

Nitimur in vetitum

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Else Schoonewelle

I would like to thank mister Jamie Hewlett and mister Damon Albarn for creating Gorillaz' awesome sound and visuals!

During the writing of this book I've listened to Hanggai's Homeland on repeat.

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This is the story of how two men find love in an unusual place.

Elliot had travelled north of the Mediterranean sea for numerous years and now he had found himself in Bavaria, namely in its capital. Being drawn to Munich to admire music, literature, art, and architecture. He'd arrived in the early spring of 1777, since arriving here he had found himself a position as a market stall vendor selling fruit and vegetables. He had acquired some wealth over his many centuries, but it felt good to be able to earn his keep. Otherwise, his funds would soon evaporate. He received a couple of Kreuzer per week this way, just enough to make ends meet. By now it was autumn, he had never succeeded in finding a woman to marry, but which woman would ever marry him once they found out about his curse? At least he knew his way to local harlots. So as to ease his deviant thirst, however, to quench his blood lust he ventured out into back alleys. He'd heard some rumours that there were alleys where men would service clients. He'd gotten curious if they could give head better than women. Head is head, he reasoned with himself. One night he had wandered around town and found himself by the rumoured alleys. He didn't hesitate for he knew his darkest secret. That he was stronger than a human, that he could hypnotise them, that he fed on their blood. He stepped into the alleys and wandered around, listening closely for anyone approaching. He would find a man to give him head and then he'd be out of there. He'd found it easier to drink from a harlot because there was privacy. With a delicate slice with his knife he could draw blood from her ankle; he'd hypnotised Josephina to keep the act a secret. The sound of footfalls drew his attention, he stood around the corner of one of the alleys and waited. He heard the footsteps come closer so he looked around his corner to see who was approaching. When he noticed a man coming his way he got back into position. He waited patiently. Shortly thereafter he came around the bend and greeted the man with what sounded like 'service', but he knew it to be 'servus', an informal greeting. The term would double perfectly here if this man turned out to be a harlot too. To his delight the man got on his knees before too long, their gazes had met briefly. The man swiftly undid Elliot's pants and started to suck. He knew to mind his teeth. While the man did his work Elliot couldn't help but keep his surroundings in mind, as he leant up against the wall of a building he listened for approaching footfalls.

Every now and again he looked down, as he enjoyed the man's ministrations. When he came closer to his climax he started to lose focus of his surroundings. This man surely knew what he was doing and once Elliot had climaxed the man swiftly closed his pants. He hadn't heard the man spit, a shiver ran down his spine as he imagined the man swallowing every time he had serviced a client. He had come prepared with a ten Kreuzer coin in his pocket to give to the man, who thanked him in Bavarian. This time he trusted that he wouldn't have to hypnotise the man. He was surprised yet again when the man introduced himself, Kirsch, he learnt his name to be. He could guess that it wasn't the man's real name so he gave him a fake name as well. "Pfirsich" was the first thing that came to his mind. The man then bid Elliot farewell. He now felt thirsty so he decided he would go into town to grab a beer at the Biergarten. He was of the mind that Kirsch had done a better job than all the women he'd visited, but there was an unfair disadvantage for the women, because they didn't know what it is like to have a dick. He pushed the memory away as an act he would like to repeat. During his stroll he was greeted by a couple of people, and a drunkard had begged him for some money. This city has its charms but the latter wasn't one of them. He got to the Biergarten and took a seat by a table, alone, as he observed the people around him. He drank his beer in silent contemplation, he could tell no one of his little adventure. He had a sip from his beer as he tuned into a conversation at the next table. The folks weren't talking about anything that drew his interest, it was just a means of passing the time as he drank. Once he'd gotten bored with the subject of the conversation he focussed on a table further. His mind drifts to Josephina, his favourite local harlot whom he had last seen a week ago. They usually had sex before he fed on her. He never took more than three mouthfuls, for he didn't want to drain her to the point where she'd get weak. He admired her hard work. After his second beer he went back to the alleys to feed before going home to Frau Dasch's boarding house. He had hypnotised her to allow some additional things like coming in in the morning instead of in the fore-evening, she also served him some leftovers by his door, and every now and again she did his laundry. He did pay her for her efforts. Of his few Kreuzer, half went to her, the other half he saved except for when he wanted to visit with Josephina. When he got home it was just after midnight. He went to bed and slept for a couple of hours before he had to appear at the vegetable stall in the morning. He can eat regular food, it just doesn't nourish him the way blood does. During the night he'd dreamt about Kirsch, he had come to his market stall and Elliot

had frozen, as if the man would tell everyone who wanted to hear it what he knew Pfirsich from. Instead he bought everything Elliot was selling, Kirsch then invited him over for dinner.

