

Nitimur in vetitum

Berlin & beyond

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This is the story of how our boys venture beyond what's familiar to them.

New Year's day 1792, only yesterday did it come to my attention that Herr Wolfgang Mozart had died at the tender age of thirty-five. Elliot and I have only seen Idomeneo while he was still alive. Elliot is just as gobsmacked as I am. We had hoped to see another piece of his in the future, but that isn't likely to happen now! I'm reminded of just how lucky I am that my family is still around. Only Antonio senior has died, but that has been so long ago, I hardly miss him. But I would miss my mother and my aunt, I would miss my sisters tremendously. Their children have grown up into people, with their own opinions. It's a sight to behold. I can't stand the thought of anything happening to them. We haven't seen Götz since he was made to forget the way to Frances'. Not even during Yule celebrations, I would almost wonder if he's still alive. Lindl has grown up beautifully, her siblings love her. Every day I'm thankful that Gitta took her in. Elliot and I have done our very best to be good uncles to her, to all of the children as a matter of fact. Elliot and I have been going to Gitta's house every Thursday and Sunday after lunch. We have continued sparring and sword fighting, and most certainly haven't forgotten to make love, countless times. Lindl has started asking questions that are hard for us to answer. Why she's different from us, for example, and why people gawk at her when she's out in public. It helps that there are more brown and black people in Munich now than there were in the past. In the past couple of years the house besides Gitta's has been bought by a new family. This family has black servants. One of them, Lisimba, has taken a liking to Lindl, and she to her. Lisimba has told Gitta about black hair and their hairstyles. She has even taken it upon herself to teach Lindl to braid her hair herself. That way she won't have to have her hair cut, dramatically, by her mother. Lisimba is not the only one who's taken a liking to Lindl. Chidinma and Nnamdi have also made their acquaintance. Lisimba and Chidinma work in the household, while Nnamdi is a cook. The Durchdenwald family has made friends with the Hauswirths; with Gitta's family. We've explained to Lindl that she is different from us because she has a different complexion, but that she is also the same as us. That she should feel secure in knowing

that her life is just as precious as any one of ours is. Having to explain that her kind is bought and sold, severely mistreated and exploited are the hardest conversations we've had to have. How do you explain to a ten year old that people think of her kind as lesser than? She has cried, cursed at us and she had refused to eat. Elliot and I, as well as Gitta, Gisa, Alice and Frances have all prayed to Hecate that she wouldn't run away. And she hasn't. Not very far at least. She's walked over to the neighbours' to spend time with Lisimba, Chidinma, and Nnamdi. But they are often busy with keeping the house in shipshape. People have tried to touch Lindl's hair, for it's so dissimilar to ours. For a long while she has sported her hair as a sort of halo around her head, Gitta has taken it upon herself to cut it in a round shape that articulates her eyes. It is not a valid reason for strangers to touch her, at first Lindl seemed to like the attention she got for it, but at the hundredth person who wanted to touch her hair she had had enough. More precisely, Gitta had had enough. Today is Sunday, and like any other Sunday Elliot and I cook lunch. Today we cook a sausage lentil soup. We've sparred for a while before we started making preparations in the kitchen. We brown the sausage then crumble it and set it to the side while we chop up the other ingredients. One big onion, a carrot, a couple of tomatoes, and a cup full of lentils along with the sausage and chicken broth go into the Dutch oven for an hour. During this hour Elliot and I sit and have a chat. We talk about the coven. Over the past ten years our numbers have doubled. Not only because of our members' kids joining but also because of other people joining. Katla has stopped joining us, she has gotten pregnant and is now busy with the care of twins. Ermendrund had found the new members by working together with one of the old member's kids. Berit has the ability to sense where there are people with magical abilities. Where our group had consisted of some twenty members a decade ago we were now counting almost fifty members. We couldn't all fit into Ermendrund's home anymore. So these days, especially during autumn and winter we meet in a formerly abandoned factory owned by Gisa's husband. Together we have realised a number of homes within this abandoned factory, and among our numbers were two people who had come from Italy, three had come from the region around Berlin and one had come from the region around Cologne. We also talked about the travelling we wanted to undertake. Within a year or two all kids would be old enough to depend on only their fathers

