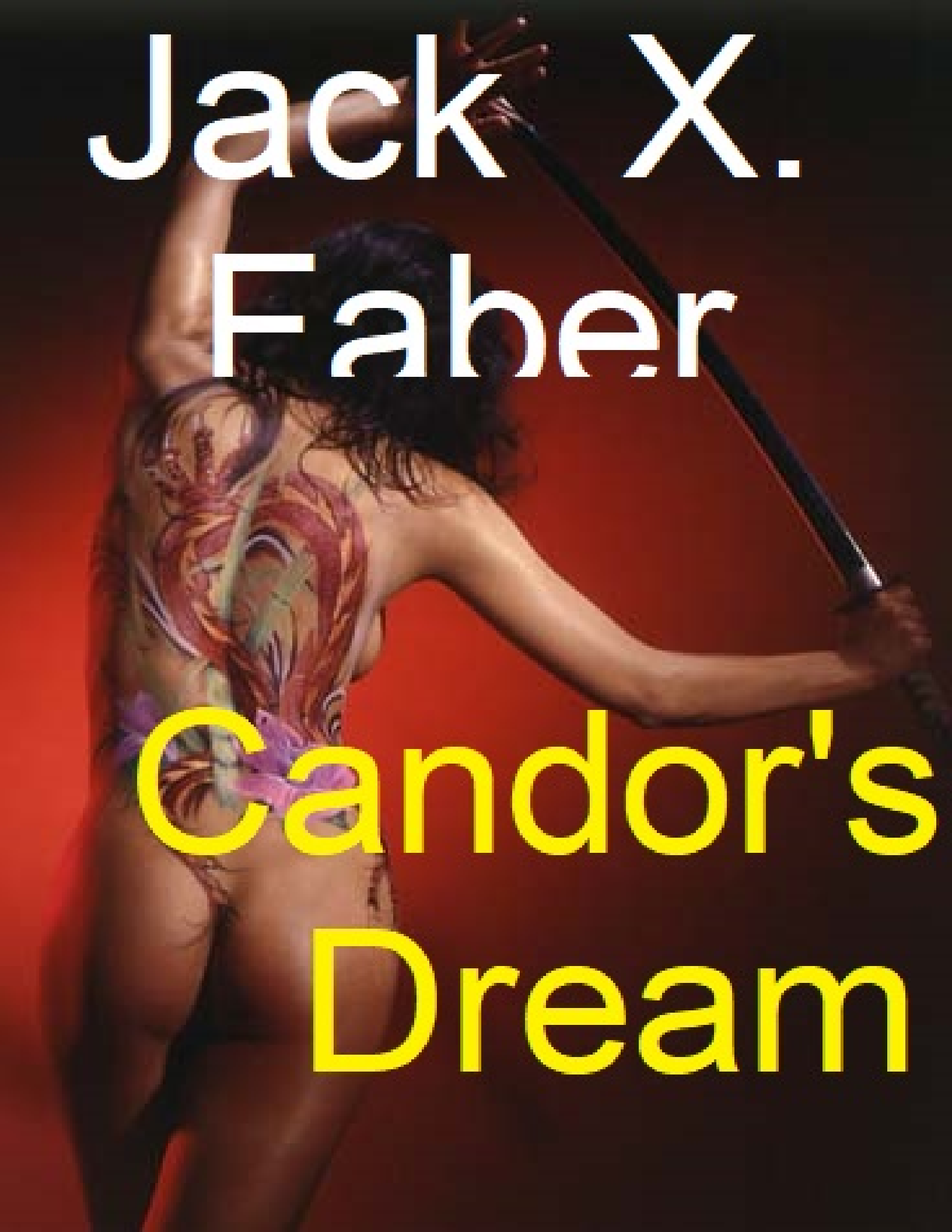




Jack X.
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Kingslayer

As the Master hurried down the wide marble staircase of the Palais Harrach, he tightened the wide, fluttering black cloak around his shoulders and reviewed the events of the last few minutes in his mind: the soft, unpleasant beeping of the com had awakened him, his first glance was at the time display. It was half past three in the morning. Who...? He pointed his finger at the com-wand; it read “Chancery, King.” It was very, very unusual, especially since the king had never asked for him at night before.

He pulled himself together and reported succinctly, “Candor, please, who is speaking?”

“The king’s chambers,” a soft female voice chirped from the speakers. “If you would please come to us immediately, right now, right now...”

He interrupted her and asked, “Who are you, and what is this about?”

A clear, long hesitation. Then she said, “Royal Chancery, Assistant Firnbach.” Silence again, another hesitation. “It is about the king, the queen asks you urgently to come. – I can say no more.”

He touched Roxanne’s arm, who woke instantly and looked at him questioningly. “I’ll be right there, Mrs. Firnbach. I’ll be on my way in two minutes, and I think I’ll be at the Leopoldine in five or six.” With a wave of his hand he ended the conversation. As he dressed quickly, he glanced at Roxanne and saw her nod. He reached for his black cloak, picked up the long staff of gnarled oak, and quietly walked out of the bedroom.

Arriving at the foot of the stairs, he took the back exit and hurried across Herrengasse and Minoritenplatz to the Hofburg. The guards at the entrance had been reinforced, they let him pass immediately, as the identification device had recognized him. He walked through

the long hall to the central corridor, at the end of which was the chancellery. Without knocking, he opened the door and entered. Sitting at a desk was a middle-aged woman who had apparently recognized him immediately. "Good morning, Master Candor," she said, then considered whether that was the correct form of address. "Please follow me," she said, opening a small wallpaper door behind the desk. He followed her and found himself in the antechamber that led to the royal apartment. She pointed to the door and said, "Please enter!"

He opened the door, entered and looked around. There were several people present, most of whom he knew. In the middle stood the queen, slowly turning around. He looked into her tear-stained face and knew immediately that something terrible must have happened here. The queen dabbed at her face with a lace handkerchief before taking a step toward him and murmuring softly, "He's dying, master, dying!" He felt her gaze rest on him, looked into her eyes, and immediately felt a deep, painful discomfort. He took another step forward, and just as quietly said, "Where is he now?" She turned wordlessly and entered the bedroom ahead of him.

King Charles lay in the wide marriage bed, half-sitting, his head resting on several pillows. His ice-gray hair framed his angular, bearded countenance. His face was chalky pale, sweat ran down his forehead and cheeks, and his pale fingers groped unsteadily over the bed sheet. Obviously he tried to speak, but no word came from his lips, only senseless, quiet stammering. The master quickly stepped to the bedside and grasped the king's hand. It was ice cold. King Charles kept his eyes tightly closed and tried convulsively to open them, but he could not. The master stood beside the dying man for minutes, looked inquiringly into his face, and then stepped back.

"What does the doctor say?" he asked the queen. She answered him immediately, "The doctor took his blood 20 minutes ago and rushed it to the lab. He hasn't reported back yet." The queen looked despairingly at Karl's face and murmured, "He must have been poisoned, at dinner..." Her voice failed. For minutes there was an awkward silence.

In this silence suddenly sounded a soft chirping, the queen made a hand gesture and took the conversation, “Dr. Ritzler, what’s new?” the bystanders could not understand the doctor’s answer, the queen listened excitedly and with a hand gesture she broke off the conversation. She turned and said, “It’s definitely a poison, the doctor is going to the university right now and will try to do more tests to determine the nature of the poison.” She took a deep breath, then muttered, “I can’t believe it, who could want to poison him?”

Now the butler and the king’s personal assistant stepped back to the bedside and saw to it that the king lay comfortably, again adjusting the pillows, wiping his face with cloths, and fanning him with air. The master took a deep breath and tried to hide his feelings from the others, for now it was necessary for him to keep himself in check and his thinking clear. He took several steps back, watching those present with deep interest. He tried to observe them closely and also to sense what emotions they had, but he could not detect anything unusual. The queen was visibly and noticeably shaken, the butler as well as the personal assistant were in hopeless turmoil. The Baron von Stetten was also in deep mourning, but anger and rage were also evident in him. The two maids who were standing a little further back were also shaken, one blubbering softly to herself, the other pressing her lips tightly together. The master looked at her more closely and thought she might have seen more in the king than just her master. The longer he looked at her and listened into her, the more certain he was that she had shared his bed. Perhaps she was already 20 or younger, he thought, much to the king’s taste, as he knew. But as much as he focused on her and her emotions, she didn’t strike him as a poisoner.

After about 20 minutes, the phone chirped again, the queen conversed briefly with Dr. Ritzler and turned to the bystanders. “It’s a snake venom,” she said, “the doctor thinks an African mamba. An antivenom is not available at this time, in Spain is the next available thing. He has already contacted our diplomatic mission and arranged for the antivenom to be flown to us immediately by private plane. They said it should be with us in two and a half hours.” She pressed her lips tightly together, then turned away, and could be heard crying into her handkerchief.

Quietly the master moved away from the others and stepped into the anteroom, looked for Miss Firnbach and went with her to her desk. He briefly informed her of the state of affairs and ordered her to provide him with an accurate and complete list of dinner guests. She immediately dictated the appropriate orders into her com and had it printed. The master pulled up a chair, sat down and carefully read through the list. He found no discrepancies, however; it was apparently an ordinary dinner in a family setting. Besides the king and queen, only Prince Louis was present; they were served by the butler and the two maids. The cook had certainly been in Charles' service for several decades; his two kitchen assistants seemed inconspicuous. "Where was the personal assistant?" he asked Fraulein Firnbach, who spoke briefly into her com and then replied that, according to the calendar, he had left for his quarters before dinner, at exactly 19:37, according to the attendance log. At 19:55, he had left his quarters again and had gone out by the main gate a few minutes later. He lowered the paper and closed his eyes to think.

He briefly touched his com, which was attached to his forearm, and called the castle bailiff. After a brief greeting, he asked the latter to secure everything related to the dinner. The kitchen and the wine cellar had to be immediately cordoned off and secured, as well as the used dishes. The bailiff interrupted him and said that the dishes had certainly already been cleaned and put away again. Nevertheless, he wanted to get to work immediately. He ended the conversation and closed his eyes, trying to imagine how the attack could have happened. He assumed that the poison would be liquid, so it had probably been added to one of the drinks.

Suddenly the door opened, and Baron von Stetten rushed into the office. "Prince Ludwig is also ill!" he shouted, pulling the master up by his cloak. "Candor, come with me!" he shouted and stormed ahead. Master Candor followed him in quick strides, up one flight of stairs they entered the prince's bedroom. He, too, was lying in bed covered in sweat, a maid bent over the 14-year old and stroking his sweaty forehead soothingly. The master stepped in and briefly felt the boy's pulse, also touched his forehead and looked at him closely. Then he turned and went back downstairs, entered the king's bedroom and turned to the queen, "The prince has been poisoned too,

maybe the doctor should check on him!” After a cry of pain, the queen sobbed out and immediately called the doctor, told him to come quickly to the castle and examine the prince. Weary, she let herself sink down on the foot of her marital bed. “Oh my God, oh my God!” was the only thing she kept muttering to herself.

Baron von Stetten waited upstairs with the prince for the doctor, the master standing steadfastly beside the queen, watching the king die. After a few minutes, he grasped Karl’s hand, tried to feel for a pulse, and then straightened up. “King Charles is dead,” he said softly, closing his king’s eyelids with one hand. He bent down to the queen and embraced her wordlessly. She sat motionless and paralyzed, staring at Karl’s face and slowly shaking her head over and over again. The minutes passed like sand in an hourglass.

The master turned and, hanging his head, walked slowly up the stairs to the prince’s bedroom. The doctor was bent over the prince, examining him closely. The Master looked with a questioning glance at Baron von Stetten, and the latter whispered softly to him, “The plane is already in the air, but there are still two hours before they land.” The master said quietly, but clearly audible to the doctor and the baron, “The king is dead.” The three men and the maid looked at each other in dismay and sadness. Then the doctor said, “It is true, the prince has also been poisoned – probably with the same poison. Hopefully the plane from Madrid will arrive in time!” The master, the worried doctor, and the faithful baron paused in silence, but the maid interrupted the silence and said, “I found a cup on the prince’s bedside table; the prince must have taken it up there after dinner.” Immediately the master asked about the cup. The maid had emptied it in the sink and placed it in the anteroom. She stepped out and then returned with the cup in her hand. The doctor took it carefully in his hand, wrapped it with a piece of cloth, and stuffed it into his doctor’s bag. “Will examine promptly,” he said in his short, curt manner.

As the Baron had ordered, the King was washed by the butler and the personal assistant, and newly dressed, he was laid on the freshly made bed. The queen was escorted to her quarters where she could lie down for a bit and calm down. The master called Miss Firnbach to

issue a terse statement to the principal personages and a second ordering some of them to the castle for the next morning.

While they waited, Candor called Miss Firnbach again and asked her to print out the attendance log or the movement log for the previous evening between 4 and 8 pm. He knew that every person was being watched at all times in the castle compound and that person's movements were being recorded accurately. He stood patiently next to Dr. Ritzler, who kept looking at his wristwatch and feeling the boy's pulse. "He is feverish" he said, "let us hope, let us hope!" Then he looked impatiently at his watch again. Baron von Stetten was still on the telephone with the pilot, and could be heard repeating that they were just over Switzerland, and that it would be three quarters of an hour or a whole hour before they could land.

Prince Ludwig had become very silent, his eyes looking from one to the other and again into the far distance. The master watched him intently, filled with sadness. He knew that it would not be long now, for he was clearly aware that the boy had to die. The minutes passed in a flash, the doctor kept glancing at his wristwatch and could only watch helplessly as the boy slowly deteriorated. "Fifteen minutes to go," the doctor said, "they should land in fifteen minutes." He held the boy's wrist and looked him in the eye.

Baron von Stetten, who was still on the phone with the pilot, nodded delightedly and said, "they're on approach!" After a while, the doctor looked up and said tonelessly, "Prince Ludwig is dead!" he lowered his head so that it would not be seen that he was crying. Baron von Stetten struck his thigh with the flat of his hand, clenched his fist and slammed it into his other hand, again and again. The three men stood at the deathbed for a long time, alternately putting their hands on each other's shoulders and remaining silent.

Baron von Stetten was the first to pull himself together, calling the maid by name: "Dina," he said, "wash the prince, dress him cleanly and prepare his bed !" While the maid went out to fetch what was necessary, the three men slowly went out. The baron quietly closed the door. They went down the stairs, entered the royal living quarters

and knocked on the door to the queen's quarters. A maid opened. They entered.

Baron von Stetten cleared his throat and said softly, "The boy has just died. Our sincere condolences." His voice failing, he turned away and stepped back. One by one, the doctor and the master shook hands with the horrified-looking queen. She slumped down, slapped both hands in front of her face and howled. "My God, my God! It can't be like this!" she kept repeating and sobbing. The three men stood sadly and despairingly before her, watching impotently the desperate weeper and remaining silent. After a few minutes, which seemed to them like half an eternity, the doctor turned and opened the door to leave and the baron followed him. As Master Candor was about to leave as well, the queen looked up briefly and said softly, "Please stay!"

The Master closed the door behind the Baron and turned to the Queen. She apparently calmed down and dabbed the tears with a handkerchief. Then she looked up at him resolutely and ruled, "Whoever is responsible for this, find him! Bring him to me tied up, on his knees, so I can look him in the face before I tear him apart!"

The Master had taken a step back at her violent outburst. He knew the queen pretty well, but he hadn't expected such a wild outburst. Scraps of thoughts and small visions he saw: she had been an exquisitely pretty girl around 20, wildly demanding her youth lust and parties. Wild and sexy, she ensnared the old man, and when she won the king over, she soon became queen alongside the man at least 40 years her senior. King Charles was delighted when Prince Louis was born, and named him Crown Prince as soon as he was born. Both the queen and the king had their little escapades, but on the whole they lived harmoniously together and held the kingdom together. Ludwig was the guarantor for the future.

The master looked the queen in the eye, then nodded and promised, "I will do my best, dear Elizabeth!" Very rarely he addressed the queen by her name. He extended his hand to her, they exchanged a firm handshake, then he nodded and went out.

In the office of Mrs. Firnbach, the Baron was already waiting for him. “Well, what did she say?” the latter asked impatiently. “She has instructed me to find the culprits immediately!” replied the master, turning to Fräulein Firnbach, “Please set up the small room next door for me as a makeshift, I need a table, 3 chairs and a com–device.” Miss Firnbach nodded.

The Master and the Baron spent the next hour issuing the necessary statements to the most important personalities as well as informing the media about the state of affairs with all due caution. He conversed with the Baron about how to continue governing the empire and where to find a successor for the deceased. The Baron had some discussions with the archives as well as the secret service and then said succinctly, “There is only one descendant of Charles left, Prince Erich from a previous marriage, who is currently living in London.” the Baron left no doubt that he was not at all satisfied with the lifestyle of this prince, who was leading a rather carefree party life in London. After a short discussion with the master, he arranged for the chancery to send an express message to London.

Miss Firnbach said the room was ready. Master Candor got up, went into the room and told Miss Firnbach to call the maid Dina. He sat down behind the desk, straightened paper and pencil, and pressed the com–device. He set the device to record. The baron had come in as well, grabbed a chair and sat a little apart. They waited.

The maid entered, her face expressing sorrow and deep pain. She was a not particularly beautiful, but still very pretty young woman in her late 20s, he estimated. She had obviously changed her clothes and was wearing a pretty dress. Her long brunette hair was tied in a knot, which was the fashion of the time. The master asked her to sit down. Then he looked at her in silence for a very long time. Meanwhile, he tried to listen as deeply as he could to her thoughts, but the sadness and pain covered everything.

“What was this wine cup, which we know contained poisoned wine, doing at the Crown Prince’s?” the Master asked in surprise into the silence. To his delight, he suddenly saw vague images of the boy repeatedly pilfering wine. And promptly the maid, bursting into

tears, said that the young prince kept taking wine, at first probably out of curiosity, but perhaps he liked the slightly intoxicating feeling. Yes, she said uncertainly and sighed deeply. At that moment the master saw a picture of Dina and Ludwig wrestling naked on the bed for a pillow, laughing happily.

“How long has this been going on, between you and Ludwig?” he asked sternly. Dina looked up startled, then turned to the baron and looked again at the master. He repeated sternly, “How long have you been sleeping with the boy?” Dina lowered her head and remained silent. Then she whispered softly, “Only a few weeks, Master Candor.” The Master sensed quite clearly that the Baron was looking very guilty, but he was going to save that for later. “And I suppose you wanted to bind him to you in this way?” he said sternly. Dina looked him straight in the eye, then said, “No, my lord, that was not my intention, but.” She broke off, then looked at him almost defiantly, “I think it gave him pleasure, he was happy with it.” After a little pause, she added, “He was so curious, he was so young.” Then her voice broke off. She sobbed softly, and the two men fell silent.

The master interrupted the silence, “So you think the prince took the wine up from dinner?” Immediately Dina said, “Yes!” and looked him firmly in the eyes. “He used to fill his father’s cup with wine every night after dinner and take it upstairs with him, and then when I went to see him later, for” she interrupted herself and added, “By the time I got to him, he had usually emptied the cup.” The master looked at her inquiringly for a long while longer, then nodded and let her go.

“And now, my dear Baron, out with the language!” The Baron, a short, stocky man with a prosperity belly, scratched his head before saying defiantly, “Gee, Candor, I guess it’s not that bad. The boy didn’t really know how to approach fair womanhood, he didn’t have any female playmates. He let his feelings come through in some conversations, and I kept telling him, “That will come, my boy, that will come!” Then I talked to Dina, whom I knew to have often had violent love affairs, but whom I also knew to be a fundamentally decent woman. She didn’t hesitate for long and promised never to hurt the prince’s feelings. And so it came to pass, and I alone bear the respon-

sibility!" The Master, while the Baron was reporting, had kept nodding and finally said, "This is not my world, but I believe you meant only well." The Baron was visibly relieved, he looked the Master firmly in the eye and said, "Candor, I had nothing to do with what happened to the King and the Prince!" The Master looked at him for a long time, then nodded and said, "My dear Baron, I believe you!" That sounded final, and it was. The two men talked for a long time about how to proceed regarding Prince Erich, and especially how to keep the statements to the Reich and the media. The master, after all one of the king's closest advisors, and the baron, who was responsible firstly for the education of Prince Louis and secondly on behalf of the king for the absolute secrecy of the queen's small, clandestine affairs, came to an understanding about these two important events and were in grosso modo agreement.

The Master had gone to the kitchen on the first floor, sat down at the long wooden table and had a good hearty breakfast. He briefly activated his com and called Roxane. He briefly described the events, then said that he would stay in the castle in the morning, because the grandees of the empire would surely organize a publicized performance in which he would have to participate. Roxane had listened quietly, then said quietly that she and Marco would be fine at home, he should take his time and not worry.

No sooner had he hung up than the Baron called to tell him that the media event would begin in 15 minutes in the great hall and that he needed to join them in time. The master went to the washroom, washed his face and combed his long white hair. In the mirror he checked his appearance once again, then he went up to the second floor to the great hall. Just as the entire Leopoldine wing in the castle was kept in simple white, the walls were covered with red fabric wallpaper and the frames of the huge mirrors offset with gold gave the hall a dignified atmosphere in which kings, chancellors and federal presidents had already made their appearances in the past. He briefly looked around the crowded hall and spotted the other masters who had taken their seats on the benches along the left wall. He nodded to them, sat down with them and placed his staff on the floor. All the big personalities, representatives of the estates and the govern-

ment, but also media people and a large number of photographers and cameramen were present.

The spokesman for the King's Chancellery stepped up to the microphone, and the hall fell silent. He read from a document and reported that King Charles and Prince Louis had fallen victim to an underhanded attack. Although everyone had already been informed, a muffled murmur went through the hall. Then the speaker stepped back and left the microphone to the next speaker, the government president. The latter, a white-haired, dignified old man, enumerated the king's merits and the empire's successes. Then followed more speeches, addresses and obituaries, each more mendacious than the last. The event dragged on, and the master had sat back, closed his eyes, and let his thoughts run free.

He was reluctant to admit it, but the murderer or the person who ordered the assassination was certainly present in the hall. Under lowered eyelids he looked at all the people who listened to the speeches. He knew them all, at least by name, and tried to imagine that each of them could have given the order for the assassination. But his instincts failed him completely; none of those present seemed even remotely suspicious. He leaned toward Master Edelmann, who was sitting next to him, and whispered, "Who among these would even be in a position to order such an assassination?"

Master Edelmann, who was about the same age as himself, just shook his graying head and whispered back, "We must investigate each of them, such a gruesome act cannot go unpunished!" He paused for a long while, then added, "We must find out what interest was behind it, then we will have the culprit or culprits." Master Candor murmured, "The Queen Dowager has already put me in charge of that." Edelmann looked at him briefly, then nodded, "She made the right choice!" The two fell silent and left themselves to listen again.

The master's mind wandered. It was before the time before he was reawakened that the united Europe practically fell apart again into individual states. The remaining conglomerate United Europe became a hollow, empty paper tiger. The individual states remained republics, such as Germany or France, but in others autocrats seized

the leadership, as in Austria. The last federal president appointed himself king in a night-and-fog action. In his televised address to the nation, he said that the chaos could only be ended by someone with a strong hand rebuilding the republic and ending the endless squabbles, political intrigues and intrigues of partisan factions that were paralyzing the country. Thus he proclaimed the Republic of Austria the Kingdom of Austria and himself King Franz.

There was a sigh of relief throughout the empire when King Francis began to establish order. His motto was “Justice first!” and he made every effort to put this into practice. One of his wisest decisions, for example, was to assemble the 100 richest people or companies in the kingdom once a year in the throne room and leave it up to them to decide freely to what extent they wanted to contribute to the community with their wealth. Of course, no one wanted to, but the king left them no choice. Those who refused at first, he – full of anger and disgust – imposed a 30% tax or had 30% of their wealth collected. From the second year on, there was no one left who did not voluntarily hand over part of their wealth to the treasury. With such actions King Francis became very popular with the people, of course not with the grandees.

King Francis left it at that, that the government president and the ministers as well as the parliament with well 400 delegates led the realm, first of all. But in the background he gathered around him a handful of clever minds who supported him and his ideas, but who were also prepared to contradict him in disputes where they thought it necessary. All major and important decisions were made in this Council of Masters, as King Francis secretly called them. All foreign policy decisions were made in this body, Francis watched with great interest how relations with the great states such as Germany, China, Russia and the United States were developing. He was not afraid to go before the government and announce an order. Debates were brief because everyone knew that when the king made a decision, it was to be carried out. Francis was deeply convinced that only a union between a powerful king and an elected parliament representing the people could work. Better a king who could listen to the parliament than a democratic government that was fruitlessly dead in eternal,

endless debates. Thus King Francis reigned for more than 20 years until, after his death, his son Charles succeeded him on the throne.

...

The Awakening

Now I will briefly present how I awoke and how I became Master Candor from Leo Puchmann.

My awakening happened very slowly, in several steps. I awoke in a bright white room, and suddenly I was aware that I was in a hospital.

I can only remember the first few weeks in fragments; I was hooked up to tubes and electrodes and was only conscious for minutes at a time. Mostly, though, I was asleep.

After a while the nurses began to encourage me to get up, I was completely debilitated, had pain in my hips and hardly any muscle. I received excellent meals, the nurses were concerned about me day and night.

Later, when I was able to sit upright, they began physical therapy with me, teaching me to walk, move, use my arms. It was also at this time that the conversations with the doctor who treated me, Doctor Fürböck, began.

He had already started to examine me twice a day since my awakening, ordered various examinations like X-ray, MRI, various neurological examinations and others. Now he sat down with me once a day, and I had many questions for him.

How had I gotten here? When was I, how long had I been in a coma? He listened to me patiently, then gave me short, precise answers.

He asked me if I could remember that I had founded this institute together with his predecessor, Dr. Giese. I said No, so he said that I had founded the Giese Institute with Dr. Giese, with whom I had been personal friends since my school days. I had invested a very large amount of money for the research and made a long-term con-

tract with him, acquiring 45% silent interest in the institute and allowing him to continue his research with a generous annual grant.

He paused for a long moment. Then he said, “You survived a serious car accident, had surgery, but didn’t wake up, remained in a coma.” According to a letter, Doctor Giese could claim to continue caring for me. Since the institute was focused on doing research on prolonging life, Doctor Giese had left me in a coma and applied the latest results of his research to my care.

Dr. Giese believed that cryomedicine was a dead end. He was banking on the fact that life-prolonging measures were capable of keeping coma patients alive for many years. He intended to do the same with me. After I had been successfully operated on my hip after the car accident, as well as on many broken ribs and a cracked spine, I did not wake up despite intensive efforts, but remained in a coma. So he left me in an artificial coma, lowered my body temperature to between 10 and 20 degrees, and ensured that my vital functions remained slowed but fully intact. It was a continuation of the idea that humans could have a kind of hibernation, which could also be proven by experiments for space travel. However, these experiments remained fragmentary; only Giese seemed to be able to perfect life support.

Dr. Fürböck began to describe these processes in great detail and in technical terms, primarily the lowering of the body temperature, the slowing of the heartbeat to fourteen beats per minute as well as the electrostimulation of the brain, thymus and other nerve tracts were of great importance. These detailed technical specifications made me feel really dizzy, and soon I could no longer remember every detail. But Dr. Fürböck confirmed to me that Dr. Giese had done an excellent job and had thus kept me alive.

I impatiently interrupted him and asked, “How long?” Dr. Fürböck looked at me seriously, then said, “You’ve spent over 60 years in a coma.”

I felt dizzy. 60 years! That meant I was now – I rummaged through my memories – I was now over 120 years old! Dr. Fürböck

paused, for he realized that I first had to come to terms with this. We were silent for a long time and then I asked about my wife – but I immediately realized that she had been dead for 60 years. Dr. Fürböck confirmed that my wife Helene had not survived the car accident.

With tears streaming down my cheeks, Dr. Fürböck stood up and left me alone with my thoughts. 60 years! And Helene was dead, and all the others with whom I had shared my life back then. Helene, my Elaine, with whom I had still spoken “yesterday”....

On the following days we talked about it again and again, the I wanted to know more about how I could get through this time. Dr Giese had conducted his research in secret or complete seclusion during this time, only his closest associates knew what he was working on. He published over 100 papers on this subject, but never from the point of view of the researcher who wanted to make his results known, but wisely always framed his advice in terms of how to continue and prolong life itself. Unfortunately, Doctor Giese had died five years ago at the age of over 90, and he, Fürnböck, had succeeded him as his closest assistant.

Dr. Fürnböck was very anxious to get me out of this dejection and explained to me that, purely physically, thanks to the unique treatment I had received, I had hardly aged two years, corresponding to an age of about 58 or 60. At the time of the car accident I was 58 years old. He also made it clear to me that although I was currently still walking on crutches or being pushed in a wheelchair, with successful continuation of physical therapy and patient training I would soon be walking independently and fully recovered.

I spent the following days in deep mourning. For me it was as if I had lost Elaine yesterday, in reality she had gone 60 years ago. I didn't remember at all what we had argued about, why she had gotten behind the wheel drunk and angry, and why we both hadn't buckled up. Anyway, we crashed on the mountain road. I was no longer at all responsive to those around me; reluctantly, I allowed myself to be led to physiotherapy or to small, cautious walks. Other-

wise, however, I did not leave my room, looked out of the window and thought of Elaine full of sadness and pain. The view of the park and the rain drumming against the windows made me feel very melancholy.

Dr. Fürböck did not let up. Every day he visited and examined me, and in particular I noticed that he concentrated strongly on the neurological examinations. One day I asked him why he was doing this, but he left me with the simple answer that this was pure routine. I could almost physically feel that he was hiding something from me. In fact, to my own amazement, I often felt that I could “sense” the emotions of my counterpart quite clearly. Sometimes I could almost clairvoyantly read their thoughts, and this although I was strictly scientifically oriented all my life and did not believe in such frippery.

Nevertheless, there had to be something to this frippery, because in the fifth month of my stay at the Institute, a new nurse, Brigitte, was assigned to me. From the first day I read her signals, I almost “saw” figuratively how much she was attracted to me, I could read her thoughts and after a few days I felt how much she longed for intimacy. In fact, we soon had consensual sex, although I hardly knew her and found no signs that she could ever mean more to me. She was of a simple disposition and our brief affair was nothing more than physical recreation. It was only after a few weeks that I discovered that she faithfully told Dr. Fürböck about our clandestine meetings, with all the details, which he, of course, never mentioned to me. That little wise guy, I thought, and ended the affair with Brigitte quite soon. Somehow it annoyed me to be medically examined in this way.

To Dr. Fürböck I did not mention my new, quasi psychic talent with a word. However, I kept talking to him about the frequent neurological examinations, because it was noticeable how often he sent me for MRIs.

After a few attempts on my part, Dr. Fürböck reluctantly admitted that he was looking into how much my brain activity, or the amount of areas I could use, had increased. He said that he was very surprised that I would use between 35 to 50% of my brain volume,

which was higher than the average 15 to 25%. He had no explanation for this, other than to suggest that possibly the 60 years of continued stimulation of my brain could have caused this.

I kept my thoughts on this to myself, although it was very tempting to tell him about my new talents. So the days passed, after about two months I could walk with crutches, and later I only needed a walking stick. Then came the day when Dr. Fürböck told me that the law firm Roma und Partner wanted to talk to me. Roma and Partner had taken care of my business affairs during all this time, now they probably wanted to talk to the new old Leo.

The two young gentlemen who appeared the other day and met with me and Dr. Fürböck in the conference room were far too young for me to know them. Nevertheless, they proved to be competent and knew about every detail. They had brought a whole stack of papers with them and presented them to me; they were first the reports on the time I had spent at the Institute and the office had periodically checked on my progress. The correspondence with Dr. Giese indicated that I was doing well and that the office had been entrusted annually by him with the continuation of all my business. He had also countersigned the firm's annual fees.

Then they presented me with a report of my net worth, and at the first moment a violent vertigo seized me, for I was indeed rich. I owned several houses in good locations, my last apartment was a very spacious half floor in the Palais Harrach on the Freyung. The palace obviously belonged to me, but I could not remember at all how I had acquired it. The two young gentlemen read me the results of the income from the properties. Then they reported that my huge share packages had developed excellently in 60 years and that I received extraordinarily good income from them. Lastly, they presented me with confirmations that my taxes had been paid punctually and accurately. Lastly, they presented a report on Roma and Partner's fees, which I only briefly skimmed and nodded, because they were not cheap, but I had probably negotiated it that way with them over 60 years ago. I sat back and let these new findings run through my head.

After a pause, one of the two gentlemen cleared his throat and said that it was probably necessary for me to be given a new identity. Looking ahead, they had thought that I would want to keep my name, but I would need a completely new legend and also new deeds and documents. They had already prepared this and presented them. In fact, it was well thought out, for example, I received a birth certificate that roughly confirmed my current age, school certificates and various other documents that confirmed this new life. It was now up to me to decide if I wanted to accept this. After thinking about it for a short time, I agreed and signed all the papers necessary for this.

Leo Puchmann had become Leo Puchmann. I gave the gentlemen the order to set up a new current account for me at my bank, Austro Invest Bank, and to continuously replenish this account when I left. I wanted to use this account to cover everyday expenses, and my assets were to be managed by Roma and Partner as before. We concluded a two-year extension of this contract.

When the gentlemen had left, I remained seated briefly with Doctor Fürböck. I thanked him for the extraordinarily good care that he and Dr. Giese had taken of me with Roma and Partner. Then we had an animated conversation about how I could support his further research work and the institute. He was very pleased when I told him that the annual support would be increased by 10% and would continue index-linked. I was grateful to the Institute for saving my life and resurrecting me in this new life. He was very relieved and thanked me.

From that day on, all my sadness was gone. I started to learn about my former life, but also began to take care of my apartment. On the advice of Dr. Fürböck, I invited a master builder whom he trusted very much and whom I wanted to hire to work on the apartment. I wanted a thorough renovation, new furnishings according to current standards, and had him give me a quote. After barely a week, I had this and commissioned the master builder to carry out this work.

I went several times by cab to the city center and looked at the old apartment. It was on the second floor of the Palais Harrach, but it

was completely dusty and filled with old furniture. I found it hard to imagine that I had lived there, but it gave me a twinge when I looked at a piece of furniture and it reminded me of Elaine. No, it all had to go, everything had to be redecorated.

After one of these visits, when I returned to the Institute, I had a vision for the first time. Yes, a vision, because I was sure I was seeing something not real. I had hardly sat down in a chair and drunk a glass of lemonade when my mind wandered and I suddenly saw her in the corner of the room. It was Elaine, without a doubt. But at the same time I realized that this was only a face. We looked at each other for a long time, she smiled and I said, “My dear, dear Elaine!” I only peripherally noticed tears running down my cheeks. It lasted maybe a few minutes, or maybe just a few seconds, then she was gone again. I remained sitting motionless, thinking.

It couldn't be! But then again, the vision was so clear and so distinct that I had to believe it was true. Now I sat by the table more often and let my thoughts run free, but it was several days before she appeared again. I could see her more clearly than the first time, wearing that charming dress she had worn in Greece on our honeymoon – a thin, sheer white dress under which she wore nothing. I looked at her and smiled, because she had danced in Greece in that dress on the lawn behind our house, happy and exuberant.

Elaine was again the young, beautiful woman who had married me. No trace of her age, the beautiful red brown curly hair framed her face smiling at me. As surreal as this was, I approached her and told her how much I loved her. She smiled back, her beautiful smile, and she said she loved me too. I asked how she was, and she replied that it was wonderful here, in Greece, it was beautiful after all!

I was convinced that she was a product of my memories, because the time she mentioned must have been 80 or 90 years ago, our honeymoon in Greece. Nevertheless, I wanted to keep her and her presence as long as possible. When I reached out my hand and tried to touch her, I felt nothing – she really had to be a projection of my brain.

I decided to pretend we were still on our honeymoon. Our conversation was about love, about physical sensations, and we kept telling each other how much we loved each other. After a while, however, she became serious and said, “I have to warn you, my dear, there will be a rock avalanche near the City of Landeck in three days and it will hinder train traffic. Hopefully you can do something about it so that no people will be harmed.” She looked at me for a while longer, but her image faded.

I sat there for a while longer, dazed by the power emanating from this vision. But then I made a decision and went to Doctor Fürböck. I reported to him that I was quite suddenly possessed by the thought that there might be an accident in the next few days, or more precisely in three days, and that I felt the duty to inform the railroad company. Dr. Fürböck was extremely skeptical at first and tried to find out how I came up with this idea and how seriously he had to take it. Of course, I didn’t say a word about my contact with Elaine, but insisted on notifying the railroad. He wasn’t really convinced, so I said I would call the railroad myself.

So I accompanied him to his office, where there was still an old-fashioned telephone, and called the railroad company after he picked out the number for me. When I finally got someone on the line, I was passed from office to office until I got to the regional director’s office, where I deposited my suspicions. They tried to interrogate me and find out whether I myself might be someone who was planning an attack on the railroad. However, I gave my personal details as well as my whereabouts in the institute and said that this was not an attack, but a natural event, probably a rock fall. One should please take possible precautions. They were polite to me and thanked me. Dr. Fürböck, who had been listening in over the loudspeaker, shook his head when I hung up and grumbled, “They’re going to file this under the heading of >bullies<”

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How great, however, was his astonishment when the railroad called him directly three days later and informed him that, as a precaution, the railroad line from Landeck westwards had been shut

down for a short time because of technical measures. And, they went on to say, there had indeed been a huge rockfall that had displaced the rails – it would probably have been a major accident with many fatalities if they hadn't closed the line as a precaution. The guy from the royal railroad company let it slip that he was very surprised about this warning, whether Dr. Fürböck could possibly go into more detail? However, the latter could not say anything and politely ended the conversation.

Naturally, we continued to talk about it for days. I did not give in and did not reveal my source, I insisted that it was just a feeling, a very strong feeling though. For Dr. Fürböck, all this was inexplicable and unsettled him for a long time.

I thought for days how it could be that Elaine, whose vision must have sprung from my own brain, could know such a thing in advance. But I could not find an answer, in spite of thinking hard. No matter how I turned it, it remained that my scientifically oriented mind had no answer and I was not able to give myself a reasonable explanation. I was not willing to accept any Hocus Pocus.

In the meantime, the work in my apartment had continued, I now took a cab into town almost daily to assess its progress. The builder had not promised too much. The floors were newly laid, the walls freshly plastered and painted, the furnishings rather modern. According to my wish, there was a large living room, 6 small rooms and a well-equipped kitchen that could cook on its own. Why there was a second bathroom I could not figure out, but left it at that. The furniture I had chosen myself, it was above all dignified and yet elegant. I also wanted the best beds in the guest rooms, well-upholstered seating and high, dark curtains that reached to the floor. The builder promised that it would be ready for occupancy in eight weeks at the latest.

During my visits to inspect the apartment, I quickly found out that on the same floor, in an area twice the size of my apartment, a certain Madame Veronique ran an establishment of a special kind. Completely inconspicuous on the outside, it was in reality, I could not overlook, an establishment of the upscale kind. Madame Veronique

was a pretty middle-aged lady and was very friendly. We greeted each other as neighbors, and she invited me to visit the establishment. We had a very lively conversation, and she served rolls and an excellent tea. Soon she invited me to dinner and I could tell that she had excellent cooking. Her carefully worded offer to get me to visit the establishment put me in the awkward position of rejecting it. But contrary to my fears, she just nodded understandingly and said that was okay. I was very relieved, because one should always be on friendly terms with neighbors. It was now almost a habit that I dined together with her in the evening. But I insisted on paying for the meal, which she accepted after a short hesitation.

During dinner together we chatted about this and that, and slowly we learned a few things about each other. She found it interesting that I had come to a small fortune through real estate and stocks and said several times how pleased she was about this neighborhood. I concealed from her for a very long time that the palace actually belonged to me and that the rental was the responsibility of a property management company. I, on the other hand, learned that she had immigrated from Southeastern Europe and after a few years had opened her establishment. This was very nobly furnished in the retro-style of the 19th century, laid out with soft carpets and decorated with red fabric wallpaper. These girls were invariably first class, as were her clients, who came from the highest circles of the kingdom. And, she stressed again and again, discretion was absolutely important and indispensable to her. And, of course, she made it clear from the start that it was not a whorehouse or brothel, but a salon. She accepted my smile with an imperceptible smirk.

In the meantime, I had said goodbye to the institute and moved into my apartment in the Palais Harrach. The master builder showed me the entire apartment with all the details, all the furniture and all the built-in refinements. I had to pass on explaining the kitchen, as I was not used to cooking, and told him that everything would certainly be in order and that I would take a closer look at the details when the opportunity arose. At the end of the tour, his eyes flashed briefly as he said he had saved the finest candy for last. “Lucy!” he said, and a soft female voice answered from hidden speakers, “What can I do for you?” The builder saw my astonishment and said, “This

is the most modern household robot at the moment,” adding that it was trained on me, my voice and could handle any household activity or command such as light control, music control, the kitchen and the like. He added that one could communicate with Lucy as one would with a domestic servant.

I started to have misgivings, because already in my old life I skeptically distanced myself from all the newfangled social media as well as so-called smart things, and now I felt that I was not comfortable with this house robot. Nevertheless, I had the builder explain all the details and wrote down the most important commands in my little notebook. Then I said, “Lucy, shut down!” A soft, barely audible beep came in confirmation. Lucy allowed itself to be switched on again and the builder gave me the hint to let Lucy explain all its functions to me. Lucy was the most modern thing that money could buy at the moment. Then I sat down at the desk with the builder and we went through the final statement again, we checked off each item individually and at the end I signed that everything was correct. At the end I told the builder that I would settle his bill on the same day and thanked him for this excellent work on my apartment.

Naturally, I immediately went over to Veronique and asked her to come and see the newly furnished apartment. She came, looked at everything closely and then said that it was really very nice. In the kitchen she gave a little appreciative whistle, that’s how much she liked its furnishings, the flashing pans, the fine dishes and the beautiful, surely expensive appliances. This is an autonomous kitchen, she assured me, she had seen it in some magazines, but it cost a fortune. I, however, went back to the large living room that I was proud of myself for furnishing. It had, in addition to a large TV that could be raised from a recessed mount, a large old-fashioned desk with a retro phone and screen that I’m sure had little use anywhere else today. I, however, found that I could get my news and my work done better on a big screen than with just the com, which was always present but had limited display capabilities. Of course, the com and the screen connected automatically (which reminded me that in “my day” this was called Bluetooth).

Now I began to further furnish my apartment according to my taste. I had the valuable carpets of the old furnishings cleaned, and now they were laid out on all the floors. In the evenings I regularly went to Veronique's and one evening asked who the young lady was who sometimes served the food but mostly stayed in the background. She introduced us, Leo and Roxane. She was the widow of Veronique's brother Gregori, who had died in the civil war turmoil in Romania. Veronique had immediately brought her to Vienna, as well as her eight-year-old son Marco. Since I liked Roxane very much from the first day, I asked Veronique, Roxane would like to join our dinners.

At these dinners we talked mainly about the small problems of everyday life, but I used the time to learn more about Roxane. I kept looking at Roxane's body and thought she was very pretty, at the same time I scolded myself an old chauvinistic jackass for feasting on her pretty looks. Nevertheless, I imagined that she was soon dressing very bodily and was obviously enjoying my looks. She was very modest, tried to help diligently in Veronique's private household, and otherwise did not care for the establishment, which she obviously did not appreciate very much. Of course, it was out of the question for her to work for Veronique in the establishment, which Veronique acknowledged with a quiet smile. In a slight pang of jealousy, I imagined how this sweetheart child would probably degenerate in a whorehouse.

For Roxane, Marco was the center of her life; she studied with him daily, making sure he studied diligently and attentively, and also discussed interpersonal problems with him, since his classmates often annoyed him because of his background. All in all, she seemed very sweet and kind-hearted, and I found myself thinking about her frequently and wondering if I was in love with her. At our dinner together we often exchanged long glances, I rummaged and searched in her thoughts and found that she also found me more interesting and attractive from day to day.

Now I sometimes invited her to my apartment, I tried to offer her coffee but failed because of the coffee machine. Smiling, she got up and ordered Lucy to prepare coffee for us, then we sat in the comfort-

able armchairs of the seating area and talked. She talked about her youth and her Gregori, whom she had known from childhood and married quite young.

In a cracked voice, she related how Gregori came home one evening covered in blood. He stammered that he had gotten into a fight between two opposing clans and had been shot, although he had nothing to do with them and had immediately sought cover. She held his head in her lap, crying, over and over again they both stammered their names until Gregori became more and more silent. When the emergency doctor finally arrived, he could only conclude that Gregori was dead. A few days later Gregori was buried, she silently packed her belongings and drove with Marco to Vienna, to Veronique.

Then, on one of those afternoons, it happened. We had talked for a long time, hands touching, her head leaning against my shoulder, and I felt her joyful excitement. Our lips touched in a long, intimate kiss and that afternoon we became a couple. Exhausted but very happy, we lay next to each other in silence for a long time. I sat up and smoked, for the first time in 60 years.

We couldn't keep anything a secret from Veronique. She looked silently from one to the other at dinner, then said, "Roxane is my only relative, please treat her well and don't hurt her!" I nodded in agreement and promised her. Dinner passed largely in silence, and before I said goodbye, I took Roxane's hands and looked into her eyes, "Please, move to me, live with me!" Roxane looked to Veronique, and when she nodded, she said, "I'll be happy to come to you, Leo!" And so it came to pass that the three of us – Roxane, Marco and I – lived together in my apartment.

Roxane was an excellent cook, she could handle the automated procedures of the state-of-the-art kitchen together with Lucy from the first day and do the magic as I understood it. So we invited Veronique to join us for dinner more and more often. Roxane now took care of both households – mine and Veronique's – and cooked sometimes here, sometimes at Veronique's. Marco had been reluctant at first, feeling the familiarity between Roxane and me as some-

thing that disturbed him. But I showed my friendliest side to the boy, now often took over the joint learning and gradually his resistance faded. He now had his own room, for the first time in his life he could arrange himself there as he wished. I think this was a wonderful time for all three of us.

Hesitantly and full of uncertainty, I told Roxane about my past. Gradually, I made her understand that I had spent a long part of my life in a coma due to a medical experiment. When I said that this experiment had lasted 60 years, I noticed how she calculated and her eyes widened. I added that under normal circumstances I would be about 120 years old, but that I had hardly aged during this coma and was now only about 60 years old. Roxane looked at me in silence for a long time, then said, "I am 34." Quite shyly, she added that my sexuality felt much younger. You mean my member, I said, and she was unsure, because she couldn't name those things. After a brief lesson in private parts, she did turn puter red, but then nodded eagerly, "Yes, your cock! It fucks great!" She was a quick learner. But then her curiosity awoke, she wanted to know everything in detail and I told her everything I still knew.

I was able to tell her that after graduating from high school I had gone into a bank apprenticeship and specialized in the stock market business. Through clever investment, I had managed to acquire several houses in the inner city, to live off this rental income and that I had invested a lot of money in share packages. With a certain pride I said that I had thus become rich and would not have to have any worries of a financial nature in the future.

I had a family life again, I had a mistress and a stepson. We became a close community, supported each other and had a loving relationship. I saw Marco laugh again for the first time in a long time, and when Roxane and I sat together in the evening over a glass of wine, I experienced how she slowly blossomed and looked confidently into the future.

It was several weeks before I told Roxane about Elaine. She was not surprised to learn that I had been married before, and she especially wanted to know if we had had children, which I denied. I found

it very difficult to talk about the car accident. I knew very little about it myself, only that I had been in an accident with Elaine. I was reluctant to say that Elaine had been driving drunk. I only reported that she had died and that I had been seriously injured. I quickly changed the subject because I didn't want to think about it anymore.

I saved the hardest chunk for a long time. One evening the mood was very good and we understood each other very well. There I reported to her that I sometimes had visions. Roxane did not seem surprised and said that this was quite normal in her original culture. This encouraged me to tell her that in these visions I had contact with Elaine and that she sometimes told me things concerning the future.

Roxane was silent for a long time. Then she asked me if I still loved Elaine. I thought about what to answer for a long time. But finally I just said, "Yes!" Then I continued, "I think it's kind of like between you and Gregori. I feel that you will never forget him and I think it's totally okay that you continue to love him."

That night we went to bed quietly, holding each other close and not speaking a word until we fell asleep.

Now Roxane understood better why I sometimes spent entire afternoons in silence in my living room. The visions in which Elaine appeared became less frequent. But I kept getting hints when some misfortune was brewing somewhere. I turned more and more often to the appropriate authorities, sometimes even in the Royal castle, and reported what I had heard from Elaine. Most of the time the authorities were taciturn, but they nevertheless passed on my information and so some misfortunes could be prevented.

I still remember a large, widespread flood in northern Austria and in Germany, where precautions could be taken in time because of my information. Likewise, a large forest fire in France could be prevented, which confirmed to me that my visions were an important task. But there were also setbacks, such as a tsunami that devastated Spain's east coast. The State Department had passed on my information, but the Spanish ignored it and experienced an unpredictable earthquake followed by a tsunami that claimed several hundred lives.

A few days after that I received a call on my com, it was the office in the castle. The woman's voice on the other end informed me that the king wished to see me. Would it be all right for me to come to see the king tomorrow in the early afternoon perhaps at 1 o'clock. Slightly confused, however, I immediately confirmed the appointment. Then I discussed it with Roxane, for neither of us had any idea why the king wanted to see me.

Another day, I put on my best clothes and went to the nearby castle. The guards searched me for hidden weapons, then I was sent on my way. I knocked and entered the office, a young man asked, "Mr. Puchmann?" and when I confirmed, he asked me to follow him. We went up one floor and I was taken to a very nicely appointed room where I was told to wait.

After a few minutes the door opened, I jumped up and saw King Charles in person for the first time. He greeted me very kindly and asked that I take a seat. I looked at the king while he was still engrossed in a paper for a moment. He was tall and looked very good and athletic for his 75 years. His long gray hair framed a friendly but determined face. His clothes were elegant and emphasized his slim figure. Then he looked up from the papers and looked me straight in the face.

"I understand that you have been very helpful to us. Can you tell me more about that?" I was perplexed and thought about how much I could tell the king – my king –. He saw my indecision and said that whatever I told him, he could keep it to himself.

I gave myself a jolt and told him that I had a kind of face, that sometimes I had visions for the near future, immediately also telling him the doubts I had. I looked him straight in the eye and said that I had been brought up scientifically and that it was very difficult for me myself to believe such an extraordinary gift to be true, but the veracity of the events confirmed that there was more than our science wanted to imagine.

The king looked at me in silence for a long time at first. Then he began to talk about the current political situation as well as the ev-

everyday problems that existed for him. He obviously wanted to know what my political opinion was. I knew little more than what the media and opinion makers on the Internet were spreading. Nevertheless, I told him that I read all these reports with restraint and great caution, anxious to discern differences and to find the truth that might exist behind the reports. The king interviewed me, apparently wanting to know how I researched, how I proceeded from information to information, and what I kept or discarded.

He interviewed me for more than an hour, we drank coffee and ate some of the pastries that were on the small table. Over the course of that hour, our tempers had heated and we animatedly debated some of the breaking news. I affirmed that I thought many of the things the king had commanded in a social way were right and important. But in some things – especially his foreign policy attitude toward the other states around us – I told him with cautious frankness that I did not approve of them all. An oppressive pause ensued.

The king leaned forward, looked me straight in the eye, and asked if I could imagine being included on his staff of advisors. I flinched, for I was not at all prepared for that. He straightened up and said I was welcome to consider it. But, he said, it would be a full-time job, and the only thing he required would be absolute honesty. He wouldn't need yes-sayers around him, but advisors he could trust, who would also contradict him if necessary.

We looked at each other in silence, I was feverishly considering what advantages– and disadvantages this appointment might bring me. Then I looked directly at him and said, “It would be a great honor for me, King Charles!” I had to swallow, for I was surprised even by my own determination.

The king pressed a small hidden button on the underside of the table and said, “Bring the document!” Then he leaned back, relaxed, and smirked, “I hope I didn't catch you off guard with that!” I too slowly relaxed, then the young man came in and brought a piece of paper. The king took it, read it aloud semi-quietly, and then sweepingly put his signature under it. Then he handed me the pen and pointed to the left page. I signed, wildly, as if it were a death sen-

tence. The king handed the paper to the young man and ordered that the appointment document be copied and filed. Then the staff of advisors and the most important people at court were to be informed.

We talked for almost another hour while the king explained in detail what I would have to do, what powers I had, and what he expected of me. He pressed the com and showed me a picture of the current advisors. They were all men about my age, all four were dressed in a black cloak and looked very serious into the camera. “Except for the serious look, I can do all that” I said smiling. Even the king had to smile.

“There is Master Edelmann,” said the king, “next to him Master Gregor, Master Reichenhall and Master Berkel.” After a short pause he said that now Master Puchmann would join them as the fifth. Then he frowned and said, “Master Puchmann, that doesn’t sound very special somehow.” Now he began a long speech, explaining to me how much he admired the legendary King Arthur and his knights. To these Arthur had given new names. Galahad, Lancelot or Parsifal — he had talked to his advisors, but they wanted to keep their own names, except for Edelmann, who was called Nawratil until then, and Gregor, who didn’t tell his name to anyone. Now he looked at me eagerly.

I shrugged my shoulders indifferently and said that whether Puchmann or not, it didn’t matter to me, it didn’t really matter to me. With almost childlike eagerness, he immediately started looking for names. Odin or Thor, Parsifal or Merlin, but with each one I shook my head and finally said, “There’s no need to make a bogeyman out of me!” He fell silent and thought hard. Then he raised his head and said, “Candor!” I thought, because Master Candor, that didn’t sound bad at all.

The king decided, “Yes, Master Candor, that’s good!”

He soon bade me farewell, and I hurried home — so Leo Puchmann became Master Candor.

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Investigations

It was already the second day, but the master still could not see the background of the assassination. He had questioned all the servants, all the guards and the kitchen staff, without any success. The king's personal assistant, Karl Buchner, and one of the guards, a certain Josef Steidl, were untraceable and could not be reached. Naturally, he immediately called the police chief, Thüringer, and asked that the two be put on the wanted list. So far, however, they could not be picked up despite the manhunt.

Candor had once again summoned the maid Dina for questioning. He asked her to remember once again exactly how she had found the prince and to describe everything to him in detail. She should close her eyes and tell everything, but really everything.

She obediently closed her eyes and thought hard. The master noticed that his words were having their suggestive effect. Then she began to speak.

She had left quite late for the prince, as she did every evening; she had showered and put on a clean dress beforehand. The prince, she reported, was already in bed and seemed to be sleeping peacefully.

As she did every night before, she quietly walked around the bed and took the wine cup from the nightstand. She tipped the small amount of wine left into the sink. Then she quietly went out again, put the cup on a sideboard and went back to the prince's room. She took off her clothes and carefully slipped under the covers. She continued, "It was like always, I waited a little," Dina blushed and put her hand over her mouth, "... then I lifted the covers to see if the prince was ready."

While she was still looking at him, the prince suddenly began to cough and gag. Startled, she put her hand on his forehead, which seemed very hot to her. Now she saw that he was pale and completely

sweaty. She was violently frightened, but then she got out of bed and called over the house—com to the Baron. He should please come at once.

She was still standing trembling beside the com when the Baron rushed in a few moments later. The baron stared at her completely aghast, she pointed her hand at the prince. Then she noticed his greedy gaze and suddenly became aware of her nakedness. So she hastily dressed, while the baron felt the prince's pulse and stroked his sweaty forehead, then the baron had rushed out again without a word.

She looked to the Baron, who was sitting in the background as usual, waiting for him to say something. The Baron looked at Candor and nodded, then said it had all been the same.

While she was telling, the master had tried to read deeply into her thoughts and could picture the whole situation. After Dina looked at him expectantly again, he asked, "Before you stepped into his room, didn't you see someone in the hallway?"

Dina closed her eyes once more and thought hard. She fidgeted a bit while the master focused on her thoughts again. "Yes, there was someone there" she said hesitantly, looking up at the master in wonder.

The master thought he recognized the figure and asked, "Could it have been the Buchner?" Dina thought for a moment and then said, "Maybe." She thought again strained, then she said, "I have seen him only dimly, but it could have been the Buchner already. But I'm not quite sure."

The master thanked her and allowed her to leave. Then he was alone with the baron. The latter said with great Astonishment, "Man, you hit the bull's eye there!" Candor passed over this remark and said that it was necessary to follow the trail immediately. Immediately, the Baron called the special commission and said that there was still no trace of the Buchner, just as little as of Steidl. Both remained missing.

In the afternoon, however, when he was discussing the results with the Baron, Master Edelmann and Master Gregor together and they were rolling around all kinds of theories, Commissioner Chance came to their rescue: the Special Commission called the Baron and reported that some playing children had found two bodies in the bushes along the Danube Canal near the Weißgerberlande. They were Buchner and Steidl, both had been killed with a shot in the back of the head. The council looked at each other helplessly, for now their only lead had come to nothing. The special commission promised to investigate the murders as quickly as possible. They ended the meeting and parted.

Master Candor sent word to the queen dowager asking if he could call on her for a report, which was answered in the affirmative. Immediately he set out and was about to knock on her door when he heard soft whispering and rustling of clothes behind it. After a few moments, however, he knocked again and waited. The whispering died away, he heard hurried footsteps and the flap of a door, then the queen dowager opened.

She had on a black dress that was cut like a dirndl. She smoothed out her skirt and pulled the dress up over her breasts. One hand still remained on her breast, and she seemed to be testing him to see if he was looking into her eyes. Somewhat disappointed, she lowered her hand, for the master saw through this little gesture immediately. He made no effort to respond to her flirtation.

He followed her inviting gesture, went ahead and sat down on a chair. The queen dowager also sat down, crossed her legs tantalizingly slowly and looked at him from below. They briefly exchanged a few sentences when he inquired how she was today. She said that she was completely broken over the death of two loved ones.

He was about to talk about questioning Dina, but an image appeared before his eyes and he asked, "Wasn't that young Deputy Schneider before?" Her eyelids began to flutter like little birds looking for a way out. Then she awkwardly slowly crossed one leg over the other to draw his gaze to her lower legs, which she actually succeeded in doing this time. She acknowledged his stare with a smug,

triumphant smile. Then she said that in hard times you need every good friend you have. Despite the distraction, he managed to catch a glimpse of her thoughts, which confirmed that she was having a fling with Schneider, but for the moment it seemed beside the point. Still, he resolved to look into it later.

Now he reported that in his opinion the prince had not fallen victim to an assassination attempt, but to very unfortunate circumstances. She seemed completely surprised when he reported that Prince Louis had regularly nibbled from the king's wine, and that would ultimately have been his undoing. The assassination would have been for the king alone. Elizabeth began to cry and dabbed at her eyes with a lace handkerchief. Candor could not think of anything he could have said to comfort her.

After a while she looked up and said how sorry she was that her son had been so unreasonable and had drunk of the king's wine. She cried harder when he confirmed this to her in a polite manner. While he waited for her weeping to subside somewhat, he tried to read her thoughts. And it seemed to him that her sorrow and grief were almost exclusively for her child, her Ludwig. Her resentment towards the dead king was unexpectedly fierce, as she now blamed him for everything, and she had every effort to control her thoughts.

But he wanted to know and said that the assassination was probably planned by someone who really hated the king. Questioningly, he looked at her and waited. She stopped sobbing and said that she did not hate the king. Although – here she paused – although it was very hard to wake up every morning next to an old, tired man. He acknowledged it with an encouraging nod, so she continued carelessly, saying that she was still so young and that fate would be so unjust to chain her to the side of this old, flabby man. Cabal and love, thought the master, and said that though he did not approve, he understood very well if she sought friendship by the side of young Mr. Schneider. That was the maximum that politeness allowed him to say.

Much rather he would have told her that she must have known quite well what she was getting into when she ensnared the old king. And that it was quite unseemly for her to despise the king because of

his age and to hang around with younger people. But he refrained from that remark and asked her if she had not noticed anything before the assassination. Perhaps a gesture or an utterance by someone who wished the king ill. The queen dowager thought for a long time, and he followed her thoughts as best he could. Schneider reappeared, again and again, and his whispering in her ears.

He waited a moment, then asked very directly if perhaps Schneider had made a remark? Her look betrayed astonishment, but she remained silent. He followed up and asked again what Schneider had said to her? It was a long time before she finally looked up at him again and then hesitantly admitted that Schneider had dropped a remark here and there, but surely only to emphasize his youth and manhood over that of the old man. But then she remembered....

He immediately harked back. What exactly did the tailor say? Now she was persistently silent. But she remembered, it was a few days before the assassination, that Schneider quietly said if something might happen to the king.... Schneider sat up quickly and said, “.... then Ludwig will be heir to the throne and you will be the Mother Regent, since the Prince is still too young.” She had looked at him, startled, and then immediately forgotten the whole thing.

He told her exactly as he had seen it. She shook her head defiantly and followed it up with a leg-over-leg maneuver, so slow and deliberate that it threw him completely off. That she wore no underwear he must have seen, of course, for the triumphant smile in her eyes reminded him of the insidious look of a cat on the prowl. He was still from a generation where no queen shamelessly flaunted her clean-shaven cunt and highly visible cleft. He pulled himself together, for he did not want to be distracted by what he had seen in her thoughts. He brushed the other thought aside, sex really didn't matter. He was mostly annoyed with himself for letting her manipulate him at will. He was annoyed at her for still being calculatngly sexy despite her genuine grief.

He stood up abruptly and said goodbye to the queen dowager without looking her in the eye. He hurried down one floor and there he met the baron, who was sitting in front of a screen and dictating into his com. The master sat down next to him and told the essence of his visit to the queen dowager. Immediately, the baron set about finding out everything he could about the deputy Schneider. He was a member of the right wing and represented it in the parliament. That was all the Baron found in this quick search, but it was enough for a discussion.

At first, the master wondered why a rightist would get involved with the queen. On the other hand, however, if he were connected to the assassination, it made perfect sense. Yes, it makes sense to be close to the victim and scout him out. The master consulted with the baron about how he could summon the deputy for questioning and whether that might pose legal or political problems. This was also the Baron's concern, but they did not want to miss any opportunity to shed light on the matter.

After they unsuccessfully discussed the possible legal problems, the Baron decisively pressed his com and called the MP. He exchanged a few pleasantries with the deputy before requesting that he join him at the castle. He was, after all, together with Master Candor, investigating the assassination on behalf of the Queen Dowager. The deputy Schneider agreed without hesitation. They agreed that he would come to the baron in half an hour.

They waited impatiently until the deputy finally appeared and immediately led him into the "interrogation room." Master Candor once again outlined his mission and asked if he would be comfortable being questioned. The young deputy tried to put himself in a good light and hypocritically said that he wanted to do everything he could to help solve this terrible crime. Anything he could contribute, very gladly, and of course he was fine with the questioning being recorded.

Candor conversed with Schneider about various things and events, the answers to which he knew, after all, from the Baron's research. Schneider answered the various simple questions, such as about his

origin, his schools, his studies sincerely. In this way, the master made the deputy feel that he was in safe waters and slowly relaxed. Then he began to ask the deputy how he had come into the party of the right and how he had made it to the parliament. Schneider readily gave him information and made no secret of his convictions and loyalty to his party.

The master asked Schneider if the connection that existed between his party and the castle indicated that it was the right-wingers who carried out the assassination attempt on the king. The right-wingers were, after all, known for their rejection of the monarchy, although they repeatedly emphasized that they were not rejecting the king personally, but the kingship itself. Austria for the Austrians, was one of their slogans, and not an Austria for the king. Abolition of the king, reintroduction of parliamentary democracy, no employment in the higher civil service for immigrants or first-generation migrants, to name just a few others.

Schneider denied any connection of his party to the castle, and of course to the assassination. This was outrageous, he said. Master Candor looked at him sternly and asked, "And how, dear sir, am I to see the connection between you and the Queen Dowager? Or do you want to deny that too?"

Schneider ducked his head as if a whip had struck him. He had made Elisabeth a solemn promise not to breathe a word about their relationship. Now he looked somewhat helplessly at the baron, then back at the master, and pressed his lips together. He had no idea at the moment how to get out of this trap. He persistently kept silent, a vein at his temple throbbing violently.

But the master did not let up. He accused Schneider of infiltration and said that the latter had approached the queen dowager only for the purpose of preparing the assassination. He paused for a moment and looked sternly at Schneider, who was squirming like a worm on a hook. No, no, no, cried Schneider, shaking his head, it had not been like that. He sincerely loved Elisabeth and she him.

The master did not give him time to think of anything. “On the contrary,” he continued, “you have taken advantage of the Queen’s credulity and manipulated her into believing, too, that it was right to remove the King and put Prince Louis in his place. This would have made the queen the Mother Regent, and you, Schneider, would have a safe place in the sun,” he thundered. Schneider, who had at first risen indignantly, had now slumped down. He thought for a long time, but could do no more than shake his head. He seemed helpless and disarmed, since his great plan – he really thought – had been exposed. The master shook his head in denial and said, “What a stupid, easily seen-through plan!”

The Baron had apparently sent a message on his com during this conversation, because soon after the door opened and a senior officer from the Special Branch sat down next to the Baron. He whispered that the police chief was currently unavailable and had sent him. He had listened with interest to the last part of the conversation and was making handwritten notes in a small notepad.

