

# The Widow Plunkett

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In 1969 I traveled again from Vienna to Dublin. I visited her every year in the nursing home and she left me a little money and a property that I had to sell because it was not easy for a foreigner to keep it. The duties in London, planned for two days, kept me three weeks. When I arrived in Dublin, the aunt had already died, cremated and buried. I stood saddened before the empty bed in the nursing home, I had packed up the last of her belongings. I noticed the new resident in the second bed. I greeted the old lady, whose bright green eyes immediately fascinated me. I pulled up a chair, I had time for a chat. Always.

Her name was Grace Plunkett. Our conversation got more and more exciting and I pulled out my notepad (in those days, people still wrote by hand). She asked curiously what I was writing, and I indicated that I always took notes when things got interesting. "What are they mostly about?" she asked, and I said mostly about sexual adventures and sexual experiences, I wrote books like that. She laughed brightly and grinned impudently, "I can tell you a thing or two about that, young man!" It became three long afternoons sitting by her bedside, they were to be our last. Six months later, she was dead.

I will tell you about my youth in Dublin, I met Patrick in 1915 and we fell in love. Sexuality was unmentionable in Ireland at that time, but I felt the urgent restlessness in my cunt, the untouched. Young girls like me 18 years old had only basic knowledge about marriage, married life and having children. None of my age knew about masturbation, for

example. Patrick was impetuous and promised me marriage, so I let the experienced boy seduce, deflower and fuck me. We were so in love with each other, we fucked three times on some days in the grass on the banks of the Lyffe, our river. This went on for just under a year, then I thought I was pregnant. We got married in January 1916, living in his parents' cottage. There was only one room for us and of course you could hear everything through the thin walls, but we were married and everyone had to accept that we screwed day and night as often as we could. That I was not pregnant after all, saddened us both, but we continued to practice undaunted. Unfortunately, our happiness lasted only three months.

Patrick, like everyone his age, belonged to the underground. We moved into our own apartment, an aunt had died. Patrick had to hide, he ignored the draft. The hated English wanted to send him to war against the hated German, but not with Patrick Plunkett! He went into hiding and visited me in the dark of the night. The impertinent Englishmen tramped on without having achieved anything, there was no Patrick Plunkett here!

How I loved my Patrick! When he was dozing in a recovery break, I would stroke his big cock with my index finger, that was MY cock! I let him doze until his cock stirred again under the stroking. I didn't give him a break, the poor guy had to do his service to me, but I'd rather have that like this than in the service of the hated English, he grinned. Patrick taught me how to masturbate, he knew it from his sisters. It was the best invention since Prometheus and after that not a free minute passed in my life without masturbating. But I was not well disposed towards his sister because she had seduced my Patrick into incest a long time ago. He never understood my point of view, for him it was a great thing and he loved to fuck with his sister. That it was incest, as

with the biblical Lot and his daughters, he acknowledged with a shabby smile. That was the only thing we disagreed on. I was quite sure he was fucking her case by case even after we were married, but he just shrugged and said, "so what?" — I was still very conservative and backward in my moral judgments then.

No commentary, no newspaper article or history book mentions Patrick Plunkett, although he was one of the first victims of the Easter Riots of 1916. He was with a group in rowboats on Dublin Bay, smuggling arms from the Bay up the Lyffe into the city. An unexpected wave, a wooden box slid over the coaming of the boat, Patrick tried to save the cargo and went down with it. They waited a minute, five minutes, ten minutes. He couldn't get back up. I screamed and beat my fists at the Job's messenger, I just didn't want to believe it. I didn't want to let him go.

No one could swim in those days, let alone dive to 45 feet. The coffin remained empty at the funeral. It wasn't until after the war ended that I was able to round up a couple of Navy divers, but they didn't find Patrick or the box.

The preened Colonel pawed around me before, during, and after the funeral, he caringly took me back to my apartment, caringly took off my winter coat, caringly took off my mourning dress, caringly took off my underwear, and caringly put me to bed naked. He undressed in a flash and caringly lay down next to me in bed and caringly hugged me so I wouldn't freeze. I hadn't fucked or masturbated in days, I forgot my suffering and my clit was burning brightly. The caring Colonel knew how to bring a woman to orgasm and was already fucking me when the orgasm came over me. He was already squirting when my orgasm was still fading. I immediately threw the impudent guy out and regretted it at the same time, because he had left me half-full, half-

starved. I locked the door and went back to bed. The pillow still smelled of Patrick, I hugged it as I masturbated in tears.

Two days later I got up and went to confess to Father Angus. He was more understanding than anyone. He just gave me a Hail Mary and absolved me of all my sins. He was, of course, a rebel to the bone and instructed me in the future to fuck only with real resistance fighters, the Colonel was a fraud and a known widow comforter, I had to stay away from him. He made me kneel again, blessed me again and murmured that I had to serve the resistance with my 19 year old beautiful body, these services were forgiven me in advance. Amen.

With a light heart I made contact with the resistance. I shook a hundred hands, them thanking Patrick for his bravery or hugging me for being a snazzy sweeper despite the mourning clothes. But I had no idea how to do Father Angus' bidding. Very uncertainly, I invited one of the grim fellows to join me for dinner. To my relief, he didn't laugh at me, but promised to come.

