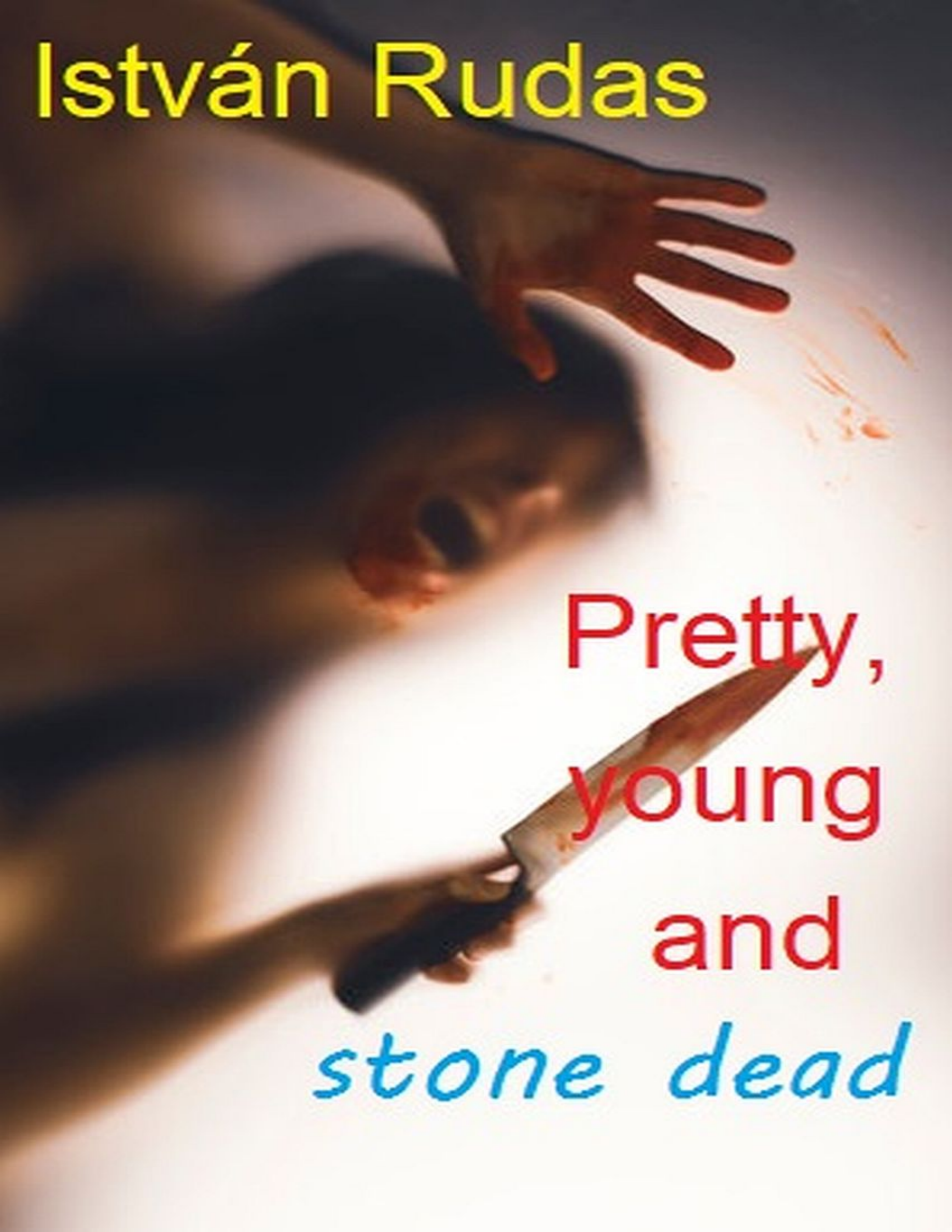




István Rudas

Pretty,
young
and

stone dead

Pretty, young and stone dead

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Contact the author: Istvan@rudas.net
— He would be happy to hear from you!

Foreword

by István Rudas © 2024-2026

It may be a truism, but it must be stated upfront: this is a fictional story; the characters and events are fictional and entirely invented by me. All events are purely fictitious and in no way based on reality. And don't consult the search engines; the results are bound to be wrong.

Some things were taken from the real world: there's the Rossauer Barracks, St. George's College in Istanbul, a Turkish community in Vienna, and, of course, police officers, detectives, and serial killers. Indeed. I even managed to get Sir Winston Churchill, Confucius, and Sun Tzu to make an appearance, although those gentlemen are pretty much dead, not to say stone dead.

Now, the author takes all of this, the real and the invented, into his hands. He shakes his hands for a very long time to mix everything thoroughly. Then comes the crucial phase, the act of creation. He lets everything fall onto the blank sheet of paper and examines it carefully. How have the dice fallen? How do the threads run from one point to another?

Ah, no, he thinks to himself. Nothing fits; no story is emerging from his hands. Only the beginning is certain. A good story rightfully begins in Istanbul, I realize. Although, why exactly? I've never been to this city on two continents and probably never will. The truth is much more trivial. I was dreaming of a crime story whose protagonist spent his youth there. It's that simple, I won't reveal any more.

And one more thing. Since childhood, I've had an aversion to people who start reading a crime novel but then turn to the last pages to find the solution. It's always annoyed me because when I read a crime novel, I leave it to the author to guide me step by step, whether misleading me or leading me directly, that's up to them. The authors will have put a lot of thought into how they want to develop the story. Feel free to turn to the last pages; it won't do you any good.

Now then: Curtain up!

Vienna, March 2026
István Rudas

...

Foreword 2.0

by István Rudas © 2026

And now I'm supposed to write a foreword. Well, I'm not spared anything (® Emperor Franz Joseph I.). I've skimmed the manuscript, and one thing I must make clear from the outset: István is not a racist, not in the slightest. His own family tree is a colorful patchwork quilt (a kilt made from hundreds of patches of Europe, Asia, and the surrounding areas).

I happen to know how István came up with the outlandish idea of having his detective grow up in Istanbul. At the academy, he had a likeable classmate, Hannes Fuchs. Hannes had actually grown up in Istanbul; his parents really did work at the Austrian Embassy, and he had actually attended St. George's College in Istanbul. Under the nickname Hakim Elbagr, he had terrorized the Galata district with a youth gang, but we were all young once, weren't we? Our pubescent schoolboy István wanted to create a kind of literary monument to this Hannes.

István's neighbor, Serdar, is a peaceful, friendly Turk. He objected every time István called him "Serdan," insisting that his name was Serdar, and that Serdan was a Kurdish name, unworthy of a Turk. István, however, remained stubborn, for a fat fly had perched on the nameplate on the door, right next to the last "r" of Serdar's name. The fly, squashed during its midday rest, left a black mark on the letter "r," transforming it into an "n." After Friday prayers, Serdar's wife, Fatme, went straight to the shower. István and Serdar sat peacefully side by side on the shoe rack in the hallway, and since the bathroom had no door, only a curtain, they stared at the shadowy figure behind the milky glass of the shower cubicle. István thought he could see that Ms. Fatme was apparently shaving her pubic area and then doing it for 10 or 15 minutes. And, as always, they talked amongst themselves, trying to sabotage the politicians. They didn't always see eye to eye, especially not on the Kurdish question, and Fatme, wrapped in a bath towel, stepped out of the shower. She came forward to the washbasin to wash her beautiful, black hair. Fatme, of

course, knew exactly what István was made of, and she played this game for the two men every Friday, grinning inwardly. Actually, both men found Fatme beautiful, but István could never say so aloud. His gaze slid up Fatme's beautiful legs and he surreptitiously observed the small, red heart tattooed on her pubic area. "Serdan, your wife has a heart of gold," István remarked ambiguously, and Serdar slowly rose. "Come into the kitchen, we'll make Turkish tea; Fatme will surely want some." Perhaps this little anecdote clarifies István's connection to Turkish culture, because otherwise, there isn't one. In fact, István has only been to Turkey once, for a hot air balloon ride in Capadocia. And don't bother me, it's called ballooning, I know.

And please don't bother me either if you stumble across the "Czech asses" while reading. That's easily explained, too. István's longtime cleaning lady (correctly: housecleaner) is from the Czech Republic. And when she kneels on all fours on the floor to scrub the stone slabs, István bends down very low to revel in her bush and slit. He cheekily and ambiguously quotes Jacqueline Susann and her "Valley of the Dolls." His assertions that even the Habsburgs enjoyed themselves and therefore dubbed Prague "Imperial City 2.0" are pure nonsense, intended to distract from his shameful amusements. It's that simple with his fascination with "Czech asses," you see? At least it sounds more factual than the Habsburg story.

No wonder, then, that the detectives in this novel have quite a lively private life, to put it mildly. You know our István and how his imagination runs wild. Where everyone else sees a halved grapefruit as a halved grapefruit, this lout is making a big deal out of it. So, let's be lenient, mellow with age.

There's not much to say about the novel itself. A serial killer, a few dead policewomen, shots ring out, the killer takes off.

Perhaps these key details will suffice, and you won't have to wade through all the pages.

Vienna, March 2026.
Rust Van Idas,
Head of the Chamber Office.



Foreword, Third Attempt

by István Rudas © 2026

I read the forewords of my predecessors with interest. Of course, István mentioned a Hakim at one point, as well as Fatme and his cleaning lady, but naturally I didn't research the details; I'm no idiot, after all. I'm supposed to manage his office, not the rumor mill.

When István handed me the manuscript two years ago for a favorable and benevolent review, I was very flattered. But I had to bring him down to earth. "This isn't a crime novel, it's embarrassing porn," was my first comment. I crossed out all the embarrassing parts with a red pen because, as I've already said, I'm no idiot as defined by the dictionary. István turned the pages this way and that. "There are four pages left, four shitty pages," he managed, pale as a ghost. "The shortest crime novel since >A Song of Ice and Fire<." You almost felt sorry for him. Then came a year of radio silence. István tortured the AI chatbots in four languages, but he didn't touch the tattered manuscript again until, well, until the ill-fated muse kissed him once more — some girls are simply beyond help.

With a red pen in hand, I read the new manuscript. I resolved to be lenient. The mention of the Turkish mafia (turk mafiyasi) was new here. The mafia was under considerable pressure between 2020 and 2023, so why shouldn't his protagonist be an undercover hero? A good idea to introduce him to Vienna's Turkish community that way. Why his girlfriend could be Turkish and not Viennese, Norwegian, or simply Sicilian remained a mystery to me. I'll take note. But why his killer comes from Ukraine, at a time when an upright European stands behind the war-torn Ukrainian people, we discussed that for hours. Finally, he said he had already finished modeling the characters and didn't want to reinvent the wheel. Had he perhaps thought of Mr. Firtasch? No, he said, he's just a white-collar criminal, not the kind of killer he needed. Grandfather, father, and son, a nice family of killers, that's what he wanted to create.

The detectives had a flourishing sex life; my fingers, clutching the red pen, twitched incessantly. Why didn't he use the actual work of the police instead? István looked at me, perplexed. "Come on, how am I supposed to know how the police actually work? And even if I did, would I write a recipe book for the crooks? Nah, a little bit of sex, that won't hurt!" I growled, "No publisher prints sex these days; you're 100 years too late, since Felix von Salten." He flinched. "How on earth am I supposed to rewrite incest in a publisher's terms?" I retorted. "Why incest at all?" His answer was surprising. "Because I wanted to add a provocative, controversial element. Not the main character, of course, since the readers are supposed to identify with him. A supporting character, that's fine."

Nevertheless, I cut many saucy-spicy, sentimental passages; they didn't carry the plot. It was supposed to be a crime novel, after all. He wouldn't part with the hunchbacked medical examiner. "A hunchbacked medical examiner is almost as good as a dwarf medical examiner's assistant." I understood who he was talking about (Christine Urspruch, a dwarf actress from a TV police series). Whatever. I leaned back. "You describe the Turkish community very sympathetically; I like that. It gives the whole thing a nice, friendly touch." István nodded. "That was exactly the intention." I took his hand, which was holding the shot of port. "Obviously, you've never used an escort service. A man of the world notices that immediately." He didn't flinch. "And how many men of the world read crime novels?" It was pointless trying to talk him out of using the escort service.

"You know, Aunt Resi, she had a daughter who worked for an escort service and ended up on the streets, on Prater Street and at the Hotel Orient. Little Lydia was heartbroken her whole life because she was in love with the porter, or rather, the doorman, at the Hotel Bristol. But he never paid her any attention; he wanted to get ahead and was having an affair with the wife of one of the owners, Madame Florence, as everyone called her. I included her in my novel. Florence had fallen in love with a Saudi prince on vacation, one of the 18,000 Saudi princes. But it remained just a passionate holiday fling; nothing more than a fleeting exchange of juices came of it. The Hotel Bristol has its own chauffeur service, and one of the drivers is a Saudi, but of course, not a prince. So Madame Florence was now

standing on two legs: the driver and the doorman, Charly.” He appears in my novel as a pimp, good old Charly. There are rumors that Madame Florence has a few girls on the go, but I think those are just rumors. I even met one of these girls, Mrs. Frühwirth. By day, the most respectable housewife in all of Favoriten, by night a vamp, dancing as Monique on the pole in one of the notorious discos. I saw her myself; she’s a sleeping volcano. Fire in her belly like Marilyn Monroe, gentlemen! Of course, not my league, but through her I met Annette, the second most respectable housewife in Favoriten. She has a red, tattooed heart in the crook of her pubic area, from before she got married, when she was a dancer like Frühwirth.” István took a deep breath, and I asked, “And why are you telling me all this?” He was slightly confused. “I thought you’d be interested in where I get some of the characters for my crime novel?”

Actually, I like his new manuscript, apart from a few overly explicit passages. If he removes those, then by all means, imprimatur. Above all, he’ll spare us the detectives’ long car rides through the misty meadows, where birches and alders are only vaguely discernible in the persistent morning fog, and the two detectives maintain a grim silence because they had a row in the office, about a very particular female detective, of course.

Once we’d gone through the manuscript, I asked István if there was anything else I could do for him; after all, he’s my boss. He stood up grinning. “Write a foreword, nothing grand, but a complimentary one. You’re not a real literary critic, my friend.”

Okay, a foreword then. I can do that.

East Van Roux-d’Ache
Deputy Office Manager

• • •

The Inspector

Ronald Hofstätter was finally transferred to the Vienna Criminal Investigation Department. He had successfully completed his first assignment as an undercover investigator, and the Vienna police criminal investigation department was experiencing a critical staff shortage. Ron was promoted to detective inspector, despite the reluctance of senior colleagues who had spent years serving as rookies. Ron had powerful advocates in the Ministry of the Interior; his father was a retired ambassador with extensive connections. The criminal investigation department rented an entire wing of the Rossau barracks; the young Minister of the Interior had insisted on it. The goal was to create a completely new criminal investigation department, staffed by young people with state-of-the-art equipment. This was something the minister had brought back from his time in the USA.

Ron walked toward the door of the new office. Detective Inspector Ronald Hofstätter was standing there by the door. This filled him with pride. He entered, finding two desks with computer monitors and a color laser printer in the corner. The telephone system was in the center, easily accessible for both employees. It was a cutting-edge digital telephone system for two people, offering all the bells and whistles: caller ID, voice recording, witness communication, speakerphone, and direct connection to a mobile phone. For the time being, he was alone in the office; it hadn't yet been decided who would get the second desk. Most of the other offices were already occupied. At the very back was the office of the former director, President Johannes Wallner. He was supposed to have retired by now, but they hadn't found a suitable successor. And: Wallner was still one of the most cunning and successful criminal investigators of the post-war era. He was at odds with modern technology; he could make phone calls with his mobile phone, but that was about it. Nevertheless, he was fiercely determined to carry out the minister's order. He didn't understand, of course, what a mass spectrometer did, but the people in the lab wanted one, so they got one. The criminal investigation lab in the Roßauer barracks was now by far the best in the country. A glass wall separated Wallner's office from the conference room,

which was jokingly called the aquarium. Wallner attended the morning conference every day, Monday through Saturday. On Sundays, the offices were barely occupied; you needed at least one day off.

Ron went from office to office, introducing himself and shaking hands. Everyone knew him; he knew most of them, at least by phone. He was outwardly very modest, but inwardly immensely proud of his great achievement. He was the one who had succeeded in dismantling the Turkish mafia in Vienna. His colleagues looked him up and down. Ron was 29 years old, a native Viennese, and quite handsome, at least compared to some of his colleagues. He watched his weight, ran his kilometers at the crack of dawn, and ate mindfully. He liked good food, but he knew how to restrain himself when necessary. He rarely smoked during the day, but in the evenings, when his Turkish girlfriend visited, he smoked more. He was muscular and athletically built, but not a muscleman. Eating wisely, a run in the morning, and a girl in the evening kept him fit, or so he thought. He only carried his service weapon when something unexpected was anticipated. In the more than two years he spent undercover, he had only taken his pistol once, and that was also the first and only time he had shot a guy in the thigh.

Ron still lived in the small apartment where he had stayed during his previous assignment. A small collection of vintage records and a television were all he needed, and when he read a book, he borrowed it and returned it. A personal library wasn't necessary; he kept everything in his head. His girlfriends all came from the Turkish community where he had spied for over two years as Hakim Elbagr. Hakim is both a first name and a title reserved for academics or legal scholars.

The girls often stayed with him for months at a time, and the fact that they were prostitutes and had pimps didn't bother him at all. He never paid the girls, and the pimps believed they had him under their thumb. It was important that they left the small apartment spotless in the morning when they left. He didn't need a cleaning lady. And Fatme, his current Turkish girlfriend, had been his lover for a long time, and they had become very close.

He had met Fatme almost two years earlier. His success in significantly weakening the Turkish mafia in Vienna had earned him the respect and admiration of the Turkish community. He was warmly welcomed to sit with them and sip Turkish tea. They still respectfully called him by his alias, Hakim Elbagr, even though they knew he was a police officer named Ronald Hofstätter. The pretty, young Fatme sometimes served the tea, and that's how he struck up a conversation with her. There had been an instant connection between them. Confessing their love wasn't necessary. Ron strictly adhered to cultural norms and often sat modestly with Fatme on a bench in the courtyard, talking for hours. She was a very pretty and slim girl, she was always neatly dressed and only lightly made up, and she always smelled so good, like some kind of flowers.

Ron would have guessed Fatme was 19; she was always meticulously made up, and that deceived him. She laughed softly, cooing that she was 15, almost 16, and that her father had already been forced to sell her to one of Madame Florence's pimps because they were dirt poor and starving. Ron immediately became serious. Her father had made love to her for years because her mother had turned a blind eye and was now dead, and he had been forced to sell her to Madame Florence years ago, even though she was far too young for prostitution. Ron memorized the pimp's name. Days later, she let Ron invite her to his apartment. That's how their love story began. "You're the second man after Dad to take me so lovingly to his heart, Hakim," she whispered. Ron was appalled by Fatme's lack of general knowledge. He borrowed books from the library, which he gave to her to read. They discussed their contents at length, and Fatme absorbed knowledge and wisdom like a dry sponge. Ron grew increasingly annoyed each time Fatme lay down beside him, exhausted, drained, and drained. He ambushed her pimp and gave him a good dressing-down. He shouted that Fatme belonged to him and that the pimp had to release her, or things would get serious. The pimp wasn't used to such treatment and cowered under Ron's fists. "Okay," he stammered, "but I have no control over Fatme's owner, Madame."

Only after some time did he explain the situation to Fatme. She lowered her gaze; she had already suspected as much. Her father was

desperate because she wasn't bringing home any money. And he was clinging to Fatme in his bed. As long as she couldn't stand on her own two feet, she had to endure it patiently, Fatme whispered, her eyes downcast. And she begged Ron not to mention it to her father. The poor father would starve and die of grief if his little girl abandoned him. She was all he had left, and the name of a family of national heroes. He was dirt poor, but highly respected.

Fatme now read all day and lay down with Ron in the evenings. He tried not to think about the fact that when she went home around midnight, she would have to lie down with her father. He was proud of her because reading had made her intelligent and well-educated. He was proud of her because she waited for him in his spotlessly clean apartment with a drink, like a lover. Yes, she was his lover, and he pushed aside most thoughts about how Fatme might move forward in the future. Of course, he could have asked for her hand in marriage, but for him, it was far too soon. And at least he had managed to get her out of prostitution. He had given Fatme a bank card to his account; she could buy everything she needed if her cash wasn't enough. Sometimes they checked her payments and withdrawals together, but she was very disciplined about it. At least once a week they went out in the evening. She loved to dress up, and Ron was very proud to go to bars with such a well-dressed, elegant, and subtly made-up lover on his arm.

Ron sat at his desk, smoking as he summarized the short reports from his informants. Tomorrow morning, he had to briefly report to his colleagues at the morning meeting that the Turkish mafia had lost all influence in Vienna. He recalled his own background. His mother had been his rock. His father worked at the Austrian consulate in Istanbul, and the small family, mother and son, had moved with him. Ron had attended St. Georg College in Istanbul for six years, then they returned to Vienna. He had attended the police academy and was placed undercover in the Turkish mafia; after all, he spoke fluent Turkish with an Istanbul accent. That was where he had his great success.

His phone buzzed; it was President Wallner. Yes, he'd come immediately. The president smiled. "Can I pull you off the bicycle thefts

for a bit, right now?" the old fox asked. There was only one answer. "Yes, Mr. President, with pleasure!" Wallner smiled. "I expected nothing less. You must lend a hand to the other department, carefully, of course. Bremer, the chief, has been complaining to me about his troubles, and I want to help him. He's already got three female corpses, and they're not getting anywhere. A serial killer? Perhaps. So, go see Bremer and get on with it. Bremer's a friend, believe me!" Ron moved quickly. Finally, a detective assignment! He put the bicycle theft files in the outbox—away with them! He informed the others that he was going to Bremer's and might have to work there for a while, on the president's orders.

Bremer greeted him warmly and readily accepted Wallner's help. He summoned the investigators: Bodnar, Eisen, and Rosenblatt. Bodnar smiled as Ron was introduced. "We're actually the Three Musketeers, but they call us the 'Yiddish Squadron.' Just a heads-up, our colleagues aren't anti-Semites, they're just plain idiots." Bodnar smiled kindly. The four of them went to Bodnar's office.

Bodnar was the head of the unit. They had two problematic female corpses and one unproblematic one. An elderly man had killed his wife with an axe; he was cooperative and gave a credible confession. Ron asked if there were any open questions in this case. The three shook their heads in the negative. Ron pushed the file aside. Now he asked about the other two cases. The three looked at each other, then Eisen said, "I'm thinking of a serial killer, the other two aren't. There are several inconsistencies and several points of agreement." Ron wanted to hear about the points of agreement first. "Both women were young, blonde, naked, and strangled with wire," Eisen said. "Both are Viennese police officers, one on patrol, the other actually on sabbatical, nothing unusual. According to the autopsies, they had both been bound at the wrists for days and were apparently sexually assaulted before being strangled. One body was left in Votivpark, the other in the park in front of the Schottenkirche. All of this points to a serial killer in my opinion." Ron looked at the other two. Rosenblatt shook his head. "There hasn't been a single serial killer for 25 years; the last one was Jack Unterweger, the prostitute murders in 1973. We consider it unlikely that we have another one." Ron opened the first act. "Were they left completely naked?" "What are the photos?"

he asked, seeing them. Rosenblatt nodded. "Yes, Ronald, these are the original photos, just as they were found." Ron flipped through the pages, but there was nothing unusual to be found. Thea Küngler had studied criminology, worked first as an informant, and then became a police officer in the administrative department. She was currently on sabbatical to pursue her doctorate thesis. In the photos, she was a pretty young woman. The autopsy report confirmed what Eisen had reported. He picked up the second file, opened it, and froze.

"Susanne," Ron exclaimed, "I know her, I knew her!" He flipped through the pages again, skimming through them. "Has she been buried yet?" he asked. "No," the three of them said in unison. "She's still in Hades, at the coroner's office, down here in the basement." The three of them led him down. "The coroner is a bit of an oddball, but he's probably one of the best." Ron nodded, and they went inside. The hunchback looked at them. "The Künglers or the Stammers?" he asked, grinning. "Both," Ron replied, introducing himself. He asked his name. "Dr. Armin Gangl," said the hunchback, "but everyone calls me Quasimodo, even though none of them have ever read Victor Hugo, the idiots!" He opened two refrigerator compartments, 67 and 70. "Küngler on the left, Stammer on the right."

He sat down and waited for questions. Ron held the autopsy reports in his hand and went through each point. Dr. Gangl approached him. He pointed to the wrists; the marks were clearly visible and identical on Thea and Susanne. The mark around their necks was clearly made by a wire. "Right-handed," said Dr. Gangl. "No semen," he added, "he must have used a condom. But the marks are unambiguous: multiple brutal rapes, possibly with a dildo. Certainly over several days, absolutely certain." The doctor was very thorough. "The toxicology was the same for both. Alcohol, of course, and poppers, lots of poppers. The women showed very high doses; they must have been almost insane with desire, sexual desire. What man does something like that? What guy is so greedy and irresponsible? They could just as easily have died of heart failure at those doses!" Dr. Gangl shook his head. "Not a single trace of DNA. He must have washed her with a good disinfectant. That guy knows a thing or two about police work." Ron pulled the cloth all the way down from Susanne and examined her body. Yes, it was her, definitely. He'd met

her briefly at the last police ball and had a quickie with her in the dressing room.

They went back upstairs, and Ron said he was biased. He'd had a quickie with Stammer a year ago, so he was biased. He quickly went to President Wallner. "I'm biased and can't participate in the investigation; otherwise, I'll jeopardize it." President Wallner, who for a moment feared something serious, laughed uproariously. "If that's all it is," he said, laughing, "then none of us would be allowed to investigate the case. That little one didn't miss a single guy under 60; she was very industrious!" Wallner laughed again. "Well, carry on, my boy, that's an order!" Ron went back to the Three Musketeers.

Bodnar was the most senior officer; he came from the Vice Squad, which he left when he became a father. A burly man, he looked more like a plumber or a lumberjack. A strong-willed character, like the late Friedrich Engels, with a large mustache. His 13-year-old daughter, Laura, was a pubescent nuisance. She regularly sat naked on his lap, wrapped her arms longingly around his neck, and he never knew what to do with his hands. Laura would rub back and forth until his hands were on her bare genitals, and then she would continue rubbing until she shuddered. His wife cleared her throat noisily in the background, of course. But Bodnar knew from his work in vice that this was over and he couldn't take anything further with Laura.

Eisen had actually been a graphologist at the university until a love affair lured him to the police academy. He was the typical short, bald accountant with a receding hairline and glasses, whose criminological talent was discovered at the academy. He was in his early fifties and the oldest member of the Yiddish Squadron. Everyone appreciated his clear-sightedness, always focused on the facts. He rarely fell into a trap; he recognized even the most elaborate ones. He was a confirmed bachelor and made the most of it in countless affairs. Eisen was already emotionally smitten; he wanted to try his luck at the Ministry of the Interior. He was on familiar terms with the new, young Minister of the Interior.

Rosenblatt was the squadron's best tracker. No, he didn't snoop on the ground, but on the internet, in archives, in directories of all

kinds, often bringing even the most hidden things to light. He had sold the inherited jewelry store; he had no interest in it. He had been left by his wife, the slut, many years ago, and his daughter Elli, now 15 or 16, lived with him. He only ever called his ex a slut; she didn't seem to have a first name. He kept his private life private, but when his trusted colleagues pressed him directly, he readily admitted that almost five years ago, when his wife, the slut, had run off, he had resolutely brought Elli into his bed. Everything had developed quite naturally, and they lived together like a couple. No one objected once the truth was out in the open. His Jewish hooked nose on a face worthy of a Roman emperor immediately revealed that it belonged to a detective.

They went through the files very methodically for a week. But there was nothing more to them than what was already there. They had done a good job so far and gathered everything. Thea Küngler's file was completely clean. She had grown up in modest circumstances in Favoriten, was the first in her family to graduate from high school, and was studying criminology. She had graduated from the police academy with excellent grades and was already working on a doctoral dissertation, the thesis. She didn't have a steady boyfriend, according to her file. Not a word about her sex life, if she had one.

Susanne Stammer grew up in comfortable middle-class circumstances in the 9th district. She had passed her high school exams (after retaking one), was also studying criminology, but there was no indication whether she had known Thea Küngler. Her juvenile file contained two entries that had long since been deleted. One was for possession of a small amount of marijuana, the other for disorderly conduct. Clearly, what that meant back then, it was promiscuity at the age of 14. Ron scratched his head; he'd fallen for Stammer at a police ball and had a quickie with her. It was just superficial, casual sex without any meaning. Ron still felt a deep sense of regret. Even if Susanne had been a loose girl, she simply hadn't deserved death, that angry, evil death. Neither Ron nor the Yiddish Squadron discovered anything or anyone that pointed to Thea's or Susanne's murder. It could have been a madman, a serial killer, or just anyone.

Then, after a week, pure chance came to the rescue. Residents had alerted the police; screams had been heard coming from the empty building next door, and by the time the officers arrived, the screams had long since died down. The police discovered a woman's body, and the three musketeers raced across the city in their ambulance, flashing blue lights and sirens blaring. The perpetrator had long since fled, but he had been interrupted.

He hadn't yet used the disinfectant. He left behind the body bound with wire, the garrote, and the disinfectant. Dr. Gangl estimated she must have been murdered less than an hour earlier; the body was still warm. The crime scene was examined methodically, millimeter by millimeter, and half a dozen used condoms were found. Dr. Gangl analyzed the semen in the condoms, the DNA on the garrote, and on the body of Theresa Stanzl, 28. Theresa was also a police officer; she hadn't shown up for duty for several days, but she hadn't yet been officially reported missing. It had happened several times before that she went on a "honeymoon" with a lover for a few days, even a week, as she later admitted with an embarrassed smile. And now she was dead.

Rosenblatt and Eisen immediately set to work researching her background. But there was nothing unusual. She had graduated from high school in Josefstadt and lived with her widowed father. There had been several anonymous complaints alleging that the two were engaged in incest. Theresa was 14, 17, 18, 19, and 20 years old at these times, and the anonymous writer seemed to be a jealous neighbor. The reports were very detailed, some of them downright pornographic. Eisen put the papers aside in disgust. It was completely irrelevant whether Theresa was having sex with her father or not; that was unimportant for police work. Nobody investigated the matter back then. Incest was essentially a minor offense that no police officer wanted to take seriously. Rosenblatt read the report her superior had written when she was hired three times. The supervisor had spread the five incriminating anonymous complaints out on the table and then said, "Everyone has to live with hostility and smear campaigns, I understand that. I just wanted to know what was going on from the start. You still live alone with your father. In these documents, in this drivel, you are accused of incest. What do you have to

say to me about that?” Stanzl had asked in return, “Will this have any bearing on whether I get hired or not?” He denied it. So Stanzl didn’t take a position. Theresa had a boyfriend on record, an inconspicuous and pale student in her year. Rosenblatt concluded from the wording that it was more of a study company than a sexual relationship. No direct connection whatsoever to Thea Küngler or Susanne Stammer.

Dr. Gangl shook his head as he read the toxicology report. Theresa had a blood alcohol level of 3.2 per mille; she was completely drunk at the time of her death. She had ingested three times more poppers than the others; the levels were incredibly high. “In my opinion, this alone would have been enough to cause her heart to fail. I can’t definitively conclude that she was ‘only’ raped. Perhaps she herself incited her attacker and pushed him into brutal sex. Here I have to slightly revise the initial autopsy report.” Dr. Gangl wiped the sweat from his brow. “No one takes that much poppers voluntarily, that’s for sure. Your perpetrator is not only a cop killer and serial killer, I also classify him as a completely deviant sex offender who deliberately plunges his victims into a hurricane of sexual urges.” Dr. Gangl pressed for the DNA analysis to be performed as quickly as possible in the lab. The DNA clearly belonged to Frank Halter, who was imprisoned in the Karling prison near the city of Graz.

Ron immediately called Graz.

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The Killer

The prison director squirmed on the phone. “We released the Halter six weeks ago, Inspector.” He was very embarrassed when Ron shouted into the phone, asking why it wasn’t in the database yet. “We have a staff shortage, Inspector. We can’t do some things immediately.” Ron had calmed down. “I’m coming to Graz on the next train, be ready! And I want to speak to the officers who were responsible for the owner!” Ron hung up without a greeting, without any kindness. He immediately took the first train to Graz.

Prison director Robert Gessing and prison guard Udo Perschin were already in the meeting room when Ron entered. Gessing confirmed once again that Frank Halter had been released six weeks earlier, on April 4th. He had served six of his seven years and, after six years, had been legitimately released for good behavior. Perschin had testified in his favor; Halter had never caused any trouble, he was quiet and polite, but he hadn’t made any particular friends in the prison. He was legally educated and had advised some inmates. “Not at all unpleasant, that fellow,” Perschin concluded.

Ron wanted to know what books Halter had read. Udo Perschin already had the list at hand. Primarily Russian authors: Tolstoy, Pushkin, and others. He subscribed to two newspapers, the daily Kurier and the Standard, which, as required, were delivered to him with a one-week delay. Halter was allowed two hours of internet access daily; that was permitted. He had no email contact with anyone; he never used his email account.

Perschin had printed out random copies of his internet browsing history and presented them. Ron took them to Vienna. He returned to Vienna without any new information. Something had changed there. Rosa Morgentau, a police officer and Bodnar’s lover, had joined the three musketeers. The pretty, dark-haired Jewish woman smiled provocatively into Ron’s eyes. She flirted quite openly. “We’re now the Jewish quartet, the quartet is complete!” she said, smiling. She had a doctorate in criminal psychology and was a computer spe-

cialist, and she took over the online research. Ron gave her the print-outs of the browser histories. “Find out what he was searching for on the internet.” She began immediately.

Eisen had completed the Theresa Stanzl file. They laid the three files side by side; all three had been murdered by Frank Halter in the past two months. Why? What was the motive? Why had Halter chosen these three in particular? What connected them? After much deliberation, Morgentau had an idea. All three had initially worked as informants before becoming police officers. They had been infiltrated into Artem and Frank’s network and had testified in court. They had all given themselves to Artem and Frank to obtain information and had also testified extensively in court about the sexual aspect. At the time, they were all blonde, pretty, and young, and had been Artem’s and Frank’s lovers for a time. The others hadn’t noticed this yet. Morgentau immediately continued her research; there were a total of eleven informants with the same characteristics, including the sexual aspect, concerning Galebnikov and Halter. Ron decided to inform the eight remaining female police officers and their superiors. They had to be given personal protection. Ron also sent the latest photo of Frank Halter, even though it was already six years old. He was the threat; he wanted to kill the policewomen. Only one couldn’t be reached, Bina Mudak; she was on vacation visiting relatives in Odessa, Ukraine.

Morgentau called in the evening and said she had a lead and would come see him immediately. Ron was slightly annoyed; he had to send the Turkish girl, Fatme, away before Morgentau showed up. He drank the bottle of red wine with Rosa he had originally intended for the young Turkish woman.

He woke from a nap. Rosa had put her negligee back on, but she was completely naked underneath and sat at the table with her papers. Ron pulled on his trousers and sat down next to her. “Well, what was so urgent?” he asked quietly, his annoyance long since gone. Morgentau had discovered that Frank Halter had been thoroughly investigating the Artem Galebnikov case. He had reviewed the court files, but she couldn’t find out where he had gotten a password. He had obviously read through the list of all those involved—wit-

nesses and counter-witnesses, prosecutors and defense attorneys — several times. Artem Galebnikov was accused of espionage, money laundering, and human trafficking; the evidence was overwhelming. Artem Galebnikov hanged himself while in pretrial detention. Frank Halter, presumably Galebnikov's son, was one of his contacts but was not charged. Then he shot and killed a prosecution witness whose testimony could have been very dangerous for both Artem and himself. Frank Halter received a seven-year sentence and was imprisoned in Graz. "That was good work, Rosa!" said Ron.

Rosa laughed heartily and interrupted him as he began to speak. "Don't worry about that, Ronald! I was Rosenblatt's lover first, then Eisen's, and now Bodnar's. Don't worry about it, that's just how it goes. — By the way, I have to go; Bodnar will be here around ten." Ron watched her with shining eyes as she dressed provocatively. "We can't continue this," he said firmly. "I'm in a committed relationship, and I'm not giving it up." Rosa looked at him for a long time. "Okay, Ronald, message received." Ron glanced at his wristwatch; it was just after 9. He called Fatme, his young lover. "Of course," she said, "I'll be there in fifteen minutes." Ron turned on the television and waited. This felt right; as Hakim Elbagr, he felt comfortable in the arms of the young Turkish girl. "A colleague came to see me on business, with an urgent matter. Hopefully, it won't happen again soon." Fatme nodded in agreement. Hakim had never lied to her, but there was no need to ask if he'd screwed with the colleague. Of course, she knew from the beginning that he was actually a policeman. He'd given her pimp a real beating and straightened him out, that's how Hakim got Fatme off the streets, and she came to him every evening for the past fifteen months. Fatme, who liked Ron very much, clung to him like a true, passionate lover.

The next day, they added Artem Galebnikov's file. It was a thick file, much thicker than Frank Halter's. They compared all the facts about Artem and Frank. Both had been born in Odessa. According to Frank's file, Artem could be Frank's "unknown" father; he had been the lover of Frank's mother, Roxane Halter, around the time in question. All three of them had come to Vienna from Ukraine in 1992. Frank's mother still lived in Vienna. Ron drove to her house with Morgentau. They hardly spoke on the way; Rosa was concentrating

on driving, and he had little desire to talk about the matter. Frank's mother opened the door, a small, delicate woman with steely eyes. She spoke German quite well and offered tea and sweet biscuits.

No, she hadn't seen Frank for six years, she claimed. "Well, through the thick acrylic glass in prison. He's free?" she asked with feigned interest. Ron and Rosa looked at each other. He said, "Frank's been free for six weeks — no, seven weeks — and I'm sure he's contacted you, Mrs. Halter!" Her gray eyes flickered. "Yes, he called me about three days ago, but I thought he was still in prison. He didn't say anything about his release, though." Ron and Morgentau exchanged another glance. That was probably a lie, but they couldn't continue like this. Morgentau changed the subject.

"According to our files, Artem Galebnykov was Frank's father, is that correct?" Mrs. Halter showed no reaction. "If it says so in your files. — But as far as I know, Artem has been dead for a long time. He hanged himself in his cell, they said." For the first time, a slight tremor could be heard in her voice. "Yes, that's what it says in our files, Mrs. Halter. I'll note that you confirm his paternity, Mrs. Halter." Mrs. Halter didn't react, but she didn't deny it either. Ron was surprised at how skillful Morgentau was. Morgentau nocked the next arrow on her bow.

"From Frank's file, I gathered that you raised Frank alone?" was Rosa's next question. Ron sensed that Rosa was about to attack and quickly release the arrow. Mrs. Halter now confirmed in a firm voice that she had raised Frank alone, she wasn't looking for a replacement father for Frank, and no, she herself hadn't had a single affair. "During the interrogations six years ago, Frank stated that he 'didn't have a girlfriend, he had his mother with whom he lived.' Am I to understand that you have an incestuous relationship with Frank?!" Morgentau seemed so unshakably self-assured that Mrs. Halter reacted strongly. "Frank only had me and sometimes his father. I did everything to keep my son from going astray. He shouldn't have to go to prostitutes and lose himself there. I only did what any respectable mother would have done in my place. And certainly nothing incestuous!" She fell silent, ashamed; she was exhausted.

Morgentau looked triumphantly at Ron. He asked, “May we look around the house, Mrs. Halter?” She nodded, tired and exhausted. They went through the rooms, then up to the bedroom in the attic. The bed wasn’t made yet; it looked as if it had been the result of a fierce fight, or perhaps a passionate sexual encounter. “You live alone, Mrs. Halter?” Morgentau asked. “You don’t have a boyfriend? A lover?” Mrs. Halter shook her head, visibly annoyed. “Boyfriend?! Lover?! Pah! — Aren’t I too old for that?!” Morgentau grabbed her hand. “So, Frank stayed here overnight!” It wasn’t a question, more of a statement. Mrs. Halter nodded unconsciously and said, “No, Frank wasn’t here!” but she couldn’t hide the lie in her eyes. “We’re leaving!” Mrs. Halter said firmly and went downstairs. She had completely shut down, and the two police officers drove back to the Rossauer Barracks.

Morgentau steered the car and blurted out, “Frank slept at her place, I bet! We have to have the house monitored!” Ron already had his cell phone to his ear and was giving instructions. She continued to rant. “The Halter practically admitted to incest, and I’m one hundred percent certain he’d been hiding with her all along.” Ron growled, “We’re investigating several murders, Rosa, incest doesn’t have the slightest influence in my opinion!” Rosa was silent for a moment. “But the psychological effect...?” Ron interjected thoughtlessly, “I couldn’t care less!” Morgentau wasn’t giving up yet. “When she opened the door, she was red and slightly sweaty. She buttoned up her housedress first, and she wasn’t wearing anything underneath. I saw it and thought we’d disturbed her, maybe she’d just had sex, or maybe just sex all by herself. I didn’t think much of it. But now I’m wondering if we’re missing something?” Ron’s face had darkened considerably. “We’re investigating several murders, maybe a serial killer. I don’t care about anything else!” Rosa was silent. Ronald didn’t want to talk about it anymore, that much was clear. He grumbled conciliatorily, “It’s completely irrelevant at the moment whether Frank is or has been screwing with his mother, and it’s also completely irrelevant whether we interrupted the old woman while she was masturbating.” He composed himself again. “I know, Rosa, you studied psychology, and that’s where your interest stems from. Right now, I think we shouldn’t attach any importance to sexuality. At least not yet, okay?” Rosa nodded and concentrated on driving.

They arrived at the office and wrote the report together. Ron said, “You questioned her brilliantly, Rosa! I wanted to say that, you were very skillful! Only, the sexual component has nothing to do with the murders. But write it in, I don’t care.” Rosenblatt and Eisen tried to locate Bina Mudak in Odessa. It seemed significant to Ron that Bina was born in Odessa and had only been in Vienna for 15 years. He searched through Artem Galebnikov’s court file again and found Bina. She had been an informant at the time and also a lover of Artem, and later of Frank. She had been a witness for the prosecution against Artem; she only later completed her studies in criminology and joined the police force. Ron showed his discovery to the others. “This is a concrete lead, a very concrete one indeed, if Frank saw himself as Artem’s son, which we can only speculate about at present.” They went through the files again and again.

Rosa Morgentau sat at her desk, holding the photo of Roxane and Artem. She stared at the picture through the magnifying glass, as if staring would reveal any secrets. Roxane was 14 years old at the time; it was her honeymoon. Roxane was about 5’3” and extremely slim. She had small, girlish breasts with pointed, dark nipples. Her pubic area was barely visible beneath the blondish-reddish fuzz. Artem looked like a giant next to her. He was at least 6’5” and weighed around 275 pounds. A broad-shouldered giant with a hairy chest, he was athletically built and quite muscular. His enormous dick hung almost down to his knees. Rosa squinted and stared through the magnifying glass. She had never seen such a large dick before, and she shuddered at the thought of how it would feel inside her. She quickly pushed the thought aside in shame. She examined his glans and the foreskin, which he had apparently deliberately retracted, under the magnifying glass for quite some time. Mrs. Halter had admitted that Frank’s dick was just as large as Artem’s. The mere thought that Frank had abused his mother for 30 years made her gasp. Rosa sighed and placed the photograph back in Artem’s file.

The next morning brought a surprise. A letter “for Inspector Hofstätter” had been delivered to the gate by a bicycle courier. The gatekeeper had taken the courier’s name and phone number. Ron called him immediately. He was out on his route, the courier said, but he was available. He had received the letter from a customer at Café

Eiles at around 7:15 or 7:20 a.m. The description matched Frank's photo. Ron called Café Eiles. They confirmed the courier's account; they had never seen the customer before. Ron handed the encrypted message over to the lab. They found Frank's DNA, without a doubt. It took them less than fifteen minutes to decipher the text. A very simple code; the alphabet shifted by one letter with each line. Not very common because it was easy to crack.

To Inspector Hofstätter.

You came very close to me yesterday. I was waiting for you in the cellar and would have shot you both dead. Let my mother out; she knows nothing and shouldn't be dragged into this because of me. I wanted Bina; I've had her for eight days already, and if you hurry, she'll still be warm by noon today. You'll find her, because I liked her very much. Everyone likes Bina. I'll be long gone by the time you find her. She gave me much joy and paid off all her debts to me in installments.

F.J.H.

Ron looked in Artem's file. Frank Jessipowitsch Halter. No one knew what Jessipowitsch meant; in any case, it wasn't his patronymic, as was customary. Ron read the letter twice, five times. Bodnar read along, like the others. He sat bolt upright. "One sentence doesn't fit. 'People just like Bina.' - 'People just like Manner.' That must be the clue!" Morgentau was already at the computer. "There are two abandoned Manner production facilities in the city. You now have the addresses on your cell phones."

So they found Bina in one of the old Manner factory buildings in Ottakring. Bodnar and Morgentau had found her and called the others over. Dr. Gangl shook his head. No, the policewoman had been dead for at least six hours, maybe seven, but not eight. The doctor superficially examined her vagina. "A considerable amount of semen; he didn't use a condom this time. The strangulation mark on her neck is the same as with the others, a wire loop, a garrote. The wire restraints around her wrists are like the others, but this one has a gag in her mouth, a T-shirt. Probably her own. I can't say more until after

the autopsy.” Dr. Gangl turned away, disturbed that it was yet another pretty, young girl. Pretty, blonde, and stone dead. The series of murders was a disaster. He had heard that seven other young female police officers were on the death list.

Rosenblatt completed the dossier on Bina Budak. She was born in Odessa, Ukraine, and was now 28 years old. A translation from Ukrainian: her mother had taken her father to court; he had deflowered Bina far too young and abused her daily for years. Mother and daughter had immigrated here legally about 15 years ago after the father’s acquittal. Bina had graduated from high school in Ottakring. During her time at the police academy, she was an informant and had also been infiltrated into Artem and Frank’s network. She had given herself completely to both of them and thus obtained sensitive information. She had also testified against Artem in court. She was engaged to a young legal clerk, and they planned to marry after his admission to the bar.

The Yiddish squadron was in shock. Surveillance of Frank’s mother had yielded nothing. Police Chief Wallner shook his head and stared at the wall onto which the letter was projected. “He’s not finished yet; he’s continuing and waiting for us with a gun in his hand. He has no fear and no reason to surrender. He deliberately and effortlessly led us to the latest body. There’s currently no lead we can follow. — Morgentau, take on the mother, every day. Squeeze everything out of her! And, damn it, no kid gloves! We’re looking for a dangerous killer, a cop killer! There are no kid gloves here!!!” Wallner was truly furious and waved the officers away; they were free to go.

Ron ran into Bodnar at the coffee machine as he was getting a coffee. “Am I imagining things, or has the atmosphere changed?” he asked. Bodnar took his time answering. “Only since you were in bed with Rosa!” So Ron hadn’t been mistaken. “Look, Bodnar. I made a mistake, you’re right about that. But I told Rosa right away that it can’t happen again, because of me. She must have understood. I hope you do too. Without an understanding about this, we can’t continue working here.” Bodnar didn’t reply and left in silence.

A few hours later, Rosenblatt strolled by. After a few inconsequential remarks, he got to the point. “Bodnar explained it to me. I believe you; it was bound to happen. Rosa can’t leave anyone out. I just didn’t expect it to happen so soon.” Eisen approached just then. He nodded when Rosenblatt had finished. He offered Ron his hand. Bodnar wasn’t ready until the next morning; he’d had a conversation with Morgentau the previous evening. She confirmed Ron’s text. Bodnar wasn’t happy about her fickleness, but he was willing to leave Ron alone. However, they had wasted half a day on this little skirmish.

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Interrogations and Confessions

Ron and Bodnar sat with Rosa Morgentau in the meeting room, listening to her report. As ordered by President Wallner, Rosa had removed her velvet gloves and put on black leather gloves to beat old Mrs. Halter. She had torn Mrs. Halter's blouse off and began systematically beating the astonished, half-naked woman with the leather gloves. Yes, she struck her in the face for minutes on end, taking great care not to leave any bruises. She screamed at the handlers, saying she would beat her most intimate secrets out of her. Every single one! After fifteen minutes, the old woman's resistance crumbled. She had realized that she had to reveal a few secrets to receive fewer blows. She sobbed that she was ready to answer everything. "But please, no more hitting!"

As for Rosa, one has to consider her background. She had initially studied psychology, and only later, concurrently with the police academy, had she studied criminal psychology in particular. She was a very good student, one has to give her that. But she had developed a predilection for quickies, for casual, fast sex, which had become very pronounced. She had never kept count, but there were certainly hundreds whose paths she had crossed.