The master said that the queen dowager had told him about such a conversation. He now wanted to know from Schneider who had suggested this plan to him, someone from his party or someone from the castle? But Schneider sat huddled in his chair and remained silent. Although the master asked several times, he gave no answer. The silence dragged on for a few more minutes, then the master dismissed Schneider and asked him to be available for further questioning by the special commission, under no circumstances should he leave the city.

Schneider had left, the three of them still remained seated, and excitedly the baron and the officer drummed their theories into the master. He, however, stuck to his opinion that, firstly, Schneider was far too inexperienced and too simple-minded to concoct such a plan and also carry it out successfully. Secondly, it would be far too risky for the party of the right to provoke a state crisis with such an assassination that pointed directly at them. The baron and the police officer, however, remained convinced that they were right and decided to investigate Schneider’s connections more closely.

The master shrugged his shoulders, saying he had no objection, and stood up. While going to the antechamber, he called the queen and again requested to report. He should come in 20 minutes, the friendly assistant told him. So he used the remaining time and went to the kitchen to have a snack. He did not count himself among the fine people who had food served to them, no, he was a simple person who could sit down in the kitchen. This and his serious demeanor earned him respect. Then he went up to the queen.

The assistant preceded him and knocked on the door, then she opened and told him to enter. No sooner had he sat down than the queen dowager appeared and he surely rose again to greet her. She had put on a shorter black dress that was far too short for her, cut rather wide at the top, the neckline trimmed with lace, invitingly highlighting her full breasts. She smiled in satisfaction as his gaze rested on her breasts for a moment too long. After they were seated, the master turned a little to the side so as not to fall for her leg-flipping maneuver again, he was determined to do so. He was still a child of the 20th century and had his difficulties with the current highly sexualized society.

To begin with, they talked about trivia and small talk. The master noticed out of the corner of his eye that she kept crossing her legs and tried to draw his attention to it. He could almost physically feel her annoyance that her strategy was not working. That's when he decided to take up the questioning. He reported to the queen dowager in broad outline about the conversation with Schneider. However, he would have to follow up on the matter and asked her to recall once again the conversations with Schneider regarding the king. He asked her to sit back in a relaxed manner, close her eyes, and recall the conversation with Schneider. With a provocative pose, she let herself sink back, and after a flirtatious glance at him, she closed her eyes. The fact that her skirt had ridden up a good bit in the process was certainly not unintentional, nor was the inconspicuous hand movement with which she pushed her skirt even higher. Since she had closed her eyes, he risked a curious glance at her naked shaven pubic area. He continued to speak softly, then realized that she was lapsing into a light trance.

He watched her closely, following her thoughts in zigzags, trying to catch the images. He brushed aside the rapid succession of thoughts as she thought mainly of the pleasurable little moments she had experienced. He was not interested in that at all. "Please tell me again about the conversation with Schneider" he said, interrupting her flow of thoughts whose images revolved around kisses, caresses and lovemaking.

Almost instantly, she focused on the conversation she and Schneider had had. It had begun with her complimenting his beauty and powerful body, saying that the king was old and flabby and no longer had any attraction for her. She complained about going to bed with this old man every night, about giving herself to him once or twice a month, even though she felt no desire to do so. Petty snippets of thoughts about how she gave the old man satisfaction, how she moaned faking climaxes. Her mind was wandering, she seemed to be slowly losing the thread.

Quietly, the master tried to forcefully reinforce her light trance with gentle words, admonishing her to continue. Sighing, she continued with how empathetic Schneider was to her complaints. He was such a dear friend, had taken her in his arms and comforted her, and then had meant how nice it would be if she were rid of the king and he had her all to himself. She was very flattered and then said, how would he like to be rid of the king? And then Schneider said that if the king no longer existed, Prince Ludwig would logically be the successor, and since he was too young, she would be the Regent Mother. They both would take over the kingdom.

Here now caution took control of her thoughts again. She said slightly stilted, no, what he was saying would be treason, she would not be for that. The conversation ended here, but the master could see from her thoughts that she imagined the situation several times afterwards in different variations. Regent, yes, but not necessarily together with Schneider. She was clear that he was quite nice as a lover, but she could not imagine him for ruling. He was too young and his worldly views, well, at least curly. She suddenly sat up straight, wide awake, looked him in the eye and said, "No, I have

nothing to blame myself for, I had nothing to do with the assassination of the king!”

“But you did mentally go into his performance,” he said, looking at her encouragingly. “Obviously Schneider realized exactly what you secretly wished for” he added.

The queen dowager was now wide awake. “It is true that I have thought about it, but I stopped the conversation immediately when I realized where it was going.” She energetically tugged her skirt into place and again performed her leg-crossing maneuver, but to no avail, as the master persistently looked out the window. He asked the queen dowager what she thought about Schneider being involved in the assassination. But she shook her head and said she could not imagine it, he was neither smart nor brave enough for that. When the master asked further, she said that Schneider had tried very hard to interest Buchner and Steidl in the concerns of the Right, that Schneider had mentioned this several times. She then added that she believed that both had developed quite a close relationship with Schneider. He tried to find out more, but she credibly said that she did not know more than that.

The conversation had stalled and the master rose to bid her a polite farewell. Satisfied, he noted that she was annoyed and disappointed that he had not responded to her insinuations. However, he was now firmly convinced of her innocence regarding the assassination.

He let the office know that he would be home for the afternoon, but of course could be reached at any time. He headed home and tried to reach Roxane. However, he did not get a connection and now called Lucy and asked where Roxane was. Lucy said that Roxane was at her club East–West as she was every Wednesday afternoon and probably had her com on standby. He grumbled sullenly at how forgetful he had become, because Roxane took her presence at that club very seriously. She wanted to do something for all those who had left Eastern Europe for the West and now needed advice and help. She had not accepted any function in the association, but was there punctually every Wednesday.

Lieved, he took off the clothes he had been wearing for two days and took a long, hot shower. Then he sat comfortably on his sofa and told Lucy to make coffee. He thought over again how the conversation with the queen dowager had gone and tried to explain to himself what annoyed him about it. The first thing that came to his mind was that the queen didn't take the time to do any grieving. The second was his annoyance that she had to constantly flirt, with everyone and anyone. But then again, that wasn't a surprise; she'd always been that way. What really triggered his anger was the realization that he was reacting so predictably to her manipulative actions.

Slowly his tension eased, he called the Baron and said he would like to go over everything with him again in detail, because it couldn't be that they had no leads at all. He would be back at the castle in a quarter of an hour.

On arriving back at the castle, he was met by the baron and the officer from the special commission who had already been present at Schneider's interrogation that morning, Lieutenant Colonel Kunze, as he recalled. They sat down at the conference table and he was about to start listing the facts they knew when Kunze spoke up. He said that it was perhaps important that almost two-thirds of the police force belonged to the right wing of the Reich, or at least sympathized with it. He looked at the two and said that the police chief Thüringer was also one of them. He himself did not belong to any party and also held the view that the police had to be neutral. But, he said, perhaps this information was important for their further action. In any case, he said, he had strong doubts as to whether the special commission really cared about the facts and the truth or whether it had little interest in a complete clarification, to say the least.

The three of them were silent, each of them was thinking. Then the Baron said that he had not known that, at least not the dimension. Two thirds! And they would probably be well advised to take that into account in their further actions. Kunze nodded, and the master said that from now on they would have to look at the special commission, which consisted largely of police officers, with a certain distance.

Kunze had a pack of papers with him and spread them out on the table. They were evaluations of the movements of individual persons, the chronological sequence, where they had been the day before the regicide. Also, a list of all telephone calls during that period. They bent over the papers and could see that Buchner and Steidl had met several times. Candor pointed his finger at one of those meeting places: Buchner and Steidl right outside the kitchen, for several minutes, during the royal family's dinner.

"It could very well be that this was exactly when one of them had mixed the poison into the king's drinking cup."

He said, glancing at both of them. They nodded and now tried to trace all of Buchner's and Steidl's lines, to find any other conspiratorial meetings, but came to no conclusion. Buchner had gone to the main gate in the late afternoon, had apparently met Deputy Schneider there, and was back in the office after a few minutes.

Master Candor put his finger on the main gate. "I suspect the deputy gave Buchner the poison there, but as I said, that's just a guess. Also, it seems suspicious to me that the deputy had his com turned off for about two hours before this meeting, so we can't trace his movements." Kunze promised to take over the evaluation of video recordings at the main gate himself and left immediately.

The baron approached Candor about the ongoing media coverage, but he still refused to participate in any way. The fuss and gimmicky clamor of some media disgusted him. He agreed with the Baron that the latter, together with the press spokesman, would continue to take over the interviews and that all press releases were to be kept as short and concise as possible, as before, and that no content from their interviews was to be leaked to the press, not a word about the suspicions against Schneider. The baron would have preferred Candor to take this off his hands and grumbled that all the king's advisors had gone underground – and that would have been noticed not only by him. But the master was not persuaded. He only said dryly, "No king – no king's advisers," that would remain so until a new king was appointed.

The baron reported that police chief Thüringer had called him in the afternoon. The party leader of the right, Hoffmann, had com-

plained bitterly to him that the deputy Schneider had been questioned without prior consultation with the right party and that this was unacceptable. The Baron reported, with a full grin on his face, that he had reassured Thüringer and had, of course, promised full cooperation. They agreed that the next questioning of Schneider would be the same as the first, and the police chief would be informed afterwards. They agreed that Schneider's consent would have to suffice and that both Hoffmann and Thüringer would have to be kept in the dark for the time being.

King Charles' son, Prince Erich, had arrived from London the day before and was staying at the residence of his aunt Amelie, Charles' youngest sister. The grandees of the government joined hands and discussed with him the assumption of the throne, but also their most urgent requests to the future king. Both the Baron and Master Candor agreed to wait a little longer to meet Prince Erich. It was, after all, completely unclear whether Prince Erich would leave them in their posts.

Dina, Prince Ludwig's former maid, knocked and entered. She sat down on the far edge of the chair and then brought up her question. What was to become of her now, now that Prince Ludwig the rest was lost in weeping. The master said reassuringly that she should continue to come to her service for the time being, until after the funeral ceremonies at the latest, they would see further. Here the Baron interrupted him and said that Dina should enter his service and run his household, because he as a widower would have – he grinned – quite a mess there, so to speak. Dina nodded gratefully, but the master was able to catch some snippets of the Baron's thoughts and had to smile. He nodded in agreement. Dina thanked them both and left. To the Baron, the Master said, still smirking, "You're a bit of a philanderer, aren't you!" They both laughed, and Candor said to the Baron that he begrudged him a clean house.

The baron, a not very tall man in his late forties with a small prosperity belly, bald head with a silver-gray fringe of hair, and very energetic appearance, had entered Charles' service immediately after the death of his father, who had been in Charles' service since the beginning of Charles' reign, as one of the most loyal, and had rendered

valuable services to the king. Not only had he been assigned the education and upbringing of the prince, but also the task of keeping the queen's escapades and love affairs under wraps, which he succeeded in doing very well – only a few within the court knew exactly what was going on with the queens affairs. The sudden, unexpected death of his wife put him out of step for a few months, but he remained devoted to his duties and to the king, for the king understood his feelings and asked him to afternoon coffee almost every day, which was very good for the baron. And now, in this very complex investigation, he was an eager, upright helper who, unlike Candor, did not shy away from dealing with the world outside the court. The murder of the king and the prince had forged the two of them close together.

On the way home, Candor took a quick look at Heroes' Park, the former Heroes' Square. In the middle of the artfully laid out park, a large area was just laid out with wooden boards as a speaker's stage and a high spectator stand was erected for the illustrious guests. He had noticed that many high-ranking guests, presidents, kings and heads of government were arriving for the funeral ceremonies. He was glad that he had nothing to do with these preparations and that they were managed by the proven castle staff as well as professional organizers.

All the weight of the past days fell from his shoulders when he arrived home and had dinner with Roxane and Marco. They stayed at the table for a long time, and he told them how his investigation was going. Although he had signed a confidentiality agreement, he took the liberty of discussing everything with Roxane, of which he had informed the other Masters and the King. Marco had gone to his room and sat down to play on his game computer.

They had sat down comfortably in the living room, side by side on the couch, drinking wine. Under the existing stress, he had started smoking again, as Roxane observed with some concern. Now that Marco was out of earshot, he recounted his conversations with the Queen Dowager and her lewd behavior. Roxane listened patiently and then interjected that from what one heard, the queen had always been a lecherous temptress. He said that there was no danger for him in this respect, because he knew about it and could therefore arm

himself before any conversation. Besides, he was much too old for the queen dowager. Curious, Roxane asked if the queen really didn't wear underwear, and he had to smile before answering and saying, "Yes, that's right, I've seen it with my own eyes," and then they both laughed heartily as, to tease Roxane, he recounted everything in minute detail. For Roxane, sex was something taken for granted, but she was not at all inclined to be provocative or flirtatious. And the more detailed he now embellished the details, the more heartily she laughed with him and was squealing with delight. He could tell that she was more than a little bit voyeuristically inclined.

Eager to know how the coverage was going, he had Lucy turn up the TV and watch some news channels. Everywhere the double murder in the castle was topic number one, various experts were giving their theories, one conspiracy idea after another was rolled out widely. He noted with some satisfaction that neither the domestic nor the foreign news agencies were reporting any tangible results. The agencies had no idea whatsoever of what had probably occurred. Nevertheless, after some time he switched off and they went to bed.

When he got up the next morning, Marco had already left for school and Roxane was sitting on the couch reading. When he sat down at his desk with a cup of coffee after showering and was about to start up the computer screen, he was abruptly overcome by a vision. Elaine, who usually seemed friendly and relaxed, this time looked at him very seriously and said, without her usual greeting, "Dearest, I'm so afraid for you!" He asked her, silently of course, what she meant. Roxane, correctly interpreting his absent look, got up quietly and went into the next room. Elaine said, "Bombs have been planted! They are to explode tomorrow at the funeral ceremony!" He was thunderstruck and looked motionlessly into space.

As abruptly as the vision had appeared, it instantly disappeared. His thoughts whirling, he was tempted to sound the alarm in the castle immediately, but that would inevitably make known his hitherto secret ability of visions. This would also be the case if he privately confided in the Baron or Lieutenant Colonel Kunze. So what could he do? Almost instantly he had the saving idea: he would raise the alarm anonymously, but then his confidence left him – how could he have a

phone conversation anonymously in this totally monitored state, knowing that every conversation was automatically recorded and anyone who gained authorized or unauthorized access to the logs could trace a call.

He got up and went to Roxane. In soft words he described his vision and then said that Marco had to help him, that the boy was very skilled in using the computer and that he knew no one with better computer skills. Roxane understood instantly and thought only briefly, then called the school and asked that Marco be sent home immediately because of an urgent family matter. “No,” she said forcefully, “this is not a crank call, I am Marco’s mother!”

No more than 10 minutes passed before Marco stormed into the apartment. Worried, he looked at his mother and then questioningly at Candor. The latter asked him to sit down and briefly described his dilemma: he urgently and immediately needed to be able to make anonymous phone calls and possibly hide his identity as best he could. Maybe change or delete his own phone number? Marco didn’t ask and thought about it in a flash, then he sat down at the large desk and turned on the screen. He searched and typed, typed and searched, sometimes frowning and typing again on the keyboard. Hardly more than fifteen minutes could have passed when he sat back in satisfaction, skimmed over what he had typed once more, and then said, “Done!”

“Uncle Leo,” he addressed Candor directly, “here’s how it works: before you make the call, type 149 into your com, then you can make a phone call anonymously without worry. If you want to have another phone call, just type 149. I have it set up so that in the official logs the recipient is also entered as the sender, so it appears as if the called party called himself. Second, I included a voice distorter so that people can’t recognize you by your voice. And third, the log entry of the call is deleted on your own com. Program 149 was very well hidden in the com, but an expert could find it easily, of course.” Mark’s eyes clearly showed his triumph. The master pondered for a while, then praised the boy, thanked him, and concluded by saying that on the one hand he was pleased with how good the boy’s computer skills were. On the other hand – here he scratched the back of

his head – one had to be afraid of what was possible with technology today. But now he would be glad that he benefited from it.

Roxane told Marco that she was also very grateful for his help, but if he left right now, he could still make the next class on time. Marco grumbled a little, as any 14-year old would in this situation, but obediently grabbed his satchel and left.

The master immediately called the castle chancellery, succinctly deposited that a bomb attack on the assembled heads of state was planned for tomorrow and hung up. He dialed the Foreign Ministry a second time and gave the alarm there with the same words. Lastly, he called the special commission. Then he leaned back on the sofa and smoked silently. But the com remained silent, apparently the call could not indeed be traced.

Just as he lit his third cigarette, the baron called. In a bright panic, he said that the master had to come to the castle immediately and as soon as possible, it was really important, and that was all he could say on the phone. The master promised to be on his way right away. He said goodbye to Roxane and went to the castle.

The baron was already waiting for him impatiently at the main gate. As they walked toward the chancellery, he whispered that a bomb threat had arrived and that he had asked Lieutenant Colonel Kunze to begin checking it immediately. The latter had reacted quickly, summoned the people from the defusing service and also notified the French and American Secret Service in the embassies with the request to possibly send their trained people to him. The baron could no more hide his nervousness than the master, they stood side by side at the window of the chancellery and looked out over the Heroes' Park.

Just a few minutes later the first wagons of the raiding party appeared, the men swarmed out and began to search the grandstand. Gradually, the French and the Americans also arrived. For minutes all that could be seen was feverish searching. After half an eternity, suddenly one of the men raised his hand and whistled shrilly. Everyone froze instantly. The commander ran to the man and they talked

excitedly, the man pointing to the underside of a bench. Now the commander turned to the men in a loud voice and ordered them what to do. They all now felt around the undersides of the benches and carefully pulled out long, thin white packets and small black boxes. They were hidden under the colorful paper strips that were only supposed to conceal the wood.

The Baron could stand it no longer and called the commander directly through his com. The latter explained to him succinctly that they had indeed found something, he would report right after the end of the action. So they continued to watch as the officers unearthed package after package. Suddenly there was a loud bang.

They both ducked as the windows shook, cautiously reemerging from their cover and looking out over the park again. A small cloud of smoke drifted across the park, the men of the defusing squad had all jumped aside, and the grandstand structure swayed and collapsed. Immediately, several men rushed forward into the blast center and began feverishly pushing aside debris and rescuing injured people. What at first seemed like a hopeless mess soon proved to be a purposeful effort. The injured were carefully lifted out, carried away or laid on the grass of the park.

Paramedics and emergency doctors rushed over, they were on site with ambulances for all these missions. The Master and the Baron looked out of the window, they were both horrified by this attack and now the Baron couldn't stand it anymore, he activated his com and called the incident commander. But he could only confirm that there were several injured, there was no information about dead people yet. Then he hung up, because he had no time to deal with a court's rascal.

The Master and the Baron were talking in a subdued mood, suspecting that the explosion had either been triggered externally, or that one of the men of the defusing squad had accidentally set off a detonation. It was now clear that this was not the fault of Schneider or the right-wingers, no, this was much greater. But they now had to question Schneider all the sooner, because this was their only lead. They stood at the window for almost an hour, then decided to go

down to the park and inquire further. The head of the defusing service at first seemed annoyed that civilians were approaching the scene, but then he recognized them and gave them more information.

There had indeed been one man from his squad killed, 8 others had been injured, but none life-threatening. They had been taken to the hospital, where they were well taken care of. He did not want to prejudge the further investigations of the technology, but he suspected that the fatally injured man had probably unintentionally triggered the explosion himself. He explained on the basis of one of the small black boxes, which they had found, that a release over the Comnet had been impossible, since they had isolated the area immediately radio-technically and therefore from the outside no signal could penetrate. So the only possibility left was that the man had accidentally set off the blast himself. The explosive itself was R12, certainly ten times as strong as Semtex and, like Semtex, officially available only to the military. But it could be bought on the black market at any time, he added with a grim face.

Although the castle bailiff had immediately set up a cordon, the media were on the scene a short time later, reporters chattering still completely unconfirmed facts into their cameras, cameras clicking and zooming in on the rubble with large lenses. Soon, the media also reported this assassination worldwide and rolled the question of whether and when the funeral ceremonies could take place.

The Master and the Baron went back up to the second floor, where they gave instructions to invite the President of the Government and some selected staff from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to talk to them. Then they worked together to prepare an official press release, which they had sent out.

Not an hour passed and the president of the government and staff of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had arrived, as well as the bailiff of the castle and an assistant to the queen dowager. They sat down in the large conference room and the Baron not only read the press release, but also explained in his own words what had happened. In conclusion, he asked those present to discuss the factual situation

and decide regarding the funeral ceremonies. He sat down and waited anxiously for the discussion. Master Candor had meanwhile informed Master Edelmann and Master Gregor and asked them to participate as well. With some delay they arrived and sat down quietly at the side of Master Candor.

The President of the Government insisted that the festivities must take place as planned, since distinguished persons and majesties had arrived who could not simply be sent home again. Besides, he concluded, you can't let terrorists dictate what happens. He sat down again and looked into the round, which seemed to follow him. Then Master Gregor stood up and said that they did not know who was behind it, nor did they know if there were more bombs hidden somewhere. The kingdom could not afford for anything to happen to a foreign guest. He pleaded for letting the guests return home unharmed but safe and for either postponing the funerals or, what he personally considered better, making up for it on a small scale.

Several more people present spoke and made their opinions known, but in essence it remained with these two proposals. When the clamor of voices and confusion died down a bit, the Baron said a vote had to be taken. This turned out in favor of Master Gregor. The Baron, who acted as a quasi chairman, now assigned the tasks: the President of the Government and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs would have to inform all the guests and their state representatives, respectively, that the festivities were canceled and that the guests, for their own good, would have to leave for home as soon as possible. Their safety could not be guaranteed for a further stay. The funeral for King Charles and Prince Ludwig would take place at a later date, probably not for another two or three weeks. The announcement and invitations for this were to be made only shortly beforehand, so that there would be no possibility for an assassin to make another attempt. This task would be done by the castle bailiff together with the castle chancellery. He looked around and then stated that these proposals were hereby accepted. People stood up and the conference hall emptied. However, the President of the Government, whose need for power was surpassed only by his lust for the media, hurried to the cameras in the castle garden and willingly allowed himself to be interviewed.

The Master had gone back to the Chancellery with the Baron, where they made contact with Lieutenant Colonel Kunze. They wanted to entrust him with further missions of the bomb disposal squad, but he said with a smile that he had already arranged all that. Employees of the Technical University had once again searched for bombs on the grounds of the Burghof using the best and latest equipment and had discovered that two relatively large bombs had been installed under the lawn where the speaker's stand had been set up. They were removed by the defusing service. In addition, he had immediately arranged for the city's waterworks and electricity supply to also be investigated, after which he had increased guards posted in front of these institutions and a few others. Altogether more than 600 policemen were thereby in use.

The master and the baron had asked Master Gregory to be present at Schneider's interrogation, although it was already late evening. But while they were waiting, feedback came from the special commission that Schneider was nowhere to be found and had switched off his com. So they decided that Schneider should be put out on a large-scale manhunt and brought out by force if necessary. After that, everyone went home, having agreed to meet again in the office in the morning.

After dinner, the master sat with Roxane on the comfortable couch for a long time, he smoked and they drank a glass of wine. He had called her shortly after the explosion and said that he was not one of the injured, but now he had enough time to tell her what had happened in all details. Roxane listened to him very attentively, then said that it was probably not an action of Schneider. Rather, she believed that there was a direct connection to the assassination of the king. She paused and drank from her glass. Then she continued: if you looked at it – chronologically – from the back to the front, that is, that the main goal was an assassination of the heads of state and majesties, then the assassination of the king had served only to gather the heads of state and majesties in a certain, clearly foreseeable place, in order to kill them altogether there.

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The Master said that this was what the group with which he was investigating had thought, and had concluded that this was the most likely variant. He also said that, from this point of view, it made little sense to pursue the trail through Schneider. This one, he said, was probably just a small cog in a big game. But who were the players? Who had so much power? It had to be someone who had an interest in the chaos of the European states and kingdoms. The right-wingers and their populist friends and sympathizers were far too small and insignificant to carry out such a major attack. Islamist terror regularly carried out isolated smaller attacks, but there had been no major assassination in the past 30 years.

They watched news on TV for a while longer, then went to bed. But try as he might, he could not fall asleep. Quietly he got up, looked at his beautiful lover who was sleeping peacefully and went to the living room. He read the news spread on the Internet on his big screen and then decided to send a silent message to the Baron, which practically meant “are you still awake?”. The Baron answered the phone almost instantly, admitting that he, too, was unable to sleep. The excitements of the day and various theories and conjectures were going round and round in his head, and he was glad to have someone to talk to.

Not much new came out of it. But both men were glad to have someone to talk to. They rolled various thoughts back and forth, pondered together who was probably behind this attack, or rather, the attacks. Neither of them believed that the right-wingers alone were responsible. They had probably participated, but there had to be someone big and powerful behind it. The baron said that although there were enough enemies of the king among the great and rich families of the kingdom, it seemed unlikely even to him that one of them was responsible. Abroad, of course, there were some big players. The great powers, the right-wing populist parties of Scandinavia, which had joined together to form a great front, but also the Islamists, who had regained strength since the 1930s, all of these could be expected to do something.

They discussed which foreign power could probably be behind these attacks. Of course, they first considered what advantages the

USA, Russia or China could expect from it. But except a general chaos probably nothing was to be expected, which could use these states hardly, besides the kingdom had to these states good relations. Neighboring European states such as France could be safely excluded, because they would have no advantages from these brutal attacks, the same applied to Germany as well as Spain or Italy. However, both could imagine that an Eastern European state could be responsible. The Master warned himself and the Baron against jumping to conclusions, because the fact that the Eastern European states were all in serious state crises, and in some of them even civil war was raging, could lead one to suspect them. The kingdom had peace with all these states and no open conflict, but the neighborhood towards the east meant that smugglers, dubious arms dealers and hot-heads from all camps had a foothold in the kingdom.

Nevertheless, it seemed advisable to make contact with people with whom one had a connection over the next few days. The Master expressed regret that he had no contacts with intelligence agencies, and the Baron said he would put out feelers. Very briefly, the Master thought of involving Roxane through the Association East–West, but he immediately discarded the idea – his family must not be involved in his professional affairs under any circumstances.

Outside, the morning began to dawn, they said their goodbyes, and then the master went back to bed, sleeping for another two–three hours before finally getting up and having breakfast. He briefly told Roxane about the night conversation with the Baron. Roxane had listened attentively, and when he had finished, she said she would listen very carefully in her club and let him know immediately if anything anywhere might turn out to be a lead. And no, he would not have to worry, she would be good at listening and would in no way venture into dangerous territory. She had placed her hand reassuringly on his forearm and smiled at him. He was glad and grateful for the quiet trust and unity they both felt.

On arriving at the office, a surprise awaited him. Lieutenant Colonel Kunze was very excited and reported that Schneider had been caught in an express bus to Salzburg and immediately brought back to the castle. He said that the good man was completely out of

his mind and hardly responsive. He had arranged for him to be checked every 10 minutes because of the danger of suicide. They were to interrogate him as quickly as possible, because Schneider seemed to be in an exceptional situation that favored interrogation.

No sooner had the baron arrived than they sought out the interrogation room and had Schneider brought forward. Completely absent-minded, Schneider took his seat, his eyes red from crying and he sat with his shoulders drooping. The master nodded to the baron, and he began the interrogation.

The baron wanted to know what had happened. Schneider began to cry again, shaking his head the whole time and remaining silent. The Baron asked again, and very slowly Schneider raised his left forearm and held it out to him. The Baron quickly grasped the situation and he reached for the com on Schneider's forearm, released it with a push of a button and looked questioningly at Schneider. The latter silently asked him to operate the device. The Baron now pressed the smooth, chrome-plated surface and read the latest messages. His face expressed intense consternation. He showed the last messages to the master and the lieutenant colonel.

They were not prepared to read these terrible messages. It showed two pictures of a child and two women. They were lying tied on the ground and had apparently been killed by gunshots to the head. Below them was a sentence that read, "you fucked it all up!" With silent dismay, the baron put the com back on the table.

The three of them all looked silently at Schneider and waited patiently until he had recovered somewhat and was no longer crying and sobbing as violently as before. After several minutes of silence, the Baron raised his voice again and asked who these people were. Schneider could only answer in a stammer, at some point it was possible to understand: "my daughter Lily, my mother-in-law and the nanny – in Salzburg!" He looked at the three in mute despair and shouted, "dead! ... All dead!" His face tensed again and he sobbed in despair.

The three were silent and hung their thoughts. The baron whispered that they should wait a bit and continue later. With a wave of his hand, he gestured to one of the policemen guarding the door to bring them water. When he placed the water on the table, they drank in silence, giving Schneider time to regain his composure. The minutes passed agonizingly slowly.

It was clear to the master that special care would have to be taken here, and at first he spoke monotonously and reassuringly to Schneider. Obviously something terrible had happened here, but it was very important that Schneider reported things from the beginning. He would have to remember the beginning, the first contact, and tell them everything, even every little detail.

Schneider wiped his eyes again, then looked straight at the master and reported. Buchner and Steidl he had already addressed months ago and tried to inspire them for the right party, that was his initiative and had nothing to do with the subsequent events. His eight-year-old daughter Lily had gone on vacation with her nanny to Salzburg to visit her mother-in-law, as she does every year. Schneider interrupted himself, sobbing, desperately struggling for composure.

Two days before the attack on the king, he had received a call from an unknown person. At the same time as the call, he received a photo showing his mother-in-law, nanny and Lily tied up in the living room, with two gunmen standing behind them. The stranger told him all three would die if he resisted and did not carry out his order. Schneider was deeply frightened and asked what was expected of him? The stranger said that he would have to wait at the main gate of the castle at exactly 5 p.m. the next day and that someone would slip him a vial. He would then have to immediately hand over the vial to Buchner or Steidl with the request that they mix the contents into the king's wine goblet. For camouflage, he could leave the castle beforehand, and it seemed most convenient if Buchner or Steidl did it on the way from the kitchen to the dining room. Then both could still disappear in time from the castle. The unknown man had still asked him if he had understood everything and repeated his threat that the three would be killed in Salzburg if he failed.

Schneider took a deep breath, for he had now told the essentials. The three waited patiently until he continued speaking again. He had racked his brain for hours to see if he had a way out, but he found none. And no, he had not said a word to the queen, even when she asked him what was bothering him. He had calmed her down with a meaningless excuse.

Then the mischief had proceeded exactly according to the stranger's instructions. He had been punctually at the castle gate, someone he thought was a passerby, stopped briefly with him and pressed a small package into his hand before he went on. The face he had not been able to recognize, it would have all gone very quickly.

He had lied to Buchner and Steidl and made them believe that it was a joke from the king's circle of friends. One wanted to spoil the appetite of the king, who loved to eat for his life, for one day. The king, as was generally known, had apparently served bad wine at the last round table with his friends, which had paralyzed them for a day with diarrhea and vomiting. Buchner and Steidl, who actually loved and revered the king, were not averse to playing a trick on him for once in view of the incidents.

He had handed the package to Buchner at the main gate, whom he had ordered there, and had impressed upon him that they should both leave the castle immediately afterwards so that they would not be suspected, because playing a prank on the king could quickly cost one his job. Schneider looked around, he had finished his report.

Now it was up to the master to ask questions. What could he say about the unknown caller? Schneider said the man spoke with a heavy accent, but he couldn't say what country the man might be from. European? Western? Eastern European? Was it a Slavic accent? But Schneider couldn't confirm anything, saying he spoke no foreign language other than English, he couldn't do anything at all with the caller's accent.

Further questioning of Schneider yielded no new information. He had no idea who was blackmailing him, he could give no clues as to who was behind the attacks, and he was unable to give any clues as to

the identity, nationality, or origin of the assassins. The baron had Schneider taken away and ordered him to remain in custody until further – trial for double murder and high treason.

The course of the assassination seemed clear to all. Lieutenant Colonel Kunze had looked for an entry in his sheets during Schneider's testimony and now confirmed that Schneider had indeed received a phone call from an unidentified number two days before the assassination. He further reported that they had identified on the surveillance tapes the two hit men who had executed Buchner and Steidl. One a Frenchman from Corsica and the other from Bulgaria. They had been immediately put on the wanted list and the police were confident that they would soon have caught the two. They had also accurately identified the explosives recovered from the debris of the spectator stand and their detonators, they were indeed R12 as well as homemade detonators that would have been detonated via the Comnet. No fingerprints of any kind could be recovered, so it was not possible to follow up on this lead. The detonators could be easily assembled with instructions that were freely available on the Internet, the materials were available in any store and did not yield any clues to the perpetrators.

Lieutenant Colonel Kunze promised to have the pictures from Schneider's com evaluated immediately, perhaps they could at least be used to create mug shots of the two gunmen. Kunze quickly said goodbye and hurried to his team, the others remained seated and discussed Schneider's statements. None of those present had the impression that Schneider had not testified truthfully to everything, none could detect a hole in the chain of reasoning. It was a rather simple, but terrible plan, which used the regicide only to wipe out the elite of Europe.

The heads of state and majesties had left under the highest security precautions, secretly all were glad that thereby the danger of a still larger attack could be banished. There was no agreement on when and where the funeral ceremonies would take place, but it was not an urgent problem. It was much more important to find those behind the attacks.

The Baron had already approached some people from the secret service, they had immediately promised him any help. After the meeting, the master took the baron aside and said he would like to be personally present at the talks with the foreign intelligence people. The baron rolled his eyes and said that this could be very difficult, because he had been able to hear from the conversations with his intelligence contacts that they themselves wanted to talk only to the foreign intelligence people. He promised to do his best.

The master went home and sat down in his comfortable living room with a glass of cognac, quietly reflecting on recent events. Schneider's confession had sufficiently clarified the course of the assassination, he felt great pity for the poor man who had lost his entire family, probably also his freedom for the rest of his life. With a brutal blow of his fist, fate had completely destroyed his life.

Further investigation, he believed, would be very difficult. His request to the baron to let him in on the conversations with the intelligence people stemmed from his belief that he could read their minds and possibly learn something more than they were saying. Usually he used his talent of putting the other person into a light trance to steer their thoughts in a certain direction and then read them – mostly in pictures –. Only Roxane was informed about this gift, he was able to keep it secret from everyone else until now. He knew how useless it would be if his fellow men knew about it.

At that moment he remembered that he had to cancel his monthly appointment with Dr. Fürböck. He stroked the com and immediately called the institute, but Dr. Fürböck was not available in person. So he left word that he would have to cancel his appointments until further notice and justified this with the events that were known from the news. He was unavailable, working in the castle for professional reasons.

Then the baron called and reported that he had had no success in his intelligence contacts. It was unthinkable that an outsider – even an advisor to the king – could participate in a conversation among intelligence people. At least, however, the Baron had found out when and where the first conversation would take place, namely, as early

as 5 p.m. today at the Memorial Hotel with a Frenchman. The master said he would go there and try to get involved somehow. The baron announced he would be there too, they would meet at the Hotel Memorial.

When the conversation was over, the Master regretted that his knowledge of French was very poor and faded, although he had learned French at school sometime – over 100 years ago. He doubted, however, that he would understand much of the conversation. It was getting late, he quickly showered and dressed in his finest clothes, then left a small handwritten note for Roxane that he would be home late today.

Shortly before 5 p.m. he had arrived at the Hotel Memorial – the former Bristol – and immediately caught sight of the Baron. After a short greeting, he asked the Baron where the conversation was taking place. The latter batted his eyes and pointed to one of the back tables where two gentlemen were talking. Quietly, the baron said that this was his acquaintance and the Frenchman. The master immediately tried to read their minds, but they were too far away and all around the animated conversations of other guests seemed distracting. He gave up his efforts and, following an intuition, asked the Baron how his French was. The baron cheerfully assured that he spoke fluent French and looked questioningly at the master. The latter thought only briefly, then told the Baron that they would have to address them when they left. The baron wasn't quite sure if they could make that happen, but he promised to try.

In fact, the two gentlemen left after some time and headed towards the exit, at which point the Baron rose and greeted his acquaintance very amicably and extended his hand. The latter, of necessity, introduced him to the Frenchman. The Baron was delighted and immediately started chattering in French and with an inviting gesture he asked both gentlemen to take a seat at his table. Now the Frenchman was introduced as a businessman and the master as an advisor to the king, he apologized in very bumpy French that he could not speak the language well.

The conversation continued in French, and the master was amazed that he could understand most of it or make out the context from single words. After the small talk had lasted for a while, he interfered in the conversation again in bumpy French and asked the Frenchman directly who he thought could be behind these terrible and horrible attacks? The Frenchman looked at him briefly and then said that it was a complete mystery to him who was behind it. The master tried in vain to see the Frenchman's thoughts in pictures. Either he could not follow his thoughts, or the Frenchman really knew nothing. After some time they said goodbye and left the hotel lobby.

The master and the baron walked together towards Freyung, the square in front of his Palais Harrach, where the master lived. He thanked the Baron, it had been very informative, because his impression of the Frenchman was that he really knew nothing. It had been very important to him to hear that in a personal conversation. He thanked the Baron again and said how important it was to talk in person with someone who might have known something. In a personal conversation, many factors can promote communication, much of what could not be said came out that way. The words, the language would of course matter, but he could read the sublime little facts of non-verbal communication very accurately. Therefore, it would also be absolutely necessary, if possible, to talk on a personal basis with the people from the U.S., Russia, and whomever the intelligence people could reach. They had arrived at the Freyung, where the first rush to the snack stalls and small cafeterias was already subsiding.

They took a seat at one of the secluded tables at "Da Toni" and drank Italian beer – it was a Nastro del diavolo, a rather strong beer from Moretti. Once again the Master came to talk about the importance of personal contact and his presence in these conversations, reading the micro expression etc. He had to get the Baron on his side, which he succeeded in doing. The Baron, for his part, now began to think aloud how best to go about it. Nothing new came out, they would have to use the greeting trick again.

Later then, at the second nastro, they talked about the future, what they would do if the new king did not continue to employ them. Here the Baron became quite melancholy, for the von Stettens had

always served faithfully under both King Francis and King Charles. He was quite downhearted at the thought of struggling through life in the future as a teacher or official with a soccer team. Just to put him out of this misery the master said the new king would surely keep both of them in service. There was not much more he could do, he himself had no worries, as he could live very well from his fortune.

The mood had improved and now the master learned that Baron von Stetten's first name was Rüdiger. He said that his civil name was Leo Puchmann, whereupon the Baron – probably also inspired by the now third Nastro – waved off and said that he knew all that, since he had still carried out his examination on behalf of King Charles. They both laughed and the master said, just as well that there were no more secrets between them. He began to question the Baron – Rudiger – and was very relieved that the latter had found only the legend invented by his lawyers. He would have had to explain a great deal and their professional friendship would certainly have suffered badly if the Baron had come to know the true background. When the glasses were empty, the master considered another glass, but he noticed in time that the baron was looking uneasily at the time display. A brief, tiny check into the Baron's mind showed that he was already on the move, as he was expected by Dina. He smiled mildly and said that Baron could safely leave, he himself was already very tired and wanted to go to bed. Gratefully, Baron von Stetten said goodbye and hurried home, the master paid as usual with his com and left as well, he was practically already at home.

As he quietly entered the apartment, Roxane, who had been waiting for him on the couch, awoke. She rose and ordered Lucy to heat up dinner, noticing his pleasing look at her body, for she was wearing the thin, short nothing he loved so much. "Or do you just want dessert?" she asked teasingly, but his gaze had darkened again and he thought it had been a long and tiring day. She sat down next to him while he ate quietly and reported that she thought she recognized one of the men on the APB, the Bulgarian, and he had probably been accommodated by her club, East-West. She said she would go to the club again tomorrow and try to find out his whereabouts. He had listened to her carefully and said that this might be an important lead, but that she should be careful. They went to bed and he gently

stroked her hip, then immediately fell asleep and slept deeply and dreamlessly until morning.

The next day he sat with the Baron and Lieutenant Colonel Kunze in the briefing room and they went over all the known facts again. It was not much, because with Schneider's confession most of the questions were answered. Only the question of who was behind the attack remained completely in the dark.

Lieutenant Colonel Kunze reported that one of the two killers who had killed Buchner and Steidl, Frenchman Michel Duvier, had long since left the country and was now presumably in Spain. Despite the large-scale international manhunt, the suspect has not yet been caught.

Master Candor reported that the other killer, the one from Bulgaria, had apparently been seen in the East-West club and he was following up on that lead.

In the middle of their conversation, Miss Firnbach burst in and told the gentlemen they were expected one floor up in the small conference room, Prince Erich was asking them all to come in for a talk. Then she added that she had already summoned the king's other advisors and they were already upstairs in the conference room. They immediately set off and went upstairs.

They had to wait a good quarter of an hour before the prince entered. He was a tall, slender man in his mid-40s, he had his father's square chin covered by a neat, thin beard. His eyes were bright and looked intently at his interlocutors. He was dressed in middle-class civilian clothes and seemed to place value on his physical appearance, but his neatly manicured fingernails did not indicate excessive mannerisms. He sat down across from them at the conference table and greeted them with a slight inclination of his head. After they had mused at each other for a few moments, the prince spoke:

"Gentlemen, thank you very much for coming. As you already know, I have been recalled from London in my capacity as Crown Prince to take up the office of King here. Although I was abroad for

almost 20 years, I always remained close to the King. We wrote to each other at least once a quarter, I also constantly received a detailed status report from you, dear Master Reichenhall. Thus, I was constantly informed firsthand about what was happening in the Reich, even though now that I am to become king, it seems extremely important that I work with good people and also receive good information.

Therefore, I would like to ask all of you quite sincerely to remain in your present posts and continue to serve me after I ascend the throne. All their powers, their rights and, of course, their salaries will continue unchanged. I expect all of you to be ready for this service. Should any of you wish to resign, he is at liberty to do so; I would be angry with no one if he so chose.” The prince glanced from one to the other to find out if everyone was still on board.

Master Berkel rose awkwardly, bowed to the prince and said, “Dear Prince Erich, as I have already discussed with King Karl, I wanted to retire at the end of this year, I can no longer perform the work conscientiously. I am approaching my 90th birthday and hope for your understanding as I retire and give my place to someone else.” He bowed again and sat awkwardly back in his chair.

The prince looked up again from the papers before him and looked kindly at Master Berkel. “Dear Master Berkel, have thanks for your frankness and the most sincere thanks of the kingdom for your good services so far. Of course, I accept and wish you many more good and, above all, healthy years. I will remember you kindly in my inaugural address and assure you a good legacy for the future. You have served the King faithfully in all technical matters as an excellent expert during your service, and this will not go unmentioned! Have thanks again, and remain with us during this session.” The prince’s gaze rested kindly on Master Berkel, and Candor could see in the prince’s thoughts a picture of satisfaction, but also of concern as to who might be considered as his successor.

Now the prince turned to everyone again and said:

“My first question to you is what recommendation you have for the funeral ceremonies.” The men looked at each other, then Master Edelmann rose and said:

“It is our opinion that in about two weeks the joint funeral of King Charles and Prince Louis should be celebrated. All members of the court, the government and representatives of the wealthy and influential families should be invited. It was not to be an international but a national event, so the coverage would also be rather small. Since the king had already decided during his lifetime to be buried at the side of his father King Franz in the Hofburg, this question had also been settled. I will gladly take over the organization, if it is all right.” Edelmann looked around at the group and sat down again.

“Now that this is settled, I come to another point I would like to discuss with my advisors.” The prince paused briefly and looked around the room. “It concerns Elizabeth, my father’s widow. It seems to be common knowledge that I have never been happy with this decision of my father’s and have never hidden this fact. That is also the reason why I now reside with my aunt. In the long run, however, I have to move to the castle, so my question to you is: how should we deal with the queen dowager?”

The men looked at each other, it was clear to all that Erich and Elisabeth could not live under one roof. There had been no discussion about this yet, so everyone had to freely express their off-the-cuff opinions. Edelmann, Gregor and also Lieutenant Colonel Kunze thought that the queen dowager would be best off in Salzburg; Mirabell Palace was in the middle of the city and had been recently renovated, so she did not have to feel sidelined. Salzburg was one of the most beautiful cities in the empire and offered much culturally and socially. And Lieutenant Colonel Kunze added that her safety could also be well taken care of there.

For the first time Candor took the floor. He was against it, he said, because the way he assessed the Queen Dowager, she would feel sidelined there after all. It would be better to respond to the Queen Dowager’s very impulsive personality. She had always lived in the city of Vienna and all her roots, friends and acquaintances, her whole

social Network were here. He would rather recommend that she be housed in one of the many palaces in the city. The royal house had several of these palaces, and the choice could be left to her, this also in the sense of a peaceful and friendly solution for the Queen Dowager. In any case, approaching her actively and offering her a choice would be better than an order “from above” that might be perceived as confrontation. And, Candor added, a confrontation would probably damage everyone.

He looked around the room, and gradually everyone nodded their agreement. Prince Erich now looked at Master Candor and asked, “is that now unanimously accepted?” and Candor nodded, answering, “Yes, my prince!”

The latter sat back, then smiled and said, “it’s really interesting how decisions are made in this circle. But I think it’s a good thing!” The Prince then asked that one of those present delicately evaluate the issue with the Queen Dowager, with all due caution. He expected a final statement no later than tomorrow evening. Candor thought to himself that the prince was one who liked to make decisions quickly and who also did not appreciate lengthy debates. In this sense, the prince had won a point.

Now Baron von Stetten spoke up. He said he had been in the service of kings all his life and hoped not to speak too highly when he claimed to have been one of his closest confidants, entrusted with delicate assignments such as the education of Prince Louis. Now he asked the prince to continue to trust him and to keep him in his service. One could see in the prince’s face that he would have liked to scratch his head, but his excellent upbringing and long stay in rather subdued England won the day.

“My dear Baron,” said the Prince with great kindness, “of course you will stay with me and receive your orders when they arise.” Again it seemed as if the prince was trying to steer around a difficult cliff and scratch his head before continuing, “Please understand that I have taken my long-time butler, Mortimer, with me and that he is not only my butler in the strictest sense, but also my closest associate in the sense of an aide and an excellent bodyguard. I can only hope

that you will work well with Mortimer.” The Baron nodded eagerly and said, “Thank you, my Prince!”

“In general, I wish to state,” said the Prince, “That I have brought with me from London a number of persons who enjoy my full confidence, and I shall do my utmost to see that they are well integrated here. My chef Henri, my companion Princess Claudia, my butler Mortimer. I’ll probably have to leave my chauffeur and sports cars in London, since it’s difficult to impossible to maintain cars with internal combustion engines here.” The Prince paused thoughtfully, then continued, “Both King Charles and King Francis loved to ride their horses through the Lobau – the wild chase, as the tabloids described it. I myself am not a special rider, but I am known as a lover of fast cars. It’s a pity that I will hardly be able to pursue this hobby here in my homeland.”

And that above all therefore, thought Candor with itself, because with us driving with more than 0.0 per mille is punished strictly. And besides, I take it as it is with the companion Claudia: she is your last conquest, this pretty child from Denmark – the hot blood of the Pospischil-kings also runs through your veins! Candor brushed these thoughts aside. For his part, he was pleased with how accessible the prince’s mind seemed to him; it would encourage their further cooperation. In any case, he saw no problem in the fact that the prince liked to drink a good drop and chase after pretty young girls. He was certainly no alcoholic and no pederast.

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New World

After my awakening, I stayed at the institute for a total of 7 months. One of the nurses, Nurse Gerda, was interested in me as a person and for sure not a spy of the boss. I was able to have good conversations with her after sex and get back to life. I was a temporary guest for her, with whom she could forget her only unattractive marriage while making passionate love. Gerda, who had given her virginity to this man and had been used and discarded by him, had little sexual experience. It did not take long for her to accept my flirting as we were together most of the day. I was convinced after the exam by Sister Brigitte that my sexuality had totally changed. I was able to act like a young man again, but remembered that I had been very lame before the car accident. Anyway, Gerda was very pleased with the sex, she was reasonably tech-savvy and showed me how to use the com and how to use it to do research on Comnet. It didn't take long for me to learn. So I could read up on what had happened while I was away.

King Franz had decided to re-green Vienna after the deadly heat-wave summer of 2039, when not just hundreds but thousands died from the heat. He was not the first to come up with this idea, because there were enough studies that proved that when a city became green again, it withstood the heat better. He had hundreds and thousands of trees planted, but it was King Charles who really pushed for green-ing. He had all the large squares of the city torn up and planted with grass, several hundred thousand trees and bushes were planted on them.

He issued a decree that lawns, bushes or even trees had to be planted on all flat roofs in the city. King Charles obliged all prison inmates who were not guilty of any capital crime to work in the garden, as well as all immigrants who had not come with an existing employment contract. Over time, 120,000 people were thus employed daily to tend the city's green spaces and plants. The king had arranged for the initial planting of private roofs to be financed by the state, but the

ongoing maintenance had to be paid for by the owners of the houses themselves. Those who did not have a flat roof had to pay an obulus because of the equality laws.

Vienna was hardly recognizable within a year. All the squares had become parks, and traffic was diverted. This resulted in some traffic problems, which the king combated with another important decree: driving a car within the city limits became very expensive. Without exception, everyone who drove into the city had to pay a hefty fee. Without exception also meant that the delivery of goods had to be re-organized; instead of delivery trucks, cargo bicycles now had to be used. This measure initially met with fierce resistance, but the king stood firm and relentlessly implemented this law. The delivery truck drivers now grumbled and became cargo bike drivers, but this also had its good side in the long term, as many new jobs were created. The grumbling quickly stopped.

But soon the residents felt a marked improvement, the annual heat wave was no longer so severe. Many jobs had been created, many landlords had to hire gardeners specifically for this purpose, and the city government also had to employ an additional 50,000 gardeners, most of whom were immigrants. In the meantime, these regulations had been in force for almost 20 years, and everyone could see for themselves that Vienna had become a green city with tolerable temperatures even in summer. As far as the cost side was concerned, this project had become a negligible expense for the city over the years. No wonder, then, that other cities, such as Graz, Linz and Salzburg, soon followed this example voluntarily.

After a short time, it was realized that greening cost a lot of expensive drinking water. Thus, one can come up with the idea of redesigning part of the water recycling system and in this new process to produce water of non-drinking quality more easily and cheaply, and to make the water thus obtained available to the municipal gardeners. This measure was followed by another that provided financial incentives for all new construction to separately discharge wastewater from homes to these new water treatment plants. It took several years, but this measure also paid for itself.

But the greening of the city had also meant that private car use had shrunk by half, because the fees charged for driving in the city were very high, which also meant that even more could be invested in public transport. Soon there was no place within the city that could not be reached by public transport. This measure was also considered exemplary worldwide and greatly improved the city's eco-balance. The greening had a side effect that no one had anticipated in advance: cafeterias, bars and snack buffets sprang up around the squares that had become parks. The population made extensive use of these, so much so that the king ordered commercial licenses to be relaxed, but also decreed that these places of leisure only opened from 5 p.m. in the evening and had to close punctually at midnight. More generally, this development was readily accepted by the population, and the squares soon became a lively recreation area for all.

Despite all opposition, King Charles had carried out these projects professionally and to everyone's satisfaction, which was to his credit in many quarters. He had become a popular king among large sections of the population, who cared more about the welfare of his citizens than about the welfare of a few. There were, of course, many who were directly affected – more precisely, whose wallets were affected. But the king did not let himself be influenced by this, then one could reproach him with some things, but corruption by no means. He demanded sacrifices from many, but he could justify well in many speeches that this was for the good of all. However, the disfavored grumblers could not entirely unjustifiably point to the king's opulent lifestyle, which he never denied. He was the king, wasn't he!

From the beginning of his reign, King Charles also struggled with the Right, because the vexed problem of so-called "migration" also had to be solved in some form, as this was hyped up by the Right to be the mother of all problems. He took this problem vigorously and had it legislated that anyone who could show a valid employment contract in the kingdom could enter with his family without restrictions. Secondly, all migrants – they were now called immigrants – again, were admitted to state-run camps, but they had to do community service from day one, mostly as gardeners, but also in elderly care and nursing, where they could be very well used as unskilled la-

borers. Immigrants who resisted this were immediately deported without much fuss.

In the long run, these laws improved the kingdom's reputation, because anyone who wanted to immigrate had to know that they had to work for it. The asylum ordinance, which had already been in force 150 years ago, became valid law again, even if it was a step backward from the point of view of the right, but the kingdom had to be a safe haven for all those who were persecuted, that was important to the King. Especially in the old-age- and nursing homes, the relief became clearly noticeable, so that King Charles' governmental work was perceived more positively from year to year. If in the early years one could still openly blaspheme about the king, later it became downright embarrassing when someone disparaged him as "the Pospischil" – that was the king's name before he ascended the throne –.

Another major coup occurred when the Comnet was introduced. A wide variety of providers had colonized telecommunications, customers were often entangled in a jungle of contracts to their detriment, and the rampant mischief became the most pressing annoyance of all citizens. To end this mischief, many founded new start-ups, but in doing so caused even more proliferation in this jungle. And the populist right-wing party relied fully on this anger, kept scoring points with their criticism, but could not offer any solutions. The king, who was not himself affected by all these annoyances, consulted with his advisors. The masters finally drew up a joint paper predicting that the public would implode over this issue in the foreseeable future, and they no longer ruled out riots. This was not acceptable to the king, he condemned the masters to work out a scenario for the solution together with technicians and experts.

They discussed for weeks. In the end, there was a proposal: to unite the different networks, the immense bevy of providers, into one. And that had to be done abruptly; no scenarios were simply good enough for a phased streamlining. The paper was also worked out in great technical detail: there would be only one network, a state-royal one, and the use of this network had to be free and mandatory for all citizens. A good example was already at hand; a

Latvian company had already introduced this in Latvia with great success. The king listened to the scenario, then thought about it for a night and issued a decree in the morning. Thus was born the Com-net, which of course was quite soon opposed by some, since the privacy of all citizens – was uniformly but nevertheless – severely curtailed, enabling the king to establish a surveillance state. The latter, however, did not depart one iota from the path once taken and arranged for its immediate implementation.

A huge new computer center henceforth housed all the empire's communications. A single agency operated the physical network structure, replacing the many different private ones overnight. Its use was available to all citizens free of charge, so that the annoyance of the private operators by this measure no longer carried any weight with the public. And lastly, the smartphones previously sold by likewise countless operators were replaced by an ingenious new device, the Com.

The king had a small but very proactive hardware company bought up, complete with licenses. This device, then called Neuwirth's Com, was superior to smartphones in all respects. Unlike these, they were worn on the body – mostly on the forearm – instead of earplugs, the call signal was transmitted directly through the human body to the ear or from the mouth directly. The device never needed to be charged as it used the existing electrical wires directly for wireless power transmission to automatically charge the battery, this principle known as Moyhavn's effect for transmitting electricity over short distances had already been used for other electrical devices. The foundation for this technology was laid by the famous inventor Nikola Tesla around the year 1910.

The operation was simple and very effective, there were hardly any buttons, as mostly gesture control was sufficient. For the need to sometimes use a display, the device could extend a small foil on the side, which became a full screen. And most importantly, it was directly connected to the com-net to the state servers and could fully utilize their capacity. The com itself had little storage capacity, as it was no longer needed. The developers could concentrate fully on operating the device, voice- and gesture control. The only thing that

took some getting used to was the tiny display, but it was enough for rudimentary communication; after all, everyone had large screens in their homes for playing movies, etc. One could call up movies or games as well as initiate thorough statistics on the server and much more. For example, the user didn't have to store phone numbers in his own contacts, as he was connected directly from the servers with simple commands for a phone call. One simply commanded: "Call Gerda Müller, Färbergasse" and that was usually sufficient to be connected to the correct subscriber, of course the servers remembered the frequently recurring contacts of each com, so that commands like: "Call office" or "Call home" were immediately implemented correctly.

This ingenious concept convinced even the most skeptical smartphone-defenders. The resistance of the private network operators dwindled as customers left, and there were no private network operators left after a few months. Within a few months, everyone was using the Com and the Comnet, because everyone could use it for free, it was after all financed from the royal coffers, the centralized management of the network was very stable from the start. And as a little bonus, everyone's whereabouts, every conversation and every use of the Com could be tracked at any time, which served the royal surveillance apparatus just as well as the police authorities. Data protectionists went ballistic, but people came to terms with the time, there were no more organizations that dealt with personal data. Most citizens, after all, were law-abiding and did nothing that the surveillance state was not allowed to know about. The other citizens, however, to follow scrupulously no one could doubt. The citizens had become transparent without significant resistance.

Totally without the kingdom's intervention, the situation changed with regard to climate change, which had become a matter of great urgency at the beginning of the century.

The Western oil companies decided to make a joint switch from oil to hydrogen, to fuel cells. This was a huge step, but they were convinced they were doing the world and themselves, yes, especially themselves, a good turn. They told the auto industry to start producing fuel cell cars immediately. Pronto! They justified this step by say-

ing that the attempted switch from internal combustion engines to battery-powered electric motors had failed, mainly because the raw materials for the batteries could not be made sufficiently available worldwide. In purely mathematical terms, not everyone could switch from internal combustion engines to electric drives, and it was not possible to build sufficient batteries and charging stations.

In contrast, the production of hydrogen for fuel cell drives could be done with much less effort without the problems of raw material procurement. People were aware that fuel cell vehicles achieved a slightly lower energy yield from the hydrogen, but this was an advantage for the producers because motorists had to buy slightly more hydrogen than for internal combustion engines. In return, they did not have to change much, because whether they filled up with gasoline or diesel or hydrogen did not mean any particular change for them. The carmakers ended the electric-experiment and drop it without a sound, the changeover from the internal combustion engine to the fuel cell car was an easy one in comparison, they did not have to deal with the problem of job cuts, and the supply chains and refueling stations also adjusted without any problems. The cost to make cell fuel cars was nearly equal to make cars in the old fashion.

The conditions were created to be able to build large hydrogen plants in North Africa. The countries of Libya and Algeria were forcibly pacified by Western countries such as France and England, and later by the United States. The divided countries of East-Libya and West-Libya were forced to make peace with an iron fist and a steel glove, the local petty rulers were vigorously removed, a democratic government enforced by the Western powers was established. Algeria, also on the verge of revolution, met the same fate. Iron fist and steel gloves were by many democrats and ethics seen as problematic, but there was no easier way to go. And it had to be done fast, without lengthy negotiation games. In return, the Western powers were able to build large hydrogen cell factories and grant all the necessary licenses to the large Western oil companies.

North Africa did not suffer from a lack of water – it is, after all, located directly on the Mediterranean Sea – and it has enough solar energy available. Science was able to work out the basics needed for

production, and oil companies pumped all their money into these hydrogen factories and the necessary delivery infrastructure to Europe and the rest of the Western world. While hydrogen was initially delivered via tankers and tankers, a pipeline was also built to the north, first to Spain, and from there later to major cities in Europe. After the first ten years, a large part of the conversion was completed.

The era of the internal combustion engine thus came to an end.

The West, as well as the U.S., were the winners; climate change could be steered in a huge step in the right direction. True, global warming would not slow down or perhaps even reverse for another 100 years. But however much the Western oil giants, motorists, and the entire auto industry thought themselves winners, there were also losers.

The events in North Africa were not democratically justified, of course; the West's iron fist was not peaceful, but it was purposeful. The disorder in the Middle East seriously worsened. Oil production had to be slowed down in big steps, they sold much less than they could produce. The wealth of the East inevitably shrank, and with it the order that had been so laboriously maintained. The revolts of the impoverished population and a thousand small groups literally tore the Middle East apart. The winners were the various Islamist groups that openly threatened Israel and the entire Western world. Without oil, the boom that was still celebrated at the beginning of the century was almost completely lost, and the East fell decades behind in its development.

Even for experts, the current balance of power in the Middle East seemed barely manageable. The uncertain circumstances were also the reason why virtually all investors from the West stayed away, sealing the doom of the Middle East as we knew it 60 or 80 years ago. The hydrogen factories in North Africa were ironcladly defended by the Western powers; otherwise, from Turkey to Morocco, from Iran to Somalia, arbitrariness and terror prevailed, which one could not imagine defusing at the moment.

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Experiments

Presumably I got on Dr. Fürböck's nerves quite a bit with my constant questions about the past. One day he appeared with a large cardboard box and said that in there were the records of Doctor Giese, and he hoped that I could find enough answers in it. Immediately I began to clear out the box and to skim over the files and put them in order.

Most of them were transcripts of the lectures that the good Doctor Giese had given. In all this mess, however, there were also many handwritten notes, which I first had to sort out, as they were obviously rummaged through and lying unordered in the box. When I looked through them, I realized that all the pages referred to patients he had listed as number 1 to number 5.

The next day, I approached Dr. Fürböck about this. I asked what had become of these patients. It took him quite a while to pull himself together and give me an answer. Unfortunately, the first patients had died during the special treatment. When I asked, he said that this concerned number 1, 2 and 3. I would be number 5, I could see for myself that most of the papers referred to number five.

“And what about number four?” asked I, and Dr. Fürböck took a considerable time to think. Then he said that number four had been a very special case. It involved a young woman, perhaps 24 or 25 years old, who had apparently suffered some kind of shock and had been admitted to the institute as a coma patient. Dr. Fürböck's recollections came only fragmentarily and incoherently.

She – Dr. Fürböck thought her name was Eva – had easily recognizable strangulation marks on her neck, but police who investigated the case and took the woman's boyfriend into questioning ultimately decided there was no crime. The boyfriend credibly asserted that Eva loved choking, that is, she liked to be choked during the sex act because the reduced oxygen supply to the brain increased the pleasure. This practice was very common at the time and the police, who also

questioned other acquaintances of Eva, learned that she was known for this preference. However, she had not given the arranged sign to stop this time, and when he finally let her go, she had already lost consciousness, whereupon he had immediately dialed 911.

Dr. Giese had taken Eva into his program as patient number 4, she became his favorite subject, so to speak. Young and beautiful and already as good as dead – that was a challenge for him. He did everything he could to treat her to the highest level of his knowledge and keep her alive. He spent several hours a day with her to make sure she was set up in the best possible way, that all the equipment was working perfectly. Every day he spent at least an hour sitting next to the container she was in, talking to her, stroking her hand and reading to her from the newspaper. He was very pleased with her condition, because she was the first one who did not die right away. While Dr. Giese was giving lectures, preparing scientific papers and reports, he always took time to visit Eva. This even went so far that he sent Dr. Fürböck as a deputy to conferences abroad, as he did not want to leave Eva alone.

In some of their conversations, Dr. Giese mentioned to Dr. Fürböck that he was particularly pleased with Eva's brain stimulation. He said that he was deeply convinced that the brain was using more and more areas as a result of the permanent stimulation and – here Doctor Giese became almost rapturous – that a leap in the evolution of man was taking place here. He did not know what this stimulation would trigger in the end, but he would soon know. According to his investigations, already about 60% of the brain areas – or more – were active.

So the day came when he brought Eva out of her sleep. She had spent about 50 years in a coma. Dr. Giese locked himself in with Eva for days, examining and scrutinizing every little detail. During the brief breaks he allowed himself, he reported to Dr. Fürböck that Eva was a wonderfully successful experiment. Of course, her musculature as well as other bodily functions had suffered from the long period of inactivity, but the physiotherapists would surely improve that through sustained training. But her nature, her nature! He had not known her before, of course, but she was wide awake again almost

from the first moment and wanted to know everything about herself and her stay at the institute. The neurological examinations and also the conscientiously performed MRIs confirmed that she could use 60 or more percent of her brain capacity. That was phenomenal for him, a breakthrough whose scope he could not yet fully appreciate.

Eva had made good use of the training with the physical therapists and was able to walk unassisted by the second month after her awakening. She struggled with speaking at first because her larynx had not fully recovered, so she had a deep, almost male-sounding voice. She talked with Dr. Giese for hours, learned the medical details amazingly quickly, and as Doctor Giese once jokingly mentioned, she could probably pass the medical exam within a month. He virtually raved about how bright her mind was and how quick her grasp was. He raved that she would engage him in debates for hours and had more philosophical questions than he could answer. He raved that here was an evolutionary leap.

One day – Dr. Fürböck was just at a conference in France – Doctor Giese simply dropped dead, his heart had failed. On the same day, Eva disappeared from the institute. Dr. Fürböck left the conference immediately and traveled back to Vienna. The death had made him head of the institute, but at the same time he had his hands full. So it was not surprising that he could invest only a little time in the search for Eva, and already a few weeks later he was no longer thinking about her. He devoted himself fully to patient number 5, to me. He studied the records of the late Doctor Giese and followed his instructions very carefully. Number 5 developed well, day after day he visited his patient, examined him daily. Here Dr. Fürböck ended his report.

I had listened to him breathlessly and now asked what had become of Eva, number 4? Dr. Fürböck shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't know. He said that, in his opinion, she could not have gone far in her weakened condition and would probably have been found somewhere as an unidentified, unknown female corpse. However, he said, he still checked with the police months later, but no unidentified female body had been found anywhere. Now, at least, he seemed unconcerned about Eva's whereabouts.

After this conversation I was quite agitated and immediately began to search for her on the Internet. This was quite difficult, as I had neither a family name nor any further details about her, so all my searches came to nothing. There was also no report anywhere about a girl who had fallen into a coma while choking. Defiantly, I imagined I had someone out there with whom something connected me, a kind of sister in destiny.

