Jane Eyre Laid Bare
The classic novel with an erotic twist

CHARLOTTE BRONTË & EVE SINCLAIR
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Chapters 1 & 2

by Charlotte Bronte and Eve Sinclair
Chapter One

A new chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large figured papering on the walls as many inn rooms have, such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantelpiece, such prints, including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe.

All this is visible to you by the light of an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, and by that of an excellent fire, near which I sit in my cloak and bonnet. My muff and umbrella lie on the table and I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours’ exposure to the rawness of an October day. I left Lowton at four o’clock a.m., and the Millcote town clock is now just striking eight.

Reader, though I look comfortably accommodated, I am not very tranquil in my mind. I thought when the coach stopped here there would be some one to meet me. I looked anxiously round as I descended the wooden steps, expecting to hear my name pronounced and to see a carriage waiting to convey me to Thornfield.

Nothing of the sort was visible and when I asked a waiter if any one had been to inquire after a Miss Eyre, I was answered in the negative. So I had no resource but to request to be shown into a private room. And here I am waiting, while all sorts of doubts and fears are troubling my thoughts.
It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth to feel itself quite alone in the world, cut adrift from every connection, uncertain whether the port to which it is bound can be reached, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation, the glow of pride warms it, but then the throb of fear disturbs it. And fear with me became predominant when half-an-hour elapsed and still I was alone. I bethought myself to ring the bell.

‘Is there a place in this neighbourhood called Thornfield?’ I asked of the waiter who answered the summons.

‘Thornfield? I don’t know, ma’am; I’ll inquire at the bar.’ He vanished, but reappeared instantly—

‘Is your name Eyre, Miss?’

‘Yes.’

‘Person here waiting for you.’

I jumped up, took my muff and umbrella, and hastened into the inn-passage. A man was standing by the open door, and in the lamp-lit street I dimly saw a one-horse conveyance.

‘This will be your luggage, I suppose?’ said the man rather abruptly when he saw me, pointing to my trunk in the passage.

‘Yes.’ He hoisted it on to the vehicle, which was a sort of car, and then I got in. Before he shut me up, I asked him how far it was to Thornfield.

‘A matter of six miles.’

‘How long shall we be before we get there?’
‘Happen an hour and a half.’

He fastened the car door, climbed to his own seat outside, and we set off.

Our progress was leisurely, and gave me ample time to reflect. I was content to be at length so near the end of my journey and as I leaned back in the comfortable though not elegant conveyance, I pulled the woollen blanket around me.

Before long, in a half doze, as the light faded, the gentle rhythm of the carriage awoke my senses and I found, having slipped downwards on the leather seat, that the underneath seam of my drawers was tugging at me in such a way that I latched onto the familiar sensation that so often had been a prelude to sleep in the dark dormitory at Lowood. In the privacy of the carriage, quite alone for the first time in as long as I could remember, and still on the very verge of sleep, my mind wandered back to the girls at the boarding school that I had just left and their soft embraces.

And as I reflected further, I remembered Bessie and how she had taught me her secret remedy to alleviate the disquiet of the mind, and how her swift fingers and thumb had massaged my young body into its first delight. I shifted beneath the blanket, half-asleep and arching my spine, braced myself against the narrow arm rests, pressing down against the hard leather ridge of the seat. Presently, as we entered a straight stretch of the road, the horse sped up and the carriage jiggled beneath me at such an agreeable speed, that I was brought quickly to a pleasurable release.
Afterwards, feeling more relaxed and quite refreshed from this unexpected turn of events, I rearranged myself and meditated much at my ease.

‘I suppose,’ thought I, ‘judging from the plainness of the servant and carriage, Mrs. Fairfax is not a very dashing person. So much the better for I never lived amongst fine people but once, and I was very miserable with them. I wonder if she lives alone except this little girl. If so, whether she is in any degree amiable and I will be able to get on with her. I will do my best, although it is a pity that doing one’s best does not always answer. At Lowood, indeed, I took that resolution, kept it, and succeeded in pleasing those around me in all manner of ways, but with Mrs Reed, I remember my best was always spurned with scorn and spanking.

I pray God Mrs. Fairfax may not turn out a second Mrs. Reed, but if she does, I am not bound to stay with her. Let the worst come to the worst, I can advertise for the position of a Governess again. How far are we on our road now, I wonder?’

I let down the window and looked out. Millcote was behind us and judging by the number of its lights, it seemed a place of considerable magnitude, much larger than Lowton. We were now, as far as I could see, on a sort of common, but there were houses scattered all over the district. I felt we were in a different region to Lowood, more populous, less picturesque; more stirring, less romantic.
The roads were heavy, the night misty and when my conductor let his horse walk all the way, the hour and a half extended, I verily believe, to two hours. At last he turned in his seat and knocking on the car said—

‘You’re noan so far fro’ Thornfield now.’

About ten minutes after, the driver got down and opened a pair of gates. We passed through, and they clashed to behind us. We now slowly ascended a drive, and came upon the long front of a house. Candlelight gleamed from one curtained bow-window, but all the rest were dark. The car stopped at the front door. It was opened by a maid-servant. I alighted and went in.

‘Will you walk this way, ma’am?’ said the girl and I followed her across a square hall with high doors all round. She ushered me into a room whose double illumination of fire and candle at first dazzled me, contrasting as it did with the darkness to which my eyes had been for two hours inured. When I could see, however, a cosy and agreeable picture presented itself to my view.

A snug small room, a round table by a cheerful fire and an arm-chair, wherein sat the neatest imaginable little elderly lady, in widow’s cap, black silk gown, and snowy muslin apron. Exactly like I had fancied Mrs. Fairfax, only less stately and milder looking. She was occupied in knitting, whilst a large cat purred loudly at her feet. Nothing in short was wanting to complete the beau-ideal of domestic comfort. A more reassuring introduction for a new governess could scarcely be conceived. There was no
grandeur to overwhelm, no stateliness to embarrass. As I entered, the old lady got up and promptly and kindly came forward to meet me.

‘How do you do, my dear? I am afraid you have had a tedious ride; John drives so slowly; you must be cold, come to the fire.’