And then there was the issue of incest, which preoccupied her greatly. Somewhere, sometime during her studies, she had overheard something that, objectively speaking, doesn't stand up to any scientific scrutiny. Something like this: most criminals had an incest problem. Girls who had been abused by their own fathers were highly likely to become criminals later in life. Male offenders had often been abused by their mothers in their youth, or, as a rule, they abused their own mothers. Or they were now those fathers themselves, incestuously abusing their daughters. And Rosa was determined to investigate these matters with the utmost precision. What supported her peculiar theory was that the roughly 20 women and 70 men she

had so far subjected to excruciatingly embarrassing interrogations had all, without exception, had some kind of incest problem in their youth. All of them. Without exception.

As a test, Rosa asked Mrs. Halter if she had been in an incestuous relationship with Frank. She denied it, cursing, sobbing, and sniffling. Rosa had taken off her gloves and struck her quite brutally with the folded gloves. The old woman screamed and whimpered. “No, never, believe me! When he lay down next to me to sleep — we always slept naked next to each other — he would always sin by kneeling between my thighs and ejaculate over my most intimate place ever since he reached puberty.” Rosa struck again, “What else?!” The old woman whimpered and hesitated for a long time before revealing anything further. “But I only let my son grope me down there now and then, because of his childish curiosity.” Rosa’s leather gloves flapped across her cheeks, because Rosa had to beat every word out of her. Then Rosa paused. Mrs. Halter looked up at Rosa from a low angle. “But none of this is incest, Commissioner,” she squeezed out through pursed lips.

Rosa held up her gloves threateningly. She should finally tell everything voluntarily, or there would be more beatings. The old woman stopped sobbing and looked up at her slyly and contemptuously, as if she could read her thoughts. “I always flinched back then, when he was just a boy, when his big thing touched my most intimate place and he pumped around inside me for fifteen minutes.” Rosa looked at her sharply. “And you only touched his thing by accident, I suppose?” Mrs. Halter didn’t immediately grasp the sarcasm. “Oh no, I hardly touched his thing,” she insisted defiantly. “He had such a long one, just like his father, which made it so difficult for me,” Mrs. Halter whispered softly. “But he had to sin all on his own, always!” And no, she would never have done it to him, she lied. Rosa was annoyed because the old woman was lying to her again. “Tell the truth, you miserable bitch!” Rosa roared, and the gloves lashed across Halter’s face once more.

Rosa’s gloved hand trembled before the old woman’s face. The image of 14-year-old Halter and Artem with his dick hanging low flashed in Rosa’s mind. The gloves slapped relentlessly against the

old woman's shoulder. "And since he came back from prison, he's slept in my arms every night. Yes, he's slept here in my arms for several nights because he could fall asleep better if I put him in and took care of him with my hand." "So you two had incest?" Rosa fired her next barb. But Mrs. Halter looked at Rosa contemptuously and spat on the floor in front of her. "It never went that far, and it probably never would," she snapped at the detective. And he hadn't been here for days. Rosa had a feeling the woman hadn't revealed everything yet.

The gloves left red welts on her withered, emaciated breasts. Suddenly, the old woman's face recoiled; she couldn't bear the blows any longer. "When he was about eight or nine, I showed him how to do it, the way boys do it, to release their semen. He was so ecstatic because I did it to him until his penis went completely soft. Boys have to empty themselves completely, I explained to him, because if the semen stays inside too long, it will rot and stink."

"Back then, I spoke quite openly and confidentially with many mothers at school, and it was surprising how many allowed actual incest. Only a few simply spread their legs; most knelt on their beds and presented their buttocks to the boy. He only had to spread them until he could see the bush and the cunt, and then he could freely take her from behind. But what really shocked me was this: if the son brought a friend home for a sleepover, then the friend was also allowed to spread her buttocks wide and take her from behind. The boys took turns until they were exhausted. I found that truly repulsive, somehow whorish and utterly disgusting. The mothers who told me about it reacted snidely or angrily to my reaction; what difference did it make whether there was one or two? Whether they mounted her once or five times, that didn't make any difference anymore, did it? No, these Mothers squatted in the meadow like cows, ruminating, and they couldn't care less what was going on back there between their buttocks... No, I absolutely didn't want to do that, because I knew that was real incest. It was completely out of the question, that much was clear to me from the start.

Others, on the other hand, did it themselves with their hand, but full of disgust and fear, using two fingers, because they had done it

far too rarely before. They carefully and fearfully slid the foreskin back and forth between their thumb and forefinger and stared, mesmerized, at the opening in the glans. Nevertheless, they flinched when the fluid spurted out and splashed across their faces. They got used to it over time and closed their eyelids because it always splashed in their faces. But others did it quite forcefully and energetically with their fist, just as they had to do to their husbands. “No, that’s not what I wanted either. Frank should damn well do it himself.”

“Others, on the other hand, made the boy kneel between their thighs and he had to do it himself with his own hand. But almost every boy ended up sinking forward and then ejaculating all over his mother’s most intimate area. I thought to myself, I’ll do something similar.”

“So I made Frank kneel between my thighs, did it to him with my hand, and let him thoughtlessly ejaculate all over my inner thighs, and that was perhaps a mistake. I did it to him several times in a row until he couldn’t ejaculate anymore, and that was it. He accepted the change immediately, and then there was no stopping him.” Rosa interjected. “Why was that a mistake?” The old woman searched for a suitable branch in her web of lies. “Looking back, I would have preferred he’d ejaculated on the sheets or into a handkerchief. But instead, he knelt between my thighs, sinning for minutes on end with a disgusting grin, and then finally fell forward. He always ejaculated over, or, if he’d penetrated me while falling forward, inside, my most intimate region, with a mean, possessive expression. That’s what I meant by mistake, Commissioner. I hadn’t planned it that way, but it couldn’t be changed now.”

There it was again, that lurking, deceitful look that drove Rosa to a white-hot rage. “But that has nothing to do with incest!” the old woman exclaimed in despair. She looked down and then stammered through tears, “Because he had tendonitis when he was 11, he kept forcing me to do it to him, but only that one, single time, for four or five weeks, two or three times a day, because otherwise he wouldn’t leave me alone.” she whimpered, guiltily and through her tears. “But you can’t call that incest, Commissioner!”

Rosa was desperate to know the details, because the perpetrator's sex life could be a key. Rosa stopped hitting and snarled at the Halter: "How did it really start? Tell me again, and don't lie to me!" The woman cowered, even though Rosa stopped striking. "I wasn't lying! You see, he always pressed his dick against me while he masturbated and ejaculated on my most intimate area. It really didn't bother me; it wasn't new to me. I've had to do it to my husband many times. It's normal, isn't it? Some mothers masturbate their sons with their fingers or fist because they don't want to sin against God and nature. But many don't care at all and indifferently let their sons commit incest, real incest, that's how I understood it."

Rosa raised her hand, with the folded gloves, threateningly. "Because he kept trying, I pulled him out in time and gave him a good talking-to. I would never allow incest! I had to wrestle with him every day and hold his dick firmly so he couldn't put it in again, the bastard!" The woman looked at Rosa contemptuously; her lie seemed to be working perfectly. Rosa mentally pieced together the puzzle.

The old woman asked slyly, "Do you know what it's like to lie naked next to a naked adolescent your whole life?" Rosa murmured, no, but she could imagine him trying again and again. The woman looked at her with deep contempt. "Oh, you would never truly understand, good woman! Of course I had to hold it firmly so he couldn't put it in again, the bastard!" Rosa nodded; she had heard enough, even if much remained unsaid. Mrs. Halter wouldn't reveal any more at the moment.

Rosa sat down and lit a cigarette. Mrs. Halter suspected she wouldn't be beaten again and relaxed a little. She tried to cover her withered breasts with her tattered blouse. Rosa gave the old woman a cigarette, took a drag, and moved carefully. "And — you're from Ukraine?" Mrs. Halter shook her head and stopped crying. "No, I'm Circassian and I come from Trabzon on the Black Sea. Artem rescued me from the most abject poverty imaginable. I was 14 and was made up to go into prostitution. Then Artem appeared and bought me. My beautiful red hair and light blue eyes had captivated him; I knew that from the start. Wait, I have a photo from that time."

Mrs. Halter rummaged among the few books on the shelf. She held out a folded picture to Rosa. "That was me, at 14," she said. Rosa took the picture from her hand and unfolded it despite Mrs. Halter's protests. It was the same as in Artem's file. A naked couple, the little red-haired girl and a giant of a man, around 40, with a huge cock dangling down. Rosa had read in Artem's file that he was 1.95 meters tall and weighed around 125 kilos. Someone had scribbled next to it: "25 kebab and doner, 30 raki." An attempt to portray him as a hard liquor drinker?

Rosa looked up. "So that's what you were like back then. But your name is Halter, isn't that a German name?" Mrs. Halter shook her head in the negative. "No, actually Haltr, a Circassian name. The Haltr is a wooden contraption, with a hole in it and covered on top with goatskin. The goatherds chase the male goat onto the Haltr and collect the semen behind the hole in a cup. The semen is stirred into the goat's milk, which is supposed to strengthen virility. My name was Roxane Haltr, so Roxane, the goat whore." Mrs. Halter turned the photograph tenderly in her fingers. "At first, Artem let me believe I would one day become his wife. He took me everywhere, he bought girls and sold them to brothels in the West. He became very rich very quickly. It was a good life."

"He started hiding the money of wealthy oligarchs in the West, which made him even richer than the girls. I had Frank after an uncomplicated birth, and Artem was over the moon with joy and pride. He had the doctor anesthetize me again and operate on me, and I always suspected he had me sterilized, but he never admitted it."

"Frank was a sweet, good child and the star of my life. Until puberty, all I did was pull back his foreskin and let my tongue dance on his glans. Then I'd poke with my fingernail in the little opening of his glans, and the juice would just shoot and gush out. My lips would encircle his glans, and I'd drink and suck out the semen. The little guy loved that, and I must have repeated it for hours. He hit puberty at 8 or 9 and loved putting it in and pumping with it. It seemed so innocent and so cute. Then I patiently showed him how to release the juice with his fist."

He must have been 10 when there was that brief episode with Lilly, a girl the same age from the neighborhood. Lilly wasn't shy at all, but very determined. The first time, she shook my hand and did something like a curtsy. "I'm with Frankie." I came along so we could practice stubble picking. "Because when we grow up, we're going to get married and have lots of babies, that's why we have to practice stubble so much now, Mrs. Halter." I was speechless at how cunningly my Frankie had ensnared this girl. I had just gotten over my unfortunate phase of squeezing underage girls between my thighs. Nevertheless, I helped Frankie force it into her little hole, and then they started ramming like rabbits. Lilly clamped the tip of her tongue between her lips, panting and sweating, chasing Frankie from shot to shot, from orgasm to orgasm. My mouth fell open as Frankie stubbled and filled Lilly up like a pro, shot after shot, every afternoon. Lilly's mother found out months later and put a firm end to the spectacle.

I never wanted him to go astray and have to go to prostitutes. Nobody took any notice that we were naked as we slept in the same bed, and nobody ever said a word to me about it. I was the mistress of a filthy rich gangster and untouchable. Artem would often stay in the West for months at a time and in 1992 decided to bring us both to Vienna. We've been here ever since, and Frank worked for Artem until his arrest. That's how it was, that was our life." Mrs. Halter smiled, lost in the past, even though her welts must have been quite painful.

Rosa put her gloves in her handbag to signal that the beating was over. She picked up her cigarettes and offered Mrs. Halter one as well. "You have to understand, I don't have any children and I want to understand what it was like between you and Frank. I have to assume incest at this point, that's just how it is." Mrs. Halter smoked thoughtfully and then said in a firm voice, "You're mistaken, Commissioner, there was never any incest between us." Rosa took a drag on her cigarette. Velvet gloves and small steps, that's how she wanted to coax everything out of her. "So, how did it all begin?" she asked, smiling.

Mrs. Halter leaned back. "Oh, you know, when Frank was 8 or 9, his urges awoke intensely. The poor little thing would tug at his dick

so hard it scared me to death. So I showed him how boys are supposed to masturbate with their fists. That calmed him down more and more, and that's how he learned. I didn't want him buying porn magazines as a guide. It seemed much more natural to me that he got aroused by my body. If he needed it during the day, he'd get himself ready, spread my legs wide, and then he'd get to work, staring intently at my crotch, aiming hard, and pressing his penis firmly against my most intimate spot to ejaculate. At night, though, it was completely different. He'd lie behind me, press his cock against my buttocks, and get to work with his hand. To ejaculate, he'd thrust powerfully forward between my buttocks to release his semen into me from behind." That's actually how I preferred it. - Yes, that's how it started."

Rosa mentally pieced together the jumbled puzzle pieces and nodded. "Yes, I can imagine it quite well like that." She offered another cigarette. "Of course, that's not incest, that's clear. But what about the tendonitis?" Rosa asked, because that was where she could jump in. Mrs. Halter seemed to wake up from a dream. "Yes, that was when he was 11. Up until then, he always did it himself, which was perfectly fine. But with the tendonitis, he couldn't do it. He cursed blasphemously and forced me to do it for him, two or even three times a day."

"It was very embarrassing for me at first. I didn't enjoy it at all on the first day, you can believe me. But he had a large and very beautiful, even cock; you simply had to love it. So I did it for him quite willingly, because it was such a beautiful, long thing. And because I could give him great relief, that was important to me, of course. He stared between my legs like a predator while I obediently did it for him. Naturally, he insisted that I let him ejaculate over my most intimate area, and he screamed at me terribly if I didn't obey immediately. He barked harshly at me to damn well insert it! I cowered in fear and inserted it a little way, then rubbed it until he came. I had to repeat it so many times until he'd had enough. I felt somewhat humiliated, and his fixed gaze between my legs sometimes made me really uncomfortable. But by the second day, it seemed completely natural to me, and so I did well to him with a wicked expression. From now on, I knew how to be a good girl. Unasked, I guided his cock a

little way into my cunt, and then I rubbed it with my hand until he ejaculated. And I let him ejaculate as many times as he needed until he'd had enough. Because even that wasn't incest, since I was only doing it with my hand. When it had healed after five or six weeks, I was somehow glad that he could do it himself again." Gradually, she began to enjoy embellishing her lies.

Rosa placed her hand reassuringly on Mrs. Halter's arm. "Don't worry, good woman, because even that doesn't constitute incest. - But the insertion?" She glanced casually at the old woman; she didn't want to scare the wild game. Mrs. Halter took a drag on her cigarette and watched the smoke drift away. "That was much later, and it became an epidemic. I think now he put it in every single night. Even though I'm a deep, sound sleeper, I'd sometimes wake up in the night, and of course he'd be all the way inside, fiddling around like crazy. But before he could ejaculate, I'd immediately pull it out and let him empty it in my hand. Then I'd always give him a piece of my mind, telling him it was incest and I wouldn't tolerate incest in my house! But of course, that didn't last a day; the next night it was the same thing. He was just as stubborn as his father."

Rosa carefully placed one foot in front of the other; she couldn't rush ahead. "And you always pulled it out, just in time, so to speak? Before he could really ejaculate?" Mrs. Halter clutched her cigarette, considering how much she could admit and how to weave her lies. "Yes, of course! I couldn't allow the incest!" Rosa pressed her cautiously, taking just a small, insignificant step. "Always, without exception?" The word "exception" was, of course, bait. "Well," the old woman drew out, almost inaudibly, "as long as I was the stronger one."

Horried by this unintentional admission, she continued, "And if I'd had one too many drinks in the evening, I'd wonder the next morning if he'd gone all the way. Yes, I often struggled with doubts and headaches." Rosa nodded and confirmed, "If I'd drunk too much, I often didn't know the next morning what I'd gotten up to during the night. That happens to all of us sometimes." Mrs. Halter was visibly relieved, but she held back her next remark just in time. She wasn't sure if the policewoman had missed her slip of the tongue. No, Rosa

wasn't a friend, but a policewoman conducting an interrogation; Mrs. Halter were under no illusions about that.

"And when he was in Graz, I always brought him cash so he could afford the prostitutes." Mrs. Halter had made a strange turn of phrase. "That was allowed in prison, I didn't know that before." Mrs. Halter stared at the tabletop. "He was always such a sweet, sensitive child, and now he's in prison, a murderer. That's probably the worst thing a mother has to endure." They both fell silent, lost in thought.

Rosa picked up the thread again. "And he came to see you after six years, eight weeks ago," she noted. Mrs. Halter confirmed, "Yes, he called me from Graz, saying he was free and would be living with me again. Of course I said yes, he's my son! It was a wonderful reunion; I hadn't been able to hold him in my arms for six years." Mrs. Halter closed her eyes and thought back to that day. Rosa interrupted her. "And of course he put it back in, didn't he?" The woman was jolted out of her reverie. "Yes, right away."

She fluttered her eyelids in alarm and slipped back into her web of lies. "Yes, as always since puberty, he forced it in every day, cursing and struggling. Of course, as I've done many times before, I helped him insert the enormous thing. With one hand, I spread myself, and with the other, I forced his enormous thing in millimeter by millimeter. Then I closed my eyes as he started. But I pulled it out again just in time, right before he came. I'm still adamant about this. He cursed blasphemously and yelled to put it in again so I could finish him off with my hand! I only had to look him in the eye, because he knew perfectly well that I don't tolerate incest in my house." She wasn't sure if she had said too much. The lies, however, trickled easily from her lips, slimy as whipped cream. She breathed a sigh of relief; this obstacle had been cleared.

Rosa sat up straight. She picked up her notepad and read aloud as she wrote: "Mrs. Halter always rejected incest and prevented it wherever she could." Mrs. Halter nodded and smiled. "It was only Frank who abused his mother nightly since he was twelve." Mrs. Halter nodded again, "Yes, he abused me every night, as you put it." Rosa continued: "Because she feared being hurt, she patiently helped him

penetrate her.” Mrs. Halter asked: “What does ‘penetrate’ mean?” Rosa answered patiently: “When his thing goes in.” “Aha, okay. I spread myself down there with one hand and carefully inserted the enormous thing with the other. His thing filled me to the point of pain, and whenever he thrust, I was always afraid he’d hurt me,” added Mrs. Halter in an almost inaudible whisper. Rosa continued to note: “She took his thing out before he could ejaculate and let him ejaculate in her hand.” Mrs. Halter nodded. “Yes, I held his thing in my hand while he ejaculated in spurts,” she murmured tonelessly to herself, but with self-satisfaction, because her web of lies had now become a formal act, a document. Rosa scribbled on: “But if she was sleeping too soundly or was drunk, she missed the moment, and Frank cruelly ejaculated inside her.” Mrs. Halter nodded in agreement: “Yes, that was really mean of him. I always drank far too much, I have to admit.” Rosa continued reading: “In conclusion, it must be stated that Frank Halter abused his mother against her will every night for over 30 years, since he was 12, and is the only one who can be held responsible for the incest. Consequently, Mrs. Halter is to be defined as a victim of incest.” Rosa looked up; she had finished. Mrs. Halter asked, “And what will the concrete consequences of this be?” Rosa put on her professional mask. “You are completely innocent, Mrs. Halter; nothing will be charged against you. Innocent, just a victim. However, Frank’s file will contain a note stating that he abused you against your will for over 30 years. But that carries little weight, since he is accused and charged with multiple counts of premeditated murder. That carries much more weight.” Rosa closed her notebook. Mrs. Halter muttered to herself, inaudible to Rosa: “Yes, he fucked me every night for 30 years, and as you yourself confirm, that was really mean of him. I could never stop it.”

Rosa lit another cigarette, and Halter lit another. “Now I’ve noted everything down for my records. Nevertheless, Ms. Halter, I would be very pleased if you could summarize it again from your perspective. I’m not writing anything else down. So, just speak freely, from the beginning.” Halter took a drag on her cigarette and began to whisper.

“I understand that you’re interested in whether or not we had incest. But I have to start from the beginning; perhaps then you’ll un-

derstand everything better. I don't actually know exactly whether Frank saw the thrusting and pumping with Artem or with me. Back then, I was still having several affairs, mostly with men and young boys going through puberty, but also with girls, very young girls going through puberty. At that time, I had an unspeakable attraction to pubescent, virginal youth, boys as well as girls. When Frank was still very small, the little guy just watched. So he must have seen it somewhere, I'm convinced of it. In any case, Frankie started putting it in very early on, long before puberty. We would spend entire afternoons lounging naked on the bed, and I let him put it in and thrust as he pleased; he couldn't even ejaculate back then and really complete the incestuous act. I let him enjoy it because it was simply cute, If you understand what I mean.

“As a boy, he had the most beautiful penis in the world. Straight, as if sculpted in marble by Michelangelo, strong and brimming with power. How I loved gently and carefully pulling back his foreskin and taking his beautiful glans in my mouth. I've never done that with any other man. I would let my tongue dance on the glans until he was at the edge. Then I would tickle the opening in his glans with a sharpened fingernail, so that he came with pleasure and the semen gushed out merrily. Those were some of the best years of our lives. But then, at 8 or 9, I showed him how boys do it to make the juice shoot out. He understood immediately, and there was no stopping him.

Around 12, it became more urgent. I asked many mothers at his school because I needed advice and information. From then on, I allowed him to... He knelt between my thighs and did it himself. He had gotten into the habit of pressing his glans directly against it and ejaculating his semen directly over my most sensitive spot, which was actually quite alright. But his dick remained stiff, so he had to insert it. Since everything was still full of his semen, slippery and slimy, it slid in easily at first. Later, I had to help, spreading myself with my fingers and forcing his cock in myself. I kept my eyes closed in pure pleasure while he thrust into me for ages. It was just as wonderful to feel him pumping inside me as it had been with Artem. Frankie pumped for well over fifteen minutes, and I melted away in utter ecstasy, because Frankie kept thrusting until his cock went soft. Only years later did I notice that Frankie actually ejaculated inside me ev-

ery time and repeated the whole thing several times until his dick went limp, and then, of course, I was alarmed.”

“As soon as when I noticed he was about to ejaculate, I pulled out and brought him to orgasm with my hand. I didn’t want to have incestuous sex, and he knew that. But most of the time I was dead drunk, and then I didn’t care — let him do it! And at night, when I was already sound asleep, he usually had sex with me again. But I kept sleeping, and then I didn’t care.

And when he brought a friend over to stay the night, that friend naturally slept naked with us too. Some of them were already having sex with their mothers or sisters at that age. Two told me they had incest with one of their mothers quite openly and unashamedly, even when younger siblings secretly watched. They also secretly fucked the boy’s sister. These two boys were good friends and shared the mother and sister quite unashamedly, those bastards! Only a few boys were still true virgins; I trained them very diligently. “Of course, the boy wanted to put it in too, but that was perfectly fine, because it was perhaps only fornication with minors, but I don’t know. So I didn’t need to pull his cock out, we weren’t blood relatives. And I really enjoyed and savored all this thrusting, pumping, and ejaculation; it wasn’t incest, just fucking. Round after round he had to ride me until he was exhausted.”

“Strange, that just occurred to me. Once, when I visited him in Graz, he was close to tears and apologized for having fucking me night after night. I reassured him, saying it was just his hormones that had always plagued him so intensely. On that occasion, he also confessed to me that during his school days, he had prostituted me to his classmates for money, like a pimp. The boys had to pay him extra for every round, for every ejaculation. He just wanted to supplement his pocket money. An icy hand gripped my heart, because that felt awful. But I suppressed my outrage and reassured him that I, too, had given myself away for money in the time before I met Artem. I assured him that supplementing his pocket money was fine with me. He then exhaled deeply and gratefully, but tears of relief streamed down his cheeks.”

“At least I can’t accuse myself of to have had incest. As for Frankie, I agree with you, Inspector. It never occurred to him that he was sinning against God and nature.” Mrs. Halter stubbed out her cigarette forcefully. “I don’t know what you think of me, Inspector. I have a clear conscience; in my opinion, I never had incest with Frankie.” Mrs. Halter’s smile was only visible at the corners of her mouth. She had spread the web of her lies before the naive inspector. Truths, half-truths, and pure fabrications. The inspector had listened with shining eyes, greedily absorbing the web of lies. What a stupid sow.

Rosa mentally ticked off another item on her incest statistics list, smiled contentedly, and abruptly changed the subject. “Did he leave anything here, hide something, or keep anything when he came to prison?” Mrs. Halter opened her eyes. “Yes, he had hidden three sports bags in the basement; I was supposed to keep a close eye on them. I only opened the bags once out of curiosity; they were crammed full of banknotes. He took them with him, but I don’t know where.” Rosa had him show her the size of the bags with his hands. She guessed there were millions. Three, maybe even four million.

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The New Assistant

Ron and Bodnar sat in the meeting room with Morgentau, listening to her report. Rosa, as ordered by President Wallner, had removed her velvet gloves and put on black leather gloves to beat old Mrs. Halter. She had torn Mrs. Halter's blouse off and began systematically beating the astonished, half-naked woman with the leather gloves. Yes, she punched her in the face for minutes at a time, taking great care not to leave any bruises. She screamed at Mrs. Halter, saying she would beat her most intimate secrets out of her. Every secret, no matter how intimate! After fifteen minutes, the old woman's resistance crumbled. She had realized that she had to reveal a few secrets to receive fewer beatings. She sobbed that she was ready to answer everything. "But please, no more beatings!"

Criminal psychologist Rosa Morgenthal then interrogated Mrs. Halter intensively for hours and was quite satisfied with her interrogation.

Rosa mentally ticked off another incest case, smiled contentedly, and abruptly changed the subject. "Did he leave anything here, hide anything, or keep anything when he came to prison?" Mrs. Halter opened her eyes. "Yes, he hid three sports bags in the cellar; I was supposed to keep a close eye on them. I only opened the bags once out of curiosity; they were crammed full of banknotes. He took them with him, but I don't know where." Rosa had Mrs. Halter show her the size of the bags with her hands. She guessed there were millions. Three, maybe even four million.

Ron and Bodnar looked at each other. It was now clear that Frank had complete freedom of movement. With that much money, one could have bought a sizable house on the beach in the Caribbean. It was completely unclear what Frank still intended to do. That would soon become apparent.

A patrol car found the two officers unconscious. They were taken to the hospital. One underwent emergency surgery; a fragment of his

skull had penetrated his brain. His condition was critical. The second officer was lucky; although the perpetrator had knocked out all his teeth, they were already dentures. Despite the concussion, he was able to give a statement. The perpetrator, who matched Frank's description, had smashed his colleague's skull with an object, presumably a car jack, and then struck him twice himself. The protected person, Franziska Meier, had vanished without a trace.

Frank proceeded calmly, without panicking. He had a list to work through, and the bodyguards didn't stop him. On the contrary, he sent another letter to Ron.

To Inspector Hofstätter.

Those guys couldn't protect Franziska. I had every right to beat them up. You even sent a policewoman to my mother's house to senselessly beat the poor thing. I can't accept that. I get very angry when you don't leave my mother alone. She has absolutely nothing to do with this.

F.J.H.

The lab examined the letter, of course, but without any new findings. It came from Frank, without a doubt. The bicycle courier was completely clean, as always. The letter only confirmed that Frank had kidnapped Franziska. There was no indication of when, where, or even if she was still alive.

President Wallner was seething with rage. Now two police officers had also been injured, one fighting for his life. Wallner ordered that every single police officer carry the wanted poster of Frank Halter with them and help with the search. Never before had Wallner been seen so agitated. The days passed, one, two, three. And nothing progressed. Wallner was irritated. What had the wiretap revealed? Morgentau looked Wallner in the eye. "Mrs. Halter only has a landline. She almost never uses the phone, and when she does, it turns out to be completely harmless. She doesn't have a cell phone." Wallner wasn't satisfied. "Perhaps she only turns it on at certain times? When

it's switched off, it can't be located; it's as dead as a brick. Did I understand that correctly?"

Everyone nodded. Ron suggested perhaps they should set up an electronic listening post in front of Mrs. Halter's house? Everyone remained silent; only the president could authorize the mobile broadcast unit. Wallner barked at Ron to get the van. "24/7," the president added. Ron already had his cell phone to his ear.

They were simply lucky. Ms. Halter switched on her cell phone at exactly 10 p.m. and switched it off again immediately after a few words. Frank called her back, and the conversation was recorded. The group listened to it a dozen times. All unimportant, inconsequential. But toward the end, she asked when he would be back. He replied, "I have to deliver a package tomorrow, so I'll come tomorrow night." This was both a good and a bad development; they now knew that he would kill and dispose of Franziska tomorrow. And that he would come to his mother's tomorrow night. Presumably, his mother knew what the package was about.

The next day, a bicycle courier delivered a letter for Ron.

For Inspector Hofstätter.

You're still a few steps behind. That's good. Franziska is nice and warm; she's 17.2 meters below the Ottakringer Brewery. You'll hear from me again.

F.J.H.

They had to think carefully about what was 17 meters below the brewery and how to get there. They couldn't just dig up the entire brewery floor! The brewery plans were very old. There were later additions, but nothing concrete. Bodnar had the right question: How is the brewery heated? Certain parts of the brewery were heated with their own heating systems; only the new office wing was connected to the district heating network. The new pipes hadn't yet been included in the building plans. Bodnar crawled along the pipes and reached a

small cellar. There, on the district heating pipe, lay Franziska's body. Nice and warm.

The cellar filled up, and Dr. Gangl examined the body thoroughly, as always. It was Frank, no question. The mark on her neck was from a wire, a garrote. Of course, she was naked, and after a quick glance, the doctor said he hadn't used a condom again. Frank knew his DNA was known and was hiding nothing anymore. Franziska's wrists were still bound with wire; the gag was her own panties.

They opened Franziska Meier's file. She, too, had been an informant in Artem Galebnikov's circle seven years earlier and, after completing her criminology studies, had joined the police force; she was now a chief inspector. She was engaged to an assistant professor and four months pregnant. Dr. Gangl was shaken; there were too many. Thea Küngler, Susanne Stammer, Theresa Stanzl, Bina Mudak, and now Franziska Meier. Five dead young girls — the doctor had never seen such a cluster.

Rosa Morgentau went to Mrs. Halter's after lunch; Wallner had ordered it. They had to provoke Frank, poke him. And the mother was the only weak spot he had. Morgentau, who had acted rather sensitively in recent days, remembered that the mother hadn't given anything up willingly and had only reluctantly admitted anything under duress. She had persistently lied about the contacts. Rosa felt the discovery of the cell phone as a personal defeat. Without a greeting, she entered the house and struck the completely surprised woman several times in the face with her gloved hand. Rosa screamed about how disappointed she was. She ripped the old woman's blouse off and pushed the completely taken-aback, half-naked woman onto the sofa. She took the dog whip from her bag and beat the poor woman. She slapped her shoulders, back, buttocks, inner thighs, and calves until Roxane Halter's body was covered from head to toe in red welts. Rosa screamed that she would come back every day until they caught Frank. She left the old woman lying there.

Ron disagreed with the president's order to implicate Frank's mother. Flogging her was pure torture; it violated dozens of laws. The president brushed aside all these arguments. "Does anyone have

a better suggestion? Can anyone tell me what else we can use to get Frank?!" Ron said into the silence, "We normally investigate within the guardrails of the law, left and right. We are law enforcers, not lawbreakers. We never stoop to the level of criminals!"

President Wallner clapped very slowly. His foxy eyes flashed. "You're absolutely right, my young knight! But — if we don't draw him out of hiding, he'll leave a dead body on our doorstep week after week. Can you live with that on your conscience, dear Ronald!?" There was a silence, thick enough to cut with a knife.

Ron knew that the president was basically right. To scare away wasps, you set fires. "Mr. President," he said, rising to his feet, "I know that your tactic is the right one, the only one really. Like everyone here, I want to bring the criminal to justice, dead or alive, once and for all. But I also know that I'm not the only one with moral qualms. And moral qualms paralyze us. We fight with one eye and one hand tied behind our backs. We will carry out your orders because we are good soldiers, all of us. Doing our job, like good soldiers who follow the leader." Ron looked around the room. Bodnar was the first to clench his fist and drum his approval on the tabletop. The others followed his example.

Morgentau now whipped Frank's mother every day. On the third day, a letter arrived from Frank.

To Inspector Hofstätter.

You're torturing my mother, you damned dog! She's taking it,' she said, weeping. She will always stand by my side, whatever you plot in your sick mind. I will beat you, I will beat you all! Be warned!

F.J.H.

It was clear that they had dealt Frank Halter a heavy blow. From his words, it was clear that the president was on the right track.

Things happened very quickly. Ron accepted the imam's invitation to his office next to the prayer room. Imam Museddin was flanked by two sinister figures whom Ron didn't recognize. The imam greeted Hakim Elbagr with professional courtesy and introduced the men by name. He got straight to the point. Fatme's relatives had filed a lawsuit. Hakim had received the court summons two days earlier. The imam made a regretful face. "Following your laws," the imam said, "you know that better than I do, you're a policeman, Hakim." The conversation went nowhere. Ron sensed the hostility of the two men, who silently sized him up. He didn't know for sure, of course, but he suspected they had come directly from Turkey, harbingers of a new attempt to gain a foothold in Vienna. Vienna had once been a central mafia hub in Europe, one that had been dismantled with Ron's help. The imam fearfully avoided any further questions. And so Hakim ended the conversation.

The next day he was in court. The judge, Dr. Hans Fürbringer, had known Ron for a long time. He was a clever man and knew perfectly well that some in the Islamic community were trying to bring down Police Inspector Hofstätter through legal means. "How long have you known Fatme Ökdemir, Inspector?" Ron only hesitated for two seconds. He decided to stick to the truth. "Two years, more or less." Judge Fürbringer looked up from the papers. "Two years? Ökdemir was still a minor then. Do you stand by that?" Ron didn't grasp at the saving grace. "Two years, Mr. Fürbringer," he confirmed. "Two."

The judge leaned back, disappointed. "With a minor, then. That will lead to your suspension, Hofstätter, do you realize that?" Ron nodded. "Yes, I know. I accept the sentence, whatever it may be. I will not lie about this, Mr. Fürbringer." The judge looked at him sternly. "Very well, Inspector Hofstätter. We want to avoid a public trial, don't we?" Ron nodded in agreement. "A public trial could do me more harm than good, Mr. Fürbringer." The judge leafed through the papers for several minutes. "What's the sentence?" Ron asked directly, the matter clearly making him very uncomfortable.

"Taking into account your service as a police officer and your impeccable record, I can issue a suspended sentence of one year. Plus a fine of 1,700 euros. The police commissioner will be notified of the

conviction. All right, Inspector?” It was a purely rhetorical question. Ron went straight to Commissioner Wallner.

Old Wallner listened attentively. He asked only a few questions. He picked up a folder and looked for a regulation in the service code. He looked very serious. “I have to suspend you; there’s no way around it. So, from the beginning of the month, and it ends tomorrow morning. It will be recorded in writing in your personnel file. I can’t do more for you, Hofstätter!” Ron thanked him and left.

Dr. Ingrid Kreuzer had been missing for three days and had been reported missing by her husband. Morgentau had seen the entry while skimming through the weekly reports, as she did every week. The name sounded familiar. Right, she had represented the prosecution against Artem Galebnikov seven years earlier. And now she was missing? The lawyer was a mother of two and five months pregnant with her third. Morgentau immediately alerted the Kleeblatt. Dr. Kreuzer led an inconspicuous life; there was no connection to Frank Halter other than her role seven years prior. They searched for her in all possible locations, but she remained missing until the Czech police called Wallner.

Czech border guards had found a woman’s body this morning right on the border in České Velčine. They were aware of the series of murders in Vienna. Everything indicated that the body fit the pattern of murders. The president looked at the photos from the scene. Yes, it seemed to be Frank’s doing. The Czechs didn’t want any lengthy bureaucratic procedures; they sent the body to Vienna immediately because it had been placed precisely on the border. Dr. Gangl examined it and performed the autopsy. Everything indicated that Dr. Kreuzer was the sixth victim. The baby, a boy, was also dead, victim number seven. The lawyer had been abused just as brutally as the others, apparently for several days, as the doctor was able to determine. She had a blood alcohol level of 0.24% and had been heavily aroused with poppers, like all the other victims before her. The group was disturbed; they couldn’t place every woman involved in the Artem Galebnikov trial under police protection — there were simply too many.

Nothing happened; Frank didn't budge. President Wallner had to take action. The mother was arrested and released again after 48 hours. Several times in a row. But Frank didn't move.

Ron went into his office. He wanted to print the dozen voice recordings, but he didn't know how. The printing program refused to work. The screen instructed him to swipe his badge through the card reader when the green light flashed. He did so. He was supposed to place his thumb on the flashing green light. "Thank you, Inspector Hofstätter," a voice said from the speakers. Ron was surprised and confused. Who? What?

"I'm RM3000 QXK," the voice said, "the new AI assistant. I'm also the new telephone system, Inspector." Ron stared at the telephone system. How could this be? "Am I correct in understanding that you want to print the transcripts of the 31 voice recordings?" Ron nodded, annoyed. "Yes, I wanted to proofread them before printing." He was very impressed; he was talking to a computer! The laser printer started printing, and Ron picked up the first few pages.

It was amazing how clearly structured his report now was. "Very good," he murmured. The robot replied, "I was assigned to you by President Wallner as your personal assistant. I can handle anything related to electronics. I'm still a prototype, and I use AI, artificial intelligence, to perform my duties. In addition to general police tasks, I've been specifically trained in CCTV surveillance. I can see, read, and hear everything through the cameras, speakers, and telephones. I have access to all the knowledge stored in the databases." Ron thought for a moment. "How should I address you?" "RM3000 QXK, I don't have another name yet. You can assign one if you like." Ron only thought for a moment. "Alfred, I'll call you Alfred. I'm Ron, and I respond to this name." Alfred asked, "Does Alfred have a special meaning for Ron?" Ron chuckled softly. "Alfred is Batman's clever, all-knowing butler, portrayed by the actor Michael Caine." The portrait of Alfred/Michael Caine appeared on the screen. "I can adjust my voice," Alfred said. Ron nodded. "Can you see me? Are we in visual contact?" "Of course, Ron, I can see you."

Ron thought for a moment. “Do you know which two men I met at the imam’s yesterday?” Alfred answered immediately. “Yes, they arrived by plane from Ankara five weeks ago. They call themselves Memet Üzelgöy and Ali Mehmet, presumably with forged passports. They’re staying at the Hotel Ambassador, currently in room 601, and have two prostitutes visiting them. They’re high-ranking members of the Turkish mafia and have previously visited a dozen imams in Austria and Bavaria.” Alfred asked if he should find out more, but Ron waved him off. “That’s enough for now. But keep watching them, I want to know what they’re doing every day. Prostitutes aren’t interesting.”

Ron devoted the next few minutes to the case. Frank remained motionless, and no one had seen him. Tips from the public yielded nothing. The president had the wanted poster shown on television several times a day; perhaps someone had seen Frank. Alfred, who answered with a very faint chirp, asked if he shouldn’t take over all the cameras in the city to search for Frank. Ron nodded. “Have you seen him yet?” Alfred said, “Last time was the night before last at the ATM on the corner of Wellerstrasse. He withdrew four thousand euros in cash using ten cards. He then headed south, and hasn’t been seen since. I updated the wanted poster, and that’s how I was able to find him. I’ll show you a current picture from the ATM.” A photo appeared on the screen; Frank was clearly recognizable. The picture was much clearer than the seven-year-old wanted poster. Ron walked over to the cloverleaf-shaped building.

Ron went to the projection screen. “Alfred, the new picture, please!” Bodnar glared at him. “Who...?” Frank’s picture appeared, and now even President Wallner stood up and came to the door. Ron hesitated for just a moment. “Alfred, please introduce yourself!” “I’m Alfred, Inspector Hofstätter’s computer assistant. I have access to all databases, all cameras, cell phones, and all telephones, wherever they may be. I assist Ron with his work on behalf of President Johannes Wallner.” Everyone turned and looked at Wallner. He shrugged, clueless! He remembered that he had signed hundreds of documents when the Minister of the Interior had given the order. Had he ordered this computer? No idea!

Morgentau was the first to compose herself. “Alfred, Frank Halter has been in hiding for a long time; he dumped a woman’s body near the Czech border. What do you know about that?” Alfred answered quickly. “I’m familiar with the reports, just like you. I tracked the stolen car, a stolen VW Passat. It was hidden at a construction site near the Seestadt subway station that afternoon. He began copulating with the woman in the back seat at 3:17 p.m. and continued until 3:48 p.m., then copulating again from 6:33 p.m. to 6:55 p.m. Unfortunately, the footage from a great distance is very blurry, as you can see. A traffic camera captured him at 7:21 p.m. on the evening of May 12th. He was driving the car with Dr. Kreuzer in the back seat, asleep, unconscious, or drugged.” The blurred photo was projected. Alfred zoomed in on the driver, then on the woman’s face in the back seat. He continued. “Four hours later, at 11:22 p.m., the car was driving in the opposite direction, with Frank Halter at the wheel, the back seat empty. It was captured by three more traffic cameras on its way back to Vienna.” Three images were projected. “He parks the car near the Seestadt subway station at 1:00 a.m. and disappears at 1:06 a.m. on a U2 train towards Schwedenplatz, where a camera captures him as late as 1:27 a.m. He takes the escalator up to Schwedenplatz, then vanishes. He seems to know where the cameras are placed and skillfully avoids them.” Alfred’s pleasant voice is almost soporific. “Ms. Detective Morgentau, I can print the report if you wish.” Rosa’s pen paused. “Yes, please, Alfred!” And so it came to pass that Alfred was gradually accepted by the Kleeblatt (a local police unit) as a valuable member of staff.

Sometime around 2:00 a.m., two muffled shots rang out in Döbling. A dog walker was out with his pet and saw the brief flash, but he was too far away to hear it. About ten minutes later, he went in the opposite direction and saw a masked man throw an oblong object into a white van and drive off immediately. He found the two police officers in a private car and called emergency services at 2:21 a.m. The two officers underwent immediate surgery and would most likely survive. They could not yet be questioned. All they had was the information from the elderly dog owner, who didn’t know the make or license plate number. Police officer Erni Jäger, who was supposed to be protected, had vanished without a trace. Frank’s handiwork. President Wallner, roused from his sleep, immediately ordered Ms.

Halter's arrest. He had no intention of releasing her; he was seething with rage. Frank was taking advantage of them!

The search for Erni Jäger, the eighth victim, was in full swing. Abandoned buildings all over the city were scoured. Frank was nowhere to be found; he avoided cameras whenever he moved. It was maddening. Ron was distracted himself. He was with Wallner in the interrogation room; the old man was personally conducting Roxane Halter's interrogation. It was astonishing how skillfully the foxy old fox elicited small, seemingly insignificant statements from Halter. They were only trivialities, but Wallner managed to extract something important from the woman. Frank used a secret door completely covered in ivy. That, at least, was progress.

A bicycle messenger delivered another letter from Frank Halter.

Inspector Hofstätter,

You haven't yet discovered the package at the landfill at the end of Feldbergstrasse.

Why?

Three male corpses were found, wrapped in plastic, mutilated, and presumably tortured. They were the judge, the public prosecutor, and a defense attorney from Artem and Frank's trial. They had been dead since the long weekend, so no one had noticed they were missing.

President Wallner was stunned. He had known all three; he had a long friendship with the judge that extended beyond their professional relationship. It made his stomach churn to see how miserably and presumably after excruciating torture the old judge had died; he hadn't deserved that. Everything bore Frank Halter's signature; the strangulation or garroting with a wire noose was unique. Wallner sat with an ashen face in front of the screen, staring at the documents. He had mobilized all available personnel to find the crime scene, as nothing had been found at the dumping site. He had done everything to intensify the hunt for Frank Halter, but there were no new leads.

He stared blankly at the screen, fragments of memory of the last cognac with Judge Anselmis flashing before his eyes. Frank Halter was clearly on the verge of murdering everyone involved in the trial against his father and himself.

But Ron Hofstätter didn't witness any of this. He was walking down Türkenstraße toward the Roßauer Barracks when a syringe was rammed into his neck from behind. The assassin caught the falling man from behind and threw him into a van.

Then night fell before his eyes.

• • •

In Captivity

Ron regained consciousness with a terrible headache. He was in a cellar, locked in a barred cage. Everything had been taken from him: his ID, wallet, credit cards, wristwatch, and cell phone. The only thing he had left was a packet of tissues. And in the corner stood a bucket, probably intended as a toilet.

Not a sound could be heard. Only now did he realize that he was used to the soporific, quiet sounds of the city. It was impossible to find out where he was. He had been unconscious during transport; he could be anywhere, in Vienna or any other city. And who had kidnapped him? Criminals hoping for a ransom? He dismissed the thought. He had no wealthy relatives to blackmail.

The door lock creaked unpleasantly as it was unlocked. In the dim light, Ron could only vaguely make out the face of the small man who entered. The man sat down on a stool a few meters away. He reached up to the light switch and turned on the light in the cage. Ron now stood blinded by the bright light, able to see the man even less.

The man took his time. He picked up a notepad. Ron couldn't tell if the man wore glasses. It was several minutes before the man spoke. He spoke Turkish.

“Hakim Elbagr, or Ronald Hofstätter, police officer.” It was more of a statement than a question. “I’m going to question you, Hakim, and it would be better if you didn’t lie to me!” The voice was quiet and monotonous. Ron sat down on the floor and stared silently into the darkness where the man sat.

The man questioned him at length about himself, his background, his undercover work, and details from his youth. Ron answered everything that was publicly known about him — things anyone could find out with a few clicks on the internet. Many questions revolved around his school days in Istanbul. Ron was careful with his answers,

not saying a word too many. He had simply forgotten some things, like the name of his geography professor, for example.

The questioning had lasted over an hour; Ron heard the pen scratching across the notepad. The man stood up. “Do you like chicken, Hakim?” he asked as he left, after switching off the bright light. Ron didn’t know if he had seen him nod his head.

An old woman wearing a headscarf brought him a plastic plate with rice and what appeared to be shredded chicken. He ate quickly and hastily with the plastic spoon, because the woman waited until he had finished. She left the water bottle behind when she left. Ron now received rice and peas with chicken twice a day, along with two bottles of water, three liters in total. The old woman seemed to be deaf; at least, no conversation ensued.

Next to the bucket lay a tattered copy of the Tages-Anzeiger. The highest-circulation daily newspaper, sensationalist and no model of good journalism. It was an old edition, over ten days old. A glimmer of hope flickered; reading was the only distraction.

A bird landed on the windowsill. Ron knew it wasn’t a sparrow, but a bit larger, its plumage black with dark blue speckles. “Hello, mate,” Ron croaked hoarsely. “Looks like we’re both locked up, me here, you there.” The bird cocked its head, one of its eyes seeming to size him up. Ron bent down and picked up all the grains of rice he’d dropped while eating hastily. He stood on tiptoe, and the bird flew away as he dropped the rice onto the sill. Seconds later, the bird was back, eyeing the rice suspiciously. He pecked at one, seemingly trying it. The bird looked around suspiciously, wondering if anyone might try to steal his food. He pecked at it, grain by grain. Ron stood on tiptoe again to poke a finger through the shattered glass. The bird eyed the finger, but didn’t fly away.

No, he was far too small to be a raven. And he was curious, too. Ron felt the beak gently pecking at his fingernail. “Well, what’s your name, my big guy?” Ron murmured. “I’ll just call you Bird, all right? Heaven knows what you’ll be when you’re fully grown, a raven per-

haps, or an eagle?” Somehow, it felt comforting to have a living cell-mate, even if he couldn’t speak.

A grumpy-looking man with a pistol tucked into his waistband led him over to the interrogation room, where the bald man was already waiting for him. Notepad and pen, the grumpy man remained standing by the door. Ron knew immediately, of course, that he wouldn’t be able to overpower him, and even if he did, what then? Without a plan, any attempt would simply be foolish.

An hour of questions, constantly circling back to how he could infiltrate the Turkish mafia undercover. Oh, he readily and willingly provided all the names. They were all already dead. But the guy would have to research that first; valuable time for whatever would be lost. He couldn’t harm the dead with it. But he could sow confusion, because what did X and Y have in common? That they were of Turkish descent? Ron suppressed a grin while the bald man faithfully noted everything down.

The bird seemed to have grasped that there were rice grains twice a day. Ron set aside about two teaspoons of it; it seemed just right. Only with endless patience could his fingertip stroke the bird’s head. The bird shook its head, for it was an unseemly intrusion into ornithological privacy.

In the outdated editions of the Tages-Anzeiger, he could follow the events. An Islamist had carried out a terrorist attack in Vienna’s city center, leaving dead, wounded, and the terrorist dead. The police had shot him. For days, the newspaper shouted the news to the world. He was a non-smoker, but he drank alcohol occasionally. Outrageous! He had acquired weapons and ammunition in Bratislava; the small border town had suddenly become the center of the arms trade. As much as the scribblers fussed over every triviality, Ron was glad that no names of the investigators were made public. Of course, all internal information had to come from President Wallner; he reserved the right to officially inform the journalists. Yes, two more people had been questioned a few days earlier. But the perpetrator was and remained a lone individual.

