

Fallbeil

t'Sade

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Frederick sat next to the driver as the wagon bumped along the rough earthen road. One hand ached from holding him steady in the seat, a difficult task in a suit and tie, but the alternative looked far worse. Along both sides of the road, Frederick could see mud and grime from the impromptu streams that ran down both sides. He kept his other hand on his trousers, trying to retain some of his poise as the castle Kaltenburg drew closer.

Coming up a hill, with the three horses straining under the weight of the contents, the wagon passed a field. On the far side of the fallow land. Frederick saw a large barn standing near the river. At first, it didn't attract his attention, but someone recently whitewashed the outer walls and he could see a fresh path.

“Who owns that?”

The wagon driver glanced over, then shrugged. “s the towns. After old Victor died, no one claimed it and no one goes there anymore.”

Frederick pointed toward it. “Who painted it then?”

“Oh, probably Poldi. He got in trouble again and the lord gave him a choice, whitewash or cleaning the stables. He took washing, of course.”

Frederick nodded with understanding. The wagon continued along the road and he took off his hand long enough to run his fingers through his short, dark brown hair. Replacing his top hat, he focused on the castle down the road. The castle towered over the trees and cast the road ahead in shadows. The imposing brick walls looked rough, but Frederick found himself staring at the central tower, a pentagon-shaped structure that rose above the walls. The

central tower looked starkly different than any other castle Frederick saw, including the one across the river and a few miles down.

As they rode past the front gates, three men and a woman waited for Frederick. The woman wore a maid's outfit, a black dress with a white apron, French style. The other three men wore suits, but one of them stood with a regal gesture by himself. He also wore a golden ring sigil of the von Kaltenburg seal.

Frederick stepped out of the wagon and wiped his hand on his trousers. He slipped off his top hat and bowed respectfully. "Guten tag, Richard von Kaltenburg, I am your servant, Frederick Reichhart."

Richard gave a startling cheerful grin and held out his hand. Frederick hesitated, then saw one of Richard's servants nod with encouragement. Frederick took it, trying not to wince as Richard squeezed his hands tightly.

The lord spoke with a deep, rumbling void, "And good day to you. I trust your trip was pleasant?"

Frederick recovered his hand. "Yes, my lord, it was as much as I can say for travel. There is a far difference between traveling via wagon and enjoying the train routes this great country is foraging."

"I know. Every year, I hope to see tracks laid down closer to this castle, but these pesky rumors of treason and secrets deals are making it difficult to encourage the Länderbahnen to build them."

"Well," Frederick smiled, "I might be able to help in that manner."

Richard watched with anticipation as Frederick returned to the wagon and pulled an oiled cloth over his joy, the fallbeil. Modeled after the French guillotine, the fallbeil improved on the wooden monstrosity and replaced it with hard, dispassionate steel. Frederick reached into the wagon and propped up some of the pieces, holding it in place to mime the general shape.

The lord watched while chewing on his right index finger. His eyes scanned over the steel, then he shook his head. "Sorry, I can't see it."

"Don't worry, once I assemble it, it will steal your breath away."

Frederick caressed the thick wooden boards that held the ax-shaped blade bound in place. Richard's eyes followed him, then he smiled.

"I look forward to it."

"My lord, do you know where I should set up?"

"Um," Richard made a show of looking around. Frederick could tell he already had some place in mind, but made a show of waiting patiently. Richard finally pointed out the gate, toward a hill on the side of the castle. "I would like it there."

"What is that place, if I may ask?"

"Where we have the festivals. Twice a year."

"Um, my lord, may I make a suggestion?"

Richard frowned. "What?"

"Well, from my experience, locales used for execution will take on a darker mood for a while, which would hamper your people's enjoyment of the festivities. I would recommend some place just as public, easy to get to, but without a... cheerful reputation or purpose."

Richard thought for a moment, then he turned to the nearest servant, a man with slicked-back hair and a bowler. "Johann?"

The servant gestured down the road. "How about the Victor's?"

Richard beamed, "Wonderful idea." He turned to Frederick. "There is a barn down the road, it is on abandoned property. How about that?"

Frederick smiled and nodded carefully. He was about to suggest the barn if Richard didn't. "And have you made arrangements for the bodies?"

At Richard's surprised look, Frederick realized that the older man never thought beyond the executions. Frederick held out his hands. "If you don't mind, I can offer my... assistance in making sure everything is handled smoothly. I do have some experience in this, my lord."

Richard looked relieved and he smiled. He turned to Johann. "Johann, please make sure Herr Reichhart has everything he needed."

"Of course, my lord," came the smooth response. Johann remained focused on his lord until Richard shook Frederick's hand

again and strode back into the castle. Then, he turned to Frederick and gestured back down the road. "If you wish to look at it now?"

"Yes, please."

"Once you are done, I am to set you up in the guest quarters on the east wing."

—

That evening, Fredrick sat in the guest quarters of the castle. Richly appointed in dark woods and velvet curtains, it had all the trappings of wealth and power. He was used to much of it, being a traveling executioner, but he still appreciated everything from the feather pillows to the music that drifted up from the courtyard.

He sat at a desk, working through a stack of papers. Each one listed one of the victims in the dungeon on the far side of the castle. In Johann's neat handwriting, Fredrick read about their crimes against the Fatherland and Richard. Predictably, most were treason with relatively flimsy evidence, but Frederick didn't judge the crime or the punishment. He simply cared about ordering the executions to minimize the suffering of the victims and their families.

Fredrick paused on one page, looking down at the name. Leonore, a woman's name. He lingered over the page, his interest piqued. Leonore was convicted of treason, like most others, after insulting Richard and the country. Fredrick wondered what she looked like and he imagined her with long brown hair, standing in front of the killing blade.

Despite his professional attire, he always looked forward to the fairer sex strapped to his fallbeil. Their soft breasts and hips bound by the leather straps. Their slender bodies heaving when he tilted them back. The look of their bright eyes as they stared at the wedged-shaped blade above their delicate throats. Even the tremors that coursed up their body when he grabbed the lever. They begged him, they always did, but Fredrick was a professional. He would never release them because it would ruin his reputation.

He returned to the list, images of the fantasy Leonore dancing in his head. He placed her between a murderer and an adulterer. It would give a space between those two executions, a pause that would lessen the pain for her.

Flipping to the next page, he considered his options. He stopped, his brown-green eyes looking up to the door when he heard

someone walking by. It was a woman, judging from the southern German accent that drifted through the door.

“I need to get Lady Klaudia’s dress from town for dinner. Do you need anything?”

Johann responded, “No, wait, yes. Could you please get a cask of the dark lager from Armen? The lord would like to have some ready for our guest.”

Fredrick could almost imagine Johann pointing toward the door. The woman spoke too softly to be heard through the door, then Fredrick heard her walking down the hall. When Johann didn’t walk away, Fredrick lined up his papers and stood up.

Johann knocked on the door. “Excuse me, Herr Reichhart.”