‘Not at all. Mrs. Fairfax, I suppose?’ said I.

‘Yes, you are right: do sit down.’

She conducted me to her own chair, and then began to remove my shawl and untie my bonnet-strings. I begged she would not give herself so much trouble.

‘Oh, it is no trouble. I dare say your own hands are almost numbed with cold. Leah, make a little hot negus and cut a sandwich or two. Here are the keys of the storeroom.’

And she produced from her pocket a most housewifely bunch of keys, and delivered them to the servant.

‘She treats me like a visitor,’ thought I. ‘I little expected such a reception. I anticipated only coldness and stiffness: this is not like what I have heard of the treatment of governesses.’

She returned and with her own hands cleared her knitting apparatus and a book or two from the table, to make room for the tray which Leah now brought, and then herself handed me the refreshments.

‘Shall I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Fairfax to-night?’ I asked, when I had partaken of what she offered me.

‘What did you say, my dear? I am a little deaf,’ returned the good lady, approaching her ear to my mouth.
I repeated the question more distinctly.

‘Miss Fairfax? Oh, you mean Miss Varens! Varens is the name of your future pupil.’

‘Indeed! Then she is not your daughter?’

‘No,—I have no family.’

I should have followed up my first inquiry, by asking in what way Miss Varens was connected with her; but I recollected it was not polite to ask too many questions. Besides, I was sure to hear in time.

‘I am so glad,’ she continued, as she sat down opposite to me, and took the cat on her knee, ‘I am so glad you are come; it will be quite pleasant living here now with a companion. To be sure it is pleasant at any time, for Thornfield is a fine old hall, rather neglected of late years perhaps, but still it is a respectable place. Yet you know in winter-time one feels dreary quite alone in the best quarters. I say alone—Leah is a nice girl to be sure, and John and his wife are very decent people, but then you see they are only servants, and one can’t converse with them on terms of equality. One must keep them at due distance, for fear of losing one’s authority. It was only at the commencement of this autumn, that little Adela Varens came with her nurse. A child makes a house alive all at once, and now you are here I shall be quite gay.’

My heart really warmed to the worthy lady as I heard her talk; and I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and expressed my sincere wish that she might find my company as agreeable as she anticipated.
‘But I’ll not keep you sitting up late to-night,’ said she; ‘it is on the stroke of twelve now, and you have been travelling all day. You must feel tired. If you have got your feet well warmed, I’ll show you your bedroom. I’ve had the room next to mine prepared for you. It is only a small apartment, but I thought you would like it better than one of the large front chambers. To be sure they have finer furniture, but they are so dreary and solitary, I never sleep in them myself.’

I thanked her for her considerate choice, and as I really felt fatigued with my long journey, expressed my readiness to retire.

She took her candle, and I followed her from the room. First she went to see if the hall-door was fastened. Having taken the key from the lock, she led the way upstairs. The steps and banisters were of oak, the staircase window was high and latticed, both it and the long gallery into which the bedroom doors opened looked as if they belonged to a church rather than a house. A very chill and vault-like air pervaded the stairs and gallery, suggesting cheerless ideas of space and solitude. I was glad, when finally ushered into my chamber, to find it of small dimensions, and furnished in ordinary, modern style.

When Mrs. Fairfax had bidden me a kind good-night, and I had fastened my door, I gazed upon the cheerful aspect of my little room and I remembered that, after a day of bodily fatigue and mental anxiety, I was now at last in safe haven.

The impulse of gratitude swelled my heart and I knelt down at the bedside, and offered up thanks where thanks were due, not forgetting, ere I
rose, to implore aid on my further path, and the power of meriting the kindness which seemed so frankly offered me before it was earned. At once weary and content, I slept soon and soundly.

When I awoke it was broad day. The chamber looked such a bright little place to me as the sun shone in between the gay blue chintz window curtains, showing papered walls and a carpeted floor, so unlike the bare planks and stained plaster of Lowood, that my spirits rose at the view.

Externals have a great effect on the young and I thought that a fairer era of life was beginning for me. One that was to have its flowers and pleasures, as well as its thorns and toils and faculties, roused by the change of scene, my senses seemed all astir.

I stretched, feeling a new delight awaken in my body. So long accustomed to sleeping in the company of others, the soft silence of the room, the trill of birdsong faint beyond the window, made my excitement mount.

I threw back the counterpane, letting the sunlight fall on the thin muslin cloth of my nightgown and I spread my limbs, sunbathing like a cat. As the steady warmth increased, I felt my hand falling to the soft pillow of my inner thigh.

Unlike yesterday in the carriage, I knew that this morning that I had time at my disposal, and with this in mind, I closed my eyes, and found myself remembering Emma Wilby. After my dearest friend, Helen Burns had died, it had been Emma that I had grown so fond of and I now reflected on
how Emma would have loved this room, this space and solitude. Yet, at the same time I couldn’t help remembering how our exploration of one another had only been heightened by the illicitness of our encounters in the public spaces of Lowood.

Now I heard a gentle moan escape unbidden from by lips, as I remembered that first far distant day in the library, Emma’s face still etched in my mind, as she’d looked up at me from between my legs, her eyes glittering, as they’d dared me to command her to stop. I’d sat on the edge of that hard teachers desk, my skirt hitched up around me, naked above my stocking-tops, Emma’s long red hair tickling my thighs, hardly daring to breath, knowing how close we were to being caught, but unable to move away. How I had trembled against her like a fluttering bird, but she’d only assured me not to be afraid.

I felt my hand languidly lifting my gown and straying to the place Emma had caressed so often, my fingers feeling my silken wet crevasse, remembering that first flicker of her tongue against my bud. I felt my sex warm in the sunlight through the window, opening like a flower, and my memory pulling me back to Emma and how I had braced against the desk, terrified and yet delighted in the shimmering dart of pleasure that she had ignited within me. How she’d spread me with her fingertips, holding back my damp, coiled pubic hair and lapped at me, and how the sound of my juices against her mouth had excited me beyond all measure, until I had implored her, and grabbing my hips, she’d pressed her mouth against me, sucking me harder, pulling me into her.
In the sunlight now, I pushed my finger hard inside my sex, feeling the warm, wet opening yielding, then pulling it out again, to rub my engorged bud. Bucking up, my thighs tensing, I gasped, as with the memory of Emma’s flickering tongue, my head seemed to explode like a shattered mirror, shards of pleasure spinning with light.

