It's the disease of the age

by the_little_ginger_potato

Summary

William Pitt the Younger decides to write a memoir, those parts of his life which included his wife, Anne, and Sydney Carton.

Notes

Please check out the tags before you'd read the fanfic.

I'm thankful for all my readers, for the comments and kudos. But no hate or shaming will be tolerated! I write fanfics as a hobby for free, so negative/hateful comments will be deleted immediately. English is not my first language, but I do my best to avoid making errors. Thank you for reading my work ♥

The story is AU, so apart from smaller details, Anne, William and Sydney are out of character. Most of the story is based on my imagination, so there isn't many historical resemblance in the storyline.

William Pitt the Younger in my fanfic is Benedict Cumberbatch’s character.
Queen Anne is Juno Temple's character.
Sydney Carton is James Wilby's character.

PS. More tags are coming with each further updated chapters.
Chapter 1

19 December 1783

I think I’ve finally gathered my strength to write down what has happened, I’d not say my courage, as I’ll note in my last will to bury these papers with me, in my grave. Today I was elected to be the Prime Minister, the youngest one ever in England’s history. I’ve been waiting for this day since long time ago, still, now my heart is full of regret, bad memories, sins, unspeakable motions and scandals. In an event of a war or if for some reason these papers won’t remain unread then the world will know the true face of me, apart from what will remain in History of my groundbreaking measures as a Prime Minister, my excellent choice of a pure and smart wife, they will know who I was indeed. I’m more than sure that I don’t deserve to sit in the rows of the Parliament, nor to be a Prime Minister, but I’m greedier and prouder than that to decline my place in the Parliament. I’m weak, I’m well aware of that, as it’ll be clear from what I’m about to write down. I should feel ashamed, I should feel guilty, and spend my days without pause in churches to ask for forgiveness, but I didn’t step into any church since my marriage, and I’m not planning to do so in the future either, the ceiling would might fall on me, or I’d burn in flames if a man like me would enter a sacred place like that. I feel deeply sorry for hurting two person in my life who’s been dear to me, and showed no more than true devotion towards myself. I fear my career won’t last long, however if not in my private life, I’ll do my best to make grand, generous and brave actions while I’ll be the minister.

Anne, or as she was baptized back in Spain, Ana María Mauricia was introduced me at a ball, she was beautiful, every men would have died to marry her, but out of all the men she’s been introduced to me, with my twenty two year and my rather young boyish look, I must have been the less terrifying for the young girl, she’s been said to be eighteen but she looked younger than that, pure and so innocent. Strawberry curly locks, green eyes as the fresh grass on the meadows of Dover, full, light pink lips, deep cleavage, revealing her big breasts. I still doubt if I’ve ever deserved a wife like her, someone so full of energy, dreams, whose face always was bright. Now she’s the shadow of her past self. I’ve made this to her, I am the one to blame, for what I’ve done since our marriage. Am I the one to blame because of the fate of Sydney as well? I think I’ve ruined both of their lives, in different ways of course, but I did.

It’s one of the unique nights when I’m absolutely sober, so I will write down my own memoir, sparing everyone from dates, childhood details, I’ll write down how my life has been influenced by Anne and Sydney and how my actions changed their lives. I say memoir, because it is, I fear my last day is soon coming, leaving England for good and entering the deepest pit of hell, if such place truly exists.

William Pitt
“My…goodness…Will, can you see what I see?” Wilberforce nudged his young friend as his eyes were locked on the beautiful girl who entered the big hall, it was like as if the Sun would have blindingly shone into the room, the golden fabric dress was enough eye-catching not to mention about the gorgeous face of the girl who wore it.

“I haven’t seen her here before, I would have remembered that.” William commented his eyes fixed on the young beauty as well, biting his full lower lip, as he was observing the girl more, those soft strawberry blonde locks were a joy to the eye not as much joy as the deep cleavage of course with a prominent golden-pearl medal between the bosoms.

“I have no doubt of that, you know every single women in London, my friend.” The shorter Wilberforce commented with a repressed huff. “I say, she’s coming towards us…” The two men turned silent once the girl approached them with an older man by her side, assumingly her father, there weren’t much resemblance between father and daughter. The stocky bearded man looked nothing like the shining angel by his side. After a formal introduction it turned out they’ve just moved here from Spain, however the young lady’s accent was perfect. William could tell she was a well-educated, intelligent girl.

“May I have the privilege to have this dance with you, Lady Anne?” William Pitt asked in his best manner offering his hand to the young girl, who shyly glanced at her father who nodded without hesitation getting too lost in the political conversation with Wilberforce on his strong Spanish accent. A smirk ran across William’s face as the small hand in the silk white glove was placed onto his palm, so he could lead her along to the middle of the big hall where most of the guests were dancing under the monumental chandelier. William adjusted the white scarf around his neck tied in a bow form, feeling as if the temperature of the room has risen with a few degrees. He stood into position with Anne gently holding onto her hand and began to step out as the next music started to be played. “I’m afraid you’ll bring a war on us Miss Anne.”

“Me…?” The girls cheek went paler than it was and felt a bit hurt as well, not knowing what the gentleman meant by that, was it some mean comment about Spain?

“Yes my lady. If any British gentlemen would be honoured by your choice for a suitor, I’m sure all the men from Spain would attack our country to take you back from us…” William smiled as now the white shade completely faded away from the girl’s face and instead a deep shade of red appeared all over on it. He giggled a bit as Anne did as well and he continued dancing with her, not being shy about taking good look at her cleavage and prettily curved hip. The corset provided a breath-taking view for the young man, causing him to blush as well. “I hope you’re planning on to stay longer with your father, miss.”

“Oh…sadly no..” William was just about to bring up several reasons why she should stay in England or find time to at least meet her again before she’s leave the country but for his relief she’s continued her sentence. “…my father is going back to Spain, I’ll be staying here at my aunt and uncle. To be honest with you, Mister Pitt, I was scared how will I like England, if it’s climate is so cold and grey I was afraid men are the same as well, but I’m certainly being convinced by the opposite of it. I might just like England even more than my birth country.”

“I’m delighted to know you’re staying in our country, for once a truly beautiful and smart girl will be among us at least…however I have to break your mood, men are certainly rather dull here, except for myself and my good friend, Wilberforce, he’s already taken by a lady, so I’m afraid I have to bore you with my company.” William said using the words rights, unlike to the style he usually talked, but he wanted to give the best impression to the young girl.

“You do not bore me Mister Pitt. I have to admit, I’ve never had such a pleasant company as yourself so far in my life. I’d be glad if we could meet in the future, I know nothing of the social life of London, I’d need someone to show me everything.” She said already mesmerized by the handsome male’s good manner. Her green eyes were gazing at the other’s face, on that retroussé nose, full lips,
the upper lip with a form of a cupid bow, then on his brunette wig, wondering about the natural colour of his hair.

“I could show you the parliament, museums, a walk by the Thames, perhaps.” William said on his low voice lowering his head down enough to bewilder Anne. “When can I see you again then, Miss Anne?”

