on the other hand understanding his desire to see the doll again, Anastasius was sorely upset by Lucile's visit.

He watched, feverishly impatient, first one, then the other leave. His shadow was outlined on the wall as Paul left.

The happy owner of Mea had no sooner turned the corner of the road when Anastasius, using his new key, strode into the house, completely empty of all living beings.

He had to get his bearings. After inspecting the ground floor, he climbed to the first floor and immediately found himself in the room where Mea was lying on the bed.

Seeing her uncovered buttocks, her chemise pulled back over her loins, the disheveled bed, he had no doubt whatsoever about the cause of these three things.

"Oh," he muttered, "he really loves her!"

That was all.

He was petrified before the perfection of form and flesh which his hands had fashioned.

He examined the setting, noticing the dresses and lingerie, smiled blissfully, and

sauntering up to the bed, leaned his elbows on the side, his face opposite the uncovered ass and said: "Bella, tell me, we'll cuckold your keeper, won't we? You want to, don't you? You will allow me, your creator, your god, to do it with you, won't you?"

Caressing her with the palm of his hand, he kissed the entire length of her crack and continued his monologue: "You're so cold, my darling. I want to warm you up."

He climbed onto the bed, took out his phallus, clasped the doll in the position she was in, and delicately began to bugger her, fondling her breasts, pecking at her neck, crumpling the lace at the top of her chemise.

How well he knew this little hole manufactured by his genius! Tenderly, slowly, he penetrated it, seeking out the caressing rims, arranged in tiers inside in order to tickle the gland as it went in and out. He pressed against the plump globes of her backside which bent delicately under the pressure of his stomach, his fingers were running up and down her crack, edging toward her cunt whose hair was quivering under the effect of the thrusts he gave to her body. He kneaded her navel and Mea seemed to come alive in his arms, to return the passion that she inspired in him.

He came inside her, his arms clasped around her neck, his fiery dart embedded to the hilt in her asshole, and the statue followed his jerkings, buckling under his attack, sinking under his weight—better than any woman would have, for in this strange act a personality split took place within the male who was imbued with both the male and female fluids and transmitted to the machine a double desire condensed into one.

Anastasius retired from this bout of love in a collected frame of mind. Readjusting his trousers at the foot of the bed, he said: "Bella; my love, we'll see each other *very* often, I swear it. I have a hunch that your lord and master will be coming back soon, and he musn't catch us together. Keep my sperm for that bastard; I want him to clean you out. So, until later. Maybe tonight! Good-bye my adored one!"

He left without thinking that he had changed the doll's position, that instead of being lazily lying on her side, she was now lying on her stomach, her buttocks pointing to the ceiling, her body still bent in the position of supreme possession...

Paul headed straight for Mea's rump, buggered the doll furiously, deliciously, jerking and jumping on her body, pawing her all over.

What an occasion! What copulation! The thought that his inanimate lover aroused passions threw him into a wild spasm of amorous rut and he possessed the dummy as he had never possessed any woman. Mea responded to his every movement, contorting herself into any position he wanted. It made his mind reel.

Panting, still mad with sensual rapture, he suspended the flow of his tenderness and, no longer insulting his beautiful dispenser of love who lay exhausted on the bed displaying her treasures in a lascivious pose, he murmured while getting dressed: "Precious day, precious day! I've just turned twenty! Thank you, my adored one, I will never forget the ineffable moment I owe you! You surely do bring me good luck. You enliven my existence and, not satisfied to supply me with voluptuousness as the most divine lover ever, you also got me a charming mistress. I promise you the most beautiful finery in Paris and we will have high times together *very* often, you can count on that."

Completely dressed, he reflected upon the intruder who had cuckolded him. "Let's take a good look at the problem," he said to himself. "Let's see if I've been a victim of some hallucination. Since I have to clean Mea, I'll find out just what this is all about"

He opened her back to clean the passageway and, if necessary, the glass. The condition of the latter removed all his doubts. The liquid was there. His medical school

experience told him that the contents represented the contribution of two men.

