

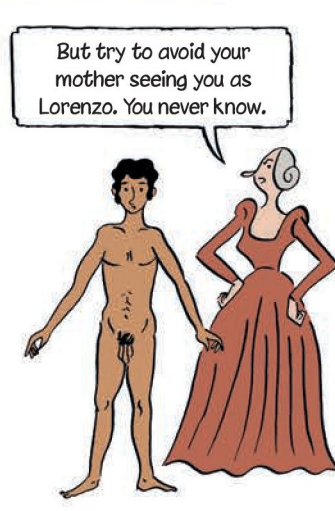
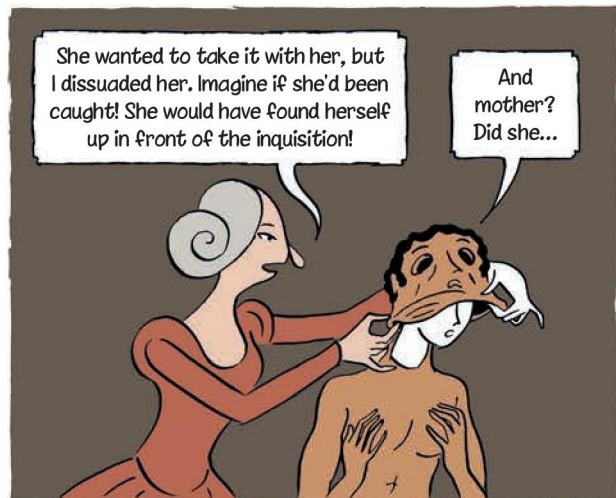
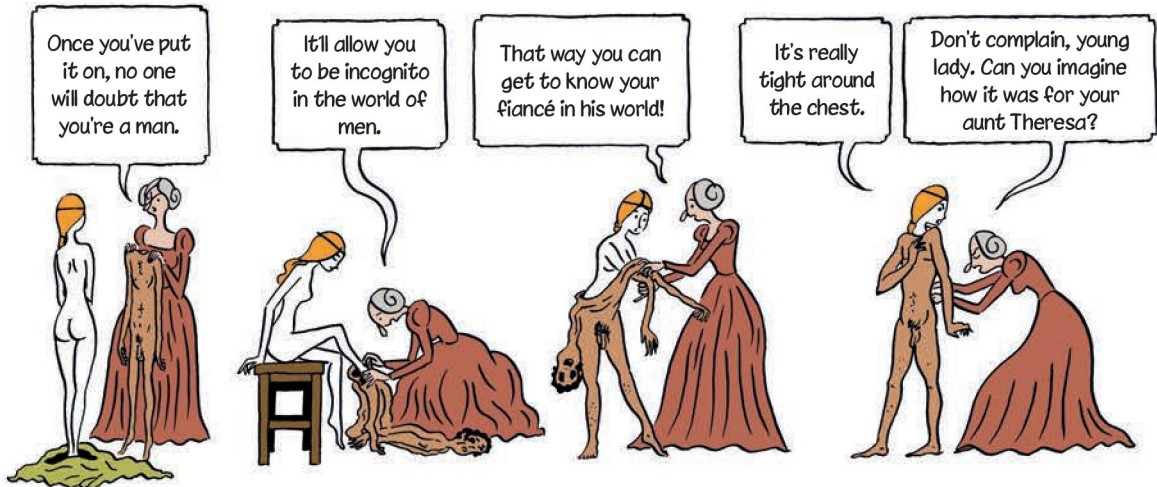


The saying goes that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. The one to clarity sometime takes strange detours. This is the true story of events which I either witnessed or played a part in, and, fortunately for me, no one can corroborate.

That's him?

Yes, so it seems.