“Tomorrow, Mayfair, Balfour Place, ten in the morning…” Anne said on her tiny thin voice looking back into William's eyes, cannot really tell an ordinary colour of it as it was a mixture of blue and green, simply beautiful. William kissed the top of her hand as the music ended and escorted her back to her father, like a proper gentleman would have done so, then bowed slightly watching as they walked along to other guests as well.

“So? What’s that grin for?” Wilberforce asked from his friend.

“Nothing.” William shook his shoulder and took a glass of wine of a tray what a maid was bringing among the guests.

“Come on, I know that look.” Wilberforce rolled his eyes, taking a glass of wine as well for himself. “I’m meeting her tomorrow.” William said with a smirk on his face shooting a short look at the curvy maid licking his own full lips before he glanced back at his friend and slurped from the glass. “I have to be quick, she’s astonishing, beautiful and intelligent, If I don’t act some old man or stupid parvenus will take her from front of my nose.”

“If I’d not know you Will I’d have thought you have serious plans with her.” Wilberforce snickered and put down his empty glass on the table beside them.

“I do. I think I will ask her to marry me.” William said on a serious voice tone, which was absolutely unlike to him, the tone and what he has said as well.

“You must have drunk too many wine.” His friend chuckled ruffling his own dark curls, heading outside as the air was getting rather stiff in there.

“I did not, I will not watch her marrying anyone else but me.” William said as he left the hall with his friend, stepping out to the fresh air front of the building, him leaning against the wall.

“There are plenty other pretty women, and Will, you’re only twenty two…your lifestyle and a marriage, it wouldn’t work. I know you.”

“I can change.” William glanced over at Wilberforce and grinned. “Alright I won’t…but I can have both…and wouldn’t it be marvelous to have a beautiful wife like her? You’re right, there are other pretty women, but none of them look like her. I need her and I will get her, Wilberforce.”
Chapter 3

However William Pitt never cared about arriving in time at places, nor bothered himself when he was being late from the Parliament, but on that morning at Balfour Place he was already walking up and down the street at nine in the morning, among the prominent houses where Miss Anne was living. William was well aware of course, that he wouldn’t have to wait too long, as the young girl would be looking out the window to see whether he was already there even though there was still an hour till their meeting. William has chosen his best clothes, blue serge suit, white silk shirt, black pants and the brunette wig on him, with its pretty rolled curls on each side, with a white scarf neatly tied around his neck. He was twirling the rose’s stem between his fingers and glanced up trying to figure out on which floor was Anne living, but he didn’t need to think much as the pretty strawberry blonde girl just peeked out of the window, her pale cheek turning red as they noticed each other. William tilted his head and Anne immediately hurried inside her room to quickly get ready to go down, although her suitor was there way earlier than discussed still she behaved as if she’d be late for the date.

There was something extraordinary about the way Anne dressed, William has never seen such clothes before on any other women. He’s planned to take a visit once in Spain to witness that colourful fashion. He rested his eyes on the blue satin dress with tiny white flowers sewed on it, before he’d have greeted her properly, handling the rose to her.

“I will take you for a carriage ride on the Rotten Row, my dear.”

“Oh..what a horrible name.” Anne exclaimed lowering her arm with the flower in it.

“It used to be Route du Roi, it’s French word for the King’s Road, but by the time it transformed into Rotten Row, I assume it’s due to the lack of French knowledge among people.” He smiled a bit proudly for showing off like that with his intelligence.

Anne’s uncertain look turned into a bright smile and she slipped her hand onto William’s arm as he held it out for her. William walked along the busy roads proudly with the beautiful girl by his side. Once they arrived to the park he stepped up to the carriage with one black horse tied to it. He’s always been attracted to dark colours, mysterious appearances, so meanwhile everyone preferred beautiful white horses, he was found of the black ones. William helped Anne up on the carriage then sat down beside her, wrapping an arm around her, not caring that it wasn’t appropriate at all, as he barely just met her. He’s been looking around smiling at few ladies while Anne was amazed by the beautiful green area, the neatly cut bushes, trees, ponds with different type of birds around it, an innocent girl like her wouldn’t even suspect that her company was exchanging flirty glances with other women.

“Do you like plays, my dear?” William asked covering his mouth to yawn before he’d have looked down at Anne. She felt a bit guilty, thinking her company wasn’t exactly interesting for the man sitting beside him to make him yawn like that.

“I do…actually I’ve never seen one, my father only took me to operas…which are beautiful, the way they sing, and give their emotions into music, but I always wanted to see a play.”

“Well Miss Anne, I’m your man then. I’ll take you to the Theatre Royal, and because you’re a special beauty I’ll buy tickets for us to the box.” William grinned as Anne smiled and seemed to be overexcited.

“When you think I’m dressed elegant enough for a theatre?”

“My dear, you’re dressed like a princess.” William bent down pressing a kiss onto her hand before they’d have entered the theatre.

Anne looked around in awe, magnificence and brightness filled the huge auditorium. She walked up on the stairs, red velvet carpet all around the place. William has bought candied oranges for themselves from a girl who was holding a basket of them in her hands, he bit onto his lower lip taking a long look at the young girl’s cleavage but frowned a bit when she smiled revealing her
rotten teeth. Anne entered the box with open mouth still being under the effect of the wonderful place. She’s sat down on the velvet nicely craved armchair beside William and took a few slices from the delicious oranges. During the play William didn’t pay much attention on the actors but on his beautiful company, he fixed his eyes on those glorious locks, her cleavage, he felt he couldn’t wait months to marry her, he wanted it to happen as soon as possible, even an innocent girl like her would be startled and back off from meeting him if he’d take further intimate steps towards her. When the play was over William escorted her outside walking slowly along on Drury Lane, listening to Anne’s opinion about The School for Scandal, however their conversation was interrupted by a bunch of girls greeting them, rather just talking to William, and one of them, with long black hair stepped closer to them, and began to sing loudly in an impudent style.

“Then he drew himself to me. And I did not hold back. Three times at least he kissed me. More than once I kissed him back. For that did not bore me. Then how glad we should have been. Gad that night lasted one hundred.”

William crinkled his nose especially when a shorter brunette girl stepped out too blowing a kiss towards him.

“Won’t you come in tonight, Mr Pitt? We miss you.” He thought the best thing would be to remain calm and be polite towards the girls and towards Anne as well.

“Not tonight dears I’m afraid.” He held onto Anne’s hand and walked away a bit faster on the lane towards Anne’s home. “I’m sorry about that. I usually donate money for the poor girls, they’re all orphans, I do the same with some children hospital as well. They’re lack of manners Miss Anne, but they can’t help it, they were living out on the streets.” William said genuinely and felt proud for lying that easily moreover as Anne believed him and felt even more admiration towards him than before. He walked till the front door of the rich building of her flat and gently fondled her cheek with his thing finger looking down into her eyes. “I would lie to myself if I’d say this night wasn’t the happiest day in my life. Miss Anne, I’ve fallen in love with you. I know it’s weakness from a man to be so honest, so emotional after a short acquaintance but you’re so special Miss Anne, a diamond among ordinary pebbles.” Anne’s green eyes were gazing at William, the man who was saying sweet words to her what was hard to believe, as she’s never been complimented like that before.

