

# APHRODITE OVERBOARD

The Erotic Memoirs of a Victorian Lady

(Free Excerpt)

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APHRODITE  
OVERBOARD



For Jean, Christopher and my Jenny



## *A Manuscript Discovered*

The manuscript, handwritten on stained and yellowed parchment, had been compressed for some two hundred years near the bottom of the ancient, battered sea-chest in which I'd found it. Left to me as part of my mother's bequest only after its having mouldered in the attics of several generations of her family, the document had, upon discovery, to be teased apart, brittle and tending to crumble. I am glad, however, that I made the effort, astounded by my discovery, and thrilled to see the beautiful, carefully rounded hand in which the words of Great, Great, Grandmamma are formed.

I was aware already that my Great Grandfather had exotic tropic island connections, but the manner in which they came about has always seemed something of a secret, and not to be talked about. Now, perhaps, I understand why.

I have checked what can be checked of my great, great grandmother's history and of my great grandfather's, her son. I have found, in the process, family records of her voyage and her disappearance, and official records of the loss of the 'Talisman', her crew and passengers—including a certain Alfred Smythe—at sea. There remains in question only that which cannot be proved, those matters to which only Smythe, Great, Great, Grandmamma and some others lost to history were witness.

Is this, then, her history? Or is it perhaps but the extraordinary invention of an extraordinary woman, alive through the days of Nelson, Wellington, Bonaparte and the young Victoria Regina? You must, of course, decide that for yourself...

*Aphrodite Overboard*  
*The Personal Memoirs of Susanna, Lady F.*

I begin, knowing that what I write may never be read, knowing that law and the possibility of scandal may erase forever my name and account for fear of offending that most strange idea, that thing they call 'public decency'. I must observe that in matters sexual I have noticed but little in the public of decency, for whom smut and innuendo seem so often the very stuff of life, yet, because that which I write cannot be expressed in inexplicit language, I know it may be more than public morals can bear.

I hope that this may be read one day and, should it be so, I hope, above all, that it is understood.

# Chapter the First

*In which I encounter an ugly little ship and an ugly little man  
and in which they come to grief.*

I cannot say that the prospect of the voyage on the *Talisman* endowed me with much excitement. Lord F, my husband, promoted to early governance of one of His Majesty's smaller island possessions, had sent for me as he had threatened. In consequence I was about to be plucked from the cosmopolitan and exciting whirl of fashionable London in which, to be fair, I had begun to enjoy making the most of my own particular assets and the freedom of being an effectual widow.

Those assets, it may be appropriate to record, included a body barely twenty-one years of age and of comely proportions very appropriate to the latest fashions come from France. The French Empress, I know, was not at a height of popularity in her own country at that moment and, indeed, one wondered where such vociferous hatred of a monarchy might end. That it was to end for her so brutally was then beyond the imagination of any English Lady.

One must acknowledge an indebtedness to her, though, for the mode then current which had allowed some of us to abandon the lately fashionable preposterous wigs, to present the glory of our bobbies almost to their little pink noses in glorious décolletage, and to tantalise our men-folk in gowns which draped from the gatherings beneath our bosoms and floated and clung in tantalising, almost transparent gauziness. Some, I know, had taken to wearing pink body-stockings which hugged their figure and were implicit of nakedness beneath their robes, but I preferred the reality. And, indeed, so did my gentlemen.

Lord F, in truth, my husband of but few months, I had found to be not the best endowed of men, either in his wit, his intelligence, simple gentlemanliness or, indeed, his manhood. His private manners were rather rough and coarse, and what hung—if

hung is the word—betwixt his legs was rather a fair reflection of the man to whom it belonged—rather wizened, pale, short of stature and somewhat insubstantial.

No virgin when I met him, I had encountered other men, including one joyously rounded youth who worked in my father's stables, whose yard of flesh had in repose promised of nothing substantial and yet, upon excitement, proved prodigious. Not so Lord F, who never did other than briefly impale me upon his short pink prod before gasping and floundering with an excitement of coming which I found quite incomprehensible.

Our honeymoon period lasting in proportion perhaps to his virility, he was soon dipping his slender wick in cunnies other than my own, and in women bought or trading themselves in hope of some preferment. And left much to my own devices I had little hardship in finding myself some gentlemen whose own little 'gentlemen' were of a more robust and fulfilling nature, and I took much pleasure in them. But it was not to last.