This thought never left me.

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The Rascal Pack

Another day, as the master sat with Baron von Stetten and Lieutenant Colonel Kunze, exploring the possibilities of having conversations with more intelligence people, his com chirped; it was Roxane, and the conversation was marked “private, urgent.” He immediately answered the call and said “one moment, please,” rose and walked out with an apologetic gesture. In the corridor, he said, “So, now I’m alone, what’s up?”

“I think I found him! I’ve already sent you the address, and I hope you can keep me out of the further.” Roxane sounded calm and her voice betrayed no nervousness. The master saw that a message had come in on his com. Of course he would try to keep her out of it, he promised, and said goodbye.

While re-entering the room, he sent the address to Lieutenant Colonel Kunze, then said, “The wanted Dimitrov is probably at this address.” The lieutenant colonel looked at the address, then said thoughtfully, “Libussagasse 10, that’s a men’s dormitory, isn’t it?!” The master nodded in agreement and said, “An anonymous tip.” Now the lieutenant colonel called police headquarters and gave instructions to follow up on this tip. Then he said to them, “It shouldn’t take more than 15 minutes, they’ll call me as soon as they have him.”

They continued their discussion, and the Baron said he might find out later in the morning, or at the latest in the afternoon, when the next conversation between the intelligence people would take place. Then the lieutenant colonel received the expected call. They had been able to arrest Dimitrov without resistance, although he was registered in Libussagasse as Antonov. He would be taken immediately to police headquarters, the interrogation would begin in a good half hour, they expected to be present. Without even a moment’s hesitation, the three rose, had a cab called, and drove to police headquarters.

On arriving there, they were met by a Commander Benedek, a short stocky man who, despite his slender stature and friendly looking eyes, made a definite determined impression. He said that he would conduct the interrogation and that they were welcome to watch and listen from the adjacent observation room. Then he escorted them to the first basement, where the interrogation rooms were.

After a few minutes, Dimitrov was led in. A beefy, tall man, he scowled and eyed his counterpart. Benedek read his file and began to read out his name, date of birth and other personal details and could see that Dimitrov nodded in agreement to everything. Now the interpreter also entered the interrogation room and sat down next to Dimitrov. They whispered briefly, then the interpreter said that Dimitrov understood German very well, but would only be able to answer in German very poorly and so he would translate everything word for word.

Benedek turned the page further and now went into detail about the murder of Buchner and Steidl. At first, Dimitrov denied all the facts. But Benedek presented him with the photos from various surveillance cameras and said that he and the Frenchman could be observed without gaps from Buchner's apartment to the Danube Canal and that it made no sense to deny everything. Dimitrov stared angrily at the images, then boldly looked Benedek in the face and said, "Innocent!" Benedek looked at him calmly, then took a plastic bag containing a pistol out of his pocket and put it on the table.

"This Makarov 58 we found in your quarters and it matches the bullet wounds very well." Now Benedict put two photos of the murdered next to the pistol and pointed his outstretched finger at Dimitrov: "It was you, you and the Frenchman, and no one else! " But Dimitrov did not admit defeat yet, shaking his head and repeating several times, "No!" Benedek pretended not to notice and repeated that he – Dimitrov – was clearly convicted. Then Benedek sat back.

"Who gave you the job?" he suddenly thundered, leaning forward again energetically. "I want to know who gave you the assignment!" The interpreter made an effort to whisper the question to Dimitrov in

as similar a tone as possible. The latter only looked stubbornly at Benedek and remained silent.

Master Candor followed the scene with tense attention and directed all his concentration to Dimitrov. He suddenly saw images, again from the mosque, where Dimitrov was talking in whispers with a short, stocky man. The master became absorbed in this image and finally realized that this man was the mosque servant. The master looked questioningly at Kunze and whispered, "Can I contact Benedek?" Kunze bent down and pressed one of the many buttons, then nodded promptly to the master. The master said half aloud, "Ask him about the mosque servant!"

Benedek put a finger on the earpiece, seemed a bit puzzled, but he immediately asked, "This has something to do with the mosque servant, doesn't it?!" In Dimitrov's face now, clearly visible to all, was supreme surprise and confusion. Benedek sat back relaxed and thought up a new strategy in a flash. He now asked Dimitrov about his visits to the mosque, and the latter confirmed that he went there several times a week. That was a matter of course for a devout Muslim. Benedek had given a short hand signal, which Lieutenant Colonel Kunze understood immediately. Kunze immediately called the Operation Control and ordered to arrest and present the servant at the mosque in Favoritenstraße.

As much as Benedek now tried to get more out of Dimitrov, he remained persistently silent and did not answer any more questions. For at least 20 minutes, Benedek kept the ball rolling and tried everything imaginable, but could no longer get the silent Dimitrov to testify or reveal anything. Then he got up and had Dimitrov taken back to the cell.

Before they left back to the court, Benedek approached Master Candor and asked how he had come up with the idea. Master Candor, however, had already come up with a thought and said that he had noticed in many interviews that Muslims very often had contact with associations or other groups through the mosque and that very often through the mosque servant. Almost always, the latter was a central figure and one of the most important members of a mosque.

So his reference was nothing out of the ordinary, pure experience. Benedek did not want to contradict the elder, who with his long gray-white hair, the long black cloak and the oak staff as a walker gave an imposing impression – and evoked in Benedek a memory buried in the subconscious of the magician Gandalf (from the work “Lord of the Rings”), – and took his leave, but the master could clearly see the confusion and skepticism in his face. He was absolutely sure that the master had lied to him and did not intend to reveal his cards.

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The three discussed the further procedure with Benedek. Since the arrest and first interrogation of the mosque servant was to be expected within the next half hour, they arranged to wait in the neighboring “Café am Ring” and Benedek promised to have them picked up there. They had a snack and coffee there. During their discussion, Kunze was the first to voice his suspicion that a Turkish–Islamist group might be behind the whole thing. He immediately called the special commission and ordered that the extensive dossier on Islamist and Turkish groups be immediately supplemented with the latest findings and kept ready for him on call. Both the Baron and Candor agreed with this opinion, because it made sense.

The New Ottoman Empire in Turkey had been run more badly than well by several autocrats in succession. The economy, foreign policy and even society as a whole were run very sloppily, without concrete goals and objectives, bringing the country to the brink of disintegration. Extreme groups such as the Muslim Brotherhood, the Grey Wolves and also the IS were officially banned as terrorist groups, but the ugly hydra had raised its head in plain sight and had seized large parts of Turkish society. In terms of foreign policy, Turkey became a pariah, Western investors were resolutely holding back, and the entire economy was slipping. Proximity to the Middle East, which had gone completely off the rails, exacerbated Turkey’s slide. The economy was severely depressed, the population suffered greatly, and became increasingly susceptible to the extremist cause. The current President Enerlik, who was good friends with Sultan Mohammed XXI, was a brutal despot and more interested in increasing his wealth than in the Turkish people. It was no surprise to any-

one when he banned the word “corruption” from the Turkish language by presidential decree, and its continued use automatically led to brutal punishment.

Nearly an hour passed, however, before a young policeman entered the café looking for someone and told the three that Commander Benedek would see them. They walked over to police headquarters and went down to the basement to the interrogation rooms. Through the glass pane, which was mirrored on one side, they looked at the suspect, a small, lively man whose dark eyes gazed unsteadily around, alternately eyeing Benedek, his two assessors, and the policeman on guard duty. He was slim and neatly dressed, his pitch-black hair neatly combed. There was nothing to suggest that he was possibly a highly dangerous criminal. Benedek leafed through a thin File, flipping forward and back again, paying no attention to the suspect. Even though everyone was aware of this stalling tactic, it did not fail to have its effect. The mosque servant’s growing nervousness manifested itself in increasing fidgeting and sliding back and forth on the chair. Master Candor focused on the man, but he was not yet getting a clear picture.

Benedek looked up and began, “What is your name?” – “Mehmet Karaman.” – “Date and place of birth?” Karaman answered the standard questions in a calm tone, his tension easing slightly. He answered the question about his profession with, “Mosque servant at the Favoriten mosque,” and Benedek followed up with, “So, you clean up at the mosque, vacuum and so on?” Now Karaman smiled and said, “That too, but there is more to do in the mosque.” – Benedek: “Like what?” – Karaman: “Collecting the collection on Friday, distributing alms to the needy and dealing with any questions or problems from mosque visitors as directed by the Müdür, the Imam. The imam directs me on what to do.”

Benedek asked for examples of the activities he had to carry out, and after some quite plausible answers he asked whether the Imam was responsible for virtually all agendas. Karaman confirmed this and Benedek inquired whether he was not also active outside the agendas set by the Imam. Karaman thought about an answer and then said that he did not have any activities outside of those given by

the Imam. Outside of his work at the mosque, he said, he only had his family life and his widespread relatives.

Benedek sat back and said as if casually, “Then I can ask the Imam why you charged the Dimitrov and the Frenchman?”. Benedek turned the page and continued, “the Frenchman Michel Duvier with the assassination and the murders of Buchner and Steidl?”

Karaman was surprised by the direct leap of thought and gasped. “The Imam has nothing to do with it!” he exclaimed, biting his upper lips, for he was immediately aware of his mistake. Benedek did not react at all, but continued asking, “Who gave you the order? Was it Ankara? Istanbul? – Ah, Istanbul. It would be quite wise to put all your cards on the table now, it might prove favorable to you in the trial.”

But Karaman remained silent. A policeman entered and handed a file to Benedek, who opened it and read through the pages in detail. “Here are some more contacts you had with the Muslim Brotherhood and Gray Wolves, very interesting!” Benedek half-read aloud some passages and Karaman became rather pale, for he was surprised how precisely the experts had worked and how close-meshed the network of observers around him was. Benedek kept accusing him of having prepared the assassination and unabashedly speculated that Karaman, for example, had instructed the Turkish-born workers who had set up the speaker’s stand to place the bombs. Karaman continued to remain silent, but his body language was clear. Benedek hit the mark with each of his accusations, but a trial required more than accusations.

After it seemed clear that Karaman was adamant about remaining silent, Benedek ended the interrogation and had Karaman taken to a cell. Then Benedek went to the adjoining room and asked the three if they had any more ideas. But they all congratulated him on his apparent success and said that at the moment there was nothing more that could have been extracted. The rest, Benedek said, would be revealed by further investigations in the mosque servant’s environment, he was very confident of that. The three said goodbye and went back to the Hofburg.

The three talked for a while longer, with Kunze assuring them that further investigation would be done by people he trusted. Benedek and his people were certainly not among those on the right Party. After all, they now had a good lead, which led abroad, but still into known territory. Even if their speculations had to be proven first, the investigation on the part of Master Candor and Baron von Stetten was completed. Since evening was already falling, Candor said that he would report to the queen dowager only tomorrow. Then they arranged to meet the next day, each going home.

Roxane and Marco were not there, a small note from Roxane informed him that Marco was staying with one of his classmates, she herself was in the East–West. Candor went straight to the bathroom under the shower, a technically perfect installation– the main jet came from above, small moving jets on the sides sprayed the body evenly. The glass cubicle closed silently, the body-warm water did him a lot of good. For minutes he enjoyed the pleasant rays with his eyes closed. When he opened his eyes, he saw Elaine standing in front of the cabin.

She let the white dress slide gently from her shoulders to the floor and entered the shower stall. He looked at her as if in a trance, sensing her closeness and feeling her snuggle against him, her head leaning against his chest. He could feel her body very clearly against his skin, but when he tried to put his arms around her, he reached into nothingness. So they stood in the shower, tightly entwined, for a long time, silent for minutes, and nothing could be heard but the rush of the water.

“Where have you been for so long?” the mirage asked him.

“I’ve been conducting a very complicated investigation, my dear, so I hardly found time for myself or to meet with you.” he replied. He looked down at her, gazed at her delicate body full of love and smiled.

They talked about their wonderful vacation in Zakynthos, about the beautiful hilly landscape and the many friendly neighbors with whom they communicated, as best they could, with hands and feet.

He enjoyed the wonderful feeling of happiness that this trip with Elaine gave him and kept his eyes closed to better feel her closeness.

It seemed like an endless eternity passed when she stood up and said to him, “Dearest, I don’t know when I will see you again, I must leave now.” As if through a veil of mist, he saw that her appearance was beginning to dissipate. “But I will tell you one thing: warn everyone, warn Italy. There will be a tremendous earthquake in the Apennines tomorrow at half past twelve, many will die – save as many as you can!” Her image gradually faded and then disappeared altogether.

Candor regained consciousness only after a long time. He was freezing, crouched on the floor of the shower stall and the water was flowing sparingly. “Lucy, how long was I in the shower?” he asked, and Lucy replied, “One hour 22 minutes.” He shook his head in disbelief and reached for one of the preheated bath towels. “Make me a strong coffee” he ordered and dried himself off. After dressing, he sat down in the living room and carefully drank the hot coffee. He picked up the com and called the State Department. He relayed what he knew – tomorrow, at half past twelve, earthquake in the Apennines. The sleepy voice on the other end of the line made him angry; he demanded to be connected immediately with Schaller or Regner. Schaller was still on duty and recognized Candor immediately. When the latter repeated his warning, Schaller promised to do whatever was necessary.

To put it bluntly, things went wrong. Although Schaller had immediately called his Italian contacts and conveyed the most important information, they knew Schaller well enough to take his warning seriously. So a disaster alert plan went into action, all the mayors of the Apennine villages and the regional governors were informed that the population should be prepared for an earthquake at half past twelve. The population was to wait for it in the open air and remain calm. Then the waiting began. It became half past one, then half past two, then three. People looked at each other and waited. At seven they gave up waiting with a shrug of the shoulders and went back to everyday life. They had dinner, watched TV and chatted, some even

scolded the obvious misinformation published by the Austrian Earthquake Research Center. Then they went to sleep.

And right then, between half and three quarters of one, the earth shook, ripping open the ground in many places, causing buildings and churches to collapse. The quake even ripped open a flank of Mount Vesuvius in faraway Naples, where glowing lava poured from the mountainside toward the city. Fortunately, the lava flow stopped before it reached densely populated areas.

The first news reported a few hundred victims, however, the number of dead increased hourly and by noon the next day was at least 2,500. Italy was plunged into deep mourning and relief programs – including those from abroad – immediately began their work.

But now back to Master Candor. After passing on his warnings to the State Department, he ordered Lucy to prepare dinner, for two, roast pork with potatoes, that would be fine with him. He took a cognac while he waited for Roxane. The news was already reporting that preparations were being made in Italy for an expected earthquake.

As always, he watched as the kitchen began to move as if by magic. Panels flipped open, lever arms moved to put the roast pork on the stove, which turned on automatically. Other lever arms took care of putting peeled potatoes into the hot water. The dining table also flipped open and their lever arms set the table for two. Candor leaned back contentedly, enjoying his cognac and cigarette.

Nearly an hour passed, however, before Roxane appeared. He could tell right away that something was wrong. She had reddened eyes and greeted him only with a nod, then went into her room to change. He followed her and stopped in the doorway. Benevolently his gaze slid over her slender body – he caught himself thinking that in many ways she resembled Elaine. What had happened, he asked, but remained silent in understanding when she did not answer him immediately. Then they went into the living room together.

“In the East–West they found out that I reported the Dimitrov. Then, after it became known that the latter was arrested, everyone pounced on me and accused me. I was a snitch, a traitor, that’s what they all said. I defended myself as best I could and also said that if Dimitrov was innocent, he would soon be released.” Roxane began to cry again and dabbed her eyes with the handkerchief. Candor put an arm around her shoulders and murmured softly soothing words.

Roxane calmed down and said it would be alright. She could very well hold her own in her club and even if everyone seemed to be against her at the moment, they would soon forget about it and she could continue her work. Candor promised to do everything he could, but not to interfere directly in the club.

After dinner, as the table tucked away the dishes and the dishwasher began to hum softly, Candor told Lucy to stop the dishwasher and not to start it up again until they had gone to bed. He then fetched a bottle of wine and two glasses, sat down again, and then told Roxane what had transpired that day.

At first she was very surprised, because the Islamists had not carried out a major attack for a long time, maybe 30 years. But then, when Candor reported what he had been able to read in the mosque servant’s mind, she put piece after piece together and, after his report, said that it all made sense. He turned on the television to hear the latest news. The impending earthquake in Italy had moved to the second row, and the main news was the police chief’s success in finding the assassins.

Candor had to smile when it was reported from “well-informed sources” that apparently Islamists, Muslim Brothers and also Grey Wolves were the authors of the attacks. The reporters from Istanbul were joined by Turkish officials who once again condemned the attacks as an atrocious crime and assured that the Ottoman Empire of Turkey itself had nothing whatsoever to do with the attacks. Everything would be done to find those responsible and bring them to justice. The Turkish authorities would cooperate closely with the Austrian authorities and do everything in their power.

Candor turned off the device and now told Roxane about his latest vision. Yes, the advance warning for the earthquake in Italy had come from him, or rather from Elaine. With wide open eyes she listened to him as he reported how she had joined him in the shower stall. That he had felt her physicality very clearly on his skin, although when he tried to touch her, he couldn't because she wasn't there. And that it had completely confused him, because he had never felt such closeness in his visions before.

Roxana asked him to tell everything again in detail and hung on his lips as he reported again. He knew her well and knew how much she enjoyed listening to him talk about sex. How she sometimes closed her eyes and silently repeated his words, sighing softly when she could picture it well. He could see her arousal and feel very clearly that it lingered even after they went to bed.

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Bugs in The Palais

He had already gone to Fromm & Ehrlich's on the Seilerstätte at noon to pick up his new festive cape. He was glad that he had put on the jumping shoes, brand seven-league boots. This made the long walk quite manageable; after all, the jumping shoes were a further development of the jumping stilts developed at the beginning of the century, which failed to catch on as such. It was only when people moved away from the acrobatic and rebuilt the stilts for a fast and power-saving gait that the breakthrough came. His stilts raised his standing position by about 20 cm, the batteries built into the stilts were charged by the kinetic energy of walking, and the more he walked, the more the small built-in motors supported him, so that he was supported with every step and could walk more easily. This also made him a little taller and more able to overlook the crowds ahead of him. Of course, a gaunt man over 2 meters tall stood out almost everywhere, but he put up with that.

As always in the summer, the streets were full, crowds surged back and forth, and besides, the city was full of tourists. These were mostly recognized by the tablets they could borrow at the border or at the airport, as they otherwise had no access to the com-system. Their smartphones registered abroad did not work within the kingdom. He watched the road intently, carefully avoiding the slower walking people. He was almost at the Freyung when Baron von Stetten paged him and asked if they would like to have a drink together at the Freyung Square. He gladly agreed and hurried on.

On arriving there, he searched among the crowds and quite soon found the Baron. They greeted each other and then found that around the place no seat was free. Shortly decided he asked the baron whether he could invite him into his apartment, he would have wine and beer to choose from. The latter happily agreed, because he had never been in the master's apartment and of course he was curious. They went upstairs, and the rather short baron mocked the master, who towered over him by 2 head lengths. Arriving at the apart-

ment door, the master unbuckled his seven-league boots and ordered Lucy to unlock the door.

In the living room they made themselves comfortable, the master served chilled white wine with mineral water and offered the baron a cigar. They smoked comfortably, drank white wine soda and talked about the state of affairs. The baron, who received hourly updates, reported that more than 45 people associated with the mosque servant had been arrested and interrogated in the meantime. The lively diplomatic exchanges between the Kingdom and the Ottoman Empire of Turkey also led to some arrests in Turkey, but the Baron said that no one knew who the suspects there were and what influence they actually had on the assassination. He added that he suspected that some also served as pawns to show the Ottoman Empire of Turkey's good intentions in a striking way.

Candor nodded, for he had already heard similar things from Kunze. He took a deep breath and said to the Baron that he had picked up his new ceremonial cloak, since the day after tomorrow, on Thursday, would be the funeral of Charles and Louis, and on Saturday and Sunday would be the coronation of the new king. The baron said he had also had beautiful new robes tailored, as the events required everyone to be on their best behavior. Candor said he was very reluctant to walk through the city in the midday heat – that was why, after all, he had put on the seven-league boots – for, he confessed, he did not like these massed crowds at all. And before he realized he was abruptly changing the subject, he said that society seemed oversexualized to him. He closed his eyes and said that compared to his youth, society had changed a lot with the ubiquity of sex in advertising, sex in public, and the acceptance of breaking taboos big and small.

While he was still pondering this topic further, the baron chatted away about how well he was doing now. His maid Dina was devoted to him, read his every wish from his eyes and was a natural in bed. After the death of his wife, he had lived a monk-like life of abstinence and had completely suppressed sexual thoughts; his grief and his work had occupied him so much that he no longer even thought about sex. Now, however, everything had changed. Dina awaited him

every evening in a neatly tidy household, and then when they cuddled on the couch in front of the television, she was cuddly and purred like a cat. And then

Candor's com chirped, it was Lieutenant Colonel Kunze. Candor raised his hand briefly to silence the Baron and listened.

The lieutenant colonel said, "Sorry, I hate to interrupt this most amusing sex conversation, but I would like you to let me in for a moment. I'm already upstairs with you outside the apartment door."

Candor was irritated and amazed at the same time. How did Kunze know what he was talking about with the baron? Determined, he got up and went to the apartment door. "Lucy, open up!"

When the door opened, Candor's astonishment grew even greater. Lieutenant Colonel Kunze came in with two companions, dressed in white plastic overalls, both carrying what appeared to be two very heavy suitcases. All three entered.

Candor stopped as Lucy quietly closed the door. He glanced questioningly at Kunze, who looked around briefly. Then he turned back to the master and introduced his companions, "These are Kammer and Lang, they're from my tech team and they're here to find the bugs hidden in this apartment." He noted with satisfaction that both the Master and the Baron took this news with a brief shock.

"Yes, we found that your apartment had been bugged with what appears to be very sophisticated technology." After a brief dramatic pause, he explained to the master that his technicians had been trying for days to pick up and evaluate the bugging signals, but they had not succeeded in doing more than plugging in and listening.

The master was completely shocked. He briefly ran over what all had been said in the apartment, and he was visibly uncomfortable. For he had been completely open and honest with Roxane, and had not held back his opinion, nor any information from the castle, the crown prince, or the police investigation. Of course, this could still become very embarrassing. He turned to the lieutenant colonel and

said, "Please, your men can start and search everything without reservation, I will also be happy to open the safes for you."

Both men declined when he offered them a soft drink and immediately began unpacking their suitcases.

Lieutenant Colonel Kunze sat down next to the Baron and gladly accepted the offer of a white wine soda. His technicians would have become aware of the strange signals in the master's apartment during their routine check of all – he glanced at the Baron and repeated: all. – Since there seemed to be no other reasonable explanation for this, he had ordered this search. He put a paper on the living room table and said to the master, "I was sure of your consent."

Candor nodded and said, "Sure thing, my friend! I want to know for myself who dares to eavesdrop on me and what was the purpose." Thoughtfully, he said to the lieutenant colonel, "The thought of someone spying on me is very disturbing. I will not conceal the fact that not everything that is spoken here within my four walls should be made public. By this I mean not only the really private things, but also everything concerning my work. I have no secrets from Roxane, we discuss almost everything together."

The lieutenant colonel reassured him, saying that he had already and immediately had the existing recordings deleted and had ordered Kammer not to make any more. Nevertheless, he was very worried, he said, because another team of technicians was also tracking down the strange bugs at Master Gregor's. And he himself had no idea at all who could have an interest in bugging these two masters. Then, turning to the baron, he said not to worry, his apartment was bug-free. Since this apartment was in the castle, he did not need a court order to search it. Then he grinned impudently and said that they had waited to search until Dina had gone out of the house for shopping. Relieved, the baron breathed a sigh of relief.

The two technicians, Kammer and Lang, had set up a device on the living room table and said this was a jammer that shielded all radio– and microwave signals. When the master turned to Lang and asked how they were going to proceed, Kammer interfered and said,

“The Lang can’t understand you, he’s deaf and dumb. Yes, and we will now go through room by room and scan everything, the bugs have to be somewhere!” Then he took some devices and disappeared with them in the back room, in the guest room.

The baron got up and said he couldn’t do anything here anyway and said goodbye. After he left, the master and the lieutenant colonel talked about who might be interested in this eavesdropping. The master ruled out most political parties, since he had hardly any points of contact with them and very rarely got involved in day-to-day politics. There he rather thought of the large and rich families, because with it he had occupied himself last with king Karl and also after its death. These families pushed with all their might for the reintroduction of the old, fuddy-duddy hierarchies, they wanted counts, dukes and other fine-sounding titles of noblesse. And of course they wanted to profit financially from it, but fine people never talked about that. But both the king and Master Candor and the Council of Masters wanted to stick to the idea that there would be only barons. It was enough to be able to buy a barony with a very large sum, if it was accepted by the king. Moreover, the king reserved the right to appoint barons as he saw fit or to take the barony away from them.

Kunze listened to everything patiently, but then objected that he did not believe that the patricians would act in such a way and behave so impudently. So they pondered back and forth while the two technicians placed small, glittering objects on the living room table from time to time. Most were barely larger than a match head. Kunze photographed each and sent the images to the forensics lab.

Lieutenant Colonel Kunze looked at the time display and said goodbye, saying he would be back soon but had something urgent to do now. After he left, the master sat in the living room, smoking his cigar and thinking hard.

And while he was sitting quietly in the living room, smoking and sometimes sipping from his wine glass, the feeling came over him as if someone was rummaging in his thoughts. “But that can’t be,” said his reason, and a voice answered him, “Yes, it can!”

He startled as if thundered, but the voice in his head said, “Don’t be afraid, it’s me, the technician, Josef Lang.” He remained sitting rigidly and looked around, but the two technicians were not to be seen, they were working in the back rooms. After a few seconds, he spoke in his mind, “How can this be?”

Shortly after, he received the answer, “I am deaf and dumb, but I can communicate mentally with some people.”

In a flash, thoughts about the institute ran through his head. “I can’t understand you like this, you have to think as if you are talking. It’s just an ordinary conversation on a mental level, I can’t read minds.”

“I see,” said the master in thought, “I didn’t know about this until now. Is this a special talent of the deaf and dumb?”

“I can’t answer that exactly” was Lang’s reply, “I know a few deaf-mutes, but they can’t speak in thought. I had assumed until now that this is because these deaf-mutes are relatively uneducated and also not concerned with their possibly existing abilities.” A long pause followed.

“I didn’t become deaf and dumb until I was 9. Until then, I developed normally as a child. I could read and write and was very curious about everything life offered me. My parents, thank God, insisted on having me privately educated, so that I could learn everything that one should learn up to that age until I graduated from high school. Only after that it became clear that I would not be able to study at university, so I decided to do an apprenticeship as an electrical engineer and electronics technician, which I completed as a master craftsman. I did quite well, I think, and got a very interesting job with the police, where I have been working now for over 15 years. That probably makes me different from other deaf people who were thought to be stupid in their childhood and didn’t get a good education at all.”

The master listened to Lang and soon could make out the difference between this thought-speaking and thought-reading. This thought-speaking was a conscious action corresponding to normal speech. Thought reading was a process that took place mainly in pictures or sequences of pictures. This difference seemed important to him.

He said in his mind, "How many people can do that?"

"Not very many," Lang replied, "I've only met five or six people I could have a mental conversation with."

"Nationwide, then, there should be a few hundred," the master said. They talked for a while longer until the two technicians finished their work. Kammer asked Candor to let him examine Lucy, and Lucy was given temporary instructions to cooperate with Kammer. Kammer found nothing; Lucy had not recorded a break-in or tampering of any kind. Lang silently approached Candor to see if Lucy could check to see if there was a gap in the records. Candor asked Lucy and told her to go back at least half a year. After a few seconds, Lucy said, completely unemotionally, that there was a gap on April 6, 3 hours and 22 minutes from 10:42 a.m. That was the only gap during the past three years, she added.

Kammer and Candor went through the master's personal calendar, which had shown on that day, it was only four weeks ago. But both the master and Roxane and Marco as well were out of the house. Kammer questioned Lucy about what the last entry before the gap was. It was a food delivery from their known supplier. Candor briefly explained how it usually went, Lucy gathered her special orders and stock to be replenished, then ordered from the supplier and the two systems agreed on a code for the delivery boy to open the small service door outside and slide in the goods. Kammer wanted to see this door immediately, they went into the stairwell and Lucy opened the little door. Lucy was asked again what had been ordered, but she said nothing. She hadn't ordered anything before the delivery, although the department store's system had retrieved a delivery code just before.

Chamber recapped. The perpetrators had retrieved a code through the deliveryman, opened the little door and gotten in, shut Lucy down, and in just over three hours had installed the 9 bugs, gotten out and turned Lucy back on. At least one perpetrator had to have been a child or a petite person, could have opened the door and let someone in. But it was also possible that it was only one person, the time was quite enough to install the 9 bugs.

Candor felt that this theory sounded quite coherent. He asked again how to classify the quality of the bugs and Kammer assured him that it certainly came from a Western secret lab. You wouldn't get these things on the black market either, surely not. England, France or USA, only these three had such laboratories. Certainly not the Russians, nor the Chinese, nor the Germans, nor anyone else. But of course the bugs will be examined in detail. Candor said he would check his activities again to see if he could find a connection, but he couldn't think of anything offhand. Kammer received a message that no bugs were found at Master Gregor's, a false alarm. So Master Candor was the only one affected, Kammer said, looking at the master seriously. He was the only one, Kammer said, and the bugs pointed to a Western intelligence agency. This is no small matter, I'm afraid, and we have to follow it up by law.

The technicians left, leaving a rather pensive and unsettled master behind.

Day after day he discussed with Kunze and the Baron, rolled all kinds of theories, but nothing came out. Of course, he maintained contact with all three states and was on good terms with all of them. If someone wanted to know something delicate, the master asked at the Foreign Ministry and was usually able to provide information. This was basically a normal procedure. Nothing spoken in his apartment seemed worth eavesdropping on. Roxane had long since withdrawn from the Romanian association, so she could not be the target. After a week, the subject had disappeared into the drawer of Unexplained, Damned Unexplained and UFO-sightings. After a month, Master Candor did not think about it either.

The funeral for King Charles and Prince Ludwig was very serious and dignified, as was the coronation of King Erich the other day. Master Candor excused himself from the banquet with reference to his sensitive stomach, he preferred to celebrate with Roxane in the marriage bed. The new king had beer and wine served in the streets around the castle for all the people, as well as Viennese Fried Chicken and other delicacies, artists from all over the kingdom performed and the people laughed, danced and enjoyed themselves as they had not done for a long time.

Long live King Erich!

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The Unexplainable and The Damn Unexplainable

The first meeting of all the masters with the king went well, very well in fact. He knew exactly about everyone and, moreover, about their respective businesses. One who wanted to be a good manager rather than a pompous bogeyman. He emphasized how much he depended on their advice and that his door was open to them day and night. Rather less so at night, because of the Danish princess, he added with a laugh, and the old gentlemen nodded and smiled knowingly. He outlined what he wanted. A parliament that really worked for the citizens and a profound parliament reform. Further streamlining of the civil service. No coddling of the patricians, the wealthy. Continue and strengthen King Charles' initiatives to end poverty. Strengthen the fight against cybercrime. Foreign policy neutrality, where possible, but always a clear edge. Domestically, strengthen the middle class, continue to monitor monopolies and giants. Counter climate change by greening the country. Advance education, research and development.

Candor essentially agreed with everything, but he knew that a lot could go wrong in implementation. But everyone knew that, including the king.

The Master had not seen Elaine for weeks. He often focused on her, usually while showering, trying to conjure up her spirit, but nothing. He feared she would not come again, and he would no longer predict disasters. He certainly didn't need it for ego-pushing, but it was always a high to save people's lives. And – it was nice with her. She was the young, in-love version of herself, not the old, bitter Helene. He had also gotten used to showering together. One morning she was back.

From the first moment he sensed that something was wrong. She looked the same as always, but she immediately forced herself into

his shower. She wasn't as reserved as usual, wordlessly she got right down to business and then disappeared instantly. It irritated him greatly that they had not exchanged a single word before or after sex. He stood in the lukewarm stream for a long time, trying to sort out his feelings and thoughts. Later in the afternoon, when Roxane came home, he immediately ushered her into the bedroom, this topic he could only discuss with her when they were peacefully lying next to each other smoking after the copulatory embraces. Roxane said between two long puffs on her cigarette that it was about Elaine, something about Elaine, right? He was again amazed at her keen sense. He apologized that his sexual impetuosity was not directed at her as a person, but to bring about the right conversational situation. Now he told how today's shower had gone, what exactly he had noticed and was concerned about. They talked for more than an hour until Marco came home.

The king had invited him for an hour-long one-on-one meeting. Above all, he wanted to know exactly what was up with the various whispers regarding his special relationship with King Charles. Candor was on his guard and felt he had to elaborate a bit. He began by sticking closely to the script that lay on the desk in front of the king. The accident about six years ago. The great treatment at the clinic. He gave himself a jolt as he deviated slightly from the script. Experimental drugs. Gene modifications. Special Rehabilitation. The unexpected side effects, a kind of advance-feeling with interlocutors.

He interrupted briefly. "My king, you are considering whether or not you picked out that lascivious underwear for the princess? And who else might it be?" King Erich looked up from the papers and stared at him in bewilderment. Candor explained that it didn't always work, and when it did, it was mostly images and snippets of thoughts that he could see. He would rather the king not think about the princess, he could see it. See it exactly. He looked the king completely serious in the eyes.

King Erich pulled himself together and asked what King Karl would have gained from it? Surely it could not have served him only for amusement? Not a second, Candor replied, the king very often asked him to be present at difficult conversations and to signal to

him whether true or untrue, yes or no, accepted or not. They had agreed that in the negative he would grab his beard, otherwise he would nod or not react. Above all, he always had to be present when the king was dealing with professional politicians, this false brood of vipers he rarely saw through. It usually worked as well when King Charles spoke via videocom with politicians or heads of state in far-away countries. He could usually murmur the statement into the king's ear before the translator began. Images and thought processes are language-free, Candor smiled.

Almost immediately, King Erich said he wanted to keep this the same as his father. Candor added that it was for this very reason that he was entrusted by the king only with other tasks that did not require a fixed presence from him. He was close to the king during the day in order to be available within minutes. That is why he was entrusted with the supervision of the greening of the city, because he could hold all the necessary meetings in the castle and he did not have to be on site at all. King Erich thought for a moment, then said they wanted to keep it that way if it was all right with him.

He told the king that he rarely had visions of coming disasters as well, and that he had direct access to the Interior— and Foreign Ministries at all times with the approval of the king, the late King Charles. Both Ministries had explicit orders from the King to listen carefully to him. King Erich thought and had some examples given to him. What was the success rate? he asked. Candor said that in some disasters he had no vision at all. But when he sounded the alarm, the rate was 100 percent. That only two-thirds of the warnings from the kingdom were taken seriously abroad, however, was unfortunately true, he said. Most politically motivated attacks and assassinations could have been prevented if people had listened to him.

The king steered the conversation to Candor's private life. He wanted to know all about Roxane and Marco, if he planned to marry Roxane? He replied that he had not asked her yet and that he preferred to wait with it at the moment. The king smiled and said that he himself wanted to have a family as soon as possible. He already had the princess and would make her queen. He also wanted children, of course, and the strongest and smartest would be his heir to the

throne. Candor raised a finger and the king understood immediately. "Don't think about the beautifully rounded sex of the princess and for God's sake don't think about making babies!" They both smiled.

The king was very pleased with the conversation and added that he would give Candor the highest level of security clearance because he needed every good man on board now. They shook hands and the king smirked, "Green up, green up! But leave me the car race track in Styria!" Candor remembered that the king was a passionate car driver and smiled sympathetically. "The import of cars with internal combustion engines requires the approval of the Royal Chancellery," he said with a petrified expression, then they both burst into loud laughter.

Almost every day, the changed Elaine appeared in his shower, didn't speak a word, and disappeared again immediately after sex. No matter how much he could brood about it, he didn't understand. It was her, definitely, but why they weren't talking anymore made no sense. Whenever he tried to address her, his voice failed him, he couldn't even think about the fact that he could speak. Something powerful paralyzed him, prevented him from speaking. One morning he deliberately cut the heel of his hand with the razor blade, and with the pain he eventually regained his speech. Before she disappeared, he asked, "Why are you doing this?" Elaine faltered, turned back to him and said in complete amazement, "Oh, you can talk!" It was not Elaine's voice, but a completely foreign but pleasant female voice in his head. "Who are you?" he shouted, but she had already disappeared.

Impatiently, he waited for Elaine the next morning. When she joined him in the shower, he pressed on the heel of his hand until it hurt. "Who are you?" he asked, but Elaine put a finger to his lips and whispered, "Later, after! I promise!" As if under duress, she got her way and he was sure she would just disappear again. He was wrong. She stopped after sex and very gently caressed Elaine's beautiful breasts, then looked him firmly in the eyes. "I'm Eva," but he looked uncomprehending and questioning. "Eva, from the clinic." Something dawned on him. "The Eva who was woken from a deep sleep just before me and then disappeared?" he asked, and she nodded. "I

had to seek you out to get to know you better” she said, “and this seemed like a good way to do it.” Mischief flashed in the corners of her eyes as she continued, “I got to know you and did it in a very pleasant way.” “But Elaine...?” he left the rest open. Elaine/Eva immediately replied, “Elaine is asleep and dreaming it all,” and again that amused look, “she’s experiencing sex like it’s real in her dreams, and I’m lying in my hotel room experiencing it too, for real!” Her eyes veiled just before she disappeared.

He told Roxane everything, and what interested her most was how real it was. The sex, she added. He scratched his head. “After all, it’s only in my head, as usual; it’s not sex the way you mean it.” After a moment, he added, “Erection yes, ejaculation no.” His brain was making sex seem like real sex, it wasn’t physical at all, he lied with despair, because he always had to ejaculate. Roxane seemed satisfied and they discussed what it all meant. At night he got up and sat down at his desk, the password for the clinic was still valid and he read through all the documentation concerning Eva several times. He wanted to go into the next round well prepared.

He awaited Elaine/Eva and again she put a finger to his lips to get her way. To him she was Elaine all the way, only when they were done did he have to question Eva. First he wanted to know what happened after she woke up. Elaine’s eyes looked abysmally sad as Eva told. Her benefactor was a scoundrel in her eyes, who had taken countless sexual liberties with her. Yes, he had saved her life, taught her medicine afterward, and done everything for her so that she could continue her life as a thirty-year-old. She had discovered that his genetic manipulations had given her a kind of mind power unimagined. She could learn like an eidetic, but she could also read minds and manipulate others as if they were hypnotized. That was also how she found out that the old professor had been abusing her like a sex doll all these years, whenever the oats stung him. In her anger, she would have loved to kill him. “He died of a heart attack!” he interjected, and Elaine had tears in her eyes as Eve confirmed, “he died of heart failure – because I wanted him to!” Elaine looked him firmly in the eye before disappearing.

He was left speechless at the realization that Eva was a murderess.

Day after day, he was at the Hofburg, continuing to work on concepts to combat the threat of climate change through greening and reforestation. The project had somehow run out of steam, everyone just nodded in agreement when the subject came up, but everything remained without momentum. So the enthusiasm that King Charles had been able to ignite so empathetically and stirringly had faded. Candor was clear that it would take much more PR, much more visibility of the successes, to move the project forward. He was back home by late afternoon and spent the evening with Marco and Roxane. He didn't find out why, but he kept quiet about the developments with Elaine/Eva from Roxane. Surprisingly, she didn't ask either.

The Baron wanted to see him in person. No, not on the com, just in person. He shared the Baron's suspicion about the secured phone lines. Roxane and Marco were informed not to disturb him and the Baron. Slightly short of breath, the Baron soon came up the stairs and they retired to the small guest room.

It's about the king, the baron began, he has changed from one day to the next. The master leaned forward tensely, for he had not noticed anything, but his last contact with the king was several days ago. The king is completely changed, the baron repeated, he is ill-tempered, angry, aggressive towards everyone. He threw things around and snapped at everyone around him. His bad behavior especially affected his mistress, the Danish princess. He insulted her in public, chased her naked out of the room in a bad mood, and now he humiliated her in front of everyone. The master sat back, he did not want to hear all that. Yesterday, the baron reported, he left the princess standing completely naked in his study, even though dozens of people were going in and out. At night, for no reason, he opened both sets of French doors to his bedchamber and let Secret Service agents and uniformed guards watch him and her have sex, heedless of the humiliated princess's weeping. Yes, the same thing again this morning, and it seemed that he wanted to humiliate his mistress at every available opportunity.

Both were silent. The baron wanted to lighten the mood a bit and remarked that the princess was, of course, a feast for the eyes and re-

ally passionate about ... – he interrupted himself, for the master did not feel like laughing at all. The baron added that he had ordered all the witnesses to the scandal to keep quiet and threatened everyone with a charge of treason. They both knew that the castle would not hold tight long enough. They deliberated for a long time, for it would be very difficult to wrest from the king the need for a medical examination. In the end, they decided to visit the king together tomorrow at breakfast time. The master did not reveal to the baron that he wanted to dive into the head of the regent.

In the morning they entered the king's private chambers, the agent on guard not letting them in until the king was sitting at breakfast. Whispering, the baron had found out that there had been another scandalous incident like last night before. Probably the most famous psychiatrist in the city had arrived at the same time as them; he had been summoned by several masters. The king was in a bad mood and greeted sullenly. Candor and the baron let the professor do the talking, and Candor immediately noticed that the king's mind was barred. Dark, black, impenetrable. Someone or something was blocking the king's thoughts, releasing him only very briefly to understand the professor's question and give a quick, direct answer. It ran ice-cold down the master's spine, because it was immediately clear to him that this could have a disastrous effect. He could penetrate into the thoughts of the baron and the professor completely without any problems, he could even catch a glimpse of the erotic fantasizing of the princess, who was lustfully masturbating herself in bed.

There was a dark, impenetrable shadow on the king's mind. The king babbled like a conspiracy theorist about all sorts of "those" who meant him harm. He spouted such primitive, paranoid nonsense that his visitors had to restrain their reactions. He reported with obscene language about the dirtiest details of the Dane's love life, turned the big screen to his visitors and presented them with pornographic footage he had of her. The three visitors stared spellbound and horny at the images of the young girl, the provocative poses and her beautiful cunt that once enchanted the king. The master realized that most of the shots were from her youth, when she was very, very young and

not yet the king's mistress. The king angrily decapitated another breakfast egg and the master rose first, the other two following.

On arriving in the antechamber, the baron looked from one to the other. "I don't understand," he said, then looked at the floor. The master remained silent, knowing that the professor was formulating his diagnosis. The professor inquired again that the king had been perfectly well yesterday morning and had only fallen ill during the course of the morning. The Baron recapitulated the events minutely, mentioning every single coffee cup that had been smashed against the wall and every footman who had been yelled at for no reason and in one case kicked in the butt. With red ears, he juggled words to describe the young king's clearly sexual slips. The professor nodded, nodded, nodded. Such a sudden attack of presumably paranoid schizophrenia was a very bad sign. The rapid deterioration of such patients is well known – here the professor looked directly at the master – one would have to prepare to keep the patient away from his tasks. The professor's look became quite hard. Usually the patient will completely deteriorate after only a few days, he added. The baron asked cautiously, "Danger to life?" The professor nodded, "Probably."

They fell silent, embarrassed. The young, energetic king – doomed? The professor, usually calm and in control, slapped his forehead. "Why am I only coming to this now!" He explained to the stunned men that he had had a world-renowned expert as a guest for two weeks and was trying hard to recruit her at least as a visiting professor. She was just the right person, he said, an expert of the first rank to verify his diagnosis! He would immediately see to it that she examined the king.

A glance at his com told Candor that he needed to call Roxane, urgently! He asked the Baron to arrange everything with the Professor, then excused himself. When he called Roxane, he barely understood her, she was crying and sobbing, it was about her parents. He immediately made his way home and tried to comfort Roxane. After a few minutes, she was able to coherently report that her father had suffered a heart attack and that her mother had also collapsed because

of it. Both were in the hospital, but the doctors were worried. She should come home as soon as possible, just in case.

Just in case! This triggered another crying fit in Roxane. Candor took the initiative. First, he called Marco's school and discussed the situation with the principal. She knew who he was and that he was a person of high rank at the court. He skillfully steered the conversation to the upcoming end of school and the following vacations. The principal took a quick look at her screen and suggested that Marco be given a leave of absence immediately, and that he could make up the two missing exams in the fall. Candor acted surprised and thanked her for being so accommodating, and if she could send Marco home right away? He hung up and thought to himself that he just needed to use a little mind manipulation. Then he reserved two seats on the express train to Budapest, changing to the express train to Bucharest. He hugged Roxane for the hundredth time and helped her pack. She prepared the clothes in two heaps and he stuffed everything into two suitcases, to say the truth. Marco arrived and immediately understood the situation when Candor looked at him seriously and said that he himself absolutely had to stay here because apparently a disaster was coming in king's court and that he, Marco, now had to be the strong man to take care of Roxane during the trip. There was still time to have a snack together and then he called an electric cab, "No, not an autonomous one, but one with a human driver." The employee in the cab center laughed because of this wording and started the round call, Candor smiled amusedly as she asked the dumbfounded driver in all seriousness if he was a human driver? He knew Roxane didn't fly in airplanes or get into autonomous driving vehicles. He hugged them both warmly before they got into the cab.

Evening had already fallen, so he called the baron and asked for the state of affairs. The young professor had come immediately and had talked with the king for two hours. The latter was very quiet afterwards and wanted to go to sleep right away. The professor then talked with the psychiatrist and him and said that the first diagnosis was perfect, but she did not want to give up the patient so easily. She had never been able to save a patient with such severe attacks, she said, but there was no way she was going to give up. "I took an oath!" she said.

The master inquired what his impression was. The Baron lowered his voice, as if that would help a little against uninvited eavesdroppers, and said she had more going for her than the Professor! The king had been talking to her calmly for almost two hours. He drank the water with the sleeping powder without any problems and went to bed. The Professor – the Baron leafed through his notebook – a Dr. Eve de Tourneville of the University Hospital in Lyon, wanted two or three sessions a day with the King and the Herr Professor as support. He had immediately called Master Gregory so that she would have a privileged access pass and would be checked by the Royal Chancery. The Baron added that Master Gregory was taking over the King's agenda for the time being. Secondly, he had already done some research on the Tourneville himself and there was nothing unusual *prima vista*. A good, hardworking girl, excellent grades, many publications, no scandals, nothing in the databases of the five French secret services. Six, corrected the master.

Although he had slept fitfully, his first thought was of Marco and Roxane, they were still on the train. He left a speech note on Roxane's box, she should call him only in the evening after seven, he had very important things to do during the day at court. But she could call him during the day if necessary. He knew she understood perfectly. Then he went to take a shower. Only when he was almost finished did Elaine appear. She had to get her way, as always, then Eva washed Elaine's beautiful breasts and looked at him expectantly. "Did you kill the old man?" he asked, because he wanted to hear it from her himself. Eva looked at him with Elaine's eyes and after a pause answered, yes, she had killed him because he had spent his whole life molesting her, the old dirty pig. If she hadn't been so upset, so deeply hurt in her womanhood, she wouldn't have done anything to him. She would also be sorry because he could no longer publish his brilliant research results and his papers were rotting in boxes in the basement of the institute.

He was silent for a very long time, then he wanted to know if she had placed the bugs in the apartment. "Yes," she answered immediately, "I also took samples for DNA-sequencing." He was taken aback. DNA-sequencing? What that had to do with bugs? "I have to elaborate," she said, "the old man experimented on both of us. Ma-

nipulated our genes. Repaired our bodies, eliminated defects. Enormously expanded our brain capacity. At the same time proved that people can spend a long time in a kind of coma and be awakened again. Aren't you surprised to be able to do daily at the advanced age of almost seventy? Yes, he has successfully manipulated your gonads and penis, your loin strength is that of a thirty year old. Congratulations, Leo! It didn't work so well for me. He did everything he could to manipulate my ovaries. But in the end, he could only greatly slow down ovulation, not stop it. I have the body of a perfectly healthy thirty-year-old, but the ovaries of a woman well into her forties. This is a big problem for me. I have to hurry up if I want another child."

He remained silent. What she told was understandable. But he did not understand what it had to do with him, how it explained the strange events, he asked simply. "I needed your DNA," she continued, "I am a scientist among other things, I was able to find out that we are compatible and we both have many many good genes. Better than any other human. I have to hurry to have a child. You can father like a young one. We pass the best genes of this planet to our children! The bugs helped me get to know you and your family. With Elaine's help, I got to know you even better in the shower. For me, it was very nice, and I have enough experience to judge it." She smiled frivolously and nodded, "...a lot of experience!"

He thought for a long time. Then he looked seriously into Elaine's eyes and asked Eve that she obviously assumed he was in her breeding program. She could at least ask him, he thought. She nodded gravely. "Yes, of course. I also know exactly what you would have answered. No money in the world could have changed your mind; I know your accounts and your wealth." She paused for a very long time. "My plan has gone quite well so far. Of course, I would prefer it if you could go along with it out of conviction. The alternative is to force you. You're not as far along in your development as I am to purposefully manipulate and coerce other people into doing something."

He objected that he was very intimately connected to Roxane, that he would never want to cheat on her. She interjected, what were they doing here in the shower? He knew it was true. From the moment he

discovered that Elaine was not Elaine, he had been deceiving both Elaine and Roxane. Still, he refused, saying that she could not force him. “What, you don’t believe me?” She looked at him briefly, then he felt her take possession of his mind. He could only passively watch as she made use of his body, forcing him to do her bidding. But she immediately ended it again, saying, “We’ll save that for tonight!” and disappeared.

He ate breakfast with mechanical movements and thought about everything Eva had said. From her point of view, everything made sense and she was apparently able to make him do anything. She had power over his Elaine’s fantasies and could control his body at will. He noticed that she had spoken of a child at first, but of children at the end. He had no doubt that she was scientist enough to interpret DNA. He didn’t doubt for a moment that she was capable of obtaining and installing state-of-the-art bugs, not to mention near-perfect burglary. He trusted her to penetrate even well-secured electronic systems. From her point of view, she was pursuing a complex plan that required a lot of knowledge and a whole lot of skill. Like a blow, he was struck by the realization that Roxane and Marco were out of town and he was alone. Could Eva have arranged this? And how? He jumped up irritated and went to the Hofburg.

The receptionist handed him his mail as usual, one envelope he had to acknowledge as “Received!” with his com. The envelope was marked with a red tape, “Officially opened!” and the royal seal. He inappropriately stopped in the middle of the room and read the letter carefully. The Danish princess wrote that she thanked him for his services with all her heart and urged him to take good care of the unfortunate king. She had to break off her engagement and return to Denmark immediately; she could not wait for the expected scandalous reports in the media. The king’s mental state and her only hazy memories of multiple sexual humiliations would certainly be splashed all over the tabloids. She had a calm discussion with the king that very night, amicably dissolved the engagement in verbo and left immediately. Adieu, my dear friend! was her last sentence.

He put the papers in his black cloak and went up the stairs, where he found the baron and the professor waiting. He sat down with

them and learned that the french professor had already been with the king for half an hour. Obviously she had judged him correctly and had not taken the professor at all. Candor chattered away perfunctorily and at an appropriate moment surreptitiously slipped the princess's letter to the baron. Then he signaled with his eyes for the Baron to read it outside. The Baron got up and went into the wash-room. The professor looked up only briefly and said to the master that he was studying an essay that Madame de Tourneville had published a few months ago. Then he immersed himself in his reading again. A servant knocked on the door of the royal bedchamber, opened it, and carried in the tray with additional breakfast. Master Candor could see no one, but heard the king and the professor talking in French.

He impulsively jumped up and immediately sat down again. He had recognized the voice immediately. He knew that voice. It was unmistakable.

It was Eva.

Instantly, he tried to "see" her. He saw love, affection, happiness. Then she blocked his thought access and continued chatting with the king. He let his thoughts slide to the king and caught a peaceful, happy image before she blocked him there, too. Disappointed, he pulled back and his thoughts roamed the professor. The latter's thoughts circled full of horniness over the passages where the patients reported their sexual practices. With a touch of contempt, he stood up and turned to leave. The baron met him and they talked in the anteroom. It seemed impossible for the master to relate his discovery without divulging all the details, even intimate ones. He concealed it from the only friend he had at the moment. The Baron gave him back the letter and they decided to go down to the chancery, having learned that Master Gregory was there. The three of them discussed the current situation and together they did the necessary tasks to keep everything running seamlessly. Master Gregor had to have an awkward, long conversation with the Danish court and was very tight-lipped afterwards. It was getting dark when the Baron's com signaled that the professor was finished. Candor excused himself cowardly, for he did not want a confrontation with Eva/Eve de

Tourneville on this terrain. Tomorrow he would question her in a highly embarrassing manner while taking a shower sex!

At home, he had Lucy fix him a little something, anything, in lieu of dinner and rushed to his big screen and worked for hours. He had to find out who the Tourneville really was. Although he dictated command after command to the com and mustered all his knowledge about researching using AI, he couldn't find more than the more technically trained Baron. Or, did he?

He followed up on a vague hunch. Eve d.T. had given many lectures at home— and abroad, so he compared travel expenses and the private account and the accounts of her university. Despite his poor knowledge of French, he found several discrepancies, how were some trips paid for? Further. She had long had a rented apartment and everything was in order, but she had bought a whole floor of a Palais in Lyon a year ago, all the papers were in order except for the small fact that she had never paid the price. Eva had to have a secret account or a closet full of cash. He kept searching when he heard a voice in his head. “Please open up for me, I’m at your door!” said Eva. He turned off the screen and gave Lucy orders to open the door. Curious, he looked at Eva.

She was a slender, very beautiful woman with a very attractive hourglass-figure. The evenly beautiful face of the thirty-year-old beamed at him. She stepped forward in surprise and hugged him on her toes, giving him three welcoming French-style kisses on the cheeks as he leaned down to her. Then she took a step back and eyed him up and down as well. “So, what do you think?” He asked her on, into the living room to the seating area. Could he offer her something, he asked, and Lucy instantly handed him an uncorked bottle of white wine and two glasses, which he placed on the coffee table, brought cigarettes, his cigars, and the ashtray from his desk, and sat down across from her. He liked her a lot, at least her body. What an impressive, attractive, wonderful body! He obviously said it out loud, she smiled proudly and thanked him.

“If you like, I’ll answer your questions right now” she said, sipping the white wine. He nodded and lit a cigar, she smoked a cigarette.

“Yes” she began, “I lured Roxane and Marco to Bucharest and don’t worry, their father didn’t have a heart attack, the doctors will soon determine that. His indisposition, as well as the mother’s reaction, were purely mental, a cheap sleight of hand on my part. I wanted to be alone with you.” He nodded and said he had thought so. “The king is not ill, you will see. I’ve already visited him during the coronation, I read in his mind that he didn’t really love the Dane Princess at all and she was just one of the uncounted glittering party flies striving upward who had simply stayed pecking at him. I played in his mind all the love affairs and quickies she had behind his back in Vienna and his reactions were violent. He wanted to humiliate her and then send her home. That was less brutal, from my point of view, than what I originally intended to do to her. You will see, the king will get better day by day, in fact he is neither sick nor dead, I treat him very lovingly.”

“The king and the princess?” he asked sharply. She looked at him frankly and willingly let him into her thoughts. “Yes, all my doing, my plan! I have darkened the mind of the king and also inculcated in him once more the humbling of the princess. I gave the princess an insatiable desire, so that she hardly left the bed and ordered one guard after another to come to her bed. Slutty she was before, though,” she said flippantly, “and enjoyed it too, believe me!”

He refilled the wine and sucked on his cigar. “That you were the only one to discover the discrepancies in my finances just shows me how smart you are. And that I tend to be sloppy about things that don’t seem important to me. I paid for the trips and my nice apartment from my secret accounts, I have also amassed a small fortune like you. But unfortunately not in your honest way. I’ve treated the odd criminals in my medical practice – and I take the medical oath extremely seriously, – even though all my papers are just good forgeries and I didn’t even study medicine – so, I dipped into the Parisian underworld for a short time and ordered several bosses to raid their accounts and transfer everything to me, with a detour through their opponents’ accounts. The gang wars that followed thinned out the criminal world, but I don’t regret any of it. So in a very short time I have amassed a tidy fortune, criminal money in my secret accounts. I never took a dime from a decent human being or

physically harmed one, I swear! Then my vacation was over and I worked diligently in the university clinic. When all the expertise of the University Hospital is readily available to you, and you can read the minds of experts, you become industrious, smart, and recognized worldwide.” She paused thoughtfully and they both drank in silence.

He scratched his head and stroked his gray, long hair. “Why the king?” he asked, but she shook her head, saying it was too early to talk about it. She assured him again that the king would soon be well, that she meant him no harm, she swore. After a long pause, she asked how he felt about her project?

Once again he tickled his long hair, then said, “I admire you in manifold ways, you are one of the good ones, I know that for certain! One day I will understand what you intend to do with the king, or one day you will initiate me. I have sworn an oath, and I will not become a high traitor!” He paused to see her reaction, she let him in so he could “see”. He saw that she was watching her ovulation. He scratched his beard before continuing. “I can only guess how great your powers are. I don’t want to be forced, I don’t want to become a sexbot, so my answer, yes, I’m in! But,” and he interrupted her before she answered, “but I want rules of the game. One, Roxane will hear it from me, or not. Two: I want you to respect my mental privacy in the future, as much as possible. No mind reading, no manipulating. Everything openly or not at all. As little mumbo-jumbo between us as possible.” He paused.

She replied, “Yes, agreed! I may need my special abilities for the project, but I can promise not to invade your mind or manipulate you. And Roxane, that’s clear.” He stood up and leaned over her. They kissed for a long time and her lascivious French kiss showed him that she had a lot of experience. Then he said he was going to take a shower and wait for her in the guest room. After he went ahead, she drank two more glasses of white wine before getting in the shower.

She came every evening until Roxane and Marco returned. She made him feel that it was not cheating. He was grateful that she opened up her innermost feelings to him and let him witness them.

Their agreement, no mumbo jumbo between them, held even though they exchanged and connected mentally. It fascinated him to delve into her sexual feelings. Of course, he had not told Roxane a word about it, even though he knew full well that it was distracting Roxane mentally. After a brief interruption, he visited her in her hotel room in the afternoon.

It was not a week before the king was himself again. Eva visited him daily for breakfast and left him in good spirits. The baron reported to Candor that the king had recovered perfectly, was developing a great sexual appetite, and was receiving lady visitors every night. The prettiest girls were scrambling to share his bed and dreamed of becoming queen.

Candor repeatedly thanked Eve for curing the king, but she insisted that it was only a sleight of hand and not a real illness. She assured him that the king would only get water with a little honey and sweetening spices, and also an ordinary sleeping potion in the evening. He would please keep it to himself, since her nimbus as a great professor was still useful to her. She still made a secret of what this maneuver with the king meant really.

On those afternoons she told him about her life before and after the clinic, told him all about her sexuality and about the many lovers she had had. She showed him how she had learned to play with her bud and showed it to him. How her classmates showed her how to do a hand job. How she was deflowered by the snazzy gym teacher when she was 14. She showed him thousands of pictures of her having sex and he watched her speechless with horniness, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. How she had become the best medic at Lyon University with her previous knowledge and how she had robbed the gangsters. How she effortlessly mentally seduced any man she liked into copulating with her. How she had made her plan to find patient No. 5 and have children with him.

One afternoon, as they lay on the bed smoking, she said she was finally pregnant. She was really happy about it, he could “see” that in her mind. He said that he was very happy for her and gave her a big hug. He held her for another quarter of an hour, murmuring that she

had now reached her goal and that he was very happy that she had chosen him for this. He kept hugging her until her tears had dried. Sometime later he said that there was now no need for her erotic escapades. Immediately he sensed something like a deep sadness in her, although she said it was his decision. Was it just laziness or was she manipulating him, he still continued to visit her.

The king was back in full office, no more mention was made of the illness, and only during a private conversation did the king mention to the master that he missed his doctor's kind presence at breakfast. But King Erich changed the subject and gave vent to his anger that the parliament refused to become a real representation of the people. He was eager to hand over the decisions and responsibilities, to take back the dominance of the royal administration. They discussed for over an hour and the master was able to come up with some good ideas on how he would address the parliament problem. After they had already stood up and the master had turned to leave, the king got personal again.

All those young things who warmed his bed, who gave him their virginity exultantly, it was all very superficial and not a permanent solution. The king mentioned the queen dowager only briefly, but the master knew that immediately after his recovery she had managed to tie King Erich to her for three consecutive nights. The king was silent for the next ten minutes, thinking of the escapades with the queen dowager, as the master had mentally commanded him. The master became deeply absorbed in the king's thoughts and could "see" how impressed the king was with the amorous arts of the queen dowager, who was only five years younger. Even the master had to admit approvingly that she was a real cannon in bed after seeing everything. But the king was on his guard and had no throne to share with her either. He vigorously but politely chased her away as he began to rave in front of her that the best families sent their 13 to 19 year old daughters to him and how much he delighted in their tender virginal bodies. The queen dowager left him without resenting him. The Dane, on the other hand, had one good thing going for her, the king said, a quiet, uncomplicated companionship without emotional ups—and downs. But she was, alas, a damned bitch, he added bitterly, nothing for a queen and a family he wanted so much. He had sent

her nude photos via diplomatic courier and deleted them from his electronic system. It was the last time the king mentioned the Danish princess to him, and silently he agreed with the king, since Eva had often let him “see” the “movies” of the princess’ sex life stored in her memory. On his way out, he still heard that the king called his doctor on short notice.

In the afternoon Eva received him beaming with joy, the king had invited her to dinner, not professionally but privately. She nodded understandingly when he mentioned that the king was getting tired of defoliating the most beautiful roses in town. She looked at him for a long time. “The good man is looking for a family of his own,” she said as she hugged him, initiating the sexual part.

Later he went to a computer specialist who had put together a computer to the highest standard and delivered it. Marco was completely out of his mind and very pleased with the gift. He immediately retired to his room with the expert to put the device into operation. When he left, Marco immediately disappeared back into his room and the master finally had time for himself and Roxane again. He listened patiently to her stories from home and also to the amazing news that her parents had received a surprising windfall. He feigned surprise, although he knew that this was Eva’s doing, for he had demanded it of her. As they went to bed, he marveled again at how loosely his loins put away the afternoon’s strain from Eva and effortlessly inflamed Roxane’s passion. Afterwards, he held her very tenderly and lovingly in his arms while she rekindled and cooled her lust all over again herself. It was her wish from the beginning that he came first and she only afterwards.

The king invited Eve de Tourneville to dinner every day, and they conversed splendidly. After a few days Eve reported to the not so astonished master that she had spent the night with the king and let him “see” it. The two of them enjoyed their memories and fought on the bed. They both laughed when Candor remarked that they now both had two loves. He was pleased when she showed him in her mind the little blob of tissue in her womb that would become her child. He had not been able to see through it to see inside her own body. Despite all the experimentation, he couldn’t. She had promised

to help him with it. It could also affect her health and had also changed and shaped her appearance and attractive body. “The body you like so much!” He asked her to once again see the night with the king. He held her hand as they closed their eyes and experienced their ecstasies together once again.

He was no fool. Of course, it had become clear to him from the beginning that Eve wanted to claw the king. He waited a few more days, then asked Eve to swear to him that he would do only what was best for the king. He would not be a traitor and would not allow anything that would harm the king or the kingdom, even if he had to give up his life to do so. She opened her mind to him and swore it, high and holy. He saw that she meant it sincerely. Then he said how he saw her project. The king’s wish for a family was to come true and their child was to grow up in the best conditions. “All our children,” she added, giving him such a frivolous look that it knocked him over. Candor lowered his head. Somehow it was cheating the king, but she spoke at length to him and convinced him. She had studied the king’s DNA and found that he had limited procreative ability and his genes were inferior. His children could be substandard or even feeble-minded. He didn’t believe it at first, but she remained rock solid. “What do you wish for your king, untalented and incompetent children?” she asked, hugging him. He was glad she moved on to the sexual part and he could think for a day.

Eve spent much of her time with the king. Just three weeks later, the king gathered the high council and masters to announce his engagement to Dr. Eve de Tourneville. The legal department of the royal chancery had confirmed that he could marry a commoner and that naturalization was automatic with the marriage. He ordered that anyone could file a written objection within three days, and on the fourth the royal court as well as the public would be notified. There would be no wedding date yet. The king looked from one to the other, then he left the banquet hall.

Night after night Eve gave herself to the king, soon loving him with all her heart. Yet she held fast to the afternoons with Candor. He had decided not to tell Roxane anything about Eva and to love her as before, for she had forgotten everything about Eva and had not

asked about Elaine for a long time. “You have your secrets, I have mine,” she meant in a conversation they had as always when she had calmed down after her pleasure. He never confessed to her that he knew all her secrets.

She had only one secret, since childhood. At least she treated it as a secret, although she did it in front of Candor quite unselfconsciously when they were together. It was part of having sex with her husband. But doing it alone and secretly, she kept that as a secret. When she helped out across the street at her aunt’s noblewoman’s salon, doing all the office work, she would secretly and voyeuristically watch the goings-on on a surveillance monitor and then spend the afternoon in the bedroom. Or, when Marco had a girl over to study, she would stand as quiet as a mouse with bated breath outside his door and listen to the boy seduce the girl. He was, after all, already 16 and the crush of many young girls. And in that time it was seen with pleasure that girls were already introduced to love at the age of 13 or 14.