Sated, I rose, my sex still throbbing in the aftermath of my pleasure. I dressed myself with care, obliged to be plain—for I had no article of attire that was not made with extreme simplicity—I was still by nature solicitous to be neat.

It was not my habit to be disregardful of appearance or careless of the impression I made. On the contrary, I wished to look as well as I could, and to please as much as my want of beauty would permit. I sometimes regretted that I was not handsomer and I sometimes wished to have rosy cheeks, a straight nose, and small cherry mouth. I desired to be tall, stately, and finely developed in figure, with the kind of buxom full breasts that Emma had so proudly possessed. I felt it a misfortune that I was so little, so pale, and had features so irregular and so marked, although the pertness of my nipples and my buttocks had been held in high regard at Lowood by the other girls.

Why had I these aspirations and these regrets about my womanly faculties? It would be difficult to say. I could not then distinctly say it to myself, yet I had a reason, and a logical, natural reason too. My experience at Lowood was over. Helen, Emma, all the others had gone and I would never be in the company of those girls who had comforted me. I wondered how long I could sustain myself on their memory, for already they seemed to
be slipping away like ghosts, leaving me with a new kind of yearning, but for what, I knew not. Cast out into this new adventure, with no experience other than those pale-limbed innocents, I felt unsure of the future and of this adult world to which I now belonged.

I felt confused, too. The bodily pleasures that we girls had all delighted in the dormitory had been so commonplace as to indicate normalcy, yet in the two moments I alone had enjoyed since my departure from Lowood, the solitary secretiveness of my self-pleasure appeared in retrospect, more shameful than I expected, and a creeping and unfamiliar sense of wrong-doing came upon me.

However, when I had brushed my hair very smooth, and smoothed the black frock over my slim waist—which, Quakerlike as it was, at least had the merit of fitting to a nicety—and adjusted my clean white tucker, I thought I should do respectably enough to appear before Mrs. Fairfax, and that neither she nor my new pupil would ever guess my secret, or recoil from me with antipathy. Having opened my chamber window, and seen that I left all things straight and neat on the toilet table, I ventured forth.

Traversing the long and matted gallery, I descended the slippery steps of oak to the hall. I halted there a minute and looked at some pictures on the walls (one, I remember, represented a tall man in tight breeches with a riding crop, standing over a supine lady with powdered hair and a pearl necklace at her naked breast), at a bronze lamp pendent from the ceiling, at a great clock.
whose case was of oak curiously carved, and ebony black with time and rubbing.

Everything appeared very stately and imposing to me, but then I was so little accustomed to grandeur. The hall-door, which was half of glass, stood open and I stepped over the threshold. It was a fine autumn morning, the early sun shone serenely on embrowned groves and still green fields. Advancing on to the lawn, I turned and looked up to survey the front of the mansion.

It was three storeys high, of proportions not vast, though considerable. A gentleman’s manor-house, not a nobleman’s seat: battlements round the top gave it a picturesque look. Its grey front stood out well from the background of a rookery, whose cawing tenants were now on the wing: they flew over the lawn and grounds to alight in a great meadow. Farther off were hills. Not so lofty as those round Lowood, nor so craggy, nor so like barriers of separation from the living world, but yet quiet and lonely and seeming to embrace Thornfield with a seclusion I had not expected to find.

I was yet enjoying the calm prospect and pleasant fresh air, yet listening with delight to the cawing of the rooks and thinking what a great place it was for one lonely little dame like Mrs. Fairfax to inhabit, when that lady appeared at the door.

‘What! out already?’ said she. ‘I see you are an early riser.’ I went up to her, and was received with an affable kiss and shake of the hand.
‘How do you like Thornfield?’ she asked. I told her I liked it very much.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘it is a pretty place; but I fear it will be getting out of order, unless Mr. Rochester should take it into his head to come and reside here permanently. Or, at least, visit it rather oftener. Great houses and fine grounds require the presence of the proprietor.’

‘Mr. Rochester!’ I exclaimed. ‘Who is he?’

‘The owner of Thornfield,’ she responded quietly. ‘Did you not know he was called Rochester?’

Of course I did not—I had never heard of him before. But the old lady seemed to regard his existence as a universally understood fact.

‘I thought,’ I continued, ‘Thornfield belonged to you.’

‘To me? Bless you, child; what an idea! To me! I am only the housekeeper—the manager. To be sure I am distantly related to the Rochesters by the mother’s side, but I never presume on the connection. In fact, it is nothing to me. I consider myself quite in the light of an ordinary housekeeper. My employer is always civil, and I expect nothing more.’

‘And the little girl—my pupil!’

‘She is Mr. Rochester’s ward. He commissioned me to find a governess for her. Here she comes, with her ‘bonne,’ as she calls her nurse.’

The enigma then was explained, this affable and kind little widow was no great dame; but a dependant like myself. I did not like her the worse for that. On the contrary, I felt better pleased than ever. The equality between her and me was real and my position was all the freer.
As I was meditating on this discovery, a little girl, followed by her attendant, a young pretty woman with a coil of dark hair came running up the lawn. I could see the woman’s slim ankles as she held her skirt aloft and the softness of her full lips as she called to the child ahead of her.

I looked at my pupil, who did not at first appear to notice me. She was quite a child, perhaps seven or eight years old, slightly built, with a pale, small-featured face, and a redundancy of hair falling in curls to her waist.

‘Good morning, Miss Adela,’ said Mrs. Fairfax. ‘Come and speak to the lady who is to teach you, and to make you a clever woman some day.’ She approached.

‘C’est là ma gouverante!’ said she, pointing to me, and addressing her nurse, who answered—

‘Mais oui, certainement.’

‘Are they foreigners?’ I inquired, amazed at hearing the French language.