When I saw a stranger in the alleys I'd stepped in hoping to find a new client. I did as I often did, averting his gaze for as much as possible and tending to the clients' needs as swiftly as possible. Luckily he did enjoy our meeting. I had come across men who either didn't want to be serviced, who didn't want to pay, or who punched me. I didn't know exactly why I introduced myself, perhaps it was something in his eyes, but I knew that I would like to be of service to him again. I'm in these alleys for a reason, or a pipe dream. I want romance, and of the many men I've serviced, none seemed interested in more. Then again, it's not normal to want love from the same gender. Or at least that's what my aunt has tried to explain to me, that despite it not being allowed by the church that she does support me. The night is still young when I walk away from Pfirsich and I manage to service one other man, but he's a drunkard and I get to a safe distance without being paid. I can't stay out until too late, I have a 'normal' job to be at in the morning. When I get home to my aunt's she's already asleep so I quietly walk up the flight of stairs to my bedroom. I live with my aunt because my father didn't want me as a mouth to feed from the moment I turned sixteen. I am also unmarried, to my father's dismay. My mother just worries for me, but at least her sister had taken me in. I have to help her in the kitchen, in keeping the house clean, I also have to help with the laundry. At least I can save up most of my wage. I've been working as a tailor from the age of twelve, prior to that I've been mending my own clothing from the age of eight. When I turned eighteen I started to work for myself, it paid a lot better but I also had to purchase all my fabrics myself. I usually went to the market for fabrics, at least once a week. I slept soundly, in the morning I only vaguely remembered having dreamt of Pfirsich. I went to work with a pit in my stomach, what if Pfirsich didn't take me seriously for working as a sex worker? During my work I could really focus which gave me peace of mind. After work I helped with setting the table for Abendbrot, I ate, I helped with the dishes and then I went back to the alleys. I went there every night. Luckily I had never gotten in trouble with the law or with the church. My aunt is a witch, so instead of going to church we meet our coven every week on Tuesday evening. On those nights I don't go to the alleys but that should be obvious. I had only started going to the alleys two years ago. Tonight I

didn't come across Pffirsich, but I did service two other men and both of them paid me. It was midnight when I got back home and as always my aunt was vastly asleep. She makes her living as an herbalist, every Saturday she sells her wares on the market. She rises early, but I haven't the slightest idea how she manages to do so. She's never told me her age. Claiming that a lady isn't asked for her age. She is spritely and she seems no older than her late forties. My mother is a housekeeper and my father is a clergyman. There is another reason why Antonio can't stand me, for I don't go to church. He's a god fearing man, but I don't envy him. The lectures of our high priestess are a lot more interesting. I have two sisters and a brother. The latter is the apple of my father's eye, so are his daughters, for good measure. Götfried follows in his footsteps, Gisella and Birgitta are housekeepers as well, they have their hands full with their children. I know that they are not my real parents. Frances, my aunt, is actually my mother. Alice had given birth to a still born and her second child died within the first month, so she didn't have the strength to try again. Frances had given me to her, which Alice had initially refused. I don't know exactly how the exchange went, but I lived, and Alice was happier than she'd ever been. Eventually her confidence grew back so she had the courage to try again with children of her own.