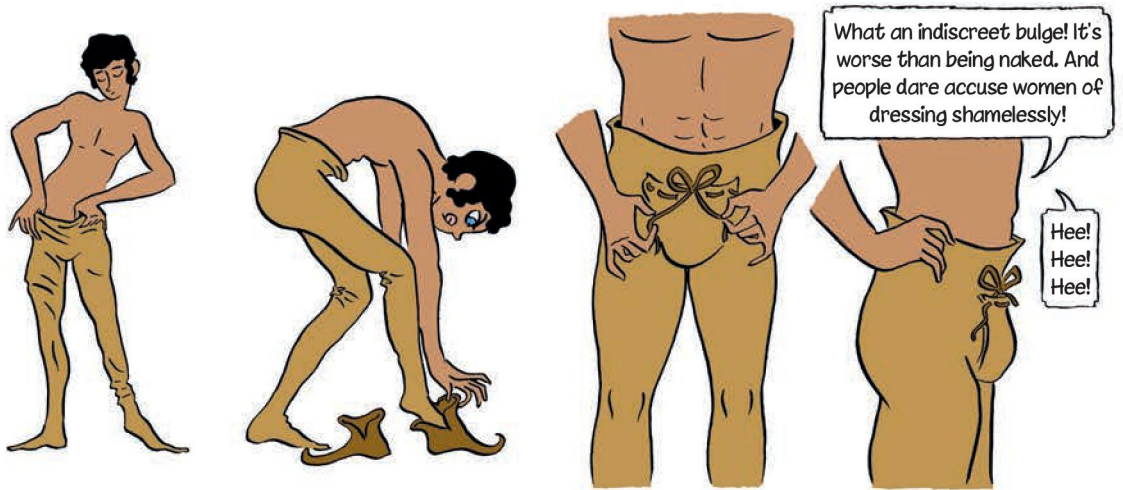
Although I was eighteen, I was still a virgin and quite innocent. But a sequence of strange events were about to open my eyes.

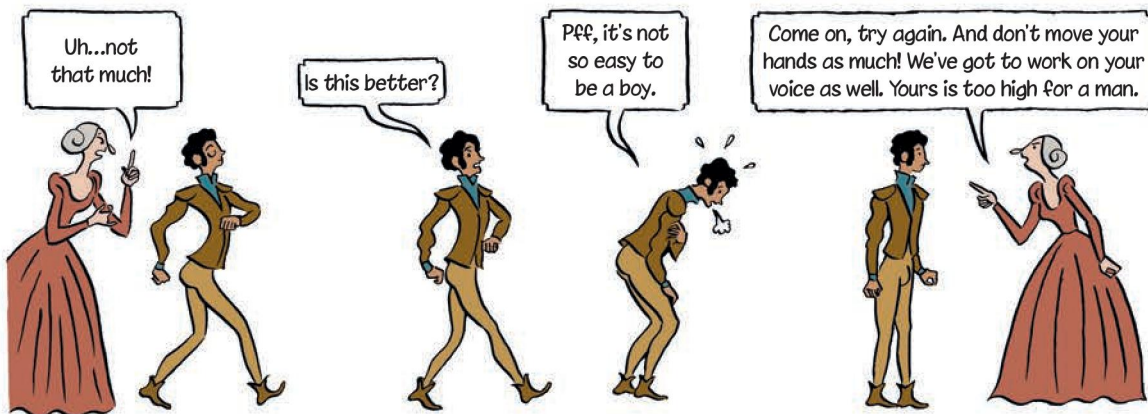
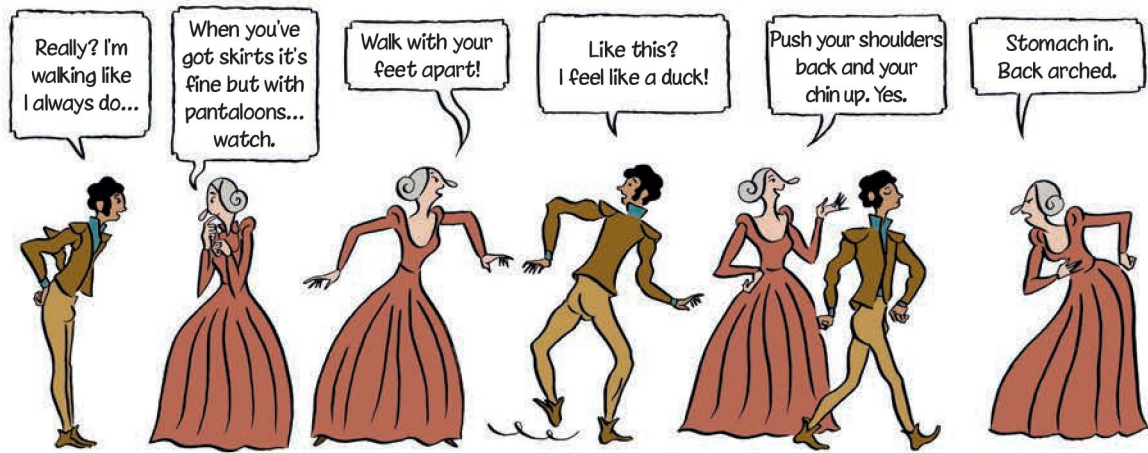