“I know it’s…it’s inappropriate Mr Pitt, but I…I’ve fallen in love with you since we’ve danced. I’ve never met with a man like you.” Her eyes were shining in the moon’s light like stars on the sky. Her pulse sped up when William leaned down pressing his full lips against hers, his right palm cupping her pretty blushed cheek.

“Marry me, Anne.” William whispered against her lips stroking her pretty locks.

“I…” Anne panted when William kissed her more passionate this time their tongue meeting for a haste second. “I will, Mr Pitt…I’ll be your wife.” She whispered back on her veiled voice, smiling shyly when the male pressed a kiss onto her hand and bowed before he’d have taken a few steps back.

“I’ll see you tomorrow morning, my darling.” William grinned as she was leaned against the marble pillar of the porch holding her eyes on him till he turned on the next corner, heading back to Drury Lane.
“Why don’t you give that ring to me, Will?” Kitty sighed as she left the jewelry store by William Pitt’s side.

“You? I’ll be a minister one day Kitty, I cannot marry a prostitute, what about my good reputation?” William slipped the small black box into his blue suit’s pocket rubbing his eyes a bit as he’s spent his whole night in the company of Kitty at Drury Lane’s brothel.

“You won’t forget about us, right Will? Me, Sarah, Emily and the little Hannah, we’d all miss you.” Kitty pressed a kiss onto Will’s cheek who frowned a bit wiping his face off with a delicate handkerchief then rolled his eyes at her.

“I’ll remain a frequent guest at your house, my love. Stupid of you to think such thing.” He huffed and slapped her bum before she’d have entered the brothel. William walked over to the glass checking himself and used some cologne on himself to get rid of the alcohol and female perfume’s scent on him.

The hangover didn’t make his mood the best, but he was still happy about the thought to engage Anne, she was beautiful, young and he truly felt something special and unique about her, maybe he wasn’t in love, but it was something really close to that. He was young as well and didn’t feel shame at all for his constant visits at the brothel or the pubs. He’s played the role of a perfect gentleman front of Anne however he was no more than an alcoholic womanizer.

It didn’t take much effort to convince Anne’s relatives to agree on the wedding, as William’s immaculate manner convinced them just like it convinced Anne from the very beginning. William’s stubbornness and willingness resulted in a wedding what was held on the next weekend. Everyone had smiles on their faces except for Wilberforce. He’s been standing beside William at the altar as Anne was stepping up among the rows towards them, in her beautiful white wedding dress, she looked gorgeous like some royal duchess.

“This is not right, William.” Wilberforce whispered to his friend’s ear.

“I love her, and she loves me too, what’s so wrong about this?” He smirked watching how the eighteen year old beauty was approaching them slowly for the organ’s rhythm.

“She won’t be happy, William.” Wilberforce said concerned and worried for the young girl.

“Look at her, she doesn’t seem to be unhappy.” William smiled content and held onto Anne’s hand, kissing her deeply once the ceremony ended and he lead her out of the church not being found of it at all, however it was a beautiful institution according to mostly everyone, he despised to enter it.

After the feast and celebration William entered his house with Anne in his arms, trying his best not to fall as he has been drunk enough, but eventually managed to place her down on the bed.

“I love you William.” Anne slipped her soft palm onto his cheek not getting any romantic answers.

“Take your clothes off, I’m too drunk to undress you.” William leaned down onto his back undoing his pants while he held his eyes on Anne who shyly took her wedding dress off, then the big hoop skirt, the tight corset, she turned away when she was absolutely without any clothes being scared of the whole situation. “Come here, Anne. Don’t be shy.” William smiled at her, him having still all of his clothes on him except that his pants and underwear was pushed down till his knees. He held onto her hand placing it on his manhood, kissing Anne immediately as he’s seen the slight shock on her face, and shushed her soothingly. “It’s alright, just stroke it nicely, that’s it.” He grinned and ran his eyes on her naked body. “You’re beautiful…my angel.” He smiled leaned in to spread kisses on her breasts, smiling as she had quite a lot moles on her skin just like he had. William pushed her hand away as he slowly got on top of her, spreading her legs with his hands. “There’s no need to be that scared, you want babies, right Anne? You want to be a good wife, right?” William rubbed his erection against her untouched area, gently placed his hand over her mouth as he thrust his erection inside her, Anne’s screaming still being audible however he covered her mouth. “It’s alright.” William groaned enjoying the tight and warm feeling, then soon pulled his hand away feeling how
the tears began to roll down on Anne’s cheek. She whimpered quietly as he began to thrust in and out of her, she wrapped her arms around him shyly as William sped up his humping, kissing her neck and lips to soothe her, as he raced towards his orgasm, in few more minutes coming inside Anne.

“It’ll feel better the next time…I promise.” He whispered on his shaky voice pressing kisses and feeling the salty tears on his tongue before he fell asleep on top of Anne’s nude body.

“Good morning William.” Anne whispered fondling the male’s pretty ginger curls, as his wig was somewhere on the floor. She’s found him the most handsome man she’s ever met, no matter how their first night has felt. She smiled lovingly at her young husband who stretched on the bed then glanced over at Anne.

“I’m sorry if I was rough last night.” He said, clearing his throat then sighed a bit sitting up on his bed and scratched his head a bit. “I’ll make it up to you with a nice breakfast. I’ll employ a maid my darling, I just didn’t have the time to pick the right applicant yet.” He pressed a kiss onto Anne’s hand before he pulled up his pants and got out of the bed.

Anne smiled brightly at her husband as she’s left the room, holding the white sheet shyly around her as she was still naked, however when William has left the bedroom she pulled on her white nightwear and pulled the heavy velvet red curtains apart, her eyes widening as she looked around in the lovely room, books all around on the shelves, on the rolltop desk as well, she felt a bit uncomfortable as she’s only been reading love poems and never big books, novels like what her husband owned. She hurried back to bed when William arrived with a big tray, it wasn’t great breakfast but Anne was so in love if William would have brought in a single rotten egg her smile wouldn’t disappear even then. She bit onto the bread roll and the ham slices watching how William quickly finished with it and began to change, making Anne to blush as she glanced over at his pretty slim body without any clothes on him.

“Are you going somewhere?” Anne asked a bit sadly however smiled when William kissed her on the forehead.

“I have to my dear, to the Parliament, then I’m meeting the Covent Garden Nuns, I’ll donate some money to them. But don’t worry I will try to hurry back to you.”

“You’re so good, helping others, I think I’m the luckiest woman to be your husband.” She snuggled to him as he’s kissed her for longer minutes then put on his white wig with a blue ribbon tied in a bow at the back of it.

“How do I look?”

“Oh, perfect, William, you look perfect.” Anne said on her thin voice and watched as her husband has left their new home.