The next morning he had forgotten all about his strange dream, the only memory that lasted was that he'd dreamt of Kirsch, the man had made an impression on him and he hoped that he would come across him again in the alleys. The day at work passed by quickly because there were a lot of things to do, and a lot of people to help with picking out fruits and vegetables. He enjoyed the interactions with people, some had come to recognise him and asked him how he was doing. But the conversations were always brief, which is what he liked the most. If Kirsch had worked in a brothel he would know where to find him. It frustrates him more than he'd anticipated, not knowing when he would come across him again. He tried to not let it bother him, but tonight he would seek him out again. Sadly to no avail. He'd remained in the shadows and he fed, if he heard footfalls approaching he looked but didn't wait if it wasn't Kirsch. In his frustration he had decided to go visit with Josephina. She always smelt pleasant, her body is soft and he couldn't get enough of her. Going there once a week was all he could afford on his current wage. When he got to the brothel, she had just returned from another client. She greeted him when she saw him and asked if he wanted to retire to her room to which he

eagerly agreed. For thirty Kreutzer he could enjoy half an hour with her. He played with her breasts, he kissed her nipples, he made love with her, he treated her tenderly. The half hour always flew by and he always left feeling good. When he walked back out he decided that he best head home. It was midnight when he came home and he promptly went to bed. The next morning, it was Saturday, was the last day of work for this week. Today would be the busiest day and they worked the longest. Of the products that remained he got to take a selection home. These he gave to Frau Dasch, who would then cook lunch with it. He had never sat with her during dinner, there were four others who rented a room in her home, they did have dinner with Frau Dasch. When they had started to ask why he didn't eat with them he'd explained that he had seen so many people throughout the day that he preferred to eat in the privacy of his room. Frau Dasch had added that she and him had agreed upon it because he paid her a little more. During his work that day he had to deal with a difficult customer and with a beggar who wanted some of the spoiled produce. He hadn't run into Kirsch yesterday, so he hoped he would tonight. It puzzled him that he'd liked it so much for he knew for a fact that he got turned on by women. Men hadn't previously turned him on, even though he had seen some handsome men over his many decades. He usually only fed on them, which always made him feel euphoric. Then again, he hadn't previously heard rumours of such alleys. After he had brought his vegetables home to Frau Dasch he went to the alleys. He strolled around there for an hour before he used the opportunity to feed. Letting the man go with only the memory of having almost gotten into a fight. This was his frequently used ruse; it explained the cut they were left with on their wrist. He always used his pocket knife and never his fangs, for those would leave marks that could not be explained so easily. It took another hour before he came across Kirsch. The man greeted him with servus again, and with a cheeky grin on his face he got on his knees. Kirsch licked his tip before he took him in his mouth, sucking on his tip before he started to bob. There was no way that Kirsch could know his deepest secret, but he wondered if Kirsch knew how dangerous his client could be. No, he wouldn't hurt Kirsch, for he did a great job, and he was intrigued by this man. What would make it that he risks his life here? Kirsch'd taken the lead the last time, and this time again they had hardly spoken, they had only passed a quick glance before he'd knelt. He could manage in German but Bavarian was a bit more difficult. He decided not to worry about anything, except for paying attention to his surroundings, and to just enjoy Kirsch's sucking. He

grinned, then sighed. He stood leaning up against the wall of a building, he held his arms besides his body and he sometimes looked down to see how Kirsch was doing. The man was busy so he closed his eyes. When he climaxed he groaned, his pants were closed, but again he hadn't heard the man spit. This sent another chill down Elliot's spine. When he opened his eyes Kirsch stood in front of him, so he reached into his pocket to fetch the man some money. "Before you leave..." He started in his best German. "...I would like to be able to find you more easily next time." Kirsch looked at him with interest, he seemed to hesitate for a moment. To his delight Kirsch replied in English that he would be in these alleys every night from 9pm until midnight, except for Tuesdays. Adding that he didn't know how he could best be found, he'd just have to be lucky. He asked how Kirsch knew that he spoke English. This would make it all the more easy for them to talk to each other. He was more intrigued now by Kirsch, but he was hesitant about him wanting to get to know each other further.