The Talisman was a shabby little craft, crewed by shabby little men and protected by the merest handful of little guns. Whilst other craft relied upon great arsenals to protect them, others upon fewer guns but a wicked turn of speed, I do believe the Talisman relied upon its visual inconsequence. Indeed the grubby little vessel appeared to have made itself a floating nonentity so inconsiderable on any mark that no enemy would demean himself by deigning to attack it.

What she carried in her bowels I never sought to establish and neither do I care now. I remember only the awful rolling motion of her, the incessant noise of wind and creaking timbers, squealing braces, shouted orders and the thunder of running feet upon the deck. I remember the awareness of our lack of privacy in the cupboard of a cabin I was forced to share with my maid. Having walls of knot-holed planks on three sides and a sheet of sail canvas upon the fourth, one was constantly aware of being overlooked by lecherous eyes, overheard by coarsely lecherous ears.

And Alfred Smythe had eyes and ears for all, a man whose

obsequious essays in surface manners could not diminish the sense that one always stood before him naked and under coarse appraisal. I felt for him an instant loathing and feel it still, regardless that he saved my life.

He was, it seems, an island trader of some sort, and stowed upon the foredeck of the ship was a longboat of his own, covered in tarpaulin and bulking with stored goods in which he made his trade. Being but one of two women on board the ship, and frequently abandoned by the other, my maid, a lusty little soul who doubtless spent a large part of the voyage with her legs spread somewhere in the tweendecks, I was often hungry for company.

My appointed escort was a certain lieutenant Trubshawe, whose father had no doubt purchased the lieutenant's commission in order to rid himself of a grievous irritation and who, in doing so, proved much more efficacious than he ever might have guessed. A vacuous individual of porcine build and expression, Trubshawe was one of those men who knows no business of his own yet considers himself an authority upon everyone else's. From the instant of our departure, it seemed to me, he began to lecture everyone, from the captain to the cabin-boy, on the correct manner in which to pursue everything from navigating the ship to tying a sailor's knot.

Needless to say, this did not make the Lieutenant any more popular with the crew than he was with me. I suppose I resented the suggestion that I needed an escort of any kind, other than my attendant maid, and the poor fellow had that resentment to endure as well as whatever other insecurities rendered him such an oaf. In my regard, too, he seemed to have somewhat of a hair trigger, so that within a few seconds of being in my presence the front of his breeches came rather to resemble a military campaign tent and, flushed and embarrassed, he needed to make himself quite rapidly absent.

So lonely was I at times, though, that I bitterly regretted his ineffectuality as a companion and conversationalist. The only other male passenger, the crew being perpetually occupied with keeping our ugly little craft afloat and on course, was Smythe,

the trader. Though an odious—and malodorous—little man, the journey proved to be so interminable and so interminably tedious and boring, and the ship so small, precluding easy escape from anyone's company, that I found myself one hot and sunny day being treated by Smythe to an inventory of his small boat's manifest.

"Guns, milady," he announced. He'd removed the tarpaulin for a while to dry out any moisture which might have seeped under it, displaying the mound of casks, kegs, boxes and such-like containers which housed his supplies and trade, and was tapping a long wooden case with a rattan cane.

"Have to have guns, milady. There's lots of folks settled upon the main and nearer islands who needs to think of their own protection, and I likes to have a few extra to hand meself, too."

"Is it really so dangerous, then?" I will admit that this detail was of interest to me since I was about to take up residence in what I had heard described as an island paradise, a veritable Eden on Earth, and could not for the life of me recollect either Adam or Eve demonstrating any requirement for firearms in their history.

"It can be, milady. Of course, where you'll be, in the Governor's palace, you'll not find much as needs to be shot at, but about the islands generally white folks do tend to stand in need of some protection."

"You mean from lions, tigers, that sort of thing?"

The little man smiled, or rather leered, and affected an insolently patronising tone:

"Lord no, milady. There's nivver such a thing as big cats or bears or anything like them on the islands, and what beasts there are, are precious small in the main. But some of the people are, well, a little dangerous."

"The islanders? According to my husband they regard we white Europeans as little less than gods."

"'Tain't just the islanders, ma'am! The days of Blackbeard and Captain Kidd may be long gone, but there're still some bold piratical types about, and you never know when the bloody French'll

come spoiling for a fight. As fer regarding white folks as gods, well 'tis true of some of the islanders," he answered smiling, "but not of all.

"There's some as are not entirely grateful for Britannia's enlightenment. There's some, it seems, don't like the importation of our religion one bit, and there's even more can't seem to fit themselves to the idea of regular labour. The colony's been importing blacks fer years, of course, to work the plantations, solely on account of the resident fuzzies being the laziest buggers in God's Creation. And some of 'em have even started blaming us for the maladies that abound among their villages, blaming the poxes of their filth and ignorance upon our own Jack Tars, God bless 'em."