for a while. I suggest we all travel together as a large group, to which Elliot raises the possibility that Gitta's and Gisa's husbands couldn't come with us, for they can't do their work remotely and they can't quit their jobs because they own the company together. When the hour has passed Elliot and I set the table. Alice and Frances are in the living room reading, I go to collect them once the table is set. During lunch we talk about the books we're reading. Frances is reading *Clarissa*, or, the History of a Young Lady by Samuel Richardson. She tells us that *Clarissa Harlowe* is pressured by her family to marry a wealthy man whom she detests. She is tricked into fleeing with another man, who eventually proves less than trustworthy. Alice is reading *The Duchess of Malfi* by John Webster. The titular duchess marries her steward Antonio in secret. Her two brothers oppose of the marriage. She eventually gives birth to three children but refuses to name the father. When the family has to flee they are intercepted. This book was performed as a play in 1613, a decade before it was published. I am reading *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches* by Matsuo Bashō. Who turned to Buddhism later in life. In the book he reflects on his attempts to be rid of his earthly belongings, and to reach spiritual fulfilment. In the title piece Bashō strives to reach for eternity and the mysteries of the universe. While Elliot is reading *Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion* by David Hume. He tells us that Hume presents three characters, all representing a different opinion on the matter at hand; these three are engaged in a dialogue. Demea makes the case for religious Orthodoxy, he argues that God's nature is beyond the grasp of human comprehension. Philo, as a sceptic, makes the stronger case for what Demea is pleading. While Cleanthes makes the case for empirical theism. By the time we look for the time it is already 2pm. We quickly wash our cutlery and plates then head to Gitta's with the four of us. When we get there Lindl and Wulfrun ask us what took us this long. When we explain that we had talked at length over lunch they tell us to keep a better eye on the time. They forgive us for being tardy, and they invite us in for a cup of tea. It's incredible how much the kids have grown up. It's almost Raban's birthday, a little over two weeks from now he'll turn nineteen. He started working for his father from the age of fourteen, so did Antonio junior. They have shown some magical ability, but their specialty hasn't presented itself yet. Birgitta's birthday is five days before Raban's. She'll turn thirty-six this year. Lindl takes to her

classes with verve, she has taken up horseback riding under Elliot's tutelage, and I have been teaching her how to sew. Her Latin is much stronger than mine, much stronger even than that of her siblings. She works hard, for such a young child. Elliot and I have offered Gitta that we should teach her how to defend herself. To which Gitta has discussed with Gisa that all the kids should be taught that. We'll organise these classes on Sundays, even though it's a day of rest. This way all the kids can join. There is an even number of them, meaning that they can team up nicely. Lindl is a lot younger than the rest of the children, but that shouldn't be too big of a problem. Together we sit in the living room and have our tea with a biscuit. We talk about what we hope to achieve this new year. Gitta wants to take her husband out to the theatre this year. She asks us if we've got any recommendations. We don't have any, so Gitta decides she'll have a look for the programme someday. Gisa says that she'll look forward to their horse having a foal. When asked if their horse is pregnant already she says that it'll happen when it's almost spring. Elisabeth junior is also looking forward to their horse having a foal. She tells us that she's gotten to take care of the foal the year before last. This year that honour falls to Wulfrun. Last year there was no foal because they wanted to give the mother a year of rest. Wulfrun is in the other room playing with Lindl, from the sound of it they are playing hide and seek. Hardwig and Mathilda, they are twins, get up and excuse themselves to join in on the game of hide and seek. Raban, Antonio junior, and Berinhard are playing a game of cards. We're seated here with the seven of us. Gitta, Gisa, Alice, Frances, Elisabeth junior, Elliot, and myself. Alice tells us that she looks forward to preparing the garden for spring. Frances adds that the onions have already been planted. Gitta tells us that neither of them have a particular green thumb, adding that she's glad that so much is available on the market. When we visit we nearly always leave only after having had dinner. Gitta serves an egg with bread in the evening, she keeps the eggs in a jar with oil so they won't spoil. That we can even enjoy an egg in the winter. A couple of years ago Gitta has decided on keeping ducks, they've even dug them a pond. They eat some of the kitchen scraps.