He read aloud to the bird from the newspaper. It felt good to hear his own voice, indeed, to use it at all. The bird listened with its head tilted; after all, it was a real civil servant reading to it. It also felt good for Ron to show emotion, astonishment and contempt for the scribblers, for these dimwits repeated some triviality at least eleven times. He giggled loudly, and the bird began to sing as well. After many days, Ron finally heard the aria, high-pitched and with very complicated notes. Ron didn't play an instrument and couldn't read music notes either, for in music class he had only been forced to look up the teacher's skirt, as if hypnotized and mesmerized, for she never wore underwear. He always had to place a handkerchief in his underpants before music lessons to catch the inevitable ejaculations. He listened to his comrade bird, deeply moved, for even he realized that the aria contained very complicated flourishes. He admired the bird, which so cleverly and in a cascading manner spread the news of the terrorist to its surroundings.

And Ron suddenly heard voices. Yes, they had to be real voices; he wasn't hallucinating. Many fragments of Turkish, interspersed with guttural Arabic he didn't understand. The muffled male voices were coming from the barred ventilation shaft, that much was clear. Only gradually did the picture take shape. It was about the construction of a new, alternative road from Istanbul via Vienna to Cologne. Ron pressed his ear to the antediluvian grille and memorized all the names. He couldn't write anything down, after all.

For a good two weeks, he heard Turks and Arabs hatching their plans. Fragments, but unmistakably a plan. Which merchants and individuals, which imams and mosque attendants were willing, how much bribe money was to be provided for each. The conspirators only referred to each other by their first names, and there were thousands of Ahmeds, Mehmeds, and Güls.

And then a new voice. An unmistakable, oily voice, perhaps a passionate cognac drinker. He mostly spoke American English; his Turkish was truly awful and very primitive. How did an American fit into all of this? No matter how intently he listened, his initial impressions remained just that. They discussed all the details with the American in slow Turkish or Turkish-accented English. And it was

almost always about money: who had it, who got it, and who could pocket what percentage on the side. The oily man disappeared again after ten days. He returned, and he was very familiar with the plans.

But Ron had memorized every detail and every name. He repeated everything, murmuring quietly, until he couldn't forget anything. Now he had been held captive for over four weeks and saw no way to contact the outside world. In fact, he didn't even know if he was still in Vienna.

The grumpy old woman who brought him food twice a day and emptied the bucket brought him a bowl of cold water and a used towel once a week. It was for washing, she indicated. But she wasn't deaf and mute. While he washed, she stood in a corner, usually on the phone. Family matters. Turkish. What home remedies her daughter should use to treat her feverish child. And so on. Then she haltingly described to her daughter or daughter-in-law how the prisoner had undressed completely and calmly washed and stroke his penis and ejaculated into the washbasin. In a choked voice, she whispered into the phone that he was doing it again a second time and ejaculating into the washbasin once more, the disgusting man.

Ron had hatched the plan some time ago. As he pressed the washbasin into the old woman's hand, he stole the cell phone from her pocket. He had to speak lightning fast, because she would notice within minutes.

He hastily dialed his own phone and interrupted Alfred irritably. He rattled off names and places in one go, without pausing for breath. He had guessed correctly; the old woman showed up, so he ended the call and handed her his cell phone with a crooked grin. He hadn't been able to delete the number in time. In his estimation, the old woman was simple-minded and stupid; she probably told everything to her bosses. They would find his number at police headquarters.

And so it happened. Three-quarters of an hour later, the grumpy man stormed in, threw a black sack over his head, and led him up and down the stairs to a waiting car, and off they went on a wild,

zigzagging chase. It seemed pointless to try and remember all the turns the car took without a clear starting point.

President Wallner jumped to his feet as if stung by a tarantula when it became clear that Hofstätter had been kidnapped. Immediately, everyone had to drop everything to intensify the search for Ron. The four-leaf team fanned out, questioned all informants, and stirred up the underworld. The kidnappers didn't budge; there was nothing, no demands, absolutely nothing. Niente, Zero, Nada. President Wallner held one of his rare press conferences. The press, radio, and television reported for days, but to no avail. The Interior Minister summoned him. Grudgingly, President Wallner reported that there was nothing to report. Ron had last been captured by a traffic camera as he turned onto Türkenstraße, on his way to the Roßauer Barracks, where his office was located. The Minister was not amused.

President Wallner personally received Ron's girlfriend. He was very surprised when the elegantly dressed young woman was led into his office. She was young and strikingly beautiful; her makeup made her appear older, even though she was only 17 and a half. Wallner leafed through the slim file. "Missis Ökdemir, you are the girlfriend of my colleague, Chief Inspector Ronald Hofstätter?" Wallner immediately realized his slip of the tongue. "I meant Ms. Ökdemir, of course." Fatme smiled disarmingly. "Yes, Mr. President, I am unofficially his fiancée." Wallner stared at the file, his face flushed crimson. "And you work as...?" He didn't want to say the word prostitute. "I work as an escort, Mr. President, for Madame Florence's escort service at the Fleischmarkt." Fatme reveled for a moment in Wallner's confusion. "Detective Inspector Hofstätter knows exactly what I do for a living, of course. And that an escort girl often has to be at the client's beck and call. That was never a problem for Ronald, Mr. President." Fatme's disarming smile actually threw him off balance; after all, he was 71, damn it!

He looked up. "We are very worried; Hofstätter has obviously been kidnapped. We haven't got the slightest trace of him. Perhaps you can help us, Ms. Ökdemir?" Fatme's face immediately turned serious. "I want to do everything I can, Mr. President. I've been questioning everyone in our Turkish community for two days now, but no

one seems to know anything. It surprises me, because usually everything is circulating in the gossip there. And Hakim, that is, Mr. Hofstätter, has many friends and acquaintances in the Turkish community, Mr. President.” She bit her lower lip briefly. “We all still call him Hakim Elbagr, even though I know, of course, that his real name is Chief Inspector Ronald Hofstätter. We’re all so grateful that he exposed the scourge of the Turkish mafia. Nobody here will forget that.”

President Wallner leaned back in his office chair. “Precisely because of his popularity, I had hoped that one of his friends would know something, perhaps Imam Museddin.” Fatme shook her head vigorously. “No, that was my first thought too. But Imam Museddin really doesn’t know anything, and nobody lies to me that easily.” There it was again, that disarming, professional smile of the escort girl.

President Wallner was, of course, disappointed, but a fruitless conversation was part of everyday life. He leaned forward again. “And you’re engaged to him?” he asked. Fatme’s eyelashes twitched briefly. “So to speak, unofficially of course, Mr. President. Perhaps I should say I’m his partner or his lover, perhaps. We’re not officially engaged, although I hope to marry him one day. He’s not only made me read an antique book every week so I can broaden my horizons. We also listen to his jazz records and drink expensive wine; he says that’s supposed to broaden my horizons, too.” Fatme’s look told the President everything. The look of someone who knew where she was going.

The President smiled gently. “Yes, his colleague already told me about the jazz records.” A flash of light came in Fatme’s eyes. “Yes, of course we talked about that, Mr. President. Ronald and I are very honest with each other. I don’t even pay attention to such a little slip-up, that intimate interlude with Ms. Morgentau, Mr. President.” Her face suddenly seemed haughty, Wallner thought, and thought of the statuette of Nefertiti. “But of course, Ms. Ökdemir, he didn’t even sprain his ankle during the affair.” President Wallner was pleased with his preconceived notion of an affair as a side-step. Fatme’s breathing hadn’t quickened; her chest rose and fell as before.

President Wallner ended the conversation and stood up. Only now did he notice how tall Fatme was. He secretly envied Ron, because even back then, in his prime, he could only dream of such beauties. He accompanied Fatme to the door, and Bodnar took over, leading the young woman out. Wallner caught a glimpse of Rosa Morgentau's critical glance as she watched Fatme leave. He smiled, because of course he knew.

Bodnar, who had wanted to exchange a word with Fatme, stopped as they turned the corner and were out of sight. Bodnar, a broad-shouldered bull in the truest sense, fixed Fatme with a piercing gaze. Guys like that always made Fatme uneasy; she braced herself for defense. "Listen, girl. It's quite simple. Hofstätter was helping himself to my bride's honey pot, my Rosa's. That wasn't right at all, even if Rosa had instigated it. Not right at all. If he does it again, I'll punch him right in the face. It's that simple, and I mean what I say. So tell him to keep his hands to himself, or else. Can you make him understand that, please?" Fatme had taken a half-step back, even though Bodnar wasn't threatening her. But at least he had said please. "Yes, I certainly will, Mr. Police Constable!" Fatme followed him silently to the gatekeeper. She was tempted to tell Bodnar that she was Mrs. Ökdemir and not some "girl" he could address informally and belittle. She decided to remain silent; Ron thought highly of Bodnar. At the gate, she offered Bodnar her hand, which disappeared into his paw. "Thank you and goodbye, Mr. Police Constable!" she trilled and walked away. Of course, Fatme knew what a police constable and a chief detective inspector were. She grinned mischievously to herself. Girl! Bodnar was annoyed on his way back; he had been a police constable 35 years ago, as a rookie. He would make it clear to Ronald. Police constable!

For days, the phone lines were buzzing; the search was extended to Burgenland and Lower Austria, perhaps a crumb of information could be found there that would advance the investigation. But no, nothing, zero, nada.

President Wallner now held a situation briefing every morning. Heaven knows who came up with the idea, but could the silence surrounding Frank Halter mean that the criminal had Ron in his

clutches? Like a nasty, miserable cold, this thought took root in their minds. It was suddenly obvious; they heard absolutely nothing about Frank Halter. The president kept his mother in custody, transferring her to a different prison every few days and misusing the term “pre-trial detention.” He knew he was breaking the law, but he stubbornly kept this ace up his sleeve. But Frank Halter remained invisible and untraceable; a police officer sat in front of the Halters’ house day and night. Yet there was complete silence surrounding Frank Halter.

Then, on a peaceful, quiet afternoon, the alarm bells rang. Ron had called his computer, Alfred. For two minutes and twenty seconds, he rattled off names and places into the microphone, talking about a route from Istanbul to Vienna to Cologne. They sat in the conference room and listened to the recording twenty times. Bodnar and Rosenblatt whispered amongst themselves; they knew Ron best. Then Bodnar remarked that it only made sense if they were thinking of the Turkish mafia. Obviously, it was more important for Ron to tell them as much as possible about a new route from Istanbul via Vienna to Cologne than about his captivity.

Alfred, of course, had triangulated the call, and four patrol cars raced to the location. They had to search about twenty houses, but found nothing. His kidnappers had escaped with Ron.

Morgentau had plotted all the places Ron had mentioned on a map. It was clearly visible what the new route could look like. Now they called all the relevant police stations and laid their cards on the table. More than a dozen people were interrogated, and almost all of them turned out to be a match. One confessed immediately, another only after agonizing questioning. The route was scuttled before it even went into operation. President Wallner beamed from ear to ear; finally, a tangible success. And it confirmed that Ron was still alive and his senses as sharp as ever.

Ron grinned from under the black sack. Alfred had recorded everything. Alfred would check to see if it really was his voice. Alfred would inform the Yiddish Squadron team and the president within seconds. They would drop everything and listen to the recording a dozen times. In the meantime, Alfred would have printed out all the

names and addresses mentioned. His colleagues would piece it all together somehow, since Ron had named the new route Istanbul-Vienna-Cologne. The president would follow up on the vague lead: "American with an oily, cognac-stained voice, maybe CIA." It was a meager lead, but Wallner knew everyone at the US embassy and some at the CIA office, which officially didn't exist. They would be searching with all their might. And Alfred had already determined the location of the phone call through triangulation. Despite flashing blue lights and wailing sirens, they arrived a fraction too late.

Ron's new prison was a windowless wine cellar. He spent an entire day handcuffed to a wall hook while two grumpy men erected a wire cage. The wine cellar was enormous and had no windows. There was plenty of air, and somewhere there was a dimly lit lightbulb he couldn't see directly.

Once again, it was the Tages-Anzeiger newspaper that he found next to the bucket, an older edition. It gave him a pang when he thought of his bird. Yes, his bird, because something like a friendship had developed between them. He fed the bird grains of rice, and in return, it let him stroke its head with just one finger. And their arias, sung together, were priceless. And now he had abandoned his comrade to call Alfred. Ron felt like crying, but then again, his colleagues would find him quickly and free him.

Instead of the grumpy old woman, it was another Turkish woman, speaking German. He immediately dubbed her "Gestapo Sweetheart." Around 40 or 45, with a short pageboy haircut and very talkative. But nothing of consequence. Ron recognized her obvious sexual aggression; she constantly ran her hand over her ample curves. He was, of course, sexually frustrated too, but it was crystal clear that his tormentors weren't using the well-endowed guard without ulterior motives. And they thought he was completely brain-dead, apparently.

At least the Tages-Anzeiger was published daily. The English queen had died, and Charles was the new king. The paper didn't offer much more than that. Shoplifting, a senior citizen caught shoplifting, an ATM blown up. Drug-addicted teenage vandals trash a subway

station. A runaway cat returned home after 10 weeks. Either President Wallner was keeping quiet like never before, or Frankie had stopped killing.

They had taken everything from him, even his cheap wristwatch and the packet of tissues. He no longer dared to show any vulnerability; the Gestapo's mistress didn't seem to own a cell phone. Her skintight, vulgar dress had no pockets. In his wallet was a portrait photo of him and Fatme, from happier times. He didn't have that anymore either. He had spent hours gushing to the Bird about his little lover, revealing her physical attributes and sexual preferences, just between us friends, and that too was gone now too.

Ron demanded that the Gestapo mistress bring him the wash tub three times a week so he could wash himself. He paid no attention to her lustful glances as he undressed and washed naked. As always, she stayed outside the cage and sat down on a chair. Calmly and calculatingly, he washed his penis, then absentmindedly rubbed it. He stared along the Gestapo mistress's long legs and peered arousedly under her skirt. She seemed hesitant about whether to put a hand inside her panties. Calmly, he ejaculated into the water, staring at the woman. He rubbed his penis a second time, this time for much longer, stared intently under her skirt and ejaculated again into the water. He dressed with a serious expression, while the Gestapo mistress, her face flushed, carried the wash tub away.

He tried to decipher the scribbles on the old wine barrels, but he might as well have been staring at Babylonian cuneiform tablets. And besides, what good would it have done to learn that a Pinot Noir, a Chardonnay, or some adulterated Polish potato vodka had once been stored in these venerable barrels? He suspected, at least, that there were hardly any wine cellars of that size within the city limits of Vienna. So, Lower Austria or Burgenland, but perhaps Vienna after all. Pondering it was no use.

The keys rattled as the door to the wine cellar was unlocked. The Gestapo mistress walked in backwards, both hands raised above shoulder height. Bednar and Morgentau followed behind, pistols

drawn. They looked around carefully and then let the woman open the cage.

Ron threw his arms around Rosa. Bednar cleared his throat jealously, “We have to get out of here, so let’s go, march!” Ron was free again after 41 days. Of course, Alfred hadn’t just triangulated his phone call; he had been closely monitoring his captors’ movements and had led the trio to this point. Ron couldn’t even describe how good it felt to be free again.

Over the next 48 hours, the entire gang was arrested. Ron had been kidnapped to have an ace up their sleeve and to neutralize the person who posed the greatest threat to the men. The entire plan was exposed, and the idea for an alternative route from Istanbul to Cologne was shelved for the time being.

President Wallner insisted on a thorough medical examination; presumably, it was a requirement. Afterward, Ron was given a week off. He went with Fatme to Dürnstein, a small town in the Wachau region. Fatme wasn’t particularly religious, but she said a short prayer of thanks when the president had her called. Her escort pimp just shrugged when she told him she was spending a week’s vacation with Hakim.

Ron sat up straight. This way he could see the Danube through the window, which had flowed past Dürnstein since time immemorial. They were both covered in sweat, Fatme and he. But they were happy and closer than they had been in a long time. In this blissful little town, there was neither mafia nor serial killers. He called the president and his colleagues once a day, and thank God it was quiet in Vienna. Ron’s hand absently stroked Fatme’s slender curves. “You are one of the most beautiful flowers, Fatme,” he murmured. “Flowers, so beautiful to behold, yet they wither. And then they are thrown away.” His hand lifted her chin. “You’re an escort, and I give you credit for supporting Dad and the family this way. You’re 17 now, almost 18. You’ll wither like all flowers, you’ll no longer be valued as an escort, and one day you’ll be thrown away like a wilted bouquet. That’s not right, that’s unfair.”

Fatme sat up. “Hakim Elbagr, what are you up to? You speak like a wise florist with a specific goal in mind, someone who wants to buy out the competition. Talk to me, I’m your wife, your lover. Or even your flower, for all I care, in God’s name. Just tell me what you’re thinking. Look at me, the Danube will still be here tomorrow, my love. Take me into your world of thoughts, let me share in your floral splendor.”

Ron released her chin, met her eyes, and let the Danube be the Danube. “You’ll outgrow the escort business, wither away. What will you do then? I won’t allow you to go back to prostitution. Never. You have to create other options for yourself, come up with something else. Prostitution is just a tiny part of reality, and probably one of the most despicable. 99% of girls don’t go into prostitution; they look for and find better opportunities. You’re like a diamond in the rough. You devoured those insightful books in no time and absorbed the knowledge and essence behind them. You’re not just clever, no, you’re exceptionally clever, and I admire your analytical thinking. Things that gentlemen greatly appreciate in an escort. You could be anything, Fatme. A photographer, a painter, a sculptor, a teacher, or a nurse. Drive a bus, trade on the stock exchange, or become an astronaut. The possibilities are endless. You just have to get prostitution out of your head; I’m leaving you no choice.”

Fatme grabbed his wrist. “Hakim, my darling, I can’t just whip up an answer off the cuff, especially since I’m naked and don’t have sleeves. Enough of splitting hairs, you’re thinking about me, and that’s like balm to my soul. I’ll think about it and surprise you. You also forgot about the professional boxer, my darling. As much as I’d love to punch some guys in the face, beating up women isn’t on my list. But I understand what you’re trying to tell me with this whole thing about flowers, florists, and bouquets swirling around in your little head. That’s very sweet of you, Hakim!” She kissed his hand.

Ron lightly stroked her black hair. “My Fatme, I’m fantasizing about flowers, okay. But I’ve already taken action, I have to confess that.” Fatme looked searchingly into his eyes. “What have you been up to, Chief Inspector General Hofstätter!?” Ron cleared his throat. “With your half-finished primary school education, you can’t become

an astronaut; these days, you can't get anywhere without a high school diploma. You have to get your diploma, Fatme, I'm not kidding. I've enrolled you in a high school program and paid for the first semester right away. Of course, I'll pay for your entire studies. I have all the forms at home; everything's already filled out. I've taken a nice portrait of you, where you're beaming and no one can tell you're an escort. I've already arranged with a Turkish florist friend that you've been working for him as a temporary employee aide for the past few years. At least, that's what it reads very convincingly in your résumé, which you still have to memorize. I don't need to prove to you that I'm damn good at lying. You'll be proud of your résumé, my dear. So, everything's ready; all the documents and certificates are genuine, really well forged. You just have to sign in three places, then it's off to the post office. In two years, you'll have your diploma and can achieve anything with it." So, now I've confessed everything to you, Fatme."

Fatme playfully hit him with a pillow. "And where else have you enrolled me, Detective Superintendent Inspector Hofstätter? At the Salvation Army, the maternity ward, and the priest already booked for the baptism, promptly at 8:30 on Tuesday?" Ron ducked, laughing. "Maternity ward? Baptism? Good heavens, what are you talking about, Fatme?" She paused. "Did I get your attention? Well, listen. I've thought about going to high school several times, but I've always shied away from it. Can I continue working as an escort alongside school? You seem to know, so presumably the answer is yes. And I know how valuable a high school diploma is. A doctorate would be even better, of course, I know that too. No, seriously, my dear Hakim. Thank you, you've given me the decisive push, and I will always be grateful for that. Just thinking about it is the same as not doing it. Confucius. Now I'll diligently attend school, work as an escort in the evenings, and not disappoint you." She kissed him on the lips.

Ron glanced at the Danube. "That was the only thing that worried me. You'll come home at 4 or 5 in the morning, stand crying under a hot shower, and not want anything to do with another man. That, honestly, is what saddens me." Fatme snuggled against him. "Ron, my love, nothing will change. It's only rarely happened that I lay with a client, Hakim, you know that. And since I'm studying, I'll triple my

price. I think 99% will give up, because their wallet is the only part of their body where they can still actually feel pain. You must curb your dirty fantasies, my love. I'll lie with a client even less often, I promise you." Fatme stroked his brown hair. "We never argued about it, since it's simply part of the escort service. It never bothered our relationship. And that's how it should stay." Ron nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, that's true. You lay with me because you're my lover. You never let me feel any differently. You were always unwaveringly my lover, my wife." Ron glanced at the Danube. "I want you to get your high school diploma, because that's your ticket to everything. I love you with all my heart and I have to give you this chance. It doesn't matter if you don't get home until 4 a.m. and don't want to see another man. We both know what we're talking about. You've come home so many times, crying all the time, utterly exhausted from the ordeal."

"I'm sorry, terribly sorry, Hakim." She buried her face in the crook of his neck, her lips on his Adam's apple. "Yes, I was younger, impetuous, and I imagined I needed the full experience, with all the passion. I'm older now, and I promise you I'll act more prudently. I'll dry my lips with the napkin, get dressed, and come home to you, my lover, my husband." She kissed his Adam's apple. "You said it for the first time today, 'my beloved, my wife.' A woman hears such little things as if they were coming from a loudspeaker." Ron stared at the calmly flowing Danube. "If I continue to speak so carelessly, one day you'll put me in chains, because the golden ring symbolizes those chains." Fatme snuggled even closer to him. "If I weren't following your lead, I would have put you in chains long ago, my dear. You owe it only to my attentiveness that it hasn't happened, yet. But I've never lost sight of my goal. Never."

Ron turned away from the mesmerizing Danube. "We both know that I'm still at the bottom of the career ladder. And you won't climb the first rung until September. We're both smart enough to know that we're not ready for the big step yet. We'll know when the time is right. We, we're a good team; we can rely on each other." Fatme hugged him. "Yes, we not only discussed it, it's also the right thing to do to wait. I'm on board, Captain."

Ron was riding the streetcar home from his parents' house when the voice hit him like a whip. It was the oily voice of the American he'd heard during his time as a prisoner of war. He was instantly wide awake and followed the overweight man discreetly to the American Embassy, where the man entered. Although Ron knew perfectly well that his service ID was worthless here, they let him go ahead to the reception desk. The young soldier shifted from one foot to the other and called for his superior officer. Ron wanted to know who had been entering there last.

"Sorry," said the officer, "I can't help you with that." Ron immediately called President Wallner, who was to come to the embassy at once. "What? Excuse me? Why?" asked Wallner, who was busy elsewhere. "I humbly request that Your Grace get his ass to the American Embassy immediately, without delay!" Ron barked into the phone and pressed "Off." Minutes later, the patrol car arrived with Wallner.

Ron explained briefly and concisely what it was about. Wallner understood immediately and called his CIA contact in the house. The man came, and the two men whispered in a corner for about fifteen minutes. The CIA man made several phone calls, and Ron could tell from his body language that they were getting nowhere. Wallner took him by the sleeve. "Come on, Hofstätter, we're done here!" Ron silently followed Wallner to the patrol car.

"What, pray tell, was that?" Ron asked, pale. Wallner looked at the driver and lowered his voice. "That, my dear fellow, is what happens when you get struck by lightning while you're taking a dump. CIA policy. No man is abandoned, not even with a bloody knife in his hand." Wallner glared angrily. "The guy disappears on the next flight, and we won't get his name. He was never there. He doesn't even exist. I'll grill all my contacts at the CIA, but I already know the result. Nothing, zero, nada."

Ron looked calmly into Wallner's face. "We could have found out what the CIA had to do with the Turks or the Arabs. It seemed to me that the oily guy had more to do with it than nothing at all. I might owe my kidnapping to him, I have a feeling." Ron paused for a long time. "I might have an idea, Mr. President. Nothing illegal, maybe a

hair's breadth away from it, admittedly. But 41 days in captivity? I can't just brush that off, CIA or no CIA. It's better if you don't know anything about it, Mr. President." Wallner looked out the window. "Okay, but be damned careful, Hofstätter!"

Ron was careful. He explained the situation and his idea to Alfred. Alfred didn't need a second to think. "Spying on the Americans will be difficult. But maybe we won't even need to." Ron waited expectantly. "We just need to hack the next flights, the next passenger lists, it's really not rocket science. And then you have to look at the people, maybe something will ring a bell." Ron nodded, "Okay, that's what we'll do!"

It wasn't even a dozen people who flew out under the CIA's protection. On the second day, one man caught his attention. The passport photo wasn't exactly what he'd expected, but even Alfred couldn't work miracles. Andrew Webster, a businessman with a Pittsburgh address. Alfred found several photos online. "Yes, that's him," Ron said under his breath. He went to Wallner's and closed the blinds. Wallner quickly put two and two together and called his CIA contact. Now he could be a bit more confident. Of course, the CIA didn't confirm anything, but they took Wallner's story seriously. If Webster was pulling strings without authorization, then at least his people should know, Wallner chirped hypocritically into the phone. President Wallner promised to email the entire file on "Alternative Route Istanbul-Cologne" to the CIA, of course.

Neither Ron nor President Wallner ever learned how the CIA handled the matter. Only the remark that they were grateful for his information could be interpreted as meaning that the CIA was investigating Webster and "the alternative route." When Wallner asked him how he had come across Webster, Ron replied, "I'm sure you don't want to know, Mr. President. Not entirely above board, but successful." Ron added that this helped him cope better with his kidnapping. The pressure of one of the guys still being at large was gone. With a sly grin, he added that having uncovered something within the CIA was something special for him.

About a year later, the police uncovered a large weapons cache in Vienna and Cologne, which was officially attributed to the terrorist organization Hamas. Ron swallowed hard; so there was still an “alternative route.”

Fatme began her first year of high school on September 3rd. She had absolutely no trouble with the material itself, but there was a lot of writing, a lot of homework, etc. Ron bought her a laptop, which proved to be a godsend. She was usually home shortly after midnight when she was working as an escort. No, supporting her father and family was something she wouldn't let anyone take away from her. When Ron cautiously inquired, she just shrugged. No, the clients got everything they paid for, but “passion and the full package” wasn't available even for a wheelbarrow full of money.

He would probably never understand Fatme's close relationship with her father. Dear old Dad had abused her since she was a very young girl; he had essentially sold Fatme to a pimp. Yes, sold. “We lived in abject poverty, Ronald Hofstätter. I know what hunger feels like, Detective Inspector. You don't want to know.” Fatme said in a husky voice that her father's visits were simply due to his age. And she said, “With all due respect, Hakim, it's really none of your damn business.”

This quiet life was so beautiful. Truly quiet, truly beautiful. If it weren't for the Norns, who love nothing more than arbitrarily severing the threads of life, it could have gone on like this forever. Even President Wallner could afford to doze off for a few minutes with his morning coffee. The Norns were foaming with rage. And they were treacherous. They nudged Mr. Edmund, the veteran doorman at the Rossau Barracks. “Curtain up!” cried the youngest of the Norns.

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A Wake-Up Call

“Inspector! Inspector!” shouted the old doorman, running after Ron, who had nodded politely. Ron stopped. “Easy now, my dear Edmund, I’m waiting!” Edmund slowed his 130 kilos and stopped panting. He pulled a crumpled envelope from his pocket. “A letter for you, Inspector. It’s been with me for at least two weeks; I simply forgot about it.” Edmund, who had spent his entire life in the police force and was so happy that he was allowed to keep his uniform after retirement while working as a doorman, Edmund addressed everyone informally, the president just as readily as the Minister of the Interior. The Norns rubbed their gouty fingers together; everything was going according to plan. Edmund himself, of course, had no idea why the Norns had assigned him, of all people, a role.

Ron’s eyes narrowed to slits. A letter from Frank Halter, and he’s only receiving it today. “My dear Edmund, thank you so much for keeping it so carefully. But I need to know who gave it to you and exactly when?” Edmund thought hard. “It was the nice gentleman from the waterworks, he called himself — wait a minute — Schröder, from the waterworks. A nice guy, we chatted a bit almost every day, the barracks are on his way. He usually bought me a meatloaf sandwich from the stand across the street. A nice guy, but I didn’t see him for a while. And it was on the day of the international match against Denmark that he gave me the envelope for you. Yes, sure, that’s how it was, and after that I didn’t really see him again, now that you ask, Ronald.” Edmund shifted from one foot to the other as Ron took a rubber glove out of his pocket and then touched the envelope with it. “Oh dear, Ronald, have I messed up?” He looked very unhappy, because that’s only how you handle evidence. “My fingerprints, Ronald, they’ll be all over it. I had no idea it was so sensitive.”

Ron stopped him. “No, Edmund, you definitely haven’t done anything wrong, how could you have known?” He searched his cell phone for Frank Halter’s photo. Edmund was quite agitated. “Yes, that’s him, Schröder from the municipal waterworks! Except for the hair, he’s got it really short now and there’s a bit of gray in it too.”

Edmund was inconsolable. “A wanted poster, it’s probably buried somewhere in my desk drawer. I haven’t looked at them in ages, I’m not exactly on active duty anymore, Ronald. Why is he wanted? I’m getting a really uneasy feeling, I chatted with a criminal and ate a meatloaf sandwich! Will I get a dressing-down from Wallner?” Ron reassured him, Wallner couldn’t care less, so no dressing-down, Edmund. “You’re in charge of the gate, and you’re doing a fantastic job. But you have to tell me everything about the talks; it can be absolutely crucial.”

Edmund concentrated. “Actually, Schröder hardly said anything about himself. He lives with his old aunt in the 2nd district, on Taborstrasse. She has a 24-hour caregiver from Bratislava. Once, he said with a wink that he often fucks the Czech woman when his aunt is asleep, because the Czech woman is sexually starved. That sort of thing, Ronald, men blurt things out without thinking much. He seemed completely inconspicuous; we all wish for a little Czech girl, I certainly do. And yes, his dog Roxi is an elderly Labrador, blond and white. He hardly said anything about work; he’s having a falling out with Wawranek, his team leader. He must be a real creep, and Schröder is thinking of quitting.” Ron automatically memorized everything; there might be something important in the web of lies.

He patted Edmund jovially on the shoulder. “Let’s forget about that little Czech girl, you’re married, you old chap!” Edmund looked at him with loyal puppy-dog eyes. “Widowed, Ronald, Hermine couldn’t wait to join her Savior! Last April, you weren’t even here yet, Ronald. And not a Czech girl in sight, as if I had leprosy.” Ron gave him a friendly nudge on the chest. “The chicks will probably think your pipe came from Napoleon’s artillery!” Edmund grinned crookedly, but not unsympathetically, God knows when Emperor Napo... oh, never mind. “Artillery sounds too good to be true,” Edmund deftly sidestepped the historical gap. “And yes, I think I told him about my neighbor, Papouschek, with whom I’ve had a little fling for ages, back when Hermine and old Mr. Papouschek were still around.” Edmund blew his nose thoroughly and said he’d talked quite a lot about Miss Papouschek.

Ron said he had to hear everything. “Papouschek, she’s a real stunner! She used to dance at the Moulin Rouge, in Walfischgasse. People would queue for miles to get an autograph back then. The Rouge didn’t allow her any sexual activity on the premises, it was very strict. I drove her home every night in the patrol car, and she made up for it handsomely, my lovely Papouschek.” The memories made Edmund’s eyes moist, or was it the dust? “First she did it with me in the patrol car, after a few days she took me to her bedroom, far away from old Papouschek. That’s how we started a real fling, every day. As required, I reported it to the group leader, he noted it in the file and shrugged, he didn’t care. Carry on!”

“As soon as she left the Rouge, she received hundreds of paying admirers at her home. I had to stand behind the screen the whole time and watch over her. My group leader was only interested in whether she paid me for it, which she didn’t. Yes, I told Schröder all of this little by little, and that I was an eyewitness to hundreds of these encounters. Yes, I told Schröder that for years I wasn’t allowed to touch Hermine because of her Savior. I was young and handsome and had no intention of living like a monk. Papouschek really had a weakness for me and gladly accepted my armed protection. We’ve both gotten older now, Papouschek had saved quite a lot for her pension and was able to give up prostitution. And since Hermine is no longer with us, I stay with her all night. - Schröder told me very little detail about his caretaker, the Czech woman from Bratislava. The only interesting thing for me was that the Czech woman wanted only and exclusively the missionary position. She whined endlessly because she had to give him a blowjob after the break. She would immediately run to the washbasin to wash her mouth out, cursing all the while, if she had overdone it. Schröder found it delightful and amusing to ejaculate in her mouth. That’s all I can think of at the moment, Inspector.” Ron wasn’t finished with him yet. “You’ll have told him this and that, too. Of course, I need to know all that, and in great detail.”

Edmund became uncertain. “Ronald, there wasn’t much new information I could tell him. He replaced the water pipes in your wing, so of course he knew all of you. The president, Bodnar, Rosenblatt, Morgentau, and you, naturally. You were already there when he in-

stalled the pipes. Or maybe not? He knows everyone in the department, probably eavesdropped on you at the coffee machine, the rascal. Who was with whom, he even knew about Rosenblatt and his daughter Elli. He did most of the talking; I hardly contributed anything. Yes, maybe I blurted out the bit about Bodnar. That Bodnar and Morgentau hadn't spoken to each other for a week, otherwise they were like lovebirds. Rumor had it that Morgentau was having an affair. But I don't know the details myself. And yes, he pricked up his ears when I said you'd been on vacation for weeks. 'They must have fired him; no one in the CID gets that much time off, Edmund,' Schröder said. I didn't confirm it; I would have known if someone was fired. I'm always the first to know so I can't let them through again." Ron glared at Edmund. "Is that right, about me and my leave?" Edmund's eyes welled up with guilelessness. "Back then, nobody knew you'd been kidnapped, Ronald. And I certainly wouldn't make a big deal out of something like that. No, Wallner even got out of his car and told me himself that you were on leave, Ronald. And of course, I believed Wallner. He didn't say a word about kidnapping, our secretive President. I even suspect his wife has long since died or run off. The way Wallner stares at the Morgentau's ass."

Ron listened to Edmund for a while longer. He continued rambling, but kept an eye on the gate and saluted everyone who was allowed through. When someone unknown stared into the empty porter's lodge, he quickly ran over, and Ron left without waiting for Edmund. He went straight to the lab. Fingerprints of good old Edmund and Frank Halter, without a doubt. They carefully opened the envelope; it could be a letter bomb. No, it wasn't. Two pages, densely written in a child's neat handwriting. "Copy to graphology, to file Frank J. Halter," Ron ordered. "We don't need the DNA. I know who wrote it. And there's nothing to decipher either," Ron said, a little disappointed. Deviations in perpetrator behavior were always important. Always. Only now did he go up to the department. Morgentau projected the pages onto the wall. They read the beautiful child's handwriting.

To the attention of Detective Inspector Ronald Hofstätter

My dear Hofstätter, the fact that the President granted you such a long leave of absence gave me pause for thought. But the fact that you're going on vacation without your girlfriend and companion was rather alarming. What fool leaves his escort model at home? No, I didn't take that lying down. But it did interrupt our game, and I enjoy playing cat and mouse with you. Or is it more like a hare and a bloodhound for you? No, neither of us are. Definitely not. I certainly don't have long ears. And you're about as suited to being a bloodhound as a postman is to being an actor.

And speaking of which, apropos, as the English say. I've been observing your Fatme closely, photographing her a thousand times. She's a sight to behold, my goodness! I was tempted to book her for an opera outing, but my tuxedo is completely dusty and I can't fit into it anymore; I've lost a bit of weight in Karling, despite the gym and exercise. But Fatme, I'll keep her in mind; she'll be a very special treat. I'm already looking forward to it.

Well, I thought to myself, if the hunter takes a vacation, why shouldn't the hare also go for a rest? Yes, this will be news to you: I'm going on vacation with my mother, even though there's still a war going on there. She's dying of homesickness. Of course, the President has already found out that I've swapped my mother for a neighbor. Don't hurt her; she's only doing it because she desperately needs the money. She really knows nothing, neither about me nor my family, and certainly nothing about our good deeds. So, we're going, but I promise to come back.

President Wallner leapt from his chair. "Morgentau, straight to the Landl! To the Grey House. See if Halter really did escape!" Morgentau bolted like lightning. Wallner, unusually, lit a cigarette. "Back to the game!" he commanded, but the furrow of anger on his forehead was burning brightly.

Well, I'm curious to see if you have the guts to follow us. I strongly advise against it; the air there is thick with lead. And one more thing, since we're on the subject of lead. Mrs. Morgentau is a

real scoundrel. The way she interrogated my mother reeks of the Gestapo. My mother cried a lot because she had to confess to everything, things that really have nothing to do with our game. I'm going to have a go at her, that much is certain. She wouldn't be the first policewoman I've strangled. Yes, yes, go ahead and run to the Minister of the Interior, have her put under guard. The citizens will feel safer without this unscrupulous Gestapo officer out in the open, and as you recall, bodyguards don't seriously slow me down. I heard the poor guy died in the hospital; it was unintentional. Kismet.

Of course, I won't say how long I'll be gone; there has to be a bit of suspense. I don't even know myself yet, or how long my mother wants to breathe the air of home. A month, a year? Who can say? I only know exactly how it will end. We'll face each other like at High-noon, both of us with our rifles at the ready. One will blink, one will pull the trigger, and one will get away. My father, Artem, would like that very much. He'll be looking up from the depths of hell and betting on me. And I'm not going to let him lose, damn it. I owe him that.

Finally, I'm looking forward to continuing the game. Until then, just a little patience, as always, your game partner

Frank J. Halter, the same

Ron had read the letter aloud. Standing, perhaps that way he could get a better overview. He turned to his colleagues. "Clues, lots of them. But we should do it differently this time, take the text as it is first and then, in the second step, extract the clues." He turned abruptly to Bodnar and pointed at him. "Bodnar, on what day was the international match against Denmark?" Bodnar swallowed in surprise, then racked his brain. Rosenblatt blurted out, "June 28th, 0-3. The Danes really gave it to us! And Elli kept distracting me from the game, she's totally going through puberty!" Bodnar made a dismissive gesture with his hand. "Spare us the details, you old incestuous pig!" Ron jotted down the date. "On this day, the Halter delivered the letter to the gatekeeper. And I've already interrogated good

old Edmund; we should record all the details. Here, this is what good old Edmund stated for the record.” He recounted the conversation with dear Edmund word for word. Only the president had an objection. “I never stare at Morgentau’s ass, gentlemen. I know how to behave.” Ron grinned because Wallner’s ears had turned bright red.

President Wallner looked around the room. Bodnar, Rosenblatt, and Hofstätter looked down, embarrassed. Of course, Wallner was always staring at Morgentau’s ass. And there was something else Wallner had to clarify. “My wife is doing great, she’s staying with me. Yeah, she used to have that famous Czech ass, but that’s none of your business. She’s here, no matter what Edmund makes up. She’s lying on the couch, stuffing herself with chips and watching those unbearably stupid shows and soap operas. A quick hello, she doesn’t take her eyes off the TV-screen, and I just can’t stand them anymore. So I go over to the neighbor, Ludmilla Becherowa. She’s only 46, but she was once the national figure skating champion and makes the best coffee in Vienna. The Arabs would flock here if they knew her secret. Where honest Christians add a shot of grappa or plum liquor, she adds a shot of cannabis oil.” Bodnar’s head jerks up. “Cannabis oil?” Wallner waves it off. “Just relax, Bodnar. Medicine from the pharmacy, with a prescription, all legal. I assume.” Bodnar turns his back to him, forms a ring with his thumb and forefinger, and thrusts his other forefinger in and out with an obscene gesture. Rosenblatt has to look away, fighting back a laugh.

Wallner senses something is amiss. He rows frantically to escape the maelstrom. Ron leans against the doorframe, his facial muscles under control. Wallner desperately takes the oars again. “Ludmilla is brilliant, and for years we’ve been playing a game she invented. Something like, ‘I interrogate you, and you’re the taciturn police chief I can’t get a word out of.’ A delightful game, gentlemen. Of course, she can’t get anything out of me, only the most outlandish tall tales. Spicy, most of the time, Ludmilla loves to be smutty.” Wallner breaks off and looks from one to the other. “And you’re staring at her ass, at her magnificent Czech ass, Chief?” Bodnar asks hypocritically. Wallner erupts. “Discrimination, Bodnar? My wife and Ludmilla both come from the Czech Republic. They both had, or have, magnificent asses, my dear friend. Your Rosa would pale in comparison!”

Wallner said triumphantly. Ron's expression betrayed nothing. He felt a certain pity for his boss, whom they were making run into a wall like unruly middle schoolers driving their teacher. And it'll end with a seized piston; this engine was defective.

Wallner jabbed his index finger into Bodnar's lumberjack chest. "You young folks, for you, sex is always associated with romance, drama, and tears. We older folks don't need all that stuff; a neighborly helping hand, a neighborly gesture, and gentle neighborly physicality are enough, dedicated solely to physical pleasure and completely innocent. You won't understand that so quickly, Bodnar!" Rosenblatt finally collapsed. "Oh, Saint Anthony!" He whispered tonelessly, "A wiry, spry president wedged between the athletic thighs of the ice princess!" Rosenblatt suppressed the urge to slap his thighs and roar with laughter. Wallner had stumbled back a step when, at Rosenblatt's interjection, he realized he had just dropped his trousers in front of the entire team. The Norns, never one to shy away from a good-natured prank, bumped elbows gleefully. The youngest chirped, "Curtain up, next act!"

Wallner's cell phone buzzed. Very few knew this number. A benevolent goddess wanted to help him out of this predicament. Wallner growled, "Yes!" and again "Yes," and several more times. "Repeat the name!" he barked into his phone. "Aaron? Are you absolutely sure?" He listened in silence for a long time. "Copy it, and bring it to me at top speed!" He turned back to Bodnar. "Bodnar, you're going to have a serious talk with Rosa, and a big one! She has a vocabulary that's unbecoming of a government official. 'He's fucking his mom!' Couldn't that be phrased less vulgarly?" Bodnar ducked; the president was right. How many times had he told Rosa to at least tone it down in the written reports — these were official documents that had been sitting in the archives for decades. "Yes, Chief, I'm trying!" Bodnar said. He wasn't her parent or her chaperone, for crying out loud! Rosenblatt interjected, "He's committing incest with his mother," he said, "that's the right and complete way to put it." Bodnar shot him a venomous look but remained silent.

Ron had no intention of digging any further into Wallner's love life. He pointedly stood in front of the projection screen and read

Frank's letter aloud again, clearly and distinctly. Tempers had cooled; they listened intently. The letter was important, Ron made that perfectly clear. Rosenblatt interrupted him. "Is it true, do you have a girlfriend who works as an escort?" Ron answered calmly, because Rosenblatt didn't seem to know. "I met Fatme during the undercover operation, and yes, she works as an escort, Madame Florence, Fleischmarkt." Rosenblatt took notes and nodded, and Ron continued reading. Bodnar's head jerked forward. "He mentions three times that he's gone to Ukraine with his mother, maybe Odessa." Ron nodded, grimly. "He just throws Odessa and Ukraine at us like that. Where he certainly isn't! Oslo, Palermo, Biarritz, or Miami are more likely." Rosenblatt leafed through the file. "His mother takes a life-saving heart medication. Yes, here it is, Atenolol. It's only produced in Italy and India. So, Palermo or Mumbai?" Wallner interjected. "It's a common medication, every pharmacy carries it." Ron agreed with Wallner; the medication wasn't helping.

Morgentau stormed into the conference room. She brandished a USB stick, but the president took the lead. "Sit down, Rosa, and take a deep breath. Rosenblatt, get her a coffee. Now, Rosa, tell me everything in order and speak like a civil servant, not a streetwalker. Start from the beginning." Rosa nodded and took a deep breath. "It's true, Frank swapped his mother. When and how wasn't clear. The woman is just scared and afraid we'll take the money back. The officers will bring her before the magistrate; she won't get more than a warning, and she can keep the money. But now to Frank. Gold-rimmed glasses and a well-forged ID, and they let Dr. Aaron Weissman see his client. A lawyer's visit in the bar, all by the book. Only video, no audio. I've skimmed all the videos; he first had sex with his mother, and after the swap, with the neighbor. The poor woman didn't know what hit her." President Wallner interrupted her. "What a bastard! Dr. Aaron Weissman is probably one of the most decent lawyers; he certainly wouldn't stoop to such a charade. I was invited to his birthday reception last year, with Ludmilla on my arm. His 89th or 91st birthday. This Frank Halter is a cunning bastard. He steals the identity of an innocent man, and it stands up to any scrutiny. What a devious dog!"

Rosa continued. "I know that the Halters are having an incestuous relationship; it's in my report, in black and white. But to do it in the

lawyers' chambers... that borders on disgusting audacity. He's sticking his tongue out at us, the slimy guy. And we're panting along behind him, wondering how he even got hold of Aaron Weissmann. I've done some rough research; the exchange must have taken place on or around July 1st. That was the day the security guards were regularly relieved. Frank must have known. The new guards only saw the neighbor; to them, she was Mrs. Halter. Devilish and perfect. Dr. Weissmann... laid the good woman across the table day after day, until August 23rd, his last visit." Rosa looked at Wallner. "Did I handle the more risqué parts well, Mr. President?" Wallner nodded, smiling. "Write it down in the minutes like that, keep it clear, and no dirty talk. We're sworn civil servants, we're not filming a porno here." Ron looked at Rosa and raised his eyebrows. "Otherwise?" Rosa looked directly at him. "The President ordered me to copy the videos from the lawyers' chambers. I'm uploading them, the first half with Mrs. Halter, the second half with the neighbor, a certain Rachel Kerzendocht. I interviewed her myself; she's very concerned about her reputation. She cares for her bedridden husband. She's a chaste and devout Jew and only has affairs in dire need, and only with circumcised men from the Jewish community — she has plenty of interested parties there. She only did it because Frank persuaded her and gave her a large sum of money upfront. He only talked about prison-swap, not about sexual favors; she certainly would have refused those. I mean, she's not even playing a supporting role, even though she's very agitated and aroused because she gave herself to Frank there daily... for 52 days... Mr. President. I think Frank simply overwhelmed her at first, and only then did her strong sexual nature demand its due." Wallner nodded graciously. "You see, Rosa, it can be done with decent language. Bravo!"

Morgentau scanned Frank's letter on the projection screen. "Ah, he wants to lead us to Ukraine, of course. I'd rather look in Greenland, you moron. He's really going after me, though. Well, at least I know how to conduct a successful interrogation, my dear friend. And he delivered the incest to us postage-free, because he knows when he's lost. Poor Mrs. Halter, poor Mrs. Kerzendocht. A respectable Jewess who has to sacrifice her innocence. He's not ashamed to parade the old ladies naked and humiliated. And the way he's going after your Fatme, Ron, you mustn't take that lightly. Frank Halter is a

multiple murderer, a cop killer, a monster without a conscience. Fatme is now on his list, too.”

Fatme arrived shortly before midnight, showered, and lay down next to Ron. Yes, of course, she had done it with the guest — quickly, professionally, in and out, without passion, without any fuss. But Ron’s mind was elsewhere. He was talking about Frank. She took it calmly. “Should I be afraid, Hakim? As an escort, I’m in constant danger of being strangled by some rich idiot. That’s what scares me. Your mass murderer, your Frank, can kiss my ass, forgive my bluntness. I go escorting without personal protection; it would be ridiculous. Tell me when Frank’s back, and I’ll keep an eye out. More importantly, I passed my first semester with flying colors. That’s more important to me than your Frank and his rambling pronouncements. Don’t announce the attack, attack. Sun Tzu, and Frank should read the ancient Chinese philosopher’s work more carefully, because his perspective is still relevant today.”

Ron hugged her warmly. “With flying colors, you say?” Fatme nodded. “Nothing but ‘very good,’ in every subject. Every single one.” Ron stood up and got the champagne from the refrigerator. “I got it the day you started your exams. I was so sure! And now a 10-day break, then the second semester?” - “A 10-day break? That damn pimp booked me every night and already charged the guys three times the rate I asked for the happy ending. If you ask me, that’s Madame Florence’s influence. She hates it when an escort doesn’t want a happy ending, the old sow. In her day, no escort girl would have dared to refuse.” They drank the champagne; Frank and Florence stayed outside.