"It was just an educated guess." I grin. I was happy to have come across Pfirsich again in the alleys, and I was pleased that he wanted me to suck his dick again. On top of which I seemed to surprise him with my English. For you see, Alice had always insisted that I learnt English as well as German, for both Frances and her hail from England. I added that I don't speak any other languages. There's an awkward pause, then Pfirsich pays me for my service rendered. I thank him and he bids me farewell. I would have liked to talk some more, but these alleys are gross and it's dark in here. Perhaps he and I would get to see each other during daylight some time. I wondered if he was even interested in getting to know each other further. Tonight I went home after having seen Pfirsich. When I got home Frances hadn't gone to bed yet. She was surprised to see me home so early. I told her that I had a new client in the alleys and that I hoped that he would like to keep seeing me. She reminded me that the odds were slim to none. She reminds me that tomorrow is a day of rest, that she didn't want me to rise too early so she could sleep an extra hour. With that in mind she went to bed. I stayed downstairs a little while longer to read. I paused then let out a loud groan because I had told Pfirsich that I didn't speak any other languages besides English and German, but I had failed to mention that I could read Latin. I comforted myself with the notion that I would have come across as too brainy, and I wasn't sure if it would be of value for him to know that so early on. I had borrowed a 1742 treatise by Dorothea Christiane Erxleben, entitled *Rigorous Investigation of the Causes that*

Obstruct the Female Sex from Study, from Aldegund. The treatise is written in German. By the time that I finish reading it it's 3am. I quickly head to bed to catch some hours of sleep. My dreams are vague and Pffirsich is in them as if something warns me about the rabbit hole I'd fall into by continuing to see him. I don't have such a magic capability like Frances, but my dreams tell me a lot. I disregard my dream for I long too much for passion and sex and a deeper connection with someone. Once I've woken up fully I wash myself, get dressed and head down the stairs. I can not obsess about Pffirsich, I can hardly convince myself to keep my hopes up. Frances sits in the living room, she's reading the treatise too, for next Tuesday we should return it to Aldegund. Many of our members have read the treatise, and I have read many texts thanks to the coven.

After Kirsch had gotten on his knees a second time he decided, against better judgement, to follow him. That way he would be able to find this man. He had kept a reasonable distance, it didn't sit well with him to follow the man, and it sat even worse that the man didn't seem to notice him. He walked like there was not a threat in the world. While he kept reminding himself that he himself could easily pose a threat to this man. Then again, he was glad that he went unnoticed because he didn't know how to explain his behaviour in this very moment. He'd held onto his morals, only lapsing when he was really very hungry, or really very angry. When he saw Kirsch walk into a house he took note of the street, the surroundings and the route back to his home. The house stood at the edge of the woods, it looks quite big even from this distance, the road is unpaved. If he wanted more from Kirsch then he would have to tread very carefully at Frau Dasch's, or be lucky enough to be invited over to Kirsch's house. Then again, how could he ever hold out hope for anything more from him? He wasn't a monster but he was in fact a demon and Kirsch could, understandably, confuse the two. Now that he knew where his paramore lived, no, he couldn't allow himself to think of the man as his lover, it would only lead to heartache. Now that he knew where Kirsch lived he could rest a bit easier, even though there was nothing that he could do with this knowledge. Surely he could follow Kirsch further but that wouldn't help him if there was the slightest chance that he could connect with him. He went home for the night. Tomorrow he would seek him out again. Once he got home he found today's meal by the door and took it inside of his chamber with him. He didn't feel like eating it so he kept it for breakfast. The next morning he decided that he would spend his

day reading. He'd previously only pursued women, he didn't have to follow them for such love was not forbidden, but it was exciting this time around. Previously he'd bought her flowers, he'd written her poetry, he'd even tried to sing to her, he'd not tried that often however. It had taken him a long while to forget about Eloise, all the while it had taken him a long time to come to terms with being a demon. He'd long thought himself a monster. He had no way of knowing his powers for he had killed Winston on that very day, the only person who knew what made this curse tick. He'd found out about hypnosis when he was in a staredown with a drunkard. That was early on during his curse, he'd chased the man into the woods when this man meant to take a piss in private. He'd covered his mouth and pushed him up against a tree and demanded the man stay quiet. To which the man had replied with only a quick yes. When another occasion occurred he tested the hypothesis on a sober person, who also only said yes when he had demanded the man remain quiet. He browsed the books on Frau Dasch's shelves, there were a couple of unbound texts. He decided that he would read a book of his own collection, but he couldn't focus on the book he had picked. He found himself daydreaming of Josephina, for at least he knew what he could expect from her. Nothing. He reminisced about their affair. Between fantasies he read little bits of Theodicy by Leibniz. He'd discovered the book in 1730 and it made him laugh sometimes, other times it made him cry but he couldn't focus on it so he figured he could spare himself the tears. In this book Leibniz argued why a benevolent God would permit evil to exist. While he couldn't focus on his book and couldn't stand the thoughts of Kirsch slipping into his mind he decided to take a quick nap. Three hours later he woke up and ate the lunch Frau Dasch had left by his door. After his meal he headed out to find Kirsch in the alleys.