He enjoys their visits with their family, he loves seeing the kids grow up. Ada was only three years old when she first started to display her magical ability. She had her toy pig, the one she'd gotten from Andrew,

levitate towards her when she couldn't reach it. Perhaps that had been the reason that she was delivered to their door. Frances had said that this house was the only one in the vicinity that didn't have neighbours to deter the parent from delivering her here, but he had often wondered what had moved these people. He'd spun a variety of stories in his head. Maybe the parents didn't have the money to care for her. Maybe they had picked their house because they had a hunch that theirs would be the best place for her, in other words, they might have somehow known that witches lived in the house. Maybe the mother had died in giving birth to her. He could only hope that the baby wasn't the result of violence bequeathed upon the mother. He found that the lowest thing a man could do to a woman. It irks him that there was no way for them to find out. Ada had started asking these questions, of where she came from and what her parents were like. She had cried because she had felt unloved. The only thing her family could tell her was that they loved her dearly, and that her birth parents must have had a very good reason why they had given her up. Despite it all she was growing up beautifully, she enjoyed playing with her siblings and her uncles. She had been told all about magic from an early age, she had also been told that her uncles could shape shift and she'd often played with them while they were in one animal shape or another. He took a sip of his tea and listened as Andrew talked with his sisters. They talk about their kids taking self defence classes. Elliot chimes in that he has taught Andrew to defend himself from very early on in their relationship, adding that he now makes a formidable opponent. Andrew lets on that he wants to keep learning more techniques to defend himself, because as things are now he knows all of Elliot's moves, and Elliot knows all of his. Andrew tells them that he wants to travel across Asia, like Frances had done. From the coven, he couldn't remember which member had given Andrew the book to borrow, he'd read about the different fighting styles throughout Asia. Frances chimes in that she had an easy time while travelling because she can teleport everywhere, granted that she had taken all the precautions to not be spotted while doing so. Alice told us that she first found out that she could turn invisible when she was twelve, when Frances and her had been hiding from their father. He had been drinking and he had been in a foul mood. He'd come to take out his grievances on his daughters. They had both hidden in a cupboard. When their father had found their hiding place he'd dragged Frances

out and left Alice sitting there. She didn't understand why he was asking Frances where her sister was. It was dark in the cupboard but it was a small space and he should have seen her when he reached for Frances. Frances asks why this painful memory surfaced now. She told the rest of the group that the praise they had given to Gitta's and Gisa's husbands had led her to think about their own father. Gitta asked her mother if she would like to do something else for a while. She could go and brush their horse, it always made her daughter feel calm. Elisabeth junior stood up and asks her grandmother to please come along with her. Adding that some fresh air will do her good. Alice gets up and excuses herself. She said that she felt a bit ashamed having brought the conversation to such a distasteful subject. Before the two are out of the living room the remainder of them see the two hug. The conversation is steered back to what they hope to achieve in the coming year. Elliot mentions that he hopes to take Andrew to see Berlin. France is a hotbed for revolution these days, so he didn't want to take him there. He would eventually want to take him there, Paris is a city favoured by artists. There are a lot of cities where he wants to take Andrew. Zurich, Genoa, Gent, Rotterdam, and Limestone, to name just a few. Andrew tells the group that he would like to look for a workshop within the city gates, if they plan on staying in the area longer. He tells Andrew that they really shouldn't for people might take notice of them not ageing. He explains that he usually stays in one place for no longer than ten years. Andrew then notes that they can solve this problem by shape shifting into other people. There must be a way to change into people whose identity would not be known to citizens of Munich. Elliot grinned at this. He hadn't thought of it that way yet. Gitta comments that he must have moved very frequently. He nods but elaborates that he's lived in some interesting places. When Gitta asks where he's lived he replies that he enjoyed living in Prague. Gitta, naturally, asked what he liked so much about living there. He replies that the people keep to themselves, they are mild mannered and avoid getting into a confrontation at all cost. He then adds that he appreciates baroque architecture. He adds that he's been to a cafe named The Golden Snake on Karlova Street a couple of times, after it opened in 1714. He told the group that he had studied at Charles University, which he adds, was established in 1348. In 1784 Prague was divided into four independent urban areas. He explains, continuing to name said four areas.