“Come in.”

Johann opened the door and stepped inside. His suit looked impeccable, jet black and not even a speck of dust on it. He didn’t wear his hat inside, but his slicked back hair looked combed within an inch of its life. The servant stood up straight, his polished shoes clicking.

“Lord Kaltenburg requests your presence in an hour’s time at the dinner. He will be joined by his wife, Klaudia von Kaltenburg.”

Fredrick bowed. “I would be honored.”

The hour passed quickly and soon Fredrick found himself in the formal dining room of the castle. The wide table dominated the room and the pure white tablecloth fluttered with the breeze that came drifting through the window.

Richard sat at one end, talking excitedly about his plans to expand the castle. His hands waved in all directions like an Italian. Fredrick nodded politely at the appropriate places, but it was Richard’s wife that drew his discrete attention.

Klaudia sat almost half a foot shorter than Richard, but she made up with the curves that strained to escape the corset and bustle she wore. Her long, black hair fell straight down her back, except for one thick strand that clung to the swell of her fabric-covered breasts. Her dark eyes seemed to always be looking at him when he glanced at her and he felt a tightness in his throat. It took most of Fredrick’s focus to keep from staring at her.

“... only two days, is that right?”

Frederick jumped and nodded. "Yes, my lord. I'll have the schedule set up for tomorrow. I'll handle the first forty tomorrow and thirty-five the day after. That will give me a few hours for cleanup and disassembling. I plan on traveling the day after that."

Richard looked impressed. "That many... in one day?"

"Yes, the fallbeil is very efficient."

"And that's important, right?"

Frederick spoke proudly. "Yes. Unlike the French, I see no reason to drag it out. It is easier on the condemned, their families, and the people they grew up with. And treating everyone with respect helps prevent additional violence."

"It sounds like I hired the right person."

Frederick shrugged modestly.

Klaudia spoke up sharply, "I think you are both monsters."

Frederick and Richard looked at her, Frederick with surprise and Richard with annoyance. Klaudia balled her napkin in her lap. She stood up and Frederick got a view of her undershirt when the seam between the buttons expanded. Her hand waved toward the window in the same direction as the barn.

"You are talking about killing people! And you care more about efficiency and how to keep everyone happy. This isn't how you should do this."

Richard growled, "And what do you expect? We hire someone in town to bring their ax?"

"Better than using that... that thing!"

Richard looked at Frederick. Frederick sighed and pressed his fingers together. "Is it really better?"

"Yes!"

"These people will never see me again. The fallbeil has no emotions, it doesn't hesitate because of cat calls nor does it stop because of struggles. It will," he said the word coldly, "succeed and it will never miss. It may be an inhuman machine, but it is cold and perfect."

"It's inhuman."

"Yes, but it also doesn't make mistakes. Can you imagine if an ax-man missed? Only cut half someone's neck?"

Klaudia trembled, her mouth opening. Frederick continued in a low, steady voice, going over the reasons he repeated many times,

“Or slamming his ax through the top of their head or their shoulder. It could take minutes to put them back on the log, minutes that those poor victims are suffering in pain. With the fallbeil, there are no misses. There is no pain. One slice,” Frederick brought his hand down on the table like a blade. Klaudia gasped, stepping back and pressing one hand to her delicate throat. Frederick pulled his hand back and finished, “Yes, it is brutal, but they won’t suffer any longer than they have to.”

She whispered, still holding her neck. “Is that really important to you?”

“More than anything else, my lady. I am not cruel.”

“I... I have to go,” she stammered. Turning on her heels, she walked out of the room. Frederick stood up as she left. Through the door, Klaudia stopped a maid, the one he saw in the front yard. There were a few whispered words, then the curly haired maid followed Klaudia out of sight.

Frederick sat back down.

Richard cleared his throat, reached over for her plate, and dragged it closer. “You’ll have to forgive her. My Klaudia has always been squeamish about these things. Every time I talk about it, she has hysterics and leaves the room.”

“I’m sorry.”

The lord shrugged. “Don’t be. I don’t really care what she thinks. There is justice to be done and you are the man to do it.”

Frederick took off his top hat and wiped the sweat from his brow. The heat in the barn suffocated him, along with the sharp smells of blood and fear. His warm eyes scanned the front of the barn where dozens of villagers watched with rapt fascination, fear, and excitement. Most of them sat on benches or on the ground while others milled around by the entrance. In the foreground, three older women sat on stools they brought, drinking from a cask of lager they brought, and talking excitedly while they waited for the next execution.

He smiled politely at them and one of them toasted him, obviously buzzed on her drink. Frederick learned, through hard experience, which people at an execution were important. The old

women always ended up being the cheerleaders for the killings, though not nearly as nosily as the French.

Fredrick spotted movement leaving the barn. He glanced over to see two women leaving. He missed the first, but the second paused at the last moment and looked back at him.

It was Klaudia's maid. She wore the same uniform as before and Fredrick could see the wonderful curves of her ass pushing out the fabric. Her thick, curly hair covered most of her face, but he could see her flushed cheeks and a longing look in her eyes.

For a moment, Richard wondered if she wanted him, but then Fredrick saw a woman's arm slip around her waist and pull her away. The maid leaned forward with a sly smile and they disappeared from sight. Fredrick grinned to himself and replaced his top hat.

Turning back to the fallbeil, he turned a crank that lifted the wedge-shaped blade back into position. The smooth metal clicked loudly as it ratcheted into place, then a loud snap when it set into place. He picked up a bloody cloth from a bucket next to it and used it to clean the blade until it shone again. He found a few more splatters of blood on the bench and wiped them off, having everything ready in a matter of seconds.

The next victim came. Leonore. He felt his heart speeding up when they brought her into the barn. To his surprise, she was a slender gamine with bright, dark eyes. Her slender body trembled as she stared frightfully at the metal device. Two men, the lord's guards, pushed her down the center of the line.

The room grew electric as conversations stopped. Leonore's bare feet scuffed on the hard-packed earth and she looked around with desperation. She twisted her wrists, trying to escape the thick rope that bound her. A soft whimper escaped her delicate throat. "Please, someone please help me."

Not a single answer. She only got hard looks while the guards pushed her through the crowds and before Fredrick. When she stopped, she stumbled and Fredrick's hand shot out, catching her by the wrists and pulling her to her feet.

She shook as he touched her, wide eyes staring around his shoulder. Fredrick gave her a comforting smile and ran his hands up

to her shoulders. She jumped at his touch, tears rolling down her smooth cheeks.

“Please don’t do this.”

“I have to,” he said, feeling his heart and groin responding to her body.

Turning her around, he guided her backwards to the vertical board before the fallbeil. She shuddered when the wood touched her, but she stepped on the foot board without question.

“Leonore, you have been found guilty of treason by the court of Germany. The punishment is execution by beheading.”

