

FANNY

Medeivaeal saga by arimati

Fanny rubbed her massive breasts. Her back hurt from their weight. Jack observed the busty girl with great interest. Fanny sat up and brushed her damp hair. Then blew on it gently. Jack wanted to stop but it couldn't take an interest. After a moment, he reached out to Fanny, her eyes widening. He gently slapped her arse. She screaming in ecstasy. The moment was so powerful. But when he exhaled, the orgasmic beat began to fade. The girls' faces turned watery. A second flush was beginning in Fanny's case. Jack called it back. thinking he had their attention. He continued softly caressing Fanny as if to calm and soothe her. She wretched, moaning slightly. Jack canted her back. then repeated his "u-turn". It was working. She went all jumpy, rising to her feet, unable to hide her anticipation.

FANNY

Your friends have been waiting.

JACK

Yes, the boys.

FANNY

Do you think they're coming to get us?

JACK

No. They'll run upon your sight.

Jack wanted to believe it. For once, not an eyebrow was raised. Not a muscle under boob. Not a mocking glint in any eye. Natalie would have done the same. Suddenly, Fanny's face became panicked and panicked again. Jack collapsed next to her, still intensely kissing her. The atmosphere was pleasant now. Fanny looked to her godfather, her hopes rose. Even the low murmurs in the crowd aroused her. Dr. Fergus Murray was openly watching, his eyes on her. Rose Mary Clarke had taken Fergus's side. So he couldn't hear the interplay. By the time Jack heard the horses

stop, the girl was sweat seeping through her exertions to the nape of her neck. He shrugged it off. With all his might, he lifted her to her feet, and, but for the blue waistcoat, he and Fanny's chairs had been nightmarish dog's dinner. Curiosity beyond anything else got his attention. Quietly, a voice was raised in the crowd. He quickly bent and turned to look. A gorgeous blonde girl was walking slowly toward them. With a slight limp, she wore a brown skirt, black shoes and cap- sleeves with a yellow brim. The brown-slicked back made her look perfectly camouflaged. Her waist more narrow than paperstack. Taller than most of her small gang, every curve was a weapon. It was Rose Mary Clarke, walking with her best friend; Susan Hughes. Of the trio of courtesans, the one who did not speak, did not appear to know she was there. These were not wannabes and they looked at first with suspicion. But they soon warmed up to Rose Mary Clarke. Jack did the same as he saw a boy climbing up onto their place on the carriage. Jack fumbled under his coat, taking out his whip. In a flash, he was on top of the carriage. Jack untied the whip from the whip hook and gave it a firm pull. Fanny grunted. Her breasts swaying. Left to right and vice Versailles. The carriages finally faced the crowd, groans, snickers and laughter. The scene now revealed were a magnificent two-wheeled gig pulled by actresses and actors. There were elegantly dressed men with delicate moustaches. Fanny watched closely, and to her amusement, the two horses and the three bodyguards and mousy men all rode with both horses. Jack had only one question. Hence, he was directing it all. A slight jolt caused the ground beneath Rose Mary Clarke's feet to ripple. She yelped. Ripple reached tummy , then breasts. Resonance catastrophe. The ground passed and Rose Mary Clarke came toppling to her.

JACK

What the fuck?

ROSE MARY CLARKE

Oh!

JACK

He hadn't better look out!

The other girls in the crowd laughed but the others continued laughing, and the atmosphere thickened. The crowd loved this. And the confused lousy peeps were their enemies. Natalie Davis, who had been looking for Fanny, was walking into the square. She picked up a few words. Tits. Tits. Tittytits! The words slapped like hanging boob. Jack looked up and tried to direct some of the hysteria away from Rose Mary Clarke. The first he thought of was. Now seated with her friends, Natalie did not find her. But neither did Jack, little do they know her that her and the beautiful blonde had been sweethearts since their teens. Their lust atavistic rituals would leave a hole in their hearts, never to be filled. Jack now had a blue rope on her wrist. This was the last thing he was worried about. One last flicker of panic, then nothing. Rose Mary Clarke jumped from the carriage to the ground, her feet dangling. Jack looked at her. She was about to cry. Wimping from boobsway. He heard a few murmurs from nearby and the next second the crowd saw the body fall was the curtain coming down. One or two people shouted, shook their heads. And several others looked on with little more than curiosity. Terrified eyes. Jack jumped up onto the carriage as it pulled away. Rose Mary Clarke and Susan remained inside as the crowd of commoners heaped up items of wine. Mary recorded the proceedings with a prodigal act of remembrance. Susan too looked to her right and watched the sunset. Rose Mary Clarke's comrades sat for a moment and we watched them fall from the storybook stage. The playwright, Dr. Ramsay Moore, trailed them, chasing them with his mouth open in the pen of his companion. He got to the end of the carpet and the crowd pushed up. Dr. Moore smiled and congratulated the girls. They sang him some song of their own making.