I am amazed by all the things Elliot has undertaken, he hadn't told me about studying there yet. This way I learn something new about him, even today. We have been together for almost fifteen years, and I still love Elliot immensely. He loves me too, he'd told me so this morning. When we've finished our cup of tea Gitta asks us if we would like something stronger to drink. Frances and Gisa ask for another cup of tea, while Elliot and I would like a beer. When asked if we wanted a light beer or a dark beer Elliot replies that he would like a dark beer, I say that I would like a dark beer as well. Gitta asks her servant if he would pour the two of us a beer while she pours her aunt and her sister another cup of tea. Frances thanks her niece for the tea. The twins, Wulfrun, and Lindl join us in the living room for a while. Lindl wants to know if we can change into a dragon for her. She has even drawn us a picture. When Elliot gets up to walk with her she tells me that I'm supposed to come along as well. Gitta tells Lindl that the two of us will have our drink before we come to play with her. Seeing as the servant had just walked into the living room with our glasses. I reassure Lindl that we'll be there in ten minutes, but she says that she'll wait here. The twins join Antonio junior and the rest for a game of cards. Wulfrun asks where Elisabeth has gone, upon learning where she is she excuses herself, stating that she'll go to their horse as well. Elliot and I drink our beers as quickly as we can while Lindl shows her drawing to Frances. She tells her that the dragon guards the tower of a princess, and that not a single knight has been strong enough to defeat the dragon. Frances asks if there will ever be a knight who'll defeat the dragon, but Lindl tells her that the princess doesn't need to be rescued. That she has everything she needs in her tower. Lindl then tells Frances that the princess' name is Francesca, and that she's just as tough as Frances is herself. When Elliot and I have finished our beers we walk with Lindl. She wants to go outside in the snow and fly with us as dragons. When we say that we couldn't possibly fly over the city, and risk being spotted she looks disappointed. She then asks us if we could turn into lions, so she can teach us tricks. We say that we can do that. We do insist that she dresses up warmly if we're supposed to go outside. Once we're outside she tells us to open our mouths wide so she can have a look at our fangs. She insists we do not get smart with her and bite her arm off. We wouldn't dare, we say, before we change. She looks into our mouths, and she studies our fangs, after which Lindl

directs our attention to one of the benches that stands in the garden, she commands us to jump over them. We do as we are told for we're well-mannered lions. She applauds our effort then tells us to jump over the pond. The pond is oval in shape and there is enough room to take a great big leap. I make it across the pond, but just barely. Elliot isn't so lucky, he got distracted by the ducks as they flew up into the air and he stopped his jump before he could make it. Deciding that he should try without the long leap leading up to the jump. This results in Elliot landing full in the pond, and I can't help but sympathise with him. It's cold out, the water had a layer of ice over it, but Elliot broke through it. When he tries to climb out he breaks more ice, at least the shore is close by. Once he's back on land he shakes the excess water out of his fur and mane. Steam rises from his back while ice forms on his fur. Lindl had been standing by as she looked on. She told Elliot that he should have taken a great leap like me, then he would have made it across. Now she couldn't go ice skating on the pond anymore. She asked Elliot to raise his paw if he was alright. He raised his paw and she petted him on his nose. She then encouraged Elliot, and me, to exert ourselves so we'll stay warm. We were shown which route we should run around the garden. It would be a race and the winner would get a drawing made of them, as we are now in lion form. We stood on our marks, and Lindl raised her arm. When her arm went down we started to run. We run between fallow fields where flowers grow in the spring and in the summer. I'm focused on following the route, we run under a couple of trees, around the pond and we jump over one of the benches. When Elliot gains on me I can see that he's steaming vapour. He's still green from the algae, this way it's easier to distinguish one from the other. I want to ask Elliot if he's cold, and even if he's not cold I want to warm him. We run the last lap and we're both neck and neck. I exert myself and try to gain up on Elliot, when we take the last curve we're heading for Lindl. The way this race is turning out she'll have a hard time discerning who wins. Once we cross the finish line we make way for Lindl so she won't be run over. That would be sad, and I really don't like seeing kids cry!

When Ada approaches them she walks over to Andrew and declares him the winner. She tells Elliot that he gave his best but that she was of the opinion that Andrew had beaten him by just a little bit. She would draw him a portrait, and she asked Andrew what pose he

would take. He proceeds to stand on his hind legs with his claws out and his mouth open. She asked him if he could stay like that while she drew the portrait. He told her that he would give her his best. She then asked Elliot if he wanted to pose with Andrew. To which Andrew replies, having switched to his human form briefly, that he would strike a more docile pose. He also asked him if he was still cold, and if that was not the case that he should raise a paw. When he raises his paw Andrew pets him on his head, then turns back into a lion. He enjoys chasing Andrew, sometimes they would head into the woods by their house and either fly, swim, or run in pursuit of each other. He'd been having so much fun in the past fifteen years, he'd even started to enjoy life! He loved Andrew tremendously, perhaps he was even a little bit obsessed with him. Even to this day. Ada invites the two of them to step inside with her, telling Andrew that he should stay in lion form while Elliot may change back into himself. Once he's changed he notices that his clothes are still a little damp, like his fur had been. Luckily it is warm indoors. He follows Ada into the parlour room where she suggests Elliot to sit in a chair while Andrew lays down beside him. He takes a seat in the chair Ada has pointed out to him, while she scrambles to collect her pencils and paper. Andrew moves to lay beside him. He pets him over his head and runs his fingers through his mane. While Ada is still busy collecting her things he bows down to press a quick kiss on Andrew's nose. Who then licks him. When Ada comes walking into the parlour room with all her attributes he wipes the last of the saliva off his face and he tidies up his hair, positioning his braid to lay over his shoulder. Ada doesn't want to talk while she draws. The servant comes by to ask them if they would like something to drink. Elliot asks for a light beer and Drew, quickly changing into his human form, asks for a light beer as well. Before the servant leaves to pour them a beer he places the coffee table closer to Elliot in his chair. When he returns with two beers Andrew drinks his quickly, while Elliot savours it. Andrew was asked to change back into a lion as swiftly as possible. They sat like this for two hours. Every now and again he asked a question to Andrew, for which he was invited to growl if his response was affirmative. This way Elliot learns that Andrew is comfortable, that he is not hungry yet, that he would like to hang the picture in their bedroom when it's finished, and that he is proud of how talented Ada is. Once the two hours have passed Ada shows them how far she's gotten. She's got