As he made the announcement, he wrapped thick leather straps around her body. One around her hips, a second right along the bottom of her ribs. It pushed her breasts up, the perk nipples pushing through the thin prison shift.

She whispered, tears still rolling down her cheeks, “Let me go?”

Fredrick couldn’t response and still remain professional. Instead, he finished strapping her down. One along her thighs. The thin fabric bunched up and he saw between her legs where a thick patch of pubic hair darkened her skin. He finished with one strap along her ankles and a final over her shoulders.

His hands worked expertly, pulling the straps tight but not painfully. Fredrick let his fingers trail along her side, enjoying her straining against her bounds, before he grabbed the board. When he pushed it down, Leonore’s body leaned back to her back. She tried to move away, but it was just as irresistible as the coming blade. It stopped with a click. Fredrick took a different grip on the board and pushed it toward the blade. It slid smoothly, running on a polished steel runner and he watched as her head slipped through the opening of two pieces of wood, a neck brace and guard. Between the front and back of the wooden guard was a precisely narrow gap where the blade would come down, severing anything in its way.

Leonore cried loudly as she stared up at the blade hanging above her. Fredrick locked the board into place and walked around. He pressed one hand on her chest, right below her throat, and held her steady. With his other hand, he fitted the neck brace over her throat and snapped it into place.

She struggled, as much as she could, but her eyes never left the steel blade before her. Fredrick positioned the basket below her,

watching as the tears dripped from her face into the bloody bottom. His hand reached up for the release.

“My god have mercy on you.”

Her eyes flickered over to him, then back to the blade. She started to tense, the muscles in her neck flexing, but Fredrick didn't have the heart to tell her it wouldn't matter.

Instead, he pulled the lever.

The heavy blade dropped. It only fell six feet before it slammed into her neck. Leonore's head dropped into the basket as her entire body spasmed from the blow. Blood splattered on the far side of the blade, coursing along a channel and pouring into a second bucket already half filled with crimson.

Fredrick felt a moment of sadness for her, watching her headless body twitching.

He saw Leonore's eyes blinking, her eyes growing glazed by the second. He resisted the urge to lift up her skull, to show her body. When the eyes finally stopped moving, he let out a soft sigh of relief.

Walking around, he pulled the board back. Her body slid away from the blade and he pushed it back into a vertical position. Behind him, people cheered and celebrated her death, but Fredrick continued on his task. He was a professional.

Unstrapping her body, he held her slender frame to his body and hoisted her up. Her corpse slumped on his shoulder and he carried her off, out of the barn, before setting her down on the wagon. Alone, he ran a hand along her throat and down the line of her breasts before returning to pick up her head.

When he left the barn the second time, he spotted a flash of movement. He turned toward it, seeing a flutter of a black skirt and white lace. He heard the rapid-fire steps of someone running away. Fredrick waited a long moment before setting Leonore's head on the wagon. He looked at the face in his palms, feeling sadness and a more primal type of hunger. Then, he set her down and brushed the hair from her face.

“Time to go back to work,” he said.

The last four executions of the day went just as quickly. When Fredrick dropped the last prisoner of the night, a heavy-set man with a short beard, he felt exhausted. Forty-five deaths over eight hours.

He closed the barn doors behind him and hooked the wooden bar across it. Circling around the wagon, he stared at the headless bodies heaped up on the wagon. Underneath, blood dripped from the slats, forming a puddle of gore and mud underneath the right wheel. He tapped at the puddle, testing its depth. It splashed on his trousers and his mouth tightened into a thin line.

He continued his inspection, walking up to the pair of farm horses. He wrapped their noses in cloth and put on blinders, but even with those precautions, both equines moved uncomfortably, dancing as they shook their heads. Fredrick took a moment to calm them, then got on the front of the wagon and set them off.

It took him hours to finish disposing the bodies. A few bags of salt and back-breaking work left him exhausted and the prisoners properly disposed of. The laborers that the lord promised never showed up, but Fredrick could not leave it half-done.

Night fell by the time he drove the wagon back up the road. When he passed through the village, he could hear nothing but a baby crying. He half expected there to be crowds, but the streets remained empty. He continued to ride the wagon toward the castle, where the windows glowed with bright light.

When he passed the barn, he could smell dinner already roasting in the castle yard. The smells of pork teased his senses and his stomach rumbled with anticipation. He flicked the reins to move the horses, then pulled back when he saw a flickering light inside the execution barn.

Curious, Fredrick ignored his growing hunger and stopped the wagon by the side of the road and stared across the field. In the pitch darkness, a candle inside the door of the doors drew his attention. He got off the wagon and carefully walked across the field, trying not to make a noise. His shoes, stained and in desperate need of a polish, scuffed the earth, but he slowed down as he reached the front of the recently painted structure.

Inside, he saw a figure on his fallbeil, a woman. She straddled the bench of the fallbeil, reaching out with both hands to caress the steel sides of the killing device. Her black skirt rode up on her legs, exposing a white garter.

Fredrick felt his heart beating faster. He slipped into the barn and slowly pushed the door shut behind him. Padding down, he watched the castle maid stroking his fallbeil.

Her fingers curled around the steel frame. She grabbed it tightly. Her slender arms strained and she slid her body along the bench, closer to the machine. He heard her moan as she spread her thighs for it, nestling the metal frame between her legs.

Fredrick hid behind one of the supports of the barn, his breath coming faster. He watched the maid with fascination, feeling lust filling him as she arched her back.

She lifted her body, holding the frame tightly. He watched her skirt rising up, exposing the white pair of underwear. Underneath, he could see the cleft of her being, a patch of dark hair sticking out from both edges of the fabric. She arched her back, pushing her breasts into the gap below the blade.

Fredrick had to stifle a moan of his own, watching her rubbing her body against the metal frame. After a few minutes, she sat back down. She looked around and Fredrick hid behind the support beam. A moment later, she reached down and pulled the neck brace up, pulling it until it clicked. Spinning around, she scooted her ass down the bench and leaned back, settling her neck into the curved space.

Another moan, gasping and hungry. One hand reached down and pulled up her skirt, drawing it up her pale legs to exposed her pussy to Fredrick's hungry eyes. Her fingers grabbed at the fabric, pushing it aside to plunge two fingers between her legs.

Her other hand reached up for the neck brace. Finding the release, she pulled it down. It clicked loudly as it settled into place. She gasped, grabbing the neck brace and fingering herself roughly. Her knuckles plunged in and out, leaving her fingers dripping as she writhed on the fallbeil's bench.

Fredrick risked sneaking closer, knowing that the neck brace didn't release easily. As he crept closer, he could smell her excitement over the older scents of blood and mud. His feet tapped lightly until he stood at the end of the fallbeil, admiring the maid as she buried both of her hands into her pussy, frantically masturbating as her gasps filled the air.

She came loudly, trying to muffle her scream but her hand wouldn't reach over the brace. Instead, she just let it out, panting and crying out as she jerked out every last pleasure from her body.