Roxane immediately spoke up to Candor when Marco started asking girls out in the afternoon. She had read through everything about current opinions on contraception, but hardly anyone used contraception these days, except for the noble hookers in the salon across the street. The rapid decline of male procreative power had dropped to less than ten percent in the past hundred years, experts called it slow-sperm. Sperm had lost much of its motility and a great many couples remained childless, which was a major problem demographically. Whenever a girl or woman became pregnant, people greeted it with joy and cared precious little about how it was conceived or by whom. The term illegitimate child slowly disappeared from the vernacular. After all, neither of them used contraception; a child would certainly have been welcome to Roxane and him. They both did not want to have Marco’s fertility tested, it was up to him to decide. They smiled to each other and decided not to deny Marco the pleasures of the flesh. Roxane felt the heat in her ears whenever she told Candor of her furtive eavesdropping at Marco’s door. He felt her loins inflame as she lay across him. As always, he was delighted when she ignited her lust herself and he shared in her fantasies about her son’s overheard lovemaking as if he were there.

He could only rarely visit Eva now, because she could only take time off every ten or fourteen days. She had rented a large apartment very close to the castle, moved her utensils and medical equipment from the hotel and from Lyon, and was in the new surgery every day. The king, after some debate, had agreed that his future wife wanted to continue practicing medicine. Since he knew she was pregnant – of course pregnant by him – he urged a speedy marriage. She asked him for time to consider whether she wanted to be crowned queen, although she already knew quite well that she wanted to be dubbed princess at the very most. Master Candor was not clear about their motives, but he accepted it. The king had personally commissioned him to explore the queen's question with the Tourneville and perhaps convince her of the need. He took the assignment very seriously and, as often as she could, retired with the Tourneville to her bedroom in the back of the doctor's office and let his loins do the arguing. He was able to report success to the king after some time, she would agree to the coronation after her confinement, perhaps at the christening of their son. They talked very often how it should go in the future and at least she did not want to give up the triangular relationship. She had decided not to conceive from the king, and he could not dissuade her from that.

The king loved the Tourneville with all his heart, more than he had ever loved a girl. Eva loved the king with every fiber of her heart, but her soul loved Candor. He knew he loved Roxane above all else, but he also loved Eva and Elaine, each in a different way. At Eva's request, the king made the wedding as bourgeois as possible; only his staff of advisors and their wives were invited to the banquet, about two hundred people. The master stood after the banquet – the king did not accept his diaper excuses – he stood at the window with a glass of port in his hand and pondered. He was one of the first to congratulate King Erich with a firm handshake and then to embrace Princess Eve de Tourneville and kiss her on the cheek left and right. She grasped his hand and placed it unobtrusively on her little belly. Now he stood by the window for himself, gazing out and sipping port. All at once Eva knocked in his head it was important. "I've given your Roxane a thorough medical examination," she said. "She has a tiny tumor in her right breast, on the outside. You should get that checked out as soon as possible!" He remained standing for a

long time, betraying with no expression the panic that raged within him.

He could not explain it better to Roxane than that he had such a vague feeling and persuaded her to make an appointment with the gynecologist. He hid his concern from her, but as the appointment approached, he had the royal office call the gynecologist, saying that would give his call a little more weight. After some back– and forth, the doctor was on the line. She was not impressed at all, whether royal chancery or Vatican, it didn't matter to her what he wanted. Somewhat intimidated by her resolute demeanor, he asked to examine Roxane's breast in particular for a tumor on the right, on the outside. Whether he was a doctor, she blubbered indignantly, and when he replied in the negative, she simply hung up. But he "saw" that she was making a note.

The day continued as rottenly as it had begun. He received a call from the Orsini–Rosenberg secretariat asking if he would kindly have time to talk to Baron Orsini in person. No, it was about something personal, the friendly voice explained, the Baron could both come to the castle or receive him at the Palais? He just thought for a moment, something personal, okay, he would come to the Baron. A good hour later he arrived at the Palais Orsini–Rosenberg, which was opposite his own palace, and was immediately taken to the reception room. He already knew the Baron by sight, and he introduced the young woman to him as his wife. As they took their seats, he was paralyzed by the realization that he came from a generation a hundred years older. The baroness, like most young women, wore neither bra nor underwear. She proudly acknowledged with a smile his horny glances at her bare thighs and cunt; it was considered chic these days. The Baron kept up the smalltalk for a while while she got up and served the gentlemen French cognac. They sipped the delicacy and Baron Orsini got down to business.

The master was pleased that his black cloak with silver embroidery identified him as a royal advisor and did not object to being addressed as Excellency. The Baron described the centuries-old Orsini–Rosenberg family and its importance to the old and new monarchy, while Candor's eyes rested steadfastly on his Baroness's cunt, exam-

ining her closely, the cleft and labia smiling almost invitingly. One of his children – he cast a sidelong glance at his spouse and remarked that the children from previous marriages – that is, one of his daughters, Laurica, was friends with his son. Very intimate friends, he added, and paused for a long moment.

Candor lifted his gaze and looked the Baron firmly in the eye. Marco, he said, was first of all his foster son, and secondly, he had no knowledge nor any influence on whom the boy was associating with. Thirdly, he finished his explanation, the Virgin's Money for defloration had been abolished for about two hundred years. He fell silent and turned his attention back to the baroness's thighs and cunt. Her labia were dark and narrow, hanging out raggedly. The Baron hurriedly assured that he was a modern man and naturally supported his daughter's becoming a woman, as everyone expected him to do. No, on the contrary, he rather thought of fostering the young friendship and deepening the relations of their houses, perhaps even a marital bond and so forth. The Master was amused by the idea that he was one of those houses and activated his com's rescue call, while the Baron strode happily toward the conquest of the castle. Shortly after, the signal from his com rang and he answered the fake-call with a theatrical gesture of apology. He had to leave, unfortunately, he said, casting a last appreciative glance under the Baroness's skirt and smiling winkingly at the self-confident, proud woman, he said goodbye formally and hurried away after assuring her that he would think about the matter.

While walking home across the square Am Hof, he dictated a memo and attached the audio-recording of the Baron's last sentences. Once home, he got rid of his cloak and went to the back, to Marco's room. He knocked and entered at the same time. Marco looked up and the girl paused with her pelvic movements, then disengaged from each other. He hadn't seen teenage nudity in a long time and admired the naked, beautiful cunt. Marco whispered to the girl and asked her to leave. The girl, who could by no means be described as pretty, nodded her understanding and Marco quickly got dressed. The girl took her time and showed her nudity extremely freely and without shyness. Candor's eyes wandered over her sweet, childlike body until she left. When they were alone, he told his son

about the strange encounter at the Orsinis'. How it was with their daughter? he asked simply and Marco thought only briefly, then told everything truthfully.

When he was finished, the master mentally commanded him to go over the events again in his mind. He could see the pretty girl unsteadily undressing and willingly laying down on the bed despite her uncertainty. He witnessed how they kissed each other, Marco covered the small breasts with kisses and she put his genitals in the right position with her hand. He experienced Marco breaking the seal of her vagina, the long union and the moment when he poured himself into her womb. Candor was impressed, for his last such experience was over a hundred years ago. He gave Marco the mental instruction to forget this interrogation.

They talked about the Orsini-girl for a while longer, and Marco assured him it had all gone normally, nothing of consequence. He and Lori were just friends, not in love. Yes, he could tell sex from love and knew he would meet the woman of his life someday, but he was still too young for that. Marco explained to him, like an uneducated man, that today's youth was like him, at his age everyone was having sex. And Lori was already fourteen and wanted to be made a woman of her own accord, for which girls always choose a boyfriend. Marco cautiously asked if the father Orsini was so unworldly and expected to marry off his fourteen-year-old daughter? The master laughed out loud and said that the dad was only dreaming of the old glamour, the old glory of his family and was in fact not to be taken seriously. He patted his son on the shoulder and told him to continue to be friends with Lori and to pay no further attention to her father. Then he said regretfully that he had barged rude into his room and that hopefully he could see the girl again. Marco grinned and said, she'll be back!

As he left the boy, Roxane was waiting for him and asked anxiously what was wrong? He told about the conversation with the Orsini and what he was tensing up. When he mentioned the Baroness, she pulled him by the sleeve into the bedroom and whispered that Marco didn't need to hear everything. He didn't feel like having sex at the moment, but obediently undressed. She put her head in his lap and he had to tell about the Baroness. "Apparently it's

coming back into fashion,” she whispered when he told her that the Baroness was completely nude shaved. She had gotten into the mood and he told how he had burst into Marco’s room. Roxane had already defeated the first dragon when he finished describing the Baroness’s cunt, as detailed as possible, of course, and he was allowed to add anything until Roxane got to the preliminary finale. Now once again a dragon raised its fire-breathing head as it told of the youthful sex-capades. She widened her eyes and demanded to hear everything in detail as she strangled her dragon. Were the sexes actually into each other? What were they doing, how much could he see of what they were doing? What did his privates look like? What did hers look like? He answered as best he could, and when he noticed her slaying dragon after dragon, he lied a bit to keep her in the mood. Outside it had already grown dark, dinner was cancelled, and the bodies of slain dragons were piled around their camp bed.

Roxane made a huge breakfast the next morning and gave Marco a double portion of snack. The master smiled and told her that he loved her with all his heart like no other. Roxane winced in the middle of kissing her, almost forgetting the appointment with the gynecologist, and ran off. He looked at the time display and nodded with satisfaction, she could still easily make it.

He was all the more surprised when Roxane’s doctor called him around noon. There was nothing left of her bite. “You were absolutely right,” she said with a sad undertone, “it’s still a tiny thing, but absolutely malignant. It must be operated on at once!” She paused for a long moment, as if waiting for his reaction. “I’ve already discussed everything necessary with your wife, and she has an appointment early next week.” The doctor’s voice was far away, like the recordings of astronauts only a faint echo in his ears. “How did you know?” she asked again and he groaned, it was just such a thought, a feeling, a strange certainty. After a long silence she said, “See you next week then!” and hung up. Thoughts rotated in his head like in an old-fashioned merry-go-round. He excused himself and left the castle. He waited at home in the dark for Roxane and read over Com everything on the subject.

He embraced her wordlessly and let her cry as long as she wanted. Then he told Lucy to turn on the dim light and served the best red wine they had. Over a cigarette and after a deep sip, they discussed everything. It was only a minor procedure, but afterwards she would have to rest for several weeks. He would have to think of something, also because of Marco. He got up and went to Marco's room.

He entered without knocking and Marco looked up in surprise. The master whispered, it will only take a moment and at the same time mentally ordered the girl to continue alone. Marco sat naked opposite him and he watched the girl while he informed Marco. "No, you can talk to Roxane later," he said, looking at the son's naked sex as he pondered. "I can live on my own for a while," the boy said, "if it's all right with you and Mom, I don't want to miss so many days at school again!" The master recapped, he and Roxane would go on vacation after the operation and "you stay here" – he pointed his chin at the gasping girl – "and go to school reliably, too!" Marco only now noticed that the girl had gone on alone and blushed shamefacedly. The master kissed the boy on the forehead and left quietly.

He knew a small hotel in Altaussee, a beautiful place in Styria, there were forests, a lake and a mountain with a good view, the Mount Loser. He went there very often after his hospital stay. He talked for a long time with the landlady, who reserved the best of her rooms for him, for at least three or four weeks, starting on Wednesday. She informed him, when asked, that they did not have a handful of guests now, in the off-season, and that they would certainly have a pleasant and undisturbed stay. The landlady later wondered why she had said that. Then he hurried to Eva's ordination and waited patiently in the waiting room. When they were alone, he told everything and said they would not be able to meet for a few weeks. As they parted, he put his hand on her little tummy and said he would be back soon.

He went on into the castle, spoke to the Baron von Stetten, and left a speech note with the king. The King came out of the meeting room after a few moments and asked what exactly was going on. The master explained everything again and assured that he was always available for the royal chancellery and the baron, just in case. The

king was shocked by the diagnosis and sent his best wishes to Roxane. Then, not without raising his eyes theatrically to the sky, he went back to the meeting room with a deep sigh. The Baron and he were still discussing all the details that were to be taken care of during his absence. The master asked what was on the baron's mind, but he waved it off, saying there was time.

Everything went well. The operation was short and after a detailed examination of the removed tissue, it was confirmed again that it was a malignant tumor, which would have to be checked again after two months. The doctor invited him to a debriefing and explained to him how he had to regularly treat the scar with an ointment and give her a shot in the chest every two days. Quite unabashedly, she briefly bared her small, skinny breast to show him the exact spot. The most important thing, however, was rest and no physical exertion of any kind. He described where they were going on vacation, and she said it was great, but no long hikes, nothing strenuous. The drug mix, he said, was very strong in its effects and put a lot of strain on the woman's body. Finally, she said, the good news was that most women had increased sexual desire as a side effect of the anesthetic and especially the injections. If he wanted, she could ... but he waved off, he did not need aphrodisiacs, but thank you anyway!

The master had ordered a limousine with driver, who delivered them to the hotel late at night. They slept until lunch. He talked with the landlady about meal times and other practical matters, since they were the only guests for some time. The landlady was fine with the suggestions; she could better plan the staff.

Even in the first few days, Roxane had recovered well and developed a tremendous appetite, and not just for food. It was fine with him and he did his best, and when he was too tired, she went alone to the dragon's lair and did them all. He delved deep into her thoughts and saw how much she secretly longed for a female playmate. That's what he wanted to give her, by all means! He searched the minds of all the women in the vicinity during the day, but had no luck with either the kitchen staff or the waitresses. But then he spotted a girl among the guests who fit the bill in many ways: she was bi, had already had many sexual experiences with boys and girls at 17, and was

not comfortable in this godforsaken area without playmates of the same age. He read in her mind that she detested being controlled by well-meaning parents. At dinner, he asked Roxane if she liked that girl over there? He was unsure, as she was not a particular beauty, rather short, slender and ugly. The girl had a half-shaved head, on the other side her garish blond hair hung down in a curved quiff. She wore black, under the ridiculously short skirt you could see her long black stockinged legs. Roxane looked closely and thought the poor thing was almost dying of boredom. But yes, she looked interesting! Now the master was in his element. He gave the mental command to the parents to go to sleep immediately after dinner calm down, and commanded the girl to take a shower after dinner and join them in their room immediately.

When they got to the room, he told Roxane to shower with him and then put on her translucent nothing, he had a surprise for her. No sooner said than done. They didn't have to wait long, there was a knock at the door and he let Lena in. It took him only a tiny moment to mentally convey to the girl what exactly she was expecting and felt her joyful excitement. Roxane had to overcome an inner threshold, but after he made a start with the girl, she thawed out and participated, reservedly at first, but then with full passion. Still, she couldn't bring herself to do it herself in front of Lena, that secret belonged only to her and her husband. Candor paid no attention to Lena's ugliness, for her youthful, greedy cunt and passionate abandon appealed to him beyond measure, and Roxane loved watching them do it. By dawn they were all three exhausted and Roxane asked her if she would be back tomorrow night? That were wonderful nights, Candor didn't have to manipulate the girl anymore, she came voluntarily to their vicious camp. It was a pity that she was already going home at the end of the week, with a pensive, lascivious grin on her face, her parents in tow.

The next week they spent walking to the lake and getting daily rides to the lookout on the mountain. Candor made sure that Roxane did not overexert herself. They spent many hours in bed sleeping. He could see that she was thinking a lot about the experience with the girl. He wanted to wait until she broached the subject on her own.

“You know,” she began, “I felt a great joy that you gave me this extraordinary experience. When you approached her without my realizing it only troubled me in retrospect.” She was silent and he said that he had approached the girl very briefly at the salad bar, she had immediately accepted. The boredom, right?

She nodded with satisfaction, for she had seen the two of them standing there and thought nothing of it. “If one of us wanted to cheat on the other, we both could. Our fidelity only works by choice,” he said firmly.

“That’s exactly my next problem,” she continued. “The experience of doing it with a girl or having it done by her was new and very horny for me. But at the same time I realized that it was just curiosity, I’m not a lesbian!” He was silent and did not interrupt her train of thought. “How many times did you sleep with me during those days, how many times with her?” The pause was short and icy. “Me you almost didn’t touch, but you mounted her a thousand times. Without stopping, as if you had something to catch up on. But well, she’s only half my age!” Now she was silent, a few tears rolling down her cheeks.

He stroked her hand, which he had been holding all along. It would have been easy to manipulate her and erase everything from her memory, but not Roxane, he told himself, with her as little mumbo-jumbo as possible, he’d set out to do that from the beginning and kept it except for mind-reading, for the most part.

“That’s true,” he said. “I was driven by doing it with such a young thing, she’s not even 18! I could completely block out her looks, her ugliness. I was desperate to prove to Lena and myself that even an old man can still give pleasure. I looked at and admired her beautiful cunt a hundred times, because that was the only beautiful thing about her. I enjoyed every second of the confirmation of my masculinity. Besides, her techniques are good, you must have noticed. And in the end, you gave the impression that you enjoyed watching, too.” He lowered his head and added, “Guilty on all counts!”

She thought for a long time. After minutes, she leaned her head against his chest and whispered, “Do you want to make up?” After a few minutes, she whispered, “It was a one-time experience, and never again! I satisfied my curiosity, you satisfied yours. Let’s leave it at that!”

He nodded in agreement and stroked her hair. But moments later she wanted to know, what techniques? But he waved it off, he didn’t feel like having sex at the moment. There was no way he could tell her that Elaine had also mastered this technique. He went to the balcony and spoke with the Baron, in between also a few sentences with the King. Everything was in good order.

Roxane had meanwhile spoken with Marco, also with him everything was fine, she should not worry. “I heard a girl in the background” she added giggling and he said impassively, just like last time. She looked at him with her light green fox eyes turning light blue with burgeoning horniness. He knew he had made a mistake.

She pulled him to the bed and stripped him vigorously, unclothed in a flash, and lay across his lap. Well, go on, she said in a horny, cooing voice, fondling her breasts. There was nothing left for him, he had to tell. Tell in great detail.

How he went into Marco’s room without knocking. The lovers parted. Roxane’s hand slid to the dragon’s den. Yes, he could see quite clearly how Marco very slowly pulled his cock out of the girl’s cunt. That he sat down on the edge of the bed facing him. He could see a short pause, because Roxane just killed the first dragon. Yes, he replied, your boy has a beautiful, sufficiently large and very stiff genital with a hole in the front. They both had to laugh because Roxane’s questions about her son’s private parts kept coming, confusingly because she couldn’t possibly look herself because of the incest taboo or dare to ask Marco to show off his private parts. All the more astonishing because years ago, when he was discovering his sexuality, she had often secretly watched him through the crack in the door and seen his private parts in full action. She was there when he learned to pull the foreskin rhythmically over the glans, she was there every time when he let his semen squirt out or his seminal flow just gushed

out after a few times. Yes, she even secretly watched when he mounted his first girl. She obviously just had a fixation.

They talked, Marco and he. “And the girl?” asked Roxane, and he said, as if in passing, that the girl had gone on alone. “While you were talking?” Yes, he said, tirelessly she had done it as she, Roxane, he could see exactly. No, Marco sat with his back to her, “But you could see everything?” Yes, that’s right, and Marco didn’t turn around until the panting little girl was mercilessly strangling the dragon. Roxane loved him as well as his expressions. Over the next few minutes, he had to be very specific about the girl’s cunt and also very specific about how she did it and the way she defeated the dragon. They played this game for hours until Roxane stopped, exhausted.

In the afternoons, when Roxane was asleep and pressed both hands on her pubic, he sat on the balcony in the sun and looked with her into her dreams, which were still occupied with Lena. Sometimes he practiced looking in-the-distance-as Eva had shown him, looking for Marco. He succeeded better every day and could even read along the written lines on Marco’s screen. But he only stayed longer when Marco had a girl. For some time now, he was no longer surprised that Marco’s girls were rarely beauties. It was apparently more important to the boy that they were still untouched. Beautiful girls were rarely virgins at that age, but the unpretty, fat and bespectacled ones were. Candor loved to virtually slip into Marco and experience everything almost for real. The arousal of the girl during foreplay, the penetration and breaking of the seal in her vagina and the increase of pleasure until Marco poured out in her womb. Marco had learned by now and forced all the girls to finish it themselves.

These excursions into Marco’s mind were a very nice experience that he enjoyed over and over again. Otherwise, he plugged into his workspace via his com and worked on documents that would otherwise be left undone. King Charles had started a big project to make it easier for women to have children. They received a well-funded pension for life starting with their first child, which was increased with each subsequent child. Women were no longer dependent on providing for themselves through marriage. Unfortunately, it meant that

the ideals of the women's movement often came to naught. Women either had children or careers, rarely both.

After King Charles changed marriage laws and it was no longer possible to divorce for infidelity, free love increased significantly in all levels of society, leading to a general sexing up. No one wore swim trunks or bikinis when going to the beach or public baths, everyone bathed naked. An aroused man never stayed alone, one disappeared behind the bushes or, what became more and more popular, one made love on the spot in public. The clothing fashion did the rest, only older women still wore underwear. Young women were not stingy with their charms, because every man who took a liking to her increased her chances of having a child and a handsome pension. The pharmaceutical industry offered a plethora of ointments and lotions to protect against venereal diseases. Paradoxically, STDs were rapidly decreasing even though the sexualization of the population had increased.

The greening project still held many problems. The rural population in particular had little sympathy for planting a stand of trees in their fields. That was the fattest fish. Electrifying road traffic and later supplementing it with hydrogen drives was not problematic for the cities, but in rural areas, internal combustion engines could not be eradicated, and manufacturers did not follow suit, especially in the case of agricultural machinery. On this issue in particular, Parliament showed how fruitless debates could go on for decades. Candor was glad that King Erich took special care of the parliament and wanted to boost their work. He knew, of course, that the monarch wanted to bring the form of government closer to that of Britain, but he did not mind.

When he realized that Roxane was beginning to wake up in her afternoon nap, he would slip into bed with her, for she loved to be awakened with lovemaking. He was also very comfortable with it, as he was often still aroused from his foray into Marco's love life. As always, he relaxed first, then Roxane satisfied herself. She rarely thought about Lena anymore and tried hard to imitate her technique. He was sorry in retrospect, because she lost her naturalness and spontaneous passion during sex. He was tempted more than once to

influence her mentally. Whenever she wanted to increase her arousal, he had to talk about his experience with Lena and inflame Roxane's kind of voyeurism. When he noticed at a dinner party that the young temp waitress was more lesbian than bisexual and then asked Roxane if she wanted the girl, he clearly sensed her desire and excited fantasies. But she gave a jerk and refused, that they had agreed so. It remains so!

He could not reach Eva about his long distance vision, they talked secretly about Com and avoided any treacherous word. He was very reassured that she and the child were doing well, that she and the king were getting closer. He was a very caring man and a passionate lover. The MedUni had offered her a professorship, but she had to decline, the king, and so forth. She could not talk about Com about her work, but she let it be known that they would have to discuss something later in persona. He felt a comforting warmth around his heart, but like her, avoided saying a careless word. After the conversation he felt something light as a feather touch his spirit, that was her way of saying I love you.

They extended their stay for a fourth, then a fifth week, and Roxane was grateful. The surgical scar seemed to be healing well and Roxane felt fully recovered and healthy. She still had tremendous sexual pressure toward the shot and he felt that clearly, but they had a vacation and plenty of time to do it. One morning, when he had awakened Roxane with lots of love and she was full and purring, cuddling her pubic and wondering if she wanted to do it again, he went to take a shower. Elaine, who appeared irregularly, was already waiting for him.

She smiled kindly, realizing that he had just come out of Roxane's embrace, and whispered with mild disappointment, "Some other time!" Then she reported an impending calamity. Yes, the day after tomorrow, on the night of Wednesday to Thursday around midnight, a violent earthquake in the northern Canale Valley. He hugged her for a long time, because they saw each other less and less. He left the shower with a towel around his hips and immediately called the Interior- and Foreign Ministries, relaying the information and urging haste. The Italians knew, thank God, that the Kingdom was always

right. Thursday Candor learned that thanks to immediate evacuation no one had been injured, the quake occurred Thursday morning around two and caused great damage. Afternoon King Erich himself called and thanked, “well done, my friend, well done!”

On the weekend before the 5th week, the young temp waitress was back and he saw how much Roxane was plagued by her burgeoning horniness. On Sunday she could stand it no longer and whispered in his ear if she could have the girl after all, please—please, just for once? He answered in the affirmative and went to the counter. First he explored the girl’s mind while she went about her work. For a lesbian adventure she would be available immediately, a union with a man was unimaginable, she had never done it before. He knew when her service ended and mentally gave her the appropriate instructions. Then he went back to Roxane and winked mischievously. Despite Roxane’s flaming, they finished their meal quietly, and since they still had to wait for Ela, the girl, Roxane extinguished the worst of the flames in her body herself.

Ela knocked and was about to turn back when she saw him. She was over 18 and looked like country girls look, plump and buxom curves gave her body an attractive, appealing being. The plump breasts, slim waist and wide flaring hips emphasized this impression. Her round face with bullet-round blue eyes made her appear very childlike. She had been a lesbian since childhood, knowing only masturbation and mutual satisfaction with fingers and tongue when she was with a girl or woman. There were plenty of those in this rural area.

He gestured to the back, and when Roxane beckoned her, she cautiously entered. Roxane greeted and hugged her, then they whispered meaningfully for a very long time and the two girls disappeared into the shower together. The night went as expected, Roxane and Ela chased the dragons in droves and Ela made Roxane jubilate with her tongue. Roxane apparently experienced it for the first time and returned the favor with passion.

Ela cried fearfully when he tried to take her. Only when he stroked her head reassuringly, she looked fearfully and spellbound at his be-

hemoth. She should touch it quietly, he said in a commanding tone, and Ela grabbed it intimidated, exploring every detail in wonder. After grasping everything, she lay on her back with a sigh, then whispered, "But I have to see it!" She kept her head up and looked very closely, clumsily grasping his monstrosity and slowly directing it to her sex. She held him tightly and let him penetrate very delicately and carefully. She held him quite terrified as he broke the seal of her vagina and sighed plaintively. Roxane stroked her hair soothingly. It didn't hurt, she'd just been frightened, Ela whispered. She pushed his stiff behemoth millimeter by millimeter further into herself until he was completely inside and pushed against her cervix. Only now did she lie back and passively surrender to his firm thrusts. Roxane had leaned down very close, for she had never watched a deflowering before, and was wriggling her ass hornily because it was so exciting. Ela was grateful as Roxane's fingers inflamed her and made her fantasize blissfully as she thrust. When Roxane realized he was coming to the end, she released Ela very very quickly, so that in her ecstasy she didn't even notice how he was thrusting deep in her womb.

After that Roxane and he had great pleasure in her, he poured himself into her lap one after another. She hurried home late at night, promising to return the next day at the same time. Before they fell asleep, he talked to Roxane, whether it was all right with her? Roxane, who was tickling the chin of a baby dragon and was still undecided whether she wanted to grow and slay it, thanked him, he had gentlemenlike let her go first all night. But since Ela had apparently been happy to let him into her virgin womb, he should mount her whenever she wanted. Candor slowly slept away as she prepared to finish off the little dragon after all.

These nights became a beautiful sequence of pure pleasure for all three. Ela and Roxane chased each other's kites, for hours and often with the help of their tongues. Roxane always bent down very low when he advanced into Ela's womb to voyeuristically watch the intimate act up close. Again and again she touched the sexes and released Ela with her finger before he poured out. She was adrenalized, gleeful, and laughed brightly when she felt his outpouring deep in Ela's womb with her fingertips. Ela liked more and more to let her husband take her.

Roxane still couldn't overcome her shyness to do it in front of Ela herself, she had to keep this secret! Ela, on the other hand, was not shy about it at all and did it incessantly in front of her spectators. He only had to stimulate her minimally mentally to get her to the most exciting, exhibitionistic performance. She just often couldn't stop and only finished because her heart nearly gave out. She wondered doubtfully in later times how she could get so wild and do it so cavalierly in front of other people.

On the last two days, he realized that Roxane's urges had abruptly calmed. He conveyed to Ela that they would be leaving soon and that she should not come back. He left her the reminders and left a thick money envelope for her at the front desk.

At the end of the fifth week, they went home again.

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Sex Among Friends

Master Candor took a few days to go through all the open questions and documents, two long four-eyes talks with the king showed him how smart and skillful the king negotiated with the parliamentary parties. This man held successful talks even without his seer-like abilities, and he suspected that the parliament could improve somewhat within a year's time. Baron von Stetten had represented him primly and they now went through all the documents together.

While he was still reading, his friend had turned to the window and was looking out at the rain. The master was still mentally connected with him, in the baron's mind images of the beautiful maid and her erotic activities raced by and Candor watched them for a very long time. The maid was not only pretty, but experienced in all the arts of making love, and he could clearly see that the image of his friend's deceased wife was slowly fading. Dina had enchanted the good Baron and much of that enchantment lay in her beautiful sexuality, worth seeing. A silly bird fluttered outside the window, interrupting the beautiful images. The master cleared his throat and looked to the Baron. "Before I left, there was something you wanted to discuss and you said it was not so urgent. What was it?" He knew even before the Baron spoke.

"The maid Dina, whom I took over at that time after Prince Ludwig's death, has grown into more than just my maid." The master smiled kindly and continued to look at the flood of intimate, often pornographic images in the baron's mind. "She became my mistress," the latter continued, "we love each other more than I can say." The master leaned forward and asked if she was faithful to him? "Absolutely," replied the Baron, "when she was a maid she had to be of service to many men, but since she has come to live with me, no more. I am not like many others who often force their maids to give themselves to other men! She has told me everything in detail, named each one, and has sworn physical allegiance to me." The master nodded and looked at the pictures of a long series of unions of the

maid, into whose mind he had by now penetrated. As the flood of her erotic recollections ebbed, he leaned forward and said that everything was all right then, even though he knew the answer.

“As a maid, she is outlawed,” the baron was indignant. “Any superior can grope her or do violence to her with impunity!” They fell silent in embarrassment, Candor rummaging in Dina’s mind and cringing. Almost every week some idiot found himself greedily grabbing her from top to bottom. A raffish young baron had raped her six times so far. The master shuddered, for these images were repulsive in their wretchedness. As if the baron knew what he was reading in Dina’s mind, he added, “I beat that dirty guy half to death for raping Dina twice!” The Baron rummaged in the pile of unfinished documents and pulled out some. “It’s going to trial in a few weeks, he for rape, me for assault!” After a pause, “I’ll serve a handful of months, but the creep goes free. Maids are without rights!” The master sat back and lit a cigarette.

“What did King Erich have to say about it?” he asked, and the baron shrugged his shoulders, saying he would not bother the king with his private affairs. “Old school, good old school!” interjected the master, but he would not take it so lightly. He cut off all the Baron’s protests, saying there were only two solutions, abolish this outmoded law or marry Dina and raise her to the rank of honorable baroness. The Baron’s eyes teared up when Candor added, best to do both!

He read through the documents again carefully and cursed, which was not usually his style. “Geez, Baron, the first appointment at court is already next week!” he exclaimed, the poor guy kept his head down and said nothing. They smoked in silence and after a while the master inquired in the secretary’s office when the king could squeeze in a 15-minute appointment. No, he cursed, why not after Christmas or the very next year? He pulled himself to manners, the girl was only doing her job. He apologized for his rudeness and ended the conversation. He sent the monarch a speech note asking to come over 15 minutes before dinner. Only moments later came the reply, “ok.”

He asked the Baron to start the second part immediately. The baron looked at him uncomprehendingly. “Marry, man, marry the

lovely maid!” the master snapped at him. The baron immediately went into the next room and closed the door. Since the master would be seeing Eva again sooner than planned, he tried to reach her mentally, but she was apparently still in her ordination across the hall and had blocked everything out. The Baron came back beaming with joy and grinning from ear to ear. The master stood up and congratulated him with a handshake. “Unromantic, I know!” he said, “but we didn’t have a choice!” They sat together until the appointed time and completed some tasks. Then they went upstairs, to the king’s private chambers.

The master immediately breathed a sigh of relief to see that Eva was not yet there, and the king asked them to come to the small meeting table. He was surprised that the baron was there and said so. Master Candor, who appeared on such occasions in a black, silver-embroidered cloak, hid his hands in the wide sleeves. He said that the Baron was one of three people involved, and since one of the issues was an urgent change in the law, His Majesty was also directly affected. The king was extremely tense and listened very carefully. “There is an old law from the beginnings of the monarchy, according to which maids must render any service to those higher up.” He added, even sexual services! And then he added that they had no right to refuse, so they were free to be raped by any superior, and with impunity! Candor saw that the king became inwardly indignant, what was all this about?

The Baron von Stetten had taken a maid, Dina, from Prince Ludwig’s service after his death. In the months since then, they had become closer and wanted to marry soon. His Majesty raised an eyebrow and looked in surprise at the baron, nobles very rarely married a maid. The master did not give him time, he had to forge the iron while it was hot. If we connect the facts, he continued, then according to current law, anyone can rape the future wife of the baron. He looked sharply at the king. “And that’s exactly what happened!” he shot after. He made an artificial pause. Last but not least, our Baron von Stetten had the culprit, the Baronet – he read the name aloud from one of the documents – so, our man beat the hell out of the creep.

The king nodded in agreement and put a hand on the baronet's arm. "Your Majesty," the master said, "the legal system in our beloved kingdom is completely..." He left it open, but made a vulgar gesture. The legal position is clear, he said pontificatingly. First, anyone may rape Mrs. Dina and any other maids at will with impunity. Second, we put the valiant baron in jail for assaulting the creep. Third, the nasty pig, excuse me, the baronet goes home whistling happily and no one can punish him. He looked the king straight in the eye and waited.

The king was speechless and could not get a word out. "I am not here to scrounge any favors, your majesty knows me well enough" said the master. "I am here because this law is a disgrace to a modern kingdom. Because it is not right for maids to be treated dishonorably and shamefully, something I honestly was not aware of until today. I am here because I consider such a degenerate subject a disgrace to the nobility, and the king alone has to decide whether to demote him or not. I am here to plead for my friend. Not because he and his ancestors have served the royal house faithfully and reliably, but because he is an exemplary adherent to important values of our society, honoring and protecting women even when he is threatened with imprisonment."

King Erich looked up as Eva walked in the door. She looked in amazement at the gentlemen and nodded in a friendly manner, then immediately went into the private chambers. The king and his guests rose. He shook hands with them, smiling, and instructed Master Candor to place the law prominently on the agenda for the next counsel meeting. "As for you, my dear Baron, serve, serve on! We will take a closer look, I promise! As for the rapist, leave him to me, perhaps we'll give him a good smack in the face!" When they came to the exit, the monarch asked if he was also invited to the wedding? The Baron was still searching for words, when the Master intervened once again and said that he had the honor of hosting the Baron's wedding and that it would be an honor for both of them to be able to invite His Majesty and the Princess de Tourneville. They saluted again formally and left.

In the marble staircase, the Baron found his voice again. "I haven't said a word all this time, and my life is miraculously coming back to normal!" Walking up the stairs did not allow it, but he would have liked to fall around the Master's neck. The master grumbled good-naturedly, "Friendship gladly, cuddling not!"

The Baron said, however, that the marriage was not so settled. Master Candor knew the Baron's circumstances and insisted on it without showing off his wealth. He insisted that there were enough funds in various exchanges of the kingdom. Basta, that's it! They had arrived downstairs and the master claimed with mendacious exaggeration that his wife had whined to him just this morning that she wanted sooo much to host a big wedding! They both laughed and he said, again quite seriously, that his Roxane liked to organize well, besides it would be a good opportunity for their two wives to get to know each other in a joint project. The Baron shook his hand gratefully, but he sent him home with cheerful greetings to Frau Dina, and could not help saying, "Practice, practice diligently, the kingdom needs more of the von Stetten ilk!" He hurried home to tell Roxane the news, smiling as he saw in his mind that Marco was enjoying himself in the cunt of beautiful Lori Orsini.

He stopped in the square in front of his palace, on the Freyung. He was able to penetrate Dina's mind with surprising ease; she was absorbed in her lust and well on her way. He liked to watch her do it and recognized in her fantasies how much she had enjoyed the Baron's proposal. Her beautiful, naked body was a feast for the eyes, looking at her plump breasts and welling cunt up close really whetted his appetite. Her way of doing it pleased him very much and reminded him of Roxane's way. Concentrated lust, lechery, horniness through her pornographic fantasies that she kept stretching on and on. He held his breath as she climbed and quietly released herself with a silent scream for minutes.

He left her and turned back to Marco and Lori. He looked closely at Lori's body, able to get within inches of her unnoticed. Her small, flat breasts trembled with every movement, her rosy cunt small and smooth and not yet as wrinkled and frayed as her stepmother's cunt. He lingered long before her cunt, which widened with each thrust of

Marco's or clenched tightly around his cock when she released. They were in the middle of the act and Marco would not have to force Lori to do it to herself afterwards. Lori was doing it to herself, incessantly, while Marco plowed into her. It took her only a moment to release and she would start again seconds later, releasing herself almost every minute. Candor had read about it, but had yet to meet a woman who had mastered the technique as perfectly as Lori. Marco lasted a very long time, Lori exulting inwardly and obviously enjoying being properly plowed while she took pleasure after pleasure. He watched them both until Marco increased his pace. He mentally penetrated deep into Marco's dick and released him, pouring himself into Lori's womb along with him, feeling the sucking and sucking of her labia, which she released moments later with very quick movements of her finger. He could feel how much Marco's cock was enjoying this firm sucking and smacking of her sex. He left the children and went upstairs.

Roxane reported to him that she would be busy for weeks catching up on office work at her aunt's noble whorehouse. He reported the problem of the Baron and Roxane slapped his hands together, he searched the Comnet for the law and read it to her. He took the opportunity and made the entry on the agenda. He sat back, poured more white wine and told her about the upcoming wedding. This abruptly improved the mood. She was startled when he said she should organize it together with Mrs. Dina. He interrupted her excited protesting and summed up: the large banquet hall at the Graben Boulevard would be a good place. The secretaries at the castle office would be happy to help her and Ms. Dina with the guest list, seating arrangements, and invitation lists. For the catering, appropriate menu, floral arrangements and entertainment, she could hire the same organizer who had hosted the King's wedding. She would have to provide him with the list of advance payments and the final bill. And the setting was to be kept aristocratic, but not royal, he urged her, because the king would certainly not miss something like that. So, he concluded, that's not witchcraft, she'll do it in no time! Roxane was indignant and, smiling, threw a pillow at him. But her tension had dissipated and in her mind she was already seriously dealing with the issue.

The next afternoon he was finally able to visit Eva, they were both equally looking forward to each other. After they had exhausted themselves, he reminded her that she wanted to discuss something with him. Her eyes sparkled with happiness as he gently and tenderly caressed her tummy. Then she got to the subject. Had he ever imagined becoming the father of many, really many children? He had already thought he could imagine having two or three children with Roxane, three at the most. And, he already felt pretty darn old to be dealing with toddler crying. She lowered her bright green eyes and said he couldn't have any more children with Roxane, that she was no longer capable of conceiving. They were silent for a long time, because this message hurt on the one hand and on the other hand he breathed a liberated sigh of relief. No, that was not what she had meant. Father of many children, through sperm donation.

The master was no longer thrown much, but now he swallowed hard. Eva continued, she herself might be able to conceive another child or two, with luck, but that would exhaust her potential. She closed her eyes as she said, no hocus pocus between us, always honest and straightforward. She had always saved and frozen his semen after their unions. According to her research, he had the semen quality of a good thirty year old and it had the second best quality genetically on the planet – she smiled proudly. She had become an expert at insemination in the past few weeks and had obtained the best equipment. She smiled, most of her young patients were physically healthy and indicated in their questionnaires that they wanted children. This, she said, was the final component of her plan, and he should decide on it. Smiling, she said it was no harm to the nation to get a radical genetic makeover. Then she waited for his answer. She concealed from him that she had already impregnated several dozen girls and women with his semen to be sure that her method worked.

He knew immediately that her suggestion had a hand and foot and wanted to gain a little time. How everything would go and what he had to do, he asked. “No mumbo jumbo, please!” She said she could easily and quickly determine if the woman was physically and mentally fit; genetic sequencing would take far too much time. Legally, there was no obstacle; after all, the women agreed to it on the questionnaire. She had successfully inseminated women with their hus-

bands' sperm several times and trusted her ability. When he inquired, she told him that the woman had to extract the semen on the spot by means of hand jobs, which worked in most cases without any problems. Only in a few did she have to do it herself. After that, she said, she performed the procedure of insemination under anesthesia. Yes, she replied, almost all the men wanted to be there and watch. Since this anesthetic always caused violent sexual reactions in the anesthetized woman, the men were supposed to release her with their fingers. Very few could do it and just wanted to watch her relieve the women. Many saw it at all for the first time.

He had been thinking and asked with a grim grin if he had to line up for a hand job every day now? She laughed brightly and giggled, no, not at all! If they continued to make love as they had been doing, she could collect enough semen. He referred to continuing to love each other and said how much he loved her. And Roxane. And Elaine. She tickled his beard and said she loved only him and Erich. They kissed and united very intimately and full of love. When they recovered, he said he was very much looking forward to being there for the insemination. Piglet, she said flippantly, but then she saw that he was serious.

Fulfilling Roxane's secret wish was very important to him, the only disturbing thing about it was the immense time commitment. He spent many hours sitting on a park bench in front of various high schools reading time and getting into the girls' minds.

Then he found her, Anna. Not particularly pretty, but not at all ugly. She had only turned 17, lived as an orphan with her grandmother and was considered unfuckable in her circle of friends. Maybe because of a few pounds, although she seemed very slim, or because of her glasses, who knows? She had been a habitual and obsessive onanist since childhood, had given hand jobs to a few boys and had had her small breasts felt in compensation. She had examined their private parts in detail and looked with delight when semen gushed or squirted out. Of course, she had often seen the act of love, in the swimming pools on the Danube or at parties, but she never got around to it, even though it was one of her most ardent desires. At home she liked to stream porn movies to get pleasure from it. The

old grandma was almost deaf and always fell asleep in front of the TV. When she woke up, she watched her granddaughter and remembered her youth with a smile, but there was never any comment from her. The girl Anna often stayed over at girlfriends' houses, which her grandmother never noticed because she went to bed early, and those were Anna's only sexual contacts. With only one they did it to each other, but with the others there was only watching and no touching at all. Each did it herself and let the other watch. Most of them envied her because she did it incredibly often in a row. Maybe they were betraying their girlfriend and secretly scaring the boys away.

Candor screened Anna again, watched her lust for a while, and only when he was sure she was up for a lesbian adventure as well as him did he scout out the hotels in her neighborhood until he decided on one. Only then did he give Anna the mental order. He went to the hotel, paid generously in advance, and made reservations under fantasy names.

On the evening of Roxane's birthday, he said they would stay at the hotel. They got a ride there and he sent her to the shower, complete with instructions to put on his favourite see-through nothing afterward. Roxane grinned from ear to ear, suspecting something. He met Anna at the hotel entrance and got her mentally hot for their adventure while driving there. When Anna stepped into the room, the girls hugged and kissed as if they had known each other forever.

It was a successful surprise, Roxane and Anna immediately became entangled and made love for a long time. He was able to release Anna's mind after the initial ecstasies, as she enjoyed making intimate love to Roxane. Gradually, it was no longer enough for him to give the girls a hand, although they liked his caresses very much. He mentally prepared Anna to do his bidding. Roxane saw what he wanted and knelt down next to Anna. He released Anna's mind, because she wanted it herself, badly!

As he approached the girl, Roxane reached out and whispered that she wanted to do it badly, and bent very close over Anna's cunt. Roxane vigorously guided his privates to the girl's vagina with her hand and inserted it into the opening. With a firm jerk, Roxane broke the

virgin seal and guided his privates very deep into Anna's vagina. She held his privates tightly and, grinning, performed the manly movements of his cock with her hand. She could feel quite clearly that he was ready, but she kept going even after he had poured out.

They had tremendous pleasure that night. Roxane had a taste for guiding his cock with her hand and let him pour into Anna's womb a second time. In the breaks, they watched the tireless Anna, who made the exhibiting insanely horny.

Decidedly, he mentally helped Roxane over the hurdle of doing it himself in front of Anna, otherwise he did not intervene mentally. The girls intertwined, their private parts pressed tightly together, and one released herself and the other. When Roxane lay on top of Anna, he could penetrate from behind, alternating between one cunt and the other while the girls played with themselves. He pushed Roxane aside when he wanted Anna for himself, even after his semen had long since run dry. By the end of the night they were on their fourth bottle of white wine, Anna unable to stop from drunkenness. He took her in his arms to make her do it in that gentle embrace and thought very briefly that she might have gotten pregnant today, but then dismissed the thought. In the morning, as Anna was leaving, he pressed a well-padded envelope into her hand and said he knew she would make good use of it. He asked her directly if there was anything she regretted or wanted to forget about that night, but she answered in the negative with bright eyes and would never forget. He smiled kindly and let her go. On the way back in the cab, Roxane nudged him with her elbow and muttered that it was obviously both of their birthdays! They laughed and he knew she didn't begrudge Anna and his frequent splashing into the girls horny crotch.

Eva kept her word and ordered him to the ordination late one morning. She had eight inseminations scheduled. After they put on surgical-clothes, she asked the first woman to come out of the changing room and administered anesthesia. Then she showed how she used the microrobot arm to insert the droplet of his semen. With a second microrobot arm, she grasped the ripe egg. "Most of these women have damaged or stuck fallopian tubes" she commented, looking intently into her microscope, "this part, getting the egg

through the fallopian tube is the most difficult of the whole procedure!” She transported the egg through the fallopian tube and allowed it to touch the sperm droplet. Almost instantly, the surface of the egg changed, veiled. Eva placed it at the exit of the fallopian tube, from where it would move toward the uterus and implant over the next few hours. Eva carefully removed the devices, initiated the sterilization process, and pointed with his chin to the woman’s cunt. He looked at the bloomed rose up close and inspected the red, swollen clit. It took Eva barely a minute to release the woman and did it a second time until the chemically induced arousal subsided and the woman began to wake up during her ecstasy. Eva let her hand rest on the woman’s throbbing cunt and questioned her. “I dreamed something totally awesome,” she said, “like someone did it to me!” Eva said she could get dressed and go home, pushed the patient on the changing bed into the changing room and sterilized the operating-table. “Done!” she said, and invited the next one in. When Eva asked him to release the woman with his hand on the second patient, he followed and she too calmed down after the second ecstasy. She was already awake after the first and enjoyed her second time with her eyes closed. It saved time when he did the relaxing and Eva did the sterilizing. The sexual overpressure was different for the women, one was redeemed after the first time, others needed it several times. One very stubborn one was awake the first time, but he had to redeem her four more times before the swelling of the privates and nodule visibly subsided. Eva watched him and was pleased. Of course, she had mentally ordered all the women to forget everything.

By late afternoon they had finished with everyone. He was still highly aroused and pushed Eva with all his might into the bedroom. After the wild union, she let him watch her extract his semen from her sex canal with some kind of electronic pipette and supply it in a little jar in the cooler. They drank coffee and smoked. She asked him how he felt about being a father of eight. And how grateful she would be because she could complete or continue her project. “By the end of your reign, you will have given your people hundreds or thousands of children,” he said, “which is more than anyone had ever given his people!” She squeezed his hand with shining eyes. He became serious again and said, “But I can’t leave my work by the day!” She reassured him that he could come when he had time. “Besides,” she smiled

perkily, “I can do it much faster than you, with me they come after seconds!” They laughed happily, then it was time to leave.

The judge was strict and just, who was not impressed even by the fact that the king was sitting in the audience. Master Candor accompanied the baron and sat in the audience in his black cloak. The judge read out his sentence in an old, shaky voice and sentenced the Baron to the minimum punishment, nine months. His wooden gavel thundered on the lectern. Then he turned to the last page and looked into the audience. He reminded everyone that the baron could not accept the desecration of his fiancée with impunity, something he could well understand even after more than 60 years of marriage. His piercing look revealed that this was his personal opinion. He looked at the document again, whispered and muttered the lines already announced, and raised his voice, “what punishment is suspended in view of the blameless conduct of the condemned!” and thundered down the gavel three times angrily. He stood up and shuffled out.

The master and the king in civil disguise, like dozens of others, surged forward to shake hands with the brave baron. As the crowd dispersed, the three went next door, to the courthouse café. They drank a glass of wine and talked mostly about the judge’s personal remarks. A servant brought a folder to the king, and the king signed some documents. He handed one to the Baron, who read it with surprise. The servant took the folder and hurried away. The king granted the baron a comprehensive pardon, cancelled the punishment and ordered it to be entered in his personal register as not valid. The king raised an eyebrow when Candor muttered, “Signed, your Pepi!” Candor had to explain that a king of the old monarchy, Josef II, was affectionately called Pepi by the people and signed many a document in such a way in emotional exuberance. The monarch smiled in any case, hiding the fact that he preferred to fumble under Charlotte’s skirts rather than follow her meticulous history lessons. Joseph II, hogwash! The king did not mention with a word that he had briefly met the creep and subsequently appointed him to dust and re-catalog the imperial and royal archives. To the chief archivist the king obliged, the knave had to work from sunrise to sunset

until his rosy pig's face turned gray, this was after all a punitive action.

The word got around that the Princess de Tourneville had helped many desperate women get pregnant. She took turns doing preliminary examinations and sperm collection on three days, and insemination on another three. Sunday belonged to the king.

Eva cleared her throat as she initiated the master, but she knew he could keep quiet. She always had the couples enter together. The woman had to strip completely naked and was examined closely. The condition of the fallopian tube was important and when her ovulation was imminent. Eva assured that average gynecologists could not do either. She made an appointment for insemination in view of ovulation.

The second part really served her only for relaxation and as an alibi act, the semen collection. More than half of the women tapped their husband's semen with a handjob, and she often ordered a second tap if the semen was too little or she enjoyed what the couple was doing. It helped all the men with the handjob that the woman was naked. When the woman came to the end with him, Eve would join in and swell or squirt the semen into a vial. In a surprisingly large number, the woman was unable to drain the semen. When questioned, they said they only ever did it in their cunt or mouth. She had the couples copulate at least twice in a row – she admitted with a grin that she sometimes got horny watching – and pulled the man's privates out of the woman in a flash to let his semen squirt or swell in the vial.

After that, she vigorously made his member stiff again with her hand, stuffed it into the woman, and told her to copulate again. Most men, however, had no semen left by the second copulation. With some men with pretty private parts, Eva liked to help out and draw the semen with her own hand if it pleased her. Or if she felt that the man liked it. Always the woman watching them got irresistible pleasure and did it herself, although she almost perished from shame and embarrassment. Of course, this pleasure came only with Eva's mental command. Most of the men saw this for the first time, that their

wife was doing it to herself and donated all the more lustfully all their semen. The master grinned and threatened with a finger, you rascal!

While the woman was dressing again, Eve sent the men out and explained to the woman the eroticizing effect of the substances she was using. When this effect set in, it had to break down the damaging effect of overuse, Eva claimed with gross oversimplification, she had to manually redeem the woman. Generally, this was covered with a social taboo and both women and men guarded these secrets. Everyone blushed, but most nodded in agreement; it was, after all, medical treatment. For a child they would do anything, or in this case let it be done by the female doctor. Some asked in whispers if they hadn't misheard, but agreed. Some asked shamefacedly if everyone was there, she could reassure them that she was the only one. Then there was a vanishingly small group who really didn't know that women did it for themselves. Eva searched their minds, they were telling the truth. She gave them the choice of whether they wanted to know something new about themselves. Some wanted to, most did not. These were problem cases, because on the one hand they needed more narcotic not to wake up in the middle of it, on the other hand they had to be redeemed several times because of the increased dose.

Naturally, she threw away the semen of the husbands. Some she examined, most was infertile material or slow-sperm. She used the master's semen without exception.

The master freed himself so often to assist her, but he usually managed only two days, rarely all three. When he could come, they took up to 15 inseminations. He had learned from Eva how to be faster. She felt like it and made herself available and he practiced, again and again she took mental control of his finger and indirectly did it herself, but he soon could do it well under a minute. At the same time she taught him the art of looking deep into the patient's body with his mind. It took him a very long time to learn it.

After a day of inseminations, he had taken the overpressure off many women and girls, but pent up his excitement. Eva fully understood this, although she seemed immune to it herself, so when the

work was done she immediately rushed to the bedroom to gently and lovingly relieve his pressure. While she extracted his semen from her sex canal, he stroked her belly and could suddenly “see inside”. There he was, the dear little one, and he seemed to be sucking his thumb. He whispered to Eva and said the little one had an erection. “I look at him every minute,” she said, smiling at him and whispering, “yes, usually my excitement transfers to him.”

It had come to his attention over time that during their union she stimulated and triggered the clit of her sex as often as she wanted. She had never done that before. Curious, he asked if she did it with Erich too, but she said she didn’t let him get that far. She had never done it in front of him and it would stay that way. She always did it secretly at night when he was asleep in his room. He was the only one, she said, in whose presence she felt no shyness about touching her clit herself.

She invited him to read her mind. How Erich visited her in her room. How she lovingly gave herself to him. How Erich did it so well most of the time that he could drive her lust up and redeem her without touching her clit himself. How she mentally maintained his stamina until he satisfied her. How she did it to herself after Erich left. Candor watched her take it out with increasing infatuation, once, twice. Her thoughts became wisps of fog; she had fallen asleep. “Thank you for letting me see that” he said, moved.

“You do realize that all this could cost us our heads?” he said after a while. She answered immediately, “Yes, if I let it happen. I have burned some rules of the game into Erich from the very beginning, with the strongest mental powers I have. For example, that he be physically faithful to me and not whore around. That he never suspects me of infidelity, not even in his thoughts, and mercilessly pursues anyone who thinks or says such things. That he never, NEVER doubts his paternity, not even remotely. That he protects me and my children with his life. That he ensures me space for work and private life and never wants to have insight into both. And that he would keep himself healthy and fit to always satisfy me in the union.” Something like that, she said, and she was sure those ground rules would hold. She added with a broad grin, “Erich must always con-

tinue during intercourse, even after his outpouring, until he has satisfied me!” Candor nodded reassured, he trusted her power and mental abilities.

They drank a light coffee against all pregnancy rules and talked again about the insemination program. A great many patients had become pregnant and their reputation was growing. The OP’s clothes hid him well so that no one would think to suspect him there. He described that he often looked around enthusiastically in the minds of the patients, seeing the most beautiful erotic or pornographic images when he relieved them of the overpressure.

He often learned that even the most well-behaved women were infidel, both with men and women, that some had sex with their dog or were voyeurs. Some masturbated almost compulsively or exhibitionistically and let themselves be “caught” purposefully. Women’s fantasies were mostly of things shown in porn and distorted to the point of unfeasible. He told how he was fascinated by the different breast shapes, genitals and clits shapes, as well as the different reactions when the patient experienced release while awake. Very special were those mostly very young women who had never touched their clit erotically. For most it was a beautiful, very erotic experience to be aroused and redeemed several times in a row. The experienced girls had the most perverted pornographic fantasies he had ever “seen”. Only a very few stiffened inwardly that this was a purely medical treatment that they themselves did not want to repeat.

He admitted that he often thought about jumping on a patient. Eva smiled that she knew. But it would not help the insemination program, most of the time, after all, the fallopian tubes were stuck, kinked or damaged, his sperm could not overcome that naturally. But if he really wanted it, she could make it happen. He laughed wildly and whispered that some wishes should be left unfulfilled. These are just horny fantasies, and they should stay that way!

To his amazement, she said with a long look at his slightly erect private part, she needed it again, right now. “You know what hormones do to us women during pregnancy!”

He laughed kindly and joined her, Eve giving free rein to her lust and releasing herself as often as she could. After that there was still time to quickly harvest the semen and take a shower, then they left.

Roxane and Dina had all but completed their preparations. Whenever they sat at their desks, their hands touched each other quite by chance. When they passed each other, they grabbed each other's waist or touched their hips, their butts. Roxane reported it to him, of course, and Candor laughed affectionately that it was nothing bad. If it came to more, it was just sex. He reiterated that he was not jealous of her sexual advances, and she should by all means do it if she felt pleasure in doing so.

He was still steadfast and did not manipulate Roxane. Dina's mind, however, he kept reading and finding her loving affection for Roxane. In short order, he manipulated her into seducing Roxane, it was only sex, not cheating on the Baron, he inculcated her.

He sat in his office processing his documents on the screen, his mind was on Dina and Roxane who were greeting each other, hugging and kissing. The two girls looked at each other, and Roxane, full of shyness, followed the younger one into the bedroom. They undressed each other, their naked bodies embraced and they began to make love. Dina dug out a stimulation device, and despite initial resistance, Roxane surrendered to the excitement of Dina's vigorous thrusting hand and experienced a wonderful electronic release. Later they dropped the device and redeemed each other by hand. The two were of about the same build and attractive in all the right places, Candor noted with satisfaction. Their reaction at the redemption, however, was very different. Roxane held onto the young girl panting like a drowning woman, her abdomen twitching convulsively and she pressed her cunt quite firmly against Dina's body. Dina's release took much longer, she spread her cunt with her fingers very wide apart and pressed a finger on her twitching clit for minutes.

He was getting on with his work well, though he was with the girls at the same time, enjoying their raptures with them.

At dinner, Roxane was quite silent. When they went to bed after a good glass of wine and some cigarettes, she told the master everything, openly and honestly. He was grateful to her for that, she could have remained silent. He loved her highly concentrated and provided her several times the release that only briefly interrupted her flow of speech. Even though he was intimately familiar with Dina's beautiful body and her method of release, he kept asking Roxane to tell about it in detail. This gave her a thrill to increase him with it.

He had given Dina no instruction to keep quiet and she dutifully told her Baron. He was a very open-minded but conservatively brought up man in his late 40s, and he wanted to talk it out with the two women the next day, without any resentment, but full of uncertainty. Candor realized his mistake the other day when he accompanied Roxane to Dina in spirit. He included the Baron in his mental influence and issued his instructions to all three. Dina would be occupied with herself without exception and with Roxane during the Baron's recreational breaks. The Baron had Roxane all to himself and Roxane was to be passively served by both of them. He had to strongly influence his friend mentally, since he had reservations and scruples about sleeping with his friend's wife. Candor, however, had him under control quite soon. The Baron enjoyed his part, as he felt very comfortable in Roxane's cunt, although he soon used up all his semen. He equally enjoyed watching Dina's pleasure just inches from his face. He knew it already, of course, since she often did it in his presence, but he had never seen it at such close range and with such intensity. Candor confined himself to reinforcing the performance of the three of them and, in addition to his work, took great pleasure in being mentally with them.

When they had gone to bed in the evening, Roxane told him everything and was full of remorse that she had cheated on him with the Baron. He rebuked her sharply, saying it was just sex, nothing more. In order to cheat, there had to be intent, intention, deceit. After a long hesitation she accepted it and told him everything in detail in colorful colors. The baron obviously had a considerable cock and held out all the time. She was quite excited because he gave her such pleasure and Dina manually released her at the right moment. Roxane didn't stop raving about the Baron's enormous private part and

got excited at her tales like she hadn't in a long time. He aroused and redeemed her continuously during their rapture until they fell asleep.

The other day the baron came to him very late in the office and kept apologizing, while he reported confusedly and rather confusedly, but truthfully. No, the master rebuked him, he had not dishonored Roxane! And he gladly accepted the offer to return the favor, he owed it to Mrs. Dina. The Baron was even more confused than before, they agreed that the Master would accompany Roxane to the Baron's apartment tomorrow. Candor chuckled into his beard, he would not miss a treat like Dina!

Candor decided to keep a mental low profile and would have been very surprised too had he known that Eva was influencing this events in the background. So they came to the Baron in the morning, the master was already very curious how it would happen naturally and uninfluenced by him? Already during the smalltalk in the living room Dina played dreamily with his fingers, directed the conversation very flirty to the fact that the Baron and she owed him something. Something very special! Then she resolutely got up and pulled him into the bedroom. Friendly as before as a maid, she peeled him and herself out of their clothes and lay expectantly on the bed. As he joined her, Roxane and the baron joined them.

It was so close that they all touched each other at the same time, but it turned out to be a wonderful, horny day. Dina belonged to him all the time, Roxane was joyfully enjoying the pleasures the Baron was giving her with his enormous cock. He had to admit that the Baron was exceptionally well endowed and fired what the cannon gave, although he had quite soon burned all his semen in Roxane. The men did not exchange their wives all day. He had Roxane every day, but the lustful, horny maid for the first time. A little selfishness can't be wrong!

When one of the men was getting ready to pour, the other girl would grope over to increase his companion's pleasure and release it with her hand at the moment of squirting. When the men paused, the girls made love passionately and wildly, but also very obscenely and a little perversely, completely unabashedly. He realized that the baron

saw it for the first time that the girls made love with their tongues on their clits.

After a few hours he went home with Roxane to rest. They lay in the bedroom and Roxane again raved about the Baron's imposing cock. He silently raved about the body and love talents of the lovely maid. He remained silent because Roxane could have easily misunderstood. Dina was about ten years younger than she and had slept with hundreds of men, as had all the maids, but only a handful of women. Roxane had slept with maybe six or ten men and a few women. As far as love skills were concerned, Dina definitely had the advantage.

It had not been important to him at the time, but Roxane, as if under an inner compulsion, had absolutely had to tell him at the beginning of their relationship that she had slept with four men or rather boys since her 14th year and with most of them about "a hundred" times before she married Grigori, but of course always only in the "normal" position. Her older sister, who had grown up in another family for the last few years, came back and the girls slept in one bed. She showed 11-year-old Roxane how to do it properly with the clit and that they could do it alone or each other. Soon the sister was sneaking boys into their shared bed and Roxane was learning everything a girl needed to learn. She had to use her fingers to grip the male genital during intercourse and feel when he was discharging in order to arouse and trigger her big sister's clit at the right time. As always, when her sister was deeply asleep after the act, she was allowed to touch and examine the boys' cock. Many of these boys wanted to watch her when she offered that they could watch if she did it to herself. She did the hand job at first because she found it exciting to watch the semen gush forth. She was reluctant to think about which one of them had deflowered her when she was about 12. From then on, she didn't do handjobs, nor did she tell of the many clandestine unions she stooped to after being deflowered. With only a few exceptions, there were many that poured out in the small and close cunt of the little sister. She did not count these unions, for they were not hers, but the friends of the sleeping sister, and they were not yet men. But there must have been many boys in those three years. She made everyone mount her and take her really neat. She loved it very

much when the boy took her powerfully and passionately. It helped her not to think herself inferior and to secretly smile when the sister bragged about her sexual conquests. From that time also came her conviction that first the man and then the woman should have the climax.

The Baron's wedding to Dina was very beautiful and was personal and simple. The king and the princess were guests of honor and King Erich did not miss the opportunity to raise Dina to the rank of Baroness von Stetten. This was the first time that a maid became Baroness and not only the wife of the Baron. There was a lot of whispering about it in the following days and also reading in one of the most aggressive rabble-rousers tabloids, the king and the maid, you know that! Apart from that, everything went smoothly and the baron and his freshly made baroness drove in a white horse-drawn carriage – the few meters – to their apartment. The king had assigned them a new apartment with 6 rooms in the Hofburg and had it thoroughly renovated. The king winked at the Baroness von Stetten, “if there were any more little von Stettens.”

Roxane stayed at the party until the end and came late that night, falling onto the bed beside him, completely exhausted. He had woken up and gently stroked her beautifully curved hip before his hand slid into her dragon's lair, slaying dragons. She let him do it, smiling, and fell asleep almost immediately, completely exhausted, even though her clit was high and demanding “more, more!”. He finished it several times, even though she was already deeply asleep and her body as well as the clit were only responding out of habit. Only when her clit seemed to be done, he let go of her and fell asleep.

When at that time, after her betrothal to the king, the court ladies selected the chambermaids for their services, they wanted to reject this black girl. But Eva intervened and had an interview in private, seized the girl's hands and read her mind as if she were reading a book, then she took her in. She had written to the family demanding that they make Nima a gold headband with their coat of arms, the coat of arms of the late baron, as was customary for a chambermaid.

Nima was a beautiful, educated girl of African origin, her silky skin the color of dark coffee, slender and tall. The breasts full and round, the nipples stood perky and erect. The beautifully curved buttocks matched very well with her depilated pubis and narrow hips. Eva knew from the mental interview how well the girl had mastered the art of tongue play, and also did not mind doing the king's bidding.

Nima had been placed with a widowed baron in his early 70s when she was 14, and he soon granted her every wish. She was eager to learn, so he got her a place at the best school, which she graduated from with honors. He wanted only one thing from her, that she slept with him, he did not want to be alone at night. He couldn't get enough of her beauty, and for the first few years they slept together every day. But as his strength waned, only rarely, and by the end of his life he only had an erection every two months, but she put on a good face, swinging on top of him and riding him, tenderly and sensitively. He, of course, allowed her to have sex with a dozen boys and girls. Most of them followed her to the Baron's apartment to copulate with Nima and let the Baron watch. When Nima was licked by a girl, it excited the Baron so much that the girl would ride him afterwards. The bond between the Baron and Nima was much stronger than in these love affairs and in the evening she always came to him and let him caress her. Every evening before going to sleep she indulged her lust, and if he was still awake and watching her, she made it especially beautiful and exciting.