I'd spend the day reading. I wanted to memorise the treatise so I'd read it twice more. In between my readings Frances and I spent some time discussing the topic. She had always wondered why I hadn't gone to school, perhaps by now I had saved up enough money to be able to pay for it. But I enjoyed my work as a bespoke tailor, so I wasn't going to give that up. She had made a valid point when she said that she wished she could have studied. After dinner I went to the alleys, hoping that I would come across Pflirsch again. I wandered around for a while feeling like I was wandering away from him rather than getting closer. I came across a man I'd seen here earlier, he had remembered me and he wanted to be serviced.

This was the first time that I felt this hesitant to be of service, but who knew how long it would take before I found Pfirsich. I reminded myself that I shouldn't get my hopes up for I knew nothing about him and as a foreigner he was bound to leave at some point. I got on my knees for this other stranger and sucked him off. When he came he pushed me over and left without paying me. These alleys were once again losing their allure and I wasn't sure if I wanted to stay here. I picked myself up from the floor, I'd gotten dirty and I felt gross. Usually it were only my knees that got so very dirty. I had rejected some pants for normal use and these I wore to the alleys. To my delight I heard someone whisper 'Kirsch' from up close, I looked to my right and there he stood. "Servus." I whispered with a smile on my face. I'd swiftly forgotten about my bad fortune from earlier, and got on my knees. I undo Pfirsich's pants and take a moment to appreciate the view before I take his tip in my mouth to suck on, when I take him into mouth all the way he groans. He's harder than the first time, so something tells me that he's gotten past his worst nerves. I place my hands on his butt so I can move him back and forth. I've gotten somewhat used to dicks being shoved in my face so my gag reflex didn't bother me so much anymore. Once he climaxes, he slumps over against the wall he's leaning up against. When I get up on my feet his gaze meets mine and I blush, luckily it's so dark in these alleys, he can't see it.

"I'll pay you a Thaler if I get to spend the night with you." That was a lot more money than the ten Kreuzer he'd been paying Kirsch. He wanted more from him.

"You mean tonight?" I hadn't worried about my dirty clothes in the dark here, but I wasn't so sure about walking around town in them. If this night was to go as I now expected then I wouldn't be bothered long by my dirty clothes. I was kinda speechless, for this hadn't happened in my two years in these alleys. And I hadn't expected this from him, or from anyone, would this mean that he wanted to get to know me better, or was it just for the sex. Either way would work for me.

"Will that be a problem for you?" He deduced from his reaction that at least he wasn't opposed to spending some more time with him, but what could bar him from going right away?

"No, it won't be a problem, except I've fallen over and I've gotten my clothes dirty."

"Was it really your own fault that you fell over?"

"No, it wasn't."

"I'd like to see you naked, so your clothes won't be a problem." He was going to take him home to Frau Dasch's and see how far they would get. He knew that this man spoke German and English, so he was curious to figure out how clever he really is.

"That'll be two Thalers." I didn't know exactly what I was doing but I couldn't help myself. I had already blurted it out before I had realised it.