Fredrick rubbed his cock through his trousers, wanting her but not willing to break the mood.

She slumped on the bench, panting. He watched as she reached up with dripping fingers to push away the neck brace.

It didn't move.

She tried again, her legs lifting slightly. When it didn't move, she swore in a whisper, "Scheiß!"

She tried again and again, jerking on the neck brace, but it kept her pinned. Her struggles didn't even switch the fallbeil, the heavy metal remained in place. He stood closer, watching her body arching and falling, her breasts heaving from the fading afterglow mixing in with the realization she was trapped.

Fredrick almost came, watching her struggle on the fallbeil. He reached out for her, then stopped. Finally, he decided to speak up.

"Did I miss one?" he said as calmly as he could.

She frozen, gasping with shock. Her hands flew on her skirt, shoving it down to cover her pussy. "No. No! I'm not a prisoner! I'm Maria Raithel."

He chuckled dryly, resting his hand on her thigh. She trembled underneath his palm. He stepped forward to look down at her face, still flushed but frightened. He held the fallbeil with his other hand, flipping a nearly invisible safety as he peered down at her.

"I don't remember a Miss Raithel on my list."

"That's because I'm not on it."

"But, you aren't registered in the town either, I know that."

"I'm with the castle. I'm Lady Klaudia's maid." Then she did a double-take. "You know that! You saw me yesterday."

Fredrick smiled. "What are you doing on my fallbeil?"

She gaped, then shut her mouth as a blush rose on her cheeks. "I, um..."

He ran his hand down her thigh to the hem of her skirt. His hand caressed the naked flesh of her thigh. "Because it looked like you were pleasuring yourself thinking about being on this."

She whimpered, her body trembling underneath his hand. When she didn't say anything, he drew his hand up, pushing her skirt up

to explore her body with two fingers. She gasped, unable to see his hand, but her legs parted when he drew his fingertips up to the junction of her thighs. Reaching it, he wormed past the curls of her pubic hair to find the soaked and clenching opening underneath. When he drove two fingers into her, she let out a long moan of desire.

He felt a prickling of excitement filling him. "Were you thinking about being strapped into this?"

She shuddered, but the flood of juices answered him. Fredrick smiled and leaned forward, driving his fingers deeper.

"Were you thinking about being naked?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Were there other men?"

Another moan.

He almost moaned himself, enjoying how her hips rose and fell on his hand, her heat growing hotter by the second. He plunged his fingers in and out, leaning over her. "Were you, by any chance," he spoke with hopes of his own, "thinking about someone fucking you right before they cut off your head?"

She gasped, her mouth opening as she grabbed the neck brace. Her legs spread wide open and she let out a deep, almost guttural moan of desire. Her knuckles turned white as she held herself, arching her back and grinding on his hand.

"Let me hear it," he said quietly.

"Yes."

She shuddered as she spoke. Fredrick eased a third finger into her pussy, pumping in and out until his fingers dripped with her juices. He felt his own cock aching and took another risk.

"Do you want me to... fuck you?"

She moaned, "Oh god, yes."

He didn't need much encouragement. Pulling open his trousers, he slipped them off and straddled the bench. His cock bounced with every pulse of his body. He lowered himself to the warm wood, feeling his testicles bouncing on the smooth, textured surface. He grabbed her knees and pushed them up, spreading her legs so he could position his cock head right along the folds of her sex. Juices dripping from the tip of his shaft and her folds. Fredrick grabbed the base of his shaft to guide it up and down her slit, working past

her outer folds to rub on her clitoris. She moaned, holding the frame tighter. Fredrick pushed the tip down to her pussy, leaning into her as it disappeared into the shockingly pink opening.

Maria let out a long moan, "Oh god."

Fredrick buried himself, unable to resist letting out a groan of pleasure as he felt her body squeezing around his shaft. He closed his eyes and drove deeper into her, burying balls deep into her clenching pussy. He yanked it out and drove it in, folding her in half as he got the best angle to drive his cock into her heated body.

He pumped as long as he could, frantically driving with his hips. The force of his blows shook the fallbeil and the blade swung back and forth, ringing out as it struck its metal channel. He stared at her over the neck guard, seeing how her eyes focused on the blade even as her pussy spasmed repeatedly around his shaft, squeezing it tightly like a liquid vise.

Fredrick released her ankles, but kept her bent. He continued to vent his passions into her body, but grabbed the metal frame of the fallbeil. His fingers brushed on the release lever for the blade and Maria inhaled sharply, half in fear and half in passion.

"No, don't-"

He grabbed the lever. Maria let out a shriek as an orgasm slammed into her, her cunt squeezing every inch of his cock with an intense pleasure. Fredrick pulled it, trusting the safety on the killing machine.

She only had the briefest of seconds to respond to the blade. She let out another shriek as a second, more intense orgasm crashed into her. Her eyes rolled up into her head as the blade came down, brutally fast.

Then stopped as it hit the safety.

It didn't stop Fredrick from pounding away, driving into her with fast, rapid strokes until he came in her pussy, filling it with his juices. She let out a long moan as she struggled to contain her breath, sweat glistening on her breasts, throat, and thighs.

He pulled out, his heart pounding in his chest. His cock dripped with juices and he wiped it off on the inside of her apron before walking around the fallbeil.

Maria stared at him, her face glowing with the intensity of her orgasms. "You bastard."

Fredrick, panting himself, reached down and released the neck guard. Pulling up, he locked it into place before helping her sit up. Maria straightened her uniform and stood up, peering at the blade.

“I-I didn’t know it could stop like that.”

“I thought you’d like the threat.”

Maria blushed and gave him a sheepish smile. Fredrick pulled on his trousers, then helped her dress herself. She ran her hands along the fallbeil.

As they left the barn, she stopped him. “Please, you can’t tell the Lord.”

“What about Lady-”

“No! Don’t tell her, please?”

“I won’t.”

She reached up and kissed him. Then, she ran out into the darkness as Fredrick finished sealing up the barn.

—

The next day, Fredrick couldn’t keep his mind off of Maria. He still performed his tasks efficiently, as normal, but he kept looking toward the ends of the barn, hoping to see a flash of her uniform. The more grievous of crimes were near the end, rape and murder, but she didn’t even show up to cheer those criminals.

Richard came for the last few executions. He sat in the front, almost giddy as a child. He cheered along with the old women, firing off sharp comments as the victims were placed on the fallbeil, pushed back, and decapitated.

Next to him, he kept a seat empty for his wife, Klaudia, but she left before the first execution. Richard didn’t seem to mind and Fredrick struggled enough to keep himself on schedule, working through the prisoners as fast as he could efficiently.

When the day ended, he felt exhausted. The executions were done and he drove the remaining bodies to the ditch from the night before. It took a few more hours to finish burying the bodies, this time with reluctant help from some of the lord’s men, but he drove back alone as they left him in silence.