Soon after she’s unpacked her luggage and pulled on a simple dress exploring the other rooms, the big bathroom with a bathtub in it, where she already turned on the tap wanting to take a bath soon. She walked out along a shorter corridor, finding herself in a salon with renaissance paintings on the walls, she walked over to the black piano, running her fingers on the surface of it, then walked out to the kitchen, through it to the dining hall, then back again to the salon over to a guest room. Anne walked back to the bathroom taking a bath before she’d have explored the big garden they had, she’s felt happy, however already missed her husband.

“William…this is just not right.” Wilberforce said as he sipped on his beer and glanced at William who was doing the same with his port wine, having a pudgy woman in his lap.

“What? You used to love coming to pubs and brothels with me.”

“You’re married, William…what would Anne think?”

William shrugged and pressed kisses onto the big breasts, slipping his left hand under the woman’s skirt.

“Suddenly how prude you’ve became Wilberforce. You can’t take life so seriously.”

Wilberforce got up from the table and left few coins for his drink on the wooden table. “I am not but what you’re doing is far from what people would want from a minister.”

William huffed as his friend left the pub and he pulled his hand out of the prostitute’s skirt. “I’ve lost
my mood, get off me.” He said harshly leaving some money on the table as well before he’s left the place and caught up to Wilberforce. “I still stand up for my beliefs, I still support your ideas, my friend. We will abolish slavery, we will stop hunger, together…you and me…come on, you know me…I’m not a bad man…I like wine and women with maybe a bit too big appetite but what man doesn’t?”

Wilberforce sighed but eventually hugged his friend and walked along the lane with him towards William’s house, only staying as a guest for a tea, before he’s left leaving the freshly married couple on their own.
“I missed you William.” Anne wrapped one of her leg around William’s naked body and shivered when his soft palm was stroked along her bum.

“I did too, but I have to work, I want to be a minister, my dear, so we can live in a bigger flat, a bigger garden, so I could buy more clothes and jewelleries for you, wouldn’t you like that?”

Anne nodded shyly and snuggled closer to William still feeling rather timid to be without her clothes front of a man, even so if he was her husband. William reached over pulling out the hairpin of her hair letting the gorgeous blonde locks drop down onto her pale shoulder. He gently pulled her on top of him, thrusting his member inside her hole. He reached out fondling her lovely breasts as Anne moaned from the strange and new feeling, unlike to her first time she was feeling a slight pain only but the rest of it was some sort of tingle in the bottom of her belly and something pleasant between her legs. She held onto her husband’s shoulder’s bouncing on top of him slowly then faster as she felt the feeling building up, getting more intense, soon she moaned louder, her whole body trembling into the wonderful feeling. She hissed a bit when William pushed her under himself with a quick movement and with a few more thrusts he’s reached his orgasm as well, then cuddled up to her pressing kisses onto her shoulder.

“It was …William it was something heavenly.” Anne whispered as she fondled his short locks looking a bit worried as she felt a few wounds along his head her worry probably visible on her cheek as William pulled back a bit and pressed a kiss onto her temple.

“The curse of these wigs, it just gets too warm and sweaty under it time to time.” William reached over on the bedside table for the metal sharp comb holding it up for Anne.

“Oh…it must hurt, it’s a silly custom.”

“It is….but every other men wears it.” William pulled Anne closer to him once he’s put the comb down and stroked her cheek. “I’ll chose the right maid tomorrow, so you won’t have to bother yourself, with cooking, going to the market and so on.” He pressed a kiss onto her hand, Anne nodding, she was in a mood that she’d have said yes to anything William has said to her.

On the next day around noon William escorted the chosen maid to the garden when his wife was reading a novel about Henry VIII. Anne stood up from the wooden armchair smiling at the girl who was around her age, maybe a few years older, she made a courtesy front of her, adjusting the red locks into her white head scarf.

“She’s Madelein, she’s German but speaks our language perfectly.” William said smiling over at his wife.

“Miss Anne.” Madelein bowed again, then left the garden with William who told her where to find the room, told her about the duties she’d be needing to do, she had several bruises on her neck. William has found her on the streets selling plums, she didn’t have a home, and never has been a maid, but her curls with the colour of burning fire caught his eyes on her. Once he’s shown her the guest room he walked back to Anne and hugged her from behind pressing kisses onto her lips.

“She’ll be perfect, don’t you think?”

“Yes, she looks nice.”

“Oh not just nice, rather pretty too.” Anne bit onto her lower lip looking back bit hurt at William who grinned and kissed her on the lips.

“No one is as pretty as you my love…but I can’t just say she’s ugly…I’m an honest man, I’d never lie.” Anne smiled and pulled him down for a longing kiss.

William couldn’t hold himself back for more than a few days, he’s been continuously looking at Madelein, following her with his eyes everytime she’s served the meals, she’s came to the same room to tidy where he was. His naive wife hasn’t noticed anything about, even if it was so obvious to all of
their guests, Wilberforce, Steele. On a Sunday morning William woke up early glancing out the window to see their young maid hanging up the clothes in their garden. He smirked looking down at his sleeping wife. He pressed a haste kiss onto Anne’s slightly open lips before he got up quickly changing into white shirt and blue pants, he pulled on his shoes on his way down the stairs in a hurry, almost falling over but he managed to hold his balance in the last second, rushing out to the garden. He stepped along the rows where the big bed sheets were hanged up hearing the footsteps of the young maid, his pulse was getting faster as he was getting closer and closer. He stopped at the end of a row seeing how Madelein was hanging up a white shirt of his, while he rested his eyes on her uncovered shoulder, he tilted his head a bit as she bent down without a corset her flax green clothing didn’t cover much of her chest in a position like that. William walked up closer smiling when she stood up straight bowing front of him.

“I’m sorry if I’ve startled you.” William adjusted his own wig reaching out for Madelein’s hand, it was unlike to Anne’s, it had a rough touch, and was red, the skin cracked on the fingers. “You have beautiful hair Madelein, like the fire. I don’t mind burning myself.” He smirked running his fingers along her red locks making the girl to look away down at the grassy ground.

“I should hang up the clothes sir.” She whispered on her veiled voice, however it was rather low, unlike to Anne’s very thin one.

William leaned down to press kisses onto her shoulder, then her neck, grabbing onto her waist to pull her closer as she clearly wanted to back off. He slipped his left hand onto one of her breast rubbing it while he began to undo the buttons on his pants.

“No. Please sir, please don’t.” She gasped and slapped him up, it required great braveness, such action could have the worst consequences but she wanted to protect herself, no matter on what cost.

“What were you doing with our maid, William?” Anne asked as they were now in the salon and she had eyes really close to crying, William could tell she’s saw him kissing Madelein.

“She’s tried to seduce me Anne. She’s in clothes whores wear. I was just about to push her away when you came, you can’t believe I was the one who tried to seduce her. You don’t think that, right Anne?” William said walking closer to his wife gently fondling her cheek then leaned in kissing her softly for a long time till she calmed down. “I’ll talk to her Anne, she means nothing to me. She’s only a maid.” He whispered and rubbed his nose against Anne’s.