‘The nurse is a foreigner, and Adela was born on the Continent. I believe she never left it till within six months ago. When she first came here she could speak no English. Now she can talk it a little. I don’t understand her, she mixes it so with French, but you will make out her meaning very well, I dare say.’

Fortunately I had had the advantage of being taught French by a French lady and as I had always made a point of conversing with Madame Pierrot as often as I could, had acquired a certain degree of readiness and
correctness in the language and was not likely to be much at a loss with Mademoiselle Adela.

She came and shook hands with me when she heard that I was her governess and as I led her in to breakfast, I addressed some phrases to her in her own tongue. She replied briefly at first, but after we were seated at the table, and she had examined me some ten minutes with her large hazel eyes, she suddenly commenced chattering fluently.

‘Ah!’ cried she, in French, ‘you speak my language as well as Mr. Rochester does. I can talk to you as I can to him, and so can Sophie. She will be glad. Nobody here understands her as Madame Fairfax is all English. Sophie is my nurse. She came with me over the sea in a great ship with a chimney that smoked—how it did smoke!—and I was sick, and so was Sophie, and so was Mr. Rochester. Mr. Rochester lay down in a pretty room called the salon with Sophie and I had little bed in another place. I nearly fell out of mine, it was like a shelf.’

I looked up and saw Sophie staring at me with her cool green eyes and I imagined that I saw the colour rise in her cheeks. I had no time to contemplate the child’s insinuation that her maid and Mr Rochester had openly shared a bed, even if it were just for convenience, and with them both being seasick, as the child had pinned me with her attention.

‘And Mademoiselle—what is your name?’

‘Eyre—Jane Eyre.’

‘Aire? Bah! I cannot say it. Well, our ship stopped in the morning, before it was quite daylight, at a great city—a huge city, with very dark
houses and all smoky; not at all like the pretty clean town I came from. And Mr Rochester carried me in his arms over a plank to the land, and he carried Sophie after, and we all got into a coach, which took us to a beautiful large house, larger than this and finer, called an hotel. We all stayed there in a grand suite for nearly a week. I and Sophie used to walk every day in a great green place full of trees, called the Park. And there were many children there besides me, and a pond with beautiful birds in it, that I fed with crumbs.’

‘Can you understand her when she runs on so fast?’ asked Mrs. Fairfax.

I understood her very well, for I had been accustomed to the fluent tongue of Madame Pierrot.

‘I wish,’ continued the good lady, ‘you would ask her a question or two about her parents: I wonder if she remembers them?’

‘Adèle,’ I inquired, ‘with whom did you live when you were in that pretty clean town you spoke of?’

‘I lived long ago with mama; but she is gone to the Holy Virgin. Mama used to teach me to dance and sing, and to say verses. A great many gentlemen and ladies came to see mama, and I used to dance before them, or to sit on their knees and sing to them. I liked it. Shall I let you hear me sing now?’

She had finished her breakfast, so I permitted her to give a specimen of her accomplishments. Then, folding her little hands demurely before her, shaking back her curls and lifting her eyes to the ceiling, she commenced
singing a song from some opera. It was the strain of a forsaken lady, who, after bewailing the perfidy of her lover, calls pride to her aid, desires her attendant to deck her in her brightest jewels and richest robes, and resolves to meet the false one that night at a ball. To prove to him, by the gaiety of her demeanour, how little his desertion has affected her.

The subject seemed strangely chosen for an infant singer, but I suppose the point of the exhibition lay in hearing the notes of love and jealousy warbled with the lisp of childhood. And in very bad taste that point was: at least I thought so.

I saw Sophie, her nurse sitting very still, her hands clasped in her lap, listening attentively, as if this subject matter were quite normal and, as I gazed upon her fine profile, wondered whether she had shared a bed with the mysterious Mr Rochester in the hotel that Adele had spoken of too.

Adele sang the canzonette tunefully enough, and with the naïveté of her age. This achieved, she said, ‘Now, Mademoiselle, I will repeat you some poetry.’

Assuming an attitude, she began, ‘La Ligue des Rats: fable de La Fontaine.’ She then declaimed the little piece with an attention to punctuation and emphasis, a flexibility of voice and an appropriateness of gesture, very unusual indeed at her age, and which proved she had been carefully trained.

‘Was it your mama who taught you that piece?’ I asked.
'Yes, and she just used to say it in this way: ‘Qu’avez vous donc? lui dit un de ces rats; parlez!’ She made me lift my hand—so—to remind me to raise my voice at the question. ‘Now shall I dance for you?’

‘No, that will do: but after your mama went to the Holy Virgin, as you say, with whom did you live then?’

‘With Madame Frédéric and her husband. She took care of me, but she is nothing related to me. I think she is poor, for she had not so fine a house as mama. I was not long there. Mr. Rochester asked me if I would like to go and live with him in England, and I said yes, for I knew Mr. Rochester before I knew Madame Frédéric, and he was always kind to me and gave me pretty dresses and toys. But you see he has not kept his word, for he has brought me to England, and now he is gone back again himself, and I never see him.’

After breakfast, Adèle and I withdrew to the library, which room, it appears, Mr. Rochester had directed should be used as the schoolroom. I was briefly reminded of Lowood and that heady moment I had shared with Emma that I had only this morning been hotly reminiscing upon, but as I walked further into the plush library, I put the thought firmly from my mind.

Most of the books bound in red and gold were locked up behind glass doors, but there was one bookcase left open containing everything that could be needed in the way of elementary works, and several volumes of light literature, poetry, biography, travels, a few romances. I suppose he had
considered that these were all the governess would require for her private perusal. Indeed, they contented me amply for the present, compared with the scanty pickings I had now and then been able to glean at Lowood. In this room, too, there was a cabinet piano, quite new and of superior tone; also an easel for painting and a pair of globes.

I found my pupil sufficiently docile and when I had talked to her a great deal, and got her to learn a little, and when the morning had advanced to noon, I allowed her to return to her nurse. I then proposed to occupy myself till dinner-time in drawing some little sketches for her use.

As I was going upstairs to fetch my portfolio and pencils, Mrs. Fairfax called to me.