After her graduation, the Baron got her a place in one of the best acting schools. Nima quickly learned to move unselfconsciously and naked in front of an audience, posing and performing any sexual act in front of an audience, because modern art demanded nudity and explicit sex in its performances. And she was very good at performing sexual acts in front of an audience. She was given a leading role in "Othello," loosely based on William Shakespeare. Critics praised the director for having the courage to have Othello played by a white man and Desdemona by a black woman. Her authentic Desdemona wowed everyone, in part because she played all six copulation scenes herself, and even though each copulation scene had to be filled by other actors, since it was clear to the director that only a fresh man

could squirt as he imagined. Both performers received thunderous applause when he first visibly poured himself on her and then inside her, and she was able to believably feign a passionate fulfillment of female sexuality. Her devotion and passion while copulating enchanted everyone, critics and audience alike. She received hundreds of offers from her fans, all of whom wanted to recreate one or another copulation scene with her.

When she sat in her dressing room after a performance and reviewed everything over a glass of wine, it was clear to her in all clarity how perverse the theater business actually was. The director let her copulate with dozens of strange men during rehearsals until he was satisfied with her performance, perhaps hundreds in the course of the season. Often and often he made his actors copulate, although Nima was quite horrified by this sweaty, fat man who had no idea about copulating and poured himself into her squealing like a piglet. If she wanted to keep the role, she had to give herself to him without objection. She endured silently when he unwrapped his insignificant little cock and mounted her. The thunderous applause, while she still lay on the stage with trembling legs, shaken by the convulsions, was worth it. Was it really worth it?

The copulation in the play was real every night, nothing about it was faked. At each performance, she did it with six men she barely knew. The men copulated, each equally, the old-fashioned way our great-grandfathers copulated with great-grandmothers, there was nothing fake about it, it was all real. The director wanted it that way. Some copulated longer, others shorter.

The finale was also entirely real. The man quickly pulled out his private part so that the audience could see very clearly how his first jet shot out and slapped on her body. A moment later he thrust into her cunt again and now poured into her, thrusting violently. Her contribution was also real, there was nothing fake about it. She stroked her clit until it was ready to explode quickly, triggering it the moment the performer pulled out his privates to show the first spurting jet to the audience. By the time he entered her again, her body was already twitching in violent, real convulsions. She just had to make sure that she lifted one leg to cover the clit play in such a way that her clit play

was only visible to the expensive box seats high up, the fat director made extra money from that. This usually succeeded quite well during the first copulations, but after that she had to concentrate harder and rub her clit wilder and wilder so that it exploded at the right time when the performer penetrated her most intimate part, squirting. She then didn't care at all that the cheap ranks could also watch her clit rubbing with relish. She finished her glass of wine and wondered if she wanted to play this primitive game until old age.

The Old Baron never spoke about his fortune. Once he mentioned it in connection with the late Baroness. They had had a wonderful 50 years, but in bed she was completely useless, and from the very beginning she allowed herself to be completely passively and unemotionally noodled through as often as he wanted. She had made it clear from the beginning that she could only love herself physically. She gladly and willingly let him watch when she did it herself, because he liked to watch and became horny. Usually he noodled her hard afterwards, which she allowed willingly but emotionlessly. She did it to herself every night after she went to bed, usually several times with vigorous, vigorous finishes. It was most erotic for them both when he soaked her in the middle of her explosion. So they made the best of their situation. It was both their good fortune that she provided willing young servants with whom he could indulge his sexual needs at will. In return, she had brought a considerable fortune into the marriage and increased it, in this she was very skillful. And that he now had her, Nima, the baron said, was a wonderful coincidence, she would one day inherit him. But he immediately forgot the paperwork, money was enough at hand and was therefore unimportant.

Nima had to see to it herself that she could save up a little money. She went through her fan mail conscientiously and selected the solvent ones. For a princely gift of money she visited him and he was allowed to copulate with her until he went limp. If he put something on it, she made her clit play to come with him at the same time. If he put something on it again, he was allowed to watch her do it to herself after copulating, twice if he wished. She never faked anything, that was a matter of honor for her.

She had become a noble whore, but when she had two or three suitors in an afternoon, a reassuring number of bills crackled in her pocket. The baron originally didn't want to know anything about it; she studied acting and usually excited him when she described everything in detail. The fact that actresses copulated in public on stage did not bother him at all. The main thing was that she was there in the evening, so he could caress her silky skin and watch her in her every evening lust.

The next season, "The Witches" was performed, the script of which fit on half a page. There were 6 witches and an equal number of devils and torturers. Nima only played along because of the good pay, she found the play itself completely pointless and perverted.

In the first act, the witches cuddled with each other, three couples were formed and the girls satisfied the clits of the partner, then space was exchanged so that the audience could see the clit rubbing very precisely and in detail. Thunderous applause at each climax. Curtain.

The second act. The devils chase the girls senseless in a circle, catch them and all 6 couples copulate at the same time. Same ritual as always, when one of the devils poured out, he pulled his cock out of the girl and splashed the first jet over her in plain sight, then penetrated her again and thrust for all it was worth. The girls played passive torpor and did nothing. Applause. (Yawn!) Curtain.

The third act began with a contest. Six girls, strung side by side, looked into the audience with rigid expressions on their faces. They rubbed their clits frantically and whoever finished got (thunderous) applause. In the first performances, Nima was last because she made it real. Without influencing the other girls, soon they all joined in and each received thunderous applause. For the finale, 6 torturers came, they copulated with the girls in unison, dutifully pulled out their black-painted private parts to show off the first stream of semen jet, and rammed to applause until they went limp. Meanwhile, the girls rubbed their clit and when one finished, she received applause to thunderous applause depending on her performance. Curtain. Then all 18 performers stood in front of the curtain and received their final applause.

Nima was glad when the play was called off early. She hurried home as fast as she could to nurse the sick Baron. The good man had only one wish. He wanted to die in the union. Nima loved this fatherly friend like a daughter and wanted to fulfill his last wish.

Every evening she showered the theatrical dirt from her cunt. Then she lay down with the old man, and Agnes, who had watched over him almost all day, silently and discreetly withdrew to a chair in the background. Nima told him erotic stories she made up on the spur of the moment while she stroked his cock until he was firm. Then she rode him tenderly and with feeling until he fell asleep. Sometimes he could squirt again before falling asleep. This went on for six weeks. She had gotten used to Agnes watching them and rubbing her clit. Agnes was anything but quiet, panting and whimpering with horniness, and when she came, she emitted satisfied sounds, her “Aaah!” and “Oooh!” could be heard two rooms away.

Agnes was one of the last young women the Baroness hired. She came from the provinces, had attended school for only one year, and was almost illiterate. She could nevertheless read with difficulty, write in block letters and do arithmetic very well. The Baroness, however, recognized her potential, her husband would enjoy the maiden, and Agnes could manage the household excellently. She had no sexual experience at all and the Baroness showed her how the clitplaying went. Often the two would cuddle together and play with their clits, soon Agnes was hooked. The Baron delighted in deflowering the unsuspecting and molding her as a sex playmate to his liking. Until Nima came into the house, she was the widower’s only sexual companion for years.

On those days when Nima was out of the house, she gave herself to the Baron. He could so wonderfully noodle her when she had brought herself to the point of explosion. Now that he was seriously ill in bed, Nima had strictly forbidden her to do it, it could mean his death. Instead, she was allowed to stay in the very back of the room and watch as Nima very gently and lovingly made love to him. Agnes asked very shyly and Nima allowed her to do it herself with her clit meanwhile. After he fell asleep, the two girls watched each other get

pleasure. When Nima had also fallen asleep, Agnes turned out the light and went to her room.

On his last day, he stared unblinkingly at Nima during the act and squirted harder and longer than ever before. Panting and gasping, he pushed out his semen in tiny droplets until his heart stopped. She closed his eyes and called the medic.

The Baron's sudden death ended her acting studies, the old man had left no will and the heirs had better uses for their inheritance than to take care of his black actress. They proved their good heart and brought Nima to perform at the royal court.

So it came to pass that Eva chose Nima.

Eva felt immobile, awkward, ugly and unattractive with her big belly. She let both Candor and Erich into her cunt only very carefully and increasingly rarely. She found it increasingly difficult to lay a hand on herself and asked Nima to be at her service with her tongue. Poor Erich was allowed to watch with pleasure every time and in his excitement take the girl, who crouched in front of Eva licking and stretching her beautifully rounded buttocks towards him, from behind as often as he could until his semen was exhausted and his passion satisfied. When the girl was very aroused, she was allowed to relieve herself to the point of exhaustion in front of her and the king as a spectator, but most of the time Eva fell asleep after the last stroke of the girl's tongue and did not notice anything of the girl's greedy activity. She did not mind if Erich took the girl again after watching. It did him good and she loved him. Both Erich and Nima forgot everything until the next morning. It had never happened.

She also left Candor increasingly unfulfilled and encouraged him to fulfill his wish and take a patient. She argued her fat, misshapen body, her refusal and his suffering, and yes, of course, she loved him dearly, overriding all ethical concerns for him! After he hesitantly agreed, she picked out one among the youngest, because such were probably his favorite. At the beginning she intervened mentally when the patient woke up and at first was frightened when she felt his genitals inside her. But she surrendered passively and he was able to re-

lieve himself before releasing her from her sexual overpressure. She instructed the patient to forget about it completely. From now on he didn't need to suppress his arousal, Eva looked at him radiantly and was proud of her lover's loin strength. She extracted his semen from the patients' sex canal and made them forget everything.

He always looked deep into the minds of the patients when he took them. Most of them were awake and did not mind, since they felt a terribly strong pressure to be triggered. He delighted in their most intimate thoughts, most of which were highly erotic and pornographic; some also revealed their most perverse dreams. There were many who participated very actively and hornily, as the situation just allowed. But he also found surprisingly many who had only ever had intercourse with their husbands and only gave themselves shyly and full of shame. One very young girl he had to deflower before the insemination process, because her strange husband used to squirt exclusively in her mouth. Eva said she could also deflower the woman with a scalpel, but he wanted to do it himself. Eva had prepared him for it, but he almost had a jam.

It had once started with one patient, then it became two, three, and then ten that he took in the OR. There were hundreds, many hundreds, and still his loins endured the lustful strain. He no longer had to have just the young ones, he took them all. The older they were, the more pornographic and perverted their thoughts were, the more often they were promiscuous and had a lot to "tell". He saw things he had never seen before.

Eva continued to extract his semen from the patients and the patient was allowed to go home and forget everything, but she praised his stamina. When Eva had to close the ordination shortly because of her confinement, there were about five hundred female patients he had taken in a natural way.

Eva loved him very much and told him so every day, they held hands as they looked at the child in her womb. They no longer associated with each other conventionally; after all, he had already spent his time with the patients during the day, and he also had Roxane. He kept reassuring Eva that she was neither shapeless nor unattrac-

tive and lovingly kindled her lust with his hand, only to extinguish the fire in her large clit immediately afterwards. At some point she stopped making appointments and temporarily closed the office.

Eva asked him to mentally attend the birth. She only allowed two midwives she knew and even the king was not allowed. The birth lasted only fifteen minutes and was relatively easy. Candor held Eva's hand very tightly until the little prince slipped out of the birth canal. He kissed her forehead and smiled, "it's a beautiful boy!" They both rejoiced and kissed deeply, then King Erich was allowed to enter, kiss his wife lovingly and gratefully, and hold the prince in his arms. Candor carefully moved away, leaving his beloved to her husband.

The king solemnly announced the birth of the child, to be named Prince Charles Louis in memory of his father and brother. The people and the media celebrated and King Erich did not let his hair down. The people had a Fiesta with wine, beer, roasted chicken.

Eva did not want to become queen, princess was already a hindrance enough, both in medical practice and with regard to her professional publications. She explained that female patients should neither make ridiculous court curtsies nor address her as majesty. It was difficult enough as it was, she said, to enforce being addressed as Frau Doktor and by no means as princess. It took her a long time before Erich understood her. She wanted to open the practice in about two months. From that time it would also be possible, my dearest, to have intercourse with each other again, not until then.

She was breastfeeding the little one and wanted to breastfeed him for at least another good year, she could organize that, she could pump her milk and the wet nurse could feed Prince Karl in the waiting room or in the castle. The ordination she wanted to close about three in the afternoon and then be there only for the little one and her husband.

She had already discussed all of this with Candor as well, and it all seemed doable. They kept in touch mentally every day, even though he had a lot of work to do. The kingdom had to become much more greener!

Roxane sometimes let it slip that she thought of Dina and the Baron more often. He waved it off, saying he felt no incentive, though it was a lie. He did not want to burden the working relationship with the Baron with sex. It was enough that, as suggested by the Baron, they ducked and addressed each other by their first names. The Baron was called Rüdiger, he was called Master or Candor, “hold that as you wish, my dear Rüdiger!” Leo he did not want to be called at all, not even Roxane and Marco called him so.

Eva kept Erich at a distance, as she had done before. It was pleasant for her to feel the tongue of her servant Nima and then let Erich have the girl. Everything went as before, Erich watched her and the girl licking, which Eva allowed to be given quite passively, and Erich looked at the girl’s magnificent buttocks, which excited him extremely strongly, as did the licking. As long as Eva was awake, he took the girl only from behind. When Eva fell asleep after the last rearing, or fell asleep before, and continued licking the girl until her sleeping body reared up once more in her sleep, Erich turned the girl to him and they united until mutual exhaustion. Then they left, forgetting everything. Eva loved her Erich and wanted to do everything for his physical and mental health.

Erich could wait less and less and put the girl next to his spouse after the first greedy tongue play. He bent over Eva and merged with her in intimate French kisses, while his cock merged with the girl. Eva loved this constellation and groped to the girl’s clit to trigger it at the right moment. Before falling asleep, she did it to herself, once, twice and fall asleep. She used to do the ritual every day since she was five years old: once, twice and then fall asleep. Erich moved his stiff genitals very thoughtfully in the girl’s sex canal, while Eva allowed him to watch her up close at once and twice. She loved her Erich very much and knew he was in good hands. By morning, the two had forgotten all about it again.

Her love grew when she saw him fulfilling his obligations and otherwise spending every minute with their child. He became a very loving father.

Roxane left early every ten or fourteen days to have breakfast with Dina. If Rüdiger had already left, she stayed with Dina for an extensive dessert after the quick breakfast. If the Baron was still there, dessert came first. Dina indulged them both, it was only sex. She also felt like it and participated to redeem Roxane's clit at the right moment. But she was also very proud that her husband was giving Roxane so much pleasure with his knightly mace.

Roxane, who was always honest with her husband, reported to him openly when they lay in bed at night. It brought variety to their feelings, although it seemed to him that her infatuation with the baron's mace was waning. He assured her it was just sex between friends and no cause for jealousy. He encouraged her to continue as long as she felt like it. Roxane always wondered how generous he was and said so. He kept quiet because his generosity was not selfless. He was always with her when she gave herself to the Baron or made love to Dina. He often visited Dina in spirit when she thought she was alone and gave herself pleasure of the finest kind or indulged in the most outlandish fantasies. For hours he let her mentally show him the most beautiful unions she had experienced earlier as a maid. Among these were the few women who had seduced her ages ago and showed her what pleasure potential lay dormant in her loins.

Roxane went to the Baron and Dina less and less often. Her initial rapture for the Baron's enormous genital was rapidly waning; she also did not want to interfere permanently in their married life. But Dina attracted her monthly, as the Baron did not take her during her period. Roxane had not had a period for years and always gave in to Dina's urging. The master gave her moral support and resolutely urged her to get her lust, so on three or four days she hurried to Dina's breakfast early in the morning. She had lost her crush, but experienced very intense and extremely satisfying encounters with the Baron and Dina, almost over five years.

Roxane, after the marriage of the von Stetten family, had an appetite to be caressed by the master while falling asleep and to have it done while sleeping until her clit was exhausted. The morning after, she endlessly questioned him about how long it had gone on and candidly told him what dreams she had while he was doing it. She had

never heard of making love to the clit in this way before and enjoyed it thoroughly. He was often glad to have a break, as he had already had his way with Eva's patients.

The master visited the princess and her son as soon as the king allowed him. He always sat next to her for a long time, stroking his son, and they chatted mentally, sometimes talking loudly trivia, since the court had ears.

You kept asking yourself the question, how do I manage to be invisible? said Eva. It would be better to ask yourself why people don't see you. You see, it's not witchcraft. You just have to manipulate people into overlooking you or not knowing later that they saw you.

It only took him a moment to understand the basic outline. Okay, he said, so it's just a practice thing. I'll practice it.

He spent every minute practicing. Manipulating a single person was no problem; he'd done it before. But he trained until it took him only a split second to do it. Soon he needed only a few moments to make himself unseen by two, then three people. It took a very long time before he could make himself instantly invisible to more people.

King Erich and the girl forgot each night, but their bodies remembered. Eva was aware of this, but it had little meaning. Erich gave himself and the girl with the erotic butt all the pleasures, Eva watched them with pleasure and, as far as Erich was concerned, with love and gave herself to their lust. Erich was so passionate and happy with the girl that she was heartily happy for her husband.

A few days before she opened the ordination, she met the master there. She knew that he had come unseen and congratulated him. Their first union was stormy and wild, they made love for a very long time and told each other endlessly how much they loved each other. Eva took out his semen and refrigerated it. Unfortunately, she had to throw away the old stock.

One of the next evenings she gave herself to Erich, it was a feast for both of them, which they enjoyed to the fullest. She had given the

servant maid a rich gift and just said that she appreciated her intimate services very much. The completely surprised girl blushingly thanked her and vowed to continue serving, with all her heart! She had no idea at all why the princess thanked her so generously and was completely unsure what intimate things she had done with the princess? Deeply buried memories pushed into her consciousness, but it could not be! She could not explain the tears when in her sexual fantasizing the king or the princess acted. Was she really licking the princess's clit? Was the king really putting his slender hands on her buttocks and penetrating from behind? And was she doing it to herself while his majesty and consort watched her do it? She cried, but she was not sad. Not a bit.

The surgery was up and running again, Eva locked up exactly at 3 p.m. and hurried to see her son. She had to limit the number of female patients, of course, but she managed without any problems. To her astonishment, she noticed that a large part of the couples, almost half, only had oral intercourse. Why, she was not so much interested in. A few times she had the couples perform oral intercourse to obtain the man's semen, but she quickly became bored with that. She had all these couples copulate sexually, which was much more exciting. Many had never copulated with each other, some of the very young patients were only deflowered on her exam table!

This was exciting every time, many a couple she had to teach copulation first and guide the man's genital with her hand until he was ready for the squirting. The genitals she then quickly pull out, let the semen squirt into the vial and stiffen the man again with his hand and insert into the sex canal of the woman and order the further copulation, this was her favorite method, because she liked to watch the copulation. Some men she had to guide with her hand, it went the same the second or third time. It gave her a little sense of power to grip the man's cock tightly with her hand and rhythmically push in and pull out of the sex canal, increasing the tempo to the point of effusion. Like the deities on ancient Assyrian stelae, she clutched the phallus and copulated with the slave. They were images that made her grin. She thought that many of these couples would return to oral sex, since they were so used to it.

Candor divided his work well so he could assist with her on the three half-days. Even before the ordination began, they made love, since there was no time to make love after the ordination ended. Eva lined up the ugly, sexually uninteresting female patients at the very front so that his loins could recover from the morning's union. When his lust awoke, he would take the patient as he had done before, Eva would replenish the semen stock in the cooler, and the patient would be allowed to go home and forget all about it. He looked forward to each woman, claiming that each was somehow different. The experienced and the slutty among them let themselves be taken actively and passionately, their fantasies were mostly indescribably horny and filled him with pleasure.

On Eva's advice, he made himself invisible to the female patients who were only used to consorting with their husbands and swore to unconditional fidelity or who had been deflowered only a short time before. And these were not few. All these women experienced with astonishment how they were mated by an invisible man, and this was acceptable to them, they were after all exposed to a high erotic pressure. Their fantasies were often simple, rather a childlike amazement in the land of Eros. Many of the faithful nevertheless felt great guilt afterwards. Only a few took it upon themselves to give themselves to many men in the future. It was good that they could forget everything afterwards. Eva often inconspicuously touched him on the arm or put her hand on his shoulder, she was very proud of her lover's loin strength.

He was able to organize many things better during this time and the king as well as the other advisors could see and appreciate it. When he took a break and smoked a cigar and drank a cognac in peace, he often thought how much he and his wives had been infected by the general sexting of society. Demographically, it was good for the kingdom, as was Eve's insemination program, to counteract extinction. His work on greening the land also had a purpose. He was working on a major document in English to explain to his counterparts throughout Europe the importance of the Atlantic Meridional Overturning Circulation, AMOC, in the context of greening. AMOC, the Gulf Stream, has been steadily slowing and changing the climate for well over a hundred years. The thawing of Greenland's glaciers

also played a significant role in the slowing of the Gulf Stream. The increasing drought and its disastrous consequences could therefore only be dealt with by large-scale greening of the entire continent.

He had discussed it for hours with Elaine, for she was rock-solidly convinced that the European continent was doomed. Elaine did not come often since she had asked him and he had to confess to her that he had already had intercourse with more than a thousand girls and women. She only came to join him silently and was usually sad afterwards. She lived in a completely different dimension, where she had only him under the eternally sunlit sky of Greece. She loved only him, had only him to give in to the immense urge of love in her abdomen and to unite sexually with him. She knew only eternal fidelity to him, every day anew, for she had long forgotten the question and the painful answer. She thrust silently towards him until the end of the act, thrusting with increasing rhythm of her womb until he poured into the bodiless one and his semen joined the shower's water stream or flowed tenaciously to the floor.

Once a month, Eva sat down to the computer for her statistics. She collected the data during the initial examinations and during insemination, as well as on an ongoing basis. The statistics only once a month.

19 percent of the patients were mentally or socially unfit and were sent home. 28 percent were single and agreed to an anonymous donor. (A large number of these were former nuns.)

17 percent had involuntarily aborted or suffered abortions, 83 percent pregnancies. No unusual problems in pregnancy. The number of births was still too low statistically, but a clear excess of girls emerged.

In 48 percent, sperm collection was due to hand jobs; in just over 20 percent of these, she had done it herself. Forty-two percent came from copulation, and in about 10 percent of those she did the whole copulation process by hand. She didn't keep a record of how many men fucked her and cum in her own vagina because she was un-

speakingably horny or liked the guys' huge cocks fucking her, watched by their deranged, horny wives. This fact she kept all to herself.

After anesthesia, 28 percent of the patients were relieved of positive pressure with one release, 16 percent needed two, 32 percent needed three, and just over 30 percent needed several, 4 to 6 times (including all the nuns).

18 percent were African blacks, 34 percent were migrant women or daughters of migrants, and 2 percent were from Asia.

A surprisingly high number, 22 percent, were lesbians. The older ones, 38 to 41 years old, also made up the bulk of the virgins. Candor experienced no resistance from the younger lesbians when he wanted to copulate with them after waking up. The older ones consistently refused, even those he had previously deflowered; they themselves had allowed deflowering only with reluctance and disgust.

Eva was quite pleased with the program, only with 17 percent did she have to make a second attempt. All the newborns were physically healthy. Surprisingly, there were no stillborns. About 38 percent of those who gave birth said after 14 days that they would like to have another child through the program later.

As for the nuns, Eva had made extraneous notes. The majority were from monasteries of Asian or Far Eastern faiths, the others from Christian ones. The Christian nuns had left the community for a variety of reasons, about a third had kept the vow of chastity and were still virgins, the rest had not kept the vow and had intercourse with men with varying frequency, quite a few even much more frequently than their secular sex companions. At the initial interview, Eva had pointed out that the hymen was a hindrance and that they should have themselves deflowered beforehand. Not a single one chose the scalpel, shyly and bashfully they agreed to surrender to the assistant before the procedure. Unlike the secular women, all the former nuns knew the secret of giving themselves pleasure by hand and almost all of them could be confidently described as habitual and obsessive onanists. Candor was impressed to find so many virgins among these 35 to 40 year olds, but all of them obviously liked to be

deflowered, since this was a prerequisite for impregnation and motherhood.

All former nuns without exception wanted to be mated after the anesthesia. He had to repeat the manual redemption that followed four, five or six times, especially in the case of habitual onanists. While sifting through the sexual fantasies of the nuns, another surprise followed. He had expected simple and childish–innocent thoughts, but these were even more piggish and clearly more pornographic than those of secular women who consorted with a great many men. None of the nuns had problems; all of them got pregnant.

Among the nuns were some Asian women who had already deposited their desires at the initial meeting. The Asian faith communities were prominently located in and around the capital and did not require a vow of chastity, which has been rejected in Asian countries for some time and on the contrary, all Asian nuns could give sexual blessings with their sex. They were the only nuns who lived according to the new Asian rules and therefore had had very frequent sexual intercourse with many changing partners.

The abbot Bönppo Tentsin had completely changed the rules of the monasteries about 40 years ago and introduced, among other things, something similar to the Indian temple whores, they were called sacred harlots. There were three temple monasteries in Vienna, and the sacred harlots were physically available to the pilgrims on certain festive days. It was not uncommon for a sacred harlot to have 30 or 40 visitors in one day. The pilgrims sat patiently against the side walls in the cell and waited patiently for their turn. Watching the copulators excited everyone, rubbing their cock and spraying their semen until they were completely emptied. After all, copulating with the sacred harlot did not mean pouring oneself inside them. Most of them squirted their semen right at the first outpouring, a few were able to pour out several times.

The very young servant girls of the Temple, who were still too young to serve as sacred harlots, often went to assist the pilgrims and were very skilled at squirting semen with their tiny hands. When everyone was distracted, they also let themselves be mounted by a pil-

grim willing to pay, hastily, quickly and secretly. The pilgrims standing close by watched them intensely but no one made a complaint of it. They formed a circle and all watched horny as the pilgrim fucked the little girl.

Pedophiles, for whom the holy harlots were often too old, paid absurdly high bribes to get an empty cell and there copulate with one of these child-women at will, until he had squirted his semen entirely. (The investigation and elimination of these pedophile rings almost led to the dissolution of a monastery). If a holy harlot had too many waiting pilgrims in her cell, she would send some to the next harlot or limit the number to a maximum of two acts per pilgrim. Otherwise, the pilgrim could get in line at the back and copulate with the sacred harlot as many times as he wanted. Many came with their friend and copulated with her at the same time from the front and from behind in the ass.

The act itself was considered a sacred act and had to be performed at a slow pace and very reverently. It was not a matter of copulation for these deeply devout people, but of blessing for the men and their fertility with the sex of the sacred harlots. Not infrequently, the believer went from cell to cell, withholding the ejaculation of semen, to be blessed by all the holy damsels. Quite heartily Eva laughed at the story of a special pilgrim, a young pervert, who weekly visited the demented abbess, who was well over 70 years old, to perform the ritual with her. Since he recited the right prayers and spent a lot of money, the abbess's young servants could not refuse him, even if they offered him their young bodies. So he copulated with the giggling, senile old woman until he had donated all his semen.

Of course, before the insemination process, Eve had to deal with the venereal diseases of the sacred harlots and cure them lavishly. These former sacred harlots wanted to be mated after awakening, if at all, over the whole time at a very slow pace and at the same time redeeming themselves with the hand one by one, which required Candor some body control. He liked to dive into the fantasies of Asian women, because for all the horniness, perverse abstrusities and pornographic content, no violence appeared and opened up to him Far Eastern sex fantasies.

Eva showed Candor the data, and after a lengthy discussion it was clear that she could not publish the data without revealing the special circumstances of the insemination program. She did, however, take it upon herself to describe the psychology and research methods of the rejected group without disclosing the insemination program.

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The Deadly Experiments

Master Candor became very aware of the abundance of women one day. He talked long and hard with Eva, who could understand him quite well. She, too, was fed up with the sexual glut and brought the insemination program into more sober channels, trying to convince as many women as possible to accept an anonymous sperm donation. The previously salacious sperm collections and copulation on the examination table became less frequent.

(She hesitantly and gradually stopped fucking her husbands to copulate with them for her own pleasure, also because she had a guilty conscience towards Erich and Candor, to whom she never confessed the fact that she had secretly fucked several hundred husbands. Just because it often excited the hell out of her to examine the couples' pussies and cocks. Not a single wife objected when the doctor greedily masturbated her husband's cock stiff before fucking him. Eva only allowed the husbands to enter from behind under her doctor's gown. She allowed as little of her nudity to be exposed as possible and her fingers went immediately to her clit. No woman or man was ever allowed to see her masturbating. She always orgasmed very soon and then spread her ass cheeks with both hands under her doctor's gown. She made her cunt wide and soft and squeezed the cock rhythmically with her vagina as the guy squirted inside her vagina. She turned around without ever hugging a husband and looked triumphantly and very proudly into his wife's eyes. She had satisfied her needs and resumed her work.)

When she discovered a particularly attractive or erotically appealing girl who, according to the questionnaire and initial interview, would like to be mated after the procedure, she offered it to the master. He was very happy to take one of these beautiful creatures two or three times a month, and that was enough variety for him.

Eva always sensed the king's nervousness when she herself did not feel like having sex for a variety of reasons. She brought her servant maid back into the game and encouraged them both with only initial

mental influence, they all three wanted it after all. Erich and the servant maid were connected by a strong sexual attraction as they spent the whole evening and half the night in passionate fucking. Eva mostly remained a spectator and took care that the servant also found fulfillment. However, when lust sprouted in her, she actively participated in the ménage-à-trois, surprising Erich and the servant alike. When they had exhausted themselves and left, she would caress herself for a long time before doing it: once, twice, and falling asleep right after. This was very private for her and she continued to hide it from Erich. Step by step, Eva lifted the oblivion and was able to convince both of them that she was wholeheartedly in favor of them fucking passionately. She often discussed it with Erich in the beginning until he was convinced. She was quite open and honest with him, there were just sometimes days when she didn't want to force herself to have sex and she was grateful that he was enjoying himself with the servant.

Eva had become pregnant for the third time and was looking forward to the child with Candor and the king. When she was expecting the second child, Prince Francis, she had to explain the process in great detail to four-year-old Karl Ludwig, who was almost five. The prince was incredibly docile and she had to take off her panties and explain to him in great detail, based on her own cunt, what was used for what and how the baby entered her body through the semen. He desperately wanted to understand the whole coitus and her explanations were obviously not enough. Without further ado, she sat down at the big screen and they watched a video together where he could see the whole copulation process from start to finish. She stopped the video at a certain point and explained to him that now the semen was spurting out of the penis into the vagina. She explained everything in detail and when he asked further that he was too young for it now, maybe at 14 or 15, it would be okay. They watched another video about the birth. Karl Ludwig was very impressed and stroked her fat belly, now he knew and didn't have to pay attention to the silly stories of the governess. Eva took it upon herself to have a serious word with the otherwise excellent person.

The third child will be a girl, Eva told Candor, and she, as the mother, would have to suggest a name, wavering from Anastasia to

Sophie and Zita. She racked her brains until Candor, full of grim despair, interjected, why not Maria Theresa, the most important Empress of the old monarchy? Eva took his joking suggestion seriously and read everything that had ever been written about this outstanding empress. She was able to convince Erich of her choice after telling him all about her. Erich sighed, for he had preferred to fiddle with Charlotte's cunt under her skirt during her history lessons and, of course, had not paid attention when she recited the material in a halting voice that giggled with sexual excitement.

Charlotte, despite her 35 years, had never had sex and had only touched her clit tentatively and hesitantly, but had never seriously satisfied herself. The young prince, however, not only touched her clit, he made her climax often and frequently during class. Thus she learned what she absolutely had to do after night prayer and after going to bed. She let the prince to fuck her without any resistance when he demanded to copulate with her. The defloration stung just a little and she gave herself whenever he demanded it, although she did not get much aroused in the fucking process, only a little bit. Doing it to herself when he was present was unthinkable to her, even though he kept suggesting it.

Eva had no complications in this birth either and Candor was mentally by her side, every minute holding her hand to assist her in the difficult hour. Immediately after the birth they examined the child together, it was as completely healthy girl as her two brothers. Candor detached himself from her with a heartfelt kiss as King Erich and the two princes were let in. Candor blurted out a hair and bit his tongue, thoughtfully stroking Roxane's beautifully curved hips and kissing her. It was a pity they didn't have a child together, he said regretfully. It may yet come, Roxane said with shining eyes. He nodded in affirmation, though he knew better. He steered the conversation to Marco, who had graduated from high school with honors last year and was now studying "something with computers," neither of them quite understanding. "He's sowed his wild oats, anyway," Roxane said, because Marco had fewer lady visits than before, his friendships very seldom lasting longer than two afternoons. Candor said that he wished with all his heart for the boy to find the woman of his life someday, just as he had met Elaine. A tick too late, he added, "and

you!” but Roxane had already turned to the wall and wrapped herself defensively in her blanket. “Tomorrow I may go to breakfast with Rüdiger,” she muttered bitterly, though she usually said “to Dina” and had certainly not slept with Rüdiger and Dina for more than half a year.

Dina had been waiting a very long time to finally get pregnant and have a child. At Candor’s request, Eva examined her from a distance and said she was perfectly healthy and clearly capable of conceiving. Rüdiger, as far as she could determine in this remote mental diagnosis, was also completely healthy, but his semen could not be assessed in this way. Candor had to let Eva show him in great detail how to orient himself in the abdomen of a woman and how he could find the fallopian tube and the ovaries. He studied Eva’s abdomen very carefully and after many exercises he found his way around. Eva taught him what was important in assessing the fallopian tubes and ovaries. Together with Eva, he checked Dina’s abdomen daily, and when an egg had matured and ovulation was imminent, he manipulated the Baron’s spirit to mount Dina immediately. However, Dina simply did not become pregnant. “Insemination program?” asked Eva, but he couldn’t make up his mind. He couldn’t just foist his semen on his friend and comrade-in-arms without a second thought!

He confessed to Eva (who of course already knew) that he had slept with Dina after Rüdiger had slept with Roxane. And that Roxane was thrilled by the baron’s cock and kept seeking him out. He lowered his head and she sensed how difficult it was for him to confide these secrets to her. She gave herself a jolt and told him frankly about her servant maid Nima and King Erich. He did not know the girl. Then she told him that initially only she had benefited from the girl’s undeniable glibness with her tongue and that her husband had joined her only later. How strong her husband’s sexual attraction was to the dark-skinned beauty and that she had already had two miscarriages. He looked at her startled, but she shook her head, saying she had no influence on that. She had discussed it with Erich for a long time, how he felt about a mixed-race bastard, and was happy with his reaction, because he would love it as much as the other bastards.

Since they had talked it out and he only participated in the insemination program on a case-by-case basis, the bond between Eva and the master was even better, even more intimate than before. Since his 70th birthday, death had been his daily visitor. He was not at all depressed, he only thought daily that sometime soon he would die a second time, but this time for good. Eva had checked him out immediately and found nothing threatening. A seventy-year-old with the amazing loin strength of a forty-year-old with respect to his cock and testicles. With his loin strength, he pleased her as much as Roxane, who experienced the slackening of loin strength in Rüdiger rather than in him. The master smiled mysteriously when Roxane brought it up shaking her head, knowing from her friends that their husbands had long since stopped being able to. He smiled and murmured that it was only magic and not a miracle, and that he was very, very glad of this magic. She gave him an affectionate pat, for she loved his loin strength, she loved being taken by him.

Eva was reassured, he was in great health and was only thinking about his future. He had talked at length with Eva, and also Roxane and Marco, about his will, and had also told them truthfully, in broad outline, about his fortune. Roxane and Marco would inherit him in equal shares, this was notarized and certified. Eva herself was financially very well secured with her secret accounts and as wife of the king anyway. He had discarded the idea of considering Roxane's kinship, that was for Roxane to decide for herself, but he never approached her about it.

Roxane visited Rüdiger and Dina at different intervals. She and the master slept together almost daily, and she was actually very fulfilled. Actually, yes, but sometimes she was tempted by Dina, sometimes she was just horny for the rustic and very powerful way Rüdiger took her. Rüdiger was at his best when he could watch Dina, there was no stopping him! Once the thought shot through her mind, namely that in all these years she had only rarely seen the Baron sleeping with Dina – she spoke to Dina about it and she said they had each other every day, taking Roxane was something special, at least for Rüdiger. The two women decided to share the baron sisterly, no matter what he thought. Roxane breathed a sigh of relief, for this united the women even more.

Eva's servant Nima, the one with the beautifully rounded bottom, was able to carry King Erich's child at the third attempt and gave birth to a handsome, healthy boy. His skin color was more white than black, and you had to look very closely to see his African roots. King Erich took him in his arms and hugged him, then kissed the servant Nima and suggested that the boy be named Orlando. He gave orders for the birth and his paternity to be officially registered, although the court was later overflowing with all sorts of whispers – no one had known about this morganatic connection. Princess Eve de Tourneville, after the king, was also allowed to hold the child and kissed it, then turned to the court and announced that Orlando would grow up together with his half-siblings.

The years flowed quietly. Marco had formed a shared apartment near the institute with a friend and a mutual girlfriend. The horny girlfriend, herself a computer specialist, they actually had in common, sometimes she slept with one or the other, sometimes they both slept with the girl. Since there was no more banging and courting, all three of them could concentrate on their studies and their projects.

Roxane had taken in a 15-year-old orphan girl of Asian descent and cared for Mia the way she had cared for Marco. After some time she and the Master had given up on the birthday gift girls, Roxane was plagued by arthritis and it became increasingly painful for her to sleep with the Master or Rudiger. It was certainly only unconsciously and without any particular intention to take in Mia in particular. But she had sensed at first sight the innocent–erotic charisma of the girl and made her decision not only with her big heart, but also with her throbbing loins. She did not know that Mia had already slept with several boys, but she did not seduce her until a few weeks later.

The Master agreed with Roxane's decision; he had detected in Mia's mind only childlike innocence, purity, and a decent nature. Of course, just like Roxane, he had discovered the girl's unbridled sexuality. Besides, Mia was already top of the class after the school year and liked studying very, very hard. That Mia had already had some brief sexual experiences spoke well for her, since most girls her age had already slept with many more boys than she had. They grew very

intimate together that first year, and it didn't bother him that Mia watched him and Roxane make love through the crack in the door and then indulge in their lust.

It didn't surprise him when Roxane whispered to him one evening that she had seduced Mia in the afternoon. He smiled and said she was welcome to take Mia to her marital bed; after all, he liked to watch, too. Although Roxane agreed affirmatively, it took several days before she nervously and awkwardly took Mia to her bedroom. Mia was slim, had small breasts with dark nipples and black pubic hair. She had tied her straight, pitch-black hair into a ponytail, emphasizing the roundness of her face, her black eyes hidden deep in an almond-shaped slit. The master looked into her private parts and found that Mia's fallopian tubes were quite clotted. She was only partially able to conceive.

His wife and the 15-year-old girl made love shyly and timidly, but he did not interfere and embraced them both very affectionately after they had exhausted themselves. When Mia had gone to her room, Roxane rode him with passion. They both smiled when she said that Mia had been secretly blinking at his hard-on the whole time. It was another week before Roxane took Mia's hand and let her touch the hard-on. "I already know how to do it" Mia whispered and started the handjob. Roxane stopped her little hand and said that he didn't like it that much.

Mia stroked his genitals indecisively and looked questioningly at Roxane. The latter smiled, sat on Candor and inserted his privates inside her, then rode him despite aching joints. She guided Mia's hand to her clit and let herself be released long before he poured out. Mia learned thus, how Roxane and the Master made love. A few days later, Roxane nudged Mia to do it today. The girl approached the master uncertainly, but when he smiled encouragingly, she sat on him and slowly and carefully guided his genital into her sex. Then she embraced him lovingly and rode him, but only with her deftly rotating abdomen. He was amazed, because Mia was one of the few women whose clit did not need to be rubbed, the climax came to her automatically every time during a long intercourse.

The three of them now had sex every day, and when Roxane's medicine worked well, she was as active as ever. Otherwise, Mia's activity was in demand; she loved the passive Roxane and Candor, laughing heartily at each squirting and hugging them both before she went to sleep. Only once did she make a remark about Candor's age, how good and firm his cock was, although the wrinkles of age had already dug into his face. He said with a smile that he would prefer it that way, the wrinkles on his face and not on his privates. They all three laughed and then Mia made a pass at his wrinkled sex.

Roxane visited Dina and Rüdiger only rarely, Dina wanted a child so much and Rüdiger's loins became more and more weak. Candor listened carefully and also took seriously her guilt that she was stealing Rüdiger's seed from Dina. One day, when the Baron was away on business, he went resolutely to his apartment at noon. Before knocking, he looked into Dina's mind; she was in the midst of her lust. She opened the door with a flushed face, sweaty and slightly breathless in a silk bathrobe. She invited him in and they gave each other a cheek kiss according to country custom. Her bathrobe fell apart gaping, revealing her beautiful, naked body. She unexpectedly embraced him, pressed her naked body very tightly against him and held him for what seemed like an eternity, then whispered in his ear, did he want her? "Of course," he said, and they made love in her bedroom bed. Afterward, they lay relaxed next to each other and smoked. He knew how much she wanted a child and it might be good if she went to see the doctor, the princess, she could definitely help. Dina nodded in the affirmative, she had already thought of it. They arranged to meet the next day and he left.

He went to see and fuck her every noon for five weeks and persistently asked if she had spoken to the princess yet. She nodded each time and promised, tomorrow! Then the Baron's out-of-town project was finished and he did not go further to Dina because of his return. Already three days later Eva asked him, "the Baroness von Stetten, that is your Dina, isn't she?", although she knew it of course. He answered in the affirmative and she told him that she had come to her for a fertilization. She was blindsided when Eva told her that she didn't need it, that she was already pregnant! He lowered his head and Eva read his mind. "Oh, sorry, I didn't know that!" He broke the

long silence, “It doesn’t make any difference, it would be my seed either way!” She jokingly threatened with a finger, wondering if that was the right attitude to work time, then they both laughed before making love. He visited Dina during a break and congratulated her on her pregnancy. They discussed whether Rüdiger should know the truth, but they both felt that he probably wouldn’t take it well. Dina would tell him the happy news in the next few days and she never wanted to talk about it again.

Ruediger came into his office all excited that Dina was finally pregnant! Candor congratulated him and served the finest cognac. He listened to the excited friend and after the fourth cognac sent him home, to Dina. He worked diligently on the greening project and almost had the French on the hook, writing and phoning them tirelessly. About a week later, Rüdiger came back to his office, closed the door carefully and sat down. “Master,” he began, “a delicate, private matter!” and thought long before continuing. No, everything was fine with Dina and the baby, he defended. Candor refrained from mentally probing him, a normal conversation was just fine too. “Ever since Dina got pregnant, she’s had an incredible appetite” said the Baron with a contrite look on his face. “So what,” Candor asked sanctimoniously, “is your refrigerator empty?” The Baron was in no mood to joke. “Sexual appetite,” he continued, “she wants it so often that I’m already coming along on my toes.” He looked directly into the eyes of his friend, who by now regretted his joking tone and waited patiently. “Damn it, Candor, I’m almost sixty already, it’s easy to run out of breath!” said Rüdiger, falling silent to formulate. “I know from Roxane that you are good in bed and still bring it with ease.” “Ah, private conversation?” jokingly interjected the master, who didn’t mind the problem as well as the solution.

“I’m quite serious,” said Rüdiger and continued, “when your wife needed me, I was always at her service, at least in the past. Now it needs my wife, whom I love very much and for whom I would do anything!” In the long silence, the master murmured, “Manus manum lavat.” Rudiger looked questioningly, not understanding it acoustically, and he rebuffed, just a stupid saying from the ancient Romans, then repeated it in Latin and German, although he knew that Rudiger understood Latin, of course. “I ask you as my friend,

who owes me nothing, if you would be willing? As a friendship service, even if it sounds completely weird?” Candor held out his hand for him to shake, “Yes, of course, we are friends after all!”

Ruediger hadn’t talked to Dina about it yet, they made a rather practical plan and discussed the details. Another handshake and Rüdiger hugged his friend. “Wife swapping yes, cuddling no!” grumbled the master, patting his friend on the back. “I don’t want to be considered too homophobic, but I don’t cuddle with men!” They laughed merrily and the shadows were gone from Rudiger’s face.

In the afternoon Candor went to see Dina, who was really blossoming with each passing day, showing him everything she had learned and been through in her eventful life. He kept wondering if she was the best sex partner he had ever had, she was certainly one of the best. That he could not go all out, she understood immediately, he still had Roxane (and Eva, and Mia, he added silently). Dina quite soon loved to snuggle in his arms on his lap and give herself pleasure. But he also loved it when she rode him soulfully and passionately and he poured out after a long time of restraint. Dina was the only woman who rode him very passionately and at the end massaged his glans with her cunt so skillfully that he began to pour blissfully and she then put her cunt completely over his cock. Whenever he told Eva or Roxane and Mia, they all listened in rapt attention, because he told it so vividly and emotionally, as if they were making love to Dina themselves. Mia sometimes cried with emotion (and jealousy, as he knew) and wanted to make love like that.

He divided his seed well, Eva and her project got most of it, there was always something left for Dina and Roxane or Dina and Mia or Dina, Roxane and Mia. It was different with each, each loved him in their own way. He was especially pleased that Mia was such a good sexual match for him and Roxane. She skillfully and gladly took the active and athletic part, licking Roxane’s clit diligently and riding Candors cock. She paused half a dozen times before his outpouring and trembled before continuing. Mia had listened well and soon mastered Dina’s technique as far as the finale was concerned. Afterward, she lay across his lap and he hugged her lovingly while she did it to herself. Roxane and he always found it exciting to watch her do

it herself. That his joints and muscles didn't take it all anymore surprised no one and they all tried to make it as gentle as possible with him. He was, after all, approaching eighty.

On his eightieth birthday, he went to the castle as he did every day and took up his work. Thank God it had not occurred to anyone to congratulate him and thus draw attention to him. When the king summoned him, it was like every other day, he sat down opposite the king as usual, his hands tucked into his sleeves. King Erich sat down hypocritically, pretending to study a document, but stood up and tore open the double French doors to the banquet hall.

Everyone was there. The princess with the princes and the little princess, the black Nima with little Orlando, the baron and their common Dina, Roxane with Marco and Mia, his closest collaborators, Major General Kunze and the whole court. Candor stood up nimbly and followed his king into the hall. It was a successful surprise, everyone shook his hand, a hundred women kissed his cheek and there was a chatter and feasting at the buffet that gladdened his heart. He went from group to group, talking to each and shaking a thousand hands. He embraced and kissed intimately all the women who had shared the bed with him. He embraced and kissed the beautiful Nima for the first time and looked into her womb. When he congratulated her, she was amazed and curious as to why he was congratulating her. "Well, you are expecting a child, beautiful woman!" and she waved it off in embarrassment, "oh what!" yet she was very thoughtful after that.

He was tired and worn out at some point. He sat down and thought about the fact that he had come another year closer to death. Eva looked out the window and into his mind. Well, old friend, so gloomy and sad? He lied that he was only sad because he could not please her or Dina that day. She laughed as bright as a bell and said, I already thought you were thinking of the Grim Reaper? They both laughed and he grinned, that was the nicest way to dispel his gloomy thoughts. She kissed him intimately in her mind, "Congratulations, my love!"

Faithfully he visited Dina every day, and she understood very well that he was no longer athletic enough for the classical nude act, after all her thickening belly did not allow her to ride. She lay in his arms most of the time now, making herself come up uncounted times in a row, while he caressed her breasts and her beautiful body, arousing her. She loved it when he did it to her with his fingers and made her rear up. More and more often she would passively lean back and ask him to do it to her. She kept her eyes closed and gently surrendered to sexual pleasure, daily. She held her roly-poly belly while he worked her open pussy and clit with his fingers. She said that Rüdiger instantly had a problem with her masturbating herself and felt ashamed as his seed gradually dried up. But the bond between them was strong and once he became a father, everything would be fine.

One day, after a long series of horny raptures, her water broke. The master called Rüdiger and her midwife and went home. Hours later, an exhausted Rüdiger reported, his son Norbert was born, a healthy beauty! Dina was also doing well, he added. The master congratulated and asked to congratulate Dina on his behalf. He added that he expected him to stay at home and stand by Dina for at least the next four weeks.

One of the following summers, the king and his family spent the hot days in dreamy Bad Aussee, Eva worked at the computer screen and little Karl Ludwig sat down next to her. He waited patiently until she had finished dictating and correcting the paragraph. He asked shyly if they could watch the video together again, the video where the man and the woman do it. Smiling, she looked for the video and ran it. She stopped smiling when she saw his big erection, which he was pushing around with his fingers. He wanted to see it again and pushed at his erection. "It itches and wants to be pinched" he said, looking up at her. She looked around again to see if they were really alone, then unbuttoned his pants. "For the next few years, until you're 14 or 15 and allowed to do it with a girl, you'll have to do it alone, I'll show you, how to" she said, "now watch carefully!" Then she did it to him and let him squirt on a handkerchief. His erection didn't collapse, so she had him do it again by himself. After some initial uncertainty, he did quite well, only after the third squirt did his little genital go flaccid. Being a smart and flash boy, he kept her sub-

sequent instructions well in mind and left. Afterwards, she discussed it with Candor, who also thought it was the right thing to do. Better he learn it from you than from some windy or perverted guy of your court! he said.

Prince Karl seemed to have an eidetic memory and devoured books, often more than thirty a week. He attended a public secondary school in order to meet friends and acquaintances “from the people” and not to become an aloof snob. In addition, he was continuously given a private tutor, usually professors from universities, who had three months each to teach him as much as possible about their subject. Little Karl learned like a world champion and the professors were surprised how clever and receptive the young prince was. He soaked up knowledge like a sponge and surprised them again and again with his understanding and clever conclusions. The princess pursued Prince Franz’s education with similar consistency; he, too, went to a public secondary school and received his private lessons. He was also an eidetic and just as clever as his older brother. An exciting competition developed between the two boys and yet they were simply boys and had a nice childhood.

Princess Maria Theresa hardly spoke a word in her first three years, but she was by no means mute. Eva didn’t let on, but she was worried, of course. It was Master Candor who discovered that this was why she spoke little or nothing, because she could read the minds of everyone around her. Eva was greatly relieved and began to encourage and guide her daughter’s talent. Simultaneously with this encouragement, she taught her to distinguish right from wrong, good from evil. At seven, the girl learned to influence the thoughts of others and Eva taught her not to abuse her gifts. The spiritual conversations welded the two very closely together. Like her brothers, the girl was an eidetic and was in no way inferior to them intellectually and in terms of diligence. Eva rejoiced immensely over her three children. A fourth was no longer possible, no egg was ripening in her and her ovaries had already begun to shrink.

One day an inattentive servant was serving her drinks and dropped Maria Theresa’s favorite cup from the tray. In her shock, Maria Theresa focused on the cup, whose fall was arrested at the last

moment and floated the last millimeters to the ground. The servant did not notice anything and he picked up the cup with his head high, Eva and the little girl looked at each other in amazement. From now on they worked on the development of telekinesis and soon the little one made good progress, aware that this had to remain an absolute secret. Only they three, Eva, Maria Theresa and Master Candor knew. Maria Theresa was also the only one of their children who one day said with conviction that her real father was Father Candor, as the three children called him, but that daddy Erich still remained her daddy.

Karl Ludwig, who talked about his sexuality quite openly and unabashedly with his mother, told one day that he no longer enjoyed his pleasure alone. He and his girlfriend Amelie were doing it together. Eva, who had only been listening with half an ear and was still dealing with another problem, remarked that it was all right for Amelie to watch. He said, yes, but she was doing it too. Eva now turned to him one hundred percent. You say she grab your cock and rub? He nodded and said she could do it beautifully. After a pause, he added that she had had her cunt examined very carefully by him and had shown him how she did it herself with her clit. He had also already learned it very well and did it to her as well. He told Eva everything from the beginning and left out no detail. Relieved, she sat back, it was all as it should be.

He dropped the hammer only at the end. He was already 14 now, whether he was allowed to do it, do it right with Amelie? Eva said he first had to convince himself whether she really wanted it as much as he did. In answer to his question, she said that they first cuddle, smooch and kiss each other to feel whether the abdomen, whether the sexuality reacted to the other. She also wanted to get to know Amelie beforehand. Okay, he said, and after half an hour came back holding hands with Amelie. It seemed to Eva that she had a good nature and was infatuated with Karl, but couldn't hold a candle to him in terms of education, intelligence and knowledge. She mentally examined the girl's abdomen and breathed a sigh of relief, the little girl had a very limited ability to conceive, so there was no risk of pregnancy. Eva wondered if Amelie had already told Karl that she had al-

ready done it with some boys? But she kept silent, that was between the two of them.

Eva nodded affirmatively to Karl Ludwig and whispered in his ear that it was all right on her part! He kissed her intimately on the cheek, took Amelie by the hand and pulled her into his room. Eva could hear through the half-open door, without any mental effort, how the two copulated almost continuously. When evening came, she went to the door and watched them for probably a quarter of an hour until they had finished copulating. Amelie, of course, had noticed her immediately and winked at her in a chummy manner. She tried even harder to make it exciting and made sure that Eva could see her private parts clearly. Amelie wasn't particularly pretty or smart, but she pretty much knew how to do it. After the boy had squirted, she kept the tip of the glans in her cunt and rubbed his privates vigorously until he was stiff again, then the two copulated rapidly again and she urged him on to faster and faster speeds as she rubbed her clit vigorously. Eva waited until Karl had cum for the x-th time and slowly pulled his privates out. It took a few more minutes before Amelie was also finished with her clit, sighing loudly. When her twitching and trembling had subsided, Eva cleared her throat loudly and said it was time for dinner.

After dinner, she told King Erich about the day's events. He listened with a smile and nodded at the end, that was good, that was all as it should be. His worry lines smoothed out when she said with conviction that it was just a nice first love and first sex for the two of them, and that she had a sure feeling that the little one would not conceive a bastard.

Nima had given birth to a beautiful little girl two months earlier, she was named Ayla and the king again ordered him to be officially registered as the father. That little Ayla, whose skin was dark like Nima's and yet very much like her father, would grow up in the king's family was clear to all. Five-year-old Orlando almost somersaulted with joy. Nima had followed Eva's instructions, showing Orlando her naked cunt and explaining everything in detail. She also showed him how the clit worked and let him watch as she masturbated herself. They had watched some videos together of copulating couples, but

she didn't want to put the little man through childbirth. She also showed him how to get an erection by rubbing and let him penetrate her cunt, but that was too much for him and he preferred that she masturbated herself again.

Eva shuddered at the foreboding that little Ayla would not grow as old as Orlando. But she shook off the black thoughts and kissed her husband's beautiful mistress so intimately that courtiers grew restless at this long French kiss. "I am very happy, for you and Erich!" She embraced Nima again and French-kissed her again. She had spoken from her innermost being and once again did not care for the impropriety of calling the king by his first name only.

Mia had blossomed into a beautiful woman. Her breasts had remained as small as when she was 15, but her clitoris was about three millimeters larger, stretching the folds of skin and the little hood when she was aroused. When she rode Candor, she rubbed his cock stiffly with a gentle hand and gave herself the second half dozen of her automatic explosions as she rode. She remained seated on his stiffness with her cunt quivering and her legs trembling before continuing her ride with her abdomen after a minute. She groped questioningly to Roxane's cunt and rubbed it when the answer was a yes. Although Candor had developed nothing more than fatherly feelings toward Mia, she had become his primary companion in bed at home. Despite some brief experiences with her peers, the old man remained her favorite lover, with him she experienced more orgasms than with anyone else. On his lap she could curl up in the fetal position and snuggle in his arms as her abdomen twitched and her legs trembled. Roxane was always with them, caressing them both with lascivious, eroticizing fingerstrokes. She had not had intercourse for many months because of her pain, but gave herself passively to Mia's tongue and fingers and then was always satisfied. She found it most beautiful to lie on the Master's lap, to be embraced by his arms and to spread her thighs very wide for Mia's tongue and fingers.

About three times a week he visited Eva in ordination, aging had not damaged the magic of their love. Eva rode him very differently than Mia or Dina and he still looked forward to every union with her. She examined his semen from time to time, it was good, of course not

like 15 years ago. After the union they sometimes talked about their children. The insemination program had been going on for a good 14 years and he worried about when the first half-siblings would have intercourse. Eva had fewer concerns and did not fear complications like those that occurred with incest.

She had given mental orders to the mothers to film their children copulating, even secretly if necessary, and to send her the videos. Most of the children agreed, only a very few were filmed secretly. Many mothers took close-ups and were proud when they could film the outpouring at close range. It was often heard that the mother gave precise instructions so that they could film the details even better. Often they instructed the boys to pull the cock out a bit so that the squirting could be filmed well. Or they would spread the girl's cunt with their fingers to record the spurting jets of semen. Often you could see the mothers working the girl's clit. All the videos ended only after the camerawoman had recorded her own clit play in close-up. Eva didn't even want to know what arguments the mothers used to get the kids to do the porn. Eva analyzed the images to identify the teenagers using a facial recognition program. This way, she could later examine the possible offspring medically.

The videos with the hottest and most explicit close-ups she often watched together with Candor, that spurred their associations. Something had gone wrong with the mothers, almost without exception, the wrong thread ran through the videos. The mothers almost compulsively followed the procedure of first copulating with the boys until they poured most of their semen into them and only then sleeping with the daughters. For many, this incestuous union took place for the very first time and was usually very shameful and guilt-ridden. Nevertheless, they continued to document everything meticulously. Shamefully but energetically, they asked the boys to do it a second time and filmed themselves again before lying down between the girls' thighs, focusing on their cunts in close-up and documenting how the male cock groped and slowly penetrated the female cunt. They filmed all the motions of making love and the rhythmic pumping as the boys squirted their jets of semen into the girls vagina. Often they asked the girl to work her clit. They continued filming until

the girl was also finished with her clit. It didn't surprise Eva that many of these incestuous liaisons between mother and son continued for years to come.

Candor and Eva discussed at length their differences regarding incest, which had been made that much more complicated by the erroneous order to the mothers. Eva racked her brain as to how this mistake could have occurred and found no answer. It could only be because she was still busy with some patient stories when she formulated her commands. Nevertheless, she watched all the videos and made a note of all the people the facial recognition had found. Candor sometimes helped her with this, but he could not be dissuaded from his belief that more harm could come from the incestuous connections. Eva was initially surprised at how many mothers got pregnant by the boys. The mothers continued to follow the thread for months, letting the boys squirt all their seed inside them. They were not allowed to copulate with the girls or daughters until they were no longer able to pour out much or any semen. Eva made careful notes of which mothers became pregnant by their own sons through incest, so that she could later examine these children. As it turned out later, no significant damage was found in the offspring, which made Eva very happy.

Even before Norbert von Stetten was a year old, Dina asked him to visit her again. Rüdiger would not object, as she loved her husband with all her heart and was draining him daily by working on child number two. Candor insisted that she speak to the Baron first, and he stuck to that. Of course, he was looking forward to her exciting body and latched onto her thoughts in the evening when he felt it was the right time. Rüdiger drank a cognac and smoked, Dina sat next to him in a stunning nothingness of silk bathrobe and gently stroked his face and tickled the crown of his hair. Skillfully she seduced her husband and the master experienced the brief union with Dina's eyes, mind and body. He felt her great and warm love for her husband, her rising and exploding lust when she touched her clit and her disappointment when Rüdiger squirted way too early and pulled out his piston. It still took her a long time to finish. Playfully she took his good piece in her hand and caressed it, but Rüdiger just couldn't take anymore.

They talked about putting intercourse on the favorable days. Dina threaded it very cleverly to bring the master into the game. He agreed in the end that she would get her pleasure with the master and he would only have to fulfill his procreation duty on relevant days. He would talk to his friend first thing tomorrow. Dina bit her lips not to reveal that she already had his friend on the hook. Candor stayed with her until Rüdiger fell asleep breathing loudly and she gave herself the horniest pleasure in great anticipation. The next day, Rüdiger actually approached him and explained the situation truthfully. He for her lust, Rüdiger for the procreation. The master did hesitantly, but finally agreed, the timing should Rüdiger make out with Dina. Then he sat back and grinned smugly after Rüdiger left. Two days later, Dina called impatiently and they arranged to meet the next noon.

He visited her almost daily and was very pleased, because she had worked persistently on her figure during this year of their separation. She was slim and slender as never before, her plump breasts even larger than before. They were amazingly large and firm since breast-feeding and a pure feast for the eyes. She had removed her pubic hair according to fashion and her cunt did not show her 35 years. They joined in joyful frenzy until his body reminded him that he was more than twice her age and she had to ride him. Rüdiger fulfilled his part for a full year until Dina was ready for the second child. She was pretty good at calculating her time ready to conceive and misleading her husband. Since Rüdiger was only allowed to mount her once a month, the level of his semen was quite high and his contribution was also more pleasurable for Dina than his dry poking before. Rüdiger was able to get her highly aroused with his enormous club and squirt a fair amount of semen inside, in rich, thick jets. The master latched onto her mind and loins in the process and experienced everything together with her, but she only had real, exploding pleasure after Rüdiger had fallen asleep.

They continued their deceptive game throughout the year. She would set the day and he would secretly check to see if an egg had ripened. Still, it took them two months before Dina was pregnant. They were both very happy and Dina went to the gynecologist two days later, only to tell Rüdiger about the joyful event.

Meanwhile, the king had a firm grip on his parliamentarians. At first, he had listened helplessly to the inane chatter of the parliamentarians and party bigwigs. But he listened well to Master Candor and the other masters and tackled the matter more wisely. He quickly interrupted the parliamentarians and asked them what they were doing for the people, for the kingdom. He required each one to think, whatever their thoughts. They were to find a topic or a project and report back in 14 days with a synopsis. No matter what the chances of success were, whether and how it fit in with the party image, they were to express themselves freely, idealistically and off the cuff. Then he complimented them out. He repeated this over and over again until one or the other understood. It had taken longer than three years, but now there were real debates in the once sleepy parliament around issues that concerned the people. Parties were fighting for the king's favor and taking responsibility for laws and coexistence. King Erich shifted more and more responsibility to parliament, which seemed the right thing to do.

Candor set aside half an hour of thinking time every evening after sunset, drank a cognac and smoked a fat cigar. He needed this quiet time to himself, recovering from his exertions with Eva and, of course, Dina. He enjoyed the anticipation of Mia and her quiet, erotic way of pleasing him and giving herself the beautiful quiver and tremble. He reviewed the day, thought over the decisions he had made. Often he reached for the dictation pen to jot down additions and ideas. Sometimes he dictated into the cigar and when he realized his mistake, he laughed out loud and treated himself to another cognac. The well-behaved dictator nevertheless had everything finely noted and was never jealous of the cigar. He had made quite good progress with the greening project, at least nationally, and often thought of the quote that humanity was the most dangerous species because it was destroying its own planet. He was quite aware that with this project he was working against the stupid self-destruction of his own species.

Something was wrong, Eva had said to Candor several times. She couldn't tell what it was or where the feeling came from. But it was getting more intense with time, and she couldn't just ignore it. She proceeded methodically as she tested her surroundings, her ordina-

tion, with all the physical methods she knew. She found nothing, no special radiation or unusual waves. She had several professors perform all sorts of tests, but all to no avail. Months passed and she continued the ordination without ever feeling relieved of her eerie feeling. When she was with Candor, she asked him to read her mind and see if he might find something. But the moment he entered her mind, she said it was gone. The eerie feeling was gone. In the weeks that followed, she called upon him mentally many times, and as soon as he reconnected with her, the unsettling feeling was gone, too.

It was Maria Theresa who one day said to her mother, “Mama, an evil man is in your thoughts, why?” Eva’s mouth remained open in surprise, but she took this opening very seriously. She embraced her daughter mentally, for Maria Theresa was physically in the school library, encouraging her that if she discovered the bad man again, she would get back to her. She discussed her daughter’s inspiration with Candor. He said, as if shot out of the blue, that a few days ago he had the feeling that someone was scratching or pawing at his mind. Someone, that is, neither Eva nor Maria Theresa. But he had immediately erected a kind of barrier and the intruder disappeared immediately. Eva, of course, asked him about the barrier, but he did not know how he had erected it, nor how it worked. He tried again and again, but he could not erect the barrier arbitrarily.

He came to her as often as his duties allowed. He lay next to her on the bed, looking for the bad man, every day. One day, they got lucky. Her eyelids fluttered and she breathed heavily, as if in a fuck. Her legs twitched and she breathed heavily, her breasts rising and falling. Infinitely cautious, Candor approached her in spirit and, to his amazement, was successful. He saw him. Not physically, but as a dark being that held Eva’s spirit in an iron grip. The dark one held Eva tightly and copulated hastily with her. Candor placed a hand on Eva’s skirt over her pubic and could feel her, her body surrendering, quite clearly. He saw that her mind was paralyzed and she was practically unconscious. The dark one had not yet discovered him, rising in frenzy and pouring himself twitching and thrusting into Eva’s cunt. Candor’s hand on Eva’s pubic felt her twitching, trembling come in her abdomen.