He returned to the barn, half hoping to see Maria. It was empty, so he lit a lantern and started to work on cleaning up. Alone, the first thing he did was take off his jacket and set it aside. No reason to get it dirty. He started cleaning by wiping down all the splatters

of blood, carefully polishing the blade, and sanding down a rough spot on the wooden board he found when a rapist struggled too much.

Once the fallbeil shone, Fredrick prepared himself to disassemble it. He pulled out his tools from a canvas roll, spreading it out along the bench. He gently eased out the first wrench, slipping it from the leather loop and hefting it in his hand.

A cough interrupted him before he could start. He froze for a moment, hearing two people walking across the field. Women, their voices drifted through the open door of the barn. Fredrick carefully set his tool back into its pouch and walked over to his jacket. Wiping his hand on a rag, he slipped it on before the two women came through the door.

He didn't recognize them at first. The lead woman stepped into the barn as if she owned it. She swept the nearly empty barn with an icy gaze. Her dress, complete with bustle and a narrow waist only possible with a corset, shimmered in the summer heat. The second woman followed her in, then closed the door behind her. Fredrick felt a spike of fear in his gut, then he relaxed when the second woman, Marie, came around.

The maid gave him a beaming smile. "Here we are, Lady Klaudia."

Fredrick gathered his composure and bowed to the lady. "Lady Klaudia von Kaltenburg, I'm honored by your presence."

Klaudia brought her gaze over to him, but she didn't smile. "I want to see it."

Fredrick stepped back and made a grand gesture for the fallbeil. "Of course. Your wish is my command."

It didn't take long to lead Klaudia and Maria over to the fallbeil. After being polished by Fredrick, it glowed in the light of the lantern. He explained the workings of the device but it quickly became apparent that both Klaudia and Maria weren't interested in the history or the functioning of the fallbeil. Both women ran their hands on the sides of the fallbeil. Klaudia reached up to touch the blade, shivering when she touched the cool metal.

"Did you see it working, my lady?"

Klaudia nodded, her lips parted slightly. She didn't take her hand away, trailing her fingertips along the edge of the blade. On the other side, Maria caressed the fallbeil but her eyes remained locked

on Klaudia, watching her lady with the same hungry look she gave Fredrick the night before.

Fredrick ran his hand down the other side, setting the safety again without drawing attention to it. Maria smiled at him, then nodded at Klaudia. Fredrick cleared his throat, "Something I can do to help you?"

Klaudia dropped her gaze to him. "Yes, could you leave us?"

Fredrick hesitated. Klaudia pointed to the door.

Maria spoke encouragingly, "Just for an hour... please?"

He looked back and forth between the women, then he nodded.

"Of course, your wish is my command."

Turning on his heels, he walked respectively out the barn door. The door resisted him opening it, but he slipped out of the barn and closed it behind him.

He wasn't sure what to do, so he walked away. His shoes crunched on the field, but he kept one ear out for sounds of the women he left behind. He heard a gasp that stopped him. Curious, Fredrick circled around the barn, straining to walk quietly.

At the far end of the bar, he saw the barn door cracked open. Creeping alone, he knelt by the opening and peered inside.

The first thing he saw was Klaudia's breasts, naked and heaving. She straddled the bench, much like Maria did before. Nipples on large, heavy breasts stood up hard. Her chest heaved as she rocked back and forth, stroking the sides of the fallbeil like a cock.

Fredrick didn't see Maria, but then he saw the maid's legs on the far side of the fallbeil. The younger woman's hands reached up to grab Klaudia's hips, holding her down as the lady continued to rock her hips, moaning passionately.

He realized a lot more about Klaudia and Maria, watching Klaudia riding Maria's face while clutching the fallbeil. He felt his hardness growing, just watching them, but he didn't make any effort to join in them. Instead, he remained crouched by the back door, panting as Maria continued to lap at Klaudia.

When the lady came, she let out a high-pitched wail of pleasure. Her hands tighter, shaking the heavy metal frame. Fredrick was impressed with the intensity of her orgasm.

Pulling off Maria's face, Klaudia panted as she reached down. She pushed Maria forward into the fallbeil, clamping her neck down.

Maria, her face glistening with Klaudia's juices, moaned loudly. Klaudia moved her body down, kneeling down before the fallbeil and Maria's legs.

The maid gasped at what Fredrick assumed was her lady's tongue touching her. He had to adjust himself, his hardness almost aching.

Trapped, Maria spotted him peering through the door. Fredrick froze, his hand still on his cock, but the maid just smiled. Then closed her eyes as a long moan escaped her throat. Fredrick resisted a groan of his own and slipped away from the scene.

Some things were meant to be enjoyed in private.
Including his own reliving of the scene in his bed.

Fredrick woke up quickly. Lying down in the feather bed, he stared at the whitewashed ceiling of the guest room and let a smile cross his face. Images of Klaudia and Maria enjoying each other kept him warm through the night. When he went back hours later to finish disassembling the fallbeil, he could smell the sweet fragrance of sex filling the barn. He hoped that a little of it soaked in the wooden bench, if anything to flavor the scents of blood and death.

He stretched out underneath the sheets, enjoying the feel of his night shirt on his skin. He sat up and pushed back the covers, his mind already planning out the rest of his day.

A quiet knock filled the room.

Fredrick, assuming it was Johann, spoke out, "Come on in."

The door opened and Maria slipped inside. Fredrick realized he wore only a night shirt and grabbed a pillow to cover his groin.

Maria smiled at him slyly and shut the door behind her. She locked it and stepped forward, her black uniform swaying with her movements.

"Did you like what you saw last night?"

Fredrick couldn't help smiling.

Maria sidled closer, "You can't tell Richard about it, okay?"

"The fallbeil?"

"No, silly, about me and Lady Klaudia. I, well, she shouldn't do anything like that to me, being the lord's lady and all."

"My lips are sealed."

"Aw," she said with a purr, "I was hoping I would have to convince you."

His manhood surged at her sultry look. He let the pillow fall from his hands, revealing the tent in his night shirt.

Maria's eyes dropped down to him and she smiled broadly. Without a word, she walked over to him and knelt down before him. Her hands trailed down her shirt, unbuttoning the first few buttons and revealing her cleaving.

Fredrick breathed deeply as he watched her, but his heart beat faster when she pushed up his night shirt to reveal his erect cock. Licking her lips, she pushed the fabric away from his cock and let the fabric drop down in the crotch between his belly and shaft.

Maria reached out with her hands to hold his shaft. Her lips parted and she kissed the side of his cock, working her lips around the hardness. Fredrick moaned as the heated softness that enveloped his cock. He could feel her tongue as she nuzzled on his balls, sucking on one testicle than the other.

He moaned and reached down, running his hands through her curly hair. He wrapped his fingers through the hair and tugged it up, wanting to feel her lips around his entire cock, not just the side.

Maria obeyed to his silent command, her eyes riveted on him as she lifted herself with her knees until the tip of his cock brushed on her lips. She smiled before whispering. "Please, don't tell anyone."