‘Your morning school-hours are over now, I suppose,’ said she.

She was in a room the folding-doors of which stood open and I went in when she addressed me. It was a large, stately apartment, with several purple chaises longues, large chairs and velvet curtains, a Turkey carpet, walnut-panelled walls, one vast window rich in slanted glass, and a lofty ceiling, nobly moulded. Mrs. Fairfax was dusting some vases of fine purple spar, which stood on a sideboard.

‘What a beautiful room!’ I exclaimed, as I looked round, trailing my hand along the soft back of the chair and to the urn of pampass feathers, for I had never before seen any half so sumptuous.

‘I have just opened the window, to let in a little air and sunshine, for everything gets so damp in apartments that are seldom inhabited. The drawing-room yonder feels like a vault.’
She pointed to a wide arch corresponding to the window, and hung like it with a Tyrian-dyed curtain, now looped up. Mounting to it by two broad steps, and looking through, I thought I caught a glimpse of a fairy place, so bright to my novice-eyes appeared the view beyond.

It was a pretty drawing-room and within it a boudoir with a huge cushion-covered day bed, and above it a spread of white carpets, on which seemed laid brilliant garlands of flowers and white grapes and vine-leaves. Beneath, in rich contrast were crimson couches and ottomans, and on the far wall a giant abstract mural depicted a group of people engaged in some sort of outdoor pursuit – perhaps picnicking – but painted from the most obscure perspective with only glimpses of flesh and hair showing between the leaves.

The pale Parian mantelpiece was covered in strange ornaments of sparkling Bohemian glass, ruby red, the same rounded columns with bulbous tops in several sizes. Between the windows large mirrors repeated the general blending of snow and fire.

‘In what order you keep these rooms, Mrs. Fairfax!’ said I. ‘No dust, no canvas coverings, except that the air feels chilly, one would think they were inhabited daily.’

‘Why, Miss Eyre, though Mr. Rochester’s visits here are rare, they are always sudden and unexpected and he sometimes entertains guests in his private soirees. I observed that it put him out to find everything swathed up, and to have a bustle of arrangement on his arrival, so I thought it best to keep the rooms in readiness.’

‘Is Mr. Rochester an exacting, fastidious sort of man?’
‘Not particularly so. He has a gentleman’s tastes and habits, and he expects to have things managed in conformity to them.’

‘Do you like him? Is he generally liked?’

‘Oh, yes. The family have always been respected here. Almost all the land in this neighbourhood, as far as you can see, has belonged to the Rochesters time out of mind.’

‘Well, but, leaving his land out of the question, do you like him? Is he liked for himself?’

‘I have no cause to do otherwise than like him. I believe he is considered a just and liberal landlord by his tenants, but he has never lived much amongst them.’

‘But has he no peculiarities? What, in short, is his character?’

‘He is rather peculiar, perhaps. He has travelled a great deal, and seen a great deal of the world, I should think. I dare say he is clever, but I never had much conversation with him.’

‘In what way is he peculiar?’

‘I don’t know—it is not easy to describe—nothing striking, but you feel it when he speaks to you, you cannot be always sure whether he is in jest or earnest, whether he is pleased or the contrary. But it is of no consequence, he is a very good master.’

This was all the account I got from Mrs. Fairfax of her employer and mine, but in no way did her answer satisfy my curiosity. Mr. Rochester was Mr. Rochester in her eyes, a gentleman, a landed proprietor—nothing more.
She inquired and searched no further, and evidently wondered at my wish to gain a more definite notion of his identity.

When we left the dining-room, she proposed to show me over the rest of the house and I followed her upstairs and downstairs, admiring as I went. The large front chambers I thought especially grand and some of the third-storey rooms, though dark and low, were interesting from their air of antiquity.

The imperfect light entering by their narrow casement showed bedsteads of a hundred years old with iron bars and low hanging iron chandeliers dripping with old red wax, engraved chests in oak or walnut. A rows of venerable chairs dominated one wall, and one in particular caught my attention, as it looked most uncomfortable, with a wooden protuberance jutting up from the middle of the seat and iron cuffs at its arms and base, like the kind a convict might wear. Did someone here ever suffer from a medical ailment of the mind, perhaps, whereby it was necessary that they were restrained?

All these relics gave to the third storey of Thornfield Hall the aspect of a home of the past, a shrine of memory. I liked the hush, the gloom, the quaintness of these retreats in the day, but I by no means coveted a night’s repose on one of those wide and heavy beds. Shut in, some of them, with doors of oak, shaded, others, with wrought old English hangings crusted with thick work portraying effigies of strange flowers, and stranger birds, and the strangest human beings contorted in positions I had never seen.
'Do the servants sleep in these rooms?' I asked.

'No. No-one ever sleeps here. One would almost say that, if there were a ghost at Thornfield Hall, this would be its haunt.'

'You have no ghost, then?'

'None that I ever heard of,' returned Mrs. Fairfax, smiling.

'Nor any traditions of one? no legends or ghost stories?'

'I believe not. And yet it is said the Rochesters have been rather a violent than a quiet race in their time. Perhaps, though, that is the reason they rest tranquilly in their graves now.'

'Yes—'after life's fitful fever they sleep well,' I muttered. 'Where are you going now, Mrs. Fairfax?' for she was moving away.

'On to the leads; will you come and see the view from thence?'

I followed still, up a very narrow staircase to the attics, and thence by a ladder and through a trap-door to the roof of the hall. I was now on a level with the crow colony, and could see into their nests. Leaning over the battlements and looking far down, I surveyed the grounds laid out like a map. The bright and velvet lawn closely girdling the grey base of the mansion, the field, wide as a park, dotted with its ancient timber, the wood divided by a path visibly overgrown, greener with moss than the trees were with foliage, the church at the gates, the road, the tranquil hills, all reposing in the autumn day's sun. No feature in the scene was extraordinary, but all was pleasing.
When I turned from it and re-passed the trap-door, I could scarcely see my way down the ladder. The attic seemed black as a vault compared with that arch of blue air to which I had been looking up.