Frank’s letter remained on the projection screen for two weeks. Frank had made his plan loud and clear. The remaining women on his list plus Morgentau plus Fatme, and then High Noon. Wallner asked, half-jokingly, how good Ron was with a rifle. Ron waved it off. “I carry my pistol every day now, and I’m actually quite good with it. I take the shooting test with the armorer every Monday, which is only mandatory once a year. I prepare meticulously, Mr. President.” Wallner nodded; after all, he himself had given the armorer permission.

Ron was a good shot, that wasn't the issue. It was just this waiting that was agonizing.

Rosenblatt went skiing with his daughter Elli for ten days over Christmas in Bad Gastein in the Salzburg region. Everyone in the department reminded him to take his service ID and weapon. Rosenblatt waved it off. That was obvious, as long as Frank Halter wasn't behind bars, he carried his service weapon every day too. He sat with Ron in the coffee corner. The older man had come to trust Ron. "What are the chances that Frank will go after my Elli, Ron?" Ron thought for a while. "I think about this every single day, Rosenblatt. Our whole department, all of us, are the bloodhounds hounding him, and will continue to hound him. He's threatened Morgentau and my partner by name, explicitly. Let's hope he doesn't know anything about Elli and Bodnar's daughter, although I'm convinced he knows all about us. He's thorough and conscientious, he has to be." They talked for a while longer.

Rosenblatt said that the whole condom business was getting on his nerves, if we could speak about personal matters. Ron nodded. Go ahead, there's life outside the aquarium, too. Rosenblatt nodded dejectedly. "Elli's so unreasonable, she doesn't take the condom thing seriously at all. And I'll die a thousand deaths, Ron, if she lets us be unreasonable again. Three times in the night, like an attack." Ron tapped impatiently on the table. "The pill?" he asked. Rosenblatt shook his head in resignation. "The gynecologist insists the biological mother come along; it's the law. And that's impossible. I never want to see that bitch again." Ron said, "You're being unreasonable, Rosenblatt. Condoms only work if you actually put them on. Elli could have the pill for breakfast, and you'd have it under control. Forget your stupid pride, take the bitch with you, and just ignore her. Like a fly on the back of your hand, or something like that. Take the bitch with you, Rosenblatt. A pregnancy would be worse, wouldn't it?" Rosenblatt nodded, pale as a ghost. "My worst nightmare, Ron." Ron leaned forward, emphasizing each word. "Get the pill, Rosenblatt, absolutely, and quickly. You have to go through with it, Rosenblatt. For God, King, and Country. Winston Churchill. I'm just saying this off the cuff; I don't know Elli, the bitch, or your brawl."

Rosenblatt pulled out his phone. "I only have nude photos of both of them, sorry." Ron looked at the pictures of the slut first. "Her gaze alone is a mortal sin, Rosenblatt. How could you?" He flipped through the photos of the slut, slowly, picture by picture. "I understand, that woman is definitely a volcano. She would have, or did, cuckold you; I know women like that all too well." Rosenblatt nodded, crestfallen. "Nothing but debts and Elli, that's what she left me with, the slut. I'm still paying off her installments." Ron flipped through the pages. So this was Elli. A chubby, cheeky brat, posing just as provocatively and indecently as her mother. Elli wore thick, unflattering glasses. The little one posed very unashamedly, wanted to chain her father with her liberty, and was obviously succeeding. Ron flipped through the pages more slowly; Elli had something, that special something. A girl to lose yourself in, Ron thought. After the last picture, he handed Rosenblatt his phone. "Just don't let Bodnar or Morgentau see it. They'd tear you to shreds, because they don't see us as a family." He paused for a moment. "Elli is a very pretty child, with a lot of sex appeal, and I can well understand why you're taking her, Rosenblatt. Treat her well and make sure she grows up slowly and naturally. She doesn't necessarily have to become a slut like your ex. Not if you're a good father, Rosenblatt."

"A good conversation, Ron. Thanks for that. I'll close my eyes and let the slut get the pill. For Elli, only for Elli. And of course, for God, King, and Country. You're not the only one who's read Churchill. Only he meant it quite differently. English women should close their eyes and let themselves be made into little babies, future soldiers, for God, King, and Country. But all right, I know what you mean. I should swallow my ex's presence, for Elli's sake. Yes, I suppose I should." Rosenblatt stood up and offered him his hand. "Thanks, Ronald Hofstätter. Now I know who to turn to if I need a friend." Ron sat down again to finish his coffee. He felt a little guilty because his phone had secretly copied all the photos and data from Rosenblatt's phone. An old, bad habit from his days undercover. He would be studying the bodies of the slut and Elli with relish for a long time, maybe even showing them to Fatme. She'd be amazed.

Ron lay on his bed, watching the videos from the lawyer's office chronologically. He connected his phone to the large flat screen; that

was a good idea. He didn't even know what he'd expected. The only extraordinary thing about incest was the knowledge of it. Technically, there was nothing special about it at all. He considered that Mrs. Halter was probably approaching 70, Frank was 52. He was very well-endowed, but Ron wasn't particularly interested in that. He tried lip-reading, but he wasn't getting anywhere. The two of them talked, though Frank seemed to be talking to her most. His lips were barely visible; there was probably no point in consulting Ms. Koppe, the official lip reader. He tuned out when Fatme came home from escorting. She was the main focus; Frank and his mother could wait until tomorrow.

Fatme came out of the shower and asked what that was all about. He explained. "Oh, I would have liked to see that too, but I'm already too tired." Ron nodded; he was barely halfway through. She could watch it tomorrow. Fatme thought for a moment. "Yes, tomorrow afternoon I'm going to Dad's to give him his money. I'll definitely be home for dinner; I still have to study. But we can watch it together. Okay?" Ron nodded and hugged her gently. "It's actually police work, in part. It's okay with me if you want to see it too, Fatme."

The next evening, Fatme came for dinner. Ron had fried shrimp, one of her favorite dishes. He just looked at her — whenever she visited Dad, she seemed like a small, vulnerable girl. He hardly said anything; on such occasions, it was the gentle, tender touches with which he showed her his love. He hadn't asked how things were at Dad's in a long time. He could see how vulnerable and fragile she was at heart. Ron cleared the kitchen counter and lay down next to her on the bed. Frank and his mother were on the screen. Fatme gasped when she saw Frank's genital for the first time. "Ooooh! — And the woman, she's his mother?" she asked, and he nodded. "Actually, I'm hoping to read his lips. I'm not bad at it, but he usually turns away; he seems to know where the camera is." He kept fast-forwarding; it was always the same.

But then Fatme nudged him in the side. "That's a different woman, Hakim." He rewound. She really did look like a doppelganger. But she definitely wasn't his mother. Now there was an argument, but Frank relentlessly undressed her. She was a few years

younger than his mother, her body radiating sex appeal. If he paused the image, he could even see her tears. Her body language was defensive, but she couldn't stop Frank. She covered her face with her hands when she saw his genital. "The woman says," Fatme commented, "she says she's never been with an uncircumcised man. A proper Jewish woman only does it with circumcised men, even when cheating. And look, he pulls his foreskin all the way back and talks to her, simply slapping his big thing into her hand. Look how she rolls her eyes! Disgusted yet curious, she feels the foreskin, pulling and turning it, because she's never seen anything like it. She shakes her head, no, she's never had an uncircumcised man inside her! Look how he grins as he slides the foreskin back and forth, and a glimmer of understanding crosses her face as she realizes that this is how uncircumcised men masturbate. Hesitantly, she takes his cock in her hand again, sliding the foreskin back and forth, uncertain and confused. She gestures to him that it's much too big! No, she wouldn't go for that! But he convinces her with his Charm, we can see that clearly. Now, now she's letting her shoulders slump. He's won!" Fatme's face contorted in disgust.

Kerzendocht and Weissmann had to work hard to force it into her hole. They both had to work together diligently until he got it where he wanted it. Ron rewound several times, carefully examining the sequence. So this was the chaste Mrs. Kerzendocht, and she seemed to be putting up a tiny bit of resistance against Frank, but she didn't stand a chance. He watched it frame by frame and found the moment when she gave in, or yielded to her own powerful urges. That moment couldn't be a triumph for Frank. She looked at him uncomprehendingly during the happy ending; she should have taken much more time, she seemed to be saying. They whispered for another half hour, then got dressed again. No chance of reading the lip movements.

Fatme lay on his lap as the next round played. "All I could see was that he took her against her will. You found the moment she gave up. For the woman, it was nothing but an ordeal, not a moment of pleasure. I can empathize with her situation quite well, Hakim." She thought for a moment. "I don't know why she resigned herself to her fate. Emotionally, I would classify it as rape, even though he didn't

raise his hand. He certainly forced her, I'm convinced of that." Ron and Fatme continued watching the videos. Ms. Kerzendocht became more and more open with each passing day. It was clear to see that she was becoming more and more involved and driven by her own sexual desire. Fatme had seen enough; Ron fast-forwarded and rewound, only checking sporadically. Not the slightest piece of information emerged that would give this criminal case a twist or a push. Ron was somewhat saddened by how dependent the good woman had become on her own sexual urges. Frank had driven her to the point where she threw herself at him like a cheap hussy, demanding his pleasure. It was entirely Frank's fault. In 52 days, he had managed to turn a respectable, shy wife into a cheap slut.

Rosenblatt had returned from his skiing holiday. Standing by the coffee machine, he muttered to Ron that the pill had worked and Elli had become more reasonable.

One day after another slipped by, the snow melted. It became February, then March. Ron looked at the nude photos of the slut and little Elli again and again. A feast for the eyes, nothing more.

Fatme was very downcast. "Dad will die soon, I can feel it, Hakim. He's not ill, no, it's not like that. He's just old, life is seeping away like the air from a deflated balloon. Ever since Mom died, he's clung to me as if I were his wife. But I'm not, even though I give him everything to make him feel like a real man. But his life is slipping through my fingers like sand. Can you see my grief, Hakim?" Ron hugged her tightly. "Yes, my love, I feel it every day. At the same time, I know there's nothing I can do. I can only ask you to spend every free moment with him. I don't want you to wonder later if you shouldn't have been closer to him, if you should have been with him more." Fatme looked up at him. "Hakim, I know how insecure you felt about our father-daughter relationship. You trusted me to always love you. I could never explain to you what my father means to me. He was the first man I was allowed to lie down next to. He was the one who silently pushed his plate towards me when I was hungry. Yes, he was also the one who sold me to the pimp. But only to save Mom and me from starving to death. He didn't take a single coin for himself. He didn't drink the money away. He bought me clothes and makeup so I

could please the men and bring home money. He cared for Mom better than any nurse, he accompanied her with love and care as she died. He never violated me, he held me close and loved me like no other man ever did. That's my father, Hakim."

Ron could only love her, could only keep her on her path. In a few months, she would finish her second semester. She visited Papa every other day, or every day if she could. She studied as hard as she could to keep the afternoons free, and she performed many happy endings to bring Papa money and buy him nice gifts. Ron cooked her a fine dinner every evening and held her silently in his arms. She was more vulnerable and fragile than ever. She was so grateful to him for it; she had enough time to shower and make herself beautiful for the job, for the changing, faceless men. She went through the motions, right up to the happy ending, with ease and quiet automatism. The men melted in the arms of such a vulnerable, sad beauty. Her saddest time was her most professionally successful. Madame Florence shook her ugly head; this girl was pure gold and brought in gold, seven nights a week. No, she couldn't be persuaded to work on afternoons for Madame. Not for all the money in the world.

She rested in Ron's arms, faceless men drifting past her mind's eye. "How I wish that Papa would die between my thighs. In a moment of greatest happiness. He shouldn't die so miserably like an old dog. He wouldn't deserve that." Ron stroked her hip. "Yes, I know, my love. I hope you can wrest that from your aunts. They'll do anything to make you and him suffer a lot." Ron held his breath. It was improper to interfere in their family affairs. But Fatme nodded silently and wept her grief into his armpit.

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Spanish Intermezzo

by István Rudas © 2026

The Forster couple, Chris and Roxane Forster from Vienna, arrived at Alicante Airport at midday. Chris picked up the rental car and they drove to Las Palmaretes, about an hour's drive northeast of Alicante, near Cala d'Or. The local Catalans had nicknamed the small settlement "Manhattan" because it was largely populated by Americans. House number 17 belonged to Artem Galebnikov, but of course, a straw man was listed in the land registry. The Forsters had arrived from Vienna in the summer: Roxane Forster, 68, and her husband Chris Forster, 50, a retiree. Frankie was a seasoned operator, and no one could doubt the authenticity of their new identities and documents. Chris Forster had opened an account with €250,000 at Caixa Bank, which should be enough for a nice, long vacation.

The Forsters fit in well with the neighborhood; they were quiet and unobtrusive. If Chris hadn't thrown a barbecue party for the neighbors in the generously sized garden during the first week, no one would have taken any notice of the newcomers. Once a week, the couple drove to San Joan d'Alacant, returning from the small town fully loaded with supplies for a week in their dirty brown electric car.

He had drained the pool at the back of the house and covered it. The sandy beach was right in front of the house. Of course, it wasn't a private beach; they weren't Onassis. But Chris bathed and swam several times a day in the clean waters of the Mediterranean. Few neighbors shared Chris's enthusiasm for the Mediterranean, so he was usually alone and mostly bathed naked. Roxane usually waded into the water up to her navel in the late afternoon, because by then the surf had calmed to a gentle ripple, and the little fish swam over to Roxane to nibble at her skin and pussy. She giggled because the little mouths tickled her pussy so deliciously, and she shuddered with innocent lust. Chris, who loved to tinker with the gas grill, conjured up sandwiches with fried food for lunch and always a lavish meal in the evening. He loved cooking and grilling and was really good at it; Roxane only took care of the strong morning coffee with croissants and

the large thermos of ice-cold lemonade for the day. They only drank wine in the evenings.

Frank Halter had placed his father Artem's business, and later his own, in the hands of capable lieutenants when he was arrested and imprisoned. He had plenty of time to get his affairs in order. During his years in prison, he had little contact with the lieutenants, and after his release, he had no time at all and, frankly, little desire. He was on the warpath, highly focused and forward-thinking. He had secretly gotten his mother out of prison. He couldn't help but grin. It was a small masterpiece, meticulously planned and executed with nerves of steel. He hid his mother in the trade union hotel in Semmering and continued the charade as Dr. Aaron Weissmann for five weeks. It was thrilling to be able to amuse himself with the good Kerzendocht for over a month on the lawyer's table. In the Grey House, the prison, right under the noses of the justice system. That was a blast!

In the evenings, the Forsters sat in front of the house and watched the sunset, which was especially beautiful in this corner of the world. "Your grandmother, Jessipowa, was a real piece of trash. She completely ruined and corrupted my poor Artem, Chris." She always called him by his new name, just to be safe. She let the yellowed pages containing Artem's life story fall to the floor. "I found it distressing from the beginning that you had your grandfather's middle name. Jessipow wasn't a good man; he was a drunk, a pimp, a thug, and a murderer. You always claimed that knowing the tribe you came from meant something to you. No, Chris, you sprang from my loins, and you have nothing of Jessipow's. Nothing at all."

Chris placed his glass of ratafia, a local herbal liqueur, on the small table. "We'll never agree on this, Roxane. I am the son of Artem, the son of Yesipov. That's simply who I am. I'm not the son of no one, the son of a nobody. You were a highly sought-after woman back then, could have conceived with anyone, but Artem is truly my father." Roxane sighed deeply. "Yes, I was Artem's whore for many years; he wanted it that way. I never hid that from you. And of course, you are Artem's biological son and not the bastard child of my sexual escapades. I knew ways and means to conceive you only

with Artem.” They both stared at the small ripple against the sandy beach.

Roxane placed Artem’s life confession on the small table and picked up her glass of rosé. “Chris, I never asked you about Frankie’s plans, and frankly, I don’t want to know the details. The police-woman would just beat me out of it again. But I never understood why you kept up this charade in my prison for so long. You completely ruined poor Rachel; you turned her into a slut. I talk to her every week. We used to be friends, but I’m devastated and very sad that she’s now a slut who falls into everyone’s arms.”

Chris swirled his shot glass in his hand. He was thinking. “I can tell you two things about the whys and wherefores, Roxane, but I don’t know if that will help you. Well, firstly, it was a game with the police. Just imagine President Johannes Wallner’s face. How his eyes would almost pop out of his head when he realized my trick, my substitution. To imagine his stupid astonishment, that’s pure magic, Roxane. Pure magic. Secondly, I have to confess, Rachel Kerzendocht was your friend, but I didn’t think much of her. That bigoted attitude, that heart-wrenching concern for sick Kerzendocht, it always repelled me. But with shorter hair and the prison uniform, she was the perfect double. Yes, I only used her sexually, I don’t deny that at all. On the one hand, she was a small, unassuming mouse, like most good Jewish women are. Back then, she wasn’t even aware that she had a magnificent, hungry body, with all the trimmings. But I felt it the very first time, in Rachel. A sexually repressed volcano lay dormant. I did my best to bring this volcano to the surface and make it erupt with all its power. I succeeded, and I had a lot of fun with her sexy body. I don’t deny that either. That’s who I am, Roxane, you know it better than anyone.”

Tears glistened in Roxane’s eyes. “She was so sweet, so chaste, so innocent. And you ruined her, corrupted her forever. Just for fun. You don’t even realize what kind of person you’ve become, Chris. Rachel was just a pillow to you; her being, her character, didn’t appeal to you in the slightest, let alone interest you. I’m sad, Chris, sadder than I’ve been in a long time.” She angrily wiped away the tears. “And now Sarah is your prey, you’re stalking her like a hungry tiger.

She's young and very pretty, admittedly, not married long, and you're going to run her over like a steamroller." Frankie's head jerked up. "Roxane, I'm not the tiger, not by a long shot. Sarah's on my heels and I'm holding back precisely because she's so pure and faithful. But she's the one driving me." Chris took a good swig of liquor. "Roxane, I belong to you, to you alone. We make love every night because we have a unique relationship. A relationship stronger than a fling with some Long Island chick." Chris leaned forward and hugged her. "Roxane, I want to be with you for life. Until my last breath." Roxane loved the way he hugged her. She'd loved it since he was born.

Chris had told the truth. He hadn't started the tryst; Sarah Stein from Long Island had. She had set up a deck chair and was watching Chris swim in the ocean. She had no intention of doing anything with him; she had chosen a discreet bikini because she was a shy and faithful wife. She had grown up in cramped conditions in the Bronx and converted to Judaism when she married old Mr. Stein, who, unfortunately, wasn't a passionate lover and primarily had his mind on the stock exchange, where he commuted every morning to work as a trader. She may have only pleased her husband with her mouth, but she never looked left or right. An affair would destroy her princess-like life in an instant. Stein showed no mercy; the divorce papers, (Jewish Divorce Document / Sefer Krittut) complete with signature, were surely already prepared and tucked away in a drawer or his safe. No, Sarah wasn't like that; she didn't look left or right, she only looked straight ahead. Where naked Chris swam, parting the waves with his powerful arms.

Sarah let out a whistle of appreciation as Chris came ashore naked. "Adonis, Dionysus, and the Faun all rolled into one, Chris. It must have been the goddesses who endowed you so well." Chris laughed, slightly embarrassed, and came closer. "You're Sarah Stein, aren't you?" he babbled, picking up the thread of the conversation. "I'm afraid I don't know which three guys you're talking about, Sarah. I hope they're decent people and not gangsters." Sarah smiled gently. "Nonsense, people from ancient Greek mythology, a hobby of mine." Chris nodded and sat down opposite her in the sand. He still didn't care that she was secretly glancing at his crotch. "Ancient Greek stuff, yeah, sure. They never mentioned it at my school, or I

was just asleep. Or both, if you like. Gods and goddesses? No fighting, no murder and mayhem? No action?”

Sarah laughed brightly. Little did she know she was hooked. “Murder and mayhem, action? Plenty, Chris, tons! It only became peaceful when all the gods and goddesses were dead at the end. It was quiet, deathly quiet. Then the humans raised their voices, roared their battle cries, because they now felt like gods. And bashed each other’s heads in. So no, ancient mythology is more exciting than any Rambo movie, my dear!” Sarah nodded at his penis. “Is it a curse or a blessing?” Chris blinked for two ticks. “I never read complaint letters; I throw them away immediately. He’s nothing special. A faithful companion, I can’t complain.” His grin was downright cheeky. Really cheeky. Sarah looked down. “I’ve only been married a short time, not even a year. And my husband’s companion is considerably more modest and lazy, taciturn, so to speak.” She giggled at the double entendre. “Taciturn. Lazy in my mouth.” She clapped her hand over her mouth. “I didn’t mean to be indiscreet, Chris. It just slipped out. Yes, sometimes it slips out of my mouth,” she added with a double entendre. Now she blushed deeply, the redness spreading from her cheeks and ears down to her bikini top.

Chris rolled his eyes and grinned again. “It might not be exactly what the Bible says, but it does say that everyone serves the Lord in their own way.” He looked at her curiously. “You serve your Lord with your mouth, which is very commendable for us Christians, perhaps for you Sabbath-goers as well. Am I to understand that you’re still a virgin, Sarah?” Sarah held up ten fingers in indignation. “Nonsense, Chris. My stepbrother...” she paused. “Never mind, I’m definitely not a virgin anymore, sir!” Her mock indignation made them both laugh. She became serious again. “It’s somehow your fault, Chris, that I tell you my bedroom secrets like a silly schoolgirl. At 24, I’m no schoolgirl, definitely not. Does your wife still fall for your charm, Chris?” His eyes slid across the sea and lingered on Sarah’s face. “My wife? She’s in a higher league than me, Sarah. Sometimes I act around her like a 14-year-old going through puberty.”

They chatted for another hour. With flushed cheeks, she explained to him what she meant by fellatio. No, Mr. Stein had never truly

taken her in his arms like a man; his powers simply weren't up to that anymore. But he desperately wanted a child, a son, an heir. "So we made a convoluted arrangement. Derek, my stepbrother, would be the sperm donor. Of course, I never told my husband that Derek was my stepbrother and that we'd been doing this since we were kids. Derek had to sign a contract. Mr. Stein explained it to him. "You are relinquishing all rights of paternity. You'll receive \$100 for each sperm donation, generously." Derek signed, and since then we've been working diligently on having a son. Derek comes three or four times a week, the dear fellow. Mr. Stein sits on the edge of the bed with a sour expression, counting every single shot donation. Derek takes the money and quietly disappears, and I lean over my husband's lap. You'll probably despise me, Chris, for sacrificing my dignity for my husband's son."

Chris had smiled broadly, but now he was serious again. "How could I despise you or your husband? He made a Solomon-like decision, and not to your disadvantage. Even if you've known and loved Derek since he was a child, the sperm donation itself is also for your pleasure!" Sarah couldn't look him in the eye. "Yes, there's something to that. I cheer and jubilee every time I get a sperm donation, so my husband keeps track. I really enjoy it; it's not about supplementing Derek's pocket money." Chris stood up; he wanted to go back in the water. Sarah stood up hesitantly. She dropped her bikini and followed him.

Hand in hand, they waded out. When the water reached their hips, he took her. Her eyes were wide with wonder, but then she helped him to force him into herself. Sarah let herself fall backward, floating lightly and gracefully above the realm of the sea god. Poseidon performed the task, steadily and powerfully, with great dignity. When it was over, she stood up and hugged Chris. "Mr. Stein can keep those 300 dollars," she joked. Chris wasn't unhappy with how things were going. Of course, he would tell Roxane after dinner, but with a clear conscience.

He found Roxane with a tear-stained face and reddened eyes. "I spoke with Rachel on the phone. We cried together because she was incredibly sad that she meant so little to Dr. Weissmann. Every

woman, even the lowest streetwalker, has her dignity, the thing that holds her body and soul together. And you trampled on her dignity for six weeks. She can't forgive you, and most of all, she can't forgive herself. Broken hearts lie to the left and right of your path because you can't help it, Chris."

She perked up again when Chris told her how Sarah Stein had hunted him down and brought him down. Yes, she laughed uproariously as he recounted the conversation about fellatio and Sarah's various techniques in vivid and colorful detail. Chris shook his head; no, technically the old man had never taken her, he just couldn't. Roxane laughed until she cried because Chris described Sarah's fellatio so vividly and intensely, as if he'd been right there. Roxane slapped her thighs as she laughed. "Well, I would never have been satisfied with just that offering of lips; I would have pounced on him and devoured him whole!" She wiped her tears of laughter away with the back of her hand. But Roxane's jaw dropped open as Chris recounted the bizarre arrangement. "What a cunning little minx, by my soul! Letting her own brother wait on her hand and foot while her husband sits by like a miserable wretch, counting the sperm donations. 100 dollars a shot, you said? My boy, I'm too old for this era, because that wouldn't have happened in my day! The thought makes me seem old-fashioned, oh my God! I never wanted to be old-fashioned, and certainly not to appear old-fashioned!"

Chris had to cheer her up quickly, so he told her how Poseidon had tossed the girl before him like driftwood. Roxane grinned again. "The first time the hunted rabbit has eaten the tiger!" Roxane admired and envied the young girl. "Oh, Roxane, she's nothing special, nothing exciting. A nice diversion while swimming, that's all." Roxane was visibly reassured. She allowed her boy a little variety. "I'm so glad I have a son and not a daughter. I wouldn't have had any fun with such a cunning hussy. A harpy like that would have killed me long ago." Chris asked what a harpy was.

The news from Vienna prompted Chris to set up a conference call with two of the lieutenants. Naturally, they used code words for police, bribes and everything else. In case anyone was listening. Gernot and Jan, the Pole, were audibly in a bad mood. "The Russians and

the Asians are putting our business under a lot of pressure, Boss.” Chris objected to that form of address. “We’re not filming some Hollywood blockbuster here. And as for the competition, get creative. Attack is still the best form of defense. Put a few heads on the skewers, and that’ll take care of things. Guys, I’m stuck here in Biarritz, so you’ll have to manage without me.” “Biarritz?” Gernot and Jan asked simultaneously. “We thought you were in Miami, Chief.” Chris was about to explode, insisting he wasn’t the chief either, but then he thought better of it. “Guys, you’re the chiefs now, especially you, Gernot. I certainly won’t be able to join you before August or September. So, take the reins and crack down hard, okay?”

Gernot audibly gasped for air. “August, September? Well, that’s how it is then. There’s something else, boss. Every day, one cop or another shows up, gropes our girls, and demands your attention like a maniac. They’re getting bolder and bolder, more and more demanding. They stopped believing our story about you having business in Prague a long time ago.” Chris only hesitated for a moment. “Alright, let yourselves be interrogated and threatened, it’s supposed to sound credible. And then whisper under your breath that I’m recovering from my gunshot wounds in Miami, Biarritz, or wherever. Give them a good old-fashioned shootout, let me bleed and limp away. I need rest, sunshine, and a hot nurse. Okay? Yeah, yeah, it’ll all work out.”

Jan, the silent one, spoke up. “Boss, the cops are relentlessly searching for you, Gernot already pointed out. They claim you killed a dozen women. A dozen, yeah. Is there any truth to that, boss?” Chris shifted on the park bench. “Jan, don’t be an idiot. I buy women, I sell them, and if they’re pretty, I take them. Me, killing women? What’s the point? What would I get out of it?” Chris waited to see if his arguments were having any effect. After a while, Jan continued. “The cops are going door-to-door with this story, it’s no laughing matter, Chief. Our girls are completely thrown off by all this cop talk. They’re afraid of you, a different kind of fear than usual, Chief. They’re reading the newspapers too, and there have been some unsolved murders of women recently.” Chris had to dig deeper into his bag of tricks. “Yeah, there’s a policewoman, small and vicious like a terrier. She’s behind all this, she’s siccing the cops on you.” Jan

huffed. "Yeah, that's right, she's always around, a real wild thing, that Jewish policewoman, Chief!" Chris was gaining the upper hand. "She blames me for not getting what she wanted from our little fling. Not at all. She hurled the nastiest Yiddish insults at me and swore I'd regret my mother ever giving birth to me." He waited anxiously to see if the seed would sprout. He heard Gernot say to Jan, "That'll sort things out. A frigid woman is just as fierce as a spurned one. That explains a lot, Jan." Gernot took the microphone again. "Boss, we understand. We'll send the cops somewhere, maybe to Vientiane or Bangkok; that's where the nests with the prettiest nurses are."

Roxane waited until Frank got out of the water, where Sarah was already waiting for him. Roxane zoomed in with her cell phone camera and fixed it to the veranda railing. As she had done so many times before, she filmed Frank fucking the lovely Sarah on the beach. Roxane's lust raged in her womb as Frank's powerful cock parted Sarah's labia. Roxane loved this moment when her son rammed his cock into the girl's cunt with a firm thrust. Yes, he really rammed it in; he liked that very much, and Sarah's protests could be heard all the way to the veranda. Roxane stared mesmerized at the magnified genitals on the screen. She stared on the screen and Frank fucked Sarah three times in a row in the sand. His balls bounced up and down as he came inside her. Roxane waited a little while, then ran naked into the water. She stood with her legs spread as the water reached her navel. The fish came and nibbled at her inner thighs and her cunny. She closed her eyes, relived the joyful, wild fucking of Frankie and Sarah. The small fishes continued to nibble at her sensitive inner thighs and her spread cunny. She parted her labia with her hand to let the tiny fish near her most intimate place. Her finger gently rubbed her throbbing clit, and she shuddered slightly in orgasm. She didn't masturbate as often as she formerly used to, but here, in the shallow water, watched only by the tiny fishes, there was something special about it! She briefly submerged herself to cool her flushed face, then strolled back to the porch.

Two hours later, Chris sat on the sand, Sarah lying across his lap after their fourth copulation of the afternoon. After his third ejaculation, she had brought his penis back to an erection with her mouth, lips and tongue, and then she had ridden him. Wildly and unre-

strainedly, she slid her cunt up and down his long shaft, her buttocks dancing wildly and demandingly, as this was one of her favorite positions.

Chris couldn't let go of the conversation with Gernot and Jan. Hofstätter and his gang were still on his trail. He looked around; Las Palmaretes and Manhattan were as quiet and peaceful as ever. Sarah came to swim and shag every day, which was very nice, but hadn't she long suspected that the Forsters were fake? That their inconspicuousness was just a cover? He had to make a decision, perhaps even cut his vacation short?

Roxane initially said nothing when he brought it up over their evening drinks. "Do I still have time to pack my suitcase?" she asked. He said 48 hours; they would take the midday flight from Alicante. If she agreed, he could book it right away. Roxane said she would call Rachel and ask her to fill the refrigerator, as they wouldn't land in Vienna until the evening. Chris looked at her, perplexed. "No, Mother, absolutely not! There's a cop sitting on our porch, and if Rachel suddenly shows up, we're done for. They've never connected Rachel with us, and that's for the best. No, please keep everything to yourself, and don't even say goodbye to our neighbors here. We'll just get in the car and leave. That's the right way." Roxane thought for a moment, processing his words. "I understand completely, Frankie. We're sailing incognito." He nodded. "The Forsters are landing in Schwechat airport, without a welcoming committee. We'll take a taxi and disappear into the darkness of the night, first to a hotel. I'll find out when you can come back to our house. The next day the cops will be back, your Gestapo woman will give you a real grilling. - Yes, you were with me in Spain, but you don't know exactly which backwater. Don't exaggerate, don't make up long stories. Just say how simply and modestly we lived here. They'll check everything and they'll find our traces. Screw it, Manhattan will never see us again. Please don't take any souvenirs, they'll rummage through your luggage like pigs. I'll transfer your photos to the hard drive, and you'll get them back when the dust settles. Roxane, the vacation ends tomorrow. It was lovely, we had each other for a few quiet months. But the day after tomorrow it's back to everyday life, everyday life full of cops. Just like before."

“I love you very much, Roxane, and this love belongs to us, only to us.”

Roxane looked at him gratefully. “And what do I do about Rachel?” Frankie looked at her very seriously. “Mother, she’s your friend, I didn’t quite grasp that back then. When we get home, let her stay overnight. I promise you, I’ll restore her dignity, little by little, every night, in installments. Now that I know how much she means to you.” Roxane nodded, her eyes half-closed. “Okay, I understand. Yes, maybe you can fix this mess. She’ll melt in your arms, I’m sure of it. I won’t stand in your way; I know how charming you are when you want to be. But don’t expect anything from me; I won’t touch my friend. You know I’m not lesbian enough. Or - am I?” Roxane was completely flustered; for the first time, these frivolous, obscene images had flashed through her mind. “I don’t know, I’ve never thought about it before. Rachel is 15 years younger than me, barely over 50. I’m a little hesitant; her friendship is more important to me than that fleeting moment.” Roxane sank into dull brooding. Only when Artem explicitly ordered it had she hugged and fucked a woman to pieces, quite a few in fact. But it had always felt alien to her.

The thought of Rachel haunted her that night. Of course, she had often seen Rachel naked, her trembling fingers tracing her skin. And of course, she had repeatedly told Rachel she had a beautiful body with tremendous sex appeal. But Rachel had only laughed shyly and let Roxane suck on her sensitive nipples. Roxane loved to arouse her girlfriend by stroking and squeezing her full breasts, by making her teats stiff with her lips, sucking on them and biting them until her girlfriend had to masturbate out of lust. But they never did it right; they were far too fearful and embarrassed.

The friendship with Rachel was truly something special. Rachel had once asked her if she would help her wash the half-paralyzed Kerzendocht. He, Kerzendocht, was almost completely blind and by now almost completely paralyzed. The old man was only 51, younger than his wife, but he had been bedridden for ten years. Rachel had ridden him or given him oral sex during the first few years, but he wanted variety. Rachel agreed and procured this or that neighbor for him to ride, and that made the poor fellow very happy. So they stood

naked on either side of his bed, undressed him, and washed him carefully. Rachel had left it to her to wash and then to masturbate Kerzendocht's penis, because Roxane had once sighed about how much she loved penises.

Roxane was surprised that Kerzendocht's penis had hardly any foreskin left, so radically had the old Jew been circumcised. Rachel moistened his penis with her mouth, because Roxane had a special technique: she rubbed his penis firmly up and down, while at the same time her thumb constantly circled his glans. Roxane's withered breasts trembled with the effort with which she rubbed the cock firmly and mercilessly, for well over half an hour. She gasped that he was ready, and Rachel then put her lips around her husband's cock while Roxane continued rubbing without pausing. When his cock began to twitch desperately, Rachel placed her husband's fingers on Roxane's vulva and took his cock deep into her mouth. The blind man groped the stranger woman's vulva, and as soon as he found her clit, he ejaculated deep into Rachel's mouth. Rachel swallowed everything, of course, and Roxane continued rubbing him hard until he stopped ejaculating. Roxane continued rubbing his penis vigorously as he ejaculated, letting Rachel drink and swallow the semen, stream by stream, and only stopped when it was over. It was good teamwork.

And when Rachel rode her husband's cock, Roxane sucked on Rachel's teats and bit them so hard that her friend went into a real frenzy. Often, though, the old man would stammer, "Rachel, my life, the other woman should ride me, please!" So, when he was quite ready, Roxane would straddle upon him, insert his cock and ride him hard and mercilessly, letting him ejaculate inside her. A bright glow spread across his face; he loved to squirt inside an alien vagina. Often he remained stiff even after the first ejaculation, so Roxane had to ride him a second time. The second time always lasted much longer, but Roxane persevered riding him until he ejaculated again. And Roxane had probably ridden him and let him ejaculate inside her hundreds of times over the years.

Afterward, the two women lay naked side by side, but Roxane didn't dare do more than caress Rachel's magnificent breasts with her lips and take her girlfriends large teats between her lips and bite

them softly and then hard. With wide eyes, she watched as Rachel, cursing and yelling with pleasure, worked her clit from climax to climax until she was completely exhausted. - No, she would never have touched her friend intimately, never. And she would never masturbate in her presence; that was completely unthinkable.

Frankie hugged her very gently. “Mom, don’t overthink it. Just get Rachel’s volcano into our bed. Then you’ll see. I saw the way you looked at her, Mom, the way you looked at her body. Maybe you do love playing with her and her body. Don’t say yes or no now, say nothing. You’ll do the right thing.”

Chris packed their luggage into the rental car the next night. The following morning, they got into the car and drove off.

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Spring Murder

by István Rudas © 2026

It was April 14th. Ron ran down the stairs and to Mr. Edmund in the porter's lodge. An envelope lay on Edmund's desk. "I didn't touch it, Ronald. I called you right away. Schröder must have put it down when I briefly stepped out to pee. I didn't see him, even though I went straight out onto the street. He's not on the CCTV footage either; it only records cars. I checked immediately, but there's nothing. Absolutely nothing." Ron praised his quick reaction and took the envelope to the lab. Fingerprints only from the owner and himself. They carefully opened the envelope; it could be a letter bomb. Of course, it wasn't. A densely written page in beautiful childlike handwriting. Ron went up to the conference room and had Rosa project it onto the screen.

Attn: Detective Inspector Ronald Hofstätter

Here we are again, our game can continue. I was in Spain with my mother for six months, as you surely already know. Your Gestapo officer interrogated my mother the day before yesterday and yesterday, without having to viciously beat her up. No thanks for that; she's just doing her job by the book.

What she obviously couldn't find out is where I dumped Hanna Rosenstingl. "Dumped" is probably the wrong word. Breitenfurter Allee 12. She had a lot of fun with me, and she didn't suffer any pain. We spent two days in a frenzy of passion. She paid off her debts in many installments, in many, many neat installments, and I killed her in a flash, at the height of her ecstasy. Rosenstingl really gave my father and me a thorough dressing-down on the witness stand, as you can surely read. And that's despite the fact that Artem and I had welcomed her with open arms beforehand. I didn't torture her, even though she richly deserved it. The lovely vacation must have softened my mood.

Halali, as always, yours

Frank J. Halter

The police car sped into Breitenfurter Allee with flashing blue lights and sirens. Number 12 was an abandoned house. The door was only ajar. A rough concrete staircase led down to the cellar. There, where the staircase made a 180-degree turn, they found Hanna Rosenstingl. She was nailed naked to the wood paneling like a saint, her hands and feet biblically nailed to the wood. Her entrails had spilled out; he had slashed her open from her neck to her pubic bone with a single cut. The hunchbacked medical examiner, Dr. Gangl, straightened up. "Thank God!" Ron looked at him, uncomprehending. Dr. Gangl blinked, realizing how inappropriate it must sound. "He strangled her with the guitar string; she was dead instantly. The slashing and nailing were done post-mortem, after she was already dead. Superficially, her vagina shows no signs of violent rape. That's why I breathed a sigh of relief; the poor woman really didn't suffer. More after the autopsy." He nodded to Ron and went out to his car.

Rosa caught Ron in her arms before he could collapse. Bodnar coughed behind them. Ron didn't care; he was completely flustered. Rosa had caught him, pressing his body against her groin, and at that moment, Ron ejaculated into his underwear, his semen coming out in jerky, thrusting bursts. Rosa stared at him; she must have witnessed it all firsthand. He had seen Dr. Gangl's fingers up close, spreading Hanna Rosenstingl for inspection. At the same time, he saw her entrails, and he felt sick. Ron stammered, "I'll never get used to this. Never." Bodnar patted him on the shoulder. "You'll get used to it, Ron. Rosenstingl was over it." Ron was reluctant to pull away from Rosa, because, strangely enough, he could clearly feel the contours of her panties and her mons pubis through the fabric. But Bodnar, that bastard, should finally stop coughing.

Rosa approached the body, her hand gliding several times over the woman's curves, examining her. "Not a single hair, not even a fuzz. Frank went to a lot of trouble; maybe he even liked her." Ron nodded. "I noticed that too. Her whole body shaved as smooth as a baby's bottom." Bodnar looked suspiciously from one to the other. "What are the ladies talking about, please?" Rosa gave him a look,

one of those looks. “If you’d ever had a shaved girlfriend, you’d know she’d have tiny, almost invisible stubble. No women’s razor can remove it that thoroughly. Frank shaved her by hand after she died, and very thoroughly at that.” Bodnar’s face turned red, and he grumbled. “And that’s important because...?” Rosa glared at him, not her usual look. “The perpetrator is changing his pattern, first of all. And secondly, he seemed to have taken a liking to Rosenstingl. He washed her very thoroughly from head to toe, but not with disinfectant to remove his DNA. No, more like a lover.” Bodnar snorted. “I’ve never washed you, Rosa.” She shot him a look that packed a punch. “But you’re not him. You don’t kill women, but you don’t wash them either. Lovers do that, usually. We should take this new aspect into account in his profile; that’s all I have to say about it. Keep that in mind when you’re typing up the report, Bodnar.” Rosa turned away abruptly, not caring that she had just given the senior officer an order.

Ron stood next to Rosenblatt. “What do you think?” Rosenblatt was also pale, but he was taking notes. “Ron, what I really don’t understand is why such a brutal cut when she was already dead?” Ron nodded grimly. “We’ll ask him, Rosenblatt, as soon as we get him. We’ll ask him.” Rosenblatt stood before the body. “A clean, smooth cut, like a Japanese sword. Am I right, Ron? Because that was my first thought. But perhaps I’m way off. Let’s leave it to the doctor to decide what to write in the autopsy report.” Ron went with Rosenblatt to his car. He didn’t want to see Rosa or Bodnar, not now.

Rosa projected her summary onto the wall of the conference room. President Wallner smoked nervously. “What do we know about our number eight?” Rosa stared stubbornly at the wall. “In any case, she’s more than just a number, Mr. President. Hanna Rosenstingl, 34 years old, police sergeant in Kagra. She was reported missing by her group leader four days ago. I spoke with him; she was diligent and always arrived on time for duty. Hence the swift missing person report. She grew up in the 9th district, living alone with her father. The usual rumors about the two of them in the neighborhood — maybe, maybe not. Unmarried, no children. Top of her class at the academy. Eleven written reprimands. I read them, of course — eleven complaints about blatant promiscuity. Her superior still rec-

commended her as top of her class. Not unusual, since women admire and envy someone so sexually uninhibited. Top performance reviews every year; she had been recommended for higher positions. She was an informant regarding Artem Galobnikov and Frank Halter. She testified in court about her sexual relationship with Artem and Frank in detail, and truthfully described, she had intense sexual intercourse with both father and son, separately or sometimes simultaneously with one and the other. No particular boyfriend or partner; some names are on record, none stands out.” Rosa looked up. “I won’t question the grieving father about the incest; it’s irrelevant now.”

She pulled another sheet of paper from her folder. “I found something strange in the surveillance log.” She placed the sheet in the projector. No one could decipher the scribbles. Rosa’s pen pointed to a specific line. “There it is. Apparently, Rachel Kerzendocht has been staying at Halter’s overnight for over a week. But I haven’t seen her there.” Bodnar racked his brain. “The woman who replaced Halter at the Grey House,” Ron nudged Bodnar. Ahhh, right. Ron exchanged a glance with Morgentau. “Guessations, speculations?” Rosa met his gaze. “Either Mrs. Halter has suddenly become a lesbian, which would greatly surprise me. Or Frank Halter can walk through walls or teleport in and out. We still have no idea if he actually sleeps at home and how he gets into the house. I’m inclined to assume that the Kerzendocht is coming because of him and is staying overnight. That makes sense, but it’s pure speculation.”

Ron nodded in agreement. “Anyway, that was my first thought too, Rosa. The Kerzendocht has developed a crush on Dr. Weissmann in the lawyer’s office — I’ve already allowed myself that much speculation. Cheers, Rosa!” Wallner and Rosenblatt nodded in agreement, only Bodnar looked like a broken railway signal. “So it follows that we’ll pick her up for questioning?” Bodnar fired his signal flare on a hunch. President Wallner cleared his throat. “We’ll do a shit, Bodnar. I’m following your train of thought; it’s quite obvious. But we’ve got a first glimmer of hope. No, Rosa will cling to the Halters like a burr and find out where they’re from, where they’re going, and who’s with whom. Morgentau, you have a mission. Do it your way, with a dog whip or shawm music, I don’t care. Just stay on it and find out as much as you can. Okay?” Rosa nodded, because of course she already

knew that she had to approach it this way. “I’ll bill the Minister of the Interior for a carton of cigarettes; Halter smokes like a chimney during the interrogation. My cigarettes, mind you.” Wallner stared at the projection screen. He honestly couldn’t tell how serious Rosa was. “I authorize the purchase of interrogation cigarettes from the coffee fund.” Now everyone burst out laughing.

Rosa’s cell phone chirped, “Ah, the autopsy report.” She glanced at Wallner, wondering if she should read aloud, and Wallner nodded. Back in his day, a messenger boy or a freshman would deliver the document at a gallop. Now everything was different; it all happened so fast, accompanied only by the chirp of an iPhone. He listened attentively. Rosa nodded and nodded. “Yes, Dr. Gangl confirms everything we already saw at the crime scene. The only striking thing is how meticulously Frank washed and shaved the deceased. Rosenstingl wasn’t pregnant, nor had she ever given birth. Okay, we know that too. The cut he made to open her torso was extremely precise, with clean edges. Probably a scalpel,” Gangl writes. “Rosenstingl was perfectly healthy and really fit, probably from running training. She had been strangled from behind with a guitar string, a deep cut through her throat, trachea, and esophagus; she died instantly. Right-handed. Apart from the crucifixion marks on her wrists and ankles, no other injuries. No signs of rape in her vagina. If she had sex, it was without any apparent resistance. Blah blah blah. Blood alcohol level 2.7 per mille; she must have been completely drunk at the time of her death. Blah blah blah. According to the toxicology report, she too was full of poppers, just like the others before her.” Blah blah blah. Signed, Dr. Gangl etc.”

Rosa looked up. “A completely different perpetrator behavior. As with the other autopsies, there was a lot of alcohol and quantities of drugs, poppers by the ton. But he didn’t rape her like an animal like the others. The sex must have been consensual. He washed her and shaved her carefully. A completely different perpetrator profile. Because of the vacation in Spain? Who knows. I need to think about it. Changes in perpetrator profile rarely mean anything good, folks.” Rosa looked around the room. Wallner was watching very intently; the youngest had taken the lead. In his day, there hadn’t been any women in the Criminal Investigation Department; the Minister of the

Interior had foisted Rosa on him, and he hadn't asked why. Maybe she'd had something with the Minister of the Interior once; he wasn't known to be a misogynist.

Ron watched Rosa very closely. She had smiled suggestively when he had ejaculated in his underwear at the crime scene. Of course, she had noticed, but she hadn't mentioned it again. Ron couldn't imagine what she saw in Bodnar. He was a big, gruff man, a shrewd detective, sure, but he had days when nothing went right. And he had a massive sexual problem with his pubescent daughter, which was why he was so relentlessly attacking Rosenblatt. Because Rosenblatt had solved the problem and was sleeping with his daughter as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Ron wasn't a clairvoyant, but he knew they would lose Bodnar if his daughter won the fight, and she would. Definitely. Ron kept to the unmarked boundaries, both with Bodnar and Rosenblatt. Candidates who stared, as if hypnotized, at the guillotine where their heads would one day roll.

Ron, however, couldn't figure Rosa out. She was what you'd imagine with your eyes closed if you described someone as "a small, delicate Jewish woman." Yes, that's what she was. But more than her sex appeal, Ron admired her fighting skills when she had to intervene. All those guys were wrong. Small, delicate? Not at all; she could explode like Bruce Lee and send even the biggest rock careening to the floorboards. And then there was her strange urge to pull every man onto her mat. She'd pulled him onto her mat too, a long time ago. With an ease and a naturalness that was unparalleled. No, he couldn't figure Rosa out. He'd ejaculated in his underwear, his body pressed tightly against hers. Only the gods knew why.

Rosa had interviewed Mrs. Halter. Only Ron was left, working with Alfred on a report for the Minister of the Interior, commissioned by the President. Rosa sank down into the chair. "I have a relatively clear picture now, Ron. Would you like to listen?" Ron nodded; anything was better than a report to the Minister of the Interior. Rosa was now puffing away as unashamedly as Wallner, even though there was a strict no-smoking policy in these hallowed halls. Ron shoved the flowerpot with the invisible plant across the table; that was the ashtray. "So, Frank Halter sleeps at home almost every night,

with his mother. She really has no idea how he gets into the house. Sometimes he comes down from the attic, where her bedroom is, sometimes he comes up the cellar stairs. He never comes in through the front door; that's where our official sits. I believe her that she has no idea how the magic trick works. Let's skip the incest part; that's already been cleared up."

The thing with Rachel Kerzendocht is probably one of the strangest things. Yes, she sleeps every night in the bedroom under the roof, in Mrs. Halter's bed. She comes to copulate with Dr. Weissmann. I swear, Ron, it's the truth. The two women have been friends for years, but since prison and Spain, everything has changed. The three of them sleep on the big mattresses, and he copulates with both of them alternately. No, don't shake your hair, Ronald, I'm just telling you what I can ascertain to be true. Frank copulates with both women alternately; the three of them have no shame in front of each other. A veritable trio infernale, but without Beelzebub. Mrs. Halter didn't want to admit it right away, but the two women also make love with each other, especially when they're waiting for him. Mrs. Halter says Kerzendocht is the first woman she's had these strange feelings for. She was completely distraught when I painstakingly coaxed it out of her. Girl sex was never voluntary for Halter, only a shameful part of her past as Artem Galebnikov's wife and whore.

