

The story that started a scandal...

50 Ways to Sin

by
A Lady

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Issue #1: Original Sin

Dear Reader-

I begin with a caution: my story is not for the faint of heart. Ladies of delicacy, gentlemen of strict propriety, I beg you to set this aside and never pick it up again. Reading further would quite likely set your sensibilities to rioting.

For those of more liberal and adventurous tastes, I unfold to you my varied adventures, with the admonition that everything you read is precisely true.

The story of my early life would be familiar to many. My family was of neither the noblest nor the lowest rank of society, but something in the middle. We were well situated though hardly wealthy, and only wanted for the luxuries, never the necessities, of life. I write little of it for there is little of interest to say about it.

My marriage was settled when I was still a young woman, to a gentleman of means and consideration. He was some years older than I, as is right and proper, and I was contented. My dear husband was kind but firm, and though we were never blessed with a child, it was not for lack of my husband's marital devotion. Quite the opposite, in fact; when he died of a sudden and inexplicable ailment after only a few years of

marriage, my first crisis of grief was all the stronger in the loneliness of my bed. I would not call it love, but ours was a very ardent attachment.

Ever wise and farsighted, my husband had arranged his will with an attorney, Mr. Afidavis. A fortnight after the funeral, Mr. Afidavis arrived to apprise me of the disposition of my husband's estate. I was still downcast and quiet with grief, but composed myself to receive the man.

He was a refined gentleman about my husband's age, and very solicitous of my feelings. We retired to my husband's study, for privacy from the curious ears of servants, and Mr. Afidavis detailed to me the bequests left by my husband. Suffice to say the good man had left me well situated, so well I would have no discomfort for the rest of my days. It brought on such relief, I exclaimed out loud.

Mr. Afidavis seemed startled by it. "Were you in fear, Lady Constance?"

"Indeed, I had little idea what to expect," I replied. "But this means I will have no pressing need to form an immediate plan for my future."

Reader, I meant nothing by it but that I would have independence. As kind as my husband was, he never informed me of his financial state. Only when I felt the relief at hearing my widow's jointure did I discover that I had in fact wondered if I would be required to find another husband with all due speed.

No sooner did I speak the words, than I was overtaken once more by the grief of my loss. It was impossible to think of finding a new

husband, but it was equally incomprehensible that I would spend the rest of my life alone. Even the thought of sleeping in the bed where a man had once held me so passionately, brought me to speechless dismay.

M. Afidavis was moved by my distress. He put down his papers and came to sit beside me on the settee, where he took my hand and attempted to comfort me. He assured me he was anxious to help in any way I might require: hiring new servants to replace the ones who were pensioned off by the terms of my husband's will, managing various investments my husband had made, even selling the manor house and purchasing a smaller establishment more suited to my solitary state.

I thanked him very earnestly for his counsel. I had never had to manage such affairs myself, and was glad of assistance in the areas he could offer. Yet I could not stop the tears flowing down my cheeks as I spoke, and when he urged me to dry them, I could not keep from bursting out in a passion.

"It will make no difference! If I dry these tears, only more will fall. You say my dear husband left me a handsome inheritance, which is true—but nothing can replace the tender intimacies of his company, and I do not know how I can bear his absence!"

The attorney was deeply affected by this. He stroked my hand for some time, until my tears had slowed and finally ran dry. "Do you greatly fear being alone, my lady?" he asked in concern.

"I do," I confessed. "Everything in this house reminds me of what I have lost, until I feel such a pain in my heart, I could take to my bed."

At this he raised my hand to his lips. "My dear, your distress is unbearable to me. I assure you, you do not have to be alone forever."

"What do you mean?" I asked, still disordered by tears and grief.

"You are alive and vital—a beautiful young woman in the prime of life. No one, least of all your late husband, would want you to pine away in your lonely bed. You must consider the freedom you shall now enjoy. If the house reminds you so painfully of him, I advise you to sell it and start afresh. And as for your loneliness..." He brought my hand to his knee. "It can be remedied."

Surprise rendered me immobile. He must have taken it for assent, for slowly he guided my hand higher, higher, until I felt solid proof of his means to banish the hollowness I felt.

Reader, you may think ill of me. I confess, a part of me was astonished. But another part of me—unquestionably wicked and immoral, I admit—reacted with eager alacrity. I had been a faithful wife, keeping only to my husband. For all that he had been a patient and attentive lover, he was only one man to touch me. I had never kissed another, never seen another in his natural splendor, never felt the intimate caress of another. And now that the opportunity lay close at hand, so to speak, those feminine desires nurtured and cultivated by marriage, but left to stagnate in widowhood, sprang at once into the full force of urgency.