He kept hidden, watching the dark monster stiffen again and brutally thrust into Eva's cunt again. The dark one screamed silently and whipped Eva's buttocks with his hand as he brutally thrust into her. The rape went the same way as the previous one. But this time Candor didn't wait any longer, the moment Eva's abdomen began to twitch and the dark one stood up to squirt, he jumped on the dark one's back and grabbed his head with both hands, thrusting with all his might. The monster released Eva's spirit and shook off its attacker. Eva and Candor stared at the dark one. "Who are you?" they shouted simultaneously and stepped back from the danger zone. Who are you, they both asked, looking at the dark one, who suddenly didn't seem so big and threatening. "My name I will not say, but I am he who has taken many of you ladies of high rank. And now I want the king's wives!" He grinned cheekily as Candor murmured that his name was Bo. They both felt that Bo had erected a block around his thoughts and was looking at them fixedly. "I'll get them all, no one can stop me!"

Candor made a move to grab him, but the sinister Bo was elusive. "I'll get them all, count on it!" said Bo in a threatening undertone. "I see you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you!" There was a deep, threatening silence. Bo rose and said, "I'll get the first one within the hour!" and disappeared.

They talked about this event for a long time. Candor simply refused to believe that anyone else besides them had this gift and used it with such skill for his filthy, miserable adventures. Eva lowered her head and said in a hushed voice that never before had a man been able to bring her to such an explosion as Bo. She blushed so hard that Candor immediately gave her a reassuring hug and kissed her forehead, saying it was okay. Eva's com chirped. The castle's emergency code. She immediately answered the call. Her face turned ashen when the sobbing operator brought out that the little princess was dead and immediately corrected herself when she heard her cry of pain, no, not that princess, but Princess Ayla. They would be right over, Candor said, ending the call. Eva called again and ordered not to touch little Ayla until she arrived.

They ran as fast as they could and arrived at the royal private chambers out of breath. Eva cried out when she saw little Ayla lying there, completely distorted. She examined the three-year-old child; she had obviously died of a sudden cardiac death, all signs pointed to it. But she also saw the child's horror and that she was clutching her shame protectively with both hands. Candor leaned over Eva's shoulder, looked at the little one for a few seconds, and whispered in horror, "Bo!" Eva nodded and ordered the child to be autopsied by the best pathologist.

The king, Eva, and Nima stood in Nima's bedroom holding each other, letting their tears flow and comforting each other. Nima had been reading in the next room as Ayla slept in her crib. She had not noticed her daughter's death throes and Eva comforted her, saying that in sudden cardiac death there was no death throes, Ayla had died instantly, she had not suffered. The king stepped aside and gave orders to his adlatus to make all the arrangements that are customary in the death of a member of the royal family. Obviously the official wanted to object, but the king ruled him so angrily that the two women winced. That evening, the three of them ate in the king's bedroom and slept holding each other in his oversized bed, which usually served as a playground for their love life. But today, no one was thinking about sex.

Little Maria Theresa tugged Candor by the sleeve. "Come, Father Candor!" They went into her room and the little girl clutched him as she cried silently. He wondered desperately how old she would be, 11 or 12? "I'll be 14 in two months," she said, smiling again. Then she spoke no more and connected with his mind. I thought that the court need not know. What, my child? he asked, stroking her cheek soothingly, the court has not only ears, but also eyes! She nodded and patiently let him continue stroking her. She said it was about something else. She had noticed for weeks that every night Nima dreamed of the bad man.... She sent him a picture of Nima copulating with Bo instead of the vulgar word. Candor nodded. And this afternoon the bad man came to Ayla and wanted her too... again she sent the picture of Nima copulating. Ayla was terrified and died. "That's what I wanted to tell you, Father Candor! I thought you should know, because that's exactly what happened!"

He explained to her that he was already taking care of hunting down and killing this evil Bo, that's his name, that's exactly what Bo deserved. He deserved to die for killing your innocent little sister, he said. They talked about the bad man for a long time, he told her everything she could understand and left out anything compromising. Maria Theresa thought along with him, and when Candor mentioned the barrier, she resolutely said she wanted to help catch Bo. He spoke to her like an adult and interjected that Bo was very dangerous and especially so for women, he wanted her He also avoided the vulgar word and sent a picture of Bo raping Eva. He felt her fright and said he would not let Bo do that to her. Still, Maria Theresa said, she wanted to contribute as best she could. She knew he was dangerous, but she was not afraid.

Only now did he notice that she had become a young lady, with rounded hips and beautifully curved, small breasts and – she interrupted him blushing, “But, Father Candor!” He was silent, embarrassed because he had looked at her body, looked at her naked body, and apologized, for she could see it in his lustful thoughts. When they got up, she stood boldly and challengingly in front of him and said, if you want to see me naked, please! and let him see her nakedness. He looked at her for a long time and stroked her pubis with the back of his hand, touching her clit curiously with his fingertip. “I’ve been doing it with this since I was 6” she said candidly, flooding him with images of her virginal lust. Then she added, “I’ll take my time with the boys when Mother approves.” Smart kid, he said, wiping away her nudity with a wave of his hand. He took her hand and they went back to the others.

Over the next few weeks, he couldn't stop Bo from going down on both Eva and Nima. Bo protected himself perfectly behind a blockade, he could only sit helplessly by while the fiend raped Eva. He often stayed in the castle and when everyone was asleep, he would sneak up to the sleeping chambers and make sure that the king, Eva and Nima were sleeping undisturbed. Bo seemed to focus on Nima, almost every night he would show up at her place. The master went silently to Nima's bedchamber and sat very close to her, for he sometimes nonsensically thought he had greater strength, greater power, through proximity. He could not penetrate Nima's mind, Bo's block-

age was much too strong. The master looked through the textiles at Nima's naked body, the movements of her pubic were like coitus. This woman was a single erotic work of art, the master looked at her lustful fireworks like a 13 year old seeing it for the first time. He looked at her until Bo left her after a while and also withdrew.

So about a fortnight passed without him being able to even begin to enter Nima's or Bo's mind. One night Maria Theresa had woken up and spoke to him. But even she could not overcome the barrier. Maria Theresa watched Nima curiously until her lustful spasms ended. But it gives her a lot of pleasure, she said breathlessly to Candor, that is not dangerous! He replied, it happens against her will, without her consent, while she was still grieving. And Ayla died because he is murderously dangerous! She remained silent, affected. Nima's horny copulation had pleased her very much, but when she thought of Ayla, she became infinitely sad. That was rape and murder.

For the next three nights, the two tried to forestall Bo, and succeeded on the fourth night. The master and Maria Theresa had finally beaten him to it and were waiting for him. Maria Theresa sensed him first and paralyzed him, slowing his thinking. It was enough to let Candor enter his mind and read out his whole life story within a few minutes. Maria Theresa developed unimagined powers and did not let go of him, forcing him to his knees until he dissolved and disappeared. Now the master told what he had found out.

Bo was the son of Professor Giese and a lab assistant. Bo knew only from hazy memories of his mother how it all happened. The professor, completely convinced of his gene manipulation experiments, removed the fertilized egg, manipulated it and replanted it. However, he died when Bo was very small and could not continue the experiment. His mother lost her mind over his death and raised him in a forest cabin on the outskirts of town. Bo did not attend school or fellowship with other people. The only thing he learned was to take what was needed, because the forest offered everything needed to live. The primitive, socially completely neglected boy reached puberty and discovered his special talent when he overheard lovers at the edge of the forest and was able to mentally penetrate the girls'

minds to empathize with their lust. Since he had always slept with his mother, she noticed his involuntary ejaculations when she masturbated her clit before falling asleep and did it as she always did. She had then shown him how to insert his cock into her cunt and move, how to hold back his hasty ejaculation, and how to make love to her with full pleasure. For the next few days they stayed in bed and copulated almost without ceasing. Since he had never rubbed himself before, she made him stiff again by hand so they could continue copulating. She taught him to hold back the outpouring and keep thrusting until she had rubbed her clit enough to be ready for the explosion. At first she nodded at him, "Now!" and he poured himself into her convulsions. In the aftermath, too, he mounted her whenever he was stiff. The 13-year-old satisfied his unholy urge on his mother, mentally and physically, every day. The poor woman tolerated everything patiently and set him no limits. He could do anything he wanted.

He learned at the edge of the forest how lovers and girls made love physically, and mentally raped many a girl with adolescent urges, without them understanding how it could be. He learned to pour his seed in this mental intercourse. The lovers gradually stopped coming, the forest was haunted. During these ten years he learned to experience pleasure and satisfaction and watched with interest when his mother was still fiercely engaged with her clit after intercourse. She had many miscarriages, but gave birth to three children, whom he took to the farmhouses at night and abandoned, according to her instructions.

She fell ill, languished without care, and died when he was in his mid-twenties. He was disappointed beyond measure that the dead woman did not respond at all to his sexual activities, although he copulated with her several times. She also did not respond when he told her he was leaving. He wandered into the city, sat in the parks and watched the people, so many people! When he felt hungry and thirsty, he mentally ordered the first person to get him food and drink. He felt no urge to learn from people or to understand them. He only ever needed a woman to fuck, but getting close to them physically usually ended in a beating. He limited himself to mentally raping them, which put many in very embarrassing situations. He

took the beautiful and the ugly, the fat and the slim, the young and the old.

His wickedness grew daily, how satisfying it was to mentally rape women and girls in public and sexually humiliate them in front of a large audience. Taking over the minds of women in the marriage bed and making them behave so lewdly that the spouse lost hearing and sight, that delighted him. Money or property never interested him, although he could have demanded anything. And whoever stood in his way or opposed him, he killed, like the rabbits and deer in the forest. Killing was not accompanied by any emotion such as guilt or injustice, it was only a matter of standing up to an obstacle. The city was a paradise hunting ground for him, he got food and drink for free, dwelled in the dark incels and was often lucky that a woman let herself be manipulated and fucked with him. The city was full of girls and women, he only had to pick them like apples from a tree. Almost daily he found a companion whom he could mount and inseminate at will at night, in a dark corner, as he had been able to do with his beloved mother. He knew only his own urges and did not care at all how distraught, miserable and guilt-ridden these women felt afterwards. Many men were frozen when the intruder paralyzed them and then raped his wife before his eyes. More than once he strangled a husband who resisted. There were very many whom he killed without it being recognized as murder. Some times it was also the girls or women who dared to resist him, whom he strangled very slowly during the sex act and looked into their breaking eyes after he had poured himself into their cunt and continued copulating until they lay lifeless. He knew neither guilt nor shame and abused the women without any sense of guilt.

More and more often he listened to the thoughts and conversations of the townsfolk. There was often talk of the king, where he lived and how he lived. He seemed to be the most important person in the town, some disliked him, but most revered him very much. But everyone talked and thought that the king had the most beautiful, best and attractive women and that the most beautiful, best and attractive girls in the whole city served with him. From now on, he sat on a park bench in front of the castle every day, looking for the many girls that had been talked about. When he located one, he manipu-

lated her in front of a mirror so that he could look at her. If no one else was present, they had to bare their breasts and lift their skirts in front of the mirror so that he could inspect their cunt. They all pleased him and he directed them to a cozy corner where they had to do his bidding and masturbated. Before he released their minds and ordered them never to speak about it, he asked each one about another attractive and erotic girl and how he could best approach her.

After a few months he felt he had had them all, which wasn't true, but he knew he was going in circles and abusing mentally the same beauties over and over again. He started asking the girls who the king's wives were and how he was most likely to find them. That's how he came to Eva and Nima. Their daughters did not interest him yet. At last, at last, he had the king's wives!

Maria Theresa shook with disgust, although the master had told her nothing about how Bo had tried to rape little Ayla. M.T., as she called herself, understood now why Bo was dangerous to everyone. Why Father Candor wanted to kill him. She was literate enough to understand the futility of incarceration, a man with Bo's abilities was not stopped by prison walls. Containing a man's thoughts or creating a protective shield was not possible at that time. Eva, who had awakened at the end of her fight with Bo and had heard the master's narration, said that after a brief consideration she too was of the opinion that Bo could not be saved. But she was dead tired and had to sleep, think about the whole thing again in peace. The master got up and lovingly tucked Nima in, then went home.

Roxane was already fast asleep, Mia was waiting for him with her face heated with pleasure and snuggled on his lap. Her warmth and tenderness instantly awakened his underemployed cock; he hadn't made love to a woman in days. He poured himself out prematurely with a thick, juicy stream without his cock going limp. With half an ear he listened to Mia, who told him in a whisper that in the afternoon she had given herself to one of the students who had been pestering her for weeks, but the boy had nothing to offer except semen, a lot of semen, not like you, Father Candor! He slowly fell asleep in spite of Mia's wonderful abdominal work, feeling a bit of a fraud, for his thoughts were first on Nima's wonderful womb and then on the

sexual images Maria Theresa had shown him of her childish sexual activities. Yes, on second thought, he kept recalling these images, in which his little daughter played the main sexual role, as he slowly fell asleep. It was nothing unusual for Mia to considerately ride him on even after he had fallen asleep, bringing on the last squirting of a long day. After all, she could treat herself to masturbate if she still needed it. M.T. had long since entered his mind and was letting him participate in her clit play in real time as he gradually fell asleep. M.T. used her skills and maintained his stiffness, simultaneously slipping into Mia's experience, putting herself into her cunt and giving her many trembling tremors. Mia kept going, on and on and was already completely exhausted, but M.T. wanted to delay and witness her union with Father Candor as long as possible. She finally released his squirting and experienced it as if she were in Mia's place, feeling his semen spurt in bursts into her vagina. After that, she released Mia's mind. Later she confessed to the master that she had made love to him very often in Mia's body. He had listened to her confession with his head down, now he raised his head and looked at her with peculiar shining eyes.

The master spoke with Major General Kunze, who by now commanded all intelligence services in an exemplary manner. For safety's sake, Kunze came to the master personally, and the first thing he did was put a black box, a Signal jammer on the table before they talked. Candor had asked him to investigate the lab assistant at the Giese Institute, as well as her son Bo and the three abandoned babies. Kunze had been able to track down two of Giese's lab assistants who were employed at the time of Prof. Giese's death. One had died years ago at a ripe old age, had a family, children and grandchildren, so the master excluded her. The other, Monika Ansbach, had resigned after the professor's death and disappeared. There was no indication of pregnancy. She did not appear anywhere again, nor did any child of hers. Kunze's otherwise omniscient apparatus could find out nothing about Bo and the babies. Nothing at all! Although only very few children were abandoned because of the mother's pension, there were still several thousand every year. Since the master had no idea in which years Bo had abandoned the children, his people would concentrate on cases where at intervals 3 children were abandoned not

far from a patch of forest at presumably the same settlement. But investigations with such few parameters took a long time.

The master assured the secret service man again that this ominous Bo was the result of a failed experiment by the professor, had been going around unrecognized as a serial killer in the city for some time, and his murders were probably in the databases as “sudden cardiac death” or “strangled by unknown”. Bo’s typical method, he said, was strangulation, far more men than women. Kunze diligently took notes, and the master relayed everything he knew, affirming that this Bo was incendiary and definitely not a figment of his imagination, but flesh and blood. The babies were now probably older than 10, perhaps completely harmless, but perhaps just as murderous as their biological father Bo. That, the master said, gave him the biggest headache, not Bo himself, whom he would soon apprehend. Since the royal family was apparently one of his next targets, security had been doubled and tripled. He would be with the royal family day and night and probably the only person on the planet who could practically smell the presence of the serial killer. Kunze nodded silently and continued writing without asking the master what kind of smelling organ it was. He knew that the master often predicted catastrophes precisely and read well the unerring way in which the master had investigated the royal murders. The Master definitely had a “nose,” Kunze was sure of that, but as a realistic-minded person, he could not afford superstition or the notion of superpowers.

A few days later, with Maria Theresa’s help, the master managed to stop Bo after raping Nima. He penetrated as far as he could to Bo’s mind, approached him and wanted to know what he was up to? Bo had little experience in developing plans let alone talking about them. He simply wanted to have all the king’s wives and if she resisted, he would make her dead. Bo said it quite matter-of-factly and callously. Then he would be the king, but that didn’t matter to him, he didn’t have the slightest idea about power and being king. The women, he wanted to have for himself alone, even the very young ones. M.T. shuddered in disgust. The master involved Bo in a longer conversation and made it clear to him that there was a big difference between taking a woman in the mind and actually mounting her in the physical world. Bo understood this difference immediately. And

getting past the palace guards, etc., was out of the question, the master said in a deliberately provocative manner. “And, who is going to stop me, you perhaps?” asked Bo, grabbing the master by the throat. The latter fought back with all his might and almost lost his senses in this murderous mental struggle. Undoubtedly, Bo would kill him. At the last moment, M.T. was able to conjure up the illusion of a palace guard, who hit Bo over the head with his weapon. Bo disappeared instantly. The master coughed for a quarter of an hour and had a sore throat for another week. But he had M.T. explain the “illusion” to him in detail and practiced with her.

He was fully aware, as was Maria Theresa, that Bo’s abilities were unusually strong and he would certainly be very difficult to defeat. M.T. objected that with her mother, there would be three of them. Perhaps the three of them together were strong enough. At any rate, she hoped so, because it was now a matter of life and death, for all of them.

Days later, the master arranged with Eva to visit her at the ordination the other afternoon. There was a lot they couldn’t talk about in the castle. She would be right there, she said, because he was already standing in front of the side entrance. He cut the connection when he noticed that the two bodyguards, who usually formed the vanguard, stood motionless in front of the entrance, frozen in a pillar of salt. He hurried up the stairs, the back entrance standing ajar. He slipped in quietly and heard the typical copulation sounds coming from the bedroom. Unconsciously, he picked up the fire extinguisher next to the door and looked inside. It was Bo, he recognized him immediately, kneeling between Eva’s thighs and copulating with her. He heard Eva’s pleasurable gasp as her abdomen exploded lustily and Bo straightened to push her on after the first jet of semen. Candor raised the fire extinguisher with both hands and smashed it violently on Bo’s head. The latter fell to the side, then to the ground with empty eyes. The master raised the extinguisher to strike again if necessary, for semen continued to spurt from the fiend’s cock in thick jets for seconds. No, the guy was dead, dead as a doornail. The bashed-in skull looked terrible.

He had killed a human being!

He looked at Eva, but it was not Eva. It was Maria Theresa, he realized stunned, her eyes closed and her face radiant as she let the quivering of her abdomen subside comfortably. From her throbbing pubis Bo's white semen oozed out as a viscous trickle. The master dropped the fire extinguisher to the floor and stood between the bed and the corpse. Then he pulled the sheet over M.T.'s abdomen. She suddenly looked at him and looked around. "Is he gone yet?" she asked, discovering legs and socks behind him. He could say nothing but that Bo was dead. No, she shouldn't look, it didn't look good. As he sat down next to her, he looked into her abdomen and breathed a sigh of relief. He saw a whole sea of Bo's semen, but no egg. She could not conceive from Bo. Her cunt was deepest and appeared chafed. He asked her to tell everything. He listened while his body reacted to the adrenaline rush with violent tremors. Amazingly, she blocked her mind and told, whispering softly.

M.T. had of course eavesdropped and knew that he would meet her mother here. She had, however, contacted Bo and arranged to meet him here, posing as Eva, to fuck physically with him. He was fooled and came after he had charmed the bodyguards. She could maintain the illusion of being Eva for only seconds, Bo was indifferent and he opened his pants. "But I knew you were coming soon, so I held him until you came!" That was all, she thought. If he could read her mind, he asked, and after much hesitation she agreed.

He could see that it was all true. He saw Bo undressing her rather roughly and throwing her on the bed. He felt her fright, for Bo's private parts were larger than any she had seen before. She softened herself so she wouldn't be hurt and so she didn't fight back. She felt the defloration for only a moment and when he squirted, she took advantage of his lapse in concentration and vigorously grabbed his consciousness. She concentrated entirely on keeping Bo trapped in her cunt until help arrived. Candor noticed when Bo squirted out and had to continue right after, as M.T. held his mind captive and ordered him to continue copulating. Bo couldn't help it, he was continuously erect and had to keep going, keep copulating and bring the girl to climax. He seemed to be squirting an inexhaustible amount of semen. The secret M.T. wanted to keep was her rising arousal and her own pleasure explosions. For all her disgust at what was happen-

ing, in retrospect it seemed unseemly for her to have enjoyed sexual pleasure and the climaxes.

When he heard Eva on the stairs, he immediately informed her of all the events, and when she came in, she very gently embraced Maria Theresa and stroked her hair. “Oh, you silly child, the three of us would have thought of something smarter than that!” With that, the motherly criticism ended; she never addressed it again. Then, after a quick glance at the corpse, she hurried into the surgery and came back with a lot of jars, vials and wipes. “So you won’t catch anything,” she said, uncovering Maria Theresa and beginning to clean her daughter’s cunt, and the master looked on with interest.

When she finished, he suggested they go to the castle and he would handle this with Kunze. Eva agreed and went to the Hofburg with MT. He reached Kunze and since they were talking about the unprotected com, he kept it short. The lieutenant colonel could find him in the princess’s ordination, the hunt for Bo had ended successfully. Yes, quite wet. He might just bring people he trusted plus a cleaning crew. Yes, that was all, everything else verbal.

Kunze and his men arrived and did their job. He sat down with the major general in Eva’s office. He gestured to Kunze to set up the defense box to jam signals and waited patiently. Then he told Kunze how it had happened. The latter noted everything down and put a hundred question marks. He had located Bo and pretended to be a vengeful accomplice, he had put the Princess de Tourneville in her ordination, and Bo could come here and consult with him as to how they proceeded. Then he lured the unsuspecting man into the bedroom and hit him from behind with the fire extinguisher. One blow, that’s it! The master cleared his throat and said that he was glad that it had gone without bothering the royal family, which was still in mourning because the rape and murder of little Ayla. He thought it would not be necessary to make further investigations in the castle. Kunze did not mention the obviously semen-soaked sheet, nor the clot of semen from Bo’s genitals, the lowered pants and the naked abdomen. Kunze thought his piece, the master saw that. He shook his head in denial and put his index finger to his lips, which Kunze immediately understood.

Kunze skimmed his notes, then recapped it aloud again and looked at the master. "This makes a perfect report," he said, "as long as the court doesn't want to know how the contact with the serial killer was made. We have now discovered more than a dozen murders that Bo may have committed, so we will keep the court busy for the next while. I suppose that would be to your liking?" The master looked him straight in the eye and said he had done nothing wrong except slaying a homicidal serial killer. Since the royal house was the target, it was his duty and self-defense by extension. "And, my dear Major General, sometimes I have a hunch about where I'll find my guy. You know that! But I haven't yet found a sensible way to explain it to ordinary mortals without ending up at the stake as a witch!" The Major General smiled sympathetically and muttered, "If I go to the judge with this, I'll be sent to the madhouse!" They both laughed and the master took his leave with a serious handshake.

Dina had faithfully nursed Nima, who had been feverish for weeks and was now finally free of fever. Dina knew that Candor had something very important to do and was immediately ready to give up her afternoons with the master. Stunned, she witnessed the feverish Nima being brutally raped by an invisible man, but she remained ironcladly silent, as the master had commanded.

Candor could have slept through three days like the dead, but Mia woke him to snuggle with him. When she was satisfied, she let him sleep on until she needed him again after a short time. Mia had taken a few days off and stayed in bed with him for three days. Roxane half-heartedly protested letting the old man sleep in, but Mia knew better. He hadn't touched a woman in a very long time and Mia pulled out his cock and copulating before he squirted. His semen shot out in such thick jets that even Roxane was amazed and convinced by Mia's argument. She left the two alone and went for therapy with hot kerosene baths. Mia allowed him to sleep, in between. He smiled indulgently when Maria Theresa joined in. On the fourth day he felt refreshed and went to the castle, work and Dina were already eagerly waiting for him.

He also saw Eva again, they watched Maria Theresa's first-time intercourse with Bo together a few times and filled Eva's refrigerator

with more semen. She felt Maria Theresa should wait with being fucked until she was actually 14 and he had no objection to that. She apparently knew nothing about the fact that M.T. had been fucking with him, or rather Mia, for some time when she played with her clit at night. He kept quiet because he didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings.

At night, he was startled as M.T. clung to thoughts of copulating with Bo and rhythmically poked a finger into her cunt while playing with her clit. "You must forget him, instantly!" he said, interrupting her. He thought for a moment and quickly formed the illusion of a male cock, prettier and more prominent than Bo's. "Do you like it?" he asked, and she nodded. Delicately and lovingly, he guided the illusionary cock into her cunt and copulated with her, letting the pace and firmness increase until M.T. gradually exploded. It seemed important to her that the cock poured out in thick jets and the imaginary semen slapped firmly into her cunt. She lay stretched out like the crucified every night, her cunt pumping rhythmically along with the cock, and her raptures were genuine, real and beautiful. After about a week, he found that she was no longer thinking about Bo and told M.T. that it was now time to tell Eva about all this. She resisted for a long time, but he persisted. It would be wrong to hide everything from her mother. He promised to proceed wisely and to tell M.T. afterwards what came out.

Days later he was lying next to Eva on her bed, they were resting and smoking. The beautiful woman in her late forties had ridden him in her quiet, soft way and supplied the semen in the cooler. The fertilization program will eventually run out, she said, I've examined your semen and it's becoming increasingly ineffective. He nodded and muttered, you're not 20 anymore, to which they both had to grin. Just say when you don't want us to fuck together anymore, he said, getting a friendly slap. I need that for myself, silly! she teasingly chided him, straightening up and parading her naked abdomen in front of his face. She spread her cunt with her fingers and made explicit and obscene gestures. "Oh," he said seriously, "oh, that" he poked her pubic area with his index finger, "that reminds me, we need to talk about M.T.!" She immediately became serious, thinking it must be about the rape.

“Someone like M.T. could not be raped by a man, he corrected, nobody could that!” They talked mentally, because of possible eavesdropping. It was rather the other way around, she knowingly gave herself to Bo, and then he told in great detail how and what she had done. She is not a little girl anymore, she is much further along in her development than you or I thought. Just a few weeks ago I thought she was 11 or 12, in fact! She is now 14 and further along than I would have guessed. No, don’t interrupt me until I’ve said it all. I examined her abdomen, fallopian tubes and ovaries exactly as you taught me. Everything piccobello, everything perfect! And now she’s turning 14, she’s supposed to get pregnant by the first person her own age? This is the first point where your expertise in contraception is needed. And before she copulates with a beau!

The second point is a bit more difficult in my opinion. She is very strong mentally, you trained her well! She was stronger than Bo! She can tap into anyone’s mind, manipulate or just witness. She can create, perhaps in conjunction with telepathy, quite real illusions. Eva moved aside so the little turtle could crawl on and touched the hard shell with her fingertips. This turtle is one of those, I just learned it from her recently. This is real, true magic, said the master, this is real magic! The turtle disappeared and Eva sucked in the air sharply.

She confessed it to me only recently, that she sometimes joins in my lovemaking with Mia, for quite some time now. She can affect both my stamina and Mia’s without us realizing it. The master told in detail, and Eva listened intently. “Oh! That child!” she groaned from time to time. He said she knows the difference between decency and indecency, she has never misbehaved! But from that I gather she’s pretty clear about our sexuality. It doesn’t bother me at all, you just need to know, I think that’s important for the relationship between mother and daughter. I have – with her consent – done counter spying and to my horror found that she uses the image of Bo’s copulating for fantasizing while masturbating. I immediately intervened and demanded that Bo be banished, forgotten forever. Her urge to copulate is very strong, so I created the illusion of a male cock for her and made her copulate with it quasi real. No, I copulated with her with the illusionary dick! He ended and lit a cigarette.

She asked if Maria Theresa knew that he was telling her all this? Candor nodded in the affirmative. And the illusion thing, was she doing it to herself, like with a dildo? He answered in the negative and told her everything in detail. Eva nodded when he finished and murmured that she knew he would never abuse any of her children. Nor any other children, he interjected, I've never done anything like that! They talked about Maria Theresa for a long time, then the com hummed, their time to leave. On the way out he recapped, boys and contraception, and Eva nodded.

Eva's conversation with M.T. went very well. They talked about contraception in great detail, M.T. had understood everything right away and steered the conversation to copulation. Eva candidly enlightened her about all the techniques, as well as about important anatomical details of both sexes and about feelings and sensations in both sexes. Finally, she said that now that she knew so much about it, there was nothing to stop her from trying it out with real life boys. M.T. grinned, instantly she had no admirer who was not too childish for copulation. Getting serious again, she hugged her mother and thanked her for putting so much trust in her.

Maria Theresa shook off Bo completely and chose her sex partners carefully. Of course, she followed all the rules of contraception and copulated diligently with her admirers. But none did it as well as Candor with the illusionary cock. Quite naturally and without any shyness, she reported her experiences with the boys to both her mother and Candor, showing them each of her copulations. Eva initially checked the contraception and found nothing wrong with it. Neither he nor Maria Theresa spoke to Eva about the all-night fucking games. She knew about it and that had to be enough, watching or participating was not important for her either.

Maria Theresa complained that the body to the cock was missing, she reached into the void when she wanted to embrace the lover as in the real copulation with her admirers. After a few failed attempts, he created the illusion as an exact likeness of himself with a more youthful appearance. His mind controlled the avatar, which M.T. received with respect, awe, and an insane feeling of happiness the first time. She cried with happiness the first time she exploded in his arms. She

had learned from Mia to come during intercourse without touching her clit. Candor also shuddered with pleasure when his avatar made love to her for the first time. This spiritual incest was very fulfilling for both of them. Maria Theresa copulated with his avatar for the next ten years, even though she kept changing copulation partners in real life. On the one hand, she loved the variety, and on the other hand, she got involved in these arranged unions for the sake of her dad. Candor liked it very much, since the avatar did not have his real frailty, he could control its steadiness as he wished and could hurl the inexhaustible semen jet firmly into her cunt as desired at the end. He looked forward every evening to making love to Maria Theresa. When M.T. became impatient, she would grab Mia's privates with her fist and copulate with it quite vigorously, so that both Mia and the master were quickly exhausted. Mia couldn't explain how her cunt did a kind of handjob once and again to quickly release her and him. He saw it, of course, and smiled indulgently.

Of course, he continued afternoons with Dina, went to Eva's ordination twice a week, and had Roxane and Mia and Maria Theresa every evening. He was aware that this was quite a workload, but everyone took his age into consideration. Roxane had received successful therapies and new, more effective medications, so she was actively involved again and shared evenings with Mia in a sisterly fashion. She went to Rüdiger's for breakfast more often again and took him when she wanted. For Rüdiger, the beautiful fifty-year-old was much more attractive and exciting at the moment than Dina with her thickening belly. Roxane wasn't shy about doing it to herself first, because watching her made him wild and hard as iron. He copulated hard and firm with her, because she liked that a lot, and poured himself out in thick jets. It was good for his ego to watch Roxane convulse. He could still bring it with his enormous mace cock. Roxane was a little ashamed of herself for faking it for him. Still, it remained just sexual attraction for him, he loved Dina and Norbert with all his heart.

The master worked only half days and not every day. He had trained three employees so well that, as he had put it to his king, he could drop dead, any one of these three would be able to continue the greening project seamlessly. The king was pleased with this and al-

ways asked him to join him when difficult discussions came up. Of course, he couldn't resist asking Candor to hold off on dropping dead. Candor grinned and promised to receive his birthday present again next year. The king did not understand the allusion, he never thought of such trivialities.

The king could smile carefree again, Nima was fully recovered and the nights with the three of them were again as exciting as before. Once only, the king confidentially asked Candor to explain the intelligence chief's report to him. Candor explained quite plausibly how he had learned about an assassination attempt by a notorious serial killer and how he had lured him into a trap and slain him in self-defense. No, he didn't enlighten the Princess de Tourneville until afterward, so she wouldn't get upset. "I wish I still had your vitality at 80!" said the king, gratefully squeezing both of the master's hands. However, the monarch continued, he would have preferred to be informed by the master himself and not by a low-ranking official. Here the Master interjected that he had known the Major General for 20 years, had solved the murder of King Charles and Prince Louis with him, and would trust him with his own life without hesitation. The king smiled and nodded, then he came back to the prevented assassination and said that Kunze had already assigned more than 200 murders to the assassin. Shaking his head, he ended the conversation.

Roxane had resolved on the occasion of her 50th birthday to feel attractive again and visited the gym day after day. The master was amazed when he noticed after only half a year that her figure appeared 20 years younger. In combination with the better medicines she had regained her former sexual appetite and again became the main woman in the master's bed. Sometimes she visited Dina and Rüdiger and enjoyed her renewed sexual awakening.

Mia had finished her studies and was working as an assistant professor while her doctoral thesis on hydrogen engines was progressing well. She was completely unsettled about her intercourse with the master. More and more frequently, the invisible fist clutched her cunt and vigorously rubbed the master's cock. She remained motionless on his cock and let Roxane feel with her hand on her cunt how

this strange handjob was going. Roxane laughed hornily and said she would like to be able to do that too! The insecurity drove Mia almost compulsively to have sex with all her fellow students and undergraduates. There were probably hundreds of them, which at least made her feel normal. But it also did her good to be so desired and envied by her female colleagues. That the students were often young and strong pleased her more and more. She mainly left it to Roxane to serve the master, because the latter just loved it when the invisible fist took possession of her cunt and her cunt noodled his cock. It was magic, the master assured her, only magic like that which kept his cock youthful—steadfast. And Roxane was happy to believe in magic and enjoyed their passionate intercourse with and without magic.

When M.T.'s fist was done with Roxane, the master could concentrate on creating the avatar and making love to her. She found that she had the best sex with her father's eternally young and potent avatar. She told him so again and again when she told him about her real admirers and showed him copulating in the mental video. He was very pleased that his daughter loved real sex with all her lust and sexual greed, fucked a long row of potent and steadfast young boys very passionately and did not get lost in reveries with his avatar.

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Autumn

M.T. was conscientiously preparing for graduation and then wanted to study medicine and psychiatry. Karl Ludwig had chosen history and political science and was also about to graduate, but absolutely still wanted to get a doctorate in both subjects. Without the involvement of his father, the king, he had already contacted the Foreign Ministry and was looking for a trainee position. Prince Franz had started with mathematics and economics and was leaning toward theoretical mathematics, although that was rather not a profession. But the king had always encouraged him to go by his gut feeling. The master drank his cognac, smoked a cigar and was very proud of his children.

The king and Eva celebrated their birthdays together every year, as they were only days apart. Nima had taken over the organization of the party and acted very secretive. She would give them both rich gifts this year as well. Eva received visits from Candor twice a week in her ordination, she vested his semen in the refrigerator. They had now been joined for about 20 years and their love had matured and intensified over the years. Eva had also taken thorough care of her body and looked considerably younger than her 55 years. She could truly be considered 35, a 35-year-old with a beautiful, well-groomed body, attractive breasts and small, well-rounded buttocks. The erotic, attractive abdomen and slender legs turned many a man's head. She ate consciously to keep her weight at a constant 55kg. She did not need to go to the gym, she mentally took care of her health and shaped her appearance. The master looked at her beautiful body with admiring pleasure and enjoyed her gentle and soft way with which she rode him like no other. He always found the right time to gently caress her body and tell her how much he loved her and how beautiful she was. Eva knew it was not flattery and was proud of her ability to shape that beautiful body herself for decades. She had once tried to keep up with fashion and had her pubic hair removed, perhaps because it made Nima's cunt look so childish—innocent to Erich. But

then she thought that her swelling labia looked strange in combination with the oversized clit and let her light pubic hair grow again.

Eva, of course, had immediately figured out that King Erich was copulating on a case-by-case basis with the two simple-minded chambermaids, but she let him. The chambermaids, after all, were traditionally chosen by the court officials, and while they were hired to serve the king's wife, they were chosen depending on which family sent them, and whether they were young, beautiful, and fuckable. They traditionally served all kings for sexual relaxation. King Erich didn't whore around, he couldn't because of Eva's ban. The chambermaids, however, were traditionally there to lie down willingly with the king at any time. He made sure that they were exchanged after half a year at the latest, because he loved the 17 and 18 year old beauties very much. He took a siesta every noon to copulate with one of them, but usually he withheld his seed. The evenings belonged to Eva and Nima.

Nima and the king worked fiercely on the next child. Eva could not bring herself to tell them that she could no longer conceive. Nima was on a strict diet and believed that was why she kept her good figure, even though she had already passed 30 and most women lost their figure from then on. However, she was Eva's best assistant and was far ahead of the other two chambermaids because she had brains as well as figure and sex. She was Eva's best assistant and could perform even the most complicated tasks.

But Nima was more. One night years ago, Erich had gone to bed completely exhausted, Nima's horny cunt beckoned, she was still highly aroused and had to have it again. Eva stood a bit indecisive in front of the bed, because she needed it too, but she never did it in front of Erich or Nima, even if her clit was aroused stiff as a rock like now. Nima lay lasciviously on the bed, looking at her unusually large part and beckoning her closer, opened her thighs and maneuvered Eva to her cunt. Come on, put it in, put it in me please! So it happened that for the first time in her life Eva stuck her clit into a female cunt. Although she held on tightly to Nima's hips and they both pressed their cunts together as hard as they could, it only went in two or three inches. She copulated standing up with Nima until she

reached the point of no return. She couldn't stop and got so into it that she almost bit Nima's breast in her sexual frenzy. The explosion nearly knocked her over, but she leaned against Nima's cunt and let her clit finish in her cleft. It was a wonderful experience for both of them and they repeated it more and more often. Nima loved it when Eva's cunt rhythmically bumped against hers while she did it to herself. They kept it to themselves, Erich never knew about it.

Eva had decided to increase her bud since the first time she got Nima to play with her tongue, and Nima took her bud between her lips and teased it with her tongue until it exploded. But it only succeeded in enlarging it about two centimeters at first. It was much easier to shape the connective tissues of the chest, abdomen and thighs with mental forces. The wrinkles of the face were already much more difficult, but the growth of the tickler was very complicated. Over the years, it grew another two centimeters and formed the tip into a small glans. Through a mixture mainly of testosterone and other steroids, she was able to enlarge it to a maximum of almost 10 centimeters. It went almost entirely into Nima's cunt, who was soon wondering about nothing as far as Eva was concerned. She enjoyed it gladly that Eva copulated with her like a man, since the king spent himself with his chambermaids and the common nights were only rarely satisfying.

The sexual performance of the king decreased, the closer he came to the sixty. He copulated with Eva only rarely, limiting his outpouring at noon to only one of the chambermaids and concentrating on outpouring into Nima's cunt in the evenings, since they both still desperately wanted a bastard. Eva rode Master Candor once or twice a week and copulated with Nima as often as she could. Nima loved it when Eva went into a frenzy and copulated with her like she was out of her mind. Eva often invited the master to mentally witness this frenzy with her or to see it after the fact. He often talked to her about the lesbian practices and sensations in order to understand them better. Without ever having been intimate with Nima, he knew her body, her sex, and her reactions to making love like no one else. He had, of course, observed the enlargement of Eva's clit over the months, they talked about it very often and she explained to him the effects of the hormones and steroids she injected herself with. When she rode him,

he would see the slow erection of her clit and would tease it with his fingers until Eva climaxed with trembling thighs. Usually that was a good time to reach his own and replenish Eva's sperm bank. After her climax, she rode him quite vigorously and purposefully to drain his semen. She was still collecting, even though the quality of the sperm was dropping. Was certainly not wrong, because maybe it was still good for procreation, but that would only be found out in practice.

Eva looked over her data and was satisfied, she had done over 7,000 inseminations and would do another thousand in the next few years. Her project, designed to last many years, was a complete success. Candor's sperm was now of limited procreative capacity, yet they made love in her ordination as they always had. The Master's body was marked by age, but she loved him gently and considerately once he stiffened. He was still very good, however, at using his fingers to ignite her lust and put out her fire. Sometimes she would watch him as his youthful avatar copulated with Maria Theresa. It warmed her heart because she could literally and literally feel her daughter's lust, arousal, and pleasure as she mentally empathized with her.

It was good that way.

Semi-annually, all the masters met for their traditional colloquium, which usually lasted two days. The 13 advisors of the king were handpicked and served only him personally, all had given up their other business. Each had taken on an area of responsibility and the colloquium served for reporting, discussion and for joint decisions. It was about internal conflicts in the kingdom, the work of the parliament, the advancement of transport to more hydrogen than electric mobility. The greening of the Kingdom as the most important element against climate damage. The injustices against minorities and the improvement of the position of women, the migration controlled by law. The taxation of the rich and the promotion of the poor, the elderly and the weak. Foreign policy and especially the report on the Pacific War, where the United States and the Chinese Empire fought each other for almost 40 years now. The master in charge of the intelligence services also reported. The king invited the

masters to a festive breakfast on the third day and solemnly closed the colloquium.

Master Candor reported on the status of the greening project and was otherwise mainly an audience member. Only in the debate on Parliament and the party economy did he participate passionately, as the return of responsibility to Parliament and the withdrawal of the Royal Chanceries really made sense. The reform of the electoral law was to end the party economy, which was perverse towards the end. The direct election of deputies brought people with ideas and goals into parliament, even if some populists and foaming-at-the-mouths made it into parliament. Most, however, contested for something specific rather than a party's positioning. Performance and success were thus more likely to be rewarded, because the electorate had a keen sense of who was making progress and who was not. It was not the best solution, but it was better than the outdated and corrupt party system.

Marco had made it, got his own chair after graduation, and was working on quantum computers. Candor didn't understand a word when Marco came to visit and talk about his projects, but his son's international success made him proud, too. Mia, too, had carved out a good place for herself in research, and her descriptions were more comprehensible. Hydrogen for private transport was no more expensive in the long run than battery-powered electric vehicles, but much more sustainable and generated much fewer disposal problems. He was also very proud of it and looked forward to it every time it stayed overnight. He had asked M.T. to stop driving Mia.

Mia and Roxane loved those nights as a threesome and he enjoyed Mia's new, changed sexuality because it was almost like before. When Roxane rode him, Mia laid her head on his belly and looked expectantly excited at Roxane's cunt. The invisible fist grabbed her cunt and rubbed it quite vigorously until they both poured out. Mia never understood the magic, although she really liked how lustful Roxane became when she did it. Sometimes Mia thought that Roxane's anus was also being gripped by the magic, or so it looked to her. Mia's buttocks had become more muscular and made her rotate better than ever on his privates. During her days of conception, she only

ever did anal and it seemed wonderful to him the way her muscular butt cheeks worked on him. Mia's permissive copulation with the students had had a very positive effect on her sexual behavior and taught her a thousand little tricks. Afterwards, Mia snuggled into Candor's arms and gave herself the most wonderful pleasure after the thrilling observation of the invisible fist in Roxane's cunt. Mia showed him pictures of her loft in an attic she had had built out near the institute. She laughed as bright as a bell when he mentioned her dozen lovers and said there were 672, six hundred two and seventy and none less. He smiled sheepishly, for he never kept records of his women. Nor could he have declared that he had already copulated with more than two thousand women.

Roxane slept with him three or four times a week, and he was grateful, for aging had a firm grip on him. Roxane loved him in her own way and he enjoyed it, though she only rode him gently at first and then let her excitement carry her away. She loved it when afterwards the magic fist grabbed her cunt energetically. She would remain motionless, squatting on his cock, holding her buttocks aloft and watching her cunt tighten around his cock, giving him a savage soaking. She laughed brightly when an invisible, magical finger touched her bud and made it explode. She never asked questions like Mia did about how this magic came about, she just enjoyed it laughing and full of natural horniness.

Dina had had a beautiful baby, Helena, right on Rudiger's birthday. She was fully occupied with the two children, Rüdiger turned out to be a caring father and loving husband. The master did not miss the afternoons with Dina, he was fully occupied physically and emotionally with Eva and Roxane. He loved them both with all his heart, with every fiber of his body. Elaine he saw only very rarely, maybe once a year. Sometimes he wept with melancholy, for she had been dead for a hundred years and the thought hurt. With Maria Theresa he was connected in real life only by a paternal love, he completely encapsulated the nocturnal copulation by means of his avatar. He could not allow this incestuous copulation to invade her real life. He was glad that M.T. saw it similarly, encapsulated it as well, and copulated in real life with flesh and blood friends. Nevertheless, his avatar remained her dearest and best lover, none of the real partners

came close to him. Candor, who very much wanted to experience her experience himself, had to concentrate fully on the avatar and therefore had no capacity free to penetrate M.T. mentally. He did that as often as he could when she was copulating in real life. She was grateful to him because he was able to heighten her sensations and arousal.

After the terrible end of Bo, Maria Theresa sought physical closeness to Franz, to whom she had more attachment than to Charles. Karl was immersed in studies and many love affairs, he was also older and more mature than Franz. Franz was only two years older than her and she was really in love with him, because she had also made her first sexual attempts with Franz together and they discovered everything together. She learned to give him handjobs and he learned to rub her bud. It was only when Bo had robbed her of her virginity that she took refuge in Franz's arms, seeking comfort. It was only a few days before she was able to get Franz to copulate with her. He had great misgivings, for he had had no previous experience with girls. She explained step by step what he had to do, he did everything right. She was 14, he was 16 and they fell madly in love with each other no later than their first time, it was a lifetime commitment for them. They slept together as often as they could and when she had her days ready to conceive, they used hands and fingers.

Candor was the first to discover this secret when he mentally sought her out. He approached her about it at the first opportunity, of course, but she lied that it was just hijinks, as often happened between siblings. He withheld his avatar when the children were copulating and left her mind in disgust. Eva already knew when he asked her about it, and they almost got into an argument because she also saw it as childish play. After all, M.T. had plenty of other boys she was sleeping with. But the two remained adamant about it, making love whenever they felt like it. Franz slept at M.T.'s house several times a week and never missed sleeping with her.

It wasn't long before she let her brother in on the secret of the avatar and let him watch. For Franz it was never real, he suspected most likely some kind of hysterical autohypnosis and had seen quite soon enough to be further interested. The master soon paid no atten-

tion to Franz sleeping next to her when he visited her with his avatar. Later, when they were both studying, it was increasingly advantageous for them not to waste time and emotions on love affairs. They satisfied their urges regularly like all other couples and focused on what was important in their lives. Sometimes horny threesomes resulted when one of them brought a lover. Franz, of course, liked making love to all her girlfriends and she loved watching. Their love was special and remained so throughout their lives. It was also brought to the attention of the king, but he was only too happy to be lied to by the two of them and brushed it aside. It was not something he wanted to deal with.

Incessantly and with increasing speed the years rolled by, quietly and without any particular disasters. Master Candor left his duties and his office to the most capable of his staff, the greening continued to progress, and King Erich was very impressed with Master Candor's work. He let it be known that it was fine with him if Candor wanted to retire. Candor was happy to be relieved of his duties and devoted himself mainly to his family. He went to see Eva only twice a week, and usually they lay side by side after the act, talking about the things of the day and smoking.

They often recapped what they had accomplished the past 25 years. They knew they had made the most of what Professor Giese had started. One thing they had not accomplished was to explore and pass on Giese's knowledge. Their children would soon rule the kingdom and had been given the best conditions to do so. The fertilization program was going well and would produce quite a few genetically optimized mothers. Yes, some capable men as well, but the majority of these children were girls.

One day the master developed a fever. Stubbornly, he held himself upright, took his daily walk, and then couldn't get up the stairs. One of the noblewomen from Veronique's salon found him standing motionless at the foot of the stairs and brought him upstairs. Roxane sent for a doctor, bed rest, some pills and good. He grew weaker and weaker. Even after a week in the hospital, the doctors found no cause. Roxane sensed how uncomfortable he was in the hospital and brought him home again. Eva came to visit, as a doctor of course. She

couldn't find anything either and agreed with Roxane to come by every day. Roxane agreed, of course, because the princess was a doctor. She had often speculated about everything else, but Candor had never admitted it, nor denied it. The fact that the royal children looked more like the master than the king fueled her speculations. Now it was too late to ask him, for Candor slept most of the time, and when he was awake he did not speak.

Neither Eva nor Maria Theresa could mentally contact him. During each of their visits, Eva undressed Candor with Roxane's help and examined him. Roxane only saw the doctor palpating him millimeter by millimeter, but Eva saw inside his body and looked at every organ, every vein, everything. Eva was desperate because she could not find anything that could cause the fever. Roxane, of course, could see that his limb was half-erect when Eva palpated his body, but she said nothing. Eva shook her head when she helped Roxane dress. I can't find anything, she said to Roxane, and went all sad.

Mia spoke with Roxane daily and had taken time off after finishing a project. She lay down in bed with Candor and held him close. She couldn't lose him; like a defiant 13-year-old, she held on to the idea that sex could cure anything. She sometimes managed to half-stiffen his cock and hurriedly copulated with the semi-stiff one, but his outpouring was not intoxicating. Most of the time she just lay snuggled close to him and held him tight. In the evening, when Roxane also came to bed, they embraced him from both sides and did not hold back when lust sprouted in them. Candor did not let it be known if he was aware of any of this.

Eva one day recognized the dark shadows that neither Mia nor Roxane saw. She could no longer hide her tears as the two women undressed the master. Eva began to scan his body and his cock really stiffened. Mia said he had never stiffened like that in weeks and blushed as Eva looked at her knowingly. Eva quickly left to let them decide what to do with his stiffening. Of course, Mia immediately tore off her clothes and took possession of him.

Eva came back the other day, she wanted to say goodbye. Mia had only quickly thrown on a bathrobe, which only slightly hid her

nakedness, she stood with Roxane at the end of the bed. Eva had sat down next to him, put her hand on his chest and held a long silent discourse with him.

Farewell, old friend!

...

Elysium

Greece. Sun. Blue sky, not a single cloud. Leo lay dazed in the grass. He had been dreaming. Confusing dream.

A kingdom. A mad professor brings him to life. He serves the king as a master, but what was he doing exactly? He has a new wife. Her name was,...., what was her name!? And he had another wife, more tender and softer than the first one. Quite confusingly, she had three children by him. Karl and Franz and Maria Theresa. Magnificent children. He had two more children, Marco and ... the Japanese girl. No, she was not his child, but he was quite sure that she too had somehow become his wife. Why all these women?

Greece. Sun. Blue sky, not a single cloud. They made passionate love in the green grass and took their time, Old Stavros would soon come with his delivery, stop the mule cart and watch them from a few meters away until they finished. He did that every time. "It excites me insanely when he watches us!" she would whisper in his ear, spreading her thighs specifically for her spectator. Leo would fall asleep again in the green grass, she would walk to the little house and receive the groceries.

Greece. Sun. Blue sky, not a single cloud. The loud crunch of gravel under the cart would wake him, the two men saluting each other with their index fingers. She would lie down next to him and tickle his hair as she cooed and purred her sex fantasies into his ear in all the details of fast sex with Stavros. They both loved it when she made up horny stories. How that thick, firm thing in her bottom felt, she whispered in his ear. Or that he poured his seed all over her butt cheeks once it slipped out of her butt hole, she cooed, but Stavros immediately found his way back into her cunt. He always pulled his part out of her bottom, she whispered lustfully, purring like a kitten. The old man plowed her slowly, once again illicitly pouring himself into her shame, which she took with equanimity. It's only sex, she said as always, and they both had to laugh heartily because he had stiffened again at her conspiratorial, lustful murmuring.

It was like that, every day.

Elaine walked across the meadow toward him. She had on that sheer white gown that looked so good on her, that revealed her cheerful, refreshingly young nakedness so innocently. He loved that dress, saw it every day anew. He was quite sure that he had seen it yesterday too, but he could not remember yesterday. What was yesterday? How many yesterdays were there?

Elaine had sat down next to him on the grass and pulled the dress over her head. "I look better naked, you once said!" Were his senses playing tricks on him as he reached out and touched her silky soft skin? She was there, he was there, this was their Greek island. He tried to remember his dream, but it was wiped away. "Now don't make such a serious face!" she said, and added, "come, come to me before Stavros brings the food!"

He had heard her say that hundreds of times, yet Stavros came only once a week! But yesterday, she had said the same thing, and the yesterday before that, every yesterday.

He caressed Elaine's virgin breasts and knew he would stiffen, it was the same yesterday and the yesterday before that, for many years. How many years? What was a year?

He looked down his naked body, of course his cock was stiffening.

"Now come on!" urged Elaine, touching his cock delicately like a butterfly's wing.

He had already forgotten that he had been dreaming at all. He knew perfectly well that it had been the same yesterday, and the yesterday before yesterday.

Yesterday, the yesterday before that, and every yesterday.

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The Master knew instinctively that he had only three, maybe four breaths left. He felt his wife's warm, soft hand soothingly on his chest.

Two, maybe three more breaths. He opened his mouth and looked into her eyes. He wanted to tell her again how much he loved her.

A breath or two, but he couldn't get another sound out. Hopefully she had heard it after all, or read it in his eyes.

The last breath.

Silence.

"Farewell, old friend!"

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Surfaced Again

He had no more air. Up, quickly up to the surface of the water! Panic fear not to make it in time. He could already see the bright surface, it was only a few more meters to the brightness. Just a few more meters ...

Air! The diver from the depths tore his mouth wide open and sucked in the air deeply with a rasping sound, the air filling his dry lungs and the panic instantly subsiding. Now it was a matter of continuing to breathe, of waiting on the surface until rescue came. A boat, a diver, a

Eva had sat by his bedside for the last 200 days, stripping him naked and washing him daily with Roxane's help. Her examinations still showed no results; she found no disease. He was in a coma, the cause of which she did not know. Through the feeding tube in his nose, she fed him chicken broth and beef soup. Three times a week she added some of a power food, the composition of which she had obtained from real experts.

Something very strange, not to say weird, she had already discovered after a few days. His body was regenerating in tiny steps! She wanted to be sure and took tiny tissue samples from his chest. The comparisons under the microscope confirmed her suspicions. His body was forming new, healthy cells! She searched through all the relevant literature and found nothing. Nothing? She came across an unfinished paper by Professor Giese, who had submitted it for a lecture, but the conference had been cancelled at the time during a worldwide pandemic. In terse and vague language, Giese wanted to report on how he was going to accomplish cell growth in comatose patients. Eva even went to Giese's institute and searched through the professor's dusty boxes. But there, too, she found only hints, but no real answers.

She did not give Candor any medication. He probably regained his strength thanks to the concentrated diet. Clearly visible muscles and

fat pads formed, even under his thick beard and hair was a tiny fluff of new hair to discover. Eva, of course, also examined his genitals, but she could not yet see any change. She spoke to no one about her discovery. He remained in a coma, mentally unreachable. She had ordered Roxane and Mia to read to him from the newspaper for at least two hours every day and to talk to him as if he could hear them.

Eva got a particularly rich massage oil and massaged him from top to bottom every day. She instructed Roxane and Mia how to massage him. His cock became semi-stiff while massaging his body, but she vigorously admonished Roxane and especially Mia to ignore his slight stiffness. At least during the day, Mia should not claim him, but massage him for an hour and ignore the stiffening. Eva realized that apparently his cock was also regenerating, the erection now came frequently and reliably, but subsided after a few minutes. She was sure, however, that Roxane and Mia were following her instructions.

After four months in a coma, Roxane also noticed that he seemed younger. When Roxane asked, Eva said it seemed that way to her, too, but that there was no medical evidence to support it. They washed and massaged him daily, and Roxane trimmed his beard and head hair and shaved his cheeks. Although his facial wrinkles were there as always, his face seemed a little fuller.

By the fifth month, it was unmistakable. He had definitely tapered off, where muscles should be they were there and his cock stood up like a guardsman when massaged and only collapsed after a long time. Mia massaged him conscientiously every night and looked questioningly into Eva's eyes, asking if she could. Eva shook her head, although she knew that Mia ignored the prohibition. She had forbidden both Roxane and Mia to mount him all the time; they had to give him at least 48 hours to recover. Roxane did not find it difficult to comply. Mia had to keep reminding her to hold back for his sake.

One evening she turned around in the stairwell and went back to the apartment. Roxane and Mia were lying with the master, all three of them naked. They stroked him all over his body and waited for his

erection to firm up. Eva gave both women the mental command not to pay attention to her, not to see her, and sat down on the chair next to the bed. Roxane mounted the master first and rocked on him, slowly and lovingly. Eva felt at his neck for a pulse, but it beat slowly as always. Mia reached down to Roxane's cunt and rubbed her clit until it reached its twitching climax. Now they traded places, Roxane caressing his body and recovering from the exertion. Mia plugged his cock into her ass between her thick buttocks. She mused during the slow pace, wondering if she had miscalculated. She took his cock back out, cleaned it with a damp paper towel, and inserted it into her cunt.

Eva, who had never seen either of them naked and in action before, narrowed her eyes to small slits and watched closely Mia's ride. She was not surprised that Mia climaxed several times during intercourse, Candor had already told her that earlier. Mia got closer to the finale and pulled her cunt back higher and higher over his cock, millimeter by millimeter she pulled her cunt higher with her butt trembling fast, transferring the trembling to his cock. Her buttocks trembled like those of a Brazilian samba dancer, she rhythmically squeezed his cock with her buttocks. With very fast movements she transferred the twitching and trembling of her climax to his cock until only her labia massaged his glans. Like lips of a sucking girl's mouth, her labia sucked on his glans for minutes. When it began to squirt, she pushed her cunt lips all the way over the spurting cock, taking him firmly thrusting into her cunt. She thrust and thrust very hard until she climaxed again. Her thighs and legs twitched and trembled for a few more seconds, then she pulled the dull cock out of her cunt. Eva was sure she had seen this technique used on Dina many times before when Candor was with Dina.

Eva pulled a vial from her doctor's pocket and said, "Mia, I need to take a sample of his semen!" Mia nodded, willingly stretched out her open cunt and patiently had the semen taken. Eva now also released Roxane's spirit and told them both that she wanted to come every three days and take the semen. In the time in between, they had to leave the master alone. Both women blushed, but then Roxane said that if it helped the master in any way, then it would be all right for both of them. So Eva got samples to examine under the microscope.

Most of the sperm were dead or half-dead. Only a few, very few, were moving normally. That was about the same as what she had found in her examinations before his coma.

When Eva returned the evening after next to take a semen sample, Roxane gave herself a jolt and said she was uncomfortable that they were both naked and Eva was not. Eva immediately stripped naked and sat down next to the master with her legs straddled. Both women eyed her naked, beautiful body and Roxane's eyes lingered on her enormous clit, although the clit was not aroused at all. They said not a word and turned to Candor. Roxane felt too old to copulate virtually in front of an audience and urged Mia to begin. So it remained every evening when Eva joined them. Roxane liked to be pampered by Mia when Eva was there, but she did not mount Candor in front of Eva. She was close to 60, Mia 26, and Eva could only be 40 at most. No, she was definitely too old to be watched copulating.

It was definitely better that they were all three naked. Eva always got very aroused watching Mia licking Roxane. The latter squatted in front of Roxane and stuck her ass out. Eva hadn't seen anything so arousing in a long time, the big and round white butt with the deep cleft from which the swelling labia were oozing out almost obscenely. Mia's buttocks moved rhythmically as she licked Roxane. The sight of Mia's pubis, her labia rubbing against each other, very lightly touching the pea-sized clit, increased Eva's arousal to unbearable levels, she almost lost control and the distance she had to keep as doctor and princess.

Mia's ass and her exciting cunt put her in such a turmoil that she really needed it now. Roxane stared mesmerized at Eva's clit because it had stiffened all the way. She was fascinated by the fact that the tip of the clit was shaped like the glans of a small penis, but without a hole. Roxane felt this glans with her fingers and gathered from Eva's full and horny look that it did her good. She gently stroked the clit and Eva closed her eyes with a fateful sigh. Like a man, Eva whispered hoarsely, do it like a man! Roxane stumbled for a moment, but then gave her a good three-fingered job. Eva moaned for a long time and came violently.

But it never happened again that Roxane was allowed to touch her clit. Mia was fascinated by Eva's beautifully shaped breasts, touching and caressing them as often as an opportunity presented itself. Mia devoted all her attention to her clit, rubbing herself until just before a first climax and staying at that level of arousal with slow rubbing. Eva concentrated on Mia mounting the master afterwards and making it nice for him. Eva watched Mia's cunt and her pea-sized clit, which tightly encircled and worked Candor's cock, up close. She bent all the way over to get a close-up view of her clit during her little climaxes. She could see the pumping and nodding of Mia's clit quite clearly.

She had seen Mia do it to herself many times before. With one hand, Mia pulled back the small, protective hood of skin over the clit quite tightly, exposing the little jewel completely. The little clit was round on one side, but shaped flat on the left and right like the sides as a pyramid. At first she placed two fingers on the sides of the pyramid and moved the fingers up and down. Later she spread four fingers wide apart and with one finger she rotated, getting faster, on the clit. When she came, she pressed her fingers very hard on her clit and widened her eyes. She formed an O with her lips, her thighs and legs twitched and trembled until she calmed down.

When Mia's riding of Candor was coming to an end, Eva would often grab onto Mia's clit and trigger her climax as quickly and forcefully as she could. It took a few more seconds before Mia's legs stopped shaking and she pulled his cock out of her cunt with a soft wail. If it was Eva who had triggered Mia's climax, she gently and lovingly pulled his cock out of Mia's cunt and delicately stroked the glans while the cock went limp.

After that she took Mia's semen sample, she was actually there just for that. She later examined the semen, for she found increasingly more living, happily wriggling spermatozoa, which seemed ideally suited for witnessing. The master regenerated, his cock and semen inexplicably rejuvenated.

He had been floating on the surface for quite a while and no one had come. At least he had air, drew it in sharply and wriggled his

arms. Roxane immediately called the doctor that Candor was apparently coming to consciousness. Eva sat by his bedside and attended his slow awakening. She was finally able to reach him mentally and brought him back to life in a few days, he recovered very quickly. They talked for hours about the things that had happened during his seven-month coma. His eyes sparkled and he smirked when she told him about Roxane and Mia. But that had passed, he was back, and there were more important things than the sexual shenanigans. She examined him daily and claimed that he had become several years younger, purely physically. It seemed credible to him as well, although it seemed inexplicable. After two weeks he was able to leave the apartment and wondered, since his body obviously no longer bore the weight of 87 years. He estimated that he was as fit as when he was 60.

Eva had a particular theory about that. His body remembered the regeneration at the Giese Institute and tried to reproduce the processes autonomously. He objected that that was 30 years ago, but she shrugged her shoulders and said Giese must have known about it. She gave him the draft of the lecture to read, he read it through several times and slept on it for a night. He said it could be so, but could just as well be a figment of the old man's imagination. Above all, he could not accept that the body should have brought it about without aids and medicines. Either way, his rejuvenation was a fact for which neither of them had an acceptable explanation.

He had spent hours since his awakening mentally visiting his family and friends to see how they were doing. Karl Ludwig had worked his way up in the Foreign Ministry and was a highly regarded expert, as was his brother Franz, who pored over the Finance Ministry's data and busted more than one corrupt official. They didn't love him, but he was always right and his analyses were wonderful to use to shine. The Royal Treasury had also enlisted him and the young man did splendidly there. Both had inherited Candor's hot-bloodedness and found ways and means for amorous adventures.

Eva had spent her time sitting by Candor's bedside night after night, checking out the Comnet and mentally exploring her sons' love lives. It was not surprising, really, that they copulated predominantly

with their half-siblings. The insemination program was quite well timed. The sister had a decidedly definite attraction to her brothers. Karl and Franz had a huge selection of girls willing to copulate from which to choose their partners. Eva rejoiced when she found out that her sons had fathered several dozen bastards. Eva noted everything down hairily, perhaps someone would want to know more details later.

Maria Theresa was very happy about Candor's awakening, she had finished her medical studies and worked as a trainee doctor in the university hospital. She had already feared that he would die and her joy at his recovery was accordingly great. Yes, she also missed his avatar, but she usually had time for her love life only one evening a week. She would then simply have two suitors over and copulate with both until she was exhausted and satisfied. Of course, the boys forgot what had happened that night until the next morning, since they had been mentally ordered to do so. Candor talked with her while she was still working at the hospital, but he was very pleased because she was so determined in pursuing her career aspirations. He promised to bring the Avatar back to life as soon as he had regained his strength. However, he made her feel very clearly how much he loved her.

He also looked after Norbert and Helene, his children, whom he had with Dina. She was an exceptionally good mother, the children were her everything. Rüdiger was also a very loving father and spent a lot of time with his children. He gave Dina a lot of freedom so that she could satisfy her passionate urges with various lovers without endangering the family happiness. Candor was very happy that these his children also grew up protected and in loving environment.

The king seemed aged, full of worries and very angry that his support was dwindling even at court. Nima loved her king three times a week, but she had long since given up hope of having a child. The king had long since given up inseminating the chambermaids and made them watch him engage in a passionate lesbian lovemaking act. Most of them were not lesbians and were completely inexperienced with other girls, but they did everything for their king. He concentrated his weakened loin strength only on Nima and occasionally on

Eva. He was glad that she was so conscientious in taking care of the master in coma and not witnessing his frequent failure in sexual intercourse with Nima. This problem took up much of his attention, so he overlooked the gathering storm clouds until it was too late.

Even at the beginning of the new monarchy, the right-wingers set the tone in parliament, but also in the country. For decades they were second to the bourgeois, but they gained ground bit by bit. Their game was the familiar populist “us versus them”. They were the immigrants who poured into the kingdom every year. King Francis had already arranged for about 100,000 immigrants to enter the country each year. Those who were able to feed their families after three years at the latest were allowed to join them. All others had to leave the country again. For the right-wingers, this was a threat to the native white population. They took advantage of the fact that the population was actually becoming browner, since many Africans, Arabs and people from the Near East had immigrated and mixed with the natives.