some of the rough outlines, and tells them that they'll have to sit again next Sunday. Asking Elliot if he'll wear the same outfit. He tells her that he will wear the same suit. His red one, made by Andrew, with delicate embroidery around the edges. While Ada continues drawing some more she tells them that they can join the rest now. Andrew changes back into himself. He's wearing a dark red costume, darker even than Elliot's, with embroidery. They walk back to the living room, where Alice and Elisabeth junior have rejoined the rest. Berinhard, Antonio junior, and Raban are now seated with the rest. Now there is no room for Elliot and Drew to sit. They each take a chair from around the table where the three young men had sat playing their game of cards. Gisa mentions that they had talked about the kids taking self defence classes and they had all shown interest. Gisa asked Andrew if they could start their lessons next Sunday. Andrew said that he would take some everyday clothing with him to spar in, saying that they would dress up as per custom. Adding that Elliot was expected to wear the same outfit as he was wearing today to pose for Lindl's portrait.

By now it had gotten dark out, and Gitta invited us to have a cup of coffee. She hadn't bought any sugar in years, and she wasn't going to. She served milk for those who don't drink it black. The young men had prided themselves in drinking it black. Elisabeth junior, Alice, Frances, and I drink it with milk. Elliot, Gitta, and Gisa drink it black too. Gitta tells us that we can have dinner soon. Her servant had already boiled some water to cook the eggs in. He is setting the table now. We talk some more about the festive season we've had last year. Gisa notes that she hasn't heard from Götz in years. I ask if he's still alive, to which Gitta tells me to not be so morbid. He surely is still alive. He just has found a new family with his fellow clergymen. Gitta confesses that she doesn't know much about the hierarchy within the church. We all nod our heads, it seems like many of us are not familiar with the hierarchy. Within the coven we're all equals, except for our high priestess. Ermendrund is starting to get old. It's not entirely unlikely that she'll pass on the robe in the foreseeable future. It's likely for those responsibilities to be passed on to a woman, for women hold the most power in our coven. I think that women are way more sensible than men, hence better equipped to take on such a role. While we drink our coffee we talk about the festive season still. Frances tells the group that she would like to host the Yule celebrations this year. Last

year, as is custom for us to do, everyone cooks their favourite meal and brings it with them for the lot of us to eat from. Frances notes that we could use my desk in my workshop as a table to all be seated at. Elisabeth junior noted that she hoped that she would have a husband to share the festivities with. She remarks that she's getting old. To which Frances laughs and reassures her not to worry yet. Elisabeth junior notes that she would like to have children. Gitta and Gisa both note that they have kept all the things she would need to raise a child. She then quips that it would be convenient to have a husband. She also tells us that she would like to have many children. Hoping that she would meet an affluent man who can afford it. She also asks me if I could make her a beautiful gown so she might attend a ball. I ask her how she plans on attending one when she doesn't have an invitation. She explains that she plans on going to a ball held by one of her mother's friends. Adding that she hopes to find herself a man there. I wish her all the luck in the world to achieve her goal, the rest of the family echoes the sentiment. Just then Lindl joins us in the living room. She has brought her drawing with her and shows it to the group. We all applaud her effort. She's got a lot to learn still about capturing a person's likeness but her progress thus far is remarkable regardless. At this point Gitta's and Gisa's husbands come walking in. They tell us that they had made a sale today. They let on that they expected to swiftly be seated at the dinner table. On that note we finished our coffees and head into the kitchen to sit at the table together. Lindl has gone by her bedroom to lay her drawing in a safe space until she can work on it again. She shares a bedroom with Mathilda. When she joins us at the table we begin with dinner. Gitta's husband tells us more about the sale they have made. It was a gentleman from France who came to set up his factory here. When I ask if it's a newly started company he replies that it is. Explaining that the man has the idea to make shoes for the masses. Elliot asks him if the man speaks Bavarian. To which Gisa's husband explains that he doesn't, but that his wife does and she functions as his translator. Elisabeth junior is hopeful that she'll have servants too, later. During dinner we all drink a glass of beer, even Lindl does, it's safer to drink than water. Here water too comes from a well by the edge of the kitchen. There is a place for the servants to cook lunch for the household, there is a big pantry, and there are plenty of cupboards. We all sit around the table, we sit snugly next to each other but it's worth our while for there is

