THE BAKER’S DOZENTH

“Yule Log,” unquestionably a cylindrical piece, exists merely because it had to conclude this issue. There is no justifiable reason to pen a Blackadder tale, but such lack has never dissuaded the Glaswegian. If you thought the Twin Peaks story in volume one was ridiculous...well then, read on.

YULE LOG
CALLY FORNIA DONIA

“I have a cunning plan, Mr. Blackadder, sir.”
“Oh yes, and what is it this time? We go marching up to the Palace, bang on the door, apologise to Her Royal Fatness Queen Victoria and offer you to that raving pansy Prince Albert to roger and hope they give us the £50,000 after all?”

Baldrick got up from where Blackadder had seated him on the fireplace, brushing smouldering embers off as he went. “No, although that is a good idea, but it’d never work. I’m far too old for Prince Albert, and I’ve got hair on me chest. Nah, my plan is much more cunning.”

Edmund Blackadder settled himself in his favourite chair and reached for his footstool. It not being there, he cuffed Baldrick round the lug’ole and stuck his feet on him instead. “All right, all right, tell me this even more cunning plan of yours. I could do with good laugh.”

“Well, Mr. B., sir, I was thinking about this Spirit wot come ‘ere last night, all spectral an’ eerie an’ magickal, an’ I was thinkin’...”

“Remind me to change my religion in the morning—miracles do happen and I might as well get in well with the old boy upstairs, as I’m not going to get very far down here, am I, Balders? My god, how could I have been so stupid? It’s your fault, Baldrick, you must be contagious. How else could I have been so foolish as to turn our belovèd Queen Victoria out—before old fatso could make me a bloody baron.”

“Yeah, but I’ve got this plan, Mr. B., an’ it’s better than bein’ just a rotten old baron.”

“Well,” Blackadder said, stretching out more comfortably in the warming glow of the fire, “tell me in a few minutes. I should already be asleep by then, save you the effort of boring me to death.”

“Right, Mr. B. sir. Anyway, my cunnin’ plan, Mr. B. is soo cunnin’, not even what’s-is-face Eyesapped Newtown could better it. My plan, Mr. B., sir...”

“Is more long-winded than an entire battalion of infantry after a supper of cabbage and beans. Get on with it, Baldrick, before I kick you into the fire to save you the bother of fetching more coal.”

“Well, Mr. B., if we was to trick the Spirit into comin’ back... I could dress up like you an’ lie in your bed an’ then when the Spirit comes over, you could leap out from behind the wardrobe an’ bong ‘im on the bonce with a heavy stick-like weapon an’ then we could tie ‘im up an’ force ‘im to show you all the secrets of the future. Then you could make a bloody mint buyin’ up inventions cheap-like an’ sellin’ them for vast, untold profits.”

“And tell me why, Baldrick, you should be the one resting all snug and cosy in my bed whilst I get to stand around, freezing my John Thomas off?”

“Yeh, but I’ve got this plan, Mr. B., an’ it’s better than bein’ just a rotten old baron.”

“Busy throwing up, he won’t see me coming at him from behind. But it’ll never work, Baldrick, for one simple reason.”

“Oh, an’ wot’s that, Mr. B.?”

Blackadder lifted one lank strand of Baldrick’s greasy hair, pinching finger and thumb to catch one of the little beasties that made its home there. “I’d rather have every slob-
bering Scotsman who ever wore a skirt in my bed than you and the hordes who live on you—it would be far less crowded.”

Baldrick pondered this as quickly as he could, making supper, rebuilding the fire, doing the wash and polishing Blackadder’s fourteen pairs of boots before he had the response he’d been rummaging in the cesspit of his brain for. “I know!” he shouted, waking Blackadder from a rather sound sleep. “I could ‘ave a bath!”

“You? Why would you want to break the habit of a lifetime, Baldrick? Ah, I know. The Thames is too clean, and you want to make sure that not even the Loch Ness Monster could survive in it.”

Baldrick donned an expression of profound hurt, even managing to bring a few tears to his eyes, although he did have to turn away and use the onion he kept specially down the front of his trousers for just such occasions. “You’re a hard man, Mr. B.,” he mumbled.

Blackadder looked down at himself, then back at Baldrick. “You should be so lucky and I should be so desperate, Balders. But if you were to bathe, apart from civilisation as we know it collapsing from the sheer shock of it, your plan might actually work. And if I were rich, I could buy a baronetcy, I wouldn’t need any poxy Queen to scribble an X on a piece of paper. Yes,” he said, thinking of the kingdoms he would buy if he had all the money in the world. “Yes, I do believe it’s worth it.” He kicked Baldrick in the passing. “Be worth it just to have you bathe once a century. All right, Baldrick, you may use my bath. Just be sure to delouse everything when you’re finished.”