Brian, as he was called, ate proficiently and shared a beer with me. He explained to me how everything worked, who was up and who was down. How one prepared for a glorious Easter. How tedious it was to get all the little groups under one hat. Only a joint operation would...

He faltered, because I had sat down on the bed and was already taking off my underwear. He never finished the sentence and sat down next to me. He thought for a long time, he was married but his marriage was not going well and his wife was cheating on him shamelessly. I let him continue talking and slowly undressed him, I liked him better that way. I put my index finger on his mouth, enough talking, now come! He was a good man, he fucked me

several times in a row until we both tiredly fell asleep. Before sunrise he left silently. I stayed in bed all day, hugging Patrick's pillow while masturbating and fantasizing remembering our best sex times.

It was not right of me to tempt a married man to sin. I inquired from now on before whether my chosen one was single. I invited only the unmarried to dinner, many a one had never lain with a woman before, and I gladly instructed him. If you treated them right, they could fuck really well and persistently, that was fine with me. If one was naturally blessed, he stayed several nights, but then I had to think about the others. I think the rebel leaders liked to see my work.

The Easter of 1916 was hauntingly beautiful, I stood according to tradition in the circle of women in front of the church and listened only with half an ear to the gossip. Then one of the dragons spoke to me, no, she drooled at me. "So this is the disgraced, shameless thing that seduces our friends and fiancés!" It was getting very uncomfortable, even though not a single one could name a friend or fiancé. I left the droolers with my head held high and went over to the men. They knew me and would not be interrupted. When I said I would go and fight with them, I was assigned to a Tom who told me when and where to be on Easter Monday morning. I spent all of Easter Sunday in bed, sleeping it off and orgasming like crazy one time after another. Who knows when I'd find the time again?

Late on Sunday evening, there was a knock on my door. I wrapped the blanket around my shoulders and opened. Tom. He wanted to check on me, he said, trying to see as much bare skin as he could. I smiled kindly and let him see. If he could stay here, he reasoned, he could escort me safely in the morning. Before he had finished speaking, I locked the

door and went to the bed, dropping the covers. He was excellent at fucking and we didn't doze off until long after midnight. He was awake before me and woke me up fucking, the man knew what to do!

Our little squad, Tom, three young boys and I, took up position in a cellar opposite the courthouse. I couldn't shoot, but I had often accompanied my father poaching and knew how to quickly reload the single-shot carbine. Tom was able to quickly fire a second carbine that way, which was meant for me. I was eager for the fight to begin. But we still had to wait several hours before the signal came.

I wore only a light dress, I could not afford a bra at that time and I rarely wore underpants. Whenever I climbed up on the small platform to look out of the window, which was only 15 centimeters high, the boys looked under my skirt full of longing. Tom laughed grimly, "if you want to let them fuck, go ahead! Jim's almost bursting already!" The boys looked down in embarrassment, but I smiled kindly and took Jim by the hand. I walked with him to a woodpile and braced myself with both hands after pulling my skirt up over my butt. Jim's eyes almost fell out of his head, then he nestled his cock out. He fucked me from behind while standing, his two companions standing beside him. No sooner had Jim spurted than Jack impetuously thrust in and fucked as if his life depended on it. Peter came in my cunt immediately after him, a thoughtful, slow fucker who knew his craft well. They came one after the other, and they fucked me until they were tired. Tom glanced out the window in between, but still nothing. I crouched behind the woodpile and pissed on the floor, staying in a squatting position and letting the semen drip out slowly as I masturbated. None of them were looking at me.

Tom rolled up the narrow windows. "They're coming," he said quietly. The four of them stood on the wooden crates and looked out. I was masturbating really fast now, and when I was done, I stood behind them. The Englishmen had placed two cars some distance in front of the building, some were stretching their legs and smoking, the others were sitting in the cars, bored. Nearly an hour passed, then gunfire could be heard in the distance, perhaps at the Parliament. Tom reached for his rifle and I stood beside him, holding the second rifle and the ammunition box at the ready. My heart was pounding up to my throat. Tom took his time, aimed carefully and pulled the trigger. I handed him the second rifle and loaded the other immediately. Tom and the lads fired nonstop, but after three or four volleys the engines howled and the wagons pulled away. Tom counted 5 Englishmen lying motionless in the road. It was agreed that they would retreat at the end. I preceded the others and let them into my apartment. "We won't go to the rendezvous for another four hours," said Tom, "make yourselves comfortable, get some sleep." But no one could sleep after the excitement. I washed carefully and lay naked on the bed. They lay down with me, one after the other. I fucked the three brave fellows, one by one. Tom sat at the table, taking apart one rifle after another, cleaning the barrels with a long ramrod. He looked up sometimes and smiled. He had fucked enough during the night and in the morning. He was already around 50 and envied the fellows who had an erection again after only a few minutes.

On arriving at the meeting place, there was much to discuss, chatter and debate. There were only a handful of injured people and a bunch of nurses taking care of them. I felt their hateful looks, they despised the whore in me and envied the young girl who got fucked so much. I didn't care, Father Angus had pointed me in the right direction.

