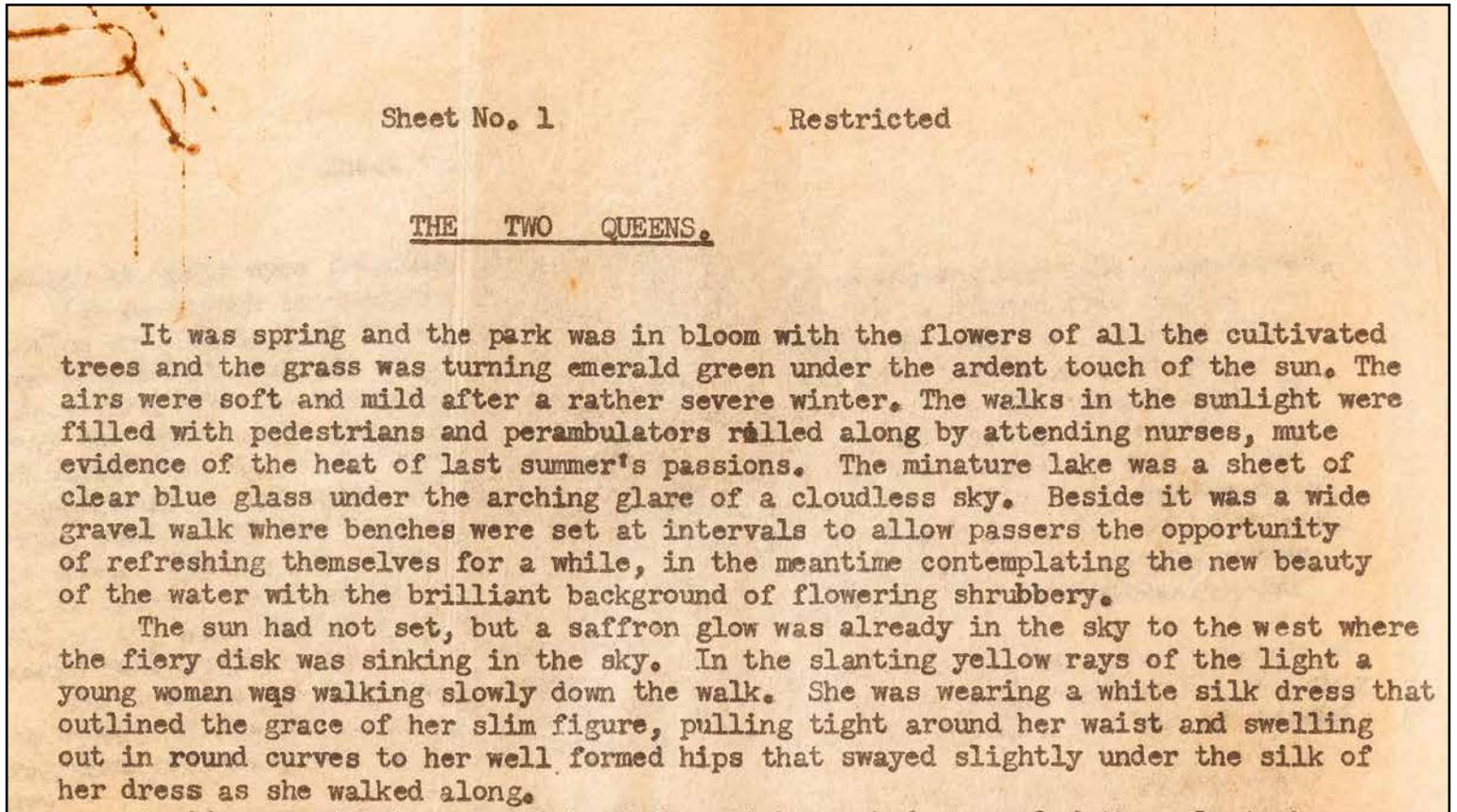


(Anonymous)

(Pornographic manuscript): The Two Queens. Circa 1930?