"You drive a hard bargain, but if that's what it takes then I'll agree to pay you two Thalers." This was a lot more money than what he usually spent on Josephina. He wanted to see how far he could get without hypnotising Kirsch. He bid him to follow him, and together they walked towards Frau Dasch's. They didn't talk much while walking there. He didn't know what he should say, for he hadn't picked up a man before. By the time they got to his home it was past 10pm, and most of the others who lived there would already be in bed, for the next morning they all had to work. From now on they couldn't make a single sound. Once he'd shown Kirsch to his room and had closed the door behind them he lit a couple of candles. He first asked Kirsch to leave his shoes by the door, then to step towards the light so he could get a better view of his face. He offered Kirsch a seat by the candle and proceeded to sit opposite him. He grinned when he noticed that dirt had gotten on Kirsch's face as well. His clothes were simple, so were his shoes. He reminded himself that he'd been wearing simple clothes for as long as he'd been here. He hadn't had an opportunity to dress up yet. Now he finally had the opportunity to play with Kirsch, and most of all undress him. He had had enough of studying his guest's face. He looked a lot younger than he had first estimated him in the dark. He got up from his chair and leaned in to whisper something in Kirsch's ear. Kirsch then whispered in his ear that he should undress him himself. Elliot smiled when Kirsch stood up. He first took off his guest's vest, taking the fabric between his fingers and running his hands down Kirsch's shoulders. He was of a slender build, while he himself was a bit more muscular, but if the need arose then he could probably fit in a clean outfit of his. He draped the vest over the chair he'd been sitting on. Next he moved on to Kirsch's shirt. He took the fabric by the hem and lifted it over Kirsch's head. This was exciting, like unwrapping a gift. He draped the shirt over his chair as well. He looked at Kirsch, he walked around him to get a full view. He felt a bit awkward with his own clothes still on. He wanted to know if Kirsch is overcome with lust as well. He leans in towards his ear so he might ask if he may touch him, when he's granted permission he places his hands on Kirsch's pecks. His hands slide up to his shoulders and down his arms.

Then across his sides, Kirsch giggles softly like he's ticklish, across his belly, then he moves on to undo his guest's pants. When they drop to the ground, Kirsch steps backwards and bows down to pick them up, draping his pants over the chair. Now he's standing there in only his underpants, Elliot notices that Kirsch is excited when he caresses over his underpants. He sits back down and takes Kirsch in his lap, so he can press his face to the young man's chest. Kissing his skin and licking at his nipples. Elliot is excited too, he likes playing with the waistband of Kirsch's underpants. He has a quick look inside and a shiver runs down his spine. He's not been the receiver of a hard-on yet, he only knows what Kirsch has demonstrated in the alleys. What a delightful adventure this could be. He gently directs Kirsch's head so he can kiss him, but before he does he whispers if it's okay with him. For an answer he receives Kirsch's lips on his own. His heart leaps at the excitement and he can hear Kirsch's heart race. Their lips lock and their tongues dance together, swirling around one another. He grabs Kirsch around his waist so he can sit a bit closer in his lap, the young man's legs to one side and his arms around Elliot's shoulders. He enjoys the way they are united now. He's a bit let down when Kirsch breaks their kiss, but he's only reconsidering the way he's seated in Elliot's lap. Now Kirsch is seated in his lap even more intimately, with each leg straddled to a side, clenched around him and Elliot reconsiders their position all together. Lifting Kirsch like he weighs nothing at all and taking him to his bed. It's a bit narrow, a bed for one, but he's on top of Kirsch now. They'll make it work. They continue kissing for a while, then Elliot trails his lips to Kirsch's neck and nibbles there. He can feel his lust mix with his blood lust, but he's in control, of the latter at least. He trails his kisses down Kirsch's chest and he licks around his nipples. Kirsch has a thin dusting of chest hair and a happy trail, it looks good on him. He then comes back up to kiss Kirsch again, while Kirsch runs his fingers through his hair.

"Do you have olive oil?" I whisper as I pull his head closer to mine by his hair, in response to which he growls. But he's still smiling so I guess that it's to his liking. I adore our kissing, it's entirely exhilarating, and my heart is beating wildly. The question seems to sink in a bit late, he asks if butter will suffice. When I reply that it will, he excuses himself. In the meanwhile I walk to the bowl of water on a table in the corner, I take the liberty to use his soap to wash my hands, and with soapy hands I wash my butt. When he comes walking back in I pass him a cheeky grin as I pull my