How the Easter riots continued is common knowledge. Tuesday and Wednesday we were victorious, on Thursday and Friday the English fought back brutally, and on Saturday the rebels surrendered. The English trampled on us, but they only led away the leaders. Tom and we managed to slip away and we lost sight of each other.

I slept alone, went to Mass Sunday morning and then to Father Angus for confession. He had already heard how I put my heart and soul into the good cause and showered me with praise. "Tomorrow morning the first ones will be shot," he said tearfully, "already tomorrow morning! And there's nothing we can do about it," he said, wiping away his tears with the back of his hand. "We could visit them and they could once again fuc..."

"Don't say it, dear daughter, we are in a consecrated church!" he said sternly, "but the thought is good." The Father thought for a long time. "Can you rustle up some pastries, I have a few more bottles of wine, come back here in an hour." I nodded and looked at him questioningly. "No Hail Marys?" He shook his head, "for what, my daughter?"

I got a basket of cookies from Mrs. Elliott when I said what it was for. The hour was not yet up and I was kneeling in church. I prayed four Ave Marias, for the four men this week. It couldn't hurt. Father Angus arrived, dressed in his finest sacristan's vestments, cingulum and other holy stuff. We trudged to the military base of the English. We fought our way up to the dungeon. "The prisoners should be able to confess before..." Father Angus didn't say it. They searched my basket, patting me down anxiously, and we were allowed to join the prisoners. The three of them were stuck in a cage with a single bed. The guards closed the bars behind us. I handed the basket to one and they whispered with Father Angus. Their eyes snapped open, fuck? Here? In



the cage? Father Angus nodded, he would stand with two to the bars, blocking the view and listening to the confessions, mouth to ear. The three were very uncertain, but I lay down on the hard bed and took my skirt up to my navel. The first nodded and knelt between my legs. "Adrian," he said, and I, "Grace." The other three blocked the view even though there was no guard and I let Adrian fuck. He thanked me, he was obviously a well behaved man. Then James came, followed by John. They prayed, kneeling devoutly, finally with the Father. He gave them courage, they would look tomorrow only briefly in the barrels of guns, but then for eternity in paradise see God.

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He thundered his fist on the steel door. The guard came, the priest asked him if delinquents would be shot again tomorrow and he nodded, also the day after tomorrow. "We'll be back tomorrow," the priest said gloomily, I grabbed the empty basket and we went back in a depressed mood, to the sacristy. He sat down, puffing heavily. "Your fucking in the cage had aroused me unchastely," he whispered, "very unchaste!" I stood in front of him, he put his hands on my hips. "I'm a fighter against the English bastards, too, aren't I?" he whispered. He looked me straight in the eye. "Grace Plunkett, have mercy, I need it badly!" I understood instantly and said in horror, "do you want me, here, fuck...." I slapped my hand over my mouth, "to do it with me, fighting the English?" He nodded like a whipped dog. I looked around, the big oak table, that was going well. I walked over to the table and lay down facing the table top, bent over and stuck my ass out the back.

Father Angus stepped behind me and flipped my skirt up. He had to work it out with the good Lord himself — I knew how pure my heart was. I closed my eyes and prayed a Hail, then

felt him penetrate and fuck. Without him being able to notice, I felt my way to my clit and masturbated. I didn't let him notice when I had an orgasm. He squirted grumbling and let his cock stick. "I'm not done yet," he growled, and after a while he resumed fucking. He kept fucking very pleasantly, I felt him squirting in again as I masturbated. Again he let his cock stick, "I need it again," and I nodded, "gladly!" He waited again for a while, then grabbed my hips and fucked, gradually speeding up, and I continued masturbating after orgasm. It seemed to me that he had barely squirted in a few more drops, but he'd had enough and so had I. I stayed on the table for a few more seconds until the storm around my cunt subsided, then I rose. I was a very devout person at the time, and I knelt down in front of him and whispered for him to bless me. "Bless me, Father," I asked, and he put his hand on my head and crossed in front of my face. Now I stood up. "Thank you, Grace Plunkett," he said softly and escorted me out. It was my 20th birthday.

We went to the dungeon three times in a row, he gave them comfort and the blessing, I let them fuck me and kissed each in tears, tomorrow he would go before the good Lord. Father Angus fucked me later in the sacristy, we didn't have to talk much, but I had him bless me each time before I went home high on life and devoted myself to my own lust. I took no part in any of the later attacks of our rebels, but I took in anyone who knocked on my door. Every Sunday evening, when the last had confessed, I went to Father Angus in the sacristy, for many years.

I didn't marry again, but I had a wonderful daughter, Patricia, when I was 39. She was the apple of my eye and was a gorgeous girl. She went out into the wide world when she was 20 and married a lovely guy in Galway. I had an open door all my life for the young and youngest fighters. I had hundreds of them fuck me, very many. I liked best the

very young ones, the 13 and 14 year olds, after the first joyful shock most of them kept going until dawn and I loved that! The young lads came in droves to experience their first time in my arms.

They all left bright-eyed the next morning.