William chewed into his apple walking faster as he was following Madelein in the market, it stink from fish, rat dirt, sewage and viscera, apart from the higher classes everyone was used to smells like that. He’s thrown the apple on the muddy ground, few rats immediately gathering around it as he’s seen Madelein turning onto an alley. He grabbed onto her arm firmly once he approached her in the dark alley, the wooden basket falling onto the ground from her hand.

“You won’t get away this time.” William smirked covering her mouth and he kissed her neck and the revealed part of her breast. “We could have done it, nicely, in that idyllic garden, is this better for you, doing it in a dark alley like this?” He tore her dress apart lowering his head to kiss her round breast. He pulled his hand away cautiously as she began to talk.

“Please sir. I’ll leave my bedroom’s door open for tonight.”

“How wait till night? If I can have right now, right here?” William panted looking at her trembling lips, then he reached down pulling her tore dress back as it was and let go of her.

“If it’s some sort of trick…”

“No sir, it isn’t.” William sighed and adjusted his pants picking up the basket for Madelein then after handling it to her he’s left the alley heading over to the Parliament.
William sat down beside Wilberforce not being in the best mood and the session at the Parliament didn’t make it any better. Not caring about the customs he got up and interrupted the idiot who’s been talking in favour of the slavery.

“I doubt if you’d be pleased sir, to have chains around your neck, to be treated like some filthy animal, but my example is wrong because I would not treat even an animal like these poor people are treated. Just because they’re unlike you or me it doesn’t give any privilege to us to treat them cruelly, no man has the right to treat others like that. I think I’d be sent to prison if I’d hold you tied out sir and would whip you and hold you on chains, then what’s the difference between you and a man who’s caught to be a slave when he’s done nothing?!” William sat down ignoring the growing yelling and insults, but he smiled as Wilberforce squeezed his shoulder and appreciatively looked at him. He knew it’ll take many more years to abolish slavery but he had to fight for it. William reached over his metal comb harshly scratching the surface of his head while he listened to the others in an annoyed mood.
William sat down at his rolltop desk putting cologne on himself. He picked up a mirror smirking chuffed in it as he was aware how handsome he was indeed with not a tiny bit of exaggeration at all. He grimaced a bit as he saw some red spots along the back of his neck, he put the mirror down using his comb on his short sparse ginger hair before he put some powder on his freckled cheek. He got up from the desk when Anne entered the room from the bathroom getting into bed.

“I can’t sleep, I’ll go down to read in the salon a bit.” He walked over to Anne kissing her sweet lips and inhaled in her fresh and clean scent, unlike to his musky one, he’s not taken many visits to their bathroom, but wasn’t a common thing to bath daily among lot of men. He walked down the stairs in a hurry till the guest room where he entered without a knocking, he took of his nightshirt immediately when he saw their maid laying naked on the bed. He locked the door before he got to the bed and crawled on top of the young girl, he ran his fingers along her curvy beautiful body, staring at it in amazement by the candle light then spent the night with her, not caring whether Madelein enjoyed it or not. She didn’t want to lose her job, she didn’t want to get back on the streets where any drunk men could take advantage of her, she rather bared to be taken advantage of only one man but in return have a warm bedroom, food and salary as well.

“Don’t tell Anne or anyone else about it.” William whispered as he pressed few kisses onto her neck where the several bruises were from previous attacks she had on the streets. She shook her head and watched as William has left the room. Madelein felt guilty but as the days were going by she was becoming more and more found of William, his looks and charm was something mesmerizing and hard to describe.

“Lice, sir…use this tincture, it includes vinegar and several other herbals, rub in onto your hair and pubic area, leave it on for about twenty minutes then wash it out.” William took the phial out of the doctor’s hand then put his wig back onto his head which was covered with several wounds. “I’d advise buying new wigs sir, the lice probably laid eggs there too.

William huffed a bit then left the room going out onto the streets where he bumped into Wilberforce, and invited him for a few drinks at their favourite pub. They were talking mostly about politics, ideas and philosophy. William walked back home rather drunk being let in by Madelein who helped him up on the stairs, opening the door to the bedroom where Anne walked up to them not being able to sleep without her husband. Madelein gently helped him to lean on Anne but he grabbed onto her kissing her neck wrapped his arm around her.

“He….he is really drunk Miss, probably mistaken me for you.” Madelein said walking over to the bed to help place William down on there.

“Madelein, don’t go yet.” William said meanwhile he hiccuped, Anne looked back hurt at William, since she’s seen them in the garden she was becoming suspicous and Wilberforce was talking in riddles when Anne asked him about such things. She held onto Madelein’s hand and walked out to the corridor with her.

“Did he touch you?”

“I…no he didn’t Miss.” Madelein whispered looking down at the ground but Anne grabbed lightly onto her chin.

“Tell me the truth…” Anne sighed as she remained silent. “What’s…what’s the Covent Garden Nuns? I do not know of any nunnery around that area.”

“That’s a famous brothel, Miss.” Anne let go off her chin and told her to leave, she stormed back inside the bedroom looking over at William who was on the bed.

“Donating money to hospitals? To nuns? To the Covent Garden Nuns, William?!” Anne looked down at William as the tears were running down on her cheek. “You’ve been with Madelein too. I’ve seen you in the garden kissing her…why are you doing this William?!”

She left the room seeing William wasn’t at all able to talk or to argue with him. She spent the night in
the salon, mostly crying throughout the whole night, then she’s fallen asleep on the long sofa only waking up in the morning for a few kisses pressed onto her cheek.

“I’m sorry about last night, I’ve drunk a bit too much, but there are lots of problems in the Parliament.”

“Problems with the nuns as well?! Or should I call them what they actually are? Whores?”

“Anne… I love you, you know that. It’s hard to control my hormones, I’m too young, but by time I’ll get bored of it all, but those faceless women mean nothing to me, only you matter to me.”

“You’re cheating on me… how can you do this William?” Anne began to cry again and protested when William pulled her tight to himself for a while then eventually she has calmed down. She loved him, deeply, but she couldn’t forgive herself for being such a fool and not noticing what was going on around her, almost in front of her eyes. William played with her ringlet curls and pressed few kisses on it before he rested his forehead on hers.

“I will never leave you Anne, I will be with you forever… I made a vow that I’ll be beside you in good and bad, will you do the same for me Anne? Will you?” He softly wiped the tears away from her round cheek and kissed her eyelids carefully.

“I will always love you William.” She whispered snuggling to him and wrapped her arms tightly around him.

In the following days Anne’s pregnancy became certain, what made her forget about the sad days she had and the fact how unfaithful her husband was. She fondled her belly feeling already the forming bond between her and the baby. As the months were passing by her starting good mood was fading away from the constant drunkenness of her husband and the lifestyle he’s been leading. She didn’t have to spy on him at all, the debauchery lifestyle was public for anyone who was reading The Morning Herald in satirical verses.