Through my curious fingers this foreign organ came to life. The more I caressed it, the more this strange warmth ran through me, spreading from my pelvis to every part of my body.



Suddenly, all these emotions exploded out of me in a white fountain, leaving my fingers sticky and me exhausted and baffled. I was completely unprepared. I was starting to wonder if this whole thing was a good idea.









You're pretty lucky Bianca! He's young, only a few years older than you, and good looking!



Yes, I'd swap him for mine any day!

Rubina! Come come. What would your mother say!

Clearly you're not the one who's married to Alessandro.



You're right. It could be worse. For a while there I was supposed to marry his father, old Agnello, who lost his wife recently.

Eeek! He's older than your father!

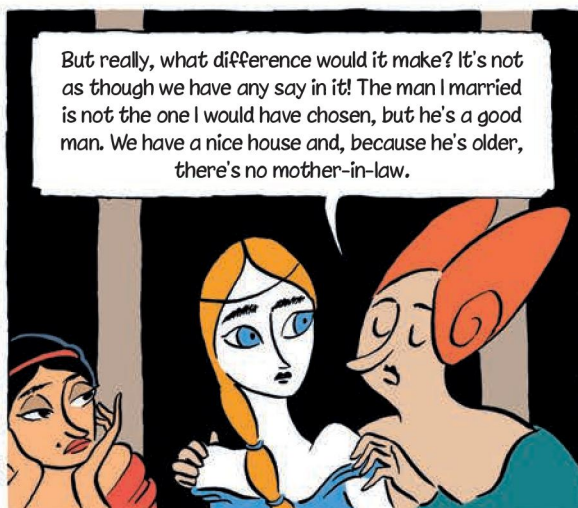


Luckily, I'll be marrying the son, not the father.



The way you're acting, you'd think it was the other way around!

I know. I'm being silly, but I would just like to get to know my future husband beforehand...



But really, what difference would it make? It's not as though we have any say in it! The man I married is not the one I would have chosen, but he's a good man. We have a nice house and, because he's older, there's no mother-in-law.



You're lucky. It takes all of my strength not to push mine down a well. Her son thinks she's the eighth wonder of the world.

So, he should be grateful to have married a saint like you.

Shut it, Agostina!



The negotiations look tough!

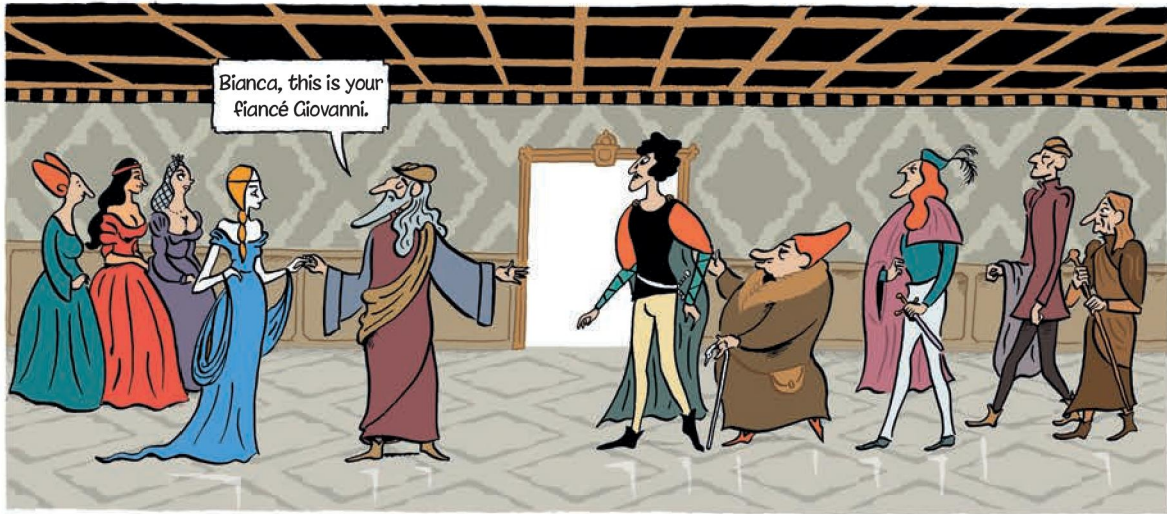
Old Agnello is known for being a tough businessman.