something cosy about having dinner with the entire family. After dinner we have another cup of coffee while the servants clean up after us. Gitta and Gisa tell us that they would like to join in on the self defence classes. Elliot tells them the more the merrier. The kids are eager to learn something new, even Lindl says that she likes to learn how to defend herself. She's sick and tired of people touching her because she looks so dissimilar to us. Her mother does tell her that she should always try to resolve the problem with words first. To which Lindl states that she doesn't know what it's like. Gitta tells her that she really doesn't know what it's like, but that she doesn't like it on her behalf. Lindl, in turn, tells her mother that she appreciates that they do their best. After our cup of coffee our evening comes to an end. Gisa and her husband walk towards the door where they call for Elisabeth junior, Raban, and Wulfrun. They follow them, put on their shoes and swiftly thereafter they take a torch from the fireplace and head out the door. Frances, Alice, Elliot and I don't linger that much longer. It has been a busy day, Gitta thanks all of us for our presence here today and hugs her family. It's 8pm when we get home. We sit down in the living room for a game of Ludus Imperatoris. Elliot wins this round, after which Alice and Frances call it a night. Elliot and I go to bed too. Once we've had our wash I apply my tongue and mouth to Elliot's hole. Lubing up my fingers as well so I might rub, what we had since learnt to be a man's prostate. I love the noises Elliot makes as I carefully apply my finger there. When I stick my tongue into him he growls, when I lick around his pucker I evoke hisses from him. We've got the lock around the doorknob, so none of the noises we make escape this room. We've not yet had, or taken, the opportunity to test the looking glasses. When I ask Elliot if he's ready to have me he whimpers, so I lube up my dick, applying some lube to my hand to warm it up. And while Elliot repositions himself I look on. I study his form as if I haven't seen it thousands of times before. He's got more chest hair than I have, and I like to run my fingers through it. There is a line of chest hair that trails all the way down to around his belly button, and from there the line continues towards his pubes. He lays so I can face him while we make love. I crawl on top of him and support myself on my arms which I place beside him. With my left hand I guide my dick towards his pucker, I position it against it and slowly push my way into him. He closes tightly around me and it feels marvellous to slide into him. When my pelvis meets his I pull back, making sure to leave

my tip inside of him. Next I thrust harder into him as he begs me to do so. I am led to wonder if he wants to make love like beasts. As if he knows what I'm thinking he tells me not to have mercy on him as I make love to him. I pull out, spare my tip, and push myself back into him. Repeating this at as rough a rate as I can. When he's got his behind propped up in the air I can work my beastly ways better. Elliot lifts his legs so he can wrap them around my waist, while his hands wander up my arms. I lean in to kiss him quickly. From my knees I pivot myself and thrust into him unrelentingly, my heart starts to race. Not only with exertion but also with lust for my husband. My mind is calm, and all I can think about is how much I love him. He moans while I thrust, he pinches my left nipple and smirks. I moan, he growls. We've had another taste of our blood, and now that we're fucking I feel like having another sip. Pausing my thrusting for a while. I reach for his wrist and place it close to my lips. I pass Elliot a quick glance before I bite down. I catch him biting his lip. My lips close around his wrist and I feel my fangs drop and pierce his skin. I drink with attention. His blood tastes metallic, but there is a faint sweetness to it, and I can almost taste that he's got magical abilities. It's an earthy flavour that electrifies me ever so slightly. When I take my mouth from his wrist he heals quickly, but there is a trickle of blood that runs down his wrist before he's healed. I lick his wrist clean then offer my wrist to him. I'm still inside of him. Elliot tells me that he'll have a sip once we've climaxed. Asking me to continue as I were, so I do. Positioning my hands on the mattress so I might plunge deeply into him. My dick slips out once, but that is helped quickly. I look upon Elliot as I plunge into him, he's got his eyes closed and his hands around my arms. Once he's coming closer to his climax, I notice this because his hands squeeze around my arms, he begs me to fuck him harder. To which I come out of him, with a deviant smirk on my face, and tell him to get on all-fours. I sit up as he moves to do as I said. I slap his butt before I find my way back into him and it prompts a loud moan from him. I place my right hand on his butt and with the other I lube myself up again before I guide my dick to his asshole and slide back in. My left hand I then also place on his butt. I pull him closer to me so I'm all the way inside. I pivot my hips from my knees to start pumping, pulling Elliot towards me as I build up to an animalistic pace. My breathing is rugged, his is too. He moans when I slap his butt again. Leaving an imprint of my hand on his butt cheek. I love the