Despite of what has happened between the maid and William, Anne only had her company, so she tried not to think about such and tried to form a friendship with her.

“Do you know of any good perfume stores, Madelein?”

“I do Miss, it’s nearby the market.” Madelein said as she was swiping the floor having bigger sized clothes on her to hide her bumped belly.

“Would you accompany me?” Anne asked as she pulled on her blue cloak and smiled down at the red-haired girl.

“Yes, Miss.”

Once they were on the market Anne covered her nose with a silk handkerchief not being used to the horrible smells but kept walking on till they arrived to the small perfume store. Anne has bought herself with a few phials of the newest perfumes and slipped them into her small purse. She sighed knowing where she wanted to go next, she walked along to Drury Lane with Madelein silently stepping by her side. She stopped at a certain point close enough to see but far enough to not be seen by anyone in the brothel. Anne’s been standing there for hours when she spotted William walking down with a young girl kissing her neck and lips, however when William walked out of the brothel and their eyes met something has changed in Anne, she did not stop loving William but something has died out in her, and the shining brightness from her eyes faded away.
“..We cannot do so many things just because of some old laws and customs, what certain men have thought to be right, decades ago. We have to change things in order to move forward to development…”

William and Wilberforce clapped loudly looking up towards the young and new member of the Parliament. William has never seen him before, but his boldness and ideas was clearly something what was for his liking.

“..For example, why do we still have to wear these ridiculous wigs, would the world’s end come if I’d perhaps dare to take it off?” William chuckled as the young male took of his wig and clapped again with laughter with the other members of their party. He smiled over at the male, looking at his long reddish ash brown curls what was hidden under the white wig of his. However he looked a bit more serious when the young male looked right down at him with a sort of smile, William was usually looking at women he fancied.

After the session has ended he left the institution bumping into the new member of the Parliament who was leaned against a pillar, without his wig of course as he didn’t put it back on him.

“Do you know of any good pubs nearby?” William tilted an eyebrow by the manner of the other male, he was few year older than William, no more than twenty four he assumed.

“Yes, we’re actually on our way to a club, it’s only for the members of the Parliament. May I know your name?” William stopped with Wilberforce on the stair watching how the blue eyed male approached to them lazily.

“Sydney Carton.” He said holding his hand out towards William who’s shook it before Wilberforce would have done it and introduced themselves.

“What you’ve done back there, that was really brave and I’m not alone to say we’re glad to have you in our party.” William said as they walked down the stairs.

“Well, someone has to tell them.” Carton said on a slightly bored voice tone looking down at the two shorter men, he had constant phlegm on his face, and that made William to like him even more.

“You’re right, we can’t be silenced, it’s the end of the eighteenth century, we need to do something because others won’t.” Wilberforce said excitedly not noticing the dullness on their new acquaintance’s face as they made their way inside the nearby club.

William lead the way to a table where he sat down getting brandy into his glass just like Wilberforce but Sydney took the whole bottle of the tray and began to pour for himself, consuming it in a rather fast rhythm.

“I see you like to drink just like I do.” William grinned and looked over at Sydney who managed to get himself drunk within minutes, no wonder by the amount of drink he’s swallowed.

“I’d have great ideas, but I’ve been born to the wrong century.” Sydney said as he’s finished with the bottle of brandy.

“Maybe it’s hard to make changes but it’s not such a bad century, it has its positive sides.” William said with a grin and he watched amused the style of Sydney, the way he’s been talking drunk like that.

“Oh don’t say it’s marriage, the only good thing to have my daily dosage of alcohol.”

“You’re talking to the wrong century, Mr Carton.”

“There are things what’s better to be unspoken… And so, when a person meets the half that is his very own, whatever his orientation, whether it’s to young men or not, then something wonderful happens: the two are struck from their senses by love, by a sense of belonging to one another, and by desire, and they don’t want to be separated from one another, not even for a moment.” Sydney glanced up from his glass seeing how William got up from the table with Wilberforce and left the club without saying anything to him.

William was sitting in the Parliamentary Library crinkling his nose when the tall male entered
walking right over to his table and placed his palms onto the table leaning against it.
“You’ve left me quite rudely at the club.”
“Oh the reason didn’t cross your mind then?” William tilted one of his thick eyebrow and kept his voice down not wanting to be heard by others.
“Enlighten me.” Carton said with an innocent look and sat down front of William by the table, crossing his legs.
“Quoting Platon’s Symposium wasn’t the wisest thing.”
“William, don’t tell me you’re that narrow minded, just like most of them in the Parliament.” Sydney said with an annoyed look.
“I’m not.” William said quietly then got up from the table Sydney following his example. “Meet me tonight at Whitechapel’s market, after sunset.” He whispered then left the library, glancing once more back at the bit strange young man.

“If I’d be a suspicious type I’d have thought you wanted to meet here to cut my throat.” Sydney said on his pleasant voice tone the warm breath of his being visible in the cool air.
“I simply like this area, I wouldn’t bump into any posh members of the Parliament here, the stink, the rotten people scare them away from here.” William said buttoning in his blue coat’s button.
“I wonder what sort of secrets you’re hiding what requires you to be in a place like this.” Carton answered as they began to walk clearly hearing the rats around the now mostly empty square where the busy market was during daytime, eating up the leftover crumbs of any kind of food. William lead the way walking into the dark alley where he tried to be with Madelein.
“I could tell the same, Mr Carton.” William said as he leaned against the stone wall, holding his greenish blue eyes on the taller male.
“Call me Sydney…I thought you’re smart and corrupted enough to find it out for yourself.” Carton said as he leaned against the other side of the wall.
“You know you can be hanged for that.” William said only suspecting what the other was hinting.
“Don’t the forbidden things in life provide the remedy for boredom?” Sydney asked taking a step closer to William.
“You’re right, but there are certain limits….”
“Who has the rights to tell where a limit is? When we could make our own limits, to do whatever we want.”
“You’re dragging me into trouble.” William said as he gulped and looked up into the beautiful sort of almond shaped blue eyes.
“You could have just not talked to me back at the library…or I can leave now if you want me to.” Sydney was about to step out of the alley but William grabbed onto his coat’s collar.
“I don’t want you to leave, I just said you’re dragging me into trouble. I don’t want to live by rules and limits what some old idiots has set up.” William looked up at the handsome male then looked up when a girl screamed up nearby and he looked back at Sydney. “But not here, let’s drink something and we’ll discuss.” William looked up as he heard the screaming again, the girl must have been very young, but as he didn’t have any knife with him and knew about some tricks what robbers did, making their daughter to scream so they could attack the ones who’d run there to help the girl, decided to walk away with Sydney to the pub, where he didn’t discuss anything important with him only got themselves completely drunk.