It was not chaste of me, I own. But any reticence was swept away by the craving for one more release, one brief period of oblivion from my grief. Never in my life had I felt such a fierce urge, and recklessly I capitulated.

I let my fingers glide along the prodigious length straining at his breeches, giving him to understand my acquiescence to his invitation. He glanced at the door, but I had locked it when we first came to the room, wishing to keep the servants at bay. How glad I was now of that, as there would be not a moment's delay in our gratification.

His fingers were nimble as he divested me of my mourning gown. Unaccustomed to the help of a man, I had to close my eyes as the fabric fell away from my skin. When I looked down, I was clad only in my white undress, a startling contrast to the black crepe I had worn only moments before. It was a marked change, as if I had shed the blackened husk of my marriage and emerged as new as a babe, blank of everything: rank, position, and constraining propriety. I had become a new woman, one driven only by her own desires.

"For this moment you are not Lady Constance, widow," he said, speaking my thoughts aloud. "You are Eve, entering a fresh new world."

He took my hand and led me to the desk, where he tenderly lifted me to sit atop the wide surface. I felt a moment of uncertainty as he bent over me, but he quieted me with a gentle kiss on the forehead.

"A respite, nothing more," he murmured, and he drew up my petticoats and laid me back on the desk.

I had thought my husband a skilled lover, but like all men, he had habits. The touch of another man's hand on my tender intimate flesh was almost as shocking as my husband's had been on our wedding night. But while attorneys are noted for their skill at speaking, Mr. Afidavis proved himself exceptionally adept at more tactile communication. He plucked moans and sighs from the very depth of my being. Determinedly I blocked every memory of my husband from my mind, concentrating solely on the touch and stroke of the attorney's hands, with the result that I had never felt anything so keenly in my life. My heart! seemed to batter my ribs. My breath! seemed thick and soft.

"Untie your chemise," he instructed me, as breathless as I.

I raised my head as I did so, and saw that he had released his carnal weapon from his trousers and taken it in a firm grip. The head of it burned red, growing almost purple as he squeezed.

It vanquished my hesitation. Such an instrument would inspire haste in any woman. I tore open the bosom of my chemise and squirmed in a paroxysm of anticipation.

"Such pretty bosoms," he said softly. "Hold them."

To hear my charms praised aloud was a new, and entrancing, pleasure for me. I cupped my flesh, now tender and aching as my blood raced. He stepped between my knees and lodged himself against that part

of me that pulsed hungrily for his immersion. He raised my knees around his waist, growling in approval when I hooked my legs around his back, and then he drove himself home.

And there I found the oblivion I craved. There was no conscious thought in my mind but the invasion and retreat, the primitive sound of flesh meeting flesh, the sighs and little cries as each conquering thrust stoked the fever higher and hotter. He pinned my hips to the desk, dominating and possessing my body. I clung to my bosoms, barely aware of my fingers pinching and kneading until my flesh stung with pleasure.

Too soon the crisis came upon me, and as I gasped in release he flung himself away from me. Dazed, I watched him grip his straining member with both hands and pull once–twice–three times before he groaned and quivered, and proof of his ecstasy streamed over his fists.

For a moment his shoulders heaved. Slowly, as though in pain, he turned to me. "Only a respite," he said again. "No consequences."

Gratefully I nodded. With a muted air of companionship, we composed ourselves and our clothing. Perhaps it should have been awkward, but my mind was too full, too busy to dwell on it. I felt refreshed–renewed. An hour earlier I had been unequal to any task, ready to take to my bed in despair. But this ... *respite* had quite restored me.

Yes. I was very like Eve, born afresh into a new world, a woman with no past and infamous for her Original Sin. This was my Original

Sin, but not my Final Sin. Mr. Afidavis had done more than banish my grief for a moment. The grief still lay within, but muted now. Something fresh and vibrant had blanketed the cold furrow of despair; a new desire had sprouted from my despondency and given me a vision of my future, when I would be free to pursue my passions as I chose.

Mr. Afidavis made his farewell and we parted cordially. I suspected, from the close examination he made of my face as he left, that he anticipated more emotion from me—tears, coy glances, sighs, regret. I felt none. I watched him ride away, and formed a resolution.

He had shown me the path to pleasures unlimited, and I meant to take it.

Your wicked friend,

Constance