noises he makes. Soft moans, loud moans, growls and hisses. He's panting now and he pushes his behind towards me. I dig myself into him unrelentingly, until I feel my climax building. When my climax starts to build I lean forward to whisper in Elliott's ear that he shouldn't cum until I have.

When Andrew tells him not to cum until he has, he had planned to take his dick in his hand, but he changes his mind. He's incredibly turned on by Andrew's command. He had long thought himself a monster, so he'd never expected to be in a submissive position. He loved it when Andrew took control away from him. Never before, before meeting Andrew, had he sat on all-fours, let alone being fucked like this. His mind calmed as he let his husband dig into him. Nothing mattered except the fact that Andrew wants him. It makes him feel sexy in a way he hadn't thought of on his own. He loved to be desired so, and over their years together he had grown accustomed to having Andrew around. He thought all these things in order to avoid cumming, he is close to climaxing, but he hasn't felt Andrew fill him up yet. He started to whimper as he came closer. Luckily Andrew knew only to stop when he called him Kirsch. In the same fashion he knew to stop only when Andrew called him Pfirsich. Waiting to climax like this is exquisite torture. When he felt Andrew fill him up he let go, and his climax came over him like a tidal wave. He nearly blacks out. When he feels Andrew lay on top of him he lays down on the mattress, laying there with Andrew still inside of him feels grounding, and most of all that he is loved. They fall asleep this way. The next morning, Andrew has come to lay beside him with his arm over his side, he wakes up before Frances comes knocking. He takes the opportunity to look at his husband sleep. He looks so sweet this way. When Frances comes knocking Andrew wakes up and he greets him with a good morning. Adding that he had enjoyed himself immensely the previous night. They get dressed and wash their armpits and faces before they head downstairs. They are encouraged to come have breakfast with Frances and Alice. When they sit down they each have a slice of bread with cold cuts and a pickle. They drink their tea and when they have finished their breakfast they pass each other a last look. Elliot heads out to his job at the blacksmith's. He hasn't heard his boss make any comment about him not ageing yet, but he should start taking preparations. During his walk there he thinks of what he should do. He

comes to the conclusion that he could introduce himself in another incarnation. For it doesn't seem like they are going to move any time soon. Within a year or two the plan is to take Andrew's sisters on a journey around Europe with them. They hadn't started planning yet, but he reckons that the time for it is dawning. The most tricky part is finding ways to get the four of them fed. His sisters-in-law can only eat human food, for which he's grateful. He doesn't want to curse anyone else to this existence of his. He'd only accepted it from Andrew because he was selfish, he didn't want to be alone anymore. For now it seemed that Andrew thrived, helped by the fact that he wasn't alone either. He set the thought aside, there was nothing to be changed about Andrew now being cursed, and talking about travelling without Gitta and Gisa present for the conversation isn't very productive. Today, and the rest of the week, they'll be making nails. Elliot would try his best to shape them by heating the metal only once. He'd gotten better at it, especially if he focussed. The hours crawled by. He counted the nails he'd made. By the time he could go home for lunch he'd already made almost fifty nails. For lunch today they had Spaetzle with ham and cheese. He talked to his family about what had kept them occupied this morning and he told them about making nails this entire week. Frances told them that she'd kept busy taking stock of the herbs she had. That she had hung some by the rafters to dry, and that she would go to the market this week to stock up on Caraway seeds, Borage, and white pepper. Alice told them that she had been busy sweeping the kitchen and disposing of the ashes of yesterday's cooking. This, she said she throws on the compost pile. Elliot then expresses his growing concern with the fact that they don't age. Telling his family that his boss hasn't mentioned anything about it yet, but that he was afraid people would start to take notice! He realises that Andrew hasn't told about his morning yet, so he asks him how it went. Andrew seems to have caught that Elliot had something he needs to get off his chest so he briefly replied that he'd seen two customers and that a new one had walked in for a costume. Elliot then asks Andrew if he will stop taking on new customers so they might head into new surroundings soon. Andrew tells him that he will refuse any new customers that come in. But he does mention that he expects Frau Hahn to come by sooner rather than later. Elliot asks Andrew how many customers he's got now, and how long he would be busy with their orders. Andrew thinks for a while, then replies that he's got