They got inside a carriage and first stopped by at William’s house where Anne ran out once the carriage stopped, being worried as it was dawn and William didn’t come home the whole day.
“There’s no need for…any panic Mrs Pitt.” Sydney mumbled and grinned as William got off the carriage leaning completely onto Anne as he wasn’t able to stand on his feet, shortly Madelein hurrying out as well to help.
“Night Sydney…” William stuttered with closed down eyes as he was pulled inside the house by the two female as the carriage disappeared soon from the view.
Chapter 8

William chuckled as he was running along the vast garden with his best friend, however it was autumn they were running on the grass barefoot in no more than a shirt and shorter pants. Wilberforce was doing his best to catch up but William’s long slim legs were making running easier for him. Nearby Carton was walking slowly on a narrow path in the smaller forest hearing the two men laughter and panting as they were racing. As he made his way out of the woods, he pushed a branch out of the way seeing as William and Wilberforce was running fast, Will jumping over a few steps of stairs which lead over to Wilberforce’s property, meanwhile his friend used them, after all stopping and tried to catch his breath.

“Not fair! Not fair.”

“What do you mean not fair?” William giggled, his sweet smile making him look no more than sixteen.

“You’ll be prime minister. It is my ministerial duty to let you win.”

Sydney smiled and began to walk up over to them where the two male was breathing heavily sitting down on the stair’s stone handrail.

“Oh Sydney, hello. Do you think Wilber only let me win because of his own safety in case I’ll become prime minister?” He still smiled widely making Sydney to blush slightly, it would have been hard to not react to that pretty smile.

“I think even I’d fail to run faster than William. I think he’s that determined in running like he is in many other things, like politics.”

“I would not mind a race with you too Sydney.” William said ruffling his ginger short curls as he got up from the handrail.

“I’m not dressed like that.” He answered taking a better look at the panting male then his long feet and slim toes back again at his eyes.

“You could come inside for a little refreshment.” Wilberforce said as he held onto his side having slight pains from the lot of running.

“I was hoping to steal William for a few hours, we have a conversation what we haven’t finished.” Sydney smiled as William nodded and soon they said goodbye right after William has changed his clothes, to Wilberforce making their way to a busy not the richest area of London.

“I thought you could afford a better place than this.” William said as he looked around in the poor, dusty room.

“I could but I spend too much money on wines, brandies.” Sydney commented and lit the small fireplace to make the room a bit more bearable.

William took off his brunette wig then glanced over at Sydney who sat down at the edge of the simple bed, nothing like William’s four poster grand bed. William walked over to him sitting down beside him, he closed his eyes down as Sydney leaned in pressing his thin lips against the other’s neck and slipped his palm along his chest higher along his neck to his cheek. William panted from the new feeling how a man’s lips felt on his skin, a completely different feeling from what he’s experienced with dozens of women before. His whole body shivered when Sydney pushed his hand under his pants and began to rub his soft member. He leaned back on the bed letting the other to undress him completely, he didn’t know whether he felt attracted to Carton, as he’s never done things like this before with any other men, but he wasn’t blind and found him really handsome, moreover his cheekiness was mostly charming about him. He opened his eyes to see the handsome male completely nude as well, he bit onto his lower lip when Sydney touched his half hardness again.

“Does it hurt?” Sydney asked a little concerned and kissed all the moles on William’s thin neck.

“No…it feels really good.” He said on his shaky voice looking up at Sydney who was looking down at his abdomen.
“It’s just rather sore…hmm you probably use it a lot.” Sydney snickered and pressed his thin lips onto William’s cupid bow formed lips then pressed a peck onto his prominent retroussé nose, crawling on top of William, who gasped when their penises were rubbed together making him to moan. While Sydney was preparing him properly with his mouth and fingers William was feeling so content and satisfied, he couldn’t believe it but so far none of his sexual intercourse provided him such pleasures. He wrapped his arms around Sydney’s slim shape and looked into his pretty eyes groaning as the other male thrust his hardness inside him. William moaned under the weight of Sydney as he thrust in deeply feeling pains in the beginning but soon they turned into heavenly joys. He felt complete in the male’s arms, he couldn’t believe why it didn’t cross his mind earlier, all his life seemed a waste to him so far, nothing provided him joy like this man was giving him in that bed.

William was lying moveless beside Sydney who fondled his belly and naval tenderly with his soft fingers. After a while William turned his head aside facing the other male and kissed him gently before he’d have said anything.

“I’ve never been so happy ever in my life before, Sydney…what is it that’s so special about you to me?”

“I don’t know…you’ll find it out by time.” He leaned in returning the kiss before he pulled the blanket on them. “You’re beautiful William.”

“So are you…but I’ve had so many beautiful women in my bed…still I have no idea what you’ve done to me…it’s hard to explain.” He whispered and kissed him again wrapping one of his arms around him to rest like that for another few more hours.

Late in the afternoon William entered his house with Sydney introducing him to his wife.

“You’re really lucky Mrs Pitt…if I’d be a woman I’d even say I’m jealous, having a husband like William.” Sydney smirked and rested his hand on William’s shoulder then glanced at Anne’s big belly then back at her face. She was really young, still her look and the ash grey skin tone of her made her look way older.

“At the moment we’re in lack of a maid, she’s became pregnant and well had to leave the house, some butcher boy knocked her up.” William shrugged not caring how Anne was well aware that he made her pregnant. “So you could stay in the guest room. You’d not mind my love if Sydney would stay, right? We have lot of work to do. Political business.” William pressed a peck onto Anne’s forehead then lead Sydney to the guest room without waiting for Anne’s answer.

“She’s beautiful.” Sydney said with a slight pout after William has shut the door after them and blushed a bit as William began to kiss his neck and Adam’s apple.

“Not as beautiful as you are, she’s getting older, but your skin and your eyes, so young and gorgeous.” William mumbled as he continued kissing his neck eventually kneeling down to pleasure Sydney with his mouth before they entered the dining hall where the dinner was served by Anne.

“How is it working with my husband? Wilberforce always speak in riddles about him.” Anne said as she cut the duck breast into smaller pieces taking one into her mouth, stick onto her fork.

“Exceptional, would be the right word.” Sydney smirked and looked over at Anne. “He knows how to use his tongue.” He glanced aside at William who snickered then back at Anne. “I mean he has great talent to speeches.”

Anne looked over at us, there wasn’t any emotion on her face, she was weak, hardly ate anything even though she’d needed to due to her baby, but she has lost her appetite months ago. After they finished their dinner William went up to the bedroom with Anne hugging to himself.

“I’ll change Anne. I swear I won’t go anymore to other women…I think Sydney’s enlightened way of thinking opened up my eyes…I won’t need anyone else but you and his friendship.” He whispered fondling the young woman’s bumped belly and crouched down pressing a peck on it.

“We’ll have a strong baby, and I don’t mind whether it’ll be a boy or a girl.” William cupped her cheek and pressed a peck onto her lips. “I have to work now, don’t wait up my dear.” He smiled once more at Anne before he left the room and walked down to the guest room where Sydney was
waiting for him in bed.
Chapter 9

The two young men sat side by side at the park, talking intimately one of them were Sydney who pressed few kisses along the younger man’s neck, not caring that it was daylight and they could be seen by anyone. However Sydney only stopped when William strutted up towards them. “What on Earth are you doing?! Are you out of your mind?” William asked as he grabbed onto Sydney’s arm and pulled him up from the bench leaving the younger male behind who was clearly below their class.