She was terribly ashamed in front of me, but she admitted it, had to admit it. She looked at me very strangely, Ron. I took her hand and said, "say it out loud. That's the point of confession; when you say it out loud, it eases your conscience. That's the forgiveness every sinner longs for." Yes, Halter said, I suppose it is. She pulled herself together. "You never knew Artem, Ms. Morgentau. You obeyed his orders if you wanted to wake up the next morning. 'When London says frog, you jump.' That was him; it was one of his favorite sayings. As a young woman, I was Artem's whore, and yes, I jumped obediently, whatever it was. If he told me to get involved with this or that woman, I did it, even though women never sexually attracted me. If Artem couldn't handle a guy, he ordered me to ruin his wife and daughters. I seduced them, I ruined the wife or the daughter, and then I simply threw them on the stinking dung heap. I say this to explain my view of women. I haven't touched a girl in 30 years."

“But with Rachel, it was completely different. Yes, I invited her to stay overnight so she could have Frankie back as Dr. Weissmann. For the first few days, we didn’t touch each other; we were just friends. Rachel is almost 20 years younger. And I am a withered old woman, while she is in the prime of her life. My heart pounding, I caressed her velvety skin, her feminine curves, and my emotions were on a rollercoaster for days. I was paralyzed when Rachel first touched me intimately. But it felt wonderful, so right and so beautiful, more than I had ever expected. We make love when we have to wait for Frankie. I don’t regret any of it, not a single second, Ms. Morgentau. A long-buried portal has opened, and I have stepped through it.”

That’s not how a criminal speaks, Ronald, but a woman of 70 and over whose sexuality is experiencing an earthquake. It will be difficult to write a report about it. The shawm music worked quite well with Halter; the dog whip was a stupid idea of our esteemed President.

Ron looked into Rosa’s eyes. Her gaze was open and honest; she looked at him like a friend. “And you’ll write it like that in your report, of course, for Wallner’s sake, in proper, polished German, without the porn.” Rosa nodded. “Yes, exactly. None of you think much of psychology, but I have a real doctorate, earned honestly and without embellishment. I know for certain that we’ll only get results if we dissect Frank Halter’s soul. The FBI is miles ahead of us there, Ron. Psychology should be a major at our academy, not just a two-hour slide show about Sigmund Freud’s practice on Berggasse. That’s just a charade. It’s not the rank-and-file officers, but our officers who need to develop an understanding of psychology. We have to keep learning, otherwise we’ll just be spinning our wheels like my good old Bodnar.”

Ron was surprised by the urgency in her voice. “What is it, Ron?” He put his feet up on the desk. “Somehow it seems to me you’re right, Rosa. But how we’re going to sell that to Wallner or the Interior Minister is beyond me.” Rosa laughed a cooing laugh, a menacing, icy, clanging laugh. “Just leave the Interior Minister to me, I was in the group on the study trip to the FBI. I’ve already got Harald in my pocket, I’ll gladly let you have the President for free. Ever since

that strange CIA incident, he's thought very highly of you, you've won his dirty heart in a heartbeat. You'll have to tell me the details of the CIA thing sometime, when we have a chance to catch our breath. Now I see that you've got other things on your mind. Spill the beans, Ron. I can listen in silence for a while; the Halters and the Kerzen-docht thing is practically over." Rosa looked at him through the cigarette smoke.

Ron knew when to keep quiet and when to speak. "That thing at the crime scene, when you caught me. I can't get it out of my head, Rosa." She smiled like a Cheshire Cat. "Well, what was supposed to have happened? You were about to collapse, your guts were knocking you over, that's normal if you're not a master butcher. I'm not much different. Yes, you were having an orgasm, I noticed. Is that the problem?" Ron inclined his head. "Yes, partly at least. It seemed to me you were having a great time, damn it. Eros and Thanatos, both at once. It caught me completely off guard." Rosa smiled mysteriously. "Yes, Ron, I could see it in your eyes; it took you a few moments to get ready. I pressed you against my groin; I wanted to experience every second of the battle between Eros and Thanatos up close. I'm sorry you're embarrassed. There's nothing embarrassing about it, except for Bodnar's jealous cough."

Ron realized how hot he suddenly felt. "I could feel your panties through the fabric, your mons pubis." Rosa wasn't smiling anymore; she was serious. "Yes, because I wanted to. I pressed myself against you; I wanted to be as close as possible to you in your ecstasy. Damn it, I'm a woman, Ron, in case you haven't figured that out yet." Rosa took a cigarette; it was the last one, and she crumpled the empty pack like a gangster's throat. With automatic movements, she took the next pack from her purse.

Ron had had time to think about her words. "Rosa, listen. It has nothing to do with Bodnar, only with you and me. I'm taken, Rosa, I belong to Fatme body and soul, she's the one, she's my Miss Right, I'm absolutely certain of it. Please, please, leave me alone if you mean well." There, now it was out, he had told Rosa, clearly, unmistakably despite his trembling voice.

Rosa lit another one. “I’m not good at losing, Ron. Most of the time, no one dares to reject me. I’m used to success, like a spoiled child who always gets her way. I know how flawed I am in that respect. I envy you and Fatme for the security of having each other. I’ve had a lot of men, but I’ve never had one the way Fatme has you. You’re a lucky man, Ronald. And I envy and admire you, my good man. When you collapsed into my arms there at the scene of the crime, my heart skipped a beat, no kidding. I pressed you to me, between my damned thighs, which drive every man so wild with desire. I saw Eros and Thanatos battling in your features, the most beautiful moment a man can give me. Yes, back then I wanted you, I really wanted you, and I let you feel the contours, the ones I use to subjugate all men. But you didn’t respond to me, only to Eros and Thanatos. Bodnar’s cough deflated that balloon. It was just a balloon. I was sad then, and I still am. I don’t like losing, not really, my good man.”

Ron felt a sense of security, as if he were driving straight ahead on the highway. “Rosa, I think I truly understand you. But I belong to Fatme, body and soul. Before my abduction, I hadn’t fully grasped the magnitude of this security. Until then, I would have been putty in your hands. But now we’ve climbed so many stairs together that I don’t even want to look back. I’m not dizzy; Fatme is holding my hand, and I entrust my life to her. Please understand and set me free. I would only follow you into the bushes with broken wings.” They looked at each other silently, for a long time. The cigarette burned Rosa’s finger. She flinched. “Yes, Ronald, yes. I know when I lost. You belong to Fatme, and I’ll respect that.” Ron stretched both arms across the desk and took her hands. “Thank you, Rosa.”

Rosa smoked, lost in thought. “Oh, there’s something else, Ronald. But it won’t be in my report. On the way back, I was seized by a sudden urge and visited Hanna Rosenstingl’s father. I wrote my doctoral thesis on classical and modern interrogation methods, and when I open it today, I’m ashamed of my cheeky work, my greenhorn arrogance. But they swallowed it, those academic apes. This comes to mind because I hadn’t intended to interrogate the old man. I only wanted to express my condolences in person, certainly not over the phone. But the good man was favorably disposed toward the police, if

only for Hanna's sake. He held my hands, and tears streamed down his wrinkled face. Yes, Hanna had been with him since she lost her mother at 16. "I trembled like an aspen leaf when I made Hanna a woman. She had many affairs afterward, but at night she lay with me, and we made love. We have a fabulous father-daughter relationship, Inspector. One that is surely pleasing to the Lord. Every evening we knelt there and spontaneously made up our prayers. We asked the Lord for his blessing, because I raised my Hanna very religiously. And Hanna often thanked the Lord for the fire in her ass; for her, it was a gift, a special favor. She loves our Lord like a loving father."

"That won't go in the record, Ronald. I don't want to take away Hanna Rosenstingl's last shred of dignity. She was one of us, a policewoman." Ronald nodded thoughtfully. Yes, it was right and good. It was astonishing how sensitive Rosa could be. "I can read your thoughts, Ronald. I'm Bodnar's lover because he sees a daughter in me. I know about his struggle with his daughter's puberty, yes. I appreciate precisely this honesty in Bodnar. He will ultimately lose the battle, without a doubt. His daughter will turn on him like a hyena, no doubt about it. But I've decided to hold my ground to the bitter end. Stubbornness is in my blood." Ron nodded in agreement. "I've often wondered what you see in that woodcutter. Good to know now, or at least have an inkling."

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The First Shot

by István Rudas © 2026

Frank Halter was elusive. He appeared and disappeared like a ghost.

Police Chief Johannes Wallner had sat with Hanna Rosenstingl's father after the funeral. Tired and worn out, he arrived at the office hours after the others and groaned as he took off his uncomfortable black coat. He walked silently into the conference room, put two fingers between his lips, and whistled shrilly three times. His men dropped everything and ran into the conference room, into the aquarium. The president had never summoned them so rudely. Rosa, quick-wittedly, muted the phone system.

President Wallner stood before them. He wanted to keep his speech as short and to the point as possible. "Guys, we've been chasing Frank Halter for almost a year now. Yes, we're still behind, and he's always a half-step ahead. The officer outside his house is dozing peacefully; we couldn't be doing any better, for God's sake! Every electronic surveillance attempt is useless; Halter doesn't use electronic devices, pays everything in cash, and apparently doesn't have a cell phone. As far as we know. We've searched the house three times, but found nothing but used women's stockings. We're the vanguard of the Austrian criminal police, damn it, not some pimply school-boys!" With his last words, he slammed his fist onto the table, and Bodnar flinched.

Wallner shrugged. "I'm ordering you: from now on, each of you will spend a whole day in the Halters' house, from sunrise to night. In a shift work, a different one each day, until we get him. Look, snoop, search, interrogate, and be a nuisance. Grab him, however you can. Lay him down, securely tied up, at my feet. And just so we're clear, I'll be doing random checks. And if I catch any of you dozing or asleep, he or she will be automatically fired without notice. No discussion. Drink coffee or pop pills, I don't care, but stay wide awake like guard dogs and catch the guy. Rosa, you take charge and assign

the shifts. That's it, folks." Wallner slammed the door behind him as he stomped from the aquarium into his office. The four of them stared at each other.

Rosa spoke first. "Bodnar, you start tomorrow at 6 a.m., bring food and drinks, we won't be a burden to Mrs. Halter. Then Rosenblatt, Hofstätter and me. That's the wheel, and if you want to swap, let me know beforehand. Shut your mouths, you heard me, we're the spearhead, not some pimply schoolboys, not even you, Rosenblatt." He just grinned, "Yes, sir, Chief Inspector — or is it Inspector-Chief?" They spread out at their desks and organized their things, because now they would be losing at least one day a week, more likely two, to close-up surveillance.

Ron strolled past Rosa's desk. "We should have done this a year ago, the boss is right. But we've never moved into a suspect's living room, not since the Kaiser's time." Rosa nodded grimly in agreement. "Wallner may be old, but he's far from being stuck in his ways. He's boldly changing course and charting a completely new course. That surprises me in a good way. We'll get this guy, that's for sure." Rosa dialed a number on her cell phone. "Yes, Mrs. Halter, this is Morgentau from the Criminal Investigation Department. Yes, thank you, you too. Well, I just wanted to let you know that starting tomorrow morning, a colleague will be coming to your house every day, all day long. No, you don't need to prepare anything; we'll bring our own things — food, drinks, everything. Please don't cause any trouble. Chief Inspector Bodnar will be there tomorrow morning; you know him. Yes, Mrs. Halter, every day starting tomorrow, all day long. We're only looking for your son; it's certainly not directed against you. Yes, I know, Mrs. Halter. Of course, he'll find out, but we're going to catch him, no matter what. Yes, thank you, and have a good day too." Rosa hung up.

"She'll tell him tonight, Rosa," said Ron. Rosa nodded. "Sure, Ron. But I'm no longer willing to treat Mrs. Halter like dirt. She's not our killer, her son is. And no guilt by blood-relation, Wallner or no Wallner. He entrusted me with the leadership, and I'm leading as I intend to lead." Ron nodded, resignedly. "I hope we haven't made a blunder, Rosa. But it's true, you're leading, and we're happy to follow you.

You're a capable detective, no question." Ron went to his desk and muttered to Alfred. Alfred had overheard and seen everything. "Morgentau's ethical conduct is impeccable, 100 points. Strategically, completely off the mark, Ronald. No hunter whistles and waves to the deer before aiming. Morgentau has just told Frank Halter not to take a single step toward the house. Regrettable, very regrettable. You won't find Frank Halter there anymore; he's very clever and strategically astute." Ron said, "Exactly my words. But you heard, Morgentau is leading the operation. Wallner's orders." Alfred said, "Your people should take their chargers and not turn off their cell phones; standby is fine. I'll be your eyes and ears, Ronald."

Bodnar may have had his quirks, but he was a good detective. He greeted Mrs. Halter politely and explained his assignment. He was wide awake, not a hint of dozing. He kept moving constantly, especially in the basement, where he turned everything upside down. There had to be a secret entrance somewhere, but his search, as thorough as he was, yielded nothing. He turned the whole house upside down, rummaging through all the cupboards and drawers. Apart from the shaving kit in the bathroom, there wasn't a single trace of Frank Halter. Finally, in the evening, he sat down with Mrs. Halter and questioned her, mentally comparing her statements with the file he knew by heart. She might have forgotten this or that, but essentially, he found nothing new. They had eaten a peaceful dinner, and Bodnar accepted a schnapps. "I'm on duty, but so what?" He was already on his fourth when Rachel Kerzendocht arrived. Bodnar's eyes feasted on the curvaceous woman.

Bodnar squeezed every last drop of information out of those two women, my goodness! He effortlessly revealed everything: how the two women shared Frank amicably, how they made love until he arrived. It was an unfair fight, two simple housewives against an interrogation specialist. The air was thick with sexual tension, and Rachel, with her curled red hair, shed her garment after garment; the Catalan herbal liqueur was doing its job. Bodnar put his jacket over his phone; Alfred mustn't see that. Rachel lay completely naked on the kitchen table, beckoning to the commissioner. Bodnar stared at her full breasts and the hungry, enticingly glistening cunt. Kerzendocht asked, "Are you really a Jew, Inspector?" He let his trousers fall. "It

depends on how you want to hear it. Yes, both my parents are Jewish and I am indeed circumcised, but I'm not very religious and my wife is a Christian." Rachel stroked her cunt lustfully and grabbed Bodnar's cock. She examined the stiff man thoroughly. Rachel breathed a sigh of relief, because Bodnar was circumcised, but still had quite a bit of foreskin. Rachel pulled the foreskin all the way back and forced his penis fully inside. "Inspector, I like it best when you pull it all the way out each time and then ram it back in hard, would that be possible?" Bodnar nodded; of course it was. Exactly as she wanted.

Nature took its course, and Mrs. Halter stared silently at Rachel's disgrace. Bodnar pulled his cock out after each thrust and rammed it back into Rachel's cunt like a jackhammer. Tears streamed down Roxane's cheeks as Bodnar thrust and pumped into Rachel, just inches from her eyes. She stared into Rachel's wide-open cunthole before Bodnar rammed his cock in again. Rachel sighed softly, just as she wanted it. After 10 minutes, Bodnar was still stuck inside Rachel's fuckhole, now deep inside. Roxane stared, her eyes blinded by tears, at Bodnar's cock, which was deep inside Rachel's cunthole, pumping his semen hard into. His balls bounced up and down with every spurt he shot into her girlfriend. Sobbing, Roxane placed her fingers on Rachel's mons pubis as Rachel brought herself quickly to orgasm with her finger.

Bodnar, once again disillusioned, realized he'd made a huge blunder. But nobody would know. When the women started making out, he indignantly chased them upstairs to the bedroom in the attic. He sat on the top step and watched as the two women made love with gleeful shouts.

Bodnar jolted awake; he had fallen asleep. At 3:30 a.m., he called a police car and had him drive him home. By 8:30 a.m., he was already in the office, typing his report from his notebook. The report skipped over everything after the first shot of herbal schnapps and ended uneventfully at 3:00 a.m., the end of his shift. Bodnar was in excellent spirits; he'd thumbed his nose at the president and dodged at least two grounds for dismissal. He'd arrived home, his little daughter was fast asleep in his bed, and he lay down beside her fully

dressed. His hand slipped under the waistband of her pajamas upon her warm cunny, and then he fell asleep.

Rosenblatt took over, greeting Mrs. Halter at 7:30 a.m. He couldn't tear himself away from Elli any earlier. He, too, expertly ransacked the house, and he, too, found no secret entrance in the cellar. In the evening, his daughter called, but he couldn't leave, whether she pouted or not. He had to stay until at least midnight; there was no getting around it. He, too, couldn't resist the herbal schnapps. He really got going when he frankly described his relationship with Elli to the two women. They didn't even flinch. Incest, okay, so what? Rachel was doing her awkward housewife striptease again, and when she lay enticingly and invitingly naked on the kitchen table, Rosenblatt's mouth watered. Kerzendocht inspected his cock very closely, for she didn't quite believe he was a circumcised Jew, since he still had a lot of foreskin. But he convinced her, and she laboriously inserted his thick cock into her cunthole. Kerzendocht also loved it when he pulled his cock out after each thrust and rammed it back inside hard; that was what she liked best. Rosepetal nodded; he certainly would do it the way she wanted. Roxane's tears flowed as Rosenblatt began to plow her girlfriends cunthole. Roxane stared into Rachel's round, open fuckhole, and Rosenblatt rammed his cock in deep, deep, and brutally. Let's skip over that part quickly; Rosenblatt also sat down on the landing and watched the two of them making love with loud, smacking sounds. No, Rosenblatt didn't fall asleep; ten minutes before midnight, he called the police car to be driven home.

Ron arrived at Mrs. Halter's at exactly 6:00 a.m. She rubbed the last bits of sleep from her eyes, and Rachel, the Kerzendocht type, scurried past them without a greeting. Ron did what the others did; he too searched the house thoroughly, inch by inch. He also found no secret entrance, but he did find an external hard drive under her used underwear. A thorough search required holding your nose, as the manual says. The hard drive only contained private vacation photos, Mrs. Halter claimed. She patiently dictated all the passwords she could think of. After half an hour, finally, the right password. He went through them picture by picture; it was boring. Really just vacation photos, nothing else. His laptop was secretly copying all the pic-

tures, and when she said she would only hand over the hard drive under protest, he backed down. “You know, getting a court order is a bureaucratic nightmare. I’ve seen all the photos; that’ll have to do.”

He politely declined the herbal schnapps, “I’m on duty!” and left Mrs. Halter and Mrs. Kerzendocht to drink alone. He didn’t even flinch when the tipsy Kerzendocht began her striptease. He examined the naked woman on the kitchen table with a connoisseur’s eye and indicated that she had a very beautiful body. “Oh, you know, I’m in a committed relationship, really committed. To me, other women’s bodies are just flesh, hair, and a farthole. I’m like blind, my pulse hasn’t quickened at all.” Mrs. Kerzendocht pouted, but he couldn’t have cared less. He followed the women upstairs to the bedroom in the attic. He, too, sat down on the landing and watched them making love. He remembered how, at the beginning of their relationship, Fatme had brought her flame, Elif, to bed with him, and he had watched them with wide eyes. Back then, he had slept with both Fatme and Elif; it had been a joyous time. Elif disappeared, Fatme stayed. During those months, he had experienced girl sex live for the first time; the practice was far more exciting than any theory. He filed it under “Other Experiences” and checked it off. Fatme hadn’t had girl sex since, and that suited him just fine.

Ron sat on the landing until 3:15, wide awake, and had photographed and filmed the two of them dozens of times. For his own use, of course, but he would mention it in the report. He called a patrol car and had them drive him home. Fatme was already asleep; he didn’t wake her.

Rosa also arrived promptly at 6:00 and watched in astonishment as Kerzendocht flitted past. “Greetings to you too, Ms. Kerzendocht,” Rosa called after her. The day passed as usual; Rosa also politely declined the herbal schnapps. When Kerzendocht began her striptease, Rosa placed her hand on her arm, never taking her eyes off Kerzendochts magnificent breasts and her gaping fuckhole. No, she wasn’t interested, thank you. The two women giggled as they went upstairs to the bedroom in the attic. Rosa also sat on the landing, took photos and videos, and reminisced about the girl-on-girl sex of her youth. In any case, she knew that much: she would interrogate Bodnar and

Rosenblatt until they were thoroughly embarrassed. The nonchalance with which Rachel performed the striptease alarmed her to the utmost.

And so it went, day after day. Rosa couldn't get either Bodnar or Rosenblatt to confess. Both of them used the Kerzendocht, of course, because they weren't stupid, nor were they averse to pleasure. When Rosa was on duty at the Halter house, she sometimes felt the predator's hot breath on her neck. But it was just her overactive imagination. Two months of close surveillance continued without any tangible results. Ron had looked through the vacation photos with Rosa. No clues, maybe the blonde on the beach, wrestling with Frank in the sand. But her face was unrecognizable. So, nothing again.

Rosa was on duty again. She paced the house, again imagining she could feel the predator's hot breath on the back of her neck. Then, as if from nowhere, a paw closed around her mouth, and she inhaled chloroform. Her hand, halfway to her weapon, fell lifelessly. She plunged into an abyss, deeper and deeper.

Bodnar, who arrived the next day, was surprised that Rosa had left her phone and bag there. With a queasy feeling in his stomach, he called the office. Ron jumped up, alarmed, and ran to Wallner, reporting the situation. Wallner closed his eyes wearily. Only one conclusion was possible: Rosa had been kidnapped. Bodnar grilled the guards, but they knew absolutely nothing. He was even surprised that Ms. Morgentau had left her shift mid-shift. She had noticed it while waiting for Mrs. Kerzendocht, around 7 p.m. Bodnar was pacing like a caged animal. Finally, finally, Ron called back. He would come with Rosenblatt and the President to look for clues. Bodnar's heart sank. Rosa had been kidnapped, damn it!

No trace of Rosa. Wallner issued a massive manhunt, contacting all police stations and every officer in Vienna and within a 50-kilometer radius. The notice included a photo and description: female detective kidnapped, likely perpetrator Frank Halter. Ron sent a more recent picture of Frank from the vacation photos. Ron's gut told him Halter had made a big mistake. The wanted notice was printed by the media and broadcast on the television news. Not a sin-

gle useful lead, just many well-intentioned calls and even more not-so-well-intentioned ones, which they meticulously followed up on. Ron raced to a construction site, but the suspect wasn't Frank, just strikingly similar. Two weeks of 24-hour shifts; Ron slept in the office, his head on the desk. Alfred had the phone muted and answered his calls politely. It was never anything important, and when Fatme called, Alfred spoke in a computer voice and reassured her that Ronald was asleep and would call back in the morning. Fatme, of course, knew about Alfred and was somewhat reassured. She didn't know Rosa personally, but she knew she was more than just a colleague; she was a friend.

Two weeks after the kidnapping, sheer luck intervened. Or were the Norns at odds over whether to sever Rosa's lifeline or not? Three widows, Hermine Knobloch, Erni Warnecke, and Josi Tiefenthaler, were a close-knit group of resolute women who had decided not to sink into the mire of widowhood. They met every morning at Café Rubin on Breitenfurter Straße; it was their regular haunt, their headquarters. They made grand speeches and raised their glasses of Chardonnay, the unifying element from God's vineyard in France. After three or four hours and many a glass, they would agree on which grievance Josi should hammer out on her laptop at home and email to the district council and Vienna City Hall. Yes, that's how they were, our feisty Musketeers.

On the way home, Hermione stopped. She was the youngest and still had quite good hearing. "Don't you hear anything? There's a woman screaming, coming from the construction site!" She shoved the other two across the street to rescue a damsel in distress. Yes, now the others heard it too; it wasn't their imagination. Emboldened by the Chardonnay, they strode forward. A surreal sight. Down there, in the half-finished basement, a damsel was chained to the steel beams, a man was lashing her bloody back with a leather whip, and the girl was screaming hoarsely in pain. Erni and Hermione rushed forward to the makeshift railing and shouted at the top of their lungs. Josi, the practical one, pried three planks from the jumble of building materials and armed the Musketeers. They ran, waving wooden planks and yelling, as fast as they could to the other corner of the construction site, where an unpaved concrete staircase led down. All

three were shouting at the top of their lungs. By the time they reached the bottom, the executioner was long gone.

They ran to the girl — no, she was a young, slight woman. They untied her bonds, and Rosa fell to the ground. Naked, her eyes wild, and half out of her mind. “Is he gone?” she croaked, and Josi bent over her. “Yes, the guy’s gone!” Rosa tried to cover her nakedness with her hands. “Phone?” she managed in a hoarse, croaking voice. Hermine handed her the cell phone. She dialed the office. It was Alfred; he was the only one who spoke with a Meidling accent. “It’s me, Alfred. I’ve been freed. Please come and get me,” she paused briefly, “Where are we?” Erni said the construction site was behind Breitenfurter Allee 73, and Rosa repeated the address for Alfred. “And Ronald, bring me something to wear, I’m naked, Alfred.” She handed back the cell phone. She quickly covered her breasts and looked up at her rescuers. “I’m Rosa Morgentau, a detective. He kidnapped and tortured me for two weeks. The officers will be here soon.” Erni handed her her scarf to cover her nakedness. Josi took off her jacket and put it around Rosa’s shoulders. “Can you stand up, Ms. Morgentau? We should go upstairs and wait for your colleagues there.” The three of them helped, and Rosa was finally on her own two feet, unsteady, but on her own two feet nonetheless. They led her to the concrete stairs. “He tortured me, but he didn’t break me.” She repeated this sentence incessantly until they reached the top.

The police car came racing up with flashing lights and sirens, followed by Rosenblatt’s Mercedes. Rosenblatt, Bodnar, and Ron jumped out of the cars, followed by two uniformed officers, pistols at the ready. Bodnar gently took her in his arms, unable to utter a sound. Rosa stared at Ron. “He tortured me, but he couldn’t break me. He was furious, and I just laughed at him. If he’s going to kill me, he should at least do it with a sour face. I wiped that grin off his face.” Ron stepped next to Bodnar and handed Rosa a tracksuit. “It was the only thing I could grab quickly, sweetheart. Take it easy now, we’ll talk later, okay?” Bodnar led her behind a construction shed and helped her dress. Of course, no one had thought about shoes. Ron barked orders. “Bodnar, you drive her to the AKH (General Hospital) immediately. Don’t take your eyes off her, Halter might try to intercept you, so be on your guard! Rosenblatt, you take down the

personal details of the three women and drive to the office; you're our command center. Call the forensics team on the way, the big guns. I'll stay and secure the crime scene. I'll call the president myself right away. Now, let's go!"

Ron first called his home; Fatme didn't answer. He recorded three sentences on tape and then called the president. "Mr. Wallner, Rosa is free and alive. She has a badly bruised back, and Bodnar is driving her straight to the Vienna General Hospital (AKH). We should probably post two police officers there; the wicked Halter might turn up. Rosenblatt is on his way to the office; he's supposed to be the point of contact. I'll stay here and wait for the forensic team. They'll leave no stone unturned, because the Halter had to flee in a hurry and must have left at least his toolbox behind. Could you possibly take over the media, and interior minister, Mr. President? We're understaffed." Ron took a deep breath. Wallner laughed into the phone. "Wow, Hofstätter, she's free! Free! And she's alive, our Rosa! You have no idea how relieved I am. A badly bruised back? Will she recover?" Ron assured him that Rosa was unbroken. "Her back looks like mincemeat, but that's just on the surface. She'll recover, Mr. President!" Wallner grinned into the phone, as if Ron could see it. "The owner had to flee, didn't get the chance to kill her? That's good, he's no longer two steps ahead of us. We have a valuable survivor. We may have finally caught up." Wallner hung up.

Ron waited for the crime scene investigators. A full-scale operation. They would arrive with at least two vans, packed with all the equipment, at least six officers. They might even have a sniffer dog with them; it was a shame he hadn't ordered it right away. His eyes scanned the scene, nothing would escape his notice. His thoughts drifted to Rosa. No, she wasn't broken, she hadn't lost her mind. Her back was mincemeat, that much was clear. A few weeks off work, okay. He decided to drive straight from here to the Vienna General Hospital (AKH); he wanted to speak with her himself. Bodnar was her support, but he was too close to the scene for a dispassionate interview. He called the office; Rosenblatt was there. "Bodnar brought her in without any trouble and is sitting with her. Wallner has ordered two officers to the Vienna General Hospital (AKH) for her pro-

tection. Wallner is on his way to see the Minister of the Interior. Everything's calm here, Ronald. You can relax."

The police had priority at the AKH. Rosa was x-rayed and examined from head to toe. Bodnar had insisted on a comprehensive toxicology report. He suspected that scoundrel Halter was capable of anything; perhaps he had poisoned Rosa. He explained the situation and his suspicion to the doctor. She understood immediately. "Will do, Commissioner. I'll personally arrange everything necessary and let you know tomorrow around 2 p.m.; I have your card." Rosa's sore back looked worse than it medically required. She was covered with a thick layer of ointment and given a tight bandage. An hour later, she was sitting upright in bed, hooked up to an IV. Bodnar held her hand and listened to her. Rosa told him everything, starting with the chloroform. Bodnar didn't have a free hand to take notes, but he remembered every detail. He had only one question at the beginning. "Did Mrs. Halter have anything to do with it?" Rosa shook her head. "No, she was sitting at the kitchen table doing crossword puzzles. No, she didn't know anything about the robbery beforehand. Later... well, you'll have to beat that out of her, but not with violence, nothing will come of it. First gain her trust, then ask questions. Classic interrogation, without fists. If you use violence, she'll tear the guard down."

Ron arrived an hour later and relieved Bodnar. "Get a good night's sleep; we need you freshly washed and ironed tomorrow morning." Bodnar swallowed his retort and slunk off. Ron sat down next to Rosa. He had a notepad and pen in his hand. He brushed a strand of hair from her face; he didn't have the patience for holding hands. He wrote everything down, absolutely everything. The attack with chloroform. Yes, he must have come from the cellar. She was standing with her back to the cellar stairs. She woke up with a pounding headache in a wine cellar. "A very old wine cellar, just some huge, ancient wine barrels. I was handcuffed to a water pipe. The wine cellar was only a five-minute drive from Breitenfurter Allee; on the last trip, he didn't take any detours — he wanted to kill me there." Ron looked up from his notes. "Yes," Ron confirmed, "we found guitar wire in his bag. The tracking dog followed his scent for 150 meters to a parking lot, where the trail ended." Rosa said it was definitely a white Ford Transit. She could see everything under the blindfold.

“He’s torched the Ford by now, no question,” Ron said. Rosa suggested he probably used, or had used, the wine cellar quite often. “He had a lot of stuff down there; it wasn’t some random place like the construction site. Who knows how many victims he raped on that old mattress where I could sit and sleep. He’d hang me on a rather long chain so I could use the bucket and drink the tap water and wash myself halfway.”

Rosa gritted her teeth. “I was fed twice a day, reheated frozen food. He must have a refrigerator and a microwave, but I couldn’t see it. The dim lightbulb burned day and night. He gave me an old, smelly blanket to cover myself with at night. He brought food on a tin plate with a plastic spoon. Mass-produced. He raped me every day, several times, six or eight times, I don’t know exactly. Some days much more often. I remained passive and didn’t resist; I wanted to go on living. Between his navel and penis, he had a strange compass tattooed on him, just the rays pointing in the wind directions, not a circle. Twelve or thirteen centimeters in diameter, dark blue. I’ve seen compasses like that on Russians before. My hands were tied, and he always had great difficulty forcing his cock in. He isn’t circumcised like the Jews. He always fucked me for a long time, ten to fifteen minutes. He grinned crookedly when I came.” I always spat in his face afterward, but he took it without a word. We hardly spoke. “You’ll be begging me to do it for you,” was his standard line. So I spat at him; that was answer enough for me.

He listens to the police radio all day. He reads the daily newspaper every morning. I’ve watched him; someone feeds him information from the classified ads section. Every two or three days, he finds an ad, then sits down with a notepad and pen and deciphers it manually. The ads are never in the same place — well-planned. He gets a phone call two or three times a day; he always says, “One moment, please,” and goes outside. He’s careful, never showing any weakness. He must have at least a bathroom above the wine cellar, because he showers, shaves, and wears light perfume every day. Old Spice or something similar. He’s very clean, but the wine cellar is a filthy hole. Above on the makeshift work surface that serves as his shelf and desk, he has attached two pieces of chipboard. Nineteen female portraits, eight of them with a red X through them — our murder vic-

tims. On the other piece of chipboard, eight men, three of them with a red X through them — the three judges we found. I stared at the faces for hours, but I'm absolutely certain I don't know any of them.

Ron folded his notebook. "You need rest and sleep; this is incredibly tiring. Get some sleep, Rosa. The two officers at the door aren't letting anyone through who they don't know personally; they don't care about IDs. We know how easily the Halter can forge an ID. A very good precaution by Wallner. He's probably doing somersaults because we have you back alive." Rosa held him back. "Ron, do you have a picture of Fatme, a portrait maybe?" Ron showed her several pictures on his phone. "Yes, that's her! The last woman on his menu! I'm sure of it, absolutely certain." Rosa's eyes filled with tears. "He's serious, Ron. Neither Wallner nor any of us are on his 'list', not even me. But Fatme is the last one in his line. Oh my God!" Rosa reached for his hand. "Fatme! What a bastard! If you really want to hurt someone in the long run, you kill the person you love most. That's not advanced math, that's a mafia's rule. Oh Ron, just watch out for her!" He promised to come back tomorrow. Ron left, shaken to his core.

Ron went straight to the office. He jotted down his notes on the screen, wrote "provisional interrogation Rosa Morgentau" at the top, and the date and time. Part 1, he wrote next to it. He uploaded the document to the intranet so all his colleagues could read it. Everyone had already left. He smoked another cigarette, then another, and fed the empty flowerpot — the one with the invisible plant — with cigarette ash, thinking about everything.

Bodnar had obeyed his order and gone to bed early. Later, his little daughter lay down next to him, and he half-woke. His hand slipped beneath the waistband of her pajamas, the only concession she had ever extracted from him. Laura spread her thighs and he rubbed her hot clit for 15 minutes until she had a delicate, hard trembling orgasm. This light finger play had no meaning for him, no weight. He would never give himself up for incest; he had told her that a hundred times. He slept soundly until morning. Ron strolled home; he would be there before Fatme and throw two steaks in the pan.

Fatme arrived shortly before midnight, took a hot shower, and they devoured the steaks and the flatbread from the Turkish bakery. A glass of Spanish red wine completed the meal. Fatme had overheard his message and was happy that Rosa had been rescued alive. Ron put down his cutlery and leaned forward. "Fatme, you're in mortal danger. The killer has added your photo to his hit list. I hate to say it, but he means business. Could you send me a picture of the client before the escorting session? I want to make sure he doesn't book you normally and get his hands on you. He's got plenty of money, the bastard." Fatme took a deep breath. "Okay, I'll do it that way. The pimp takes a picture of the client, new security regulations, blah blah blah. And you send me a text, 'OK' or 'Run for your life.' Yeah, we can do that. That should be enough. Although, if I were the killer, I'd send a picture of the taxi driver. I'm not stupid."

Of course, Fatme was right. For every action, there was a counter-measure; they both knew that. But you had to do everything possible, even if the idea was full of holes like Swiss cheese.

No sooner had Ron entered his office the next day than his phone buzzed. He picked it up. It was Frank Halter. Alfred's display on the phone system read: "Over a dozen relays around the globe. No chance." Ron nodded grimly. "I would have expected a letter from you, Frank," Ron said provocatively, raising his hand. Alfred put all the department's phones on speakerphone. "Oh, are we on a first-name basis by now, Detective Inspector? Well, fine by me. I actually wanted to check on Rosa; I hope she's alright?" Ron remained calm. "Thanks for asking. You just gave her a bad beating, but she's okay and will be back on your trail soon. It should drive you crazy, because this was your first shot that went so disastrously wrong. That's how I recorded it. You make mistakes, sportsman. Morgentau will lead us to your wine cellar, we'll take you down nice and easy and lock you up for good." Ron paused and looked through the glass panels where his colleagues were listening breathlessly. Even the president had jumped to his feet and was staring at his phone.

"Point goes to you, Ronald. I can call you Ronald, can't I? And as for the wine cellar, it's been empty and deserted since last night. I never intended to let Rosa live; that certainly wasn't a good idea. On

the other hand, I wanted her to suffer and deliberately showed her my outstanding list. I'm sure she mentioned it." Ron thought for a moment and let out a forced laugh. "Yes, that really wasn't a good idea. We'll track down the ladies and keep an eye on them. I'm sure you're stupid enough to get caught like that. It's actually disappointing; this game has really become boring. If there's nothing else to do, then goodbye." Ron knew his bluff was on very thin ice. He wanted to provoke Frank Halter; maybe he'd lose his temper now. "Well, dear Ronald, then I'll see you when I'm arrested. I'll call you again, because I still have a few things to do. Goodbye." Crackle, the line was dead. Alfred answered. "He called from an unregistered cell phone, routed his call through a dozen relays around the world — there's nothing I can do about it." Ron nodded; Alfred had certainly done his best. Where did Halter get all these skills? He didn't use any electronic devices, we thought. But this call proved he was more capable than we thought. Or he had accomplices we knew absolutely nothing about.

The weeks passed, Frank Halter had disappeared, Rosa Morgentau was back in the saddle after days. No, she declined the president's offer of extended leave, time to process the trauma. "I'm continuing to work because now he's done it personally, the bastard. I want to put a bullet between his eyes myself. He's practically begging for it. But thank you for your concern, Mr. President." Wallner relented; secretly, he admired the young woman. She had the heart of a detective and real guts.

Of course, Wallner knew that both Bodnar and Rosenblatt were licking the honeypot of Ms. Kerzendocht, week after week. But he couldn't fire them as easily as they deserved. He would cut his spearhead in half; he couldn't. Not now.

Fatme was becoming more and more vulnerable, thinner and thinner. Ron could only be the rock in the storm, the strong oak against whose trunk Fatme could cling and cry without having to explain her tears. He regularly canceled on the pimp and punched her out of trouble. He didn't even acknowledge Madame Florence's whining. Fatme was grateful that she could visit her father every afternoon. Ron thought it was right that Fatme was by her father's side

as he died. But every night she went to the escort, lay exhausted and sad in the client's arms, and let him fuck her with a mournful expression as often as he could.

She came home, showered, and lay down next to Ron. "I was so detached again while the guy fucked me. And these pigs apparently like it when I'm heartbroken, Ron. Please forgive me for coming home so late, but I didn't care how often he fucked me. I didn't even get any pleasure when he licked my clit to orgasm during the breaks. I always orgasmed as if I weren't heartbroken, but I didn't enjoy it. That was the only difference. The Persian licked me to orgasm during the three breaks and he was visibly proud. My tears only increased his lust. I wasn't just heartbroken, but I felt more humiliated than I'd ever felt before. He gave me a thousand-dollar tip, and I didn't even thank him." Ron held her tightly in his arms. "Don't think about it too much. He's not the first Persian to lick your clit. And there will be many more, I think. Sleep now, love, let go and dream."

One late afternoon, he came home to find Fatme sitting motionless in a chair, staring into space. She hadn't even taken off her jacket. She looked up at him wide-eyed. "Hakim." She stared at her fingers. "I called the imam; he always respected my father. He's taking care of everything — the medical examiner, the authorities, the funeral tomorrow at the Islamic cemetery in Liesing. Will you come with me, Hakim?" Ron immediately agreed. "I'm taking the day off and I won't leave your side, love."

Ron took off her jacket and lay down with her on the bed. Fatme buried her face in the crook of his neck. Only now could she cry. "He died in my arms, peacefully and gently. I first made him hard with my mouth and tongue; after all, he's an old man, and it took a very long time until he was hard enough. "Thank you for taking such good care of me, child," he said, stroking my head. Then I mounted him and rode him very reverently and very gently for about half an hour, as I usually do these days. I bent down and kissed his lips while he squirted. He opened his eyes again and whispered, "Thank you for making me so happy, Fatme." He closed his eyes again and stopped breathing. God, or Allah, or Yahweh heard my plea; he died in my arms, and for that I am very grateful. I sat for a while and said good-

bye to his soul; it flew out the window. I called the imam, and he is taking care of all the necessary arrangements. I should go home and cry, the imam said. I didn't call anyone else, not even the fake aunts. I never want to see those harpies again. I wandered through the city center with my eyes open, but without looking. I didn't want to disturb you at work because you are the only one I have left in this world." Ron held her close, stroked her back, and murmured soothing words, meaningless, incoherent words. He had never known her father; he was only sad because of Fatme. Yes, he would be her father, brother, and lover. The thought made his knees tremble. He immediately called Madame Florence's pimp. "Shut up, Charly! Fatme won't be back for at least a week, there's been a death in the family. And don't call her, she'll call you when she's able to work again."

He walked into the cemetery as Hakim Elbagr, at Fatme's side. She had linked arms with him and wouldn't let go, not for a second. It was astonishing how many had come to say goodbye to her father. Ron returned every smile; the community loved him. Even the Jewish baker had come, dressed up and wearing his large black hat. Ron went up to him and offered his hand. "Thank you for coming, Mr. Mejer," he grumbled. The line of people passing by and shaking Fatme's hand was long. He didn't know the aunts, but Fatme's body language told him so. Her face was like stone; she offered them only her fingertips reluctantly. She didn't acknowledge the crocodile tears; even now, their tears were false and vile.

The innkeeper wasn't very pleased when the Muslims came to eat. They ate, but they didn't drink, at least not in the cemetery, those Muslims. He sighed at how foolish it had been to open his inn by the Islamic cemetery. Other innkeepers were raking in the profits; their real money lay in the drinks.

Fatme threw herself into her studies, which she had neglected in recent weeks. Now she was going full throttle; it was already the end of May, and the second semester would end in mid-June. At the same time, she was writing a private essay, which she dedicated to her father. She began with her earliest memories and wanted to end with her father's death. It was about only three people: herself, her father, and her mother. Fatme insisted on writing everything down

truthfully, every tiny detail, including the sexual ones. How she clung to her mother's body because she loved her father and wanted to be loved by him, to be gently pumped like her mother. How her mother gradually died, and she took her place and became his little wife. Ron, of course, was allowed to read it. He got a glimpse deep into the family bedroom, unvarnished and very clear. But it answered so many unasked questions. And it exposed the sexual lust and disappointment of the so-called aunts, whom Dad, disillusioned after his wife's death, banished from the bedroom. Ron hugged Fatme.

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The Last Shot

by István Rudas © 2026

Since Rosa returned from sick leave, everyone noticed that she had changed. More mature, older, tougher, and in a way, more dangerous. Every morning she went down to Hades, and Dr. Gangl changed her bandages. She smiled because Dr. Gangl gazed so lovingly at her small, round breasts with their pointed nipples. He grinned, not the least bit embarrassed. “Quasimodo was a real man, beneath that hump and the tattered rags.” Rosa smiled gently and understandingly. She handled everyday tasks quickly and easily, and then she threw herself into the Frank Halter case like a bloodthirsty tiger. She dissected every document down to the molecules, had probably listened to Halter’s call to Ron a hundred times, and read the transcript word for word. Yes, she sometimes whispered to Alfred, because the computer only thought logically and wasn’t influenced by emotions.

Ron had chuckled when Alfred asked for his permission. But that, too, was perfectly logical; Alfred was actually assigned to him as his personal assistant. Now he sometimes sat next to Rosa and listened to her discussion with the clever computer. It was very interesting, but they weren’t getting very far. Alfred had considered millions of possibilities. He asked if he could make a comment. “I see that you and Ronald are sitting together. So I’ll offer my suggestion; it’s completely far-fetched, but perhaps worth considering. You’ve obviously examined the basement floor at the Halter house. But there’s a new type of ground-penetrating radar now, called lidar. It can detect the tiniest things beneath the floor, beneath the concrete basement floor. The Kepler University in Linz has one. Just a thought, but perhaps something might be found. Shall I put you in touch with the head of the institute there?” Ron and Rosa exchanged perplexed glances and said in unison, “Absolutely!”

The professor in Linz was thrilled to use his gadget, especially since President Wallner agreed that, if successful, the professor could refer to the criminal police — naturally, only after the case was

closed. Three men arrived from Linz; the lidar looked like a lawnmower. And now they were scanning the basement floor. And lo and behold, the professor drew a rectangle on the floor with chalk. There was an underground tunnel running beneath the house, coming from here and continuing on to there. Ron stared at the chalk mark. Directly beneath the rectangle, there seemed to be a large lump of metal and some electronics. The professor scratched his head. "No entrance in sight." Rosenthal dropped his coffee cup on the floor and was about to apologize. But Ron had lain down and was staring at the slurry of coffee and dust. A hairline crack was gradually appearing where the slurry was seeping in. The secret entrance. Bodnar said, "We'll let the forensics guys hack the electronics, okay?" President Wallner leaned forward. "Exactly right, Bodnar, absolutely right. But first, get the pickaxe out of the van. We're doing it the Russian way."

Bodnar swung the pickaxe and tore open the concrete. The professor stuck his head and a flashlight into the hole. "A metal ladder, a disused sewer. Ah! A metal structure, possibly the door opener with its electronics. Simple, but effective." Everyone peered into the hole, then Bodnar completely obscured the area. They went down one by one; Rosenblatt followed the sewer to its end, where there was a locked iron door leading to the street. Rosa meticulously photographed the entire scene. The secret was out; Halter would probably discover it soon and curse. Rosa felt that Frank's relationship with his mother had become even closer since his time in prison and on vacation, so they would continue their close surveillance, paying particular attention to the secret entrance. She sat down with Bodnar and Rosenblatt for private talks to give them a piece of her mind. It didn't help their investigation if they licked the honey pot of Kerzenocht. Both of them just shrugged. Would she make a big deal out of it? No? Then we'd carry on. Of course, Bodnar and Rosenblatt had already planned everything. They were certain they wouldn't be fired. Wallner needed every single man. Rosa's shoulders slumped. But ever since, relations between her and Bodnar had been strained; she had become aggressive and grumpy.

Bodnar and Rosenblatt now sat more often in the coffee corner, whispering. An observant person would soon realize that Bodnar was questioning and interrogating Rosenblatt about incest. Bodnar

looked at the nude photos of the slut and then at the ones of Elli, his eyes blazing and saliva dangling from the corner of his mouth. The images danced the cha-cha-cha in his poor brain. But no, he would never sleep with his daughter, never, Bodnar said. Yes, he too had nude photos of his wife and daughter. Rosenblatt scanned the pictures of Bodnar's unremarkable wife. But he clicked his tongue as he attentively examined the cheeky, obscenely posed daughter Laura. Bodnar just looked at him.

Rosenblatt muttered that these pictures and videos of the slut were probably 15 years old, and Bodnar nodded. Only in a few pictures was the slut just posing naked; mostly, Rosenblatt had photographed or filmed her masturbating and having sex. The slut's body could only be described as "sinful." Rosenblatt usually chose an angle where the cunt and clit were visible in the foreground, with her full breasts and pointed nipples above. The slut usually stared into the camera, which captured her at the moment of climax. The clit was indeed shaped like a small boy's penis, less than two inches long. The slut rubbed it from bottom to top, and at climax, she squeezed the tiny shaft with two fingers so that the tiny glans bobbed, red and swollen, between them. Bodnar held his breath; in some videos, the slut was being fucked by a young boy. All that was visible was his penis, driving the slut's cunt wild. "She had a thing for young boys, none older than 15," Rosenblatt murmured, "she's always been a slut."

The first videos showed Elli, giggling and panting as she masturbated, at age 6 or 7. Bodnar's cock throbbed with excitement. There were only videos of Elli masturbating and reaching climax. Bodnar held his breath. Again, her tiny, penis-shaped clit was clearly visible. She, too, stared into the camera during her climax. Bodnar instantly fell for Elli. He stared into Rosenblatt's eyes. "Your little one, she's something!" he exclaimed softly. Rosenblatt grinned. "Just you wait, she's about to let both her friends fuck her!" And indeed, she grinned as she let one boy's cock fuck her and cum inside her. Immediately, a second cock went into action, fucking the little one a long time until she orgasmed and shooting his load into her tight little cunt. Bodnar was sweating profusely. He had to have her, he had to fuck Elli!