five customers and that he'll need a month. To then ask if Elliot really is in such a rush to leave. Elliot confirms that he is. Adding that they could be on their journey for a month, and that they should return in disguise. But by now it is time for Elliot to head back to work. He doesn't want to. He wants to talk to his family about his plans, and more importantly he wants to involve Andrew in making these plans. Andrew reassures him that they can leave in a month, but that there are a lot of things they have to think about. Telling Elliot to go to work lest he comes in late. Adding that they'll talk about it further tonight. When he gets up from the table he walks to Andrew. And while his hand finds Andrew's cheek he presses a kiss on his forehead. Frances clears her throat, but Alice tells her that the only window here looks out on their garden, from where no one can look in. Frances sighs and looks on as Elliot walks out the door with Andrew close behind him.

While the boys get back to their work Frances and Alice sit in the kitchen with another cup of tea. Frances laments that the boys have left them with doing the dishes, while Alice reminds her sister that the both of them work hard. To which Frances replies that she wishes she could work herself, but then who, she notes, would do the dishes then? Alice tells Frances that she works on Saturdays, which is more than what many women can say. Telling her sister to be proud of her achievement. "Washerwomen" Alice continues. "Do go to work, but they are likely also the ones doing the dishes, and probably all the other chores in the household, as well as caring for her children." "Should I be thankful that I am not a washer woman or should I consider becoming one?" Frances sneers.

"No need to get testy with me, dear sister. Take the comment as you see fit." She could already imagine Frances critiquing her customers for making such a mess of their items. Which would mean that her sister wouldn't have many customers, so perhaps she should be thankful that she isn't one. "I can't wait until spring and summer." She continues. "When I get to wash our clothing by the stream once more. I'm fed up with sitting in this house all the time. Why shouldn't we go on an outing as well when the boys are out of town?"

"Where should we go? Our days of travelling are behind us, dear sister." Frances remarks.

"You can go wherever you want to go. Travel is easy for you." Alice mentions. She's more of a home-body but an outing every now and

again refreshes her appreciation of what she has. "We can go to Stuttgart. It's not too far away, and we can continue to speak our own language." Alice suggests with a shy smile.

"We'll be sitting in a carriage nearly the entire day. How long would you like to stay there?" Frances replies. She hasn't travelled in a long while, and somewhere close to home would make for a good destination.

"I can stand to sit in a carriage for a couple of hours, I'll be smart about it and bring a pillow. We can stay there for a couple of days, so we can travel light. We can walk around town and find an Inn to stay at." Alice quips. Now that she's finished her tea she gets up to start washing up their plates, cutlery, and pots.

"We should travel through Augsburg and Ulm, maybe we can find an Inn at those places as well. We should eat either way. Here's what I figure: We travel to Stuttgart over the span of three days, we spend a couple of days in Stuttgart, then go back home over the span of three days."

"That sounds like a plan. We can play a game of cards while we travel. Unless you rather read a book?" Alice could already see them enjoying their time away.

"I think we can do both. I'll like to take a gown with me to change into once we're in Stuttgart. I'll bring a book, a game of cards and my wallet. That's all I can think of to bring off the top of my head." Frances figured they should get to be on their way once the boys are out of town, that way they can leave the house behind in ship shape. She's already tempted to put a spell in place so no one will be able to find their home while they are away.

"That sounds like a great plan. I would surely like to take a book with me. I will also take an extra gown with me, and my wallet." Alice had never returned to wearing colourful clothing. She has a number of black gowns, almost all of them looked like one another. Without any embellishments. It has been a long while since she's become a widow, and she almost felt guilty for how she enjoyed the way her life had turned out. She talked about this with her sister, and with Frederika, one of the newer members to our coven. Frederika had been a widow since before she joined, she had been remarried however, three years ago, to Fremont. Another newer member of the coven. Ermendrund had decided that Frederika would succeed her as the high priestess.