He pulled her down on him. Maria opened her mouth and took his manhood in her mouth, sliding it past her cool lips. He kept his hands on her head, guiding her down as he thrust forward with his hips. Maria did nothing to stop him, so he started to drive into her mouth, fucking her face with short, powerful strokes. He could feel his cock sliding along her palette and bumping on the back of her throat.

After the last two nights, it didn't take long for Fredrick to come. He grabbed tighter to Maria, driving into her face frantically. She gasped around his cock, gulping at him.

He came hard, sending a long surge of cum into the back of her throat. She pushed on him, pulling his cock out of her mouth so the second surge came splattering on her throat. She moaned, gasping. He continued to come, sending ropery splatters of cum against her throat. Slowly, it slid down into her cleavage, disappearing into the darkness of her uniform.

When he finished, she sucked at the tip to clean it. She stood up with a smile and buttoned her uniform back up. Her eyes sparkled with excitement and she purred.

“Please don’t tell Richard.”

“I won’t,” panted Fredrick.

Maria glanced at the door, then smiled sheepishly at Fredrick. “I probably have to be leaving, Johann will get angry if he catches me here.”

“Thank you,” he said.

“No,” she kissed him, “Thank you for everything. Though, I wish we could have enjoyed more time.” She ran a finger down his chest, “You know, Richard wouldn’t mind if you stayed a few more days.”

“Sorry, I have to be in Stuttgart in four days. I have a series of executions around that area that will take me a month to complete.”

Maria worried her lip, her hand delving down to his shaft. “Are you sure?”

He grabbed her wrist, pulling it up and kissing her. He could see a bit of his cum soaking through her uniform, barely visible on the dark fabric. His manhood switched at the thought, but he just kissed her again.

“I have my duty.”

—

Three weeks later, Fredrick stood in the center of an empty areas. Underneath his feet, cobblestones covered the ground a thirty feet in all direction. On one side, a trail of blood ran into a sewer grate opening. He emptied out a bucket of water over the trail then picked up a push broom to scrub the cobblestones clean.

He worked in silence, left alone like most times. Then, he heard a woman clearing her throat.

The broom handle clattered as it hit the ground. He turned around to see two familiar faces standing at the gate where they brought in the prisoners. Both wore dresses, the bustle pushing their asses out and the corsets beneath their dresses pushing their breasts up for his view. But, the long straight hair of Klaudia von Kaltenburg and Maria Raithel’s curly hair brought a smile to his lips.

“Lady von Kaltenburg and Fraulein Raithel, I’m happy to see you.”

He swept up his jacket, pulling it on as he walked over to the gate. He gestured up to it. "But, this truly isn't the way you come to visit. This leads back to the prison tunnels."

Maria giggled, toying with the elegant hat she wore on her head. "We know, I had to bribe a guard to let us down the stairs, but we wanted to come through here."

"Why?"

Klaudia pointed to his fallbeil. The steel shone brightly in the lantern lights, polished to a mirror shine. Fredrick followed her gesture, then smiled to her.

"You want to play on it?"

She nodded, then spoke softly, "Yes."

"Can I join you?"

Klaudia started to shake her head, but Maria squeezed her hand. They shared a look, speaking like lovers, then Klaudia sighed. Maria hugged her tightly and kissed her lips. Klaudia turned back to Fredrick.

"Don't you dare try anything improper."

Maria giggled, "You can be improper with me though."

Klaudia rolled her eyes and Maria laughed again. Fredrick felt excitement rising up inside him. He glanced up to the other entrances for someone else, the guards.

"We bribed them to take a few hours off."

"Oh," he said, "then we have a bit of time."

Maria purred, slipping hand from Klaudia's and sliding her arms around Fredrick. "Yes, and I think you know what we want."

He enjoyed their kiss, passionate and frantic. Maria's body ground against his, her hands roaming along his body. She pushed off his jacket, but Fredrick caught it before it dropped to the ground. Pulling away from her, he carefully folded it on a table before he regarded both of them.

"How do you want to do this?"

Maria looked over to Klaudia. The lady blushed after a moment. She toed the ground before she spoke. "Maria told me about what you did, in the barn. Setting her down and... making love to her. As if we were condemned."

Fredrick nodded, enjoying the idea. He looked around the arena again, then gestured to them. "If that is the case, I've never seen a prisoner wearing pretty dresses like those."

Klaudia blushed immediately, looking away from him. Maria let out a soft moan of pleasure, then her hands reached up to work the buttons of her dress. Klaudia started on hers a moment later.

Fredrick watched for a moment, enjoying when Maria slipped out of her top. Her breasts pushed up on the thin fabric of her undershirt, nipples peaking through the nearly translucent fabric. He considered finding more appropriate attire, the canvas shifts, but then decided that he enjoyed watching the silk-clad ladies more.

Maria finished first, standing in nothing but her undershirt. It hung right on the upper edges of her curved hips, exposing the dark patch of her pubic hair and the swollen lips that peeked out from between her legs. Her large, heavy breasts pushed up on the fabric, which strained to keep her contained. Her curly brown hair bounced as she turned around for his approval.

Klaudia took longer, obviously hesitating as she moved. Maria helped her, stripping off her dress and working the laces of her corset. The maid spread her hands along Klaudia's undershirt, which only reached her belly button, and rolled the hard nipples between her fingertips. Maria cupped Klaudia's breasts and the soft mounds overflowed in her hands.

The noble lady moaned at the touch. Her hands reaching out to caress Maria's cheek. Maria grinned privately to Klaudia, then lowered herself to her knees, pushing the skirt and bustle down off her lady's hips.

Fredrick inhaled sharply as he watched the triangular bush come into view. The bustle hit the round with a muted rattle but Maria remained on her knees. She buried her face into Klaudia's pussy and breathed in hard. Klaudia moaned and lifted one leg on Maria's shoulder, letting the maid lick between her legs.

Finally, they stood before him, almost naked and shivering. Their outfits were almost, but not quite like the prisoners, exposing a lot more pussy and bare legs, but Fredrick never saw two more beautiful women before in his life. He walked over to his bench and picked up some ropes.

Returning, he held them out for the women. Klaudia shook her head. "No."

Maria, on the other hand, reached out for Klaudia's wrists. Klaudia shuddered at the touch, but let Maria hold them up to Fredrick. Painfully hard, Fredrick wrapped the rope firmly around the noble lady's wrists, just a few loops to give the hint of being captured. He looked over to Maria and smiled. "You'll help for this."

Maria moaned with anticipation.

Fredrick tugged on Klaudia's wrist, pulling her toward the fallbeil. They followed, their bare feet slapping on the cobblestones of the arena. He could hear both of their breaths, deep panting. When he inhaled, the scents of their excitement, sweet and tangy, teased his senses.

He guided Klaudia to the leaning board. Turning her back to it, he pressed her against the smooth surface. Her body trembled underneath his palm as he used only two straps on her body: one below the breasts to push them up and the other on her shoulders.