"Oh, oh, oh," he muttered. "Very strange."

He rapidly put everything in order, then sat down in an *easy* chair and continued his monologue. "Someone has entered this house! How and what for? Not to steal from me. Nothing has been touched, apart from Mea."...

Blue satin slippers completed the transformation of the doll into a housewife.

Satisfied with his work, he lay her down in a lazy position on a sofa, her head resting on her arm, as though she were dreaming, then stepping back to better admire her he said: "If I were jealous, my darling, I would put padlocks all over the house, and no one would get into my place without being guilty of house breaking. But I'm magnanimous. I won't come back to see you for another three or five days, depending on how I feel. I'm no longer a young man, and I must repair my forces in order to make love better, isn't that right, little one? And then your rival would perhaps like his ration too! According to my experience in life I suppose that Lucile and I have met at the right moment. Oh, you won't be neglected, oh no. And since I'm a cuckold, we'll look on the brighter side of things. But just in case your lover comes to see you, I'm going to leave a little note that you will give him with your white hand. Rather clever idea, don't you agree?"

Warming to his subject, Paul wrote the following lines:

"My darling, the last time you visited me, you forgot to wash me. You know that the state of my health prevents me from speaking or occupying myself with such menial tasks. So when you leave me after having had your fill of all the obscene things you love so much, please be so kind as to not neglect those duties of cleanliness that you yourself recommend. You'll find instructions for this operation on the stand. I kiss you, hoping to be kissed by you soon.

"YOUR LITTLE MEA

"P.S. My cuckold knows about your visit and he didn't get angry. He buggered me after you. Only don't mess up the house.

"A thousand caresses for you—you'll give them back to me, won't you?"

With a mocking smile, Paul put the note in the doll's hand and left for Paris...

The first thing Paul noticed when he came back to his villa after a five-day absence, was that the note he had left with Mea had been taken. The second thing he noticed was that Mea was in a more than indecent position; the third, that one slipper was lying three feet away from the bed and that the stocking of the shoeless leg hung in folds around her ankle. In these folds was an envelope.

"Ah hah!" he cried, "the lover came and didn't hide. He has taste, that beast! He's a brother. What a pity we can't meet! But if we knew each other we might not like the relationship. La Mea is jolly tempting in that position!"

The beautiful doll lay half on the bed, half on her back, her naked thighs open wide. The surah petticoat and another petticoat were lifted above her waist; her drawers were open and exposed the velvety down shadowing her cunt; she exhibited herself like a real temptress. The morning wrapper, pushed aside, framed the spectacle. One leg rested on the rug and the other was halfway up the bed. In this position she revealed the act of possession that had been carried out on her person.

Paul didn't think twice. He crouched down, planted his nose on her cunt and stated: "He heeded my advice. Her position was set up after the act. He perfumed the quim,

which does not betray a trace of male contact. Let's read the billet-doux."

He pulled the envelope out of the stocking folds and read:

"Generous master of this paradise, a grateful heart will from now on only swear by your honor! May the fairy of this home render unto you all the delights experienced in her arms! Your instructions scrupulously carried out, you have at any moment a woman as pure, as chaste as when you last visited her. Fuck, you who allow others to fuck; the sacred fire dwells in the imagination as much as in the emotions. This will be proved to you as a token of friendship. Exercise *your* happiness without fearing my indiscreet peering. We will keep watch for you and we will warn you, should intruders approach while you are plunged in your voluptuousness.

"Your servant,

"MEA'S LOVER

"P.S. Congratulations on the name—it suits both of us."

The disguised handwriting prevented recognition of the author of the letter.