“What about men who publicly make debaucheries on the streets, in parks, what’s different about what I’m doing?” Sydney asked knowing William wasn’t talking out of jealousy, they visited a secret well-hidden club even together where they had fun with the male prostitutes. He knew this was about how the world didn’t accept his kind.

“The difference is that they’re doing it with women, if you’d be seen that’d be the end of it, they’d not waste time to send you to jail, they’d either lock you up at a mental hospital or would sentence you to be hanged.” William said as he looked worriedly at the other who didn’t seem to be bothered at all about the danger his actions could result in.

“I’d rather be hanged than to lead a fearful secretive life about something natural as love and lust. I don’t give a toss about those who thinks what I’m doing is unholy and disgusting. I’d invite them to the Raven Liquor club and would see if they still think it’s such a horrible thing to do.” Sydney whispered into William’s ear as he wrapped an arm around him walking along Whitechapel till they reached the familiar house in the alley entering after William looked around. They were warmly welcomed by the elder woman, a young little boy escorted them along the hallway inside the second bigger hall rather crowded with guests, after William handling few coins, the boy left closing the door after them. “Tell me now this isn’t heaven.” Sydney commented while he took his coat off his pulse going higher as one older, muscular male stepped up to him and kissed him on the lips. William held his eyes on them for a while before his attention was dragged onto a thin boy who had only a transparent white robe on him with the most feminine look.

“What’s your name?” William asked as he bowed down pressing a gentle kiss onto his hand.

“That’s Charlotte, he’s come from Paris a month ago but he’s already the biggest whore, sucking off at least twenty men daily.” Thomas yelled over at them who was slurping a bottle of wine half naked.

“Is that so?” William grinned running his hand along his delicate skin on his cheek before he carefully lead her towards one empty velvet sofa in the corner of the big hall ordering drinks for themselves, pulling the feminine boy into his lap. “You’re beautiful.”

“Merci.” Charlotte whispered clearly knew what the other said but preferred speaking on French, knowing for some reason it made most of her customers even hornier than they already were. Once the waitress arrived with the bottle of brandy, William gulped down a lot from it handling it to Charlotte and snickered how he easily drank almost like half of the bottle, William finishing It before he put the empty bottle down onto the floor.

“May I see what’s under that robe?” He tilted an eyebrow, watching how Charlotte slowly got rid of his white robe and he bit onto his lower lip from what he saw, he immediately began to undo his pants’ buttons, watching as Charlotte got onto his knees without him even needing to ask. He closed his eyes down tight hissing a bit as lately his member was overly sensitive but soon he moaned as Charlotte moved his tongue just the perfect way, he dig his fingers over his brunette curls sucking the
air in then soon he pulled him up, pushing him onto the sofa, while he positioned himself and thrust himself inside that delicate bum. He looked around drunkenly smiling as his eyes were locked on Sydney, and all the other male guest, looking back down at Charlotte. “Touch yourself.” He whispered into the young male’s ear staring down how he was rubbing his own cock while he kept thrusting deep inside him.

Usually on the nights at the Raven Liquor William knocked himself out well enough to spend the whole night there and only wake up on the next day around noon. He kept visiting the place alone, with his friend Tom Steele but mostly in the company of Sydney, after months the day has come for Anne going into labour, as a miracle William was sober on that day and wasn’t somewhere else but home. He waited outside with William till it was over, hearing Anne’s screams made him feel guilty, for not just this pain but all the pain he’s caused to him, however he soon forgot about them once he’s entered the room seeing the small girl in Anne’s arms, however the smile faded away from his cheek once he’s seen the baby was moveless, didn’t breathe and the doctor as well was looking down at the ground sadly. William couldn’t bear to stay in the room and the view of the dead daughter of his. Instead of him Sydney entered the room trying to comfort Anne who wasn’t crying only stared numbly front of herself.

Two weeks passed when Anne eventually talked calling Sydney to herself. “It has to be stopped… the newspapers are full of caricatures about William, not just his alcoholic debauchery, he’s known as the three-bottle man. But also this..” Anne handled the newspaper to Sydney which had a caricature of her husband with Thomas Steele, also the paragraph where her husband was compared to George Villiers who was claimed by a lot of people that he used to be James I’s lover.

“Anne, these are only attempts to ruin his reputation…”

“Spare me from the acting Sydney…I know very well about his visits at the Raven Liquor…but this has to come to an end, he wants to be prime minister.”

Sydney sighed as he read the paragraph sighing before he calmed Anne down and left the room finding William at one of the pubs with Wilberforce. “May I speak to you, privately.”

“What is it?” William asked as he saw Sydney seemed rather serious which was unlike to himself.

“I can’t stay Will, I think I even love you but I can’t. I’m standing in your way, in your goals. You’d be a great politician, I’ve heard you at the parliament many times and that’s what you need to concentrate on..I think I’m only distracting you.”

“No..it isn’t true! You were the one who enlightened me about who I really am, it’s the two of us who’ll make changes.”

“No, it’s not. You and Wilberforce will make changes, I’ll leave to France this afternoon, and there’s nothing you can do to hold me back.” Sydney stopped talking as William grabbed onto his hand pulling him along to a rather deserted alley where only some beggars were. He kissed Sydney deeply running his fingers along those soft curls, sucking on the other’s thin lips while tears began to ran down along his freckled cheek.

“I don’t want you to leave.” William whispered against the other’s lips, looking into his eyes.”

“I have to, I’m sorry William.” They kissed for a long time there when Sydney left William behind who soon ended up at a local pub drinking himself drunk till he blacked out.
Chapter 10

21 January 1806

Soon after I became Prime Minister Anne has left me, travelling to north with her relatives, and I didn’t blame her, I wouldn’t have wished her to remain beside me as I couldn’t provide what she needed, neither love or devotion. Soon my mood was broken down again when I’ve read the news about Sydney’s death by guillotine, I blamed myself knowing I must have been the reason he’s left England. I’ve ruined two lives, and so many others around me, even though I’ve lived longer than I’ve imagined, I’m forty six and the doctor said few days remained of my life. I don’t know whether I’ll die due to illness in my stomach because of the huge amount of alcohol I consumed daily in my life or that it’s the clap, but I’m dying, however I planned to ask my memoir to be buried in my grave, I changed my will that Wilberforce will receive it and he may do as he pleases with it. People usually say and maybe even I did when I was younger that I would have done everything differently now in my life if I could turn back time, but I’m not so sure of that, I have my flaws, my desires, I’m afraid even with a second chance I’d be writing the same memoir, I think it’s for a reason we’re not getting second chances to improve our lives. Still I’m proud of one thing, that with Wilberforce by my side we made ground-breaking changes and measurements at the Parliament, which I do hope History will recall more when my name will be mentioned than my private life.

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