"Ready?" he whispered.

Panting heavily, Klaudia shook her head for a moment, then nodded. "Yes," she said with a whimper.

Fredrick pushed the board back. Balanced on a pivot, it easily leaned her back. Klaudia let out a tiny little moan of pleasure as it settled into place, on her back staring up at the fallbeil. Fredrick pushed it forward, sliding her head into the neck brace. Maria came around to the far side, almost straddling the head basket. She pushed the neck brace down into place, shoving down until it locked.

Both women jumped at the sound. Next to Fredrick, Klaudia's hips twisted and he could see droplets forming on her nether lips. He smiled and reached down, spreading her legs. She moaned, trembling as he ran his fingers along her pussy, exploring the tight opening.

"Klaudia von Kaltenburg," he said, "you have been found guilty of," he paused for the right word, "adultery with another woman. Your punishment is death by decapitation."

She soaked his fingers with the little role-play. Maria moaned, holding the frame of the fallbeil and looking down at her mistress. Fredrick ran his fingers along her pussy, then pulled them out.

Droplets of excitement dripped from his tips and he ran his hands up her body, underneath her shirt. Pushing it up, he grabbed her breasts, squeezing and touching them.

Klaudia moaned, her body writhing underneath his touch.

Maria straddled the basket, a grin on her face. Her legs spread and she positioned herself over Klaudia's trapped head. A moment later, Maria's eyes closed with pleasure and slurping noises filled the air.

Fredrick removed his trousers and underwear, carefully folding both before turning back to the women. His cock stood up straight, with an angry red color of excitement. He straddled the bench, lifting Klaudia's legs. The noble lady shivered under his touch, but when he moved closer, there was no doubt she looked forward to his penetration.

He didn't hesitate, the chance of fucking a noble lady was rare for anyone. With a moan, he lurched forward, burying his length into her tight channel. Maria gasped and Fredrick looked up to see her watching him. Emboldened by her, he moved his body up and started to driving his cock into Klaudia's pussy, plumbing her depths.

She felt tight and wet, her cunt clenching him as he drove in. No doubt, Richard hadn't visited Klaudia in a long time, given the tightness; Fredrick thought she felt like a virgin. His hands grabbed her hips and he pushed himself into hard, deep strokes.

His balls slapped on the bench of the fallbeil with every stroke. He felt his cock reaching the back of her pussy, pounding on her cervix.

She twisted under his pleasurable assault, moaning into Maria's pussy. Each thrust slammed her shoulders into the neck brace and her breasts bobbed when he pulled back

Fredrick moaned, releasing one hand on her breast to snatch the shaking nipples, twisting it and sending another wail of pleasure from her body.

Maria panted, grinding her hips on her lover's face. Her eyes lifted up to the blade of the fallbeil, then down to the release lever. She spoke in a sultry whisper. "I'm going to pull the lever now."

Klaudia's pussy squeezed down on Fredrick's cock as the woman orgasmed. Her legs pushed down, making it hard for Fredrick to

drive into her, but he strained to continue pounding his hard cock into her pussy. Their bodies shook with the force of his pounding, the heavy blade wavering with the intensity of his movements.

Maria gasped, reaching down with one hand to grabbed Klaudia's hair, pulling it up to jam the woman's mouth even tighter into her pussy. She gasped, holding the frame with her other hand.

"When I come, I'm going to kill you. Oh, god, lick harder." The arm stretched around behind her, holding Klaudia's hair, tightened as she shuddered with a growing orgasm. Her hips rocked back and forth.

Fredrick felt exhaustion burning his back and legs, but he kept on driving. Imagining what it would feel like for Klaudia to lose her head. He wanted to feel that spasm, that shuddered through her soft body.

He felt Klaudia coming again, her entire body spasming repeatedly as she lapped and sucked at Maria's pussy.

Maria's eyes rolled into her head as she ground down on her mistress. Her body shook with every breath, her breasts heaving. She whimpered, "Oh god, I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Fredrick looked up to see Maria grabbing the release lever. He opened his mouth to say something, but it was too late.

The fallbeil shook as the heavy blade came down. It didn't even rattle as the blade slammed down into the slit of the neck brace. When it hit the bottom, the entire fallbeil shook from the impact and a low-pitched ring shot out through the darkness.

Wrapped around his cock, Klaudia's body spasmed tighter than Fredrick thought possible. Her legs squeezed around him and her cunt grabbed his cock, sucking at his length. He came from the intensity of it, riding out her death throes. Her body shook and twitched and he pumped his juices into her, feeling how her hungry hole continued to squeeze and pulsate around his cock.

The splattering of Klaudia's blood into the bucket below the fallbeil only encouraged him to drive with all his strength, feeling her juices pouring out of her cunt even as more poured out of her severed neck.

Fredrick grunted with the last few ounces of his strength, pounding hard as he could. He looked up to see Maria staring at him

with growing realization on her face. Her look only drove him harder, panting as he mindless fucked the former lady.

Her body shook as she held up her hand, holding Klaudia's head by her hair. Maria let out a whimper, her cheeks flushed, as she turned around to stare at her lover's head swinging back and forth.

"Oh, god, no," came the strangled whisper.

Fredrick grunted with the last of his orgasm, then pulled out of Klaudia. His shaft glistened with their combined juices. Panting, he came around the fallbeil to Maria.

Maria whimpered, holding up Klaudia's head with both hands. Her lover, former lover, blinked as strange expression crossed her face. Blood dripped from the bottom, soaking into Maria's silk undershirt.

"I... what did I do?" She whimpered, fresh tears running down her cheek.

He spoke somberly, reaching out to take Klaudia from her. "You killed her, Maria. You... executed her."

Maria refused to let go of her lover. Her hands grabbed the head tighter, knuckles growing white with her effort. Fredrick stopped trying after a second. Maria sobbed, bringing up Klaudia's head for a closer look.

"Why did you... why did it fall? It didn't before."

"I had the safety on before, a piece of metal that stops it from falling."

"W-Why didn't you have it this time?" sobbed the woman.

Fredrick sighed and pointed to the fallbeil. "I didn't know you were going to do that. I would have set it."

"I-I," she sobbed, "I really killed her?"

He nodded, not sure what to say.

"My god, Richard will kill me. I... I killed a noble. That is treason. I killed my Klaudia!" She sobbed, dropping to her knees. Her hands refused to release her lover, even when she hit the ground with a thud.

Fredrick knelt down next to her. Maria cradled her lover, rubbing her thumbs on Klaudia's cheek, as if she wish her lover would open her eyes again.

Time stretched painfully, with only Maria's sobs filling the area.

When the tears stopped, Maria gave him a devastated look. "What do I do? They'll kill me. I'll be found guilty of treason, Richard will never... he'll never let me live."

Fredrick looked up at the fallbeil. Returning his gaze back to Maria, he reached out and cupped her chin, bringing her gaze up to his.