"It's a neighbor," thought Paul. "He'll be on watch, and he'll know the hours I spend here. The beast will see Lucile. That lovely child won't be long in passing by. I promised to show her my so-called wife from a different angle. Let's hurry to arrange the subject. The subject! I'm really wise when confronted with such riches, and with the depraved desires I'm feeling! I say depraved for the sake of the imbeciles. Society has them in such abundance! I have such a mad itch in my thighs that I risk not being in good shape for Lucile. It would be playing a bad joke on her. What a pity that yesterday we didn't taste the cup of drunkenness! Let's see, mustn't be too hasty. Should I undress Mea, or simply turn her around? To undress her would take too long. Let's carry her to the salon and there we'll figure out how to best present her."

After having adjusted her stockings and refastened her garters he took the doll in his arms and transported her into the salon.

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to kneel her down, her head leaning against the sofa, as if she were sleeping that way. I'll tuck up her clothes in the back like this, and expose her bloomers which I'll keep spread open over her buns with pins. The view will only be more rakish. Let's *try* not to forget any detail of the mire en scene."

The doll was flexible in all her joints, just as the instructions had stated, and as subsequent trials had proved. She didn't offer any resistance to her lord and master's plan.

He placed her kneeling down in front of the sofa, her body slightly bent over, her head resting naturally on one arm and the other arm at her side. Tucking up her clothes didn't present any problems either. Her open drawers exhibited her entire backside and with a sudden flourish, Paul brought the free arm to her loins, thus attributing to the doll the maliciousness of having tucked up her clothes herself.

Paul gazed at this tableau from a short distance, with a triumphant, gay smile on his lips, and mumbled: -

"If Lucile doesn't imitate you, my beautiful Mea, I'll give you a good kick in the ass to punish you for not having inspired her. I'm counting on you, little chickadee."

His heart was beating wildly as he went downstairs to let in the young girl. He was no longer afraid. Mea's bottom had inspired in Master Phallus the most bellicose of dispositions.

Lucile had brought the things he had ordered.

Paul took them from her arms, removed her hat, kissed her on the eyes, took her two hands in his and asked point blank:

"Are we nice and smutty today, Mademoiselle Lucile?"

"Gracious! The naughty boy, to use that wretched word," she replied, blushing.

"Are we nice and smutty today, Mademoiselle Lucile?" "Oh! He's so mischievous, he even repeats it!"...

"Let's go down and unwrap your wife's clothes [Lucile says later]. Since she's still sleeping, you can let me look at her again. No, don't put your hands there. You'll burn your fingers. Rest for a minute. Then we'll begin again and you won't be disappointed."

Still embracing her, Paul undid her bodice and freed her breasts, proceeding to suck them like a gourmet.

"Say," she said, "take me to see your wife's attire. Then in front of the door, you'll kiss them like this. That will be funny, don't you think? Do you want to do that?"

"Yes, you angel, you devil, let's go."

They left his room and went to the threshold of the salon where Mea, still crouched over, displayed her buttocks through her open drawers.

At the door, Lucile took her breasts in her hands and whispered to Paul: "Suck them, darling. Yes, yes, that's right, that's the way. Lower your head so I can see your wife's rump. One would swear she's dead or made of wood. She doesn't move at all. Sweet, come to my knees. I want more. There, kiss my navel, kiss me lower, kiss me everywhere. Ah, you kiss me so endearingly! To think that you're kissing my pussy in front of your wife's bum! And, you blighter, that doesn't even bother you. The other side now. You're going to lick me all over in her presence. Let me turn around. There, I'll lift up my skirts, suck where you've made me wet. Oh, you mucker, you big mucker, how I adore you! Yes, my adored one, I allow you to dry your machine on my buns, but let it not be too bold. I'm shedding tears too, I am. Rub harder against me. You are a love of a man. Enough, enough, no, we're not going in, the door is closed. Enough, let's go downstairs."

She let her skirts fall and as light as a feather, rapidly descended the stairs, followed by Paul...

It sounded as though a bed was being shaken.

Lucile got nervous.

"Paul," she whispered, "your wife is awake!"