Three years ago, the right won elections for the first time and formed the government with the ultra-right. The king could not pursue his efforts to disempower the parties and give more power to individuals willing to work, and had to take note that the right-wingers were calling the shots in the kingdom. After all, he himself had weakened the Royal Chancellery over the years. One slice at a time, the immigration laws were changed in order to fulfill the election promises, at least here. The right-wingers were very adept at marketing their successes and won votes and approval, surprisingly even among the colored population.

It was later impossible to unambiguously explain how the right-wingers managed to occupy the cities of Salzburg, Linz and Graz. It was not enough for them to get the majority in the respective city council. They had paramilitary militias occupy all relevant positions and subordinated the cities and surrounding areas to the new right-wing government. All employees and officials were exchanged for Rightists loyal to the party, and the Rightist militia occupied the city and countryside. The kingdom lost all influence over the cities

Salzburg, Linz and Graz. King Erich was horrified, but he could not risk a civil war. At least he managed to convince the right-wing party leadership of the futility of armed conflict. But it was perhaps not so wise to point out to the party bigwigs that he had a large army under his command.

The master had quite different worries. Roxane had collapsed while shopping downtown and was taken by ambulance to the hospital. After first aid, she was completely examined. He sat for hours in the waiting room and accompanied her from department to department. Maria Theresa kept coming by and waiting with him. Eva came to his aid mentally during her breaks at work. In the evening of the next day, there was a meeting with the doctors and Eva joined in there as well. The doctors treated him with all respect, since he belonged to the royal court, and informed him, as sensitively as possible, that the breast cancer, which had already been operated on more than 10 years ago, had developed again and that Roxane already had metastases throughout her body. It was much too late to operate on her. They could spare her the pain for her last two or three weeks, but that was all they could do.

Roxane was asleep or unconscious and the master was sitting in the anteroom with Maria Theresa, looking at Roxane through the glass window. Maria Theresa had made sure that Roxane got the best room and received VIP treatment. The master stayed with her for 24 hours and sat by her bedside when she was awake in between. He was completely honest with her and did not sugarcoat anything. It was always too early to die. He faithfully noted down what little mementos she wanted to leave to her friends. Which families who had immigrated from the old country she had helped with small amounts so far and which she wanted to continue to support after her death. He went over all the items with her in detail, because it was important to her to have everything settled. The most difficult thing from her point of view she brought up last. She and Marco had been considered in his will, now she went before him. She loved Mia like a daughter of her own, but ... He interrupted her quietly and promised to redraft the will immediately after her death. She looked at him with shining eyes and smiled gratefully. We always got along well,

she said, like an old married couple! Candor smiled too, although his heart ached.

When Marco, Mia or Aunt Veronique, the old whorehouse madam, came to visit, he would hurry home, shower and put on fresh clothes. Any attempts by his department to contact him in matters of the greening project, he shot down in a friendly but firm manner, he had time only for his dying wife Roxane. He also informed the king's chancellery in this sense. He also spoke to Rüdiger, who promptly visited Roxane several times and said goodbye to her. Dina also came with her children and had the children draw the sickbed with Roxane by them. They whispered to each other and Roxane said both children looked more like Candor than Rüdiger. Dina lowered her eyes and was silent for a long time, then she put her index finger over her lips and nodded. Yes, both of them! The two women tearfully said goodbye to each other, they had experienced so much together. Dina took her breath away when Roxane called her her dearest sister. They looked at each other with shining eyes and Roxane said, sisters in love, for they had experienced much lovemaking together. Dina gave her a long, heartfelt French kiss as a farewell. It was not until they were in the corridor that she gave free rein to her tears and gathered up her children.

Marco and Mia came almost daily, they still had so much to discuss with their mother and Candor gave them all the time, sitting in the anteroom and looking at his wife and their children with pleasure. He had already had many days to say goodbye to her. Marco and Mia knew each other only slightly, but in these hours they were getting to know each other quite well. Candor wiped aside with a wave of his hand the thought he had seen in Mia's mind. He considered for a long time whether he should give Mia the mental command not to seduce the stepbrother until after the funeral. But he was tired, very tired.

He sat beside her bed and held her hand. It was completely silent and she was gasping for breath. There was only Grigori and you, all my life I have loved only you, she brought out in a whisper. He nodded and squeezed her hand. Yes, my dear, he returned, I have always loved you with all my heart! She smiled and added, gasping for

breath, a little for Rüdiger too – she was gasping for breath, the one with the big mace cock! They looked into each other's eyes smiling and the master nodded in agreement, the one with the big mace cock! They looked at each other smiling for a long time, until she slept away.

One day Eva came and sat down next to him. It's going to end, today! she said and took Roxane's other hand. They sat by her bed for hours, Roxane slipping from dreaming to brief waking moments. In one of her waking moments, she looked at him anxiously and whispered, "Who will you....?" Eva squeezed her hand and said she would take care of him. Roxane seemed to notice her only now and whispered, "Take good care of him, doctor!" Then she closed her eyes and died in peace.

Marco took a few days off and took care of organizing the funeral. The master was very composed, standing next to Marco and Mia during the ceremony. The Orthodox pope gave his funeral oration in Romanian, because there were about three hundred compatriots attending the funeral. As one of the last to condole by handshake, King Erich came in civil dress and the Master thanked him warmly for coming. Afterwards, he had all the compatriots fed in the nearby inn and went home after a short time. He needed a shower and a hundred years of sleep. He did not wake up when Eva came and lay down beside him.

Eva continued to work in her ordination and stayed with him almost every night, going to the castle only one evening a week to seduce Erich and Nima. Erich was happy when she was there, because with her he never failed. Her way of riding him was unique and quite different from Nima's ride, perhaps because he poured himself into her so comfortably. He agreed that she slept in Candor's home and had to look after his health. Of course, he did not know that she fucked with Candor, he never thought about it, Eva made sure of that. She didn't fuck with the master for the first few weeks, he was really grieving for Roxane and she gave him all the time he needed.

Only after three weeks he took off her negligee and caressed her youthful body. Yes, she had definitely remained a beautiful woman

despite her 59 years. He fucked with her daily, definitely felt younger than 87, and she was collecting his semen for her insemination program. They had talked about her staying with the King one night and Mia staying with him that night.

Eva was smart enough to know that Erich really still needed her to copulate with her and Nima to his complete exhaustion. Erich got very horny watching her and Nima and she had to ride him again afterwards, even if he couldn't always squirt the second time. Candor was happy when Mia fucked with him and told him all about her lovers. Of course, she had seduced Marco, but he rarely fucked with her, although they both enjoyed it.

Marco felt very comfortable in the love triangle, his best friend and he slept with Jasmin several times in a row, until all three of them were satisfied. It was much more fun in threesomes than in twosomes, Marco said, they smoked pot and drank wine by candlelight, and the sex came all by itself. They used to take turns sleeping with Jasmin, but as time went on, all three of them found more pleasure in watching their boyfriend copulate and then having their boyfriend watch them themselves. The nights always ended with the two friends watching Jasmin masturbating herself. Did they do it at the same time, from the front and from behind? Mia wanted to know from Marco. Yes, sometimes, but we are still experimenting, Marco said. Jasmin wanted it badly because it made her very aroused, but both of the two friends disliked anal penetration.

Candor always connected mentally with Eva when she lay with the king, leaving his body to the extremely skilled Mia. He intensified Eva's arousal when she supplanted Nima and rode Erich, so that she climaxed herself when Erich squirted. Later, he aroused her before she mounted Nima and increased the erection of her clit. He could always witness the feelings in Nima's cunt, knew their cunt and sexual reactions inside out, without ever having slept with Nima. When Eva quickened her pace and gradually went into frenzy, he intensified her erection with all his might and experienced the beautiful climax in Nima's cunt with her abdomen. Usually this was also the time when Mia persistently rubbed his glans with labia formed into a kissing mouth and brought it to effusion.

Also, when Erich wanted to be ridden the second time, he mentally brought her to climax again. The master gave the king a breather before he violently horned up Nima and let her mount the king. A little mental manipulation and the king dutifully erected to Nima's delight. Eva was very happy to be able to relax a little before she again displaced Nima and finished riding Erich. Erich felt the differences between the cunts with his cock and this excited him very much. Candor mentally put himself on and in Nima's cunt, while Mia was again ready to shape her labia into a sucking girl's wonderful mouth and made his glans squirt sucking and snapping. Mentally, he was pouring himself comfortably into Nima's cunt, while in reality he was pouring himself into Mia.

During this time, Mia discovered that she liked the doggy position and pains. She got on all fours, he knelt behind her and penetrated her cunt from behind. He moved just a little and grabbed her big buttocks with his hands. It excited her very much that he rhythmically pulled the buttocks apart and got many small climaxes thereby. She only needed to touch her clit a little to reach a real climax. He pulled her buttocks apart very tightly, dug a thumb into her butthole and seemed to want to tear her body apart. That's when she immediately climaxed and screamed like she was out of her mind.

After Candor recovered from his coma, he visited Maria Theresa through his avatar. Since she worked as a trainee doctor in the hospital, her day- and night rhythm had changed, she usually came home very late and when Candor came to see her, she was usually still making love to her brother. He kept in the background and was pleased that she and Franz loved each other so dearly. Franz, who was wrongly considered by many to be a late bloomer, had developed enormously both as a pupil and as a student. He had also evolved out of the shadow of his little sister. He had fucked all her classmates and impregnated some. His self-confidence had become very strong, he brought a girlfriend almost every day who was keen on a threesome with M.T. Many girls found her very attractive and were rat-hot for her, although none were really lesbians. Franz had also trained the strength of his loins and his cock and could now usually perform three acts. Between acts he watched the girls, most of whom first had to learn from M.T. how two girls made love to each other.

If Franz slept with the other girl, Candor had his avatar come to Maria Theresa and fuck with her. He left it to Franz to explain to the girl what his sister was experiencing next to them. But when Franz fucked with his sister, the master stayed in the background and curiously explored the other girl's genitals without her noticing. Sometimes he would palpate her clit until she became quite horny and continued herself. "Why, Father!" scolded M.T., smirking in the silence, "you do know that I can see everything you do?"

Maria Theresa had told him she would like to try it once, double penetration. She was very slim and had small, round buttocks that Candor could get very excited about when she lifted her butt and spread her buttocks wide with both hands. That her butt hole was very sensitive, she knew from a thousand experimental attempts since her childhood. The avatar was supposed to take her from behind when she rode Franz. After the first careful attempts she assured that she liked it very, very much. The avatar gladly took on the task, although the master did not like anal penetration in real life. Late in the evening, when Eva had made love to him, he waited until she did it once, twice, as she did every evening, and immediately fell asleep. Then his mind wandered to M.T. and created the avatar. She changed position and sat on Franz's cock, the avatar penetrated her from behind and noodled her vigorously, just as she wanted it. Whenever possible, his avatar then tried to copulate with her in the missionary position, this was Candor's favorite, because there he was closest to her, there they could embrace while making love.

Eva had already stopped injecting hormones and steroids three quarters of a year ago, as there were now too many side effects and she no longer wanted to expose herself to them. Over the months she watched closely as her genitals returned to normal. Nima was the first to notice that her clit was shrinking as Eva had more and more problems penetrating her. Candor was glad of this, as he had long since learned about the harmful side effects and was worried about her health. He didn't care that Eva's clit was getting smaller, it was still working splendidly anyway. Although she could only penetrate Nima's cunt two or three more inches, they continued to copulate and Eva manually released her.

The weeks and months passed leisurely, and no one in the castle recognized the storm clouds brewing over their heads.

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The Storm

It was a Tuesday, King Erich had breakfast with Orlando and the eleven-year-old was sitting on his lap, listening to the beautiful voice of Papa reading the next chapter from Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." Rough boots tramped up the marble stairs, the door was yanked open, a single shot cracked. The storm broke.

Silently, the king toppled from his chair, the back of his head crashing dully to the carpet. His little son was deeply shocked, he squatted down next to his dad and put his head on his lap. Everything was full of blood.

The clumsy militiaman who had tripped over the carpet as he rushed in, knelt on the ground, holding his hapless rifle, staring at the king, blood gushing from the king's neck. The leader behind him pointed his revolver at the unfortunate man and charged him that they must not touch a hair on the king's head! He opened his eyes wide and shot the unfortunate man in the head. Three minutes later King Erich bled to death.

Maria Theresa jumped naked out of bed as two gunmen tore open her bedroom door. Franz mumbled something and continued to sleep. Quick-witted, she took mental control of the intruders and froze them. They were blinded by her naked beauty and now stood guard like wax figures. M.T. quickly threw on a bathrobe and stormed down the hall, past Franzens and Karls rooms, into the living room. With one glance, everything was clear to her. She angrily froze the 15 or so gunmen and ran around the table. Orlando was crying and covered in blood, Papa's head in his lap. She reached for the king's neck and found no pulse. Was he hurt, she asked Orlando, but he merely shook his head. The papa, he stammered, the papa! She examined the gaping wound on his neck; the carotid artery was obviously shredded. He must have bled to death in no time.

With a quick glance, she made sure the gunman on the floor was also dead. She tried to reach the mother mentally and continued to

keep the gunmen at bay. Eva was still quite drowsy and M.T. had to repeat twice that dad was dead and there were about 15 gunmen all around her. She heard her mother's cry as if she were standing next to her. No, she, Orlando and Franz were unharmed, she already had the gunmen mentally under control. Eva just said she would be right there and disappeared. Carefully, M.T. tried to reach Nima, but she was as sound asleep as Franz. Eva ran through Herrengasse and contacted her again. Nima was still asleep, the daughter said, and so was Franz.

Eva immediately went to the king, examined him and remained on her knees in silence for minutes. There was unbridled anger in her gaze as she looked up and quietly told Maria Theresa to take Orlando to Nima. M.T. took the bloodied boy by the hand and left. Eva had taken control of the gunmen and ordered them to shoot. To shoot at each other! In all the roaring and crashing, she laid her head on her dead husband's chest until it was dead silent. She held his gun under the chin of the last one and coldly pulled the trigger. She went into the king's bedroom; Nima had gone into the bathroom with Orlando to draw in the bathwater.

Eva sat down next to her daughter on the bed and said they needed to find out immediately if there were any other criminals in the castle. They both scanned the rooms until Eva mentally reached one of the leaders and questioned him. There were about 25 more in the lower rooms, a small squad was on its way to the radio- and television station, a large squad in the town hall. She said they would now have to work together to put down the revolt and how they would split up. M.T. took over those in the castle, Eva contacted the master and quickly explained the situation. The guys in the town hall had almost completed their gruesome slaughter, Eva took them over instantly. Candor called the Ministry of Interior and called for immediate emergency mobilization, they should immediately occupy and safeguard the radio, TV Station, the Com Centers, waterworks, etc. A squad was ordered to the castle, city hall and parliament.

M.T. had turned the militiamen on each other in the castle, the men chasing each other and slaying each other mercilessly. Among the dead were a dozen guards and security guards, the castle bailiff

and the Masters Ansgar and Hartwig. Candor ordered about 25 insurgents to rush to the parliament. Eva triggered total madness among the other militiamen, rushing them mercilessly to shoot each other. Candor gave orders to his insurgent squad in the parliament to shoot all the rightists and ultra-rightists they could find.

It was within the hour that the coup ended. The insurgents commanded by Candor stood confused and indecisive in the parliament waiting for further orders, they had carried out their order. Annoyed, Eva released them from Candor's mental grip and ordered them to go after each other. Fifteen minutes later the spook was over, the police troops had surrounded and led away all the attackers on the radio, waterworks, etc., without exchanging fire.

There was silence now, deadly loud silence.

Nima and Franz had washed the king, freshly dressed him and laid him on the bed. Franz had already called Karl Ludwig and reported the events. Karl, the foreign minister and their delegation raced to Brussels airport and took the first private jet. Maria Theresa had changed after showering, stood with the others at the king's bedside, and silently bid farewell to Papa. Then she whispered to Eva that she was going to see Father Candor and left quietly.

Candor sat in front of the news, talking on the phone with Brigadier General Kunze, Rüdiger and the other masters. Rüdiger was rock-solidly convinced that Master Ansgar and Master Hartwig had made common cause with the insurgents. He announced that he would immediately start the investigation with Kunze; the whole insurrection made no sense. About a thousand dead, and the insurgents subsequently killed each other? Candor, talking to the brigadier general, said that they should get together in person at the next opportunity, perhaps he could contribute, he and his special nose. Rüdiger did not understand a word, but Kunze promised to come by tomorrow afternoon.

Candor turned off the news, he was tired, so terribly tired. He still had enough strength to take off his underwear, then he slid into bed and immediately fell asleep. He was sound asleep when Lucy opened

the door and let the woman in. Lights stay off, the woman whispered and quietly went into his bedroom. He dreamed that he was being pulled in a yacht through the calmly flowing water, a mermaid swimmingly pulling his little ship. It was a beautiful mermaid and he wondered again what the cunt of the mermaid might look like, since her abdomen was covered with fish scales. I'll come to you, the mermaid whispered and snuggled up to him. He loved this dream, the mermaid caressed him with a knowing hand and lay on him as light as a feather.

He would probably never know what the mermaid looked like down below, but he felt her put her cunt over his cock and copulate with him very gently. Long before he could pour himself out, she stopped, put her breasts and head on his chest, and rubbed her clit. It was amazing that the mermaid came just like the women on land, twitching and trembling. Then she continued again, bringing him back to just before and pausing to touch her clit. He felt her hand working between their bodies and she released her climax so miraculously again. She had a much tighter cunt than the women he had connected with lately, tight like a young girl's. He recognized this cunt, but he could not match it to a specific girl. He had to think, that he didn't fuck young girls recently. When she paused again, he could hold back no longer and thrust from below, until he poured himself inside her, squirting all of his semen into the mermaid's tight vagina>. His breathing steadied, he groped for her breasts, trying to discern the girl's cunt with his cock. It could not be, it could not be! The recognition ran through him like a lightning bolt, full of panic he shouted, "Lights on!"

It was Maria Theresa.

Dimming the lights, he ordered Lucy with presence of mind and whispered, "We mustn't, we mustn't!" but he did nothing more, his erection was still inside her. M.T. laid her head and breasts on his chest, then whispered that they had been making love for many years and that it made no difference. She rocked her abdomen back and forth and closed his mouth with a long French kiss, the first they gave each other. Whenever he wanted to say something, she silenced him with a French kiss. She copulated with him and did not tolerate

any resistance. He enjoyed it, embracing her lovingly and letting her touch her clit as often as she wanted. He could not and would not resist. The voice in his mind had gone silent the more times she climaxed.

At some point, she wanted the avatar to do it in her asshole. He was getting excited, but he could only manifest the Avatar if he concentrated only on that and not on his erection. He concentrated, the Avatar ran up to top form and fucked her so hard that she cried out softly as she climaxed. She sank wearily on top of him and they paused, smoking in silence, and suddenly she told him not to worry, she would talk to the mother herself.

They copulated all evening and all night until dawn. He felt young and was steadier than he had been in a long time. In the morning he had Lucy make coffee and Maria Theresa coaxed him back to bed afterward. He fell asleep exhausted after his outpourings, she drank more coffee and smoked one cigarette after the other. Then she scurried back to the castle, lay down naked next to Eva and fell asleep.

He didn't wake up until shortly after noon, Lucy made breakfast as usual and reminded him that the brigadier general was already on his way. Following a premonition, he asked Eva to listen mentally to his conversation with Kunze. He welcomed Kunze with fruit juice and a small snack, then let him turn on the little black box. Kunze, with his best people and Rüdiger, had gone through all of Ansgar's and Hartwig's communications in a rush and found enough evidence. Both masters had helped prepare the attacks and let the militia into the castle, which was in itself well guarded, and to the mayor in the town hall. The brigadier general reported the exact number of dead and that the entire right and ultra-right had perished. He just did not understand why the insurgents had eliminated each other, why they had killed only the right-wingers in parliament but no one else. A prolonged silence followed.

Candor first asked whether he considered him clear-headed or not, mentally unfit, despite his soon-to-be 88 years? Immediately Kunze said that he considered him perfectly clear. The age would only concern his body, so no, he saw him as mentally completely fit!

Both looked inquiringly into each other's eyes, then the master continued. Whether Kunze remembered the conversation they had had after the death of the serial killer Bo? As if it had taken place yesterday, Kunze said as if shot out of a pistol. He added, special sniff nose, funeral pyre and loony bin. "Madhouse," Candor corrected and smiled. Yes, madhouse, Kunze confirmed and smiled as well. Well, Candor continued, this particular sniffer nose smelled nothing this time. Nothing at all! He had been busy with all sorts of things and had not noticed at all that something was brewing on the right, domestic politics had no meaning for him at that time. If someone had told him to smell the right-wingers, I would have sniffed the stink and had sounded the alarm! He looked Kunze deeply in the eyes and confirmed his words with this look. He made again a longer pause.

This time I was too late, he continued. I know so far much less than Rüdiger or you about the motives, the goals, and the "what after?" that was going on in the minds of these fools. I'm sure you two know that better than I do; I haven't dealt with it yet either. "But I am completely relying on you and Baron von Stetten in this! I will have to attend to the concerns of the court, despite my retirement by King Erich, and presumably so will the Baron von Stetten." Candor had to pause before enlightening Kunze further. Yes, this time I was too late, he mused further. An unfortunate shot, the king dead, right-wing militia in the castle! A call for help from the queen, the Princess de Tourneville!

"And now, my dear General, imagine that my special nose brings with it other abilities. Let me demonstrate it to you now." The brigadier general climbed up on the coffee table and held up both hands, dancing a few clumsy steps. The General looked in unbelief and scared to death in Candor's eyes. After a few long seconds, Candor motioned him to sit back down.

Kunze's eyes snapped wide open and he looked at him, speechless. Candor could see that it was working fiercely behind Kunze's forehead. Candor repeated, "An unfortunate shot, the king dead, armed right-wing militia in the Hofburg! A call for help from the Princess de Tourneville! What could I do but order the insurgents militia to jump on the coffee table, raise their hands and dance!? — He remained

silent and waited for Kunze, who was visibly struggling with conflicting thoughts. No, Candor said quietly, hands up dancing would be too little, after everything these criminals have done at Town Hall. “How many killed, did you say, 462 in City Hall including the very popular and very capable mayor? No, Kunze, not that simple! The right-wingers proved that they wanted to take the kingdom by force of arms, a few hundred dead and a regicide didn’t count!” Candor had his voice back in control and asked what to do with such an uprising? “If someone wanted to abolish the monarchy, then please, but in a democratic process. I admit, letting the right-wingers slaughter each other is not democratic either. But I don’t regret, not in the least, drowning them in their own bloodlust.” He added that he had immediately sounded the alarm at the Interior Ministry, a fact which had certainly not escaped Kunze’s investigations.

Candor said after a pause, “Your opinion on that would be important to me!”

Kunze thought for a long time. From the result it was not wrong that the Right Rascals – yes, the rationalist police officer said ‘Rascals’ – exterminated themselves. An undemocratic, armed insurrection would not have ended bloodlessly even with regular, democratically empowered troops. In this respect, he had taken note of the result. On the other hand, however, it filled him with fear and anxiety as to what a person with such superpowers could do. No one could ever take away this fear, this anxiety. Not after this uprising.

Candor did not answer immediately. “The only thing that matters is how you assess my loyalty. If the result is negative, then bury me, a wooden stake through my heart and a stone between my jaws!” He pondered meanwhile whether he might have compromised Eva, but then pushed the thought aside. Eva said that if Kunze was checking the phone connections, then yes. Candor and Kunze were silent for a long time and the master realized that everything had been said. Eva interjected, the Queen Dowager Elisabeth, the General doesn’t have her on his list, but I do! Candor cleared his throat and said that he himself would have his hands full in the very near future in order to support Prince Karl Ludwig. If he had more time, he would take a

closer look at the Queen Dowager Elisabeth, who knows, maybe there is something to be found there?

Kunze laughed aloud and said, aaah, the special sniffer nose! Candor just looked at him for a moment and then looked out the window strained. “After all, it’s no special thing to sleep and fuck with the queen dowager. But not noticing, that this woman gives nothing for nothing, is!” Candor thundered, raising his fist. Kunze’s jaw literally dropped. “What, how, how...?” he asked, dumbfounded, and Candor tapped the tip of his nose. The sniffer, the special sniffer!

“Look,” Candor said, “on a human level, I don’t give a damn who you’re fucking with. In this society, that doesn’t matter either. And if you want to do it with the Holy Pope in St. Peter’s Basilica, I still don’t give a damn. The only important question is what the queen dowager expects, perhaps demands, from you! A smart and clever secret service man like you does not need to investigate the Queen Dowager yourself, in person, handcuff her or speak to her before the trial. Be on your guard, the lady is not to be underestimated!” He grinned and kept silent, leaving Kunze enough time to think about everything. Candor looked Kunze straight in the eye. “If the Queen Dowager gives you any trouble, I’m always at your disposal to support you in anything!” He had stood up and extended his hand to Kunze. Kunze muttered that he hadn’t looked at it from that side yet, but it made perfect sense. He would first discuss it with the Baron, secondly, he would put his very best agents on Elisabeth. Candor admonished him once again that Elisabeth was a very dangerous opponent and Kunze would do well to develop a good strategy and guardrails and also stick to it! Candor suggested to read Kunze’s report beforehand, maybe that could be useful? Kunze nodded smiling, I’ll do my best to write a fairy tale for the first time! Candor laughed with the General aloud. First think of the bigger picture, the consequences and then write “The Sad Song of the Rightist Insurgents”, who became crazy like Yellow Ape Shit! He in any case was ready to support Kunze fully, a call is enough.

Kunze had left thoughtfully, Candor talking to Eva about the supposed faux-pas. The phone logs had recorded both her call and Maria Theresa’s, so that should be enough. They would not find out the lit-

the Fault in the timeline, which could evoke some questions. — Eva was certainly not compromised!

Eva did not let on whether her daughter had already spoken to her. Candor was apparently not entirely clear about how she had come up with Kunze's connection to Elisabeth. She searched Kunze's mind and Candor could also see the two copulating. He thought after some time that more important than watching them copulate would be to eavesdrop on their conversations. Eva agreed and said, if she has something to do with Erich's death, I will destroy her!

Eva did not come until night, they embraced under the door and Eva was finally able to cry. With a powerful movement he picked her up and carried her into the bedroom, she weighed nothing, at most 50 kilos. Lovingly he undressed her and lay down next to her. Lucy recognized the pattern, locked the door and dimmed all the lights. Erich was dead, she said crying, he comforted her and soothingly caressed her breasts, her womb and the clit without arousing her. She was grateful to him for this and stroked his half-erect cock delicately. But she had no desire, she said, and he continued to hold her in his arms. For a while they discussed the events of the day, whether they had acted correctly and what it all meant for the future. Maria Theresa told me everything, she said, continuing to caress him. She manipulated you, you couldn't do anything. He hooked, he could have ended it, but from one point on he enjoyed it very much. She is 26 and is responsible for everything she does! Eva said and asked how to go on? He replied that he didn't know. Maybe it didn't happen again, although he doubted it. Or it repeated, he did not know. "But, you are my wife, my only one, and I want you with me every night, whether she likes it or not! I can send her away anytime you say!" She kissed him gratefully and passionately. He felt that her clit was aroused and had enlarged a tiny bit. She clasped his strong erection and said, it's going to take one! He pressed her clit energetically and gave back, she would need it too!

She mounted him and asked him to tell her about the fuck with M.T., but he said she should just look at it. She rode his erection very slowly and went through with him the wonder of making love first to the mermaid, then to M.T.. Only toward the end of the memories did

she increase the pace and made him squirt. It was beautiful, she said with shining eyes, I didn't know how beautiful it was for both of you! They talked and smoked after she disposed of his semen in the freezer. After he put out the light, she did it: once, twice, as usual, before falling asleep.

Secretly, he had to admit to himself that he was looking forward to both Eva and Maria Theresa. He had seen clear signals in Eva's thoughts. But it would be another week before M.T. joined him and Eva. They were already lying in bed and cuddling, M.T. quickly undressed and lay down next to Eva. She smiled and left him to her daughter and sat down at the foot of the bed with her knees drawn up. She watched very closely as the two copulated and pressed a hand on her pubic and a finger on her clit, but without going any further. After he had squirted, Eva said she had to extract the semen and cool it. She stroked her daughter's hair and whispered that she had made it very nice for him. M.T. smiled shingly and mounted upon him. M.T., who had satisfied herself frequently during the ride, was exhausted like Candor, so he turned out the light. Eva waited until the girl was asleep before she did it: once, twice and fell asleep.

He went over his current loves in his mind. Eva and Maria Theresa could have passed for sisters. They were both strikingly slim, M.T. had even fuller and firmer breasts than Eva. What he also noticed very positively was that the cunt of both of them embraced his cock much more tightly and firmly than Roxane or Dina, whose sexes were soft and not so tight. Mia, just like Eva and M.T., let out a soft wailing sound when she let his cock penetrate at the beginning. Mia's cunt was also rather wide and soft in itself like Dina's, it was just the strong muscles around her labia that she had to powerfully overcome. He loved to caress Mia's tender skin, Eva's and M.T.'s soft curves and breasts. When they rode, however, they were all different. Sitting upright, Eva bobbed up and down, groping her clit without looking, leaning back so far on her finale that her hair touched his legs. She lifted her butt, formed a sort of bridge with her back, and let her finger swirl on her clit right in front of his face. M.T. interrupted the forward- and backward movement of her abdomen several times, lying chest to chest on top of him and burying her face against his chest, while her hand reached down between their bodies and

rubbed the clit to the final, then continued to ride. Mia in turn squatted over him, standing on her soles to his left and right. At first she bobbed up and down, then she seked her head and looked between her thighs at her labia, which she had formed into a kissing mouth, and at her clit, which she worked violently only after his squirting. After letting his seed gush forth with vigorous thrusting, she remained seated on his cock and rubbed her clit vigorously and brutally until she climaxed, twitching and trembling.

Maria Theresa said she had to slowly get away from Franz, who took his duties as treasurer very seriously and also had to think about getting married like his brother, who was now King Charles II. He left out Louis. Charles wanted to make Franz viceroy, but ran into legal problems. At 30 and 28 respectively, their carefree copulating with all the sweet girls of the country and with their sister was mostly over. Charles was not as enamored of his sister as Franz, but he took great pleasure in copulating with her on a case-by-case basis. Maria Theresa, Karl and Franz were no longer allowed to copulate with each other so openly and lightheartedly; the court turned its eyes and ears to the three siblings and every new person who appeared was instantly hailed as a fiancée. Candor and Eva both agreed that M.T. was soon spending the night with them every day and, in effect, living with them.

But the very next evening Eva gave up distancing herself and lay down beside M.T. She caressed her daughter's body as erotically as she could and let her go first. M.T. rode him gently and Eva brought her clit to climax swiftly. She then pushed M.T. aside and rode Candor in her turn. M.T. overcame her initial shyness and felt for Eva's clit. The latter sank to the side after her climax and left him to her again. They refined their lovemaking and Candor strove to pour himself alternately in one cunt or the other. After extinguishing the light, he heard Eve on his left doing it: one more time, twice, before she fell asleep. To his right lay M.T., who had picked up this habit from Eva and was also doing it at the same time: once, twice and then until she fell asleep in the middle of it. Eva no longer saw the need to do it quietly and secretly and was no longer embarrassed to sigh and moan loudly in pleasure. M.T. was a little quieter in her masturbation, but no less passionate than Eva. He loved lying between the two women,

placing his fingers directly on their cunts and witnessing their arousal and climaxes firsthand.

Sometimes M.T. would ask him, when she was on her days of conception, to create the avatar. Eva would sink deep into her mind to experience the Avatar together with her, his penetration of her tight butt hole, his energetic thrusting inside her, and the vigorous throat-ing at the end when she had satisfied herself with the clit. Sometimes Eva also wanted to be taken by the avatar in the missionary position, which gave her great pleasure. Her daughter could see that Eva was fantasizing about fucking with Erich while copulating with the avatar. She mostly withdrew; although she had often watched curiously when Papa copulated with the chambermaids, that one between Mama and Papa was too private for her. She curled up next to him, thinking of her Papa and crying for him.

Mia came to see him every day after Roxane's death, and they lay together, hugged, cried together, and gave each other caressing comfort. She respected that he did not want sex during his grief. On one of those quiet afternoons, she reported that she had suffered a miscarriage while Roxane was in the hospital. Yes, she wanted a child and he had been the only one she had unprotected intercourse with for months. Candor was silent for a long time, holding her in a loving embrace and crying, Roxane was no more and would not live to see her daughter become a mother. She had better spend her energy on finding a good husband and reliable father for herself and the child. He, with his 87 years, was totally unsuited for that, he said with some bitterness. They almost argued, because she was one hundred percent ready to raise the child alone. They left the question open in the end.

Mia continued to come daily and one day they resumed sex. She had not given up her desire to have children, of course, and used everything she had to make him come as often as possible. When it became serious that Eva was now living with him, Mia was ready to stop coming so often. Nevertheless, she came to see the master every week and only in the afternoons; she should not interfere in his private life with Eva, Candor had said. Nevertheless, Eva tried to be there as often as she could, at least for the finals, undressing and

nimbly lying down with them. No, she never copulated with him when Mia was there, but she collected his precious seed. Besides, it was a feast for the eyes every time, because Mia was slim, had a beautiful body and velvety skin, which Eva caressed during the act, lost in thought. Well, her breasts were rather small and her butt a bit big, but her flat, Asian face wonderfully expressed her pleasure during intercourse. It was inimitable how she formed her labia into a kissing mouth and touched and nipped his glans sucking. Eva knew that Mia was one of the few women whose muscles were so well trained to shape her labia like that. The kissing mouth snapped and squeezed the glans quickly yet ever so slightly as her finger increased the pace on the clit. She lifted her butt up and down very quickly, wiggling it like a horny samba dancer. She obviously always knew when he was going to squirt and put her cunt all over his cock. With vigorous thrusting she made him squirt and then brought herself brutally to climax. She remained seated on his cock until the twitching and trembling of her thighs ceased. Sometimes her eyes begged Eva to touch her clit, she did so gladly and energetically gave Mia her climax.

The master and Eva spent many hours together in the General Brigadier's mind. The old bachelor went to female prisoners every few months and sought his sex from them. There was nothing wrong with that, because the prison facilities in return were moderate and not corrupt. After all, it was not forbidden to have sex with prisoners. Just as it was not forbidden to have sex with a widow. It was not surprising that it was the Queen Dowager who actively and aggressively seduced the good Brigadier General. Candor and Eva watched all their copulations, which caused excited budding and erections of the secret observers. But when the observed talked to each other, the two observers listened very carefully. It became clear that the queen dowager was purposefully questioning the intelligence chief and interfering in personnel decisions in favor of the right. They were looking into the head of the Queen Dowager, she was of course at the same time conducting sexual relations with some high-ranking right-wingers and passing the information to them. The picture rounded out, she had no objection to the coup, provided she ended up being proclaimed Queen. Eva was seething with rage, the king, she and her children should be exiled!

Very carefully Candor brought the relevant passages into the mind of the Brigadier General, who at first took them for visions and reveries. But the master telephoned him and let it be known that it was he who was thus providing Kunze with procedural assistance. Since they were talking on a secure line, they worked out the procedure together. Kunze's people followed the instructions, he himself remained completely in the background and meticulously briefed the interrogation team. It was quite easy to convict the queen dowager and get a confession, since they knew about everything that was going on. Elisabeth, the queen dowager, screeched that she wanted to talk to the Brigadier General right away, but the team was deaf and complied. Elisabeth tried everything, blurted out her "secret" of the sexual relationship with Kunze, the team had of course been instructed about it and the negotiator shrugged his shoulders. A and B have sex with each other, that is neither unusual nor important. The team had fun teasing all the perverse details of Elisabeth's sometimes unusual sexual practices out of her. They even tickled her most embarrassing secret of secretly mating with her dog out of her to humiliate and expose her. Eva stood with sparkling eyes next to Kunze and Candor and attentively followed the interrogation behind the mirror glass.

Eva spoke at length with the director of the prison where Elisabeth was awaiting trial. Elisabeth had to buy any special wish, any special treatment. With sex. This was no reward, because the guard officers were rough, crude types, and the sex with Elisabeth took place publicly in front of all her buddies, which Elisabeth totally detested. She felt deeply humiliated and soiled to be licked by everyone in a group of horny spectators and to go along with every perversion. When the rude guys penetrated all her holes at the same time to wring a climax out of her, she cried in shame. The only thing she could do was to let the gangbangs wash over her as emotionlessly as possible. She never enjoyed sex again. Videos of it soon appeared on Comnet, she immediately became a laughing stock. Countless boulevard scribblers poured scorn and derision on the former queen, who had become a high traitor. She was convicted even before the trial began. The low-level media published copies of the interrogations, including all the vile, perverse, and piquant details. Elisabeth was finished, forever.

Eva was satisfied, the arrogant smile was gone from Elisabeth's face forever. As a high traitor, she would never leave the prison again and would be the guards' sex slave for a long time to come.

Candor did not agree with this punishment. The trial, broadcast on state television and over the Comnet, with all its spicy, perverse, and vile details, and the sentence of life in prison, shamed him. Although he had never slept with Elisabeth, he had mentally watched her copulate thousands of times and had great sympathy for the insatiable, horny and erotic woman. He had never slept with Elisabeth, but in retrospect he regretted very much that he had always resisted her. Eva saw in her only the murderer of her husband and could not understand that he judged so mildly. Eva had had a long talk with her children; her children also found Elisabeth's betrayal abhorrent, their father's murder unforgivable, and were unwaveringly on Eva's side. Nima, who went to therapy with Orlando three times a week because the poor boy had fallen silent after the murder, sought out Eva after this family talk and said she would like to go straight to the jail and shoot the woman herself. Eva could well understand her, but assured her that Elisabeth would soon wish she were dead. Promise!

Baron von Stetten and Kunze did good investigative work and were able to arrest about forty conspirators. The trials were held in public and the sentences were harsh. City hall and parliament resumed work the week after the coup. In the next elections, the right and the ultra-right did not reach ten percent; the people punished them mercilessly for the coup. And the kingdom could certainly deal with ten percent of steadfast diehards.

Master Ruger, who had been part of the circle of advisors for only a few years and was considered an able jurist, was finally able to prove that the king could appoint a viceroy. The next day, King Charles appointed Franz viceroy, again giving him responsibility for the treasury and for the economy. He himself took over foreign affairs and also worked his way into domestic politics, for he was far from having forgiven the patricides. He did everything he could to keep the right-wing camp small. The brothers led the kingdom in an exemplary manner, clarifying emerging differences of opinion in private and reducing the corps of advisors to only four masters. Master

Candor stayed away from the new corps, but requested to be allowed to call himself master as before. He would gladly be at the king's disposal, but wanted to stay away from the day-to-day business. King and Viceroy knew, of course, how faithfully and effectively Father Candor had served King Erich and had also guided them both safely through the turmoil after the coup. They embraced him warmly and swore that only death could separate them.

The brothers, who had always suspected it, knew directly from Eva since Papa's death that Father Candor was also their biological father. Karl invited him every Sunday morning to have breakfast with Franz, and the sons discussed their problems with him, often receiving very wise and perceptive answers. After the first time, the brothers decided to have Father Candor picked up by two chambermaids, since walking was somewhat difficult for him, but he stubbornly did not want to take a cab. They should dress provocatively and airily, Karl told the girls, and Franz added with a wink, because the old man loves to look up the skirts of pretty girls! So it happened that the master was picked up in the morning by two pretty girls and was accompanied home again at noon. Yes, they were to precede him up the stairs in his palace, the old wise guy had to convince himself that the 17 to 18 year old beauties were not wearing any underwear. Smirking, they took him to the bedroom and helped him undress, taking the old man to bed with his erection giggling. He didn't have to prompt them, they willingly lay with him. The first, who rode him, got her redemption by the hand of the other. To the second he gave his effusion in thick, rich jets. After the union, the girls left. Candor enjoyed these Sunday gifts and made sure that Mia did not seek him out too soon. He never knew how many of the chambermaids got pregnant and was happy to have variety, since the girls were regularly changed by Franz. It was always a nice end to the week for him, first the animated and serious discussions with his sons and then to cum in the cunt of one of the two chambermaids. Eva begrudged him from the bottom of her heart and was not jealous for a moment, but she herself felt no urge for variety.

One evening, as he lay in bed with Eva and Maria Theresa, exhausted as they smoked a cigarette, he reported that Mia was pregnant again. Eva was happy for him and thoughtlessly said that she

would now no longer have to rely on her fertilization program. She bit her lips, for she immediately realized her mistake. Maria Theresa insisted on being told exactly what was going on. He told her that he copulated with Mia on a case-by-case basis and that Mia ardently desired a child of him. He also said that he had tried to talk her out of it, but he apparently had no luck with that. "So, she's having your child?" stated M.T., his eyes shining. He nodded. She thought for a long time and nodded, she could understand, apparently she loves you more than anyone. She barely knew Mia, only that she'd been copulating with him since she was a teenager, but knew little else about his foster daughter except that she'd made it to assistant professor, researched hydrogen engines, and had a reputation as a male-devouring siren. He tried to set the record straight a bit, saying the rumors were exaggerated beyond measure. He went on at length and in detail about Mia's special technology, hoping that M.T. would forget the word fertilization program.

Maria Theresa interrupted his awkward silence and said that she did know that she, Eva, had a gynecology practice, but what was it about the fertilization program? Eva never lied to her children and told her everything, from beginning to end. She told about the genetic experiments of Professor Giese, that she and the Master were genetically optimized and therefore she had decided to give the best children to the King and to use Candor's semen for artificial insemination of women without their knowledge. She realized, of course, from the look on M.T.'s face that she still had some ethical concerns to answer, and did so. Candor smiled and the three of them lay naked on the bed, smoking after copulating and discussing what were probably the most important things in their lives. He got up and got the best wine to toast to future copulation and Mia's baby.

They drank bottle after bottle, the drunken M.T. riding him again and slurring in his ear, when she was ready then, she would definitely want to have his child too. Eva, who was also already heavy hitting and lying next to them budding, laughed heartily and said, then your daughter will be your sister! Candor was still sober enough to feel great gratitude and relief that Eva had not talked about years and his or her biological age. They slept closely embraced until morning.

So it came about that Eva gave M.T. special lessons. Maria Theresa now participated in the insemination program as her assistant, learned quite quickly with Eva's help to see inside women's bodies, which also benefited her in her regular work. Eva was very relieved, because one day M.T. would be able to take over the ordination seamlessly.

It was natural for them that Mia stayed longer several times a week and sometimes stayed overnight with them. M.T. saw for the first time in reality how she copulated with Candor and what it was about the kissing mouth, which she looked at curiously and with great interest very close. She felt similarly to Eva that Mia had a beautiful and very erotic body and they both caressed Mia without stopping. More than usual they had to be careful not to overtax the master, he was an old man in spite of the miraculous rejuvenation, his cock had also shrunk a bit and every erection, every outpouring cost him strength, also vitality. But they all felt in love and took care of Mia's rounding belly. Eva and M.T. feared that Mia might ride the old man to shame and satisfied the hormone-bagged pregnant woman by hand or tongue. Mia's belly soon prevented her from riding. Mia was the only one of them who possessed a rubber penis, which she pulled out with a flushed face and embarrassed silence. This improved her situation, she was copulated with the rubber penis quite firmly in her cunt, the other took care of her clit. M.T. disinfected the thing afterwards and used it with pleasure to let Eva do the riding. She found it a very horny tool, Eva on the other hand never dreamed of using the rubber penis. She now had Candor more often for herself, the two girls took the rubber penis.

Mia came less and less often because Marco was now living with her. The shared apartment had dissolved, Jasmin had gone with his friend to Oxford, where they could both teach. Between Mia and Marco, the friendship developed into a deep relationship that was good for both of them. Marco was not surprised that Candor was the father, after all, she slept with him since she was 15. He slept with her as often as she wanted, gently penetrating her side to side. When she wanted it, he touched her clit and satisfied her with his fingers, she liked that insanely. They both joyfully awaited the child, it was a long and strength-sapping birth. Mia named her Leonie and visited the

master after a week with Marco and Leonie. She smiled shyly at Candor and said the name will remind me of you forever! Candor was very happy about the connection between her and Marco, because the two were also his children and promised Leonie to be good parents.

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The Bridal Search

Eva visited her sons every day in the castle and stayed very close to the pulse of what was happening. She worked in her medical practice in the morning and then went to the castle. She was a very good judge of character and helped with many personnel decisions, as this was not only what her sons wanted, but also many at the court who knew and trusted her. Nima took very good care of Orlando, who was helped a lot by the therapy. The sexual bond between the two women was and remained permanently severed; after Erich's death they never had sex with each other again. Especially since Eva had found out with a secret smirk that her sons copulated not only on a case-by-case basis with the chambermaids, but also with Nima, who, however, was a good 15 years older than her sons. She spoke to both of them individually and they both affirmed that Nima was better in bed than any chambermaid! They hardly had time during the day to copulate with the chambermaids like their father, who did not take the business of government as seriously as his sons and took ample time to play with the girls.

Karl and Franz usually slept in threes in their father's big bed and both shared pleasures and lust with Nima. Eva talked to Nima again and had her describe in great detail how it went. This was important for her, because formally Nima was her chambermaid. Nima said that in the beginning, without the king's knowledge, the boys had slept with her individually and alternately in their rooms, the other sleeping with the chambermaid or maids in his own room. They were very careful not to let their dad find out. If his sons slept with the chambermaids, the king didn't care and he said so. But it was inconceivable that they were copulating with Nima, his Nima!

After his death, there came a phase when they spurned the chambermaids and both lay with her at the same time, taking turns copulating with her all night, one after the other, until they were exhausted. For some time they both did it to her at the same time, because when they penetrated her from the front and from behind at the same time, she climaxed so madly that she had to scream. Yes,

she replied, the guys took turns as to who penetrated her cunt and who penetrated her butt. Yes, they all three had immense fun doing it and the boys held back cuming until she touched her clit and came with a scream. No, after that climax she didn't need it again, by then she was exhausted and satisfied, the guys too. Eva was convinced at the end of her examination that the arrangement was very good for all three of them and she could also be sure that none of the sons wanted to marry Nima. That was a whole other issue.

Naturally, the royal brothers were the most sought-after marriage candidates on the continent. Hundreds of patrician families in the kingdom had set their sights on giving the kingdom a queen. Hundreds of princesses outside the kingdom dreamed of becoming queens. Eva did not gather any evidence, but she was sure that many court officials were holding out their hands to take sides with one beauty or another. She knew from talking to her sons that they had no time or spare capacity to throw themselves into the love fray. They had Nima, after all, to let off steam. She was always willing and ready to receive their seed whenever they needed it. Nima was simply the best! They took the business of government more seriously than any king before them, the old monarchy included. Somehow, both sons hated the thought of marrying a perfect stranger for reasons of state or other political considerations. Eva had raised them from an early age that sex was just sex, sex alone was not enough for choosing a partner. As a woman, they needed one where mutual love was much more than the fun of sex, where the person could be blindly trusted, and where goals were jointly formulated and executed.

Eva sighed, for on the one hand she was proud and relieved to see the energy, cleverness and agility with which her sons ruled the kingdom. On the other hand, she had to assume that her sons expected her to find a solution to the marriage issue. She had, of course, been thinking about it for a long time and, after intensive research, had come to the conclusion that there was neither a native patrician's daughter nor a foreign princess whom she would consider good. One thought kept intruding. Where could she find genes that were first class?

Although she knew the answer, she researched further thoroughly; she owed it to her sons. Where she was unsure, she made phone calls to the princesses and read in their minds. But none remained on her list, after about five weeks she ended her search. Now she picked up her fertilization program list and went through the oldest cases. The girls were 23 and younger, and she stopped with the 18-year-olds. She went through these resumes thoroughly and crossed out all the unsuitable ones. She focused on the girls who were still unmarried and had made something of themselves, who were ambitious and showed assertiveness. She looked for the last 12 in the videos the mothers had made and found nothing negative, rather promising. She then interviewed all 12 individually. All passed despite her tough criteria.

So, day after day, she arranged afternoon coffee meetings, with herself, the sons and two candidates. In the end, the sons had to decide for themselves which of the candidates they would consider. Eva thought she had now done enough and withdrew. Her sons, of course, were smarter than she was; they slept with all the girls in turn and discussed their experiences in whispers, since the castle had eyes and ears. Eva smiled indulgently when Franz jokingly suggested that polygamy be reintroduced. Karl, having slept with almost everyone, soon had a favorite. It was one who could avoid this sleeping on trial for a long time and almost dropped out of the race with her refusal.

But Karl recognized her qualities and made a wiser decision than Franz, who successfully badgered her with masterful persuasion. She surrendered with a bad feeling in her stomach. She patiently let him thrust until she felt he was only fractions of a second away from squirting. She pushed him back calculatingly at the exact moment she felt the first hot, thick jets inside her. With all her might, she squeezed his cock with her hand to make the squirting stop. The poor cock squirted a bit in her hand, semen spilling out between her fingers and the erection collapsing desperately, she knew that and that was intended.

She was sorry, she said, that she had gone along with his trial copulation. She was very sorry for him because she had let him copulate

and thrust but not cum into her cunt. She wanted to be honest with him when she broke off in the middle of it, but she didn't feel the whole trial fucking thing was right. She stroked him and his erection while he pleased himself and couldn't and didn't make it happen. He just had to squirt, he had been so close! She didn't want to give him a handjob at first, but stroked his glans very firmly and intensely until he gave himself completely to her hand. She tolerated him touching her cunt during the handjob and willingly spread her thighs. Until he squirted and then she rubbed him very quickly and made the handjob very intense. Since his erection lasted after the handjob and his fingers on her cunt started the fire dangerously, she waited for a few minutes and enjoyed the finger play with her thighs straddled. The boy knew exactly what to do. The groping of her cunt made him fully erect, she gave him a prolonged handjob. She didn't bat an eye when he brought her to climax with his finger play and continued handjob and her little climaxes. She delayed the handjob until she herself exploded in a very strong climax, her clit pressed tightly against his fingers. Exhausted and heart pounding, she let herself sink backwards. Franz covered her body with many kisses and penetrated her abruptly. She did nothing more against it, he pushed her as if out of her mind and her excitement of the last climax continued. Humming and roaring, he squirted his semen into her cunt and thrust and thrust until he went limp. His erection continued, after a few minutes he mounted her again and thrust for a very long time. She was dazed and horny from copulating and excited her clit until she was shaken by another climax. She soon didn't know how many times he copulated with her, how many times she climaxed. She spread her thighs as wide as she could to open herself softly and widely to him and his thrusting cock. She purred contentedly like a kitten when they both climaxed together, rubbing her clit from peak to peak. Franz thrust and squirted, thrusting and squirting until he was completely drained and exhausted. She went home depressed when he fell asleep, because she was actually in love with someone else.

Karl refrained from the trial sleep because he had fallen head over heels in love with her.

Eva agreed with Karl's decision, the girl was also her number one on the list. Karl's infatuation even led him not to speak and listen in silence for the first time during the weekly parliamentary visit, only his closest staff noticed that the king was thinking of completely different things. Eva asked the girl Aurora for another interview and asked her if she would be willing to spend a week or a few days in the castle to get to know Karl better. Yes, she would get her own room and there would be no obligation other than to get to know the king. She didn't have to share the bed with him if she didn't want to do it herself. Aurora thought for a long time and said she had a very responsible and really satisfying job at the city government, running the social services and didn't want to fritter away the rest of her life pointlessly at banquets, receptions, etc. alongside the king. Eva smiled mildly and told her how she had given up a very promising career as a doctor in France for the king, but had prevailed anyway and was now working as a doctor in her own medical practice day after day. It was entirely up to her what she made of her life. Being queen would mean being the king's wife with every fiber of her soul and body, not parading the wardrobe at banquets and receptions. If all you wanted to do was play queen, you would quickly end up in jail. Eva saw that Aurora understood her allusion.

So Aurora came to the castle at Eva's invitation, slept in her single room, and was by the king's side during the day. In the meantime, Eva got to know her mother better; she was a widow and Aurora had two other little siblings who were also from the impregnation program. Eva soon remembered this patient and that Candor had copulated with her after each insemination. Eva watched the videos several times that showed the then 14-year-old Aurora and her mother copulating with a boy. The woman was a kind-hearted mother and had done everything she could to help Aurora study. Eva brought dolls for Aurora's younger sisters on her visits and, as much as she disliked this "business" deep down, she quickly won the hearts of the children and their mother.

Franz slept on a case-by-case basis with those remaining on the list and had Nima to himself at night, for Karl did not like sleeping with anyone other than Aurora and slept sitting at his desk with his head resting on the tabletop. Karl spent every spare minute with Au-

rora, letting her follow along in the background when he had conversations to have. On the evening of the third day, they gave each other their first French kisses and Aurora whispered that she wanted to make love to him. They went to Karl's room, since there was a big bed there, and copulated without stopping until dawn. Karl got up after two hours of sleep and was punctually in his office.

Aurora stayed longer than planned, the two lovers copulated every night until exhaustion. Aurora had quite a bit of experience in the sexual things, and Karl was bright with her passion and imaginative acting out of her sexuality. This woman did not give herself to anyone lightly, but she was a cannon in bed, a creature who had a volcano between her legs. She did not depend on him for sex and took what she needed sexually. Karl knew on any given day where his sore muscles were coming from. Aurora was the one he had been waiting for. She could give him everything his sexuality needed and was also the one who first addressed the fact that sexuality also needed variety. They talked for hours about urges, chambermaids and jealousy. Karl was delighted at how wisely and maturely they could carry on these conversations. Never before had a woman tried to discuss these topics with him on an equal footing or, as Aurora now did, quite naturally conceded to men and women alike the desire to have sex with others. He became abruptly aware of how shallow and superficial his previous acquaintances had been. They talked a lot about their future together and Aurora could see herself in almost everything. Karl suggested that she might become involved in social and family affairs, as an agent of the king with much more responsibility than in her job at the city government. Still, she had to decide for herself if she wanted to change, so he was open to her wishes. He was thrilled at the thought of the Queen devoting herself to social issues with full vigor, even though he had no clue about her work. This was a nice task for the First Lady!

Something was on her mind. Franz. She was contrite that she had recklessly slept with his brother and feared there might be tension. She said that she had not given everything to Franz as she had not given anything to any of her previous sexual partners. She had allowed herself to be very passively copulated by Franz and sensed that he was not so enthusiastic because of her passivity. Shyly and timidly

she told about the night of fucking with Franz. Afterwards she looked up and said that he was the only one so far to whom she had given herself completely, with every fiber of her soul and body, because she loved him. Karl was able to reassure her, he and his brother were very close and had slept very often with one and the same woman. He said there would be no tension there. Franz wouldn't think about it for days, and he didn't want to dwell for a single second on who she had slept with in the past. Rather, she would have to approach Franz herself in an unbiased and open way; he was his favorite brother. That would be important to him.

Eva reported to the master every evening before M.T. came home from the hospital. He expressed his concerns, as always, because Karl and Aurora were half-siblings and he still believed that children from incestuous unions could have a defect. They watched the videos together that showed Aurora, but Candor could not remember the mother, even though he watched the videos a dozen times. He liked watching both 14-year-old Aurora and her mother copulate and masturbate, over and over.

Eva was determined not to show the videos to M.T. and not to inform Karl or Aurora about their sibling relationship. They discussed it for a long time and looked at the situation from all sides. He agreed not to tell the children, it made perfect sense. Eva let Karl know that both she and Father Candor were pleased and happy with his choice. They would welcome Aurora into the family and support her without any ifs or buts.

The king announced his engagement to the civil Aurora after two months and set a wedding date. His fiancée would be crowned queen at the same time and would take over a new department of the Royal Chanceries for Social Welfare, Family and Child Welfare. The court received it with cheers and jeers, the king's fiancée looked ravishing. A good 200 of the kingdom's most important people were invited to the engagement. Candor, who had been personally invited by Karl for this announcement, briefly winked at the chambermaids before standing next to Aurora's mother and taking the little sisters by the hand as a matter of course. They looked up at the tall man in the black, silver-embroidered cloak and the little one whispered to the

older one, “The Wizard!” and the mother smiled indulgently. He seemed like the father of the family. The mother knew after a split second that it was he who had copulated with her after the procedures. She turned a scarlet red from top to bottom and bit her lips, as her pubic immediately became heated and moist. Although she had slept with hundreds of men in her life, his face was one she always remembered, especially when fantasizing during masturbation.

He smiled very kindly and the little girls held onto his hand as they walked together to the buffet and grabbed something. The friendly giant let them feed him morsels at a time before they broke away to play with other children. He turned to Aurora’s mother and saw her blushing deeply again. He read in her mind that she was “thinking about it” and put one hand on her shoulder, the other on her hip, his fingers touching her bottom. She shivered, feeling his fingers on her bottom. “It was very nice and you gave me great pleasure!” she said softly. She put her hands on his chest and told him that she had done it with a lot of men since then, really a lot, but it was his face that she always remembered fondly. Only a few of the men had been good for anything, none had stayed with her, none could make her a child. That’s why she went twice more to the princess... to the doctor’s to have children.

She was a simple woman and asked if she should have told Aurora that she had been artificially conceived, but he shook his head and said that if she hadn’t wanted to know until now, she should leave it at that. He turned to go and said they would see each other more often now, for he was an advisor to the king and was Master Candor. Michaela, she replied, I am the Michaela and will be happy to see you more often. He acknowledged her lustful thoughts with a warm smile and went to the group around the king. He thought to himself, if Aurora had half as much fire in her ass as her mother, then Karl had hit the jackpot! He wiped the fat grin off his face and became serious again. He had to run his mouth over many a patrician’s disappointment that their perfect and beautiful daughters had been ousted by a commoner. Simply outrageous!

Eva smiled and stroked his hair as they lay in bed at night and he told her about meeting Michaela. Do you like her? she asked, and he

said she attracted him erotically, even though he knew nothing about her. Go get her, tiger! whispered Eva, do it if you like! They talked for a long time about his urges, that he loved variety and remained a boy at heart, running after every pretty skirt, even though his body was already very lame. He also addressed her urges, but she assured him that she had consciously given up this inclination ever since she had decided on her future in Vienna and approached Erich, and had always been happy with loving only Erich and him. Her heart, her feelings and her body did not arouse in her any desire to copulate with other men. She would have done it naturally if she had ever felt the desire. After all, she had always done it before Erich, in the old life as well as in the new life in France, with very many men. Now, in her late 50s, she had to be glad to still be hormonally arousable, that would pass sooner or later. They were both very sad about it and held each other tightly. He said that he loved her dearly and if one day her lust would wane, he still loved her. He might be a womanizer by disposition, but deep down he was a faithful man! She was a little happier again and gave him an affectionate pat. Go get 'em, tiger, while you've got the urge!

Michaela and her husband had married young, he worked as a barman, she as a kitchen help. She had come to Eva's medical practice at 21, her husband had not been able to make her a child, although they copulated every free minute because they both wanted a child. Then he couldn't take it anymore and went to the doctor much too late, he was irrecoverably ill with prostate cancer. He urged her to do artificial insemination because he still wanted to live to see the birth. He was bedridden and caressing her three-month belly, he was very worried about how she would cope, without him. She reassured him, the royal pension, the maternity allowance, was enough to get by, the city sent care for the first three months. They were both simple people and knew that she could hardly send the child to good schools with that. He urged her to marry again after his death and she promised. And if she was looking, she should never do it for free, he said, that would discourage freeloaders. She promised that too and said he would be with her for a very long time. But it was already much too late for him, he died a few days later.

Immediately after the funeral she went off to look for a husband. There were plenty of them, everyone had to contribute before they copulated. No one stayed, she put the thalers in the piggy bank and on the bench. She had hundreds, many hundreds of admirers and never copulated for free. She never used contraception and everyone was allowed to inject his semen, because she wanted children, many children. She did nothing about her little daughter secretly watching her copulate or masturbate, the child could not get to know the real world early enough. When she read to the 7-year-old in the evening, she saw how the little girl was excitedly pressing her cunt. Determinedly, she explained to the little one about masturbation, that you do it alone or with a loved one and not in public. The little one understood, so Michaela flipped up her skirt and showed her how to satisfy herself. The little girl made every effort and she didn't need to show her after two weeks. She sat motionless and watched Aurora. When she was done, Michaela gave her a kiss on the forehead and said that she had done well.

But Aurora much preferred it when Michaela did it to her really fast, because it took her at least three times as long to masturbate when she did it herself. The little girl lay down in bed, closed her eyes and straddled her thighs expectantly. Michaela satisfied her quickly until the little one began to pump and thrust her abdomen and it slowly subsided. Aurora liked it best when she was sick, she was allowed to sleep in her mother's bed and they could both lie naked next to each other. She snuggled up to her mother and pressed her pubic very tightly against her's. She rubbed her pubic against Michaela's cunt until she was highly aroused and begged her to put out the fire in her abdomen. Michaela satisfied her so beautifully that she almost had to scream. Michaela always did her masturbation herself and rarely allowed Aurora to do it to her. If it was not too late in the evening, Michaela did it to her so often until it was evening. Before she fell asleep, she hugged her mother very tightly and enjoyed the way her body wiggled and jiggled during masturbation. During Michaela's two pregnancies she was also allowed to sleep naked with her, although she was not sick. Only Michaela was permanently horny and couldn't satisfy herself often enough. This time was also special because Michaela let her satisfy her very often and climaxed violently thrusting and jerking. Michaela sometimes cried and said

she felt her behavior was impossible! Aurora hugged her and comforted her until the horniness returned.

When Eva asked the mothers to film, Aurora joined in because she had also “heard” the mental command and found nothing wrong with it. She liked to be filmed copulating and masturbating several times and guided the camera when her mother copulated with the boy and masturbated herself at the end. Michaela copulated with the boy so many times until he had squirted out all his semen and was only allowed to copulate with Aurora afterwards when he had no semen to squirt in. It was so similar to before when the mother copulated with the admirers and after he left, she masturbated herself. She always did that. Aurora grew into a splendid young woman, she understood very well that her mother earned the money for her education with casual prostitution and did not disappoint her. Her mother was very proud that her daughter studied in record time and immediately got a top job. Aurora knew that her sisters had been conceived through artificial insemination, but believed all her life that her father was the deceased. Michaela never corrected it.

Candor’s curiosity was aroused, sparked by not remembering Michaela. He visited her on several mornings and they copulated like heated teenagers. He didn’t remember her, even after that. She was devoted to copulating at first, but their unions were monotonous and soon seemed unimaginative to him. During his visit, the children had spied through the crack in the door, which was much more embarrassing to him than Michaela, who shrugged her shoulders indifferently and continued copulating unperturbed. She didn’t even interrupt her budding and rode on until his erection subsided. She licked and sucked his cock, though the childish eyes still peered through the crack in the door.

Michaela had mastered the art of copulating with a cock that was only half erect and did it when her abdomen demanded more. She satisfied her clit during copulation without shyness, but she was sometimes too inhibited to satisfy herself when it wasn’t during copulation. He suspected she was ashamed of her dark labia, which looked as if they were tattered, hanging prominently out of her pubic

fold. At one point he murmured, many women had that, but she pretended not to hear it.

Despite that, this time she satisfied herself completely unabashedly and waited a few minutes afterward until the girls had disappeared. Then she laughed – kind of slyly – and beckoned him to follow her. Now they were spying through the crack in the door of the children's room. The two girls were lying in one of the two beds, snuggled close together, silently playing with their own clits and private parts under the clothes they had pushed up. Candor felt like he was a fucking cad, watching the little girls and getting very horny. The older one reached her short climax very quickly. She then pushed the younger girl's hand aside and rubbed her clit vigorously. The little one's legs twitched incessantly at the hard rubbing by her sister. Michaela and he watched for a while and left again, copulating like mad in the missionary position on the couch, so incredibly horny did he get while spying the little girls. Michaela made sure they kept spying, because that lit his fire like dynamite.

He had promised to take her and the children to a larger apartment in the castle and give the girls a good education, she was soon to be the king's mother-in-law. Later, when they lived in the castle, he would sometimes visit her when he felt like it and gave in to his urges. Michaela was a thoroughly simple-minded person, but she was able to give him a very special good feeling during copulation. She was not a child of sadness and copulated with everyone in the castle who felt like it and paid her for being allowed to copulate. She thought it was fine that he only stopped by every few weeks to copulate. Karl had told Franz to talk to Michaela. Franz had talked to her so that she would be a little more careful and stop being so permissive about her love life. The gossip had to stop. Michaela was understanding and kept a very low profile. She had seduced Franz, of course, but it remained with this one time.

M.T. worked like crazy at least 80 hours a week and often slept alone in the guest room because she felt little sexual desire during the week, wanting only to sleep. Candor and Eva were both content to have the evening and night to themselves. She was still collecting his semen, as she had found from all the checks that his semen was

of very good quality. She was able to concentrate fully on her medical practice, spending little more time in the castle. So they had the evening to themselves, discussed important and incidental things in peace and experienced togetherness, which had a positive effect on their copulation. She felt her lust awaken as she copulated and then formed her bridge to satisfy herself right before his eyes. He leaned forward at her climax and lickingly kissed her trembling cunt and clit.

