0-1

Narrator: Welcome.

(Door creaks open)

Francis: Sir…

Georik: Dashwood, how are you feeling?

Georik: By the looks of it you seem to be doing fine.

Francis: Yes.

Georik: I’ll wipe your body, stay still.

Francis: That’s fine, I can do it on my own.

Georik: You don’t have to be so embarrassed about it.

Francis: Oh… ouch, ouch…

Georik: Be patient.

Georik: Your wounds will get worse if they are dirty.

Georik: But still… These are some nasty wounds.

Georik: Let me have a look.

Francis: Wait… are you taking my underwear too?

Georik: You haven’t been looked at by a half decent doctor, have you?

Georik: This is a good opportunity.

Georik: Hmm?

Francis: His gaze roamed all over my body.

Francis: And it felt like he was trying to find my weakness with that gaze.

1-2

Georik: Did Count Sandwich punish you?

Francis: This doesn’t concern you.

Georik: But it wasn’t just the punishment, it seems he’s been pampering you too.

Georik: Did that man embrace you?

Georik: I’ve heard that he overpowers his victims with his whole body.

Georik: Hey, what are you doing?

Francis: I only obliged because he was asking me to.

Francis: But he stretched his hand to stop me.

Francis: I couldn’t help myself.

Francis: Now I know how the Count felt.

Francis: I also wanted to leave my mark on him

Francis: I wanted to make him mine and I couldn’t help it.

Francis: I punched him in the stomach

2-3

Francis: I then tied the hands of the hazy Georik to the bed.

Francis: I’m sorry sir, this might hurt but please bear with it.

Georik: You bastard!

Georik: Are you gonna steal my money by force?

Georik: Hey, stop it!

Francis: I knew it, you have a pretty voice.

Francis: You thought I was sick and you lowered your guard.

Georik: You bastard!

Georik: I was being kind and it got to your head!

Francis: Sir... getting worked up over that will only excite me further.

Francis: If you give up and surrender to me, I won’t do you dirty.

Francis: Even though I look like this, I’m used to handling men.

3-4

Francis: What are you moaning for?

Francis: I knew it, your chest is sensitive, isn't it?

Francis: That’s good.

Georik: Damn it.

Francis: You seem to be hating it but you’re pretty sensitive.

Georik: Stop it.

(Georik screams)

Francis: Shall I lick this part too?

Francis: It is so delicious.

(Georik moans)

Georik: Why are you doing this?

(Georik moans)

Georik: It’s not like you’re not doing it enough, right?

Francis: Sir, I wanted to touch you and I couldn’t help myself.

Francis: I’ll use one finger for the time being.

4-5

Francis: Please forgive me.

Georik: Dashwood, stop it!

(Georik moans)

Francis: The more you resist the tighter it will get.

Francis: But you know, the tighter it is the better it feels.

Georik: Do you think you can conquer my heart by conquering my body?

Georik: Like that man conquered you?

Francis: I don’t know about that… I just want to be one with you.

Francis: I want you to desire me until you die.

Georik: Stop joking around!

(Georik moans)

Georik: Are you skipping the orgies at the organization?

Francis: Not really.

5-6

Francis: And it’s not like I became this man because I like doing this.

Francis: And I don’t want you to think of me like that.

Francis: I knew it, I can’t hold back.

Francis: I can’t think of other men right now.

Francis: Right now… right this moment, you’re mine.

Francis: I’ll increase the number of fingers after all.

Francis: It might be a bit too much for you sir.

Francis: But I can’t seem to hold back.

(Georik moans)

Francis: Please abandon all reason.

Francis: I just want us to crave each other like beasts.

(Georik screams)

Francis: Every time our lips touched his tongue would melt my thoughts away.

Georik: Damn it! This is so annoying.

Georik: If you’re so horny you should go ahead and enter me!

Francis: Sir…

Francis: I thought you wouldn’t be used to a man.

Francis: But if you invite me like that, I won’t be able to hold back.

Francis: Before I realized it, his right hand had become loose.

Francis: And he was thrusting my hips back and forth with that hand.

Francis: He was also staring at me with those lustful eyes.

7-8

Francis: You beast.

Francis: I love you.

Francis: Now he and I are accomplices.

(Georik screams)

Francis: Oh god, you are so tight.

Francis: I feel like I might break.

Francis: I’m sorry, I don’t think I can’t hold back either.

(Georik screams)

Francis: I knew it, you’re also a beast.

Francis: I will take care of all that pent up desire.

Francis: Here you go.

(Georik screams)

Francis: Whoa, I won’t let you climax yet.

Francis: I’ve tied down your hot rod after all…

Georik: Dashwood! You bastard!

(Georik screams)

Francis: You’re so lewd, you might go crazy.

8-9

Francis: This is how we do it underground.