GIRLS

Boobs, boobs, boobieboobs, lovely and big! Lovely and big!

He impressed. Mary and her friend took off down the street. The only people left in the crowd were Natalie and Jack. Rose Mary was walking toward the palace, Jack was pulling on his coat and twitching slightly, Fanny ran up to help Rose Mary.

Rose Mary held her. She suddenly understood something. She lifted her breast, exposing the nipple where Jack had kissed it earlier. The two women blushed with self-consciousness. But not Jack, and not Fanny. Jack's pain struck a chord in her. She showed no sign of ever looking away, and she did what could be done. She went to the side of the carriage as she always had. A woman to a woman. Face to face. On her own accord, she pulled down the side of the carriage, and she helped her friend to climb up. She beckoned her friend and Fanny held her legs together with both hands as the carriage pulled out of the park. They headed into the castle grounds. As the carriage pulled out, she pulled on Jack's coat and he put his arms around her. Rose Mary said nothing. No foreplay. She opened her legs further and Jack smelled of her inner woman on the ride. He felt her fragrance with an awkward rush. She then held out her skirt. In Jack's eyes, she was a goddess and he couldn't deny it. He approached. And with his whole body. They were on their knees in the moonlight, taking each other in the arms. And neither held him back. The words were spoken. To each other. Jack pulled his zipper down over his belt. His pants leg was wet and sticky. As Rose Mary unbuttons her blouse, Jack watched in wonder as it shook and then exploded. First normal, next second whalesize. His dearest girl, unforgettable girl. Their postcoital tension like the running of water, always ran. Jack arched and put his lips to her mouth. Fanny worried that he couldn't reach. Rose Mary stopped him for a moment. Their eyes begged and then, slowly, she kissed him too as they danced at the carriage. Tits left, and right. This was the new, better, sweet natures. The carriage neared, and people along with the horses. People curious. While the laughter of curiosity hummed. The small and big

forms of a brother and sister. This carriage held a stoic beauty and her young sister smiled and nodded, looking at Jack's young body pliable with her legs not covered but which obviously said, "Tomorrow i'll have my turn". As the carriage pulled away from the grounds, Mary left him in front of her. She rushed after the man, swaggering the three strokes of her hand. The crowd following. Jack allowing, then hoping for the carriage to disappear. The hymn of the sky concluded, a smile from young mary faded on the young face. This was a symbol and it was enough. Eternity for the two. But for Mary too. They were women and she enjoyed as any woman would, the memory, of the moment. A memory of love well spent: all she enjoyed. They saw, as though with the first sight of anything beautiful, the palace doors opening. Then, and the wild murmurs of the crowd. And the night, when all was clear, the sun to pierce through the sky and to the girl beside them. The dozing Princess. Mary not speaking. Just looking and moving on. Natalie's soft tits also were present. The girls whose skin, like the sky itself, showed the waters of longing. The beautiful Princess face fluttering, eyes shut. Mary looked up at Natalie. The laughter and the boys shuffling away. The hymn of the three-legged horse was performed. Rose Mary staring on her friend. As the carriage reached the front entrance of the castle, old Dr. Ramsay pulled his carriage door open. The sun arrived and darkness and the woman faded. Rose Mary held her sweet melons in her arms, looking at the open doors. Natalie stood in the shade of the outside gate. Dr. Ramsay didn't acknowledge her. Probably he couldn't see a pair, standing there now. For the castle was not welcoming in that kind of light. At that time: darkness. Natalie moved to the lips of Rose Mary. The kiss on the lips. The tears on cheeks, cleavage and tits.

NATALIE

I'll see you tomorrow, Mary. Beautiful day. Beautiful breasts. I'll observe every day, every night.

MARY

Yes. Long live Ramsay. Thank you my dearest dear.

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