"I see," I said. The imperfect vision of paradise rendered by my husband's somewhat tedious and uninspired penmanship and the glowing vision others, more poetic, had suggested to me, seemed suddenly very unconvincing. I better understood the politely sympathetic responses of certain older ladies of my acquaintance to the news of my departure.

"And this here's whiskey," he said, tapping a pile of kegs. "Lots of the fuzzies like a tot or two, but the buggers are inclined to pinch it, if you let 'em."

"And these?" I was pointing at some small bales which looked familiar.

"Fabrics, milady; bright colours, bright patterns for the fuzzy ladies." Smythe winked at me—perhaps the most lascivious wink I have ever encountered.

"Time was," he said, "when I first come out here, that the fuzzies' ladies paraded round mostly starkers. There were little brown bubbies everywhere, lovely little round arses and, twixt the nethers of some, scarcely more than a piece of string." He sighed. "Now, of course, what with the presence of the church and with desiring to abate the interest of our jolly tars, the lovely ladies cover up. A bitter disappointment, is that, for some of us."

"You forget yourself, Mr Smythe," I chided him firmly: "You

forget, moreover, to whom you are speaking.”

Smythe only smiled and I turned brusquely away, not deigning to respond to the fact that his gnarled right hand now rested, gently kneading, on his crotch.

I didn't see the inside of that boat again until the night of the storm, that seemingly interminable nightmare of shrieking, howling wind and a sea that roared and pounded in its infinite anger till it thrust us upon the reef. I remember the ship striking, the sudden shuddering vibration of everything around me, the scream of tortured, grinding timbers and the shouts of terror and alarm.

I remembered nothing more, till I woke up in the boat.

The baggage in the boat—all of which seemed to have been kept sound—did not conspire to make it comfortable. Hard edges seemed to dig everywhere into my aching, weary bones and scored my flesh as my body slid with the motion of the craft. Smythe was at the tiller; the small sail raised, and saw me wake. He did not wait for me to speak.

“S'just you and me, now, my lady,” he said: “All the others is gone—gone to the bottom and to Davy Jones's locker. Part o' the main mast toppled onto the ship's boat and stove her in, crushed the few that were in it. Folks was swept overboard as fast as they came on deck. I found you out cold in your cabin, brung you to my boat and tethered you aboard. Fortunately the old Talisman settled slowly by the bows and, in the end, all I needed to do was wait for the water to reach our keel and carry us away.

“Course a few silly sods tried to join us,” he smiled cruelly; “but she's all the weight that she can carry, so I discouraged them.” So saying, he tapped the butt of a pistol in his belt. “She's my boat,” he added, as if that resolved the matter.

I don't know if it was the matter-of-fact way in which he addressed it, whether it was that I had lost little aboard the ship that was actually irreplaceable, or whether it was finding myself safely—as I thought—aboard the well-provisioned, long, slim boat, but I did not descend immediately into the terror of despair I could so easily have imagined. Even the natural grief that must

come to me over the loss of poor little Esme—my maid—was forced into abeyance as I addressed him:

“Remembering the fury of the storm, Mr Smythe, and our impacting upon whatever obstacle it was that sank us, I must express my profound gratitude that you should have undertaken such a risk at such a dangerous time in order to bear me safely away. And in that regard and in such circumstances, I entirely understand, and warmly congratulate you, upon the caution, Mr Smythe, which caused you to bind me to your craft to keep me safe amid the storm. I do not quite understand why it is that I remain thus tethered now?”

For tethered I was. My wrists roped together above my head were tied, it transpired, to a stubby little bowsprit, a timber post projecting over the prow, or front, of the craft. Each of my ankles was separately bound by lengths of rope to what I know are called the rowlocks, horseshoe-shaped metal projections either side of the boat in which, when used, the oars are gripped.

My gown—the same I wore that awful night—appeared to have blown up around my bosom and, in the fullness of both, imposed a limit upon my view. But I could feel, quite distinctly, that the heavy drawers which no lady of fashion wore at that time but which I had caused Esme to make to safeguard my modesty on the voyage, were not at all in evidence. I remembered, distinctly, wearing them the night that the *Talisman* foundered and was somewhat perplexed at their absence.

Unaccustomed to either unfettered sun or sea-breeze my cunny tingled warmly to the caress of both and, indeed, to the unobstructed and quite unwavering gaze of a grinning Alfred Smythe.