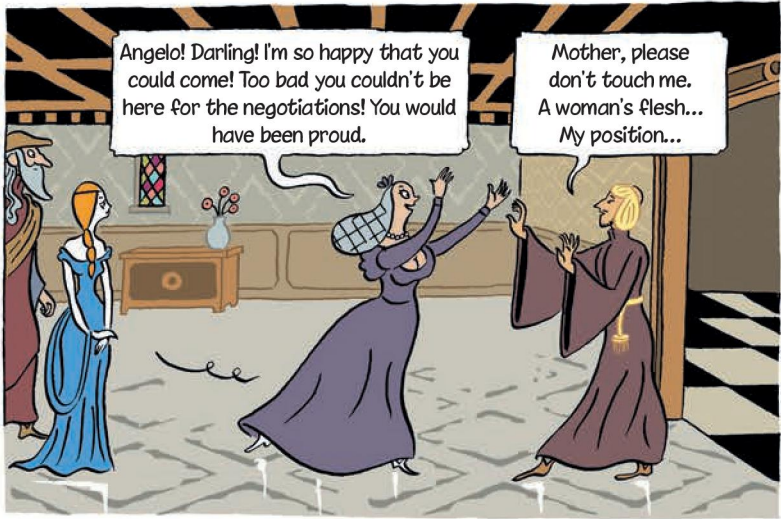
Do you know what you're worth, Bianca?

No.

I hope it's a lot. It would be terrible to be given away. A girl like you is quite valuable.

Come on, Bianca, cheer up! Time to put on a happy face.





Angelo! Darling! I'm so happy that you could come! Too bad you couldn't be here for the negotiations! You would have been proud.

Mother, please don't touch me. A woman's flesh... My position...



Oh, sorry, but really? I'm your mother.

Yes, and your neckline's quite indecent.

Son, as religious as you are, these were the breasts that nursed you! Do not be revolted by what nourished you.



Bianca.

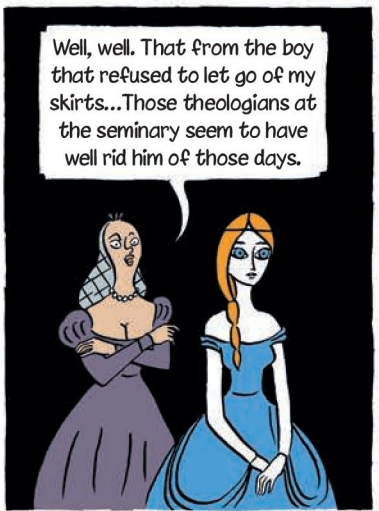
My brother.

You've turned into quite an attractive young woman. I don't know if I should congratulate you or be concerned for your soul.