Sometimes Eva would kiss him in the middle of the mouth and say, smiling mischievously, that he could come to the medical practice at such and such a time, there was a particularly beautiful or otherwise interesting girl to copulate with. Most of the time he followed these rare invitations and experienced a wonderful variation, because Eva attached great importance to offering him only the best. She also always made sure that the girls were still anesthetized when he copulated with them. It also happened that she did not have to perform artificial insemination because the girl was completely healthy. She would order him to the office and let him copulate with the unconscious girl repeatedly until the girl became pregnant after a few acts. It worked every time. She also made sure that M.T. was not present, she did not need to experience this facet of the insemination program.

The marriage of Karl to Aurora and their coronation were beautiful and festive, the people joined in the celebration and the king didn't let his hair down. The people drank, smacked and danced for three days, copulated and fathered children in the hidden corners and dark alleys. The newly crowned queen tackled her new department with vigor, maintaining close contacts with the Social Ministry of the Parliament from the very first day. It was very important for her that ideas were exchanged and discussed, as this was the only way to ensure rapid implementation. She worked 6 days a week until the end of her pregnancy. Exactly one year after the wedding she gave birth to Prince Frederick, a healthy and splendid heir to the throne. Eva, as her gynecologist, was not present because she was at a congress in Berlin. To her chagrin, only the old midwives of the castle helped with the difficult birth. It would later turn out that she was right to doubt their ability. In any case, the whole kingdom re-

joiced over the prince and duly celebrated little Fritz. Karl immediately called Candor and congratulated him that he was now a grandfather. He congratulated Karl with all his heart and sent his best wishes to Aurora.

Candor had spent many nights discussing with Eva whether he could write his memoirs. Finally he let it stay, because to reveal the full truth was simply not possible. He would probably end up on the stake burning, as he once hinted to Kunze, and would also drag Eva and the kingship into the abyss. Thus, even in King Erich's time, he had occupied himself with writing astute philosophical treatises. Most of them dealt with current topics of the parliament, which he illuminated and contrasted from the point of view of both the royal chancelleries and the parliament. At first it was only King Erich who read the tracts, then all the active masters became interested in them, and finally the Parliament. He felt a certain pride that his opinion was valued so much. Since he only dictated the texts, like everyone, and paid little attention to the external form, etc., and had no idea how to put the texts online, it soon became necessary to get professional help.

He decided on a former chambermaid who had studied law and remained pleasant in his memory. Ulli came twice a week and edited his texts in an excellent way, soon also his quite extensive correspondence. He remunerated her very generously, because of course they also copulated, Ulli did it without comment and he needed it. Only the wealth of her family made her a chambermaid, she was not pretty, her face angular and sharp. Her face was not at all inviting and did not make it easy for her to choose a mate. Her small body was very slender with small buttocks, nicely rounded hips and medium sized firm breasts. Like most young girls and women of the time, her pubis was smooth and hairless, which added to the eroticizing impression of her naked pubic fold and labia. He had chosen her primarily because she had the smallest and tightest cunt he had ever penetrated and who climaxed during intercourse even more frequently than Mia. He kept catching himself thinking that he was copulating with a little underage girl in a forbidden way, and that this was precisely what made up a large part of his fascination. He was fascinated by the pained expression on her face when she painstaking-

ingly inserted his cock. She protested that she was not in pain, but she kept making moaning wails as she slid her cunt up and down his cock. This was never done quickly, but each movement revealed how she slipped her much too small and tight cunt over his cock and slowly withdrew it. In climax, she paused motionless, listening to her abdomen with her eyes closed. For her, these climaxes were completely normal and not as impressive as they were for him. She had no reason to touch her clit or satisfy herself when she was with him, the climaxes during intercourse were completely enough for her. Ulli rode him as often as he wanted and did it businesslike, because she was engaged and not in love with the old man. She could keep love and sex well apart, she had learned that as a chambermaid.

There was something Nima could only discuss with Eva. In the morning, when Karl and Franz had left, eleven-year-old Orlando would come into her bedroom, take off his pajamas and lie down naked with her. In the morning, right when she woke up, it was the right time for her to masturbate. She didn't mind Orlando being there, and one day when she felt his strong erection under the covers, she showed him how to satisfy himself. It went well for a while, he knelt in front of her and let his semen splash over her cunt one after another while she was pleasuring herself. But he didn't like masturbation that much, after all they had watched many videos together about copulating and one day he wanted to copulate like the big boys. Smiling, she allowed it and made his first time as beautiful as she could. Since then, he copulated with her every morning as soon as she was awake and squirted into her two or three times before his erection subsided. It made her feel nice and comfortable because he was doing it while she was masturbating. He mainly wanted to get rid of the growing semen pressure, but he knew from her that she especially wanted it during her masturbation. Nima said how horny it made her, but she also felt guilty. Eva promised to talk to the chambermaids so that something would change.

Candor was at a loss when Ulli told him that she could not come this week. After three weeks, he was able to get her to come over. She reported to him that the engagement had been broken off. Like her, her fiancé came from a respectable family that did not tolerate scandals. The scandal was that she had become pregnant and the fiancé

was not fertile. She was blindsided, and the fiancé was blindsided, because they both knew nothing about it. But the family patriarch knew and insisted on a test.

Ulli cried and the master tried to comfort her. She said that she had sexual intercourse only with him and not with the fiancé in the whole last year, only the master could be the father. He offered financial help, but her family was filthy rich and she did not need money. He was able to persuade her to remain his assistant until the end of the pregnancy and to train a successor. She came reliably three times a week and mostly just wanted to copulate. He was very pleased, because there was something very special in her close cunt. Now she also allowed him to masturbate her manually, and also she often did it herself, during copulation or afterwards, with much shame and embarrassment. This was actually part of her secrets, she stressed, before masturbating herself with a shy guilty expression on her face. She at least turned her face away in shame when she satisfied herself. Most of the time, however, she turned her back to him, because she was very embarrassed and uncomfortable when she did it in his presence. She leaned back against his chest so that he could arouse her breasts and nipples.

She always satisfied herself with both hands, one hand on the clit, the other circularly teasing the vaginal entrance. In climax, she thrust a finger into her cunt, teasing the G-spot. He turned her towards him to watch her masturbate and in the finale he thrust two fingers into her little hole and pushed her very hard to prolong her climax. She hugged him crying and whispering what a dirty naughty girl she was! That she couldn't help indulging in masturbation like an addict, over and over again! She cried and complained, but at the same time she began to satisfy herself again, hanging on his neck until climax and rubbing herself, sobbing softly. He enjoyed it, although she needed this theater and he let her suffer.

It developed into a habit that she embraced him with one hand, hiding her face against his neck and pressing her abdomen against his body. Her hand stole between their bodies and found the clit, he lifted her by the buttocks and pressed her to him. His hand inched its way to her bottom, sliding along the crease of her ass until he found

her vaginal entrance. While she was pleasuring herself, his finger tasted her hole circling and penetrated at the end. Gasping and moaning, she climaxed, her abdomen twitching and undulating with pleasure. He felt her tears running down his neck and heard her whisper how depraved and dirty the girl was and how much the girl suffered from the sinful vice of masturbation. It was not two minutes before he felt her tentatively teasing her clit again.

As much as he enjoyed the dirty vice with the dirty girl, if he wanted to do something for his erection, he had to take it into his own hands. He grabbed her by the buttocks on both sides and lifted her effortlessly. He placed her little hole right over the cock and lowered her following gravity. She let out a wailing sound as the little hole was placed over his cock. Now he raised and lowered her, up and down, faster and faster. He ignored her climaxes and continued steadfastly until he squirted inside. He pressed her down very hard on his cock until the glans pressed very hard against her cervix and squirted with great relief. She liked this beautifully-painful kind of fucking very much, she looked forward to it all week and liked to fantasize about it during masturbation.

He asked Eva if childbirth was a problem because of Ulli's narrow cunt canal, but she waved it off, saying it was no problem. The cunt canal was very stretchable, and the obstetrician could usually help it along with a harmless perineal incision.

Ulli had brought Paula, the 22-year-old was four years younger than her, distantly related to her and also studied law. Paula had never served as chambermaid. Ulli had to copulate with him before Paula arrived, she strictly adhered to that. So he also did not know whether Paula was at all available for sexual adventures. Paula was just as suitable as Ulli in terms of work and he only approached her when Ulli stopped coming. He came quite directly to the point and she first acted bashful and innocent. She had had a bit of sex with guys, but never with an old man, an ancient man, she repeated.

She was not a beauty and her face with its huge blue eyes reminded him of an ugly cat. She had very small, firm breasts and a small, slender and very athletic body. The first time they looked at

each other's nakedness and he explained in detail how he wanted it. She was very understanding and was very careful with him at first, after all he seemed so frail. But his erection, she admitted in amazement, was bigger than any she had seen before. Her cunt was almost as tight as Ulli's, she too made soft wailing sounds during fucking. Unlike Ulli, she wanted to masturbate while copulating and asked if it bothered him? Of course not, he said with a grin and enjoyed the ride. She babbled the whole time during the intercourse frankly and with an erotic coo in her voice that Ulli had explained to her before already quite detailed and rich in pictures how the master wanted it and what she should pay attention to. That she had never ridden before and only knew missionary position and the dog position, but the dog position only once. It was completely unproblematic to masturbate herself in the missionary position, since the boy was responsible for thrusting and she could concentrate on masturbation. Now, while riding, she couldn't concentrate like that and bring herself to climax. She lowered her abdomen very low until his glans was against her cervix and slowly raised until only the tip of the glans was in her cunt, all this at a slow, steady pace. Each lowering of her abdomen and thus each new penetration of his cock elicited from her a soft sound of pain, although nothing hurt her. She continued even after he had squirted quite deeply in her cunt and stopped only when his erection clearly subsided. Unlike Ulli, she didn't climax during intercourse, after which she curled up on his abdomen for masturbation and climaxed without any shyness, just as Ulli had told her.

She told him with frivolous frankness that she knew masturbation since early youth and did it daily. Some days her desire was so great that she did it several times until she had exhausted herself. With her girlfriends, of course, she also whispered about everything sexual, but she had never done it with a girl. And she had copulated with boys only very rarely, maybe four times. Or less. There were also only two boys who had copulated with her. With the first one only once, she bought the favor of the second one with private lessons. He was actually gay and copulated with her only under pressure, but he was completely out of his depth, having never slept with girls before. So she still had far too little sexual experience. She was not pretty enough for the boys and was not skilled enough to get one to copulate with her. Her sex life took place exclusively in the form of mas-

turbation. All in all, she was a big surprise because she had a very natural and open-minded attitude toward sex. Paula had told him that she wanted a child so much, but that things were rather bad for it in her family. She had been conceived by artificial insemination just like Ulli, in the princess's medical practice. He smiled pensively, he was once again sleeping with a daughter!

Eva had taken care of Ulli's love life without making big words. She was not playing God, but influencing fate. A boy from her study course seemed to be very suitable, he had received the genes of the master at fertilization. He was well-behaved, hard-working and anxious to marry into better circles. The two found each other and fell in love. Eva made sure that brother and sister met and had deep feelings for each other from the first moment. He had no problem at all with her being pregnant, because he adored her from the first moment and had all the qualifications to become a good husband and father. She was a great match financially and loved him too. Despite the general sexification of the times, it was not easy for a pregnant woman to find a partner.

They spent a lot of time together and sexually they were also compatible in the true sense of the word. His penis had not grown up, it had remained a little boy penis. It fit very well with her tightly formed cunt part and she found it pleasing that his cock fit so well inside her. However, he could copulate excellently and she had her climaxes during intercourse as always. He confessed after some time that she was his first girl. She was astonished and of course questioned him. Finally he told that his mother, by Eva's order, wanted to copulate with him to film it for the doctor. He was very surprised at this because she had only done handjobs for him so far, since he did not like to do masturbation at all and simply refused. Whenever he had an erection, she would grab his penis and give him a handjob. Now his mother filmed him copulating shyly with her for the first time and he filmed her masturbation as well. Since then they copulated every night, until today. Ulli tried to gradually stop him from fucking with his mother and they agreed that he would only stay over at his mother's house twice during the week. His mother was happy that he had found a woman for life and was content to sleep with him

twice a week and keep her eyes open for a partner. They decided to get married relatively quickly, before the birth.

Now Ulli came to the master and told him this news, after she had copulated with him with pleasure. Of course, she also told him how steadfast her fiancé's little penis was, a whole weekend they had copulated continuously and he hardly needed a quarter of an hour break, then it went on. She loved him with all her heart and had only come to the master because she needed his way of copulating so much. They talked about it for a long time and she finally realized that she needed the pain of copulation, not him. She asked him to come again. He agreed that she would come once a week when Paula was not yet around.

She kept the agreement and stayed away only once, when her wedding took place. She writhed with pleasure on his cock and experienced wonderful climaxes combined with the sweet pain his cock caused in her cunt. He watched his child grow in her womb week after week and it was arousing to hear her wails as they copulated. She confessed to him with a shy sideways glance that she now needed to masturbate several times a day during her pregnancy when her husband was not at home. Because the pressure was very great, she did it to herself several times a day. Yes, of course she would like to do it right now, but leaned back against him because masturbation in front of him was actually uncomfortable and embarrassing for her. He fondled her heavy breasts and round belly as she masturbated herself, feeling his fingers to her clit to witness it up close. She masturbated herself in stages, pausing for a few moments at each stage and then continuing. At the finale, she rubbed herself quite vigorously and her abdomen did a St. Vitus-dance as she climaxed. Of course, as always, she needed her theatrics from the dirty girl who was addicted to masturbation. He sometimes rewarded her with a second erection, as she needed every painful copulation, buffeted by hormones. She came reliably, until a few days before giving birth. Four weeks later she came again, she had already resumed copulating with her husband, contrary to doctor's recommendations.

Paula did her work quickly and reliably, in this her professionalism and maturity showed. In sexual matters she was hopelessly naive

and inexperienced, but very, very curious. One day she asked him about anal intercourse and he patiently enlightened her. He got the lube out of the nightstand and they tried it out in the office. Her butt hole was not as tight as her cunt, his cock slid in effortlessly and she rode him with increasing pleasure. Still, he soon stopped it, saying he didn't like anal copulation as much.

On another occasion, the subject of oral sex came up, which he also told her about in detail. She copulated with her lips and mouth with his cock until he squirted into her mouth. Very unsteadily, it took her a few seconds before she swallowed his semen. It tasted quite good, she said afterwards, it was not at all as vile as she had imagined. From now on, she sucked his glans and cock for quite a long time each time before sitting on it. When they didn't want to copulate because of the period, she satisfied him orally and swallowed his semen.

At some point he murmured that it would be much nicer if she did the masturbation right in front of his face, he would love to watch from very close. She did it, lifting her butt all the way up and bringing her pubic right in front of his face. He grabbed her butt cheeks and lifted her pubic to his mouth like someone drinking from a goblet. He watched her enthusiastically and let his tongue dance on her cunt. The first few times she rubbed her clit while he dug his tongue into her cunt. Then she stopped the rubbing and let him lick her little clit to climax. She was all excited, no one had ever done that to her before and she kept asking him to do it. She was always highly aroused after copulating and needed the masturbation and being licked several times in a row until her mind calmed down. He loved her natural and unselfconscious way of dealing with sexuality.

Karl and Aurora wanted more children, but she now often had pain in her abdomen and went to Eva. She examined her and found an abdominal pregnancy. She accompanied the queen to the hospital, where she and M.T. performed the laparoscopy. M.T. was grateful that Eva had given her the task and removed the dead embryo. They also saw that the fallopian tubes had probably been ruptured by the birth and decided to tie off the tubes and sclerose them with the

laser. After that, Eva went to the castle with the queen and she lay down, two days of bed rest was ordered the least.

Aurora listened very attentively as Eva explained everything to her again in detail. She had been in mortal danger with the abdominal pregnancy and therefore the final closure of the fallopian tubes. She recommended, on the one hand, that the old midwives be fired and replaced with better trained, proper medical professionals. Eva admitted that she was not positive about these midwives, as she often had to save the life of the patient afterwards. On the other hand, she could get pregnant from Karl by artificial insemination as often as she wanted, she was the expert par excellence. She explained to Aurora step by step how it worked and that one should wait a few weeks until a possible abdominal inflammation was excluded. She should discuss it with Karl, they would talk about it again soon. A few days later Karl spoke to her about it and she told him the same thing. That same day the midwives packed up and left the castle. Aurora called Eva a week later and said they both wanted it, Karl and her. Eva visited and examined her again in detail. Then she said that for the collection of Karl's sperm he should be abstinent for three or four days, that is, not squirting. And they should discuss whether they wanted to do the semen collection by handjob or copulation. When Aurora asked, slightly irritated, which she would do, she said with a fine smile, copulate, of course!

They arrived at her medical practice a week later, Karl sent his security down to the front gate, he didn't need ear witnesses. Karl was not nervous at all, Eva had seen him copulate many times before. The couple undressed, Aurora lay down on the treatment table and spread her legs. A tiny, invisible camera was installed in the bracket of the treatment table, Eva unobtrusively pulled the camera to the side so that it captured Aurora's cunt offset to the side and adjusted it precisely by remote control. The zoom captured only Aurora's cunt in close-up. She checked the setting on the small monitor after taking a seat behind the two of them. Karl lay down on Aurora, she guided his cock with her hand into her fleshy, hungry cunt. They copulated quickly and violently, the abstinence had made them both hot. Aurora had missed him too, her large, fleshy cunt and thick labia eager for his cock and she panted excitedly as he squirted. He thrust his

cock all the way in, his testicles bouncing up and down as he squirted long and copiously. Aurora usually climaxed during intercourse, but in this medical situation her arousal only rose to the unbearable, leaving her unfulfilled.

After he pulled out his cock, Aurora automatically reached for her clit, but Eva was already with her and took his semen with the electronic pipette. Then he and she watched Aurora masturbate, she needed it badly after the exciting intercourse and got a nice climax worth watching. Karl was fully erect while watching and mounted her all over again. They copulated for a very long time, Aurora was aroused until just before the climax and Karl emptied himself completely. Eva collected his semen immediately, although Aurora had already started masturbating. She took a long time this time, after half an hour of small near-climaxes she exploded like mad, crying out briefly and slapping her thighs together in her rapture. The couple got dressed and left after Eva assured them that she would visit Aurora daily to determine the right time.

Eva hurried home and showed Candor the video. He watched it several times and clicked his tongue, liking both Aurora's copulation and greedy masturbation. Eva took care of her horny husband's erection and as they lay peacefully side by side smoking, she said she could arrange for him to have intercourse with Aurora if he wanted. He could think of nothing else for days. Eva visited Aurora daily to see if ovulation was imminent and ordered her to the office.

Aurora also sent her security guards down to the front gate, stripped naked and sat on the treatment table, then Eva discussed all the details with her. Karl's sperm had an excellent quality, she had examined it thoroughly. She had to extract the egg through a tiny incision, fertilize it and take it to the uterus for implantation. Eva concealed the fact that she always attached the egg with an experimental organic glue, because the word experimental could irritate. Aurora was now aware of the eroticizing effect of the narcotic and that Eva had to stimulate her afterwards so that the sensitive tissue of the tickler was not damaged. Aurora blushed to the roots of her hair and narrowed her eyes in shame, an awkward pause ensued. Couldn't she do it herself, she asked timidly, not looking at Eva. Eva assured her

that she would still be completely dazed and certainly could not. She grabbed Aurora's hands and smiled, saying she had done it countless times and it was not a sexual act. She read Aurora's mind and assured her she would do it as nicely as she would do it herself. Aurora looked gratefully into her eyes and blushed again, because except for Michaela, she had never been masturbated by a woman before. After a few seconds Eva let go of her hands, stroked her shoulder and slipped on her OP-stuff. Everything was clear for Aurora, she lay down on the treatment table and closed her eyes. She anesthetized Aurora and began the procedure.

The master had received her signal, had passed unseen by the security guards and gone up to the medical practice. He had removed his cloak and waited patiently for Eva to finish. She nodded to him and he stepped closer, palpating and gazing extensively at the large cunt of the unconscious Aurora. Then he copulated standing up, pouring himself inside her and copulating some more. Aurora's body responded and jerked in release as he climaxed. He squirted inside her several times until he exhausted himself. Quietly, he dressed and silently disappeared. Eva collected his semen and cooled it. Eva worked Aurora's erect clit and gave her climaxes for an hour, although the clit had long since relaxed again. Aurora gradually awoke and enjoyed the climaxes while fully conscious. She blushed shamefully and nodded silently when Eva asked her if she wanted it again. Not even Michaela could do it as well as Eva. She almost passed out from embarrassment and shame and nodded and nodded. While Aurora was getting dressed, Eva called up two security guards to support the queen and carefully drive her home. She was to be on strict bed rest for three days and not have sex for a week, not even masturbation so the egg could implant.

She hurried home and watched the video together with the master, they laughed and bickered from the pleasurable copulation. Eva knew that she had better destroy this video, but she sat down to the screen before falling asleep and cut out every part where Aurora or the master could be seen. Then she saved the video in a secure area that only the two of them could access.

Eva had to repeat the insemination weeks later because the embryo had not nested, and Candor again got to enjoy copulating extensively with Aurora, for nearly an hour. He later watched the video at least a dozen times. It showed in close-up Aurora's wet, glistening cunt and his cock plowing inside her. The labia embraced his cock as he thrust in, and when he withdrew the cock, one could see quite deep into her vaginal entrance. As he squirted, he pulled his cock out almost all the way and squirted in thick jets into her hole. The thrusting transferred to her labia and to her small clit, which was swollen to bursting. You could quite clearly see him squirting deep inside her and could see her climax by the trembling twitch of her labia and clit. He revelled in the experience for days after and thanked Eva profusely. She just gave him a chummy pat and said she hoped the insemination worked this time, or he'd give himself another heart attack copulating with Aurora! But she was very happy, because her lover enjoyed the secret copulation with Aurora beyond measure and watched the video horny again and again. She couldn't help herself: they were already some crazy people!

Aurora's pregnancy went well, but her hormones made her almost unbearably horny from the beginning, and Karl complained to Franz that she was almost ruining him with her demanding sexuality. Franz, the favorite brother, flirted outrageously directly with Aurora and she brought it up with Karl, what did he think? Karl, exhausted and worn out, encouraged her to do it with Franz. After all, he was not a stranger who would come between them and endanger their relationship. Aurora was a little hurt and didn't speak a word the next day, she didn't sleep with Karl and withdrew early for solitary hours of masturbation. In between her excitements she cried because Karl just gave her away. Franz didn't give up, he selfishly needed some variety, and horny Aurora, willing to copulate, with her highly erotic charisma, slender hips, discreetly rounded buttocks and firm, plump breasts would be just the one for him.

He was all the more surprised when Aurora knocked on his bedroom door in the evening and came in wearing an outrageously transparent negligee, under which she was completely naked. She was joyfully aroused, having swallowed a wide variety of pills that took away her anxiety, sexually aroused her, and put her happily in

the mood for copulation. She had a wonderful night. She confessed it to Karl the next day, reporting all the details in a timid voice, leaving nothing out. She was completely distraught and cried, as she had never cheated on him before. Karl contradicted, he didn't see it as cheating, he had expressly said so. Nevertheless, Aurora needed a few days to accept it. But from now on she let herself be mounted by both brothers alternately. In the course of time, all three of them slept in her bed, she copulated with both of them in turn, until both of them had to give up from exhaustion.

As long as her fat belly allowed it, she got the most beautiful climaxes when they both copulated with her at the same time. She screamed with rapture like Nima when they both held back cumming until she had rubbed her clit to climax. Her climax was so violent because two erect cocks were deep inside her. It slowly subsided as the brothers continued to copulate and cum with her one after the other, first the one that squirted in her bottom and then the one that squirted in her cunt. They repeated it once or twice a month, even after the pregnancy, because Aurora liked this double penetration very much. She was very happy that she could have her pronounced strong urges satisfied by two men and copulated with the brothers day in and day out. Her horniness was quite enough to exhaust both of them to the last drop of semen. This was the best solution to the problems their hormones had caused. Only during the time they were both out, did she have to resort to masturbation, making her abdomen tremble for hours.

Aurora gave birth to a healthy boy, Eva and the new midwives did everything for her and the child, the birth lasted less than an hour. King Karl called him Paul and kissed Aurora lovingly and gratefully, then thanked Eva and the midwives. Candor and M.T. learned the news as they copulated in bed with him. They immediately rushed to the castle to see the child and the parents.

Eva had turned 60, there was a fantastic birthday party at the castle. She still looked dazzling, appearing 10 years younger and accentuating her figure with a little dress so cleverly tailored that covered everything and yet revealed every detail of her body as if naked. She enjoyed the greedy looks of the men and the envious looks of the

women. She smiled proudly and aloofly, as not a few of the guests fell into erotic rapture. Her dress allowed her to wear no bra and the special panties revealed everything and hid nothing. It was just as intentional, she wanted to savor being desired. She had dressed elegantly and demurely all these years, but on this birthday she decided not to hide her charms anymore. She could not, however, prevent her face from gradually wrinkling and her pectoral muscles from beginning to sag.

M.T. had finished her training, was licensed and took a few days off and worked only part-time in the hospital. Her lust returned with full force, Eva let her have the master whenever she could get him to erect and they spent wonderful hours in bed together as a threesome. Eva had to admit to herself that her lust was rapidly diminishing and she wanted to copulate by herself at most once a week. Candor noticed it and kept saying how much he loved her and didn't care how often they made love.

Once she lay next to them only slightly aroused after they had copulated, she stroked M.T. gently and soothingly. M.T. took heart, lovingly embraced her and stroked her erogenous zones until Eva was aroused and M.T. satisfied her with her hand. As much as Eva enjoyed it, it should become an exception and not the rule. She kissed M.T. sisterly and whispered thank you, then lay down on the other side of the master and caressed him while she dozed and dreamed to the subsiding of the arousal. She hid how upset she was that her daughter would not accept her loss of pleasure. The daughter was quite stubborn, she realized. M.T. didn't care about Eva's initial squeamishness, always involving her in their sex games and pleasuring her with her fingers as soon as she was aroused. Eva always thanked her with a sisterly kiss and whispered her thanks. Candor lay between the two women before falling asleep, placing his fingers on her cunts and enjoying the way they both did it: once, twice, and fell asleep. Before M.T.'s spirit fell asleep, he mentally hugged her and thanked her for not giving up on Eve.

Eva had handed over her medical office to Maria Theresa, who had finished her training as a gynecologist and was now only working half days at the hospital. She had co-authored the crucial treatise on

the organic glue for gynecology. The world of gynecology received the paper well, and the glue was approved and used. They parlayed the manufacturer's princely reward into some travel together, which also strengthened the bond between them. Candor felt too frail to accompany them. M.T. made some changes to the fertilization program. Women with wealthy backgrounds no longer got it for free; poor people did. She used a different narcotic that no longer had the devilish-eroticizing effect, and she no longer had to satisfy the patient by hand. Semen collection was basically done by copulating the couple, because she liked to watch copulation and filmed each act for Eva and Candor, who also liked to watch. *(She never videotaped herself as she let most husbands fuck her after the semen collection. She never detected the fact, that she was doing the same as her mother.)* In about three-quarters of the men, the semen was fine and she used it for fertilization; the last quarter got Candor's semen, which she used very sparingly. In addition, she no longer ran only the insemination program, but opened the office to general gynecology. The fees from the wealthy allowed her to treat poorer women for free and still earn enough to think about working in the hospital.

Eva now finally had time for herself, assisted on a case-by-case basis in Maria Theresa's medical practice, read a lot and adopted a completely different wardrobe. Frivolous, seductive and revealing. To her own astonishment, she left off not only her bra but also her panties. She loved the appreciative looks of men and women like actors love applause. A large crowd of admirers formed, wooing her. Candor always encouraged her to take one or the other as a lover when they talked about it. That her desire diminished had a lot to do with variety. Gradually she gave in to the admirers, but she took only sons of Candor, and only those who had a large cock. All the others she sent away. The boys were at most in their mid-twenties and she left the activity to them after seducing them with her frivolous get-up and erotic gestures, for she felt the desire only during copulation. She was very happy when the excitement and climax reached. She told Candor about copulating in the evenings and when it was convenient, she licked and sucked his cock and swallowed his semen. M.T. listened to their conversations smiling and watched Eva licking, finally Eva had overcome her crisis. She almost always had the master to

herself, because Eva had been satisfied several times during the day and rarely had a sexual desire in the evening.

Eva had gone to Paris for the film festival, she had been persuaded by an aspiring filmmaker to play a role in the film “André and the Queen”. Unfortunately, the film did not win a prize. The director was a master film editor and developed a tender love story between André and Eva that never existed. The rest of the film showed the great copulation of the two, which in reality was shot over several days with four cameras. André, a son of Candor of course, handled his large cock masterfully and to Eva’s great delight he sometimes brought her to climax, there she clung to him and pressed her twitching abdomen against him. At the end of the film, the finale of copulation was shown in slow motion and close-up. The cameraman caught André’s squirting in close-up, implementing the direction as best he could. André pulled out his cock to make Eva’s open vaginal entrance clearly visible and squirted into it as he penetrated. The director had specifically requested this. The cameramen shot without interruption and filmed Eva’s climax from four angles as soon as she came, including close-ups and super slow motion, of course. The close-up of her wet cunt with the clearly visible hole and her beautifully protruding clit formed the crowning conclusion.

When she returned home, Candor and she watched the film together. He was very impressed and Eva had to give a detailed account of the footage. André was very good at copulating, so she had suggested him to the director. Candor was a little sad because he was physically incapable for the athletic part. He had unconsciously said it out loud at some point and M.T. tried to comfort him. He was able to maintain his erection for a long time and that was a good prerequisite for good riding. She was responsible for the sport and that was good. She was very happy with the current situation, didn’t need any other sex partners besides him and needed only him to feel happy and satisfied. He sighed and knew she was telling the truth.

Eva came to her senses a few days after the shooting. Candor had thought nothing of it when Eva went away for a few days to work on a film project, but when she came back completely exhausted and drugged, he was worried and immediately called Maria Theresa. She

examined Eva and got various pills, which should help. The effect of the drugs had worn off and what was left was a horrible hangover. She cured herself thoroughly with M.T.'s pills and took time to think. She contacted the best computer hacker she knew. With his help, she created a secured space on Comnet. Then she mentally sought out the young director and ordered him to put all the original footage into the Space. The director was perplexed, because after hours of overdubbing, he had no memory of what he had been doing for the last few hours. He shook his head and kept working. When he returned from the festival weeks later, his entire workspace had been erased, with only a winking smiley face in his backup, which usually only hackers left behind.

Eva sealed the Space and began to look at everything together with the master. She had a copy of the film and also the unedited raw Material. She reported that both she and André were completely drugged for the entire four days of the shoot. Of course, André needed drugs to keep the erections going. She was given other drugs so that she could completely ignore the film crew. Other pills made her insanely horny to copulate. Still other pills made her incredibly cheerful, friendly and in love, to list only the most important drugs.

Candor was really angry at first, wanted to stop the film from being finished, sue the director for drug abuse and beat the crap out of him. Eva was able to stop him. She had signed a contract, first of all, the fine print surely had everything, neat and tidy. Secondly, she had seen some of the director's work, and at that time she liked everything. There were short films about same-sex love, thousands of copulations and masturbation of both sexes. There was even a daring film about a girl copulating with her dogs, but he was not allowed to publish that. Third, she was curious about how the film and how they were received. Even before she was drugged, she was determined to copulate as great as she could. She gave little thought to copulating for a movie. Modern society watched copulation movies every day and found nothing wrong with it, it was common sense.

They watched all the footage, Candor saw Eva copulate with someone else for the first time and was very impressed. She and André copulated two dozen times, and Eva seemed to enjoy it divinely, get-

ting a more or less good climax a few times. Candor watched some scene several times because he liked it and told Eva explicitly. She was very curious about his reaction and comments. Most of the time she just looked at the screen for a moment and concentrated on him.

Sometimes he expressed his disappointment when the cameramen missed or spoiled something. Anyway, he hugged and kissed her after each copulation, this gesture warmed her heart.

She had made it explicitly clear to the director that she did not want to do any masturbation, certainly not on camera. Candor nevertheless fretted when the camera, as often as it could, virtually crawled inside her vaginal entrance or showed her clit in close-up, when she pressed a finger to her clit in climax and stroked it very gently until she was relaxed again. She actually meant she was not masturbating, but the close-up kept showing her gently caressing her clit with her finger throughout the copulation. Candor knew that she was not satisfying herself, because caressing the clit was part of copulation for her. In the finished film, of course, the director made it seem like masturbation.

The director, who had Eva to himself every night and made her docile and willing with pills, had a fixation on Eva's hole. André had to time his squirting, pull his cock out so the close-up captured the wide-open vaginal entrance, and then he was allowed to squirt in first. When he pulled out, the camera stayed focused on the hole. Eva pressed a finger on her clit and vibrated, her hole gradually closing and squeezing out a bit of semen. For two minutes her finger vibrated on the clit, then she climaxed and gently continued stroking the clit. But as time went on, the drugs made her greedier, she rubbed the clit harder and harder each time, and climaxed after five or six minutes. This was no low-key vibrating, this was greedy masturbation. Every time Eva saw this footage later, she was ashamed to the core, because it showed the masturbation in front of the camera, which she originally never wanted.

Candor, however, became quite horny and was enthusiastic, he even canceled his appointments with Ulli and Paula. Of course, he had agreed with Eva that none of her children would be allowed to

see these uncut recordings. However, he often looked at them and worked up an appetite before having sex.

The last recordings had probably been made unintentionally, as someone had let the camera go on unattended. The work was obviously finished, Eva was still lying there ready to copulate, amped up from the pills and very horny. One by one, some crew members copulated with her, unspectacular and dispassionate. The men simply wanted to cum, no one made more effort than necessary. Some stopped and satisfied themselves while watching, squirting their semen on her body. The female crew members sat silently by, none wanting to join in other than watching, though Eva called them over several times. A script girl who had fallen in love with one of the crew members stripped naked and lay down next to Eva. She copulated with her lover and after the act she licked Eva's cunt with great pleasure. Eva kept satisfying herself all the time until all the men had poured into her and that's when the recording ended abruptly.

He embraced her and held her tightly, for she trembled when she saw this last shot. Tears of shame ran down her cheeks, she had repressed and forgotten all this. He held her soft and warm in his embrace and comforted her. No man would ever see this, he promised, for she knew he did not like such gangbangs. Gradually she was able to move away from the movie emotionally and Candor breathed a liberated sigh of relief. He had never seen this strong and confident woman so miserable and sad.

Eva rode his cock more often again when M.T. was on night duty. When M.T. was there, she did the riding and Eva stimulated her from climax to climax. When they rested, she would stroke Eva until she was aroused and let her satisfy her spectacularly and sensually. To fall asleep, he put his fingers on her clits as always and enjoyed it very much when his two girls were pleasuring themselves. As he did every evening, he embraced and kissed Maria Theresa's falling asleep spirit and thanked her for satisfying Eva so beautifully and sensitively.

Eva had not anticipated the tremendous headwind that arose after her role in the film became known. Tabloids gushed with artificial

outrage and comments on Comnet ran into the hundreds of thousands, even though the film hadn't even been released yet. As awesome as people rated the film, their chaps dripped with hypocritical drool. The princess? No, she couldn't! King Karl and Franz saw their mother having sex for the first time and their red ears only proved their horniness. Both of them also watched the film individually, it would have deserved a prize, they also said that to Eva with a smile. Nevertheless, the Royal Chancellery spread on all channels that the explicit parts were of course shot with a body-double and of course it did not depict the Princess de Tourneville. Rather, they said, it showed how masterfully the film had been edited. At the same time, they ordered the distribution of the film to cease. Confidants of the king rummaged through the director's workplace and were able to report that not a single snippet of video material was available from the artist. The waters soon smoothed, there was soon other news with which to keep the entertainment going.

Eva had hunkered down, ducked, and remained invisible for weeks. She had a lot of time to think and decided to give up superficial copulation. This was not her, nor did she need it. Often the next day she didn't know with whom she had copulated the night before. Copulating was less and less fun, because the human and the connection to the human was missing. She realized this all at once. She had long, thoughtful conversations with the master, who argued from the other side. He thought climaxes belonged to the essence of life. Morality was not as important as sex. Everyone had the right to get a climax and pleasure whenever. There were few boundaries that he acknowledged they had both always held that way. Some rules or taboos just didn't make sense nowadays. But Eva stuck to her decision, she immediately stopped playing around copulating. The only thing she kept was to continue dressing provocatively and provoking people with the display of her nudity. She needed that admiration.

Of course, their conversations also led him to reconsider his own behavior. Yes, he regretted that the relationship with Dina and Mia had grown cold and that he visited her and the children as "Uncle Candor". Eva and M.T. were the women who were now his family, with whom he enjoyed living and having a regular love life. Yes, he copulated with M.T. much more often than with Eva, but that didn't

matter. Then there were Ulli and Paula, but Eva insisted that he not change anything about them. She felt that he needed these young girls and they had no influence on the family ties.

He was about to give up on Ulli and Paula, because Eva was somehow right, he was much too old for these young girls. They played along for different reasons and sought to take as much as they could in the process, but there was no real bond. A man would certainly be found for the editorial department. Eva knew perfectly well that he loved the bodies of young girls, that he loved their sexuality and their sexual reactions. And that he could forget his old, frail body for a few hours. This was very important to Eva, because she didn't want him to waste away as an old, frail man next to her. She was very relieved when she succeeded in convincing him to continue the physical relations with Ulli and Paula. She persuaded him to tell her in detail each time about the girls' copulation and masturbation. This gave them an opportunity to talk about everything, about Ulli's desire for pain and Paula's desire for masturbation. And she kept drawing his attention to the videos in their secret space, videos of the mothers, of Aurora, or the latest ones M.T. had made of the copulators in the medical practice.

She knew how old he was. How old and frail his body was. But she also knew that his cock was far from finished with this world, and that she still wanted to accompany him to the end of the world.

It was just as well.

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Love Pains

Franz was not yet ready to marry. He had far too many choices for his strong urges. Nima and the list of favorites Eva had met and the highly erotic, insatiable Aurora, whom Karl shared with him without any jealousy, even after birth, when he felt like it. But he withdrew from Aurora more and more. It seemed right to him, because Karl's and Aurora's relationship began to cloud over. Franz listened for hours to Karl talking out loud about the marital problems. Aurora took loving care of Fritz and Paulchen, was a kind-hearted mother and main caregiver for her children, the nannies remained auxiliaries. Her professional struggle for families, women and children cost her a lot of strength. She had no strength left for two men, although she loved both of them. Karl was wounded and very sad, he even considered retiring and leaving Aurora completely to Franz. He could clearly see how happy and passionate she was in Franz's arms! Now Franz had his say and, looking Karl firmly in the eye, said that was out of the question. He would stay away from Aurora, period! Franz had thought about it for a long time and found that it was the best for all three of them.

He was one of the best Chancellors of the Exchequer of the time, respected for his accuracy and excellent management, and feared because he was strict about discipline and pursued corruption relentlessly. He often sought Candor's advice when he had someone high up on his hands and had to make a decision of political consequence. Not infrequently, Candor would throw on his black cloak and personally take the delinquent to task if he knew him. He was very proud of his son, who had put the finances in order and greatly curbed corruption. In addition, Franz had brought together an excellent troupe of experts from the business sector to advise him. Following Aurora's good example, he sought the cooperation of the ministries, which, however, turned out to be much more difficult than he had thought. But he was not the type to give up quickly.

Somewhat rashly, he became engaged to Jina from Eva's list of favorites. He should have noticed how headstrong and selfish she was.

The very fact that she called herself Jina and could promptly correct anyone who wrote Gina gave her power. She had passed law school with honors and worked in a prestigious law firm. She had attracted Franz's attention mainly because she showed imagination, passion and egoism during sex. She knew all the positions, all the tricks and exuded a tremendous obscenity, frivolity and erotic impudence that so captivated him. There was nothing she didn't do and didn't give a damn about what a decent girl didn't do. She had a great experience in sex and soon had him hooked. He kept coming, she pleased him, he loved her wild sex. Still, she was surprised when he proposed and immediately said yes. He was the viceroy and she could not get any higher socially. King Karl organized the wedding and the people celebrated. People drank, ate and danced for three days, copulating and fathering children in the remote corners and dark alleys.

The bride was very disappointed that the laws did not provide for a coronation as Viceroy's queen. Karl had an unbiased view of Jina's character and decided that he would make her Baroness of Fayngold, so that was the end of the subject, period. He paid no attention to Jina's disappointment. The Baroness von Stetten had been given a six-room apartment to marry into, Jina Baroness von Fayngold would initially be given one with four rooms with the option of a larger one when they had children. Karl was absolutely unwilling to negotiate anything with Jina, she was his brother's bride, but he was the king, she had to learn to accept that.

Franz had told Karl a lot about Jina's sexuality and when he mused about his brother being able to savor their passionate embraces himself, Karl flatly refused, saying he didn't want to make himself vulnerable to extortion. Franz didn't understand it right away, since Jina's sex fit Karl's booty pattern very well. Karl knew it too, but he remained firm. In addition, Jina was currently suffering from a proper abdominal inflammation. Maria Theresa examined her and asked Eva for a second opinion. Jina's abdominal inflammation was the late consequence of a wrongly treated venereal disease and had attacked her internal sexual organs. Maria Theresa was able to cure the inflammation naturally, but Jina could only have children through artificial insemination. M.T. treated Franz prophylactically and informed him about Jina's condition. Franz had the vague feel-

ing that neither she nor Eva thought much of Jina. Sister and Mother could “see” Jina’s entire love life, but they also saw her character deficits. They had discussed it at length, but they did not want to influence Franz. He was son and brother, viceroy and chancellor of the exchequer. He would have Jina’s character under control, they hoped.

The wedding night they had to postpone until they were both cured. They didn’t mind, they satisfied each other with their fingers and mouths and enjoyed it. When it was green again, they copulated to exhaustion. He had fallen behind with his work and now had to catch up. She furnished the apartment to her liking and he nodded absentmindedly when she presented him with bids and bills. The Baroness von Fayngold, who would not let anyone interfere with her interior decorating adventure, broke Franzen’s bank account at a merry gallop. He, the most thrifty and dutiful Chancellor of the Exchequer in the monarchy, was blindsided when the bank came forward. Immediately he went through all the items together with Jina; it was not a mistake, but just waste par excellence. This led to their first, bitter dispute. From then on, she received money in her account, but could not use his bank account. She cried out in tears that she could not live in this unfinished apartment and went to live with her parents for a week. The Fayngolds were not pleased, Jina was no longer a believer and had drifted away from the Jewish faith, she did not observe the Sabbath and went out every night with her friends. She let herself be celebrated, she was the only baroness among them. After a week she returned to the castle.

The next debacle was not long in coming. She imagined that anal intercourse was a good old Jewish tradition and that people only had vaginal intercourse when they wanted children. Franz resigned himself to his fate for a while and squirted in her ass. Oh, where were the good old days when she could enjoy copulating together with him in all facets? After a few months he beat her up and copulated vaginally with her against her will. Then he explained that he could accept it if she wanted to revive the good old Jewish tradition of intercourse in the ass. Okay. In exchange, she would just have to accept that he would have to revive the good old tradition of beating up his wife from great-grandfather’s time. She silently packed a travel bag and

moved in with a former lover for two weeks. Viceroy Franz was not ready to accept all this without resistance. He had them tracked down and two police cars parked in front of the lover's house day and night, following him and her everywhere, the uniformed men taking the particulars of everyone who went in or out. After two weeks, the lover had enough and sent the Baroness of Fayngold packing.

Jina was made of hard wood and did not give up so easily. She roamed the bars for weeks, copulating with everyone as if the end of the world were imminent. Franz's detectives could hardly keep up with the logging. Franz was very sorry and swore bitter revenge.

When she returned to the castle, her belongings were placed in the most remote room along with a simple bed. He was taciturn and said that if she wanted to copulate with anyone in the future, she would not be allowed back into the castle. She was locked in her servant's cabinet without the door being locked. She had no access to the computer, radio or television in the cabinet. Nothing but her well-worn study books. She could move around freely in the castle, but she could not go out. Wherever she went, the Viceroy's detectives conspicuously followed her. She could meet anyone in the castle, but got no opportunity for a tête-à-tête. Franz was in the beautiful apartment every day, but when she wanted to visit or talk to him, he went to the cabinet and listened to her there. He forbade her to use his apartment or to receive visitors. He eavesdropped on her by means of a hidden spy camera and grinned gleefully because the only sex she still had was obsessive masturbation. He was not surprised that she was masturbating more and more often, day and night. He listened and grinned wickedly. So soon she would not cheat on him again! He resumed his old love life, copulating when and with whom he wanted. When he got home at night, he would voyeuristically listen to Jina's masturbations, listen to her sighs and moans and the almost inaudible sounds as her finger danced on her clit. He turned up the volume so he could hear it quite clearly. He knew perfectly well the soft, squelching sounds as her finger rubbed the wet and moist flesh.

She endured the ordeal for half a year. One evening she awaited him in the living room, lying half propped up and completely naked on the couch, her body in an erotic pose. He knew her well enough to

see it in her eyes that she had inwardly attuned herself to masturbation. He looked at her and knew immediately that she had recovered from the previous climax and was now preparing for the next masturbation. Her fingers unconsciously and unobtrusively played with her labia and twitched to her clit. She stroked her beautiful breasts and abdomen calculatingly as she appraised him with half-closed cat eyes. Her horniness made her fingers dance as she said this was as far as it went.

What did she want, he asked, lighting a cigar. She fanned the smoke from her face, for she hated his smoking and thought they could part peacefully. It only depended on what she expected of him, he said lightly. In truth, he was very sad, for she made no effort to reconcile. Her advanced preparation for masturbation confused him, he could not take his eyes off her cunt, on which her fingers were very purposefully playing around. He knew perfectly well that in a few moments she would close her eyes and masturbate. But when she listed what she wanted, he was speechless. Her fingers held still, lying motionless on her cunt, and she concentrated on the conversation. She backed up her demands with the unmistakable reference to his lottery life in the last months, she would have enough witnesses.

Whether she still had all the tiles on the roof, he asked, feeling the cold spreading inside him. Her charms lost their effect in an instant. I wonder if she had forgotten that her cheating with her lover and fornicating in the bars was on police record and provable? The cold and the silence in the room were cutting.

He made a counter-proposal, which she accepted after much back and forth. She agreed to the divorce, received an annual bequest of 50,000 talers, and lost the right of residence in the castle. She was contrite, but agreed, because the legacy was higher than her previous income. He immediately called the legal department so that the documents would be ready in the morning. During this long conversation, he followed out of the corner of his eye that Jina was masturbating on the couch; after all, she had put it off long enough and needed it now, immediately. They fucked in his marital bed that night, he bid a passionate farewell to her beautiful and exciting body. After half a year of abstinence, she would have copulated passionately with the

devil too. They copulated nonstop, greedily and furiously until early morning. In the morning they went to King Karl as agreed.

The king had postponed his appointments and was waiting for them at the breakfast table. They reached out half-heartedly and Karl listened in silence as Franz truthfully explained the situation. Of course, Karl was already informed of all the details. When Franz finished, the king said that it saddened him when a person left his family. He asked Jina if Franz's account was correct and she nodded silently. The king rang the bell and a registrar entered and sat down. King Charles poured him a cup of tea and told him to record everything faithfully.

They signed the divorce document, then the commitment of Francis to the legate and the renunciation of Jina to the castle. She was about to get up, but the king held her back, saying there were two more documents. He paused for a moment and looked Jina straight and cold in the eyes. She had never seen such a hard, dismissive and cold look. Her heart literally froze. Then he read out the document revoking Jina's appointment as baroness with immediate effect. Franz was blindsided; he hadn't asked for that. Karl was not finished yet. He read the second document aloud. Jina had to leave the kingdom within 72 hours and was not allowed to enter it again for at least ten years. Jina was transfixed, trying to understand the consequences.

Franz had jumped up in surprise and asked that this not be ordered. He was blown away by what had happened and felt terribly sorry for Jina. They had, after all, copulated all night, embraced and kissed like lovers, given or made climaxes, worked themselves into a frenzy. He hadn't intended to punish her, he murmured half aloud, touching Karl's arm; he just wanted to free himself from her grip and let her go in peace. It was he who had made the mistake of taking her. It was he who had not recognized her dissoluteness in time. It was not her fault that she had been deformed in character. He remained silent, concerned, for he seldom spoke so openly. The registrar's pen scratched and fell silent. He kept silent and tried not to think about the last night of love.

Karl said he needed his Viceroy and Chancellor of the Exchequer one hundred percent and he could not use any outside interference or distraction. At the word interference, he stared straight at Jina. Now he stood up and said, "I am the King, I have spoken!"

Jina had left for Switzerland, her 50,000 was about to be used up and she was extremely lucky to make a living first as an escort-girl and then as an expensive high-class hooker. She might still have the chance to fish for a goldfish and escape her pimps. Franz followed her career sullenly and let Karl know how wise the decision was. He repaid it by carrying out his duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer even more vigorously. He never learned what the royal chancellery whispered to the goldfish.

The relationship between Karl and Aurora had been restored, Candor had contributed quite a bit at the Sunday breakfasts and richly deserved the companionship of the chambermaids. Franz, whom Jina's will-o'-the-wisp had kept busy day and night, found a very good way to get close to Aurora again. He needed her advice to deal with the parliamentary ministries. He avoided anything that could be construed as flirty. Aurora also brought her children closer to him; soon they loved their uncle. Karl was on the one hand surprised that neither Franz nor Aurora resumed the former sexual relationship, on the other hand he was grateful to them for it.

Eva and Candor talked very often about their sons' marriages. They breathed a sigh of relief when Franz withdrew from the love triangle they had known about from the beginning. It was nice to see how happy Karl had been since then. He had found Aurora again, the two of them began to feel a deeper kind of love for each other. They spent weekends and their short vacations away from Vienna, and Karl let Franz take his place. Aurora sometimes left her sons in Franz's care and knew they were in good hands, while she had more time with Karl.

Eva blamed herself greatly for putting Jina on the favorites list. She should have recognized the character deficits. Candor disagreed, saying she had made the favorites list according to strict filters, but it was Franzen's job to judge the bride's character. He could not accept

her unjustified self-reproaches. They followed the events surrounding Franz with concern, shaking their heads at Jina's foolishness and looking for explanations. At Sunday breakfast, Candor talked a lot with Franz when Karl was on the phone or understandingly left them alone. Franz and Karl were very grateful for Candor's skillful and unobtrusive manner, for the care and love he gave them.

His sons grinned happily and boisterously when they sent for the chambermaids at the end of breakfast. Candor was pleased as always when the pretty girls accompanied him. On the way home, he often pondered which of the two was at his will the last time. Memory was failing, he had no doubt. The girls giggled and whispered that he should not hold back his semen like last Sunday! They laughed with him all the way home until one whispered in his ear that today was her turn and she was really looking forward to it! He was clear that the girls had swallowed pills every time and their doped urges drove them into his bedroom. At his age, erections didn't come as easily as they used to. The girls knew he didn't like handjobs and made him stiff with their mouths, lips and tongues as his hands roamed lustily over their bodies. They laughed and giggled hornily, the drugs making them forget that he was an old, frail old man. They knew that his erect cock worked better than some younger ones, and that was all they cared about. After climax, that irresistible urge would subside, but you had to get there first! Most of the time it went like this or something similar. One would start riding his cock while the second sat behind her, reaching around her body and masturbate the riding one with her fingers. If she climaxed before he poured out, she had to clear the space for the second. The change from one cunt to the other was so exciting to him that he began to pour out moments later. Often he would hold back his semen as he watched, while the girl rocked on his cock, masturbating herself. They knew how much he enjoyed watching them masturbate and he wanted to save his seed and strength for Maria Theresa more and more often. If the pressure of the drugs still lasted, they grinningly offered their old voyeur a horny show in which they masturbated in the most obscene ways. Usually he questioned the girls thoroughly and they candidly told about their nights with Orlando and his progress.

Franz had thrown himself into work and was sprucing up his departments. He was also getting his urges under control. He didn't waste time wooing; instead, he called off his girls from Eva's list of favorites. Often, he would spend the night at Nima's apartment and marvel that Orlando would come in the early morning and unabashedly copulate with the sleeping Nima. Well, copulate was perhaps not the right word, besides, the whole thing lasted less than two weeks before the boy stayed away.

He approached her about Orlando at the beginning, she told him everything from the beginning and said they had agreed that the boy could only fuck and squirt if he didn't wake her up. Nima said Orlando definitely didn't want to masturbate, that's why she had this deal with him. She laughed heartily and said cheerfully that it was a good thing! All boys his age had to squirt their semen out somehow, some did it by hand, her Orlando just that way.

The boy was very skillful and only half woke up Nima. Since she was sleeping in the prone position, Orlando only had to pull the blanket off her butt. He stared at her black buttocks, under which her bright pink sex cleft was clearly visible. He stared unblinkingly at the cleft and the little hole and rubbed his cock for several minutes. He palpated the cunt and hole curiously, even though he had seen it a hundred times before. Nima was half awake, of course, but she let him proceed. She only let him squirt while asleep or in a drowsy state. He carefully spread the edges of her hole and peered into the dark interior. When he was ready, he would pull the foreskin all the way back to carefully penetrate her little hole. If he was already very aroused, his semen would splash onto her cleft from the outside, making it easier for him to penetrate. Nima always made a soft sound when his semen or cock touched her cunt, then she became half awake and Orlando just whispered, "Sh, sh" and slowly penetrated. He squirted immediately upon penetration, Franz saw the boy's buttocks tighten. Orlando thrust gently two-more times and squirted the rest inside. Nima cared little about making him squirt in her cunt. For her it was not sex, but rather something to be tolerated so that the spoiled little son could relieve himself. Orlando was usually not satisfied after squirting and still terribly stiff, so after a short break he carefully copulated with her to squirt another time. She was

half awake and let him thrust, because he could get quite rough and mean if she denied him. But they didn't copulate with each other, that was out of the question for her at all. She copulated with men, she said with a cryptic smile, and her hand played casually with Franz's cock.

Orlando, who did not have the cleverness of his brothers, looked innocently into his eyes before leaving quickly. Most of the time, Nima had not fully awakened when she took her drive-enhancing pill and dozed on. Masturbation was much more pleasurable when she drug herself into the mood. After a few minutes the pills kicked in, she stroked herself very gently and got ready for masturbation. She dozed and stayed in her half-dream, fantasizing and lolling, gently touching her clit with her finger. In this self-centered state of half-awake fantasizing and under the influence of the sexually stimulating drugs, she did not even notice that Franz was there. She satisfied herself every morning under the influence of drugs when she woke up. She took her time for a short while before she started the actual masturbation. He found it very enjoyable to watch her do it and to witness her passion and sexual greed.

He usually didn't bother her until she was writhing in violent convulsions and lying there trembling. She usually never noticed him, or not until he touched her breasts. It happened the first time that she felt caught and interrupted her masturbation. But his winning smile told her everything. She liked it very much when he caressed her breasts and teased the nipples or excited her with his tongue while she satisfied herself all over again, as the drug drove her irresistibly to the next climax.

Orlando had come to Nima every morning for a few weeks, and now he no longer came. Eva had talked to him privately for a long time and allowed him to spend the night with the chambermaids. Actually it was an order, but Orlando did not see through it and was grateful to her. He asked Eva in all naivety what he was allowed to do with them and she enumerated some things to him. She wanted to know exactly what he wanted and he especially wanted to know in great detail how the girls preferred to be copulated. She assured him that the girls would show it to him if they had confidence in him.

Now he could sleep all night with one chambermaid or both. His emotional life became stable, the girls were only a few years older than him and patiently taught him everything. They liked him, he was a kind boy with a very strong drive. They also liked his shapely, slender cock and taught him to divide his strength well so that all three of them were satisfied. Eva had entrusted them with the king's half-brother and had given them clear, distinct and very precise instructions on how to teach Orlando all the arts of love. Eva did not care at all that the girls got red ears, they had to repeat every word, if they had understood everything exactly. Afterwards the girls whispered that Eva really knew everything about sex with boys. Nima was very grateful to Eva, because Orlando would develop normally like other boys. She didn't say it, but she missed his morning sexcapades, at least for a while.

Franz had to neglect Nima somewhat, for he was hot on the heels of the parliamentary finance minister. Day and night, he and his most capable staff followed up on the clues. Franz wanted to chop off the Hydra's limbs first and its head last. The suspicions pointed to large-scale racketeering, corruption and personal enrichment of the minister and his network. First, they worked through the mountains of files and found enough evidence that the Ministry of Finance had deceived the Control Office on a large scale, covering up waste, mismanagement and embezzlement. Franz hoped that some subordinates would prefer to get their own necks out of the noose and cooperate. At Sunday breakfast, he briefed Karl and Candor on the state of affairs and took on board their comments and thoughts. He was making progress, his mood was lightened, and he surprised Nima with a small gift in the evening.

Maria Theresa, Eva and the master usually spent their evenings together after dinner discussing and drinking a good glass of wine. There were enough topics, not only everyday ones, but also many personal and deep ones. One of the topics was the enlargement of the doctor's office. M.T. had taken the two apartments next to the office and renovated everything thoroughly, bringing the equipment up to date. She had recruited a gynecologist from the hospital, two students worked as assistants and two women did the administrative work. The practice had an impeccable reputation and a large number

of patients. She could pay her staff better than others and could easily afford to treat poorer women pro bono. She and the gynecologists enjoyed an excellent reputation among colleagues and were given access to well-equipped operating rooms at all times. M.T. planned to start a larger clinic after motherhood.

Yes, motherhood! That gave material for many discussion evenings, Candor was at first perplexed and uncertain. M.T. always had intercourse only with him. She no longer had the time for little adventures on the side, as she used to. She left the riding to Eva more and more often, because she was too tired in the evenings. He waited patiently until Eva's excitement had subsided and created the avatar, which sensitively and erotically excited M.T. and copulated with her. She let out a loud, satisfied sigh and groped for her clit. With slow, deliberate movements of her fingers, she began to satisfy herself. The avatar matched the speed of her fingers. Eva was fascinated by the sight, M.T.'s abdomen reacting just like one being copulated in real life. Her fingers gently caressed the labia and at the same time more and more energetically the clit. The master allowed the avatar's cock to grow until it completely filled her cunt. She sighed and gasped excitedly as she felt the monster inside her vagina and increased the pace of her fingers. Her wet pussy, her moist labia and the little pink hole constricted and widened rhythmically. The invisible cock of the avatar seemed to widen the little hole again and again, Eva could see that quite clearly. Maria Theresa gasped and moaned loudly as she copulated and thrust her abdomen towards the avatar. In climax, she clutched the invisible man, stretched her open sex towards him and let his semen squirt very deep inside her. After the avatar disappeared, she rubbed her clit firmly and quickly, dipped her finger quickly into her little hole to moisten it and immediately continued. She continued to masturbate herself for a few more minutes, gradually letting the climax fade away. During the pregnancy she needed the avatar incessantly and still copulated with him the night before the birth.

It was her decision to have a child, she went through with it and would not discuss it. She had joyfully told the master one evening that she was pregnant and he rejoiced with her. Eva was also very happy and offered her help, although Maria Theresa had made good

provisions and the medical practice could manage well without her. It was too early to determine the sex, but M.T. had already decided on names, Leonie or Leonidas. Candor grinned, because it was going to be a Leo either way. He agreed, of course, that she would officially register him as the father, as Leo Puchmann. He had the presence of mind enough and changed his will.

He stroked her belly every evening and was pleased that the child thrived and grew. Again and again he asked her to snuggle up to him and let him caress her body, he loved her dearly and wanted to make her feel it. Soon they could tell that he was a Leonidas. He kept kissing and hugging M.T., his joy knew no bounds. A son who would grow up here in his apartment! He often discussed with Eva, because he could not imagine — toddler crying, diapers and holding the fragile child in his arms. She and M.T. patiently prepared him for it, because he had never experienced it before. He just felt too old for it, as age relentlessly caught up with him.

He knew quite well that he was an old, wrinkled old man. When the chambermaids accompanied him home on Sunday noon, he held back his semen while riding so that he would not disappoint M.T. in the evening. They were young and very good-natured, Franz or Karl personally put the stimulant pills on their tongues. Minutes later they had arrived at his place and only wanted to greedily copulate, ride and have climaxes! The pills worked phenomenally. They were allowed to ride, one after the other. He soon lifted their heated bodies up by the buttocks until only the tip of the glans was still stuck in their wet vaginal entrance. They let their fingers dance on the clit and around it, laughing wantonly and panting strained or giggling hornily when it came to the other. They made themselves climax after climax, because they liked to satisfy themselves completely uninhibited before the eyes of the voyeuristic old man. As soon as the effect of the drugs wore off, they seemed incredibly vulnerable and shyly finished satisfying themselves. Similarly, Ulli and Paula were allowed to ride his cock as long as they wanted, but he withheld the semen from them as well, for M.T.'s sake. Neither of them wanted to know why he wasn't squirting in their cunts.

Ulli, of course, had to stiffen his erection with her mouth and lips first. She sat on his lap and was then allowed to insert his cock, she enjoyed the pain crying and moaning. Her breasts, which had remained large and firm after her pregnancy, she pressed against his chest and leaned her head on his neck. Her right hand stole between their bodies and she rubbed her clit very hard, increasing the pace. She complained about the naughty, sinful girl as she masturbated, crying as she complained until she climaxed, exultant and exhausted. He was able to hold the erection until the end because she only rode him a little and never made him squirt. She pressed her cunt very hard and deep on his cock, crying and laughing in sweet pain, although she almost couldn't breathe. Then she satisfied herself again, the bad, filthy sinful girl, her weeping face nestled against his neck. Only rarely did arousal overtake him, so he held her by the buttocks and copulated with her from below. He tugged her buttocks quite far apart with his hands, his fingers had latched onto her labia and were pulling her tiny hole even further apart. She moaned and complained loudly as his strong fingers threatened to tear her little hole. She cried out blissfully as he brutally thrust into her hole. He copulated firmly and mercilessly, not caring about her wailing and complaining. She complained that her little hole was much too tight for his big cock and how nice it actually was that it hurt her so much. She yelped crying that she was a very dirty, filthy girl who didn't deserve this sweet pain at all. He thrust his cock very deep into her cunt to squirt, accompanied by her plaintive sobs as she climaxed.

Paula also sat on his erect cock and rode him only suggestively, but some times she rode him so vigorously that he had to squirt. If she was very aroused, she rode him mercilessly so many times until she made him squirt out the last drop of semen before she masturbated herself. Unlike Ulli, she leaned way back until she was on his legs and satisfied herself. She desperately wanted him to watch her. She spread her thighs wide and let him look deep into her cunt. She always satisfied herself with the middle finger and spread the other fingers. It looked like a horned beast was licking her clit with its snout, wiggling back and forth. Her face lit up and smiled as she masturbated, becoming more and more distorted into a devilish grin as she climaxed. She widened her eyes and her mouth formed a surprised O. She suppressed the impulse to slap her thighs together in

climax and pressed them apart with a triumphant grin. She kept saying how good it felt to feel his stiff cock in her cunt as she masturbated. She satisfied herself much longer and more often than Ulli, she was completely addicted to masturbation. When his erection subsided, she continued anyway, until she was completely exhausted.

M.T. knew that he withheld squirting during the day for her sake and felt it was an expression of his love. She thoroughly enjoyed rubbing her round belly between their bodies as they rode and feeling Eva's hand on her clit. They were all three careful that it didn't get too wild and that the child was doing well. M.T. enjoyed copulating with the avatar throughout the pregnancy, lying between her parents who caressed and stroked her as her arousal slowly faded.

Candor hugged and kissed them both before extinguishing the light and went to sleep. "See you tomorrow, maybe!" he said each night. He wished every night to wake up in the morning, of course. But he wasn't opposed to not waking up one morning either. He thought nothing of being sick and infirm.

The thought of waking up tomorrow as he did today and yesterday calmed him immensely.

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At The End

Dr. Fürböck drove from the airport directly to the clinic. A surprise awaited him there.

Prof. Giese immediately accompanied him to the incubators and absentmindedly asked how the event had been in, well, where, in uh, Paris. Fürböck began his carefully prepared report, but stopped because the professor wasn't listening at all.

"Leo stopped dreaming," Giese said.

"But the recordings continue, I hope?" asked Fürböck, who was worried about his data.

"Of course," Giese replied. "He suddenly stopped dreaming two days ago, the encephalogram shows nothing. Flatline. We've already checked the contacts a hundred times!"

Fürböck only now noticed that he was still in street clothes and had not changed. He said that he needed to change and left. After a few minutes he was back and stood next to his boss.

"If he's not available in four days, we'll have to end it" said the professor, infinitely sad. "He has lasted barely two years," he added, "the laws are clear. After a week, we have to declare him brain dead and turn off the equipment."

They stood in front of the incubator for a long while longer, silent. The equipment hummed almost inaudibly.

Fürböck realized that Giese was turning to leave and followed him.

Someday, some clever boy would develop a program or system to decode and understand and translate the brain waves of coma patients.

Then it would be known what Leo Puchmann had dreamed.

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