Mrs. Fairfax stayed behind a moment to fasten the trap-door. I, by drift of groping, found the outlet from the attic and proceeded to descend the narrow garret staircase. I lingered in the long passage to which this led, separating the front and back rooms of the third storey. Narrow, low, and dim, with only one little window at the far end, with its two rows of small black doors all shut, it looked like a corridor in some Bluebeard’s castle.

While I paced softly on, the last sound I expected to hear in so still a region was a laugh and then as sound as if bare flesh struck. Then immediately afterwards another curious laugh which was distinct, formal, mirthless.

I stopped. The sound ceased, only for an instant, then it began again, louder. For at first, though distinct, it was very low. It passed off in a clamorous peal that seemed to wake an echo in every lonely chamber, though it originated but in one, and I could have pointed out the door whence the accents issued.

‘Mrs. Fairfax!’ I called out, for I now heard her descending the great stairs. ‘Did you hear that sound? That loud laugh? Who is it?’

‘Some of the servants, very likely,’ she answered. ‘Perhaps Grace Poole.’

‘Did you hear it?’ I again inquired.
‘Yes, plainly. I often hear her. She sews in one of these rooms. Sometimes Leah is with her and they are frequently noisy together.’

The laugh was repeated in its low, syllabic tone, and terminated in an odd exultant murmur.

‘Grace!’ exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax.

I really did not expect any Grace to answer, for the laugh was as preternatural a laugh as any I ever heard.

The door nearest me opened, and a servant came out—a woman of between thirty and forty, red-haired, and with a hard, plain face. Her cheeks were highly flushed.

‘Too much noise, Grace,’ said Mrs. Fairfax. ‘Remember directions!’

Grace curtseyed stiffly and went into the room backwards, quickly shutting the door once again, so that I could not see inside.

‘She is a person we have to sew and assist Leah in her housemaid’s work,’ continued the widow; ‘not altogether unobjectionable in some points, but she does well enough. By-the-bye, how have you got on with your new pupil this morning?’

The conversation, thus turned on Adèle, continued till we reached the light and cheerful region below. Adèle came running to meet us in the hall, exclaiming—

‘Mesdames, vous êtes servies!’ adding, ‘J’ai bien faim, moi!’

We found dinner ready, and waiting for us in Mrs. Fairfax’s room.
Chapter Two

The promise of a smooth career, which my first calm introduction to Thornfield Hall seemed to pledge, was not belied on a longer acquaintance with the place and its inmates. Mrs. Fairfax turned out to be what she appeared, a placid-tempered, kind-natured woman, of competent education and average intelligence. My pupil was a lively child, who had been spoilt and indulged and therefore was sometimes wayward, but she soon became obedient and teachable.

She had no great talents, no marked traits of character, no peculiar development of feeling or taste which raised her one inch above the ordinary level of childhood, but neither had she any deficiency or vice which sunk her below it. Her simplicity and efforts to please me, inspired a degree of attachment sufficient to make us both content in each other’s society.

Now and then, when I took a walk by myself in the grounds, I went down to the gates and looked through them along the road. Sometimes, while Adèle played with her nurse, and Mrs. Fairfax made jellies in the storeroom, I climbed the three staircases, raised the trap-door of the attic, and having reached the leads, looked out afar over sequestered field and hill. Then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass the horizon and reach the busy world which was full of the life that I had heard of, but never seen.

I desired with a mounting longing so much more practical experience than I possessed. I wanted more intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance
with variety of character and particular with the opposite sex, than was here within my reach in the confines of Thornfield. I valued what was good in Mrs. Fairfax, and what was good in Adèle, but I believed in the existence of another more vivid kinds of goodness and what I believed in I wished to behold.

Who blames me? I could not help it. Restlessness was in my nature. It agitated me to pain sometimes and although I often pleasured myself for relaxation at night as was my habit, a deeper satisfaction eluded me.

Then, my sole relief was to walk along the corridor of the third storey, safe in the silence and solitude of the spot, and allow my mind’s eye to dwell on the bright visions in the faded paintings on the wall and the tapestries in the old bedrooms. They depicted couples in all manner of undress, their carnal desires plainly bared, that each time I studied these images, they ignited my imagination, expanded it with life, with fire, and a curiosity for the pleasures of the flesh that had not been in my actual existence.

It is in vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity. They must have action and they will make it if they cannot find it. Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than mine, and millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions besides political rebellions ferment in the masses. Women are supposed to be very calm generally: but women feel just as men feel.

When thus alone, I not unfrequently heard Grace Poole’s laugh. The same peal, the same low, slow ha! ha! which, when first heard, had thrilled me. I heard, too, her eccentric murmurs, stranger than her laugh and the
strange slapping sound, which jolted me and filled me with a restlessness I
could not explain.

There were days when she was quite silent, but there were others
when I could not account for the sounds she made, or the sound of chains
rattling, or I imagined, the sound of a switch flying through the air.
Sometimes I saw her as she came out of her room with a basin, or a plate, or
a tray in her hand, and go stiffly down to the kitchen and shortly return,
gen erally (oh, romantic reader, forgive me for telling the plain truth!) bearing
a pot of porter.

Her appearance always acted as a damper to the curiosity raised by her
oral oddities. Hard-featured and staid, she had no point to which interest
could attach. I made some attempts to draw her into conversation, but she
seemed a person of few words and a monosyllabic reply usually cut short
every effort of that sort.

The other members of the household, John and his wife, Leah the
housemaid, and Sophie the French nurse, were decent people, but in no
respect remarkable. With Sophie I used to talk French, and at first I
entertained a fleeting and secret hope that she may be inclined as Emma had
been and, such was my loneliness, imagined her in my tangled embrace.

I imagined her too with the mysterious Mr Rochester aboard the ship
Adele had described, and in the hotel suite after, and often, seeing her eat,
wondered what her full lips had done and where they had been.
Occasionally, when we were alone, the heady French perfume she wore was
enough to make me want to blurt my desire and to entreat her to join in my
fantasies, but I always stopped myself, ashamed of where my mind had
taken me. My dalliances at Lowood, those innocent fumblings with my
fellow young women belonged to another time and Sophie was a travelled
woman and I had no means of communicating my envy at her experience.