underpants back up, then lay back on the bed. He's taken with him a knob of butter in a cup. He places the cup on the bedside table, he looks at me while he grins. He undresses and I enjoy the view, he's got more chest hair than me and I'm all for it, he also takes his underpants off. He's hard and large, and even though I've seen it three times before it looks formidable, I haven't been fucked before. He comes walking to the bed and pulls my underpants off. There is a shy smile on his face. He lays over me and kisses me again. He then trails his kisses down my body, all the way down to my dick. He looks up at me before he takes me into his mouth. He sucks on my tip then carefully starts to bob. He starts slowly. His arms are wrapped around my thighs, spreading my legs as he sucks. When his teeth are on my skin I whisper no, he takes my warning to heart when I show him how to fold one's lips over their teeth, and he continues to bob. He takes me deep into his throat and he gags, I grin but he whispers in my ear to not be such a smart ass. He then returns to bobbing. Once he's gotten the hang of it he elicits soft moans from me.

The moans he elicits from Kirsch are arousing, and he wants his guest to cum so he can cum inside of him. He's a bit hesitant about allowing Kirsch to come inside. He takes him deep into his throat without gagging and he can smell his scent mixed with the fragrance of soap. When he came in he could guess by the way Kirsch carried himself that he had washed himself. He focuses on his ministrations and listens to the soft noises his guest produces. When Kirsch cums, he's swallowed before he realises it. All these new feelings are exhilarating. He moves up to meet Kirsch face to face. He kisses him. Kirsch moves his legs up to clutch them around Elliot's waist. He then whispers to him not to be stingy with the lubrication, and to move slowly. To which Elliot moves his lips close to Kirsch's ear and asks him if this is his first time. When Kirsch replies that it is in fact his first time, Elliot grins. He feels honoured to make love with his guest. This isn't just fucking, and Elliot wants to tell Kirsch his deepest secret, and he wants for Kirsch to then tell him that he loves him regardless. And he wants to know Kirsch's real name. He wants, first and foremost, to make love to Kirsch countless times more. Kirsch reminds him to also lube up his dick and as Elliot lubes up his dick he looks at Kirsch. He can almost cum like this, and if he keeps stroking his dick like this he will. He places his dick at Kirsch's asshole and slowly pushes his way in. Kirsch groans, and when asked if he's alright he nods. Whispering that he'll say no when he's not alright. He slides in further and the

sensations are different than with a woman. He's fully inside of Kirsch now, and as he withdraws he groans. Pushing back into him, he slowly starts to pump. It's difficult to stay silent. He hovers over Kirsch while he pumps, increasing his speed very slowly at first, but when Kirsch asks him to move faster he does so and soon thereafter he climaxes. Kirsch then asks him to stay inside of him a little while longer. He pulls him in closer so they can kiss again. Their tongues dance together and Elliot has closed his eyes.

The next morning I wake up, I'm laying in Pffirsich's arms, facing him and see that he has woken up as well. Our faces are close together and he notices that my eyes have different colours. The left is brown and the right is green. He's taken aback, and rubs the pads of his thumbs under my eyes. Next he asks me if I've slept well, I reply that I have slept well, then he looks for the time on his pocket watch, to his dismay he was expected at his work this very instant. He gets up from his bed and walks over to his wallet to retrieve the two Thalers and gives them to me. "Thank you for your time. I am sorry but I really have to go."

"What time is it?" I take the money from Pffirsich and thank him.

"It's seven O'clock."

"I do have to go, I have to go to work." I get up from the bed and stretch my arms over my head.

"Are you going to the alleys this early?" He gets up from the bed and starts to wash his face.

"I'm not going to the alleys. I work as a tailor, I make bespoke costumes and my first customer is expected to be at my door." This is a good opportunity to tell him of my real job and I am pleased that he now knows.

"You're a tailor?" He beams as he looks up. "I work as a market stall vendor." He sounds a bit shy, as if Kirsch would think less of him for not having an occupation that required an apprenticeship. Meanwhile he is all the more impressed, if not slightly obsessed, now with his guest.

"Yes. And if you like you may call me Andrew Guzvic." I am tired of being known as Kirsch, on top of which I'm so bold as to believe that my pipe dream might finally become a reality, if only now Pffirsich would give me his real name. When he finishes washing himself I take my turn by the water bowl.

"My name is Elliot Walsh." He's delighted to finally know his guest's real name. Andrew. He smiles, then starts to get dressed. "Will you be alright to go to work in your dirty clothes?" Andrew is a little more slender than

he is himself, but he has some clothes the young man can wear. "You may borrow a set of mine."