"Does he have to?"

Maria shook her head, "No, I can't leave my family. Everyone I have is there..." her voice trailed off as she followed Fredrick's look up at the fallbeil. She whimpered, "Oh, god, you mean now?"

Fredrick stood up. He walked around the fallbeil. Slipping his hands underneath Klaudia's body, he picked up the curvy woman and set her headless corpse next to the execution device. As he arrange her, a thin trickle of his cum oozed out of her pussy to pool on the cobblestones below. His cock surged at the images, knowing he would see another woman in a moment.

He returned to the fallbeil, pulling out a rag and polishing the metal. It was a simple, ritual gesture, but it calmed the beating heart hurting his chest. He cranked the blade back into place, running his hand to ensure the safety wasn't enabled. There wouldn't be a second chance for Maria.

When he held his hand out to Maria, she took it without a word. Her soft sobs filled the areas as he drew her to the front of the fallbeil. Her body trembled as he pushed her back on the leaning board.

"Maria Raithel-"

She jumped at his somber words.

"You are found guilty of killing Klaudia von Kaltenburg. Do you have anything to say?"

She sobbed, shaking her hand. She held her face in her hands. He watched her breasts heaving for a moment, then reached down and grabbed the first strap. Laying it across her milky skin, he pulled it tight around her hips. He strapped each one around her body, pinning her arms to her sides and her legs in place.

He finished with the last strap and leaned over her. "Your execution will be death by decapitation, by the blade of the fallbeil."

She sobbed, but nodded. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks, splashing down on her naked breasts.

Fredrick pushed her back, the board leaning back and settling into place. He pushed her into position, guiding her head through the neck brace. Running his fingers through her hair, he pulled every curl through the brace before pushing the top piece down.

It clicked loudly and Maria jumped. She twisted in her bounds, but she couldn't even move. He watched as her mouth opened to draw in fresh breaths, unsure of which breath would be her last. Fredrick circled around her, his cock bobbing with his movements.

He knelt down by her head, spreading his legs to each side. "May god have mercy on your soul."

"Will you," she gulped, "will you love me?"

He moaned, looking over her naked and bound body. His eyes trailed from the patch of hair between her legs to the straps that held her tight. When he looked down, he shook his head.

"You aren't in a position, Maria."

"My," she licked her lips, "mouth? Like in the castle?"

The idea of putting his cock so close the fallbeil sent a small worry through him, but Fredrick nodded. He stood up, his cock bobbing over her head. A droplet of precum splashed down on her face, but she was helpless to wipe it away.

Fredrick gripped the side of the fallbeil. Bending his knees, he brought his aching cock to her mouth. Maria opened it, looking away from the blade poised above her delicate throat. He pushed into her, feeling her lips trailing down his glistening shaft.

Helpless, she couldn't move along his cock. Instead, Fredrick used the fallbeil for balance and drove into her mouth, fucking it like a pussy. He could see her throat swelling with his girth, sliding down and choking her. But, no matter how far he ground into her face, choking her off, his member never got too close to the killing blade.

Relieved for his own personal safety, Fredrick allowed himself to take full advantage of the bound woman before him. He drove into her face, feeling his balls slapping on her nose, and driving his cock deep into her throat. It shoved its way into her gullet, choking her. He only held it for a moment before withdrawing it. But as soon as he shoved in, he rammed it as far as he could go, grinding his crotch to her lips and feeling her gulping for breath.

Every stroke, he held it in longer. When he withdrew, he heard her gasping for air and the wet, slurping noises of her saliva that coated every inch of his member.

Fredrick moaned, not willing to stop. He brought her to the edge of unconscious again and again, feeling her growing more desperate for air with every moment. It was prolonging her torment, but the heated pleasure he got from her body pushed him to keep fucking her, driving into her face until he felt cum boiling in his balls.

With his dick buried in her throat, Maria never saw him reach up for the release. All she could feel, all that Fredrick let her feel, was the increasing speed of his cock, driving deeper and harder. Her throat gurgled with the juices gathering in there. The sound of slapping skin and muffled gasps echoed on the arena walls, filling Fredrick thoughts with lust and power.

He reached a crest of his pleasure, a white-hot flame of ecstasy that refused to subside. When he felt his body committing to the orgasm, the first jet of searing cum burst out of his cock and flooding Maria's throat, he pulled the lever.

The blade came down, powerfully fast. He pulled back as it slammed into place, severing her neck without slowing down. His hips drove forward, pinning her head to the blade of the fallbeil. He didn't worry about choking her now, so he ground down with all his strength, coming hard as he could. His body shook from the intensity of his orgasm, which only redoubled when he saw cum oozing out of the space between the sliced neck and the shimmering steel.

Fredrick grabbed Maria's head with both hands, stepping away to continue pumping into her slack jaw. He groaned as the last of the cum bubbled out her neck, splattering to the cobblestones.

He pulled out of her mouth, his cock still surging with the last of his orgasm. He turned her around, then brought her over to Klaudia. Setting her head down next to the noble lady's, he pressed their lips together. Fredrick almost imagined them kissing and he turned around to give them imagined privacy.

When midnight came, Fredrick looked like he always did: impeccable black suit, top hat on his head, and not even a spot of blood on his white gloves. The fallbeil shone brilliantly, polished

smoothly and prepared for the next day's executions. Fredrick looked over it with a smile, forever seeing Klaudia and Maria on the polished wooden bench and their severed heads by the basket.

He gave the fallbeil one last touch, his cock pulsating at the memories, before walking away from it. He turned off the lanterns as he moved, plunging the room into darkness.

Fredrick followed one tunnel out of the area and to a wagon heaped with bodies. Klaudia and Maria were on the top, covered in blood and half-buried by the others. He removed their blood-stained shifts. From his view, they became nothing but another pair of corpses, except for the memories burned into his skull. He set their heads on the back of the wagon, looking sightlessly toward the back.

He felt a pang of sadness as he touched their cold faces. He spotted a smear of cum on Maria's face and wiped it off with Klaudia's hair. He felt a tear in his eye and wiped it away before closing the back gate of the wagon.

At the far end of the tunnel, he saw another wagon pulling to a stop. Two men hopped out and the wagon continued on leaving them behind. They both walked toward Fredrick, knowing exactly who to look for.

One man tipped his head, the bald head shining in the light. "Guten abend, Herr Reichhart. Are you ready for us to take this load?"

"Yes," Fredrick said smoothly, "I'm done with them."

"This is the last night, yes?"

"Yes."

"Time to rest?"

Fredrick's eyes sidled over to the two women. He shook his head. "No, I have a schedule to keep. I'll be out by tomorrow."

"Best of luck, Herr Reichhart, you've done us a great service."

"No, I feel that I should thank you for an unequalled experience and memories for a lifetime."

They nodded, obviously not understanding. They crawled on the wagon and grabbed the reins. One snapped the leather and the wagon started to roll away, leaving Fredrick to his thoughts.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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