\$500



Typed manuscript. Ribbon or top copy. 27, [1] leaves typed rectos only, last leaf is blank. Many corrections visible in type. Unsigned. Old folds, paperclip stains in the margins, the paper is well-thumbed with small tears and creases, but is overall supple and very good. Complex, literate, and detailed sex story about a man who meets a beautiful foreign woman in a park in an American city, and is brought back to a luxurious abode where, to his surprise, he is called upon to pleasure the woman's lovely friend, repeatedly and in a variety of ways. He later wakes up in the park and thinks he has dreamed the encounter, but discovers a gold watch has been left in his pocket as a gift. The following day, the events are repeated, but this time with his friend and the beautiful foreign woman joining in. (Spoiler Alert!): when they are thrown over after the dalliance, the men learn that the young woman was the princess of a European country, soon to be a queen, and that she was visiting America in anticipation of her upcoming wedding to the crown prince of another nation, and that her companion was a countess who traveled everywhere with her as a chaperone.

Mimeographed porn of this sort was made exponentially more common when American servicemen gained wide access to mimeograph machines during WWII, but this is a typed manuscript, and the style of the type seems, to our best guess, to predate the War. Little from the text indicates the possible age of the manuscript. An *OCLC* and broad internet search locates no copies, although admittedly, *OCLC* is an insufficient source for tracking this sort of material. Possibly unique. [\[BTC#422139\]](#)

THE TWO QUEENS.

It was spring and the park was in bloom with the flowers of all the cultivated trees and the grass was turning emerald green under the ardent touch of the sun. The air was soft and mild after a rather severe winter. The walks in the sunlight were filled with pedestrians and perambulators rilled along by attending nurses, mute evidence of the heat of last summer's passions. The miniature lake was a sheet of clear blue glass under the arching glare of a cloudless sky. Beside it was a wide gravel walk where benches were set at intervals to allow passers the opportunity of refreshing themselves for a while, in the meantime contemplating the new beauty of the water with the brilliant background of flowering shrubbery.

The sun had not set, but a saffron glow was already in the sky to the west where the fiery disk was sinking in the sky. In the slanting yellow rays of the light a young woman was walking slowly down the walk. She was wearing a white silk dress that outlined the grace of her slim figure, pulling tight around her waist and swelling out in round curves to her well formed hips that swayed slightly under the silk of her dress as she walked along.

A wide, smart hat, worn high on the nut brown hair revealed the velvety brown of her eyes and the classical beauty of her forehead against which clustered ringlets of her fine hair. The long smoky fringe of her eyelashes threw a light purple shadow into the hollow of her eyes, from which her fresh young cheeks, abloom with a lovely color, sloped down into twin curves to her firm little chin, making a perfect oval of her face.

Her straight nose was a little thin and fine piece of sculpture, a little short, almost straight, with just the suggestion of humerous tilt at the tip. Under ~~her~~ this her soft red lips, rather full for such a young woman, were chiseled in a cupid's bow that glowed a ruby red, a gleaming highlight catching in the moisture on her underlip.

Under her throat the soft warm shadow of her chin made a pattern against the ivory column of a beautiful neck. It was long and gracefully swanlike as it held her pretty head up proudly. In the hollow of the throat one could see the pulsing of her jugular as her rich blood coursed through her after the exertion of walking.

In two snowy mounds that melted under the white silk of her dress, her breasts disappeared from view under the cloth, however, they stood out firmly, shaking ~~in~~ slightly at every step with delicate movements. Her slim ankles swept down to two dainty feet that were encased in tiny white slippers. She walked lightly and gracefully as a kitten, swaying her beautifully rounded arms with the freedom of youth.

Her hands, covered now with immaculate white gloves, though unseen, were never the less, quite small and well formed. She was a vision, all in white, with a scarlet feather in her white hat and a scarlet neckerchief against the smoky silk of her dress, making an almost startling contrast for the world to see and the world has, to be sure, not the entire world but the part of it which was privileged to be in a position to see her as she passed. Old men followed her passing with lascivious eyes, their hands clenching with an impossible desire, their limp tools stirring with new life. Young men tried to engage her eyes, staring at her breasts as though they would like to fondle them, undressing her with their eyes. One of two of them even brushed against her in passing, getting a thrill that made their cocks stand erect out of the mere contact, even women turned, their eyes to watch her passing. Some of them with envy in their eyes, some with malice, at seeing a creature so beautiful, but most of them with admiration, even longing, showing plainly in their