"No," he replied softly, "I don't think so, but it's sure that something very strange is going on. Don't fear. If someone were making a cuckold out of me, I'd have a good laugh and it would be far from a tragic situation."

Stupefied by this reply, Lucile, reassured by her lover's calmness, followed him as he sped upstairs, four at a time.

The noise was coming from the bedroom, and the two lovers found out that Madame was no longer in the salon.

The bed shook under repeated attacks.

The bedroom door wasn't closed, and they could see for themselves what was taking place. Paul and Lucile saw beautiful Mea completely naked, stretched out over someone who was holding her around the waist. She was shaking with the spasms of possession.

Thanks to the position of the two bodies, the only thing Paul and Lucile could

distinguish of Monsieur was his shaft submerged in Mea's cunt.

Hypnotized by this scene, they watched the entire performance without making a sound.

The rump bounced with regular movements, the unknown man's rod plunged in and out of Mea's cunt, her hair inundated the entire bed, hiding the head of her ravisher, who kept his two arms entwined around her body, lifting her above him by his incessant attacks.

Paul's hand took Lucile's. They were both trembling.

The sighs of Mea's lover got shorter and faster. The cunt's lips were stretched wider, his cock was appearing less and less outside, the moment was near, when a sudden idea came to Paul. He dragged Lucile into the salon and without giving her time to think, roughly undressed her (she helping too); she guessed that some sort of lascivious mood had come over her lover and she accepted it in advance.

When she was naked, except for her stockings and half-boots, he undressed also, took her by the hand into the bedroom and there shouted: "Don't mind us, children, where there's room for two, there's room for four!"...

His hand caressed her loins and buttocks and he whispered: "Oh, my incomparable siren, they have invited us to lunch. Well, both of us will go and I will honor you because your lord disdains you. Come, my love will not fail you."

He jumped out of bed, delicately took her in his arms, inspected her to see if her cunt still had some traces of copulation, ascertained that the sperm had all gone in, and only powdered her sexual organs, saying: "We'll leave the thorough clean-up for later. This will do for now—you'll be no worse off than your neighbor, that strapping wench, that hot bitch, judging by her manners."

Lifting her in his arms, he went downstairs. He appeared on the threshold of the dining room as the other two were finishing their meal.

Paul was teasing Lucile, who stood in front of him, her back against his chest, amusing herself by turning her head around and puckering up her lips with utmost grace, while with one hand stopping Master Phallus who was trying to venture into the crack of her buns.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucile when she saw Anastasius carrying Mea, "My goodness! It's really true that your wife is semiparalyzed. What a terrible thing!"

Anastasius solemnly placed Mea in an *easy* chair at the table, opposite the place reserved for Lucile.

The doll's eyes were half open.

Flopped in the chair, splendid in her nudity, one could really think she was ill, practically unconscious, despite the telltale marks of her good health and strength as seen in the perfect regularity of her curves and the magnificent tint of her flesh.

Lucile, still standing, couldn't decide to sit down.

She looked stealthily at Mea, slightly embarrassed by the fact that she found herself in the presence of the mistress of the house, incapable of protesting against the scene imposed upon her, slightly defiant in front of the imperturbable placidity she was being confronted with.

Her eyes only left the doll to dart from one escort to the other, and of course to their rods.

Anastasius left his place, approached Mea's chair, straddled her thighs, clasped her by the neck, and seemed to whisper something in her ear.

Standing in back of him Lucile, shameless in her nakedness, spiced by her half-boots and stockings, let herself be titillated by Paul, who slid his prick over the different parts of her body.

Anastasius ran his hand through Mea's hair, seesawed on her and with her, then slowly straightened up and, setting her on her knees, he addressed the two lovers: "Push away the table, bring your chair over, Mr. Molaus, and I'll guide Mea's head toward your thighs. I'll be hanged if she doesn't suck you off!"

Lucile's eyes opened wide, She couldn't understand anything any more.

She helped Paul execute Anastasius' directions.