“What, quite, do you mean by this?” I asked him. Smythe only smiled, and it was not a smile I liked, then he tut-tutted, as if experiencing some regret.

“Poor lady,” he said. “Truth is, you see, I took something of a shine to you when you first come aboard the *Talisman*, and all these long weeks’ journey have been so much longer on account of knowing that you would never’ve let me near you. I know, of

course, that you despise me as a lady of your station must, and I'm not, of course, surprised. But I couldn't help wanting you, you see. You're a lovely, luscious lady, milady, and peeping at you from time to time through a knothole in your cabin wall I've glimpsed that lovely round pink arse, the glory of those dumplings. So many sleepless nights, milady, my own hand round my plunger, wishing it were your'n, and jacking off into my kerchief my only consolation.

"Only now you're mine, you see. The Talisman's gone down, with all hands, and for all the world can know you've gone down with her. No bugger's gonna come lookin' for you, and here you are, with me—and mine."

I can't say that I thought his words endearing, but I'm not a fool. Lost upon sea-lanes ill-frequented by civilised ships and as likely to be found by seafaring bandits as saviours, I knew I was in a poor way to defend myself or what would quaintly be called my honour. For it's not as if my 'honour' has not been dipped into by odious little men before, at my behest or my husband's.

"Will it please you then," I asked him as if surprised; "to take me thus—unwilling?"

"'Twill please me, my lady, to take you any way I can," he answered firmly.

I smiled at him with all the practised condescension I could muster:

"I can see, Alfred, that there's little I can do to prevent you doing as you will and taking pleasure in it, though I have to warn you that, should you leave me thus, I shall do all that little that I can." I could see my tone affected him, the smile going out of his eyes.

"I'm not a virgin, Alfred." I told him smiling: "I've been taken thus—roped and bound—before for another man's pleasure or for mine own, but I'll not be taken thus without consent and give you aught to find joy in."

"What yer sayin'?" he demanded, sullenly perplexed.

"Poor Alfred! You look upon me and you want me. I understand that. I am quite at ease with that. You are not, by any

means, the first. But if you take me as I am, then what? You'll insert your cock within me, find me dry. And I shall lie back and think of other things, render myself inert, and make you a gift of my body as a handsome, lifeless mattress. Perhaps you want me to fight you? I will not. Perhaps you want me to pretend to enjoy you? I will not. You will do as you wish to do, empty your need into me, and probably derive less pleasure than you would were I but your 'kerchief.'

I could see he was disturbed, either by my threatened passivity or by my manner, startled no doubt by my nonchalance and soft disdain.

"You'll fight me if I hurt you enough!" he hissed.

"You really think so, Alfred? I find it hard to believe that someone of your station has not observed what hard and callous bastards are the nobility of our nation. D'you really believe the arse you find so desirable has not been paddled vicious hard—and striped—by some of their lusting lordships? D'you fancy there's a fragment of this pinkly bolstered body that's not been smote or bitten to excess?"

His expression had grown dark and sulky, that of a spoiled child fearing to be deprived of a promised sweetmeat:

"If 'tis the only way I can have you, 'twill suffice!"

"Foolish man!" I chided him: "Why should it be the only way?"

"Whaddyer mean?"

"I've already made it clear to you, poor Alfred, that I'm a woman who takes pleasure in men—even sometimes men who behave roughly. Now all this talk of fucking—though we've never used the word—has already begun to tell on me, and you seem to forget that all these weeks I've been closeted aboard that awful little ship without a single todger to take pleasure in. I am hungry for a man, Alfred, and not only could that man be you but really, if we are honest, it should be you. Have you not saved my life? Untie me, you silly boy, and come to me my hero, not my villain!"

"The time ain't right."

"Your pardon?"

"I needs to stay where I am, at the tiller, mindin' the sail. The wind can change in an instant, and there's a haze out there that could be land. I needs to keep my eyes and hands a-ready."

I nodded, assuming an expression of one bowing to superior wisdom—a skill all ladies must acquire:

"I can see you have skilful hands, Alfred. I do admire skilful hands."

Ignoring that, he said:

"'Tis land I see, and an hour or two should bring us to it."

"What land, d'you think?" I asked him, secretly quite excited.

"Dunno," he answered flatly; "could be almost anywhere."

I smiled inside:

"Then should you not untie me anyway? Suppose we land and find Authority?"

Great caution suddenly appeared in his eyes. He knew, of course, that should we land anywhere under European control my word and the tether marks upon my wrists and ankles could see him dead within hours.

