

# **Sex Education**

**by Gary Jordan**

**Copyright 2007**

The Minister of the Interior said, "Something should have been done before now! His Highness the Prince has been raised... apart from his peers and has had no proper education of the duties of a husband, as his sainted mother's religious convictions would not permit of such instruction." He muttered something about "religious twaddle" just low enough to be permitted the illusion that no one else heard. "His selected bride was raised similarly innocent."

The Minister of the Exchequer agreed. "It is almost criminal that the Prince has nearly reached manhood without knowing the so-called 'facts of life'-almost criminal! I have no objection to his bride being pure and chaste, but one of them should know what they are doing."

The Prime Minister observed, "He should have been allowed to learn as we were, with our friends sniggering misinformation and our parents shamefacedly trying to correct the misapprehensions... but Her Majesty, God rest her soul, would have none of that. The King always meant to get around to it, and now on his deathbed it is too late. The princess's circumstances were similar"

The War Minister was more practical. "What's to be done, then? One of us to explain what dogs and dairymaids all know without instruction? I think I pass."

The Prime Minister polled all present by eye and found unanimous revolt. He sighed. "In olden days, the education would be provided by low-caste wenches brought in for the purpose. In these more modern times, we have eliminated that element of society. If such education is to be provided, it shall have to be done by someone of rank." He thought a bit. "I have a solution. This meeting is adjourned."

"What?!" cried the Widow. "You can't possibly be serious!"

"Nevertheless," said the Minister, "I am. You are a young widow, and quite attractive."

"You want me to, to lie with the prince in order to teach him to lie with his princess? Are you mad?"

"I have heard you, among all my secretaries, decry the state of education in the realm. This is a chance to raise the educational standards."

"I have protested the poor execution of math and science instruction! I have said nothing of fucking arts!"

"No need to be crude."

"And what will become of me afterwards? I suspect you will not permit ' the woman who bedded the prince' to return to your secretarial pool."

"No. And in that regard, the consequences already are underway, since I would not permit the woman who was *asked* to bed the prince to return, either."

"Bastard!"

"I hope you will refrain from such crudities in the presence of the prince."

"What' s to become of me, then?"

"You have a choice of cloister or exile to the colonies, with a stake." The minister did not tell her where the stake would be driven.

The Royal Doctor met secretly with the Privy Council to report on the lack of an heir after nearly a year of marriage between the King and his Queen. "My Lords, I must state out of hand that the educational system of the kingdom is quite deplorable and nowhere more so than in the instruction to nobility."

"Not that we disagree, but what in this instance do you mean?" the Prime Minister asked for all present.

"In this instance, the interference of the religious beliefs of some has... never mind."

"But a means around that—" began the Prime Minister.

"I was made aware by his majesty," said the doctor, coldly, "of your provision of an... instructress... for his education. He speaks of her quite fondly. In her two weeks of tutoring, she raised His Highness from a complete and total ignoramus in the topics of marital lust to merely ignorant. Then she disappeared."

"But—"

"Once a proper doctor-patient rapport was achieved with their majesties, assured of confidentiality, the state of their mutual education was explored. They became quite open.

"The widow' s instruction in kissing after the fashion of the French was first rateTheir Highnesses are both extremely... oral. This extends to exploration... orally... of each other' s body. If their Majesties are to be believed, His Highnessis a remarkably accomplished gamahucheur and Her Highness is an equally distinguished fellatrice." The doctor colored slightly as he revealed these facts, as did all in the council.

"Is that all they do, then?" asked an appalled Minister of the Interior.

"Not at all," the doctor replied, but there was a wry twist of his lips. "Although I gathered an impression that either would be forever satisfied even if their marital proclivities were restricted to that much, your widow taught her prince that penetration was an activity his spouse would greatly enjoy, as did she. And she did enjoy it greatly, according to our King as do He and the Queen. Where is the widow now, by the by? Their Majesties... and I... are quite curious."

The Prime Minister's forehead was beaded with perspiration. "I'm afraid she emigrated and is now quite beyond our ability to recall."

"Emigrated? Is that what you call it these days?" The doctor was not fooled. "In any case, she seems to have anticipated some such reward, and exacted her vengeance beforehand." The doctor stood. "As has no doubt been observed before, on all levels and in many places, I leave you with this:

"The sex education in this country is royally bugged."