It only took him about two hours, three cakes of soap and a six-inch scrubbing brush to get clean. He put on one of Blackadder’s night-shirts and went in to see his master.

Who reacted not at all as expected. “Who the hell are you? And why the hell are you wearing my nightie?”

“It’s me, Baldrick, Mr. Blackadder. An’ I’m wearin’ your night-shirt cos all me sacks are dirty.”

“So that’s what the smell from your attic is then. I thought it was the remains of all Lucretia Borgia’s old boyfriends.” He walked slowly around Baldrick, examining him, touching the now-gleaming brown hair. “You know, I think you’re several stone lighter, now you’ve got rid of all that dirt. And did you know your hair is almost chestnut, not the colour of the slops bucket after a long night? Well, well, well. If your cunning plan doesn’t work, I could send you out on the streets and you could earn my fortune for me.”

Baldrick smiled at him, teeth actually white, which came as quite a shock to Blackadder. And there was something about the limpid gaze... Blackadder shook his head, impatient himself. “Nah, can’t be. Must be my imagination. Anyway, Baldrick, the night is fair drawing in and if your stupid plan has any chance at all of being anything other than a complete cock up, we had better be off to bed.”

Blackadder squeezed himself in behind the wardrobe, one brown eye peering out as Baldrick went off to fill the coal scuttle and came back with a tin of sweet-smelling unguent. He muttered under his breath as his servant got into his nice warm bed in his nice warm night-shirt and under his nice warm quilt. “The things I’ll do for money,” Blackadder muttered to himself, “I should take up working, probably be less bother in the long run.”

Eventually, with a final few, pathetic crackles, the fire died out completely, leaving behind a silence that was broken only by Baldrick’s snores and Blackadder’s shuffling, as he tried to get some life back into his feet. The moon was beginning to set and Blackadder was beginning to turn into a blue adder. “Baldrick!” he hissed. “Baldrick!”

More snoring.

Blackadder took off his slipper and threw it, hitting Baldrick square in the face. One missed snore, and then the engine started up again.

Blackadder threw his other slipper.
Baldrick rolled over onto his side.

“Baldrick! Wake up, you monolithic moron, it’s bloody freezing out here.”

He got a response to his yell.

“Shh, Mr. B., sir, you’ll scare the Spirit off. An’ ‘e won’t come if you scare ‘im, not even for that crate of finest malt whisky we’ve left out to tempt him back.”

“If he doesn’t get here soon, I’m going to be a spirit myself. And if I catch my death of cold doing this, Baldrick, I shall come back and haunt you.”
"If you're that cold, Mr. B.… I 'ave a cunnin' plan, sir. You come over 'ere an' get into bed with me, an' then when the Spirit comes in, 'e still won't see you an' you can still leap up an' beat 'im unconscious."

"Oh, gawd, where were you when they were handing out the brains to all the other gnats. If I'm in bed, he'll see me and..."

"Not if I'm lyin' on top of you, 'e won't. An' that way, you'll be all nice an' cosy as well, won't you?"

The numbness plaguing his feet had obviously spread to his brain, for the lure of warmth was enough for him to give in to yet another of Baldrick's cunning plans.

There was a great deal of mumbling and fumbling and the banging together of knees and the riding-up of night-shirts and dressing-gowns before Blackadder was finally settled in under Baldrick. Who was wonderfully, blessèdly warm and felled faintly of lavender and cedar. Blackadder moved, stretching in the glorious comfort of being warm again. It was then that he noticed just how high various night-shirts and dressing-gowns had ridden and what was pressed where—and that what was something that felt as big as a Yule Log but considerably harder, not to mention warmer. As it had only been the previous night that the Spirit of Christmas had shown him the error of virtuous living, he hadn't yet had a chance to become thoroughly debauched, so it was true shock that raised his voice several octaves.

"Baldrick, what do you think you're doing?"

"Shh!" Baldrick whispered, half an inch from Blackadder's face, his breath smelling nicely of cloves and sweet rosemary. "D'you 'ear that?"

There was an eerie whispering sound, a faint keening in the distance. It was either the Spirit of Christmas on his way or a cat getting shagged. Blackadder was discovering the truth about the love that dared not speak its name: it felt fucking fantastic. Especially when Baldrick moved like that and his prick pressed down on Blackadder, just so.

"Feel's nice, don't it?"

Blackadder, with one last nod at his rapidly departing moral standard, opened his mouth to protest—loudly. "Shh!" Baldrick whispered, tilting his pelvis deliciously, "can't make a noise, or the Spirit won't come. But in the mean time," he undulated, rubbing skin against skin, “even if the Spirit is weak, the flesh is willin', in't it?” Baldrick was whispering, quick hands shoving night-shirts and dressing-gowns even farther out of the way, pulling them off entirely, leaving them naked, his body pressed down into Blackadder's, who was gasping and groaning quite nicely already. Baldrick slid down Blackadder's body, staying under the covers where it was warm and smelled excitingly of men and the darkness shut out everything but the luscious sensation of touch. Blackadder squirmed as the wet tongue played with first one nipple and then the other, pausing to dally with the dark hair that lay between. The pert nipples were obviously as glad of the attention as Blackadder was, erecting to meet his tongue.