"I couldn't ask that of you."

"I expect to get them back." He grins as he reaches for a set of clothing from his cupboard.

"That's no more than reasonable, thank you. I'll take my clothing with me, they need to be washed." I wait for Elliot to finish dressing then take the clothing he offers me and get dressed myself. "I had a really fun time last night, thank you."

"You're most welcome, I've had a really fun time too." He really has to go now. "Will you come find me on the market square? We have the best cherries and peaches." He walks to the door and puts on his socks and shoes. "Come by the market stall after your work, I've not had enough of you." He motions Andrew to come over and put on his own shoes. Andrew tells him that he will come by the market square at 6pm sharp. When they are both ready they awkwardly say their goodbyes. Elliot walks down the stairs with Andrew, on their way down they come across Frau Dasch. He greets her, but she's not pleased that there was an unexpected guest. Elliot bids Andrew farewell in English then looks on as he leaves. He explains to Frau Dasch that he won't invite people anymore without her consent. When he arrives at the market stall he persuades his boss to give him another chance. He works hard for there is still so much to unpack and put on display, while also helping people with their orders. He's on cloud nine however.

When I get home I'm half an hour late and Frau Hahn is already waiting for me. She's scheduled for a fitting today, to see if her dress is as she wants it to be. She shouts at me why she was made to wait for so long. She praises Frances for her hospitality, for at least she was here to pour her a cup of tea and to offer her a biscuit. Frances passes me a look as she doesn't recognise the clothes I'm wearing. I put the dirty clothes in the hamper then go on to help my customer and I apologise to her once more that I have kept her waiting. She demands a discount and I feel comfortable giving it to her. She's a loyal customer and she comes in roughly every three months for a new gown, or to have one mended. I have another customer at 10am which affords me only an hour to prepare her gown. During this hour Frances comes by with a cup of tea. She asks me where I've been. When I explained to her that I was with this new client I mentioned she was taken aback. She then left me alone to do my

work. I do all the preparatory work for Frau Seidel's gown. By 2pm I expect Herr Neumann for his costume, and by 4pm I'll see Frau Maier for a measurement for her gown. At 5pm I check in with Frances, I ask her if I can take anything with me from the market. She writes me a list and I swiftly head on out. She's written down some items I collect before I head to the fruits and vegetables.

He's been busy the entire day and he's glad when he sees Andrew walk by the stall just before closing. He's already packed up most of the things for the day, and when he finally gets to talk with Andrew they talk in English. "I am all out of peaches but I do still have some cherries." He jokes.

"I would like some cherries then, please." Elliot is handsome when he smiles. I order some Kohlrabi, some wild garlic, and some black salsify. He picks my order and adds up the total. I pay him for the vegetables and the cherries and pack them in my basket.

"I'll pack the rest of the things up, I'll be done soon." To achieve that he has to keep working. He hopes that Andrew can wait for him to finish.

"Why don't you come and have dinner with us?" It's entertaining to see Elliot work. He's in good shape, he'd have to be, for lifting all the crates of produce, though most are nearly empty by now.

"Who else will be joining us?" He's a bit hesitant, but he feels a bit more secure now in the fact that Andrew wants more from him.

"It's just my aunt and me." I can't tell him everything I want to tell him out here in public and I hate it. Under normal circumstances it shouldn't have been so odd to ask a new friend over for dinner.

"That's so kind of you, but I don't want to impose."

"You won't be imposing, I've invited you, but you're free to help with the dishes afterwards, then my aunt can retreat to the living room. She won't bother you too much, I hope." It all depends on how they'll get along.

"You're not making a very strong case for why I should come have dinner." He teases, in fact, he would love to spend more time with Andrew.

"Should I come to an olive oil free house to meet you?" I joked as I looked at how crate after crate was placed on the cart. Elliot laughed at my joke. It looked like he was almost ready. His boss also carried crates to the cart, he didn't look like he understood English, but who knows.

"I will come have dinner with you tonight, now I'm curious if olive oil indeed tastes so much better." He joked, for surely Andrew would understand that he was referring to their secret purpose for the olive oil.