Besides, when I tried conversation and asked her questions about her
native country she was not of a descriptive or narrative turn, and generally
gave such vapid and confused answers as were calculated rather to check
than encourage inquiry. A few weeks after my arrival, when both Mrs
Fairfax and Adele seemed satisfied with my care alone, Sophie returned to
France.

October, November, December passed away. One afternoon in January,
Mrs. Fairfax had begged a holiday for Adèle, because she had a cold and, as
Adèle seconded the request with an ardour that reminded me how precious
occasional holidays had been to me in my own childhood, I agreed to it.

It was a fine, calm day, though very cold. I was tired of sitting still in
the library through a whole long morning and Mrs. Fairfax had just written
a letter which was waiting to be posted, so I put on my bonnet and cloak
and volunteered to carry it to Hay. The two miles distance would afford me
with a pleasant winter afternoon walk.

The ground was hard, the air was still and my road was lonely. I
walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyse
the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was
three o'clock. The church bell tolled as I passed under the belfry. The charm
of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-
beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane whose best winter
delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose.

This lane inclined up-hill all the way to Hay and having reached the
middle, I sat down on a stile which led thence into a field. From my seat I
could look down on Thornfield, the grey and battlemented hall was the
principal object in the vale below me and its woods and dark rookery rose
against the west. I lingered till the sun went down amongst the trees, and
sank crimson and clear behind them. I then turned eastward.

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon, pale yet as a cloud, but
brightening momentarily, she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent
up a blue smoke from its few chimneys. It was yet a mile distant, but in the
absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings. A positive
tramp, tramp, a metallic clatter. The din was on the causeway. A horse was
coming and the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached.

I was just leaving the stile, but, as the path was narrow, I sat still to
let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies bright and
dark tenanted my mind. The memories of nursery stories were there amongst
other rubbish and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a
vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse
approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I
remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England
spirit called a ‘Gytrash,’ which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog,
haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated female travellers,
as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight, when, in addition to the tramp,
tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems
glided a great dog—a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head. It
passed me, however, quietly enough, not staying to look up with strange
pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would, or to nuzzle and
sniff me.

The horse followed—a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man,
the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash. It
always came upon fair maidens alone. No Gytrash was this. Only a
traveller taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on a few
steps, and I turned, a sliding sound and an exclamation of ‘What the deuce
is to do now?’ and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention.

Man and horse were down. They had slipped on the sheet of ice which
glazed the causeway. I walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling
himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not
be much hurt.

‘Are you injured, sir?’ I asked.

I think he was swearing, but am not certain. However, he was
pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

‘Can I do anything?’ I asked again.
‘You must just stand on one side,’ he answered as he rose, first to his knees, and then to his feet.

I did, whereupon began a heaving, stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying which removed me effectually some yards’ distance. But I would not be driven quite away till I saw the that the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced with a ‘Down, Pilot!’

The traveller now, stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if trying whether they were sound. Apparently something ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.

‘If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay.’

‘Thank you. I shall do. I have no broken bones,—only a sprain,’ and again he stood up and tried his foot, but the result extorted an involuntary ‘Ugh!’

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright so that I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding cloak, fur collared and steel clasped. I traced the general points of middle height and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now. He was past youth, but had not reached middle-age - perhaps he might be thirty-five.

I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had
hardly ever seen a handsome youth and certainly never spoken to one in my 
life. If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I 
addressed him, if he had put off my offer of assistance gaily and with 
thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew 
inquiries. But the frown, when he waved to me compelled me to speak 
again.

‘I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary 
lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.’

He looked at me when I said this. He had hardly turned his eyes in 
my direction before, but now his dark gaze met mine and I felt my boldness 
evaporate under his scrutiny.

‘I should think you ought to be at home yourself,’ said he, ‘if you have 
a home in this neighbourhood. Where do you come from?’

‘From just below. I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is 
moonlight. I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it. 
Indeed, I am going there to post a letter.’

‘You live just below—do you mean at that house with the 
battlements?’ pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary 
gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods that, by contrast 
with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Whose house is it?’

‘Mr. Rochester’s.’

‘Do you know Mr. Rochester?’
‘No, I have never seen him.’

‘He is not resident, then?’

‘No.’

‘Can you tell me where he is?’

‘I cannot.’

‘You are not a servant at the hall, of course. You are—’

He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which, as usual, was quite simple: a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet, neither of them half fine enough for a lady’s-maid. His gaze made my bare skin below the clothes he was studying, unexpectedly flush.

He seemed puzzled to decide what I was, so I helped him.

‘I am the governess.’

‘Ah, the governess!’ he repeated. ‘Deuce take me, if I had not forgotten! The governess!’ and again as my raiment underwent scrutiny, I felt a deep, incomprehensible tug of my flesh.

He rose from the stile, his face expressed pain when he tried to move.

‘I cannot commission you to fetch help,’ he said; ‘but you may help me a little yourself, if you will be so kind.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘You have not an umbrella that I can use as a stick?’

‘No.’

‘Try to get hold of my horse’s bridle and lead him to me. You are not afraid?’
I should have been afraid to touch a horse when alone, although Bessie’s stories had long been in my imaginings, but when told to do it, I was disposed to obey. I put down my muff on the stile, and went up to the tall steed and endeavoured to catch the bridle, but it was a spirited thing, and would not let me come near its head. I made effort on effort, though in vain, because I was so mortally afraid of its trampling fore-feet. The traveller waited and watched for some time, and at last he laughed.

‘I see,’ he said, ‘the mountain will never be brought to Mahomet, so all you can do is to aid Mahomet to go to the mountain. I must beg of you to come here.’

I came.

‘Excuse me,’ he continued, ‘necessity compels me to make you useful.’

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me with some stress, limped to his horse. Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly and sprang to his saddle, grimacing grimly as he made the effort, for it wrenched his sprain. I felt strangely light in the absence of his weight bearing down upon me.