There was another, not so little, part of Blackadder erecting to meet that tongue as well. Blackadder was straining—30-odd (30 very odd) years of abstinence, celibacy, clean-living and other forms of insanity demanding to be wiped out this very instant. He was more than willing to oblige and fortunately, Baldrick seemed rather keen as well. Baldrick also seemed to know exactly what he was doing, which was all for the better, Blackadder's brain currently completely overruled by his balls. Baldrick’s hands appeared to have been breeding, for they were everywhere over Blackadder, touching and kneading and teasing with consummate skill. And the mouth was never far behind. Blackadder almost choked him when that mouth finally lowered itself onto the hard prick that was standing to attention at his groin, demanding its share of the fun. Oh, what fun it was… Baldrick’s tongue was fibrillating on the pulsing vein, while one hand massaged the sarsenet of his balls, and the other hand…

"You can't!" Blackadder shouted, shocked.

"Yeh I can," Baldrick replied, dipping the finger in the unguent he had brought. "At least, I can, if I use enough of this stuff, can't I?"

When the slick finger pressed into him, Blackadder was not about to argue with him,
not for love nor money, although he was willing
to surrender to both.

He did argue, and loudly, when Baldrick
stopped sucking him and took his finger back.
“What the hell are you doing, Baldrick?”

Baldrick looked at him with utter calm.
“Fucking you, Mr. Blackadder, sir. Hope you
don’t mind.”
“You’re doing what?”
“Fucking. It’s when one bloke shoves his prick
up another bloke’s arse...”
“Isn’t that something that’s supposed to be
done between a man and a woman?”
“Oh, no, women usually like it shoved up their
cunts. But seein’ as ‘ow men don’t ‘ave those,
you ‘ave to use ‘is arse instead. Here, I’ll show
you. Now you lie there like that, an’ shift your
legs round ‘ere, like that, an’ if you use this ‘and
to wank with an’ this ‘and to pull your nuts up
out of the way an’ then I ooh...”
“Ow!”
“Shh, go on, play with yourself, take your
mind of your arse, an’ before you know it, it’ll
feel all lovely, bein’ rogered. Go on, sodomy’s
fun...”

If he had realised he was following Baldrick’s
advice to the letter, trusting the man, he would
have fallen into a dead faint. As it was, he did
as he was told, discovering that it was true, it
really did feel lovely, being rogered and sodomy
really was fun...

He clutched Baldrick to him, closing his eyes,
locking the sensation inside, not regarding the
world until he felt a mouth on his own. He looked
up, into eyes that were warm and brown and
far more intelligent than they were supposed to
be. Sinking back into the pillows, loosing him-
self to the wonderful symphony that was his
body, he opened his mouth to Baldrick, getting
filled to overflowing.

Baldrick was thrusting into him harder now,
and every time his prick slid in, there was a
gliding jolt of intense pleasure that made his
balls jump. This was even better than all those
naughty things he had done in the water closet
when no-one was looking and he’d have time to
‘forget’ this sin before his next visit to Church,
a whole week away. This was much, much bet-
ter, this rhythmic pulsing pleasure that was
singing through him, all the way to his toes.
Above him, Baldrick threw his head back, all
his muscles rippling, his cock spasming deep
inside Blackadder. It was such an exquisite sen-
sation, he felt the cum stream from his own prick
in a prism of pleasure.

After a little while, Blackadder had recovered
enough to take note of minor details, such as
the fact that an enormously heavy—although
no longer enormous, ejaculation having taken
its toll—Baldrick lying on him. One quick heave
and Baldrick was now lying beside him, leaning
up on one elbow, looking as pleased as Punch
after he’s beaten the Bobby to pulp. His brain
no longer ruled by his balls, certain salient facts
began to dawn on Blackadder. Blackadder. Wide-
eyed, he looked around the bedroom, at the win-
dow lying agape to winter’s blast, to the empty
coal-scuttle, to the tin of unguent lying beside
the bed. It, like himself and Baldrick, all came
together. He’d been set up! It was also Boxing
Day, and the Spirit of Christmas being the lazi-
est bastard in Christendom, worked on Christ-
mas Day itself and that was it. There never had
been a chance of anything other than
Blackadder dying from cold and...getting into
bed with Baldrick.

“You sodding bugger!”
“Yeh, I am, in’t I, Mr. B., sir,” Baldrick grinned
down at him happily. “But I warned you I ’ad a
cunnin’ plan, didn’t I?”