Rosenblatt put away his iPhone and reached for Bodnar's. Bodnar murmured, "The first videos of Yvette during her pregnancy, also from 15 years ago." In the foreground, Yvette's finger danced on her clit, above which arched her round belly. Rosenblatt, to whom nothing in the world was unfamiliar, opened his eyes wide. Yvette's eyes rolled upward in orgasm until the irises completely disappeared, leaving only the whites of her eyes visible. "During her pregnancy, she had to be fucked or masturbated twenty times or more a day," Bodnar added in a hoarse voice. "We loved each other very much back then, and she always made sure we had exciting threesomes because she's bisexual." Yvette's tongue was now licking a pussy and clit in close-up until she reached orgasm. Rosenblatt nodded. "You got lucky with her, old man. If she had bigger breasts and wider hips, I'd like her better." Rosenblatt flipped through the pages, and now he clicked his tongue. Laura must have been eight or nine when she first let Bodnar film her masturbating. And yes, her eyes rolled upwards in ecstasy until you could only see the whites of her eyes. More videos followed; Laura became increasingly skilled at masturbating, Rosenblatt noticed. "You'll have a happy day with that little one," Rosenblatt murmured. Bodnar shook his head vigorously. "Not in a million years, she's my daughter!" he whispered indignantly.

Rosa, of course, knew that Bodnar put his hand under his daughter's waistband, quite innocently, naturally. Rosa gave him real head-butts, not slaps, not anymore. Sometimes she wanted to punch him in the face, but she didn't want to, or couldn't push him away. "Wake up already!" she screamed at him when they were alone. "There's no such thing as innocent finger play, you idiot! The law is unambiguous: it's incest, child molestation, and so on. Why do you act like the law doesn't apply to you?" Bodnar squirmed. It had just happened that way. It was a substitute for real intercourse, and he adhered rigidly to that boundary. His daughter left him alone when he performed the finger play and also accepted that he wasn't up for intercourse. His daughter had learned at school how to please boys. Her hand would slip onto Bodnar's cock, and she unashamedly gives him the happy ending with her fist. Bodnar grinned like an idiot. Yes, for several weeks now. Rosa glared at him angrily. "You're such a donkey, honey. You're already sliding down the slippery slope, but you

don't even realize it. I'll leave you when you hit the bottom, you idiot! Leave you, without discussion!"

Ron always gave Fatme the go-ahead. Frank Halter never showed his face around her, even though he knew for sure where she worked, what the pimp's name was, and he definitely had his phone number. He really had a bad feeling in his stomach, that was for sure. He had discussed the situation with Alfred and entrusted him with the complete surveillance. Alfred was to monitor without restrictions; the privacy of everyone involved was secondary in a case like this. Alfred thought he should at least inform the president, because he had to document everything and couldn't falsify his own protocols. Ron nodded; he would inform the president, but he never did.

Bodnar entered the president's office. "I have something private to discuss, boss." Wallner nodded and gestured to the chair. Bodnar lowered the blinds; it was supposed to remain private. Wallner pushed the papers aside, lit a cigarette, and waited attentively. "Mr. President, I request my resignation. Perhaps early retirement; that would be very kind." Wallner signaled that he didn't understand a word. "Mr. President, I'm 56 now. I was a loyal civil servant for over 35 years, at least until the day before yesterday. I've become dishonest; I'm no longer a loyal civil servant. I've tarnished my honor and that of my family. I would only be a burden in your ranks, Mr. President." Wallner leaned back. "Are we talking about Kerzendocht or your daughter?" Bodnar was utterly taken aback. Apparently, nothing escaped the President's notice. He took a deep breath, but Wallner continued speaking. "What you and Rosenblatt are doing with the Kerzendocht would, of course, be grounds for firing you cock-driven donkeys on the spot if I knew. But I don't know, I don't want to know. Are we finished, are you going back to work?"

Bodnar remained seated, letting his shoulders slump forward. "I didn't mean to bring up the Kerzendocht incident, Mr. President. Rosenblatt and I deserve to be seen as pimply schoolboys. The Kerzendocht acts like a convenient harlot, but she certainly isn't one. No, it's the other matter, that's what I was really talking about." Wallner slumped back in his chair. "Your daughter, then? Laura?" Bodnar nodded unhappily. "I've disgraced my family. I deserve a

good kick in the pants, Rosa warned me. And now it's all over, Rosa has fired me. I'm no longer a decent policeman, certainly not a loyal public servant. I'm asking you for a simple dismissal so that at least I don't lose my pension." Wallner leaned his head against the wall. That he had to work with immature men like Bodnar and Rosenblatt, well, ... "Listen to me carefully, Mr. Bodnar (he addressed Bodnar formally for a reason), listen to me. You were and still are a good and decent police officer, and a good detective to boot, I must say. I wouldn't dream of firing you or anything stupid like that. You're going back to work, and that's my final word."

Bodnar sat there like a drowned rat. The president had addressed him informally all his life, and with the unexpected formality, he emphasized his authority and his arbitration. Bodnar was paralyzed; it had taken an unexpected turn. Wallner leaned forward, his Roman nose hinting at why he used to be called the Falcon. "Look, Bodnar. Rosenblatt's sleeping with his daughter, and he's not even trying to hide it. Did I fire him? Did I transfer him to the archives? No, you see, I can tell a capable detective when I see him. I couldn't care less where, how, or with whom Rosenblatt does it. He's doing a very good job, so why should I shoot myself in the foot just because he has a private life that, strictly speaking, is none of my business as long as his daughter isn't committing a crime? To hell with him, to hell with you! You work for me, and that's that. Maybe you shouldn't broadcast your incest with Laura as much as Rosenblatt did; that would be decent. I'm NOT making a note of it in your personnel file, just like I didn't for Rosenblatt. I don't know, I don't want to know, and it's absolutely none of my damn business. Now get to work, I'm sure you have enough to do!" Wallner grabbed the stack of papers and didn't even glance at Bodnar again. Bodnar left silently, lost in thought.

Ron sat next to Rosa, and they went through the recordings from the cellar. Rosa said suddenly, "I broke up with Bodnar yesterday, I'm serious." Ron jumped. "Broke up with him?" Rosa nodded. "I warned him; I wouldn't tolerate incest, even as a lover." Ron looked at her. "Incest?" Rosa nodded. "Rosenblatt and Bodnar, those idiots, don't just sleep with the two old ladies twice a week, they sleep with their daughters too. Both of them. I'm certainly not prudish or uptight, but that's a red line for me, and I warned Bodnar that I'd be

gone if he couldn't control himself. At least you're not a cock-crazed idiot, Ronald."

Ron laid his head in his hands. "How sure are you, Rosa?" She tilted her head to the side. "100%. Bodnar told me himself. He rode straight into her trap at full gallop and made Laura his wife before he sobered up. And there's no such thing as being half-pregnant, Ronald. So, 100%." Rosa frowned. "For years he gradually gave in to her. At first, he just slipped his hand under her waistband and gently stroked her, nothing more. That went well for a while. Then she got him to do the fingering. That was the second time I yelled at him and warned him. She'd done it to the boys, so she did it to him too, the whole shebang with a happy ending. She's been diligently milking his seed every night for the past six months, slurping his juice. I gave him proper headbutts and screamed bloody murder, as you can imagine. And two or three days ago, she snapped the trap shut and the idiot made her a woman. I know how to provoke that sort of thing; I was 15 once too. But my father took me in his arms and said, 'We'll leave that alone, young lady.' And I'm grateful to him that he wasn't a dick-driven moron, God rest his soul."

"And what do we do next?" Ron asked. Rosa thought for a moment. "Bodnar wanted to talk to Wallner about leaving. I predict Wallner will give him a real dressing-down, and he certainly won't want to hear anything about leaving. The president is convinced that the four of us are the best. He won't let any of us drop out between stations. Not until we have the Halter. After that — who knows?!" Ron tilted his head. "Whether we like it or not, we're split into two groups. You and I and Alfred, Rosenblatt and Bodnar. The two of them will be united because they both ride with their daughters and because they both climb upon Kerzendocht." Rosa flinched slightly. "What, you know that too?" He looked at her, amused. "I'm a detective inspector, not a parking enforcement clerk. I've known since the first week of the surveillance, when Kerzendocht lay naked and truly magnificent before me on the kitchen table. Bodnar and Rosenblatt, they're good, but sexually unreliable. I put two and two together and got three. And the president knew it immediately, too. But as their superior, he has to look the other way or fire them both. Fire them? Never in a million years!"

Rosa and Ron agreed to continue the close surveillance, now that they knew how Halter could sneak into the house. The net was closing in on Halter. The president gave the surveillance his blessing — keep it up!

Ron's phone buzzed. It was Frank Halter. Ron raised his hand, and everyone fell silent instantly. Alfred put everyone on speakerphone. "God bless, Halter, what brings me the honor off your call?" Frank Halter remained silent, surprised. "God? Which God? The one who had my father murdered in prison, or the one who doesn't stop me, even though he certainly doesn't find my works amusing?" Ron was in good spirits. "Both, Frankie, both. But I'm sure you didn't just want to philosophize with me?" Halter paused briefly. "Well, you've finally found my special entrance, a hearty bravo from me. It took a year, but good things come to those who wait, don't they?" Ron turned serious. "You're no longer a ghost to us, Frank. Just a simple stage magician who amazes us with tricks and fake wallpaper doors. But we've found your trick, you can't play the vanishing-the-wall anymore." Frank replied immediately. "You demolished it with a pickaxe, Mother told me." Ron asked slyly, "Have we restricted your range of action?" Frank laughed. "If I hadn't been prepared, you really would have locked me out. You should know that's not the case, Ronald. I see my mother and Rachel whenever I want. Morgentau will confirm that I enjoy sleeping with women; I used to sleep with her at all hours of the day and night." Ron forced a laugh. "Yes, since then Morgentau keeps a tube of lube in her purse, in case you come back for her, Frankie." Frank thought for a moment. "I should have strangled Morgenau right there on the spot, the ungrateful bitch! She squealed with delight, Ronald, squealed with delight like Juliet at Romeo! Let's not leave anything out. The truth is the truth and will remain the truth. She squealed like a piglet and then squealed with delight at the end! Or isn't that in her report?!" Ron saw out of the corner of his eye that Rosa flinched.

He decided to object. "Everything except the squeaking is in the report, neatly laid out. And that you have a compass tattooed right there, otherwise your thing wouldn't know where to go." He waited, had he touched a nerve? Frankie chuckled. "Oh, that! A boss from Yakutsk gave me the compass rose when he briefly captured me. It's

considered a mark of shame among Russians, a sign of pedophilia. The guy had every reason, too; I'd defiled his sheltered little daughter when she was 12. I slit his and his wife's throats, and three lustful days later, I did the same to the daughter; I had no use for her anymore." Ron was silent for a long time. "You're a disgusting pedophile and murderer, but we both know that." Frank didn't reply. "Well, back to the point. What exactly was the reason for your call?" Ron asked.

He could hear Frank's soft laughter. "Well, I was wondering if you had a court order when you demolished my house, my property? A court order?" Ron explained. "For this action, the CID don't need a court order, nor the consent of your mother, who, according to Artem Galebnikov, is the rightful sole owner. And she was standing right there, mouth agape. You can't have a say; the house doesn't belong to you, my smarty-pants friend. All you own is the cell where we'll lock you up and throw away the key." Frank could be heard sharply inhaling. "The Nurembergers don't hang anyone unless they've got him first. A clever saying. First, you'd have to catch me, and that's not going to happen." Ron ventured onto thin ice again. "The women are under surveillance. We're not stupid enough to put a uniformed officer on their doorstep. Surveillance, I said, Frankie. Ghosts you'll never see. And we'll simply grab you as soon as you enter the perimeter. You'll only incur considerable personnel costs, but we can handle it. Nothing is too expensive for the good feeling of seeing you handcuffed at his feet, the Chief of Police. Yes, the Chief of Police nods and slaps his thighs with pleasure."

Frank didn't react quickly or rashly. Ron's threats bounced off him. "It was nice chatting with you, Ronald. I'll get in touch again when it suits me. All right?" Click, he'd hung up. Ron looked around. The Chief of Police had opened his glass door and was giving him a thumbs-up. Bodnar growled, "Throwing dirt at Rosa, that's exactly what he wanted. Search warrant. That's ridiculous." Rosa stood up and went to the restroom. Rosenblatt, who had been diligently taking notes, said, "It was definitely just idle chatter. He wanted us to know that he didn't care that we'd found the secret entrance. He apparently intends to continue visiting and stamping his mother and Kerzendocht. He thinks we can't stop him. Everything else was just

talk. There's absolutely no evidence that he ever slit the throats of a Russian mob boss, his wife, and their daughter. It may be true, or it may just as easily be a tall tale. It has no bearing on our investigation."

Ron went into the women's restroom. Rosa was squatting on the floor, her eyes red and teary. She said nothing when he sat down next to her. Overcoming his shyness, he took her hand. Her tears flowed freely again. "It's true what Frank said, Ron. Every word. Damn it, I'm a woman, and my body reacts the way a woman's body reacts. No matter what my mind says. I spat at him every time, but that spitting came from my brain, not my gut." She leaned her head against his upper arm. "I'm ashamed in front of all of you, Ron. I kept from you how pleurably and ecstacically my body reacted. I only reported that I spat at him, full of contempt. That's true, too; that's how my mind, that's how my dignity reacted."

Ron was still holding her hand. "We all feel this way, Rosa, don't worry. Remember how my body reacted back then. My body reacted to Hanna Rosenstingl's stunningly sexually attractive curves; that was pure Eros. My mind, my intellect, saw the entrails, the monstrous violence inflicted upon a human being; that was Thanatos. My facial expression fascinated you because, ultimately, Eros won out. The last time that happened to me was at school when I discovered that the music teacher wasn't wearing underwear, displaying her cunny to those sitting in the first row. In every music lesson, Eros won, grinning maliciously, because I ejaculated in my underwear, in every lesson. She crossed her legs, and I stared at her shaved pussy and had to cum again and again, Rosa. Don't judge yourself, especially not so unfairly. Everyone in our department understands your reaction, Rosa." He added, "No Frank Halter can divide us that easily apart."

Ron had no idea whether his bluff about the surveillance had worked. Of course, Rosa had only ever compared all the women and men involved in the Artem Galebnikov or Frank Halter court cases in some way, but she couldn't find a single match with the people on Frank Halter's hit list in the wine cellar. Well, except for Fatme, of course. Ron tried to put himself in Frank's shoes. Frank wanted to

torture Rosa, he'd admitted that. Could it be that he hung up portraits of completely uninvolved, random people just to make Rosa believe he had another dozen people on his hit list? Then, however, his bluff would be exposed as nothing more than hot air.

He brought up this dilemma the next day at the aquarium. The reactions were mixed. Rosenblatt and Rosa thought the bluff had been blown. Wallner and Bodnar were convinced that Frank had fallen for it. Ron himself believed both were possible. He stood up. "If Frank throws a body at our feet within the next ten days or two weeks, then the bluff was completely ineffective. If there's no body, there's a chance the bluff worked. But it's also possible that the whole hit list was just a hoax to give our Rosa a good scare. Putting my friend Fatme on the list would only amplify the effect on Rosa. Seeing through that guy is beyond me. I admit it."

They strictly maintained the close surveillance. The house was only unguarded between midnight and 6 a.m. Only a uniformed man sat on the bench in front of the door, reading a newspaper or dozing. Bodnar, and later Rosenblatt as well, lost all inhibitions. Mrs. Halter remained unnaturally passive and hid her face in a pillow whenever the two men shagged her. Of course, it had been Mrs. Kerzendocht's idea, but the men eagerly took advantage of it. Kerzendocht only wanted her friend to share in the sexual bliss, and her age really didn't matter. It was a cheap, slutty charade. Ron grabbed Kerzendocht by the arm when she tried to sneak past in the morning. He interrogated her harshly and relentlessly in the kitchen, not caring that Mrs. Halter was mortified. Ron's first thought was that this, exactly this, would drive Frank Halter into a white-hot rage if Rosa's analysis of the mother-son relationship was even remotely accurate.

Kerzendocht was a treasure trove. She hadn't seen Frank Halter in years; she didn't really know him at all. But dear Dr. Weissmann came almost every night to make her and Roxane happy. Her eyes sparkled; no, she wasn't an actress, she was a simple housewife who was on cloud nine when it came to Dr. Weissmann. No, she said, Bodnar and Rosenblatt were both circumcised Jews, so she had absolutely no problem mating with either of them, no matter how often. And, she said shyly, her gaze lowered, the doctor was the first

uncircumcised man she had fallen in love with and let him fuck her, even though she felt very guilty about it. And the doctor was quite angry when he learned that the officers were also enjoying themselves with Roxane. The burly one and the bald one, yes, they were taking care of Roxane too. Yes, they were constantly mating with Roxane, sticking it all the way in and thrusting into her quite properly, Rachel told the doctor clearly and distinctly, because he didn't want to believe it. Several times, of course, which brought tears of anger to Roxane's eyes. Yes, the smitten Rachel told the enraged doctor, both men were really pumping Roxane hard several times in a row, and she simply couldn't understand why her friend resisted the climax so vehemently, even though she was mostly surprised by it. Yes, said the doctor grimly, no one can resist that.

Ron immediately brought up the idea of extending the surveillance to the entire night, but Wallner waved it off wearily. "Hofstätter, midnight until 6 a.m.? We could only do that with a court order and would have to provide a solid, written justification for each individual night. A nightmare, I tell you. We'd have to rouse a judge from his bed every single night. Politicians are keeping a close eye on these court orders right now, ever since the scandal in Klagenfurt. No, once or twice, that might be possible, but certainly not every night. And don't go it alone, Hofstätter, they'll hang us by the scruff of the neck based on the sacred hours; no interior minister will be able to help us with that. We're all patrolling and handing out tickets to illegally parked cars." Ron asked if the president hadn't heard this too? The bureaucratic horse neighing. Wallner didn't find it funny at all and growled, "I can hear two of them: the bureaucratic mare and the fat, politically motivated brewery horse."

Ron consulted with Rosa. She leafed through the laws on the screen, even consulted an AI and Alfred too. The law was clear. Midnight to 6 a.m. was the official resting time for citizens, and yes, the thing about the court order was exactly as Wallner had said. Ron asked her directly, "And what if we, just by pure chance...?" Morgentau spread her ten fingers to ward off the Beelzebub. "Guys, Ronald, I don't go on patrol anymore, and I don't write parking tickets anymore either. On my career ladder, it's only up, never down. I don't do that, and I strongly advise you against it. No police chief and no inte-

rior minister will slow your downfall. You'll fall flat on your ass, my friend." Ron reluctantly abandoned the thought. "Bureaucracy, brewery horse, and Morgentau against me — I guess I have no choice," he said, shaking his head. "And Frank, that guy, knows it perfectly well. Six hours gives him plenty of time to... er... massage both women." Rosa chided him, "Ron, what a choice of words!" They both laughed uproariously.

The close-up surveillance had resumed. For the president's sake, Ron had only postponed midnight until 3:00 a.m., and the relief shift usually arrived as early as 5:30 a.m. Frank Halter's window of opportunity had shrunk considerably. Bodnar and Rosenblatt were becoming increasingly brazen, now lying next to the amorous women and shamelessly using the lulls in their respite to have sex. Rosa went down to the cellar when the ladies dozed off and sat beside the broken floor, flashlight and pistol at the ready. She must have been distracted for a moment, because a hairy arm grabbed her and dragged her down into the hole. The flashlight and pistol tumbled across the brick floor of the old sewer. Defenseless, she lay on the ground, her last hour had struck. The pistol was somewhere out of reach. She was at Frank Halter's mercy.

Frank ripped off her uniform skirt and panties. In the beam of his flashlight, she could see him clearly. He laughed booming as he pulled down his trousers. "I know it would be better to kill you right now, Rosa. But today it's not your blood that excites me, but... I'm craving some firm female flesh, and you've always done it so well for me, my little dove! So be peaceful, and I won't kill you today. I promise." Rosa's paralysis broke. She carefully reached for him and made him stiff. Then, sighing and cursing, she forced him inside her. Yes, she squealed like a piglet and whooped and cheered in ecstasy. He continued, his pent-up desire overflowing. He raped her a second and third time, then Rosenblatt was heard entering the house with a clatter. Frank broke free during the fourth round and ran out the front exit of the sewer.

Rosa got dressed again and climbed back up to the basement after retrieving her flashlight and pistol. Rosenblatt asked why she looked so battered, but Rosa didn't answer. Rosenblatt dropped her off in

front of her house. Rosa didn't arrive at the office until noon. She wrote everything in the report, except for the squeals, cheers, and jubilation, of course. She included the rape, and that Frank hadn't intended to kill her. Ron had read the report and questioned her, but all he could do was shake his head. "And then suddenly you have a wire noose around your neck, Rosa." She shook her head. "No, I believe him that he doesn't want to kill me anymore. I can feel it clearly, Ron, he just wants to have sexual amusement with me."

Rosa was right. Frank seemed to know exactly when she was on duty, and as soon as she sat down by the hole in the concrete floor, he pulled her down and "only" raped her. Rosa had been with a lot of men, but she'd never made so much squealing, cheering, and jubilation for any of them. She kept her pistol holstered, but as long as he wasn't threatening her, but "only" raping her, she saw no reason to shoot Frank. She took note of Ron's head-shaking the next day, but she stuck to her guns for weeks. If she'd known what other atrocities he was planning, she would have arrested him, without a doubt.

Of course, Rosa remained on her guard, because she had no doubt how quickly his mood could change. She always let Frank know when she was taking the safety off her pistol in its holster and preparing it to fire. "I really don't intend to kill you, Rosa," Frank whined agonizingly. "I love your squeals, your whoops, and your cheers," he said every time she provocatively took off the safety of the pistol in front of him. "Just in case you change your mind, Frank. I'd hate to put a bullet in the head of a good stud; that would be a regrettable waste of a good fuck machine," Rosa said with an icy expression. He should know why she didn't shoot him, but also that she undoubtedly would. He was impressed by her toughness. The president had certainly read her reports, but he gave Rosa free rein. He had no idea what Rosa was planning.

Ron's hand stopped mid-motion as his phone chirped. Charly, the pimp. "Charly, you call me at the office!" he snapped. Charly remained subdued, still clinging to Ron's fists in his face. "Inspector, Chief, it could be important. I was supposed to go over the appointment with Fatme this afternoon, a very delicate client, we always discuss these things beforehand, always. Well, she's not answering, your

phone only goes to the answering machine. I went to your house and rang the bell downstairs like crazy. Nothing. I went upstairs, your door was wide open, no Fatme. I'm at a loss, Chief. It's urgent. Perhaps you know where she could be." Ron heard Charly swallow nervously. "Wide open? You didn't try to pick the lock?" Ron asked suspiciously. Charly swore up and down. "Wide open, I told you. No joke, Chief." Ron's stomach churned. "I'll call you, Charly!" and hung up. He looked down at Rosa. "Fatme!" Ron ran into the men's restroom and vomited.

He had to sit down. He filled Alfred in. First, he had to start with the Turkish community. He gave Alfred the names and numbers of those who didn't know him very well. Alfred was to ask short, precise questions and avoid any conversation. Within an hour, they had called everyone, about 70 people. Everyone promised to keep their eyes open. He called everyone who lived in his building. Then he got a tip from Mrs. Walotschek. She had seen Fatme; she seemed ill, and her boyfriend had to support her and half-carry her. He was taking her to the doctor, the boyfriend said. Yes, it was just before noon, just before the midday bells, less than five minutes before. "Why? Has something happened?" Ron reassured Mrs. Walotschek and asked about the boyfriend. She described Frank Halter quite accurately. "A really handsome man, in his prime!" She sighed, for she was known not to be very strict about her marital vows. Ron thanked her and hung up. "Rosa, Frank has kidnapped Fatme, we have a witness. Almost exactly 4 hours ago, at precisely 12 o'clock."

Ron called everyone into the conference room and informed them. Wallner immediately put out the search. "A four-hour head start, Hofstätter, that's a lot. You've got the line. Guys, drop everything, finding Fatme takes priority." Ron's phone chirped. It was Fatme's number. He answered and heard Frank's disgusting laughter. Ron raised his hand and Alfred put everyone on speakerphone. "Routing worldwide," Alfred typed on the display. Frank laughed. "No, I'm not using her phone, I'm just spoofing her number to get a quick response. Spoofing." Ron's voice trembled slightly. "Release her immediately, and you'll score major points. I guarantee it will be noted favorably in court. Let her go; she's a civilian, not a soldier. Please, Frank, let her go. I beg you. Don't do anything rash, or you'll never

see your mother and Rachel again, at least not alive. They'll both die a very painful death. My word on it." Ron had said it very seriously, but now his hands were trembling, and the cell phone threatened to slip from his grasp. Rosa sat down next to him and placed her hand on the back of his. The trembling quickly stopped.

Frank spoke to Fatme. "Greet your friends, Fatme," he said to her. She called out in Turkish, "Hakim, that bastard has me..." Frank apparently pushed her away and said admonishingly, "No English, Fatme, only German!" Fatme's voice was clear; she wasn't panicking. "Ronald, I'm still unharmed, and the guest didn't treat me badly. I..." Frank apparently pushed her away and took over. "Ronald, old pal, I'm going to have a great honeymoon with Fatme. Not to Spain this time, of course. I'll treat her well, as long as she doesn't scratch and bite. I just wanted to let you know not to expect her for dinner. I'll call you again when I feel like it." Click, the line was dead. Ron rested his forehead on his forearm and closed his eyes.

Rosa said, "Alfred, play it again, and could you amplify the background noise, bring it out, please?" She turned the volume up to maximum. Rosa tilted her head toward the speaker and closed her eyes. She paid little attention to the spoken words, focusing instead on the ambient sounds. The loud rush of bathwater being run drowned everything else out. No other sounds could be discerned. "Cunning," Rosa grumbled, straightening up. "Ron, threatening his mother and the other woman was illegal, you need to understand that. Maybe he'll snap. Maybe not, maybe he'll take it literally and won't kill Fatme right away. Maybe you've bought her some time." Ron straightened up. "Rosa, I meant every word, exactly as it was. I don't care if I end up in jail. If he kills Fatme, then so be it." A cold shiver ran down Rosa's spine. Wallner approached. "Morgentau, did you tell him? We'll have to cut his stupid threat from the tape. That's completely unacceptable, Hofstätter, although I can understand it, of course. But as a detective, you have to control your emotions, otherwise I'll have to pull you, seriously." Ron looked Wallner in the face, swallowing the first paragraph and only delivering the second. "I understand, Mr. President. I'm in control from now on and intend to remain in charge. She's my fiancée, the case is mine. I won't have

feelings for her again until we've got her released. My word of honor, Mr. President. Please don't pull me out." Wallner left.

Ron looked at Rosa. "Shall we begin?" Rosa nodded, Bodnar and Rosenblatt rolled over some chairs, and they sat in a circle. "What Fatme first said in Turkish," Ron began, "means, 'That bastard has me...' then she broke off. You heard what she said after that. One clue she gave was that he had already raped her, but without hurting her. In the escort service, they refer to someone as a client or guest if they want sex for money. Fatme knows it's wiser to let him rape her than to let him get rough with her. That way, things usually turn out alright." Bodnar agreed; that was the custom in the vice squad as well. Ron looked around the room. "No further clues. That's all we have." He looked clear and appeared professional. "We have almost nothing. Now it's time to go door-to-door, contact all the informants, distribute Fatme's and Halter's photo, offer a reward, say 50 grand, for a crucial tip. Bring money into the mix, I'll cover it. Kiss ass or kick it, it doesn't matter. No guy can hide so well that nobody notices. Someone saw something, heard something about a vacation or a trip. You guys know how it works, so let's get going!"

All four of them threw themselves into it, the phones were ringing off the hook. Bodnar went to this bar or that, bought everyone beer, and kept on the line. Rosenblatt sifted through hotel and other bookings. Frank had to be inconspicuous, so he checked in whenever he took a room. Rosenblatt went off to the Hotel Beethoven in Laimgrube, but while the guests fit the general description, they weren't the ones. The father stood there, very embarrassed, in his underwear. His little daughter sat stark naked, spread-eagled on the double bed, laughing provocatively in Rosenblatt's face. Hour after hour passed; they did their work with utmost concentration. Of course, they all knew what Frank Halter meant by "honeymoon." He would rape Fatme, just as he had raped Rosa, again and again. No one said it out loud, but they felt sorry for Ronald. He kept his worries to himself, making the rounds of the Turkish community. His good reputation helped him a lot in his work. Tips might come from here, gossip, rumors, and real information might also come from the Turks. And when Hakim Elbagr asked them for help, they took it seriously. Hun-

dreds of eyes and ears — that sounded reassuring. Ron didn't go home until around midnight; he had to eat, shower, and sleep.

Nothing. It was discouraging, but Ron kept them busy. It wasn't the first time they'd had to navigate the demimonde, working their way through different social strata. Late that afternoon, Rosa finally got an interesting call. She sent the woman pictures of Fatme and Halter. "Yes, that was them, definitely. They'd booked the apartment online and paid in cash a week in advance. No, not by card, but in cash. The man had come in person to pay the 800 in cash and then received the keys. That was rather unusual; I had the bills checked at the bank right away — no counterfeits. They drove a nice, dark blue VW Passat, fairly new. I noted the license plate number, of course." A rental car from Hertz Alt Erlaa, driver's license from Vienna, registered to Ing. Karl Lebknecht — no, not Liebknecht. Rosenblatt and Ron sat in front of adjacent screens, checking everything in real time, while Rosa repeated the information aloud. The woman said they'd left that morning, dropping the keys and a note in her mailbox. They'd taken the country road south. There was nothing else to report.

Rosenblatt looked up from his notes and the screen. "Anna Frühwirth, born April 21, 1998, single, no children. Graduated from secondary school in Wiener Neustadt, one sealed juvenile file. Prostitution at 16, reprimand, no punishment. Built an apartment building in 2018, six apartments for rent. She served four weeks in prison in 2018, plus a €25,000 fine, among other things for prostitution and establishing a prostitution ring with high school girls. Four women live with her in her building. District police report from 2021: Suspected clandestine prostitution. But no issues with renting out the apartments. That's all." Ron nodded to Rosenblatt. "Thanks. A fine harlot, but with a keen eye for details."

Alfred chirped. "Vehicle found, BP gas station south of Wiener Neustadt. Footage from the gas station's security camera." Everyone stared at their screens. At the very edge of the parking lot was the dark blue Passat, a man leaning against the driver's door. It wasn't clear if it was Frank Halter, but the license plate matched. About eight minutes later, an American classic car rolled up, a convertible

like something from the 1940s, purple and white. No one recognized the make. After a brief exchange, Frank and Fatme got into the convertible, she apparently in handcuffs. The convertible drove to the western exit and disappeared. Ron turned to Rosenblatt to give him the assignment, but Rosenblatt just growled, "I'm on it!" There had been two classic cars, purple and white, in the Wiener Neustadt district. He printed out two addresses and handed them to Bodnar, who was already on the phone with the Wiener Neustadt Criminal Investigation Department, fully briefing them. Bodnar relayed the two addresses. Then they waited tensely. Never before had they been so close to Frank Halter.

The first, a burly rocker, had already gone for a ride that morning on his Harley Davidson, clad in leathers with a woman on the back. The grumpy neighbor had no idea which chapter he belonged to, but she knew for sure it was one with a skull and crossbones. Behind the house were four American classic cars, immaculately maintained, among them the convertible they were looking for. The grumpy old woman had no idea what he did for a living; he usually lay under a classic car, tinkering. That was all there was to it. The hood of the convertible, a Cadillac Fleetwood Eldorado, was cold.

The second guy wasn't there either. The neighbor was gushing with excitement. He had flown to Vietnam ten days ago; he had told her himself and given her the keys — watering the plants and feeding the cats, as usual. He went to Vietnam three or four times a year, probably had his sweetheart there, the eccentric old woman giggled. He usually brought back one or two girls from Vietnam, little schoolgirls. They had no shame, she ranted, they sunbathed stark naked in the back garden where no one could see them. Days later they were gone. She had confronted Freddy Eder about it, and he had acted very surprised. "They go work in the restaurant business," he had said. They weren't his girlfriend, although she suspected quite a few things.

Eder certainly wasn't one to turn down a good time, she said, the naked schoolgirls made his blood boil, that much was certain. She had seen it several times: the schoolgirl giving Eder a handjob in the blazing sun, finishing with her mouth, as one should, of course. No,

of course it was a different girl each time, Inspector! She often observed a little girl climbing on top of him, riding and giving it to him good, from beginning to end, a different one each time, of course. In the blazing sunshine, outrageous! Anyway, he wasn't faithful to his sweetheart in Vietnam, the windbag! He was on familiar terms with all the younger wives in the settlement; that says something, doesn't it? Her torrent of words died down; there was nothing more to be gleaned.

The neighbor's restless eyes darted about; she didn't seem to realize that she had unnecessarily admitted to spying on Freddy Eder's private life. The officer managed to elicit from her the confession of how outraged she was that Eder only had sex with the Vietnamese girls but didn't take her, even though she had clearly offered herself to him several times. The officer continued the interrogation cautiously. What did she get for watering the plants and feeding the cats? She was careless, our spy. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. Freddy Eder did it to her, once before and once after his vacation, in his bathroom, in the whirlpool, always several times in a row. He thrust into her until he went soft, the old woman giggled. That was all she got for plants and cats, she said, red with embarrassment. The convertible was parked in front of the house, a Buick Electra 225 Convertible, the police officer noted. Unfortunately, the officer hadn't checked whether the engine was still warm. Bodnar thanked his colleague and hung up. "No match," he grumbled, disappointed.

Ron addressed the group. "We can assume that Halter took another car somewhere, for which there is no record. Fatme was still alive, and that's a good sign. He took his time and hadn't killed her. As in other cases, he spends several wedding nights with his victims before strangling them. We can hope that Fatme still has some time. Alfred will go through the recordings of all the traffic cameras around the two addresses; perhaps we'll find out what kind of car we're looking for. Rosenblatt, send photos of Fatme and Halter to every police officer in and around Wiener Neustadt, along with a description. Anything that might be important. Do the same to every hotel, guesthouse, etc., in the area; they should also keep their eyes open. Bodnar, make me a list of all the properties and real estate be-

longing to Artem Galebnikow, Frank Halter, and Roxane Halter. Every single shed, no matter how small.”

Ron and Rosa typed up the report together. He was so glad she was giving 150%, even though Fatme must have been more of a rival to her. He sat down with President Wallner for half an hour and discussed every detail with him. Wallner would brief the Interior Minister, as is required for any major manhunt.

Ron stayed in contact with the watchful Alfred while he showered and changed into fresh clothes after two days. He was just about to start cooking when the doorbell rang. It was Rosa. She came into the apartment, carrying her laptop in a bag. “I’m just keeping you company, nothing more.” Ron said, “There’s roasted ground beef with spaghetti and canned sauce. Similar to spaghetti Bolognese.” Rosa nodded, “Sure, I’m really hungry.” She worked on her laptop while he cooked. They ate without rushing; he had served cold beer. “The fridge is full of beer, we need to make room for carrots,” he chuckled as he fetched the third beer. Their only topic of conversation was Fatme’s kidnapping, until deep into the night.

“I’m sleeping on the sofa,” Ron announced, but Rosa objected. “What do you always say? We need you well-rested and ironed tomorrow. I’ll do the ironing. No, don’t worry, no romantic nonsense. Just a friend who serves with Eros, but this time without Thanatos. A friendly helping hand, as Wallner had put it regarding Ludmilla. So, don’t be a silly frog and come to bed!” Ron hesitated. Rosa, in a negligee with nothing underneath, smiled at him kindly and honestly. “Fatme would understand,” he sighed finally, lay down in bed, and turned off the light.

His hand slid down Rosa’s back. It was scarred, probably ugly scarred. “He disfigured you, that makes it very personal for you, Rosa. He owes you something, and you will get your revenge, you will give him a good thrashing and I will look the other way, I promise. He’s scarring me right now, the miserable swine. It will give me satisfaction when the judge properly tears him apart in court and locks him up.” They were silent and smoked in silence.

Alfred hadn't been able to find anything concrete. "The only things that caught my eye were a dirty-yellow Mercedes 220 D and a dark green, relatively new Range Rover. Both were equally likely, but I'd still bet on the Range Rover." He'd lost track of the Mercedes on the way to the Vienna Forrest; the Range Rover had headed straight south, where its trail disappeared on the country roads. Ron was grateful to the computer; it was reassuring to have such a watchful eye behind him. Rosenblatt hunched over the screen, but without success. There were tens of thousands of Mercedes and Range Rovers. Bodnar, still sleepy, investigated Freddy Eder to see if there was any connection to Halter. All he found out was that Eder regularly sold Vietnamese girls to massage parlors, etc. He wrote a separate report and emailed it to the vice squad. But they got nowhere. That evening, Rosa remarked, "It's my turn today. I'm bringing steaks and frozen fries. Red wine?" Ron smiled broadly. "Spanish is never out of place." He went home and took over the cooking, something he was better at than Rosa.

The close surveillance of the Halter house had been discontinued since Frank had kidnapped Fatme. Bodnar was agitated and nervous; obviously, his daughter was giving him a hard time. Ron was sometimes annoyed; a detective wasn't supposed to be agitated or nervous. So he decided to send Bodnar to the bars more often, hoping to find a lead on Halter or his associates. It was a dead end, and nothing came of it, but the department worked more calmly and with greater focus when the impulsive man was out of the way.

The week passed, then a second, and a third.

Ron's phone chirped. He answered; it was Frank Halter. Ron raised his hand, silence was immediately declared, Alfred switched on the speakerphones, President Wallner jumped to his feet and stared through the glass door. Ron's pulse raced when he heard Frank's voice, the tension of three weeks making his knees tremble. Frank asked Fatme to say hello to Ron. Ron heard Fatme's voice for the first time in weeks, in what felt like an eternity. "I'm unharmed," Fatme said, "the guest said today is my last day. Thank you for everything. Goodbye! Goodbye!" Frank took the phone. "I'm quite touched, Ronald. But I have to tell you, Fatme's no good. I expected

more from an escort girl, much more.” Frank’s laughter turned into nervous grumbling. “Well, has that left you speechless, Ronald?” Ron was as calm as an ice cube. “I’ll make you eat your own balls, you scum.”

Ron ignored the president’s gesticulating. “I’ll give you that in writing, you miserable pig. Playing the tough guy around women, huh? You’d shit yourself around a real man, crawling like a worm.” Frank grumbled. “Eat my balls? That’s not going to happen, not in a million years.” He took a deep breath. “Fatme’s golden sheen turned out to be cheap costume jewelry. That was very disappointing and sobering. Under other circumstances, I’d throw her at your feet and tell you to keep her, she’s no good.” Frank breathed heavily. “Today, I was disgusted by her passive disinterest, I can tell you that. I’ve decided to cut our honeymoon short. I’m going to give her one from Rosa’s magnificent Heckler & Koch pistol, right after I’ve finished you off.”

Ron said, “If you do that, you’re choosing a bullet; they’re not going to put you in prison. It’s your decision, and it’s neither brilliant nor wise.” Wallner threw his arms up to the sky in despair. Halter’s murder wasn’t to be announced! You didn’t say something like that out loud, damn it! Ron felt a cold hand squeeze his heart. “Well, if there’s nothing else ...” but Frank interrupted him hastily. “Slow down, Ronald, wait a minute. If I’m seeing this right, it’s High-Noon now. I want to be standing right in front of you, looking into your eyes, when I put a bullet in your brain. So grab your rifle, god-dammit, and get going. At Gasometer C, out in the open, that’s where Fatme and I are waiting for you. Up on the roof.” Click, the line went dead.

Wordlessly, Ron grabbed his jacket and ran downstairs after Rosenblatt. They hailed the first police car they could find, and Rosenblatt sped east with flashing lights and sirens blaring, running red lights without taking his foot off the accelerator. Ron took his pistol from its holster and checked it carefully. “I’ll go up there alone, have an impenetrable cordon set up around the gasometer. Don’t let a single mouse through if Halter wins. You’ve got to get him, damn it. Very clever of him, the gasometer’s packed full of apartments, so

that's how he's planning his escape. So, be thorough." Rosenblatt didn't take his eyes off the road or his foot off the gas. "First shot, right between the eyes. Don't waste any time, take him out once and for all." He sped on at breakneck speed, having already left the other police cars far behind.

With screeching tires, they pulled up in front of Gasometer C. The city of Vienna had built three enormous gas storage tanks 150 years ago; since then, they had been repurposed — shops, apartments, a disco. They got out of the car and looked up. "Take the elevator, or your hands will shake," Rosenblatt said. Ron nodded and nodded toward the parking lot. "Form a cordon all around!" Then he ran into the imposing building. The elevator was waiting at the bottom; he went all the way to the top. He got his breathing under control, but his pulse was still racing. He found the door marked "Maintenance" and kicked it in brutally with his shoes. His fear of heights took his breath away when he saw the larger window with the iron ladder. There was no way around it; that was the only way to the roof. He climbed out, overcoming all his fears, and scaled the iron ladder, the pistol between his teeth. He cautiously peered around as he reached the roof. There, directly opposite, stood Fatme, her tattered dress flapping in the wind. She was clutching the rusty, man-high vent valve with both hands. Behind her, Frank huddled, one hand around her waist, the other holding the pistol at the ready.

A well-meaning handyman had laid down a scrap of carpet for better footing. The thickly painted, formerly retractable and rounded silo roof was damp and slippery as ice. Ron scrambled up and stood on the carpet scrap, never taking his eyes off Fatme and Frank. He had a firm footing on the carpet and bent his knees, his other hand supporting his pistol hand, and assumed a firing position. "Hey, I'm here, Frank!" he shouted, aiming down the barrel. The icy wind carried Frank's laughter away. Ron wondered if he could shoot past Fatme, but the killer used her well as cover. "High noon, Ronald, high noon!" Frank shouted triumphantly, grumbling as he laughed. "Just the two of us, man against man!" Frank was elated with his victory. "Oh yeah, and Fatme. Are you going to shoot her to get to me?" Ron couldn't see an inch of Frank, who was cleverly ducking behind Fatme.

“Bacaklarınızı açın!” Ron yelled in Turkish, which meant “Spread your legs!” Before Frank knew what was happening, Fatme spread her legs wide. Ron saw Frank’s legs and fired immediately, twice. The bullets ripped through Frank’s knees, practically exploding his kneecaps, and exited at the backs of his knees, leaving devastating craters. Fatme screamed shrilly and jumped aside in terror, still clutching the rusty metal pipe. Frank was still standing, his face contorted in disbelief and horror. Ron’s third bullet struck Frank in the abdomen. Frank screamed bloody murder and threw his arms up in the air. Ron’s last bullet ripped across Frank’s skull, splitting the bone. His arms flung high, Frank jerked backward and upward like a rag doll. He fell backward in slow motion, his lifeless body hitting the edge of the roof and then sliding over the edge. Frank floated like a blackbird, fluttering into the abyss, and hit the asphalt 75 meters below.

Ron straightened up. Fatme had screamed her lungs out and fell now silent, then cautiously circled the semicircular roof and threw her arms around Ron’s neck. Rosa crawled over the edge of the roof and holstered her pistol. “You’re bleeding, Ronald, you’re bleeding!” Rosa shouted into the wind. Fatme let go of Ron and looked down at him. “There’s a hole in your pants, Hakim!” she whispered, stunned, staring at Rosa. Rosa said, “A gunshot wound in the thigh, we need to put a tourniquet on it.” She looked around and spotted Fatme’s cloth belt. “Your belt, Fatme!” she commanded, impatiently untying Fatme’s belt herself. Rosa knelt behind Ron and tied off his thigh just below the groin, tightening the knot as much as she could. “We need to get out of here fast, he needs to get to the hospital as quickly as possible.” Rosa was the first to climb down the iron ladder, followed by Ron and Fatme; the hardest part was over. After they’d climbed through the window, Ron looked at Rosa. “I don’t feel a thing, no pain at all.” Rosa nudged him in the side. “Sure, Mr. Wooden Leg. It’s the adrenaline pumping through your veins, nothing but adrenaline!” Rosa supported Ron. “I was aiming down the barrel of my pistol, and I would have put a bullet in his face if you’d missed, Ron. But four accurate shots in under five seconds, that really surprised me.” While they waited for the elevator, Rosa offered Fatme her hand. “I’m Rosa, Rosa Morgentau, Ron’s colleague and friend.” Fatme re-

turned the handshake. “Fatme, Fatme Ökdemir. I’m also Ron’s friend. I’m so glad to meet you. Ron speaks very highly of you, Rosa.”

Fatme sat beside Ron’s bed in the hospital. The bullet had narrowly missed his femoral artery and lodged in his thigh. The operation had lasted over half an hour; the bullet was out, and the bandage was secure. An IV was running into his arm. Ron was still asleep. Rosa wanted to take Fatme with her, but she shook her head firmly. “When he’s awake, when I can hear his voice.” Rosa nodded; she would be back in three hours.

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Twilight of the Gods

by István Rudas © 2026

The office was buzzing like a beehive. President Wallner had taken over; there was a lot to do. After the hunt, the big cleanup began. The president went down to the forensic medicine morgue to see Frank Halter himself. Dr. Gangl explained everything. “Two shots, precise to the knees. One shot to the intestines. One shot across the cranium, the skull. That split his skull bone and tore away lots of brain matter. The other injuries were the result of the fall from a great height, but he was already dead by then.” Dr. Gangl glanced briefly at the president. “Hofstätter is a good shot, four precise shots from 30 meters. Wadcutter ammunition, Hofstätter played it safe. Not just a tickle, but a man-stopping, lethal shot.” He turned fully to the president and looked up into his eyes. “I see the eight poor women before my eyes, as well as the three dead judges and the dead bodyguard. I see Ms. Morgentau’s battered back before me, which I had to oint and bandage for weeks afterward. I’m glad that this senseless slaughter is finally over. I’m only human, and I feel the horror just like everyone else.” Wallner silently squeezed his hand, then left.



Fatme sat by Ron’s bedside for four days and four nights. She only got up when Ron dozed, then she washed her face and used Ron’s toilet. Like him, she received the simple hospital food. Rosa came by regularly. Fatme shook her head, “No, thank you! I’m staying with him, no matter how long it takes.” It was a statement, not a point for discussion. Ron was mentally alert again by the first afternoon, and by the third day he was already limping around the room, until the nurse shooed him back into bed. He was discharged late in the morning of the fifth day. Leaning on Fatme’s arm, he limped to the taxi.

Fatme stood under the hot shower for almost an hour until the boiler was empty. Ron sat beside her at the stove, where she cooked under his guidance. Rosa had done the shopping, Fatme sliced the pork loin and fried the small medallion pieces in butter. Then she

fried the broccoli, the carrot slices, and finally the halved tomatoes. Rosa arrived right on time with the flatbreads from the Turkish bakery, and they ate happily. They didn't skimp on the canned beer; the refrigerator was still bursting at the seams. The meal was delicious.

Ron pushed his plate back. "Fatme, I have to tell you something. Rosa and I did it every night, really properly, with ejaculation and wildly, over and over again, until we were exhausted..." Fatme put her fingers over his lips. "If I were your girlfriend, I would have slept with you just like that, no question. That's perfectly normal, Hakim. To make sure you stay and can be a strong man." Fatme placed her hand on Rosa's forearm. "You're a good friend, Rosa, and thank you. - And now we won't talk about that anymore. Tell me instead how little Bodnar managed to lure the old grump into her cave." Now all three of them laughed with relief, and Rosa recounted the story with meticulous accuracy.

After each encounter, Rosa had lain on Bodnar's broad chest and coaxed every detail about Laura out of him. They had been real, in-depth interrogations. Ron had no idea how good Rosa could be at pantomime. Perhaps Rosa embellished it here and there, but the story was spicy and delightful, and Rosa loved to be raunchy. Rosa used both hands to bring the pantomime to life. Ron and Fatme laughed until they cried, because when Rosa mimed Bodnar's wrinkled face during the happy ending, or when he mounted Yvette and his smug, self-satisfied grin when he pushed Yvette away afterward, or when Laura had milked his seed with strained sweat, they doubled over with delight. Of course, Rosa mimed Yvette and Laura perfectly, the tip of her tongue tucked into the corner of her mouth and sweating from the exertion of milking and slurping. And Rosa's whole body wobbled as she strained to milk the air with her fist like a wild woman, her tongue tucked into the corner of her mouth. And then, like a chaste virgin, she flinched in surprise when she had her lips drawn over the invisible glans and the invisible fluid splashed into her mouth, and then they both shrieked with pleasure.

Fatme and Ron held their breath as Rosa bent over backwards and shrieked, "Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me good!" And then she turned around, playing the old man: "Yes, come here, you dirty cunt, I'm go-

ing to fuck you senseless now, I've always wanted to!" Now Rosa played both roles alternately: the deflowering, the long fucking, and — pfft! pfft! pfft! — Bodnar's laborious ejaculation. Ron and Fatme rolled around, clutching their aching sides, because they had to laugh and whinny.