Francis: I won’t let you sleep.

Francis: I will keep doing this until you can’t refuse my orders.

(Georik screams)

Francis: Sir…

Francis: I just kept seeking him with the temperature of a midsummer fever.

Francis: But I knew that this would probably be the first and last time I embraced him.

Francis: Sir, I’ll loosen up.

Francis: I’ll climax in one go.

(Georik screams)

9-10

Francis: Sir, that was awesome!

(Francis moans)

Georik: Are you satisfied now?

Francis: Not yet.

Francis: This is just the beginning.

Francis: We will be devouring each other incessantly until morning.

Francis: That’s the style of the underground.

Georik: You fool, what do you mean?

(Georik moans)

Francis: Once again, I put his thing in my mouth and I sucked hard.

Francis: And as if something had broken inside him, he thrust his hips violently.

10-11

Francis: Sir, I will now do you from behind.

Francis: I don’t think I’ll be able to stop anytime soon.

Mephistopheles: Hmm, such a foolish man.

Mephistopheles: You have no sense of self-control and for that you will be punished.

Francis: Huh? Someone is… looking at me?

Francis: Whatever… I don’t care.

Francis: Right now I just want to be with him.

Francis: Sir… more…

(Georik moans)

(Knock on door)

Francis: Who is it?

Count Sandwich: Is Francis Dashwood here?

11-12

Francis: Oh no, I have to hide.

Francis: Did he enter the mansion through the underground tunnel?

Francis: Damn it, we were just getting started.

Francis: I have to hide.

(Door opens)

Georik: I thought I had locked the doors to the mansion…

Georik: How did you get in?

Count Sandwich: I’m asking you if Francis Dashwood is here.

Georik: I’m sorry but I’m really tired.

Georik: Please get out.

Count Sandwich: So it’s you, Georik Zaberisk…

Count Sandwich: It’s been a while.

Count Sandwich: I don’t know if it’s just my imagination, but you seem to have become even more attractive.

Georik: That doesn’t matter… I don’t appreciate people coming into my mansion without my permission.

Count Sandwich: You’re starting to sound more and more like your father.

Count Sandwich: And that goes for that defiant stare of yours too.

12-13

Count Sandwich: And even your way of talking or that strangely horrifying glow you carry around.

Count Sandwich: But you know… you were screaming so loudly.

Count Sandwich: Did you think I wouldn’t hear?

Francis: I’m sorry, I’m the one that got sick.

Georik: Idiot! Don’t come out!

Count Sandwich: Georik Zaberisk, it seems you’ve become involved with our Dashwood.

Count Sandwich: Am I wrong?

Georik: Everything we did was consensual.  
Georik: Saying such things… It is quite unrefined for someone like you, Count Sandwich.

Count Sandwich: Ha! You’re telling me it was consensual?

Count Sandwich: Even if Dashwood were to allow it, he’d never get serious with anyone other than myself.

Francis: Count Sandwich, it’s not like that!

13-14

Francis: I assaulted Georik one-sidedly.

Francis: So… he is not at fault here.

Count Sandwich: No! I will have Count Georik take full responsibility.

Count Sandwich: Isn’t that right? Dashwood?

Francis: No way… isn’t that too harsh?

Francis: I already knew this person was unreasonable.

Francis: But I flinched with fear when I thought of what the jealous-prone Count Sandwich would do to destroy Georik.

Count Sandwich: Well then sir, I’ll take this and go…

Georik: Dashwood! When did you…

Francis: Hehe, there’s no way I could ignore the smell of money.

Francis: I had a bite of many tasty things today, thank you for the meal.

14-15

(Count Sandwich laughs)

Count Sandwich: Georik Zaberisk! It looks like you got your money's worth!

Count Sandwich: Well then, I’ll excuse myself.

Count Sandwich: You should come and visit me underground sometime soon.

Count Sandwich: We should get to know each other better.

Count Sandwich: Like how me and Wolfgang (Wolfgang Zaberisk) knew each other...

Francis: Yes, it seems I also need to know you better…

Count Sandwich: Alright then, you shall come over tonight and drink with me.

Count Sandwich: I’ll send someone over to fetch you.

(Door closes)

Count Sandwich: Dashwood… you didn’t come back for a while so I was starting to worry.

15-16

(Francis gets smacked)

Francis: Why are you so angry?

Francis: Are you angry at me? Or at Georik Zaberisk who looks so much like his late father?

Francis: Or could it be that you’re angry at yourself for not being able to keep your subjects in check?

Count Sandwich: Shut up!

Count Sandwich: You bastard! Who do you think you’re talking to right now?!

(Francis gets smacked)

Count Sandwich: I’ll have Cantarella (Jan) keep an eye on him.

Count Sandwich: If push comes to shove, I won’t have to bother with meaningless threats.