As soon as Anastasius saw that his host was installed in his chair, he took Mea to her so-called husband, carrying her under her arms.

The doll's mouth opened at the pressure of a finger behind her head and Paul's prick penetrated between her lips, which were jerking back and forth.

Leaning above, Lucile curiously watched this game, her backside beginning to form a superb arc. Anastasius, who had stepped back, noticed her in this position, and suddenly clasped her from behind and darted his staff in the direction of her asshole.

She turned around and thrust him off saying: "Oh no, I don't want to be taken that way! Having a good time is all right with me, but I will only be Paul's mistress."

Absentmindedly she put her hand on Mea's shoulder and cried out, horrified:

"That's not a woman!"

The two men couldn't help laughing out loud and Paul replied: "Then what is it? Touch her."

"That's not flesh! Now I understand everything. Oh, the curs, the despicable curs! They're even worse than I thought they were. They've invented a woman to do their dastardly acts upon!"

She looked sweet enough to eat, she was so astonished, so indignant—and full of admiration too.

Paul interrupted the doll's sucking and said:

"You've guessed the gimmick, my treasure. Before knowing you, I had given up hope of meeting a woman who would understand and satisfy all my desires. I ordered a woman made, one that I could mold to my own liking, and who belonged to me and me alone."

"And this woman, even though not constructed of flesh and bone, even though not feeling voluptuousness herself, was unfaithful to you and it served you right, too! You didn't deserve my giving in so easily, you wretched blighter! Go ahead, lick her the way you licked me!"

"Wouldn't you believe it?"

"Look at her, Mademoiselle," the stalwart Anastasius intervened, "and confess that I knew how to conceive a masterpiece. It was solely love of women and the healthy admiration they inspire in me that allowed me to create her, to produce her and to deliver her."

"You made her?"

"Ask your friend."

She nodded her head, examined every detail of the doll, fingering her shoulders, her breasts, her hair, confessing her kindly disposed surprise by her staccato sentences.

"Yes, yes," she finished by saying, "a masterpiece, to be sure. There aren't many women in the world as perfect as she is. I don't think I'm ugly—far from it—I would be

lying if I said so, but she certainly surpasses me on several points. Ah, Monsieur, you are a great man! I wouldn't blame you for having enjoyed your marvel! And you, Paul, have you made love to her, too?"

"Of course, my pet. I only wanted her to wallow in my obscenities."

"Even after you started having a good time with me?"

Paul hesitated before replying. Anastasius did it for him. "He wasn't betraying you by using his toy!"

She made a little face, looked Anastasius straight in the eye, turned her back to him, leaned over to put Mea's mouth back on Paul's prick and bent over further to better watch the artificial sucking game.

Anastasius understood that he was authorized to carry out any brazen act he pleased...

Paul and Anastasius were alone.

Through the window they watched in silence as gentle Lucile walked away.

When she had disappeared, Paul extended his hand to Anastasius, saying: "You guessed what I was up to, Anastasius, and I can understand the love which bound you to a work as perfect as yours. In your place I would certainly have acted in the same manner. Thanks to Mea, heaven gave me a little woman, just the one I was looking for. I asked you to partake of this exquisite dish. Voluptuous pleasure reunites more than it divides. Shall we be friends?"

"You have a sincere and loyal nature, Paul, your friendship honors me and warms my heart. Count on me any time."

"It would pain me to separate myself from such a perfection as Mea! However, I will obey Lucile's desire. Friend, I am going back to the city. Make yourself at home here. Take the keys and use Mea whenever you want. You know better than I how to take care of her. Watch over her, I would like to keep her. With a woman made of flesh and bone, it would be childish to hope for a long future of bliss. Sooner or later the true character is revealed and spoils the voluptuous fruit. Perhaps one day Mea will be my consolation. Therefore she will remain the queen of this house and I ask you to guard her for me."

"Thank you for your confidence in me—you won't be deceived. I will go on working to discover improvements, and pleasure will be living right by your side."