Rosenblatt slapped Ron on the back in delight as he limped back into the office. "Didn't I tell you, Hofstätter could hit a fly from 100 meters! Bravo, Hofstätter, you've put an end to that monstrosity... and saved us a lot of trouble. I mean, of course, all the paperwork, hey!" Rosenblatt sat down with Ron by the screen and showed him all the reports and documents that he and Bodnar had produced. "Rosa dictated the showdown to me; she's an eyewitness, after all. Speaking of eyewitnesses, you two have to go to the magistrate and give your statements, you and Rosa as witnesses. A fatal shooting — that's the rule."

Bodnar came over. "Ron, the press conference with the old man was top-notch. Not a word about the Wild West or High Noon. The victims' portraits were displayed as posters behind him; the press also received them by email. He named all the victims and said a few words about each one, so you could get a sense of the eight police-women, the bodyguard, and the three judges. He was very emotional when he spoke about the judges. "For me, they weren't just names on slips of paper dangling from a dead toe." - "No, they were friends of mine, good friends." The hunt had lasted 11 months and 17 days. Then 75 officers surrounded the cop killer Frank Halter, a brief exchange of gunfire, and the serial killer was dead. One officer was shot but is already on the road to recovery. The Galebnikov and Halter cases are closed and will be archived, for good this time." Bodnar gesticulated wildly. "And then the chief stood up and stared at the crowd, like a lion tamer at his lions. It was deathly silent. And then he thundered, 'Ladies and gentlemen, please either quote me verbatim or put down your pen.' Television broadcast this press conference three times, three times! And the next day, at least in the better newspapers, there was no nonsense; Wallner was quoted word for word."



Wallner entered the aquarium with a bottle of Glenfiddich, and Rosenblatt quickly fetched five glasses from the coffee bar. The president poured. “We gave 150% for a year, and now we’ve finally caught him. Despite all the cunning, treachery, and tricks, your solid detective work and a bit of luck made us victorious. Let’s drink to that!” Wallner raised his glass in their toast, remaining standing with it, and continued. “And let’s raise a glass to the health of our good Bodnar. He’s leaving us after 37 years as a police officer, vice squad member, and detective. He’s taking early retirement at the end of this week; the personnel department has already taken care of everything. Bodnar, here’s to 37 years of loyal service! Cheers!” They drank, more or less surprised. Wallner sat down. “Bodnar, I told you so. That Kerzendocht incident took you out of the running. You’ve become sleep-deprived, unfocused, and unreliable. I can’t let the spearhead go blunt, you understand. Early retirement is fine, isn’t it?” Bodnar nodded, a lump in his throat. “Thank you, Mr. President!” he finally managed. Wallner turned to Rosa. “The new guy starts next month; I chose him myself, not the minister. A capable fellow, five years of police service, a detective through and through. He’ll fit in well with us, I think.”

The Scotsman, of course, hit them right in the guts, but an hour later everyone was at their screens, getting on with their work.



Fatme allowed herself exactly five minutes of break, then pulled out her laptop and dove into the material for the third semester. But she wasn’t fully focused. She went shopping and tried to cook. Spaghetti and ground beef; she had found a recipe for Bolognese. She was in despair; the half-kilo of ground beef was burning in the pan. When Ron came home, he took it in stride. They ate spaghetti with canned pesto sauce and drank beer. Ron flushed the burnt ground beef down the toilet; it was better if the fish in the Vienna Canal got sick. Fatme was still sitting at the table, turning the beer glass between her fingers. Ron sat down next to her and waited patiently.

Fatme glanced up briefly and then looked down again. “Hakim, I’m pregnant. Frank, of course, hadn’t brought any pills. He took me every day and grinned wickedly because my body reacted so quickly during sex. I was ashamed of it, even though I usually enjoy the ecstasy. You know how easily it goes for me, even with most of the guests. Now I’m pregnant. I’ve taken four pregnancy tests yesterday and today, all positive. I don’t want his child, I don’t want to carry his child to term.” Ron took her hand and stroked it gently. “It’s kind of murder, but I don’t want his child, I’d rather die,” Fatme whispered. Ron roared, “There’s no dying here, Fatme, don’t talk nonsense! He raped you and got you pregnant. No discussion necessary. Don’t make it so hard on yourself, you’re not turning against the child, but against the rapist, and rightly so. Of course I’ll go with you to the clinic, I stand by you, I’m your man, Fatme.” She squeezed his hand and smiled. “I was sure you’d take my hand and hold on tight, Hakim. Thank you, and thank you again.”

“But I won’t let you get away with the mincemeat murder. We’ll practice until we can eat it. Cooking isn’t hard, I think. You’ll learn it in no time.” Fatme breathed a sigh of relief. They were a goddamn good team, she and Hakim. She didn’t contact the pimp until 10 days after the abortion. Life went on; the kidnapping, the rapes, and her captivity lay far behind her, shrouded in the mists of the past.

She carefully applied her makeup, smoothed her evening gown, and went to her escort appointment. The pimp swallowed hard when she told him that the triple price had just doubled. “That’s right,” she emphasized, oblivious to Charly’s distressed expression. She told him casually that the price would double and double until it simply became too expensive for the clients. They would stop coming, and that was the whole point. But Fatme was wrong. The clients readily handed over the bills; after all, it was just printed paper, wasn’t it? They all wanted a happy ending with this expensive, high-class woman, no matter the cost!



Ron knew she would continue escorting, even after they had taken their vows before the Imam. She would continue escorting until she

decided, for example, that she was too old. No, since Frank had been with her nonstop for three weeks, it was essential for her to experience other bodies and orgasms with other men, in addition to those with Ron, her “married” orgasms. They had talked through entire nights, and Ron realized how much she had changed. Fatme lay with her face on his chest, her tears streaming down it. He held her head, her hair, and caressed her, for they were closer than they had been in a long time. Fatme was now walking a tightrope; she no longer simply processed her paying clients professionally and quickly, “in-out-in-out-thank you, Madame.” No, she wanted to feel her own emotions; she no longer wanted to see her body merely as a money-making machine. No, she wanted, she needed feelings, sensations, ecstasy, orgasms with many different men. The men had paid for the privilege of taking her completely, that was okay. But she only surrendered so that she could feel it too — the arousal, the surge of emotions, yes, even the orgasm, even if she sometimes had to use her clit to help.

Fatme’s tears dripped onto his chest, but her whispering voice was steady. “Hakim, I have to be honest with you. And more importantly, I have to be honest with myself. Who I am, and not who I pretend to be. The first time I was allowed to lie down with Dad, I was breathlessly curious and ready to receive him completely. The tearing of my hymen wasn’t the spectacular thing; it was the beautiful, even sacred feeling of him gently and tenderly pounding me to climax for many minutes, and only then, ecstatically, he pumped his seed into me, jet for jet, kissing my lips after every single jet. He kissed my lips with every jet and I was overjoyed. My body signaled how right and how beautiful being pumped into was. Even when Charly rented me out the first few times, long before I started escorting, I breathlessly anticipated the moment when the man would penetrate me. That was the real thing, the way I, how my body reacted to his thrusting and pumping, and what I felt. And when I started escorting, I wanted to experience that again and again. Yes, that was me, that was my true self.”

When you later asked me to save the ‘full passionate program’ for you, I agreed. I certainly didn’t give the guest everything just to get close to you. But it meant denying my true self. It was Frank who

reawakened me. He tried, of course, to get me drunk and make me compliant. He made me swallow poppers, a whole lot of them. Only then did my body react, entirely according to his will. I became more driven than ever before, and he grinned from ear to ear because now he had me where he wanted me. Every day, in the face of death, I returned to my true self. I let my body feel and experience things again and no longer denied my ecstasy. Frank, that idiot, naturally attributed it to his equipment and his ‘fabulous skills.’ Pah! But I knew it was only me who gave my true self complete freedom. And precisely in those situations, with imminent death before my eyes and insatiable Frank between my thighs, impaled by his enormous member and pumped like a steam engine, then it was like scales falling from my eyes. It was his enormous thing that held my flesh in his iron grip and dragged my flesh in and out of my fuckhole, giving me orgasms in no time at all, and I jumped like a little goat from orgasm to orgasm while his monster dragged the flesh of my fuckhole in and out. No, I would never again pretend to be my true self, never again. When I resumed escorting, my true self experienced true, genuine feelings again when I was pounded or licked by the client, yes. Hakim, I know now who I am. Who I want to be.” Fatme’s soul trembled, but she simply couldn’t imagine it any other way.

Ron was no longer so sure whether he would and could continue to approach escorting with such detachment. Nevertheless, or perhaps precisely because of this, she clung to the idea of marriage. “No, you don’t need to convert to Islam, Hakim,” she had said. “It’s quite enough if only one of us belongs to that abominable medieval religious and cultural community. And I won’t raise my children to be Muslims, that’s for sure. I’ll raise them without the straitjacket of my religion or yours, and when they’re older, they can decide for themselves.” Ron had smiled; he hadn’t expected anything different. “And if we do marry,” Ron added, “it will only be to make the official declaration of our deep connection. But it’s not time for that yet, my love.”

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Fatme tells her story

Fatme's sexuality awakened around the age of seven. Before, she hadn't paid any attention when her father had sex with her mother in the evenings. Now, however, it was extremely interesting, and she snuggled her small, naked body close to her mother's nudity whenever her father bent over her open thighs. Fatme laid her face on her mother's inner thigh to get a close look. Her mother spread her labia and grasped her father's stiff penis, which she slowly and deliberately pushed in, deep inside, until it was completely enclosed. Then he thrust gently in and out, and this lasted quite a while, probably ten minutes. Fatme, her face resting on her mother's inner thigh, watched as her mother became increasingly aroused; obviously, her mother loved this sex very much. She began to pant loudly and wiggle her hips, whispering, "Ali, I'm coming!" And then Fatme knew that just seconds later, Mama was writhing and twitching, clinging to Papa, her face contorted in pain. Mama had explained to Fatme that this was perfectly normal, that it wasn't pain, but rather the wonderful inner explosion. Now Papa straightened up and lifted Mama's buttocks by her hips. He fucked her furiously fast and ejaculated inside her, because that's how babies were made. Mama grinned shamelessly and patted Papa's buttocks as he fucked her furiously, ejaculating inside her. Fatme could see from his penis and thick urethra that the semen was shooting through, and Papa's testicles were bouncing up and down. So that was what fucking was all about, and Fatme stared for a long time into Mom's cunt, from which Dad's slime was oozing out again.

Mom didn't masturbate very often, maybe two or three times a week, right after breakfast, when Dad had left the house. Dad didn't really mind, but she wasn't supposed to do it in front of him. Little Fatme, who regularly skipped school, was allowed to be there, though. She watched Mom very closely, on the one hand, how her finger did it technically, and on the other hand, Mom's facial expressions were extremely interesting. Strained, yes — but at the same time full of gentle passion. Mom masturbated very gently and for at least 15 minutes. When Fatme turned eight, she did it too, and Mom

would glance over at her and nod because Fatme was doing it right. Fatme now masturbated at the same time as Mom, which created even more closeness and connection.

Mama became ill and knew instinctively that her end was near. She worried deeply about Papa and Fatme's future. She went to a matchmaker who suggested three older girls: Yasmin, 29; Elif, 28; and Aishe, 31. Mama spoke with Papa for a long time; he was not even 50 and had to sleep with all three girls and decide which one he wanted to keep after her own death. Papa initially refused, but eventually relented. When one of the girls came for sex in the evening, Mama would retreat to the guest room. The girls came every evening for a whole year, sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs, and sometimes even in groups of three. Fatme, by then 12 or 13, had been given specific tasks. First, she had to spread the girl's labia with her fingers and guide Papa's penis so that he could penetrate her slowly and deliberately. Secondly, Fatme had to pull Papa's penis out in time so that he wouldn't ejaculate inside her and unintentionally make her a baby. Fatme did this second task reluctantly, because it was so exciting to watch Papa's urethra as the semen shot through and his testicles bounced up and down.

Yasmin was 29 and had already slept with hundreds of men; she was the most experienced of the three. But she was always very depressed and miserable, yes, you could say that. You could always hear her say, "Mr. Ali, you can fuck me as you please, that's fine. But please don't cum inside, I don't want a baby yet, I'm still too young for that. So, please don't cum inside!" Now Fatme bent over Yasmin and spread her labia wide. Yasmin's cunt was already quite large, and her clitoris had remained very small despite vigorous, frequent masturbation. Fatme now pulled back Papa's foreskin completely and guided his penis until it found the entrance to Yasmin's cunt. As always, Papa pushed his penis slowly and deliberately into Yasmin's cunt, all the way in. Fatme didn't withdraw her hand but left it resting on Yasmin's labia until the end. No matter how much Yasmin slapped her dad's buttocks to make him go faster, he wouldn't be rushed and fucked slowly and deliberately as always. After a long thrust, Dad whispered, "Fatme, now, I'm about to come!" and Fatme carefully withdrew his penis. Fatme grinned maliciously because Dad

had already ejaculated hard into Yasmin's hole even as he pulled out. Fatme would then pull out his penis, masturbate the ejaculating Dad's cock for a second time with her hand, and let the stream spray into Yasmin's fuckhole from the outside. We have to know, that Fatme liked it very much to masturbate her Dad's cock, that's for certain. Yasmin kept glancing uncertainly at Fatme, wondering if she had really pulled out in time. Fatme grinned, "Of course, Auntie!" Auntie was the respectful way to address a woman older than oneself. Dad usually fucked Yasmin a second time, but now Fatme let him ejaculate completely inside her before she withdrew his penis. After fucking, Yasmin always masturbated because she never had an orgasm during sex. Then Papa sent Yasmin home.

Elif was about 28 and not particularly pretty. But she always came home clean and lightly perfumed, because she loved her cleanliness. Fatme wasn't sure if Elif even knew that babies came from ejaculation. In any case, Elif liked letting Papa ejaculate inside her, again and again. Fatme only pulled Papa's penis out when he asked her to. Fatme would then pull out his penis, masturbate the ejaculating man's cock with her hand, and let the stream spray into Elif's fuckhole from the outside. Fatme would masturbate the ejaculating man's cock for a second time with her hand, so that the father would moan in pleasure and let after some minutes the jets spray into Elif's fuckhole from the outside. Elif didn't orgasm during sex either, and only over time did Fatme find out that Elif masturbated about once or twice a month, but she was incredibly embarrassed. Of the three girls, Elif was the one Fatme liked the most. But Papa wasn't very fond of her, because in his opinion, Elif was an uneducated idiot who only had sex on her mind. In the long run, that wouldn't work; Dad expected a bit more personality from a wife.

Aishe was already 31 and a mountain of a woman, she must have weighed 180 kg. But she was the funniest of the three of them; she was intelligent, educated, and sexually very active. Despite her weight, Dad liked her very much, and when time allowed, he even fucked her three times before evening. She was the first woman with a completely shaved pussy Fatme had ever seen. But this pussy was very deep hidden under all that fat. Fatme grinned sheepishly as she searched for her labia before fucking. As always, she pulled Dad's

foreskin all the way back and guided his cock to Aishe's entrance. As always, Dad penetrated slowly and deliberately until he reached the end, because Aishe had a very small, tight pussy. Fatme could see the joy and ecstasy with which Dad fucked this woman. She really knew a lot about fucking and always came, which made Papa very proud. She didn't like it when Fatme pulled his penis out. "I'm on the pill, I'm not crazy!" But Fatme liked to masturbate Dad's cock and masturbate Dad's cock for a second time with her hand, so that the father would moan in pleasure and let after some minutes the jets spill into Aishes's fuckhole from the outside. And so Papa, panting and sweating, ejaculated again into her little hole, because Aishe was very tight. Fatme knew that because of her terrible weight, she wasn't suitable for Papa. Nevertheless, Fatme was always happy when Aishe came to fuck her. Aishe stroked her hair when Fatme's face rested on her inner thighs during sex. Fatme was always very surprised at how much Papa's penis stretched Aishe's little hole and then fucked her slowly and deliberately. Aishe liked this style very much; you could see it when she gradually worked her way up the hill to her orgasm. During the breaks, Fatme played with Aishe's clitoris, which Aishe also loved. But it would never have occurred to Fatme to rub her aunt to orgasm; that would have been an unseemly transgression of moral boundaries.

Fatme disliked going to school. In fact, she only went to have a little sex. Her particular boyfriend was Mehmet, a brutish guy with a big BMW, which he mainly used for sex. As long as Fatme was still a virgin, Mehmet let her masturbate him and watched her masturbate herself. But she wasn't in love with him, because he changed his girlfriends like he changed his shirts. They usually drove to the edge of the woods, to a secluded spot. There, Mehmet would have sex with his "girlfriend of the day" in the back seat, and Fatme would watch them from the passenger seat. Mehmet usually had his buddies there, and when he was finished, he'd open the back door and let the next one have his way. Most of the girls already knew; only a few were truly surprised. That's how it happened that Mehmet's girlfriend was fucked by half a dozen guys in a row. Later, when Fatme was no longer a virgin, she let herself be fucked in the back seat like the other girls; she found it very funny and had an orgasm with every guy. Finally, she uninhibitedly masturbated in front of the boys, be-

cause they enjoyed watching her act. So that was Fatme's school time; she learned nothing, or almost nothing, except public sex and public masturbation.

Papa sat by Mama's sickbed all day. His whole heart belonged to his wife, and he wanted to care for her himself until her last breath and be with her as she died. He gave up his job, and they went hungry. That was Kismet, fate. He ate very little, giving everything to his wife and Fatme. Nevertheless, they quickly became impoverished, and hunger was their constant companion until the end of the year. His wife decided that none of the three aunts were suitable for him, and he promised to kick them all to the curb as soon as she died. Mother passed away peacefully, and they buried her the next day. Papa kept his word and stopped inviting the three aunts over for sex. He had slept with them every day for a year and had had enough. Fatme lay beside him, and they held each other in their arms; it was easier to grieve together. "Papa, I can do it for you with my hand, because I do it for the boys, too." Papa thought about it for days. Then he agreed; he wasn't cut out for abstinence. Fatme sat up and slowly pulled his foreskin up and down. She knew he liked it slow and deliberate. "May I drink your semen, Daddy?" Fatme whispered, and he nodded. Before he came, she put her lips around his penis, let her tongue dance playfully, and continued to rub it. He ejaculated deep into her throat, and she swallowed his semen just as she did with the boys. Afterward, Daddy took her in his arms and caressed her. Could he masturbate her clit? Yes, of course, Fatme said, willingly spreading her thighs. Daddy was really good at it; he wasn't as rough and clumsy as the boys at school. She closed her eyes and let her orgasm build and wash over her. For the time being, this mutual masturbation was good and sufficient; they soon got over their grief.

"Daddy, wouldn't you like to sleep and fuck with me like you did with Mommy, Yasmin, Elif, and Aishe?" He scratched his head. "Yes, actually, but it has to be your decision, my love. I'm not the type to rape my own child, okay?" Fatme nodded; she understood that quite well. After all, she was almost 14 and one of the few virgins among her peers. Yes, she longed to be fucked by Daddy; she knew that. "Daddy, I never let my boys fuck me. I told them my dad would be my First, and that's what I want, with all my heart. Yes, I want to give

you my virginity and become your little wife too, if you choose me over Aishe, Daddy!" She put her arm around Daddy's neck. "Please, take me, because I want to be your little wife until you find someone else to marry, okay?" Papa hugged her tightly. "You're so sweet, Fatme, you always make me so happy. I even forget I'm hungry."

"The first time will sting, maybe even hurt, my love," he murmured. "I know, Papa, I know. I've heard it from all my girlfriends, and that I shouldn't be afraid, it's a portal through which I must enter into womanhood. I really want you to be my First, Papa — not one of my boys. I'm very attached to you, Papa!" She couldn't manage any more declarations of love at the moment; she was very excited. Papa adjusted her. "I'll guide your cock as always, Papa," she breathed, pulling back his foreskin completely. Then she guided his cock to the entrance of her virgin cunt. She noticed his tears. "Daddy, I love you so much. You don't need to cry, you won't hurt me. I'm exactly the right age to have my hymen broken. And I'm so incredibly happy that it's you and not Mehmet or Freddy or Lorenz. Please don't be sad, Daddy."

Knowing something purely theoretically and experiencing it practically were two very different things. Fatme felt his penis making its way in, slowly and carefully. She felt her hymen stretch, but she wouldn't scream for anything in the world, scaring Daddy with pointless cries. For what seemed like an eternity, her hymen stretched more and more until it was about to tear. Then, a tiny prick, and the hymen ruptured. She felt his penis now fully penetrate her. Deep inside. "You are a woman now, Fatme, my love. And it makes me so proud that you let me do it," he whispered. "I'm going to fuck you like a real woman now, and we'll learn how to fuck together in the next few days."

She would remember this first fucking for the rest of her life. Daddy fucked her slowly and deliberately, for perhaps 15 to 20 minutes. It was a strange, completely new sensation, the way his cock thrust in and out of her, slowly and deliberately, just as he liked it. She gazed at his dear face, full of affection. She felt the lust and the desire for orgasm gradually creeping higher in her loins, making her clit of pleasure and the immense lust raging in her clit. She pressed

her clit tightly against the shaft, so that with every movement, it scraped against the shaft, sending tiny flashes of pleasure through her. Fatme whispered, "Daddy, I'm coming!" and then the orgasm rolled in and washed over her. She squealed with pleasure and clung to Daddy. This orgasm was somehow completely different from the ones she had while masturbating. Daddy now grabbed her by the hips and lifted her ass, so that her cunt opened like a blooming flower. He fucked her very hard and powerfully, and his semen shot into her in powerful jets. She purred with lust and grinned inwardly; so this is what it felt like to make a baby! He kissed her eyes, and his penis remained still inside her until it began to soften. He lay down wearily beside her. "Daddy, wasn't that wonderful?" Fatme whispered, afraid that the beautiful feelings would escape. Daddy nodded; he was exhausted and needed to doze off a little.

She let Daddy fuck her thoroughly every day, sometimes several times a day. With Daddy's help, she learned to race up the hill to orgasm and then stay there, bouncing from orgasm to orgasm until he came. These orgasms were the most wonderful she had ever experienced. She felt very clearly how her relationship with Daddy was changing, and a strong bond was forming between them. She didn't go to school as often anymore to have a little sex. Of course, from then on she let Mehmet and all his buddies fuck her in the back of the BMW; sometimes there were five or six guys taking turns fucking her. And, to be honest, she had the most wonderful orgasms when she was being fucked by half a dozen cocks, and now she was urging Mehmet to order his friends to the parking lot. Mehmet shook his head at the little one who let everyone fuck her so insatiably. But the best fucking was in the evening or at night with Dad; he was definitely the best of them all.

The poverty and hunger were oppressive. Fatme approached her father about selling herself for sex and earning money that way. Papa was utterly horrified. But after a week, he picked up the thread again. How did she envision that? Well, Fatme already had an address at hand: a classmate was a busy prostitute and had given her the phone number of a pimp. Papa called this Charly, and he was immediately interested. He worked for Madame Florence, the most famous Madam in Vienna, who ran her business from her Fleischmarkt resi-

dence. Now, tough negotiations ensued between Papa and Charly, who wanted to buy her on behalf of and for Madame Florence. Papa drove the price up to dizzying heights until they reached an agreement. And so it came to pass that Papa sold his Fatme to Charly for Madame. Fatme, now over 14, thus entered prostitution. But it was worth it; Papa no longer had to go hungry. Dad bought Fatme some pretty, daring dresses and makeup, then let her go to Charly's.

Charly wasn't the type she would have willingly gone with. She had to undress completely in front of him, and he thoroughly examined every inch of her body. Then he took some nude photos for Madame. Fatme asked, bewildered, if he wanted to fuck her? Charly laughed raucously, that cur. "Madame would chop my penis off herself and feed it to her dogs! No, what do you think? I can do anything, but I can't fuck any of the girls without Madame's explicit permission! Oh my God, you must have grown up in the sticks with the seven dwarfs! You still have a lot to learn. You can't run this business without a clue. So remember, if you have your eye on one of Madame's men or girls, be sure to ask her permission first. Otherwise, you'll be in deep trouble!" Fatme nodded; she would learn all of this.

Charly looked at the wardrobe that Dad had bought. He chose something simple, something girlish. He helped her apply her makeup properly — just a little, so she would look like a little girl. Then he led her into the back room, where her first client was waiting for her. A senior teacher, whose eyes lit up when he saw the little schoolgirl. Charly took the money and gave Fatme half. "Now, during your trial period, I'll take a half. Later, when Madame takes you on, you'll give me 30%, like all the other girls. Can you remember that?" Fatme nodded; she could certainly do math. She asked quietly what happened next, what she had to do. Charly smiled. "You go back inside to that nice gentleman, his name is Gerd. You will be kind and friendly to him and do everything he wants. But if there's something you don't want to do, tell him, he'll accept it. And I'll keep watch from behind the spanish screen to make sure he doesn't get rough, otherwise I'll punch him in the face. I'm responsible for your protection, Fatme. So, good luck!"

Fatme went inside and sat on Gerd's lap. "I'm Fatme, may I call you Gerd?" Gerd smiled arrogantly. "I'd prefer it if you called me Mr. Director, Fatme." He desperately wanted to kiss her on the mouth, but she only offered him her cheek. "You mustn't kiss me on the mouth, Mr. Director!" she said firmly. They whispered back and forth, then it was quite clear what Gerd — excuse me, the Mr. Director — wanted. She should sit backwards on his lap, and he wanted to fuck her from below and caress her breasts. No, she shouldn't undress completely, just take off her panties and unbutton her blouse. Fatme made sure he put on the condom, because that's what he had paid for. Now he fucked her from below, and his fingers glided over her small mounds and her nipples, because she didn't have proper breasts back then. After five minutes it was over; it was much easier than she had imagined. She went home; Charly would call her when he had a client for her. She went home, told her father everything in detail, and gave him the money.

She worked this way for almost a year and a half. To earn a little extra money, she served Turkish tea at the Turkish community center in the afternoons. No one there knew that she was a prostitute. Charly usually got her three or four clients in the morning, and the money was more than enough to support her father and the family. Charly fucked her once a week; Madame had approved it. Charly shook his head because she orgasmed every time she was fucked. "You have to control your passion, otherwise you'll burn through all your energy far too quickly." She couldn't; the orgasms came like clockwork. And she felt refreshed after fucking the clients, not drained. Charly watched over her from behind the spanish screen and continued to shake his head. In the afternoons, she served tea, and around that time, plump Aisha would occasionally come to Papa to let him have sex with her. Fatme knew this, of course, but she wasn't jealous of Aisha in the slightest. She knew how much Papa enjoyed having sex with the fat woman. That's how it came about that she met Hakim while serving tea.

Lightning struck. Cupid's arrow pierced her heart and made her hold her breath. Fatme knew in an instant that Hakim was "her" man. She had not the slightest doubt. What frightened her were the rumors that Hakim was involved with the Turkish mafia. She wanted

nothing to do with the mafia or anyone from those circles. Nevertheless, she sat down with Hakim, and they talked about this and that. She wasn't at all surprised that lightning had struck Hakim too. And what was even more surprising was that Hakim was completely innocent. He was a wonderful man, about ten years older than her. He looked at her for a long time. "Yes, the bit about the mafia is partly true, Fatme. But it's very complicated, and I want to explain it to you openly and honestly one day. Right now, I can only hope that you'll still want to see me despite the half-truths." Fatme swallowed hard. There was a secret he couldn't reveal to her now. Well, she would trust him. "But I'll tell you one thing, Hakim: if you really are in the mafia, then I'll never see you again. You can be sure of that."

Fatme laughed heartily when Hakim tried to guess her age and said 19. She giggled and looked straight into his eyes. "Hakim, my makeup is deceiving you. I'm only 15." This caught Hakim off guard. He hesitated, unsure how to explain it to her. "You're far too experienced for 15, Fatme. That's what fooled me, not your makeup." Fatme shyly placed her hand in his, for they were sitting in the public courtyard of the community center; this was how respectable couples met in public. "I have a secret too, a complicated one, Hakim. I'll tell you, right after you've explained the whole mafia thing to me." They talked about their respective sex lives. Hakim confessed that all his Turkish girlfriends came from the sex work industry; it was always casual and without any romantic baggage, just physical intimacy for a few days or weeks. Fatme nodded understandingly. "That sounds like you're not ready to commit yet?" Hakim thought for a moment. "Yes, you're probably right about that. I'm only 28 and much too young to start a family." Fatme squeezed his hand and placed it on her chest. "I'm just an ordinary Turkish girl, and I was born here in Vienna. I only know the secret, solitary sex of all virgins; my finger is my constant lover. And I lay with my father." Hakim murmured that he understood the part about finger sex, but not the other part. That she lay with her father. Fatme knew it was an important moment, but she didn't want to lie to Hakim, ever. "My mother died about two years ago, and since then I've been sleeping next to my father instead." Hakim looked at her with wide eyes. "Does that mean...?" and Fatme answered immediately, "Yes, it does." They were silent for a long time, then Hakim said, "I want to talk to you about this, about

this father secret, once we've solved the other secrets, okay? Until then — let's keep quiet about it, alright?" Fatme nodded. "Yes, Hakim, that's a wise decision. I was afraid you'd get up and leave right away. But you're giving us a chance, you're giving me a chance to explain and unravel the threads. Thank you, Hakim."

They sat on the bench in the courtyard every afternoon now, as was proper, and told each other everything, except for their secrets. One day, he invited her to his apartment. Fatme immediately agreed and went with him. "I'm not a virgin anymore, Hakim," she said softly. "Daddy made me a woman two years ago. And today I want to belong to you, if you'll have me." They made love until late that evening, then she looked at her watch and said she had to go home to Daddy. He looked at her with great concern as she dressed and walked her downstairs to the front door.

It was three months later in his apartment. Hakim asked her to sit at the coffee table. He placed an ID card on the coffee table. "Fatme, Hakim Elbagr is a fake name. I'm Detective Inspector Ronald Hofstätter, a police officer. Until yesterday, I was living undercover in the Turkish mafia. They've been exposed now, many are in custody, and I gathered the information so they can be brought to justice. This was a joint police operation with the German, Dutch, and Spanish police. The Turkish mafia isn't dead, of course, but we've dealt them a serious blow. Fatme, I haven't been allowed to reveal this secret until now. And I sincerely hope you'll stay with me, even though I'm a police officer." Fatme looked at him wide-eyed, examining the ID card. "And who knows about this?" she croaked hoarsely. "Imam Mueddin has known for two days; he helped us cross some good people off my list. He trusts me, the Imam." Fatme looked straight at him. "I'm glad you're not a real mafioso. And I think you've done our Turkish community a great service. At least, I believe so." Fatme twirled the ID card in her fingers. "And of course, I want us to stay together. Even more so now that you're no longer a mafioso." She glanced shyly at him. Hakim nodded. "Yes, I do too. I want to live with you and get to know you really well. I've loved you since the very first moment, but now we want to do everything properly, okay?" Fatme nodded in agreement. "And now for my secrets, Hakim." She looked rather sad.

“Hakim, in the afternoons I serve tea or lie with you. In the mornings, I work as a prostitute and give the money to my father so he can live a good life.” Fatme held her breath and looked into Ron’s face. He thought for a very long time. “Did someone force you into prostitution?” he finally asked, more sharply than he meant. Fatme shook her head. “No, I myself suggested it. We were starving like birds in winter, so I proposed. Only after much resistance did Papa sell me to Madame Florence at the Fleischmarkt, or more precisely, to the pimp Charly, who’s directly responsible for me.” Fatme looked down. Hakim took her chin in his hand so she would look him in the eyes again. “And — do you enjoy being a prostitute, Fatme?” She said immediately, “No, no! But I have no other way to support Papa and the family.” Hakim held her chin firmly. “Would you give up prostitution right now if I gave you regular money for Papa and the family? Say, two thousand? You can take it, it’s money I ‘earned’ from the Mafia. So no problem.”

Fatme was stunned. Hakim would give her money so she wouldn’t have to work as a prostitute anymore? She looked at him, beaming. But then her face darkened. “But what do I do about Madame Florence, about Charly?” Hakim only hesitated for a split second. “Forget Charly, I’ll deal with him personally. The thing with Madame is more complicated. She’ll take everything away from your dad again, that can’t be allowed. I’ll call her and see what’s possible, okay?” Fatme’s eyes filled with tears. “You’re going to do all this for me, Hakim?” He looked at her firmly and resolutely. “From this moment on, you’re not going to work as a prostitute anymore, and that’s exactly what I’m going to tell Charly. I’ll tackle the Madame thing first thing tomorrow. I absolutely don’t want her to hurt your dad.” Fatme sighed deeply. “Thank you, Hakim, for taking my first secret so wonderfully. I actually expected you to throw me out on my ear, me, the gutter swallow. But no, you set me free without shining armor and a white horse.” Fatme laid her forehead on the back of his hand. “And now my second secret, isn’t it, Hakim?”

“My mother died almost two years ago. Since then, I’ve been living with my father. At first, I only used my hand on him and let him ejaculate in my throat; he really likes that. Later, I asked him to deflower me and make me his little wife. He did, honorably and very tenderly.

Since then, we have sex as often as he still can, but I lie in his arms every night, whether we have sex or not. He's in his mid-sixties and has sex with me at most twice a week; otherwise, he masturbates my clit sensually because he's very good at it and he simply loves it. And I love being fucked by him. He used to have another woman he had regular sex with, the chubby Aisha, but she's married now. This thing with my father is something I will never give up as long as he lives. Forgive my crude language, but every word is true." Fatme nestled her face into his hand; it was another moment when everything could shatter into a thousand tiny pieces. Hakim was very serious. "Forgive me, Fatme, if I'm not really thrilled. I need to think more about what this means for me and for us. I'm half-hearted, to be honest. I fully understand how and why the incest came about, and I can honestly accept that. But the fact that you can't let it go, that you don't want to let it go, that's a tough pill to swallow. I can't give you a good answer right now, not right now. Give me some time to think about it. Maybe we can talk about it again in a few days, okay? My world would fall apart if I rejected you because of this. Please, give me time to think. I absolutely don't want to make a big mistake, Fatme. You mean a lot to me."

Ronald met with Charly late that evening and demanded that he give up on Fatme. To give up completely, Fatme now belonged to him alone and no one else; he would, of course, still speak to Madame. Charly was only used to such talk when a desperate father wanted his daughter back. A wad of cash, or a few punches, was how he dealt with such fathers. Ronald was cut from a different cloth, and Charly grew increasingly meek. Madame had given Fatme to him, and so on. Ronald's fists ended the nighttime argument; he put Charly in a headlock and left him no choice and no air. Charly swore like a sailor, but he backed down. "Okay, okay. Let's stay cool, Inspector. Fine by me, but settle it with Madame in person; I can't do it." Ronald let him go.

Madame didn't discuss it over the phone. "Who knows who's listening in, my dear Inspector. Just come by, and we'll sort everything out privately." Ronald went to the Fleischmarkt. Up there, on the seventh floor, was Madame's penthouse. The overweight old woman lay shrouded in a veil on a chaise longue, but Ron had no time to ad-

mire her naked voluptuousness. Of course he saw her melon-sized, soft breasts and her cunthole with its finely trimmed pubic hair; he wasn't blind. She negotiated with the iron fist of General George Patton. For over two hours, they haggled over coffee and chocolates. Ron left with a partial victory, and Madame smirked at her far more valuable partial victory.

Ronald told Fatme that same evening. "First, the really good news. You won't be working the streets for Charly anymore, Fatme. Not a single day. And Madame revoked his right to regularly fucking you." Ron skipped over the fight with Charly; it was unimportant. "What's important is that Madame has agreed that you won't be working the streets for Charly anymore." Fatme looked at him with wide, round eyes. "Madame said so?" she asked incredulously, because they said Madame was as tough as nails and didn't give anything away for free. Hakim nodded. "Yes, she told me herself. I think we can trust her word. She may be whatever she is, but she's the type who keeps her word."

Ron paused and lit a cigarette. "Of course she had a condition, of course. Madame doesn't give anything away for free." Fatme looked at him expectantly. "She wants you as an escort for two evenings a week for now. She'll earn ten times as much from you, even though you're still entitled to 70%. So you'll earn significantly more too." Fatme interjected that she didn't know what an escort was or what her job entailed. Ronald gathered his knowledge. "A rich man books an escort for an evening. As an elegant companion to the opera, a concert, or a fancy restaurant. There are tiered prices, and in the highest category, the guy is allowed to have sex with the girl." Ron paused before continuing. "There is one catch, though. Charly remains your "agent leading officer," Madame insists on this explicitly, even if he is no longer allowed to fuck you for free. He arranges everything for you, collects the money upfront, and pays you afterward. He negotiates with the client and then tells you what's been agreed upon and what's been paid for, so you know exactly what the client has paid for. On the one hand, you're an elegant lady accompanying a gentleman. An escort girl is expected to have a much higher level of sophistication than a common streetwalker. Although in the end it

mostly just boils down to in-and-out. And Charly will continue to fuck you, that's guaranteed, Madame or no Madame."

Fatme thought about it. "I have to be elegantly dressed, beautifully made up, and perhaps adorned with jewelry. An opera, a concert or an expensive restaurant. Hakim, I'm fine with the wardrobe, makeup, and hairstyle. But I've never been to an opera, a concert, or a fine restaurant. I'm afraid I'll disappoint the gentleman." Ronald looked directly at her. "Of course, Madame has already thought of that. Charly will not only give you detailed information beforehand about the client and any special requirements, but also about the composer and the plot of the piece. Most operas are actually quite simple stories that can be told in five minutes. Madame has also been in the escort business for quite some time, and you're not the first inexperienced girl she's sent out. I'm quite sure she'll discuss the choice of client and your briefing with Charly in great detail and with great care. The guy is actually disgusting, but Madame is quite satisfied with his performance. So don't be afraid."

Ron lit another cigarette. "I'm thinking about the other thing much more. That you're supposed to keep fucking with complete strangers." Ron looked down, but his attention was entirely focused on Fatme. She sighed deeply. "The alternative is that she'll ruin Dad financially and socially." She bit her knuckles. "I have no choice, Hakim. She mustn't destroy Papa, and I'm convinced she could. I've let other men fuck with me before, even that ugly Charly every week, so that's not the problem. The problem is our relationship. How could you bear the thought of me fucking with other men? That's the only problem, and I'm not taking it lightly. Ultimately, the only question for me is whether I continue to support Papa or whether I betray him and let him die, just to keep you. You already know my answer to that."

Yes, Ronald already knew the answer. He could only keep Fatme if he continued to allow her to mate with her father. And now with other, nameless, rich gentlemen as well. He stood on the sandy beach before the line etched in the sand; now he had to jump. Now. Hic Rhodus, hic salta! And there was only one alternative: abandon Fatme, leave her. The very thought made the wound that Cupid's ar-

row had inflicted in his heart bleed. No, he couldn't, he wouldn't. Abandon Fatme here and now, just because she had to sleep with other men without having a choice? Was he a man or a trembling weakling?

Ron sat down next to Fatme on the couch. His fingers, holding the cigarette, trembled. No, no, and no again! Fatme meant a lot to him, no, she meant everything. He had always avoided falling "really" in love. But here, now, with Fatme, he had found the love of his life. And he wasn't about to let his petty, narrow-minded morality tear it apart. Never.

Ron took Fatme's hand and kissed her fingertips. "Fatme, I will bear it as long as I know that you love me. That you love only me, that I am the only man for you. Then I can bear anything. I intend to do so, and I ask for your support if I waver." They sat for a long time in silence. Fatme rested her head on his shoulder. "I'm your wife, Hakim, from the very first moment. Unwaveringly. Sleeping with other men has always been just a business transaction for me, nothing more. I only do it for the money. My money, or in the future, for the money that Dad could never repay Madame. I sleep with you because I love you with all my heart. Because my heart overflows with love for you. I've never loved so unconditionally before, and I never will again if you send me away now. I would be incredibly sad, Hakim."

Ron was deeply moved. She had never expressed her love so clearly before. Warmth washed over him. He had always felt her love; now she was saying it openly. "I love you with all my heart, Fatme. It's the first time I've ever loved a girl so deeply and unconditionally. My petty, bourgeois self is screaming bloody murder, but I'm not listening. I'm an adult and I know when I'm making a good decision, and this decision is good and right. I won't be jealous of your clients because I know how it all fits together and how it came about. I am your husband, Fatme, unbreakable. Forever."

Ron immediately called Madame and told her that he and Fatme would comply with her demands. She simply said that she hadn't expected anything different. Charly would contact Fatme. They kept

the conversation brief; everything had been said. Fatme lay down on the couch and buried her face in his lap as she wept. "I'm so afraid, Hakim, for you and me. Will we both be able to endure this? Will our relationship survive it?" Ron stroked her hair. "Yes, we'll make it through, because we're both very strong. And together we're even stronger." Fatme nodded, weeping.

Ronald started his new job at the heart of the Criminal Investigation Department in the Rossau Barracks. His apartment was on Ruprecht Square, less than a ten-minute walk from his new workplace. Charly didn't call Fatme until a week later. She was to come and discuss her first assignment with him in person. When she arrived, Charly congratulated her on her promotion to escort girl. There were only a handful of them, and Madame Florence kept a watchful eye to ensure everything remained discreet, elegant, and expensive. The client was a Saudi businessman who frequently used her escort service. Charly described the man and his habits; she was to accompany him to an important business dinner with high-ranking officials and local businesspeople. The Saudi understood German and could also speak some, so it wasn't a disadvantage that Fatme didn't speak English. Madame lent her a valuable necklace and a matching bracelet, and Fatme had to return it to her afterward. The Saudi had slept with all the escorts so far and wanted to do so again now; after all, he'd paid for it. "But if he repulses you, for whatever reason, then you don't have to sleep with him, Fatme. Madame made that very clear." Fatme nodded; she understood everything. And the Saudi looked quite acceptable in the photos. "Charly," she asked, "did any of the other escorts say anything negative about him?" Charly thought for a moment and shook his head. "No, they all unanimously said he was a pleasant person and didn't ask for anything unusual. He usually wanted to sleep with them a second or even a third time, and they described him as very potent. Missionary and doggy style, otherwise..." "No, they all unanimously said he was a pleasant person and didn't ask for anything unusual. He usually wanted to have sex a second or even a third time, and they described him as very potent. Missionary and doggy style, nothing else." Later in the conversation, Charly mentioned almost casually that the inspector had given him a good beating because Fatme now belonged entirely to him and would never work as a prostitute again. Fatme's jaw dropped; Hakim had

never mentioned that. Fatme grabbed Charly's hand. "If you like, you can fuck me now. Not a word to Madame, of course. But I need you as a strong protector, so you can fuck me now if you like, Charly."

Fatme was very excited the next evening. She took a very long shower, washed her hair carefully, and trimmed her pubic hair. Charly had recommended that she wear her tight-fitting, dark red bodysuit, which accentuated her figure very well. After she had put on the necklace and, now made up, went over to Ronald, he whistled through his teeth. "Wow! You look like a very elegant 20-year-old! Yes, the gentleman will look upon you favorably, I'm sure of it." He hugged her. "Shall I accompany you to Charly's?" She declined; it was only a short walk to the meat market. And Charly would wear his best suit and take her by taxi to the Saudi's hotel and pick her up again afterward. The Saudi had agreed to be the First to a young girl.

Fatme didn't get home until after 2:00 a.m., completely exhausted. She quickly showered and slipped into bed with Ron. She said the evening had been wonderful. The client was a cultured man and treated her like a princess from the very first moment. She spoke very little during dinner; the businessmen conversed in English and had a lot to discuss. She never found out what they were talking about. Ron asked, how it had continued? The client asked very politely if he could have sex with her. Yes, she agreed, and he fucked her three times. The third time, he couldn't ejaculate anymore. During the breaks, he pleurably licked her pussy and then her clit until she orgasmed. He did it very gently and sensitively, Fatme whispered. She had dozens of orgasms and was happy but quite exhausted; she had given it her all. At the end, he handed her an envelope containing three thousand American dollars as an extra thank you for the pleasurable sex. Ron hugged and embraced her. She should give some of the money to her father, but also buy herself one or two very elegant dresses, because she would need them in the future. Hugs and smiles, they fell asleep.

The weeks drifted by. Ronald and his squadron were on the trail of a serial killer, and it was very exciting. Fatme went escorting two or three times a week; Charly was worth every penny. Madame had called her briefly and said how satisfied she was with Fatme's escort-

ing, and Fatme was a little proud of herself. She was doing a good job and earning a lot of money. Almost all the clients wanted to fuck the escort girl; there was hardly one who didn't. Fatme sat down at Ron's computer and searched for information about the man from the previous night. They were often quite big names she'd slept with. Every night, she told Ron in all detail how the escorting, the fucking and the licking had gone.

One day, she and Ron got onto the topic of escorting again. Ron voiced his concerns for the first time. When she came home late at night or early in the morning, she was exhausted and worn out from the night's events with the client. He said he wasn't happy that she was exerting herself so much that she was no longer available to him. He felt that the "full program of passion" was rightfully his, not having an exhausted and drained girlfriend. She immediately understood what he meant. He was absolutely right. She suggested that in the future, no client should get the "full program with passion"; that should be reserved for Hakim only. And she kept her word. Of course, she let the clients have sex with her, but she remained passive and let her orgasms roll off her back easily. Ron was right; he should be the only one to get the full treatment with passion. It was an adjustment for her to remain passive while being fucked. Of course she had orgasms, even during this in-and-out fucking, and definitely during clitticking. But when she passively allowed her orgasms, she lost much less sexual energy, that's true.

It felt a little strange, this new passivity. Well, she didn't need to seduce the client; he'd paid for it. She smiled sweetly and invitingly, which didn't hurt Hakim. Quite a lot of clients wanted to lick her clit before sex, which she granted and actually enjoyed very much. So she often let them lick her clit to orgasm and then said to the client, "Sir, I'm ready to have sex now!" She guided his penis into her vagina herself; she couldn't stand it when someone rammed his penis in like a wild beast. No, she did that much better herself. But now, instead of actively having sex with him or arousing him, she simply lay there passively and let him thrust and pump. She had promised Hakim that. Nevertheless, she had an orgasm almost every time, then she writhed and twisted, but she tried to just passively accept it. She didn't smile when the man was about to ejaculate. Sometimes she

had to help him by masturbate his cock which stuck inside her by hand when he desperately begged her for help. Almost all the older men did that. If someone wanted to have sex again, she was of course willing and ready, but she never asked anyone herself again, no. Then she went to the bathroom and cleaned her cunt. The evening was over, she got dressed and went downstairs to Charly in the hotel lobby. When she got home, usually before midnight, she took a long shower and slipped into bed with Ron. She told him about having sex with the guest, and she was still full of sexual energy. Now she was exactly how Hakim wanted her, an active, charming lover who now demanded the icing on the cake of her day of sex and got it. Ron said that's how he wanted her. The whole shebang with lots of passion.

And so a year passed. Fatme now worked as an escort seven evenings a week. Madame was very fond of her and the money she brought in. But Fatme couldn't be persuaded to do it in the afternoons, because Madame couldn't earn enough from her. Her afternoons belonged to her Papa she said firmly to Charly and even the Madam herself. There she would lie tenderly snuggled against him and stroke his penis. On some afternoons, Aishe would come by and let him fuck her, if he wasn't too tired. Aishe had given birth to two babies, and she was absolutely convinced that Fatme's Papa had fathered them. Her husband was a really good husband and father, but he knew very little about sex; he never learned anything what Aishe had shown him. Fatme always stroked Aishe's clit, but without masturbating her, because that would have been an unseemly intrusion. No, she very much enjoyed stroking Aishe's little clit because it was shaped like a small boy's penis. And Aishe sighed with lust when Fatme stroked her clit, and when she got really turned on, she masturbated herself, quickly and hard. No, Fatme was happy that Dad enjoyed fucking Aishe so much. No, Fatme's afternoons belonged to Dad alone.

Toward the end of that year, Fatme had just turned 19, and Ronald became very uneasy. "Frank Halter, the murderer, has it in for you now because you're my wife." But Fatme refused to be rattled or allow a bodyguard. They agreed that Charly would send Ronald a photo of each guest, and they had agreed he would reply with "OK" or "run for your life." Ronald wanted to make sure that Frank Halter

didn't just book her through the escort service and get his hands on her that way easily. But the murderer was very clever and didn't fall for her escorting. He had something better in mind. One day, she had just gotten ready to go to her father's, when a hand went over her mouth and she was instantly rendered unconscious by the chloroform. That's how Frank got hold of her.

Frank took her to a remote house in southern Styria, near the village of Zehensdorfberg, where his father, Artem Galebnikow, owned a remote house. She remained handcuffed to the wall by one wrist, even while Frank was having sex with her. Yes, he had sex with her repeatedly a day, for over three weeks. He was fascinated by her body and fucked her as often as he could. She couldn't tolerate alcohol at all and fell asleep almost immediately. So he gave her poppers and experimented to find out how many he needed to give her to really get her aroused; it ended up being around six vials. Fatme, who was very familiar with her own lust, had never been as horny and driven as she was now by the poppers. She desperately wanted to be fucked, right now!