‘Now,’ said he, releasing his under lip from a hard bite, ‘just hand me my whip. It lies there under the hedge.’

I sought it and found it and handed it to him. He looked at me once again, as he ran the thin leather through his glove.

‘Thank you. Now make haste with the letter to Hay, and return as fast as you can.’
A touch of a spurred heel made his horse first start and rear, and then bound away, the dog rushed in his traces and all three vanished, and I was left staring after them, my heart pounding.

I took up my muff and pushing my hands inside, walked on. The incident had occurred and was gone, yet it marked with change one single hour of a monotonous life. The new face of this dark stranger was like a new picture introduced to the gallery of my memory, and it was dissimilar to all the others hanging there. Firstly, because it was masculine and, secondly, because it was so strong, and stern. I had it still before me when I entered Hay, and slipped the letter into the post-office and I saw it as I walked fast down-hill all the way home.

I did not like re-entering Thornfield and this evening I was more reluctant than ever. To pass its threshold was to return to stagnation. To cross the silent hall, to ascend the darksome staircase, to seek my own lonely little room, and then to meet tranquil Mrs. Fairfax, and spend the long winter evening with her, and her only, was to quell wholly the excitement wakened by my walk.

I lingered at the gates, I lingered on the lawn, my spirit fevered, as the moonlight bathed the park in silver. My mind was taking me where I knew it must go, where it had been heading on the entire walk back from Hay and I knew resistance was pointless. Because the strange horseman had been transposed in my dark imagination into the pictures I had studied on the third floor, the form of the naked God I had gazed upon in the threadbare
tapestry - in truth the only image of a naked man I had ever seen at close hand - his tumultuous member poised above the eager sea-maiden, now had the face of the man in the woods. And I, who had long cast myself into the role of sea-maiden, was all the more in the grip of the hitherto unformed fantasy and one, I knew with certainty would remain unformed, now that the stranger had ridden off into the night.

Little things recall us to earth. The clock struck in the hall and broke my spell and, dressing myself down for my romantic musings, I turned from moon and stars, opened a side-door, and went in.

The hall was not dark, nor yet was it lit, only by the high-hung bronze lamp, a warm glow suffused both it and the lower steps of the oak staircase. This ruddy shine issued from the great dining-room, whose two-leaved door stood open, and showed a genial fire in the grate, glancing on marble hearth and brass fire-irons, and revealing purple draperies and polished furniture, in the most pleasant radiance.

It revealed, too, a group near the mantelpiece. I had scarcely caught it, and scarcely become aware of a cheerful mingling of voices, amongst which I seemed to distinguish the tones of Adèle, when the door closed.

I hastened to Mrs. Fairfax’s room. There was a fire there too, but no candle, and no Mrs. Fairfax. Instead, all alone, sitting upright on the rug, and gazing with gravity at the blaze, I beheld a great black and white long-haired dog, just like the Gytrash of the lane.
It was so like it that I went forward and said—'Pilot' and the thing got up and came to me and snuffed me. I caressed him, and he wagged his great tail, but he looked an eerie creature to be alone with, and I could not tell whence he had come. I rang the bell, for I wanted a candle and I wanted, too, to get an account of this visitant. Leah entered.

‘What dog is this?’

‘He came with master.’

‘With whom?’

‘With master—Mr. Rochester—he is just arrived.’

‘Indeed! and is Mrs. Fairfax with him?’

‘Yes, and Miss Adèle. They are in the dining-room, and John is gone for a surgeon, for master has had an accident, his horse fell and his ankle is sprained.’

At her words, a strange flush fell over me and for a moment I felt dizzy. ‘Did the horse fall in Hay Lane?’

‘Yes, coming down-hill. It slipped on some ice.’

‘Ah! Bring me a new candle will you Leah?’

Leah brought it – one of the new candles Mrs Fairfax had ordered and then Mrs Fairfax herself entered, repeating the news and adding that Mr. Carter the surgeon was come, and was now with Mr. Rochester. Then she hurried out to give orders about tea, and I went upstairs to take off my things.
My room was freezing, but as I undressed, I realized that I was shivering not from the cold, but from an altogether molten internal heat. When my hand caught the hardness of my nipple, as I unfastened my corset, my flesh erupted into even more goosebumps. My fingers were fumbling with the corset strings so badly that I left it on, watching my naked engorged breast spill over the top of it. I took off my underskirts and pants and was left naked apart from my stockings.

I studied myself in the full-length mirror, the sliver of moonlight through the window illuminating my silhouette. I grasped the fat length of the candle in my fist, intending to turn away to replace the spent one in my candleholder, but instead, I lingered, watching myself tremble.

As my eyes met my reflections in the mirror, I let out a whimper, my mind was in such torment.

The dark horse-rider was Mr Rochester himself! My master and employer. I tried to remove him from the fantasy that I had entertained on my return from Hay, and had tried to leave outside, but it seemed impossible. Somehow, the fact of the discovery of his identity was more shocking and exhilarating than I could account for.

I sat down heavily on the bed, my heart pounding. I felt quite undone. I was in Mr Rochester’s employ. Whatever his character or countenance, I would have to conduct myself in his presence with as demure and detached a stance as befitted my position. Now that he was under the same roof as I, my exploration of the third floor and musings over those pictures that belonged to Mr Rochester himself, seemed more shameful than ever,
especially as I had already connected my employer to them in my mind’s eye. I resolved that I must stop and never go to the third storey again.

And yet…and yet at the same time, I couldn’t help but remember the way his eyes had raked over me on the lane and a dart of pleasure made my sex twitch and before I could help it, I was overtaken by my traitorous mind and I knew I would give into my desire. Thus transformed into the sea-maiden, I opened my legs, watching myself in the mirror, my soft pink lips glistening with moisture.

The candle was still grasped in my fist and I pressed the blunt end of it against my opening. I watched it slide easily inside me a short way, but such was my need to be filled, I continued, pressing against the hardness inside me, my eyelids heavy, my breathing ragged, as I clenched around the candle. In a moment, I felt a release so intense, that as I bit down to stop my ecstatic scream, I tasted blood.

Reader, there’s more: October 2012

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