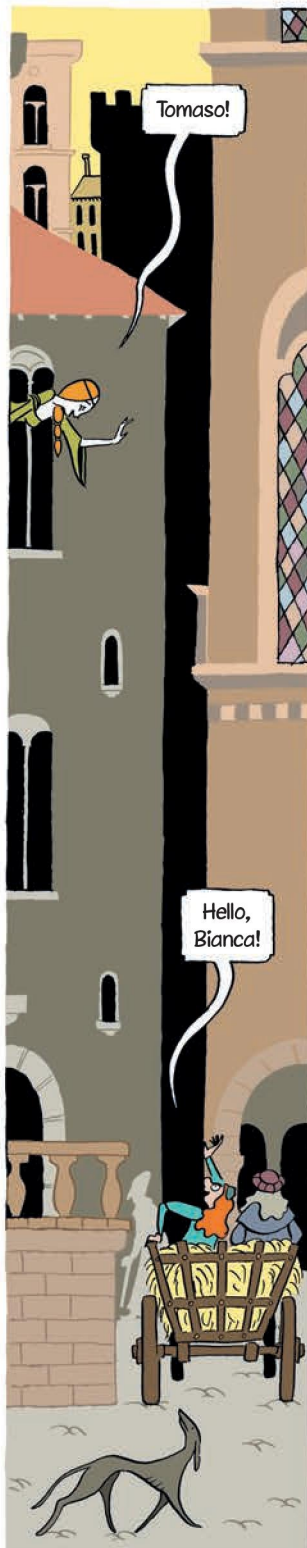


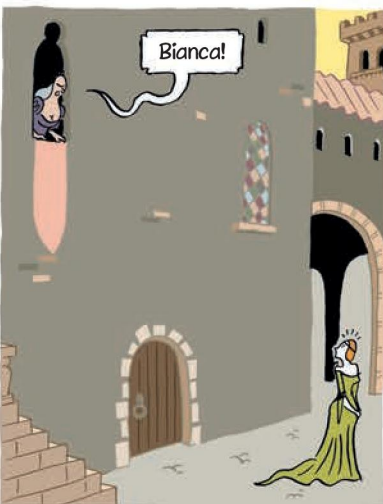
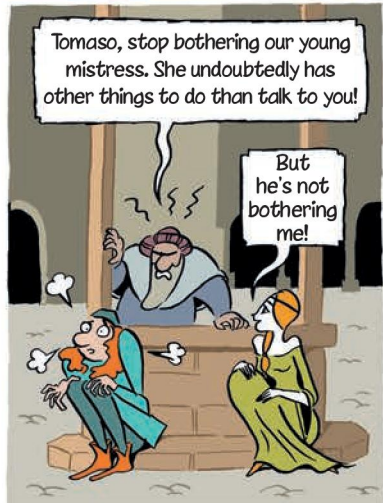
Angelo! How dare you speak to your sister like that? She's getting married soon!

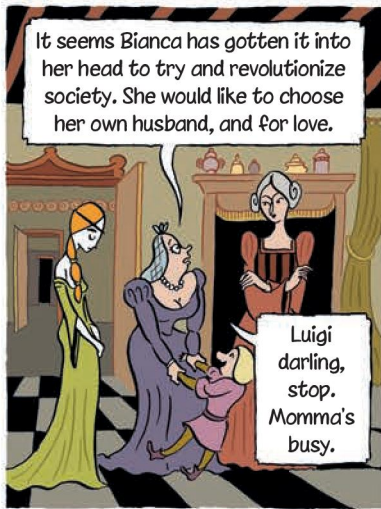
As much as she is my sister, she is no less a girl than Eve. But I have to go. Duty calls.



Well, well. That from the boy that refused to let go of my skirts... Those theologians at the seminary seem to have well rid him of those days.







It seems Bianca has gotten it into her head to try and revolutionize society. She would like to choose her own husband, and for love.

Luigi darling, stop. Momma's busy.



Mother! I would just like to get to know him before we're married and not after!

And if you don't like him we cancel it. Is that it? We tell his family that we're sorry but Bianca doesn't like him.

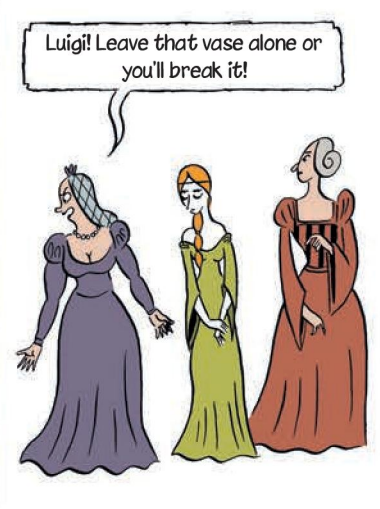


Can you imagine the scandal? Our family honor is at stake.

That's not what I said! I'll marry who you want me to marry!



What difference would it make if you got to know him beforehand? You think that I knew your father? Oh, youth today and their crazy ideas!



Luigi! Leave that vase alone or you'll break it!



Why not let Bianca come and stay with me for a while? It'll take her mind off things.

Smash!
LUIGI!