"Maybe I'd better drop you overboard," he responded with chilling matter-of-factness. "I've seen plenty of shark fins about—they'd not leave you threshing for long."

I had perforce to work very hard, at that moment, at keeping my voice soft and level. Except for the one time a mariner fishing had brought one of the monsters up on deck I had never seen a shark, save as a shadow in the water, but what I'd glimpsed the once and all I had subsequently heard had given me an exquisite terror of them. Never will I forget that creature, huge and threshing in its death throes, steel grey as a sky full of threatening storm, eyes of a ghost, its mouth gaping and grinning—it seemed to me—with an evil lust for murder.

Though terrified, I responded quickly:

"Maybe you had better," I answered as levelly as I could; "though I would have thought you'd prefer a happier ending."

"What're you talking about?"

"Alfred, dear; haven't you understood anything yet? So far as I am concerned you are my hero. All the while we were talking I could see your own little hero pressing forward against your breeches and, free, I should be happy to console him. Moreover, should we land safely among our own kind I can promise you not only some of the most delightful fucking you have ever known but I shall make your name a hero's name, so long as you set me free. You can have me, if you want me, fame as well, and a handsome reward from my cuckold husband for good measure."

"And if the island's deserted?" I heard a catch, eloquent of lust, in his grating voice.

"Then you will have me still, a willing concubine and lover, taking care of you and looking to you for protection!"

I could see him melting. I struck my last blow:

"Dump me over the side and, if the land ahead is deserted, what have you gained? Set me free and I am yours in any and every way you might desire. My mouth, my bobbies, my cunny—even my arse, should that please you—are willingly yours. Indeed, free me now and I shall give you a pleasure such as you may only yet have dreamed of."

"What pleasure?"

"Set me free, Alfred, and ere the boat comes in hail of land I shall pleasure you most sweetly."

"Can't," he said: "Told you. Need my eyes and hands."

"And you may keep them both, Alfred. You've gazed too long on my cunny, Alfred, and given not enough thought to my other lips. Can you not imagine how you would feel to sail your boat to the shore, a noble lady and governor's wife upon her knees before you with your cock inside her warm wet mouth, your juices slithering within her long, pale neck?"

Rarely have I seen a man move so swiftly, tethering the tiller in place with a rope, striding across the deck and slicing the binding ropes apart in four simple strokes of his rather large knife. Then he was back in his seat, and bulging.

I stood up as best I dared, stretched my aching limbs, then tottered and half fell, half crawled toward him. Just as I had prom-

ised I lowered myself onto my knees before him, unfastened the cock-flap of his breeches and lowered it.

In fairness to the man I should report that that which sprang forward was a joy to behold, all purple-headed, hard and corded, dribbling a little of his milky promise. I said: "What a lovely little fellow, Alfred, and really not so very little, either!" and, knowing what must be done I bowed and tongued it, not without a modicum of pleasure, enjoying — as always — that unique, strange taste and texture, and then engulfed him, heard him gasp and moan, felt his arse squirm upon the wooden seat.

I must wonder at the steadiness of the course he steered for those long moments, for I have some expertise in fellatio's noble art, and as I slid, and stroked, and plunged, licking and flicking, nibbling and suckling, poor Alfred became quite hysterically mobile. It suited me. It suited me to please him and to please myself, for who could know — should the land ahead prove deserted — how long it might be ere I would know the fullness and taste of a manhood again?

"Oh my lovely, lovely lady!" he cried, shuddering with passion as he came; "Never have I dreamed..." and then I shot him.

He'd been sitting all the while, you see, with the cocked long pistol in his waist-belt. His hands on the tiller, eyes closed in exultation as my mouth moved on his swollen, hungry member — I doubt he even felt me take the pistol, lift and fire it.

I smelled burnt hair and hoped it was not my own fair tresses, and I saw his staring, disbelieving eyes. The wound was large, quickly seeping a deal of blood, but whilst I had rendered him seriously indisposed I had not killed him. For that I was quite glad, for his presumption and his viciousness had angered me greatly. I, smiling, took hold of his unresisting feet, lifted them abruptly and tipped him easily backwards and into the great blue ocean. And I must surmise he told me the truth about seeing sharks, for poor Alfred did not thresh long, and the last I knew of him was a gurgling cry of terror.

I had, in truth, been rather brave in disposing of my pilot, for I was not at all certain of my handling of a boat, but he had set it

well, the sail carried me forward without straining, and the tiller quickly felt familiar to my grasp. Within an hour, perhaps, the little boat's keel grated on sand and I was able to step out, free, onto a beautiful sunlit—and deserted—beach.