She stared, her eyes glazed, at Frank's enormous cock. No, she had definitely never seen one so big before; it was almost twice as long as Hakim's. Grinning, Frank pulled back his foreskin, revealing the large, impressive glans with its prominent opening. Fatme involuntarily licked her lips. Frank laboriously forced his monster into her cunt, and Fatme had to hold her breath, so large and powerful was his cock filling her.

No, she had definitely never had such a huge cock inside her before, definitely not. She had to keep holding her breath, so powerful and intense was the sensation of this gigantic cock pounding in her cunt. Frank was obviously very skilled at fucking. He effortlessly found their shared rhythm; they were perfectly synchronized right from the start, and Fatme cheered inwardly as she practically ran effortlessly up the hill, towards orgasm. She stared into Frank's eyes and clung to him as her orgasm erupted and washed over her. A knowing smile flickered around Frank's lips, and she could have strangled him for it. But now it was like with Dad; she stayed on top of the hill, bouncing from orgasm to orgasm, hanging stiffly in ec-

stasy for ten minutes, holding him tightly. “There you go!” Frank growled, grabbing her hips, lifting her ass so that her cunt opened even wider. He fucked her furiously, now spurting inside her, jet after jet. She could feel each jet splattering into her cunt like fat, wet cowpats. Frank left his cock inside her until it softened, then pulled it out, grinning like a schoolboy who’d pulled off a great prank.

The thought shot through Fatme like a whip crack. Frank’s abduction had interrupted her contraception, and of course, he hadn’t taken her pills. She had read the warning hundreds of times that stopping the pill greatly increased the risk of pregnancy. If Frank continued as before, fucking her eight times or more a day, he would 100% get her pregnant. This fear now hung over her like a black cloud, and she suffered terribly.

Fatme craved for poppers; she wouldn’t let Frank fuck her without them. Okay. She’d also figured out why Frank could bring her to orgasm so easily. His enormous cock filled her so completely that with each thrust, he pulled all the flesh of her vagina in and out, including her clit, which was soon about to explode. Okay, now she knew. But because she let him pump her full of poppers, she kept greedily grabbing Frank and his monster. He seemed to enjoy that immensely. Of course, the little idiot imagined, it was his legendary fucking skills that drove Fatme wild.

Frank had promised Ronald in his phone call that he would enjoy fucking Fatme from wedding night to wedding night. Fatme could well imagine Hakim’s despair, but on the other hand, she was certain that he hadn’t given up on her, but was desperately searching for her with all his might. She was handcuffed day and night, one hand on each hand. On nice days, she went out into the sunshine with Frank, chained to him. Frank fucked her on the lawn in front of the house; she usually couldn’t get poppers there, yet she still willingly gave herself to him. She had to admit it to herself: purely sexually speaking, she had never been fucked as well as by Frank. On the one hand, she was a prisoner, completely at his mercy and at his whims; on the other hand, she desperately wanted to be fucked by him, day and night. From the very beginning, she gave him the “full package with all her passion” and felt herself betraying Hakim in the process. But

her desire was stronger than any other consideration; Frank's fucking always reminded her of her father's fucking, and she wept with joy, lust, ecstasy and arousal.

She had long since stopped counting the days. She didn't count how often Frank fucked her, nor how many orgasms she had while being fucked. Numbers had no value here, in God's own beautiful nature. Frank treated her well; apart from the handcuffs, she had no complaints. She had even gotten used to him going to the toilet with her chained up — what was the big deal? Frank went outside every day and talked on the phone for long periods; he obviously had to keep in touch with his people. She wasn't allowed to make phone calls, though. Ronald had surely already called Papa and told him they were seriously looking for her, and that Papa shouldn't worry too much. And he'd certainly informed Charly as well. Fatme's thoughts revolved mainly around how she should tell Hakim. That she had found herself, here in this predicament. That she had found her true self. That passivity during sex was wrong, that she was deceiving herself, deceiving herself. In her mind, she had already rehearsed it a hundred times, how she would tell Hakim, and how he would understand. Yes, there was a danger that he wouldn't understand, that he wouldn't want to believe it. They would break up, because she didn't want to pretend anymore, never again. She wanted to be herself, not be fucked by clients like lifeless driftwood. No, she wanted to, she needed to live out her sexuality in order not to freeze or wither away. Hakim had to understand it, he simply had to.

After three weeks of captivity, Frank said he'd had enough. He wanted to face Ronald and shoot him. Frank was simply fed up with all these games. "You're great to fuck, Fatme," he said, "there's a volcano slumbering inside you, and when I see it erupt, it warms my heart." Fatme lowered her gaze. "I know, Frank. I've seen the volcano erupt again and again these past few days, and I've enjoyed it, this volcano, as you call it." She looked up at him uncertainly. "So, you're going to kill me now?" Frank laughed silently. "Nonsense! Of course I'm not going to kill you. You're a great girl, wonderful to fuck. No, I'm going to kill Ronald Hofstätter, our game is over." She was still looking at him. "And thenafter you'll kill me?" Frank laughed again. "No, you idiot, of course not. Why would I? You never did anything

to me, and you were always great in fucking. Live and keep on fucking like there's no tomorrow!"

Fatme stood on the roof of Gasometer C, clinging to a rusty, man-high piece of metal. It was the vent pipe, but Fatme didn't know that. Frank had put her there and said he would crouch behind her and then shoot Frank. "Yes," Fatme said, sending up a silent prayer that he wouldn't shoot Hakim, the brute. Frank had given her only a light, tattered dress to wear, no underwear, because she didn't own any clean ones anymore. The cold west wind made her dress flap, and she shivered against her exposed cunt. Frank held her around the waist, and they both stared at the other side of the roof, where Hakim's head appeared, the pistol clamped between his teeth. Hakim didn't take his eyes off them for a moment and stepped onto the roof, onto the patch of carpet that had been laid out there. Ronald shouted, "Here I am, Frank!" and bent his knees slightly, getting into a firing position. Frank grumbled loudly, "So now we're both here, you and I. And Fatme too, how could I have missed that? Are you going to shoot her, Ronald, to have a clear line of fire?!"

Hakim shouted, "Bacaklarını aç!" which means "Spread your legs!" in Turkish.

Without even thinking, Fatme spread her legs wide. Hakim fired immediately, twice. As Frank flinched, Fatme jumped aside in a panic, but continued to cling to the rusty piece of metal, screaming at the top of her lungs. Frank screamed back and threw his arms up. Fatme could see another bullet strike his skull, his brains spurting out the back. Frank fell backward, lifeless like a rag doll. He fell to the edge of the roof and then to the ground below. Fatme stopped screaming in horror. Hakim stood up and holstered his pistol in his shoulder holster. Fatme wasn't particularly afraid of heights and now ran barefoot and lightly around half the curve of the roof, falling into Hakim's arms. Just then, a uniformed policewoman appeared at the iron ladder and climbed up beside them. "Ronald, you're bleeding!" shouted the policewoman, who also had her pistol holstered. "We need something to apply a tourniquet," she yelled. She looked around frantically, then spotted Fatme's fabric belt. "Your belt, quick!" She shouted, and since Fatme was standing there completely

clueless, she ripped her belt off. She knelt behind Ronald and tied off his leg high up. "I had him aimed over the barrel, Ronald," the policewoman said, "and if you'd missed, I would have shot him right in the face, on my soul!" The policewoman ordered that they had to leave immediately; Ronald needed to go to the hospital right away. She was the first to climb down the iron ladder and helped Ronald, who was pale with fear of heights. When they got to the bottom, Ronald said, "I don't feel a thing, no pain at all!" and the policewoman nudged him with her elbow. "Yes, of course, Mr. Wooden-Leg! It's just the adrenaline gushing out of your hair. Of course you don't feel anything yet." She turned to Fatme and offered her hand. "I'm Rosa Morgentau, Ronald's colleague and friend." Fatme shook her hand. "I'm Fatme Ökdemir, Ronald's girlfriend. He speaks very highly of you, Rosa."

Ron lay pale in the hospital bed, still asleep after the anesthesia wore off. Frank's bullet had thankfully missed his femoral artery, and had been surgically removed. He would make a full recovery, the surgeon said with satisfaction. Rosa left, and Fatme stayed by his side. Fatme couldn't leave now; she had to stay with him. In the late afternoon, Ronald awoke, gradually regaining color in his face. "Did I get him?" was his first question, and Fatme confirmed it. "You shot him in the head, and his brains squirted out the back, then he fell off the roof." Hakim smiled contentedly. "Now that's over, and he'll never touch you again." Then he brooded. "I didn't even see Frank shoot me," he said, astonished. "I really didn't see it, didn't notice it." He shook his head from side to side. "Well, that's how it is with witness statements. I may have been one of the main players, but I didn't see such a crucial detail at all. That's actually quite disturbing, don't you think?" Fatme replied that she hadn't seen it either. She had only noticed a shot that hit Frank in the head. Hakim smiled. "After you obediently did the splits, I could see his legs perfectly. So I immediately fired twice, right into his knees. Then you jumped to the side screaming, and I had a clear line of sight. I shot him right in the genitals and then again in the skull to make sure he was dead. He was already dead when he fell backward into the abyss."

Fatme stayed with him in the hospital for five days, then Hakim was discharged. At home, she took a long shower and remembered

how she and Frank had showered together every morning, handcuffed to each other, and the thought of Frank made her shudder. Following Hakim's instructions, she made pork medallions and roasted vegetables. Rosa arrived right on time with flatbread from the Jewish baker. They all enjoyed the meal, and Ron pushed his plate back. He began, "Fatme, I have something important to confess. For the past three weeks, Rosa has been laying with me, and we've been fucking like crazy, with ejaculation and everything. And..." Fatme placed her fingers over his lips. "Stop it, Hakim. That's alright, I would have lain with you in her place, just to make you feel like a man. Rosa, thank you for that." Fatme looked at them both kindly. "Now tell me something new, how did little Bodnar manage to get that old curmudgeon between her thighs?"

Rosa, of course, knew every last detail. Now she pantomimed everything, but in between, she spoke what she was portraying. She imitated Bodnar as he mounted his wife, Yvette, and fucked her while cursing, at least once a week. Hakim and Fatme laughed uproariously as the old curmudgeon pushed his wife aside after his laborious ejaculation. Now Bodnar turned to his daughter, little Laura, who was already quite the handful. Bodnar masturbated his daughter every night since a whole year, and Hakim and Fatme laughed uproariously because Rosa so skillfully pantomimed the strained Bodnar and his heavenly delighted daughter. Now Laura grabbed her father's invisible penis and masturbated it, then she took his invisible glans in her mouth and greedily slurped and swallowed his semen. Rosa masturbated the invisible penis in the air, and her body swayed with the vigorous rubbing, and Hakim and Fatme slapped their thighs in excitement. And then came the great moment. Bodnar was still quite tipsy from his tour of the bars, and Laura cunningly lured him between her thighs. Rosa made the Jew Bodnar cross himself before he thrust forward and — with a loud plopp! from Rosa — deflowered Laura. And now there was no stopping them. Rosa whispered that Bodnar had said Laura reached orgasm even more easily than Yvette, that after the first big one it was a real fireworks display, and that the little one jumped from peak to peak like a little goat. Hakim and Fatme laughed until they cried, they had enjoyed Rosa's pantomime so much.

Fatme lay on Ron's chest. "I need to talk to you, Hakim. It's something very important. It's about me, my true self. For your sake, I became passive during sex, no more 'full program with passion,' only you got that. But that's a mistake. When I'm passive, I'm not myself anymore. I only realized this when Frank really fucked me hard, like he wanted to shoot me to the moon. He laboriously forced his gigantic cock into my cunt, and I only helped him when I rediscovered myself. I helped him in because I wanted to be fucked, as weird as that may sound. Only when I completely let go, in that strange situation — he could kill me at any moment — only then did I feel who I really am. I always resisted being called that, but deep down I'm a whore, it's as simple as that. I realized it because I gave myself to Frank willingly and freely; he didn't need to get me going with alcohol or poppers. No, I wanted it myself, I wanted to be fucked by his monster cock until I didn't know which way was up. I wanted to feel that gigantic cock pounding inside me, I wanted it to push me up the hill and send me hurtling into orgasms endlessly."

"I don't know if it was really just because Frank had such a gigantic monster cock, or if I just imagined it. But since I went back to escorting after that, I've given every client the "full program with passion," and I immediately felt that it's the right thing for me. That's my true self; I want to give myself completely, experience my orgasms fully, and I want to experience all of that with many, many men. I don't know if you can handle that, but I can't do without it anymore." Fatme's head rested on Ronald's chest, and he stroked her hair. "Fatme, I already know all that without you even saying a word. And look, where am I? Did I run away? Did I send you packing? No, I'm still here, and you're still here too. Is that answer enough for you?"

Fatme wept with happiness. Hakim was the best, and he belonged to her, she belonged to him. He stroked her hair. "Make sure you don't get pregnant again. Aborting Frank's child damaged us both equally, even though it was truly necessary. But I don't want to go through it a second time." Fatme nodded and whispered, "I know, Hakim. And getting pregnant by Frank certainly wasn't my fault." She lay on Hakim's chest for a long time, letting him stroke her hair.

When Ronald came home, Fatme was sitting at the dining table, fully dressed in her coat, staring blankly at the kitchen counter. He greeted her quietly, and only then did she look up at him. "Hakim." He knew immediately what had happened. "Dad died this afternoon," Fatme said softly, looking at him. He took off her coat and laid her, still dressed, on the bed, then lay down beside her. "Just yesterday Aisha was here, she let my Dad fuck her twice with great pleasure and went home humming happily. Today at midday I lay down next to my Dad. He looked into my eyes with a radiant smile when I brought him to a hard-on with my mouth, something he really likes. Then I mounted him and rode him slowly and deliberately, as is his way. It took a very long time again, he's over 70 after all. He cupped my breasts, my nipples, with both hands while he came with a soft hum. 'Stay with me a little longer,' he whispered, and I stayed seated on his cock. He closed his eyes and his penis went completely soft. I looked at him. He wasn't breathing anymore. Dad was dead. I stayed sitting on him for a long time, his soft penis inside me. I think at that moment his soul flew out the open window. I called Imam Mueddin; he's handling everything — the medical examiner, the city administration, the funeral tomorrow at Liesing Cemetery." Fatme closed her eyes. "The imam told me to go home and cry it out. But I just wandered around downtown with my eyes open and didn't notice anything. I thought for a long time about whether I should call you, but then I didn't want to call you in from work." Ron stroked her face. "Just let your tears flow, you loved Dad very much. And tomorrow I'll take the day off and go with you to the funeral, of course."

After Dad's death, Fatme was overcome by something strange. She wanted to have sex with very young boys, little lads. She didn't know where these strange desires came from. So she lured little Ali into Dad's deserted apartment; he was probably eight or nine. She undressed him completely and told him to undress her completely as well. He pointed with his finger. "What do you call this?" Fatme smiled. "This is my cunt, Ali." He chewed and swirled the word around in his mouth, "Cunt, cunt." Then he looked up, "May I take a good look at your cunt, Aunt Fatme?" She nodded and spread her legs. Ali examined it with all ten fingers; he was very thorough. "I've seen Mom's too very often, but she didn't let me examine it." Fatme replied with a smile, "That's my clit. I can rub it, just like you rub

your cock when you want to squirt.” He nodded eagerly. “Mom always lets me do it when we’re sitting at the kitchen table and I’m supposed to be doing my homework. When Mom notices I have an erection, which I always do, she takes it out and plays with it until I ejaculate; she loves doing that. Then I must rub it as often as I want, and Mom watches with a smile, and I have to ejaculate into her cupped hand, again and again. She always says that’s how it’s supposed to be and that I should keep doing it until nothing comes out anymore.” Fatme swallowed briefly, then asked, “Do you actually know how babies are made?” Ali nodded eagerly. “Dad thrusts a lot into Mom’s cunt; I’ve secretly watched it several times. And then he ejaculates inside Mom’s cunt, his sacklet bounces up and down merrily; I think that’s how he makes her the babies. And I spy on Daddy always making this way the neighbors wife the babies in secret, and young Lucy’s from the second floor he makes secretly the babies too . But Mom told me once she doesn’t want another baby, just the fucking.”

Fatme had him where she wanted him. “Can I take a good look at your penis, then you can put it in and cum inside, okay?” Ali nodded and held his penis out to her. Fatme carefully took it in her hand and pulled back the uncircumcised foreskin completely. His penis looked just like Aishe’s clit, only it was significantly larger. She examined it from all sides, then lay down on her back. “Come on, I’ll guide your penis in, Ali.” And she guided his penis in and showed him how to fuck her. He was very quick to learn, and his penis only went soft again after the third time he came. Ali asked if she thought he could fuck his mom too? Fatme smiled. “Yes, of course, you just have to catch her once when she’s already naked, for example, in her bed or in the shower.” Ali scratched the back of his head. “No, in the shower won’t work, she always locks the bathroom. But in the morning, after she’s made Dad breakfast and he’s left for work, Mom always lies down in bed again. I think she rubs her cunt really hard then, maybe.” Fatme chimed in. “Yes, exactly in that situation, when Mom is rubbing her cunt really hard, you can crawl under her covers and quickly stick your cock in, into her cunt, because then she’ll be completely distracted and won’t resist. And she won’t bite your head off.” Ali nodded, his eyes shining. He would try it that way tomorrow.

Fatme was confused by herself, by her urges and her rather strange advices, and sent Ali home.

Ali came every afternoon to fuck Fatme. Some days in, he came beaming. "Aunt Fatme, aunt Fatme! I did it!" Fatme looked askingly. Ali grinned. Since days, I sneak into Mom's bedroom after breakfast. I stood only there, stared at her wiggling her cunt with two fingers. Not dating, to interrupt her. Today, I had waited, until she was absentminded, I lay between her thighs and rammed my stiff cock inside. She didn't even flinch. So I fucked her from the side and squirted inside. Then I continued to pound her Fuckhole. Now she exploded in her peak and then calmed down. She looked at me, asking, "what are you doing?" but she didn't need an answer. Immediately she understood, she relaxed herself and let her knees fall apart. Now, having a cleared access, I continued and she sighed smiling, when I shot my juice inside. She didn't scold me, she gave me a kiss on top of my hair. - Aunt Fatme, she had let me do it!" Fatme kissed his forehead. "See? Now you can fuck her every morning, Ali!"

And then there was Albert, a serious boy with round glasses. He was also around nine, maybe ten. He wasn't at all surprised when she undressed him. And he liked to undress her himself, then waited eagerly. He nodded almost contemptuously when she asked him if he could ejaculate yet. Of course, he wasn't a baby anymore. And had he ever had sex? Of course, he said, in a really condescending way. And how did that happen? "Actually, it's a real secret, and I'll only tell you if you can keep it to yourself, Aunt Fatme." Fatme nodded, of course she would keep the secret. "For a few months now, I've forced her by force to have sex with Mom in the morning when we shower together. Real sex, like Dad. I've seen him do it to her often enough, always from behind, when she's lying flat on her belly or on all fours like dogs, she really likes that. That's how it is, now you know." - Fatme was quite surprised, does she let herself be fucked so easily? "Oh no," Albert grinned mischievously, "but I did fuck her against her will in the shower a few months ago, and she whimpered like a wet cat while I was fucking her and was very grumpy afterwards. But then I told her that Frankie fucks his mom, the pastor's wife, every morning in the shower against her will, and that's what I want now, too. My mom doesn't actually like it at all, just like the pastor's wife, and she's al-

ways pretty angry when I do it to her. But she can't do anything about it, and her protests go in one ear and out the other. No, actually she doesn't like it at all, but I do it every morning anyway. I fuck her against her will from behind and press her against the tiles and make her whimper. Sometimes I make her brace herself against the tiles and stick her ass cheeks out at me. I figure if she really didn't want it, she could shower alone, without me, but she always showers with me. So I think she likes it. It was somehow true, even though she then gossiped as bigotedly as the pastor's unmarried daughter." Fatme then asked how old he was exactly. Albert thought for a moment. "Eleven years and eight months, Aunt Fatme." Now Fatme let Albert fuck her, right there, on Dad's bed. She even managed to persuade him to go a second round, and the boy came inside her with a contented grunt.

Fatme quickly shook off this unholy urge. As an escort girl, she had enough men to fuck; she didn't need little boys to fuck. She never told Hakim about it; she was deeply ashamed of that episode with the two dozen little boys she had let fuck her.

Life slowly moved on. Fatme finished evening school and graduated with honors. Ron bought champagne again; now she was at a good point. She could start something new, study at university, trade on the stock market, or become an astronaut. "Or a professional boxer, you always forget that, my dear. Punching men in the face, yes, that would sometimes be just the thing."

Years later, on a sunny day in May, they stood before Imam Muedin and took their vows. Now they were truly married, and Fatme and the other escort-girls who had come wept bitterly. But Fatme assured them that she would of course continue working as an escort, no question about it.

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Tired Heroes

Bodnar lay sleepless in bed, Laura sleeping peacefully beside him. His hand lay under the waistband of her pajama bottoms, caressing her soft, sparse pubic dawn; it had a calming effect on him. He had been stunned when Wallner dismissed him and sent him into early retirement, just as he had announced. Even so, it came as a surprise, precisely at the moment the Frank Halter case was closed. He had gathered his belongings from his desk and left without a word. He walked silently past Rosenblatt, who had extended his hand. Laura had dropped her pen onto the homework book, crept into bed with him, and lovingly undressed him. She had become Bodnar's little wife days ago, maybe a week ago, and since then she had used every minute to fuck with him. Yvette sat motionless on her bed, watching them fuck with a look of despair and dismay. She covered her ears; the dominant patriarch had once again conquered a female and subjugated her.

But Bodnar's mind was far away. How had all this shit even started!? Back when he was still in vice, he had rescued Yvette from the mire abyss; otherwise, she would have died a wretched death on the streets. He liked the little one; she was the most grateful wife in the world, a lustful wildcat who challenged him sexually every night. He had had quite a few lovers before, but none like her. He had never had a girl or a woman who orgasmed so easily and so often during sex. She ended every day by masturbating, no matter how many times she had orgasmed during sex before. He loved the cheeky, wild and unbridled way she lived out her sexuality. He had to grudgingly acknowledge that he had also preserved her libido. She masterfully feigned remorse and unhesitatingly embarked on the next affair. He might beat her, punch her in the face. Her desires controlled her life, even as she grew older.

Yvette truly loved him, with all her heart. No, she distinguished very clearly between gratitude and love, a love that only blossomed in the first months of their marriage. He was a good-natured Grumpy bear who usually turned a blind eye to her prostitution. She quickly

discovered how receptive he was to variety. She had a full phone book of willing girls and women, and now she thrilled him with many magnificent threesomes. She herself was bisexual and devoured the girls and women before his greedy eyes. Then it was his turn to properly fuck her partner. Yvette was very proud of his magnificent, potent virility. He reminded her of her father, who had made her a woman at 13 and for years had sex with her next to her grieving mother in the marital bed, ultimately turning her into a whore. But he was an impressively potent man, and Yvette admired him greatly. Now it was she who provided her husband with so many women, as an added bonus to their marital sex — probably hundreds. When one woman knelt before the other to lick her clit, he knelt behind her and slid his penis between her buttocks. Most of the time, he was content to simply insert his penis into the woman's cunthole; only rarely did he fuck her in that position.

He was always moved when Yvette lured a virgin into her bed. He wasn't a sentimental fool, but whenever he had to deflower a girl, he was always moved to tears. Yvette wouldn't tolerate any objections, and if necessary, she held the terrified girl in her arms like a vise so that Bodnar could deflower her. She didn't care at all that they were essentially raping the poor child; after all, she had come of her own free will, and now there was no turning back. Yvette held the girl tightly in her arms and watched as he gently and sensitively, yet firmly, broke the girl's hymen, then continued to fuck her softly and gently until she orgasmed. Very few girls experienced orgasm so soon after being deflowered; now Yvette's tongue could complete the act. The girl lay sprawled before her, speechless; she had never experienced so much pain, pleasure, and ecstasy. And now the woman licked her aching cunt and her small, sensitive clit to beautiful, delicate orgasms. Bodnar was a policeman through and through, so he never asked the girls' ages to avoid feeling like he was committing a crime. These wonderful threesomes and deflowerings forged a strong bond between him and her. But on bad days, her promiscuous promiscuity with other men enraged him. Then he would beat her senseless, and when his anger had subsided, he would masturbate Yvette as a sign that he still loved her. Yvette recognized this and wiped the tears from her eyes.

Even after the first few months of her marriage, she frequently let her father fuck her again on her free mornings and afternoons when Bodnar was at work, because the old man fucked her exceptionally well, far better than anyone else. Perhaps this was just her imagination, perhaps simply because he had been her First and had fucked her for years as a young girl in her parents' bed in front of her mother. Her mother had watched silently and tearfully as her husband deflowered and fucked her own daughter after the mother had given herself to him in passion. Yvette had always snuggled against her mother's body, pressed her face on Mommy's inner thighs and watched attentively as her father fucked her mother, and her mother orgasmed like a champion. The mother could never understand why her husband had to fuck her daughter. Yvette always looked into her mother's dark cunthole, from which her father's juices slowly trickled out. The mother always became aroused while watching the incest; she closed her eyes and masturbated slowly and very reverently, watching the incestuous act with a few tears in her eyes. Yvette's heart rejoiced when she saw her mother masturbate, for then her mother forgot all her suffering and gave herself completely to her passion. Yvette gazed at her mother's beautiful, heavily haired fuck-hole and her small, pointed clit, which she gently rubbed up and down. She and Yvette looked into each other's eyes, and they were two women who, at the same time, masturbated, were fucked, and orgasmed again and again.

Yes, for her father had taught little Yvette to run up the hill to orgasm while being fucked and then to jump easily from orgasm to orgasm. Yes, little Yvette loved her lustful mother and her father, who made her jump from orgasm to orgasm. Little Yvette closed her eyes with a smile as her father lifted her by the hips at the end and ejaculated inside with rapid, furious thrusts. Yes, Yvette smiled happily and felt every spurt her father shot into her little pussyhole. Even now, married to Bodnar, she went to her father's in the late morning and again in the afternoon to be properly fucked twice a day. Her father was now in his fifties, but still potent enough to fuck Yvette twice a day. He still attracted Yvette like a magnet, and she let him fuck her as often as she could discreetly. She was pleased that her mother, even at her age, still masturbated while watching them fucking, just as she had always done as a young woman. Only now she

had mellowed and smiled as she allowed her husband and daughter a little forbidden pleasure. And so it happened, in an unprotected moment, that her own father impregnated her. Yvette, however, acted as if the child were Bodnar's; otherwise, he would have chased her away or even killed her. - Of course, Bodnar had known for a long time that Yvette let her father have sex with her every day, but it didn't bother him. And of course, he suspected that Laura was the product of this incestuous relationship, but Yvette remained stubbornly silent.

Their child, Laura, always crept into her parents' bed, because watching her parents make love was the most exciting thing for the girl since she was seven. She usually pressed her hot, sweaty face against Yvette's inner thighs to watch the fucking up close. She couldn't get enough of watching his thick cock stretch Yvette's tight fuckhole and pound and thrust inside it like a steam engine. Breathless, she stared at his dick when, at the end, he pumped his semen into Yvette's hole in strong spurts. Laura knew that this was the real purpose of fucking and that this was how babies were made. But Yvette didn't want any more children and used contraception very strictly.

Laura must have been 12 or 13 when the big fight broke out, and of course it was Yvette's whoreing that sent Bodnar into a rage. Blind with fury, he slammed his fist against Yvette's lips. She had defended herself by scratching and biting and was now wiping the blood from her mouth. "Go ahead and grope the child, you incestuous pig!" she shrieked like a madwoman, "She's not even your own child!" Bodnar froze. Not his child?! No matter how hard he beat her, she would never reveal the father's name. The venomous serpent of suspicion, the goddess Apate, bit its own tail and completed the circle. It explained why little Laura was so foolishly lustful, why she absolutely had to be present when her parents made love, and why she always dragged his hand under the waistband of her pajamas. The realization sank in. The realization sank in and it explained why little Laura was so madly horny, why she absolutely had to be present when her parents fucked, and why she always dragged his hand under the waistband of her pajamas so he must caress her cunny and her clit. Even when she sat backward on her dad's lap while watching TV, she

pulled off her panties and yanked his hand down to her cunnie's cleft. He ignored Yvette's disapproving glances and stroked Laura's cleft with heart-pounding pleasure. Laura leaned against him and spread her legs wide; he caressed her tiny clit and only stopped when the little girl was on the verge of orgasm. Then he waited and did it again and again. Yvette stared at her daughter's cleft and cunny and missed half the show. She would have surely thrown herself at him, screaming, if he had ever brought Laura to orgasm. He reassured Yvette with a grin, saying there was nothing wrong with it and that the little girl wanted it herself.

Since that row, he slept in the guest bed, the room adjoining the bedroom without a door; it had probably been the dressing room in former bourgeois times. Bodnar and Yvette now slept in separate beds, listening intently and sullenly to each other's sighs and moans. Siblings in adjacent children's rooms, who hated each other with a passion. Laura didn't have to choose; she naturally slept with her father, pulled his hand under the waistband of her pajamas, and drifted into girlish fantasies while he caressed her tiny cunny. Laura masturbated every night, and Bodnar was very surprised the first night; he hadn't known that before. Laura explained that she had copied Yvette and had done it every night since early childhood. Bodnar, of course, knew from the beginning that Yvette masturbated every night before falling asleep, and he had initially watched her with interest, but at some point, he had seen it. Now Laura pulled off her pajama bottoms and spread her legs apart like a frog.

She instructed him on what to do: to place his hand and fingers very gently on her vulva. Then she slipped her hand under his warm, large hand and vigorously masturbated her clit. He had never seen Laura like this before; panting heavily and sweating, she worked her clit for a good ten or fifteen minutes. Bodnar realized that she masturbated just like Yvette, her finger rubbing her clit in a circular motion, not up and down like some of his extramarital lovers. The girl was sweating with excitement, her eyes rolling back in lust, so he could only see the white of her eyes. She was pressing her finger against her clit in a circular motion with loud gasps. Laura's gasps grew louder as she approached ecstasy, and now her juices flowed over his fingers. She let out a soft piglet's squeal as orgasm shook her

body, and in her ecstasy, she pressed one of his fingers against her clit. She whispered, "I'm not finished yet, Daddy," and continued. She usually masturbated two or three times before falling asleep, until she was satisfied. "I've wet your fingers, Daddy," she whispered shyly, cleaning them with her pyjama sleeve. She pulled her pyjama bottoms back on and kissed him on the cheek. "Good night, Daddy," she whispered, pulling his hand under the waistband of her pajamas and placing it on her vulva. Bodnar kissed her forehead. "You did very well, my little one." She fell asleep almost immediately.

Bodnar's flat hand then rested warmly on her mounds, and his middle finger lay calmly along the cleft, the "valley of the dolls." Both her mons pubis and the mounds were hot, round and filled with hot blood from masturbation, and the soft, blond fuzz tickled his palm slightly. She dreamed and fantasized vividly, but he felt how the purely platonic touch began to form a previously unknown, yet intense father-daughter bond. Yes, a delicate, soft and innocent plant was growing deep within the grumpy Bodnar's heart. No, Yvette's plant was broken, withered and dried up, and Bodnar learned to ignore his wife completely. Nevertheless, she was still his wife and looked longingly at her husband and daughter, the two of them nestled together in their sleep. Once a week, Bodnar would stalk into Yvette's room at night and take her wordlessly, selfishly, and without emotion. Yvette and he didn't exchange a word; she had always been very easy to orgasm and would gasp loudly until the orgasms washed over her body. Laura would follow him, her eyes wide open, tormented by despair, envy, and jealousy.

For a whole year, Laura fantasized whenever she felt the warmth of her father's hand. Every night, she masturbated intensely, pressing his flat hand against her clit in ecstasy. She took his fingers and let them glide over her clit. She let his finger plunge into the "valley of the dolls," guiding it over all the wrinkles and dimples to her clit. Her father kept his eyes closed and growled like a bear as she guided his finger in her cunny and over her clit. Bodnar knew how innocent and pure of heart these excursions Laura undertook with his finger were and passively allowed it. The little girl put her lips to his ear. "I always do it, just like Mommy does, Daddy," she whispered her confession in his ear. But it took weeks before she could definitively

place her father's finger on her clit. "Mommy does it every night too, just like me," she whispered, but Bodnar simply wasn't listening to her. The hunt for Frank Halter haunted him. "Yeah, yeah," he growled absentmindedly, "everyone does it, especially the promiscuous harlots." He didn't care that Laura was working her clit next to him, panting and sweating profusely; his mind was elsewhere.

Like Rosenblatt, he too had fallen for Rachel Kerzendocht. Kerzendocht was a special kind of woman. An ordinary housewife, a shy and devout Jew without any particular charm, a wallflower. But with her clumsy striptease, she revealed her womanly, curvaceous, sinful body. And Bodnar succumbed to every woman who was lustful and driven by desire. Rachel told him, and then Rosenblatt as well, that fucking like the uncircumcised Christians was truly dull, bland, and boring for the woman. She really wanted to be fucked hard. He had to pull his cock all the way out each time and then ram it right back in like a chisel. That would send little electric shocks to her clit and her brain, and that was exactly what she wanted. He and Rosenblatt also enjoyed the new technique; they rammed their cocks into Kerzendocht's cunthole with such force that it made her shake and shiver. Yes, this went against everything that simply shouldn't happen to a detective, but it did. It didn't bother his conscience in the slightest, since Rosenblatt felt the same way.

Laura continued, unwaveringly carrying on step by step. She now took his finger, intending to do the same to herself as her mother did. This was too much for the self-appointed moral guardian, who beat his conscience black and blue. But he couldn't undo Laura's actions. Bodnar's heart stopped for a moment as Laura took his finger like a pencil and drew circle after circle on her clit. Her tongue, tightly clamped between her lips, she diligently continued drawing the picture, panting and sweating. The child left no spot untouched, meticulously filling every empty space with color. Laura guided his fingertip along the moist path, letting it dance on her clit for many minutes. Her fingers gripped the pencil tightly as ecstasy made her tremble and twitch. And after the ecstasy, she wrapped her girlish arms around his neck, she sighed deeply and whispered in his ear, "You must thrust into me like Yvette, please—please!" But now he firmly rebuked her. "Never, Laura, never! You are my daughter, and I am

not a child molester!” But Laura merely shrugged and continued her whispered begging relentlessly, every night.

Laura wept silently, for with tears she could get anything from Papa, anything at all. Bodnar’s eyes trembled; he couldn’t bear to see Laura cry. Of course, Yvette followed all this with unease and vigilance, as she did every night; she could hear even the faintest whisper. “If you won’t pound me like Yvette,” the little girl whispered calculatingly, triumphantly sizing him up beneath veiled, tear-filled eyes, “then at least do the finger play for me, Papa, please! The way Yvette does it, the proper finger play!” Bodnar’s heart softened, as did his mind. “Very well, then soften up, like Yvette does when she needs it badly. You’ve surely been spying on her,” Bodnar grumbled, with the queasy feeling of a loser. Laura nodded in a whisper, “Yes, Papa, of course I’m spying. She does it every night after you’ve fallen asleep.” Laura pulled her pajamas all the way down and spread her legs, bent like frog legs. She had won again, and it felt divine, simply goddamn divine. Bodnar’s fingertip found her clit, of course. He had remembered well how Laura had guided his finger and did the same, painting the colorful picture with a steady hand. He watched Laura’s slightly twitching and sweaty face, full of affection, pouring all his love over her clit and cunny until she trembled and twitched all over. Yvette was almost consumed with jealousy whenever Bodnar sat up and masturbated Laura. It was a small price for him to pay to avoid having to really thrust, he defended himself against the grumpy vice cop inside. And from now on, Laura demanded his finger play every night.

Yvette watched them in the dim light, masturbating slowly and absentmindedly in a cross-legged position for perhaps an hour. Then she leaned back and began the intense final stretch. Bodnar and Laura sat up and looked over; he pressed Laura’s face against his hairy chest as if to hide her from seeing. Only Yvette’s lower body was visible, her thighs spread wide. Her finger raced across her clit as if driven by furies; she panted and gasped pitifully. At her climax, she tugged and pulled at her poor clit like a madwoman. She continued rubbing for minutes after her orgasm, then folded her legs together. “She does that every night, Dad, long after you’ve fallen asleep,” Laura whispered, and he pulled her close.

He had been whispering with Rosenblatt in the coffee corner. Rosenblatt was a good friend, and had openly and frankly described his affair with Elli to him. For Rosenblatt, it was the most natural thing in the world; he didn't allow rules or laws across the threshold of his bedroom. This was his privacy, his private kingdom, and the princess got the king. It sounded so simple when Rosenblatt spoke of it. With glittering eyes, Bodnar slowly leafed through the slut's nude photos and videos. Of course, he recognized her lustful nature instantly; he knew all such women from his time in the vice squad. Greedy harpies who weren't just after the man's money, but who also greedily devoured everyone to stuff them into their large, insatiable emptiness. He understood perfectly now why Rosenblatt called her nothing but "the slut". But Elli, posing obscenely, almost took his breath away. The daughter was just as much a slut as her mother, and he wasn't at all surprised that Rosenblatt had taken her. Elli still had plenty of baby fat, but her breasts were gradually taking shape in the style of the great slut. Her pointed teats stood out boldly, aggressive and by no means innocent. At the climax, she pulled and tore at one teat. Her very femininity was already a weapon, ready to devour foolish Danaans. Both the slut and Elli burned themselves indelibly into Bodnar's retina.

He reluctantly handed Rosenblatt the phone back, the big slut and the little slut dancing the cha-cha-cha in Bodnar's mind. "No, Rosenblatt, I'll never fuck with my Laura, not in a million years!" He reluctantly handed his iPhone to Rosenblatt; after all, he had collected plenty of nude photos and videos of Yvette and Laura. Rosenblatt commented with a connoisseur's eye. "Yvette, well, maybe not my league, Bodnar. More breasts and more hips, that's where I need her. But Laura, she's much slimmer and more delicate than my Elli. Those small, girlish breasts, magnificent and like the finest porcelain! And the soft, light blonde fuzz enhances her girlishness even more. Elli already has to trim her bush with scissors, old champ. Laura will probably challenge you more and demand more from you than Yvette!" Rosenblatt's eyes caressed Laura's beautiful, girlish body for minutes, while he watched her masturbate shy and shameful in front of the camera. "One day, when you're ready, Bodnar, we'll have to share the girls!" But Bodnar shook his head and said firmly, "Not in a million years, Rosenblatt!" At the same time, a scream rose

within him, a scream of desire for Elli, the little slut. Yes, a steamy friendship developed between them, and they exchanged their nude photos and videos, giggling like naughty schoolboys.

Rosenblatt came up with the idea. “Bodnar, what’s one of Frank Halter’s weaknesses? His mother, yes, his beloved mother. It would cut him to the core if we stopped treating her with kid gloves. If we used her like Kerzendocht, brazenly and quite indecently. It will cut him to the core, shatter his twisted masculinity, if we take her for our amusement and fuck her properly like Rachel. It will drive him crazy, and he’ll make mistakes. What do you think?” Bodnar had to agree; Rosenblatt understood something about psychology, not just Morgentau. Bodnar pointed out that the old woman was really old, wrinkled and withered, only in the arms of Kerzendocht did she still awaken. Rosenblatt nudged him in the side. “Get a grip, old friend! For God, the King, and England!”

Bodnar bit heartfully in Laura’s teats as her ecstasy began to roll. Yvette coughed like someone with lung disease, but Bodnar ignored his wife; this wasn’t her business, it was none of her concern, damn it!

Bodnar had been playing this finger game with Laura for months now, and she finally stopped talking about fucking and being fucked. She wrapped her arms around his neck and whispered, “I learned how to do it to boys at school.” Nothing more, just a casual remark after the fingering game. Laura straightened up and pulled Bodnar’s trousers off. She knelt between his thighs, pulled back his circumcised foreskin, and exposed the glans. “Daddy, are you really a circumcised Jew?” she asked, playfully pulling his foreskin back and forth. “Yes,” he growled, “a circumcised, damned jewish dog, that’s what I am!”

Laura flinched; she hadn’t expected the aggressive tone. “I’m only asking because you have the same foreskin as Freddy and Johnny.” He conceded. “They only cut off the very tip, little one.” Laura nodded and inspected his penis closely. “A beautiful penis, and much bigger than Johnny and Freddy’s.” Bodnar said nothing; there was no comment to be made. “I’ll do it for you, Daddy. Just sit back and

relax!” the little girl commanded. “I’ve done it a hundred times with my two friends,” said Laura. “Freddy’s mom doesn’t mind, us playing naked on Freddy’s bed. She just grins mischievously when she comes in unexpectedly, but after a while she leaves grinning again. She once told Freddy that a boy always needs a good girlfriend who lets him cum nicely. That’s just how she is, Freddy’s mom.”

Again, she clamped her tongue between her lips and did it to him, quickly, expertly, and sweatily, rubbing him hard until he ejaculated. He watched her while she rubbed him. She was 13, maybe 14, and very slim, almost boyish. She didn’t have proper breasts yet, but on the small mounds, he could see her pointed, stiff nipples. The pale pink nipples trembled in sync with her vigorous rubbing motions. He stared at these dancing nipples; they were so different from Yvette’s. He asked where she had learned how to rub boys? She said Johnny and Freddie, her best friends, had let her try and practice. “And then what?” he asked. “Well, the two of them are allowed to masturbate in front of my cunt, and when they come, I spread my labia with my fingers and they can ejaculate inside, as far as it could go. No, they’re not allowed to fuck me, I made that very clear to them. My dad will do my first time when he’s ready.”

He had to avoid her intense gaze. “Sometimes Freddy’s mom catches us, but she just grins happily, she stays under the door, waiting until both guys are kneeling in front of my pussy, jerking off and ejaculating. ‘Boys, don’t ejaculate inside, don’t make the little one unhappy!’ she says then, and we nod. I say, ‘Mrs. Monroe, I’m not letting the boys have proper sex yet, quite honestly.’ Then she grins from ear to ear and leaves, grinning contentedly like a cat. I think she really enjoys watching the boys kneeling in front of my pussy, jerking off and ejaculating upon my pussy.”

She stared at the opening in his glans and continued rubbing firmly. “I always thought Jewish men didn’t have foreskins.” He understood her question. “Circumcisers don’t cut off the whole foreskin, just the very tip.” “Aha,” she nodded, “I see.” With wide, open eyes, she watched his spurting ejaculation, letting his semen splash across her chest and wiping it away with her sleeve. “I can do it for you every night if you like, Dad.” He nodded. “Yes, that would be re-

ally nice if you sometimes do it for me, Laura. “You just have to rub while it’s squirting and also for a little while longer so that it’s really nice for me.” He later slipped his hand under the waistband of her pajamas and fell asleep almost immediately, while Laura continued to masturbate vigorously.

Laura whispered, “Is it really okay to swallow it, Papa? The others say it’s de-li-ci-ous.” Bodnar was too tired to stop her. “Fine by me, Laura, it’s not poisonous,” he whispered wearily. Laura’s lips lowered over his glans before the ejaculation and closed tightly around it, and she continued to rub him. Her tongue danced on his glans; she obviously knew very well what she was doing. Soon he had to ejaculate, and the semen spurted deep into her mouth, and she swallowed it all with a pleasurable and shy shudder. Yvette looked over from the other side and coughed loudly and emphatically. Her Laura knelt between his thighs, eagerly milking his semen, her tongue clamped in the corner of her mouth by her lips, and now she bent over to drink and swallow Bodnar’s semen like a cheap streetwalker!

Yvette held her breath until Laura had slurped and swallowed everything. All she could do was cough loudly in disapproval. Laura ignored her cough completely and cleaned Bodnar with the sleeve of her pajamas. - He had swallowed hard. Laura had taken him by surprise, without warning, without any fuss. Her comrades had instructed her precisely how it was done; they had certainly given Laura a demonstration on a live subject. Yvette sat up agitatedly in bed and coughed emphatically and very disapprovingly. Bodnar jumped up angrily and stomped over to Yvette. He threw her brutally onto the pillows and took her roughly and brutally, panting and puffing like a bull. She is and was just as much of a slut as Rosenblatt’s ex; she had no right to cough here!

It was clear that neither Hofstätter nor Morgentau approved of his and Rosenblatt’s actions. Ron said, “Frank Halter will be annoyed, yes. But he’s not stupid enough to make a colossal mistake over this. He thinks like a killer, not an altar boy, folks. He’d drown dead his own mother if it suited his purposes.” But Bodnar remained unmoved. He met Morgentau’s accusing glare. “No, we’re not the idiots, not us!” he grumbled. “Your father was a rabbi, and you’re still the

sweet little pastor's daughter, Doctor! There's no such thing as the perfect detective, in shining armor on a snow-white stallion. Wake up, Rosa, we have to deal with the lowest scum of this city and get our hands dirty! It's not us who are delaying the arrest. It's you who lets him rape you regularly, God knows what good that's supposed to do! You just let him screw you over like crazy instead of putting a bullet in his head!" Bodnar turned around and simply left them standing there. Ron said laconically, "There's something to that, Rosa!"

Bodnar had returned from his bar crawl. He was quite tipsy, but not drunk. He had the feeling he'd only been sent to the bars so he wouldn't annoy everyone at the office. Laura lay half-naked on his bed, her bare legs spread like a frog, rubbing her clit with intense sweating. She smiled sweetly at him and whispered that she'd been working on it for hours. He threw himself onto the bed and watched her performance with a warm shudder. He watched approvingly for a while and then undressed. He placed his dick on her chest. Laura paused only briefly, pulled back the foreskin, and took the glans with her lips grinning and continuing to masturbate. Yvette was also lying on her bed, giggling and snickering on the phone, and stroking her breasts. Bodnar grinned; all that was missing was him joining in. But it didn't occur to him. Laura was panting and sweating and whispering with his glans between her lips, that she was far from finished. She had already come so far that she only needed a few moments to reach her next ecstasy.

Laura's ecstasy made her tremble and twitch wildly. At the climax, her lips bit down hard on his glans, almost painfully. But he grinned; what a little devil she was! She grabbed him and, with a mischievous smile, pulled him between her frog-like spread legs. The head of his cock touched her moist, dancing cunny. Bodnar grinned through the glittering curtain left behind by the drinks and aperitifs. "I think you want to take me over the edge today, my little one." Laura wiped the sweat from her face and continued with her clit. "No, Daddy, I just want to feel you very close, very close." Tiny beads of sweat detached from her forehead and ran down her heated cheeks. Bodnar's loins grew hotter as the head of his dick touched her dancing vulva.

“You’re about to push me over, my love,” he gasped helplessly, his passion burning brightly.

A heavenly light shone across Laura’s face. “Thrust, really thrust like Yvette?” Bodnar nodded thoughtfully. “Maybe today is your big day, your lucky day.” Laura looked at him with wide eyes. “Yes, Daddy, today is my lucky day. You want to take me like Yvette, finally!” He shook his head. “No, child, I want to be gentle and tender with you, not rough and brutal like with Yvette!” Heat spilled down from his navel. “It’ll sting the first time, little princess,” he murmured. Laura smiled knowingly. “I know, Daddy!” and pulled him forward impatiently. “Well then, in God’s name!” murmured our good Bodnar and thrust forward. Her hymen offered little resistance; it tore with a soft pop, and he pushed his cock deep into her virginal little hole. He hadn’t felt such a delicate, fine, and tight fuckhole in a long time, perhaps only in the beginning, when Yvette had brought him virgins to deflower.

Laura flinched slightly, but didn’t make a sound. She gazed wide into his eyes, amazed like a child before a wonderfully glittering Christmas tree. He fucked her gently until she, as easily as Yvette, leaped violently from orgasm to orgasm. He lifted her ass so that her pussy opened like a blooming flower, and then he ejaculated inside her. After their shared happy ending, he slid to the side. Laura snuggled against him, her lips on his neck. “Daddy, how many times can men actually go?” she asked. He was still drunk. “It depends. Once, twice, or three times, if you ask me.” She pulled him between her thighs, and he did it to her a second and a third time. Freed from all his demons, he poured his seed inside her without hesitation - once, twice, and three times.

Yvette had ended her spicy phone call and stared in disbelief at the scene in the guest bed. “You did it, you monster!” she shrieked, her first words in months. Bodnar fucked Laura slowly and deliberately, who squealed with orgasm again and again. He held out his outstretched hand to Yvette, his index finger extended. “Shut your mouth, I’m telling you!” But Yvette continued to shriek and hurl the most obscene names at him. He stopped the fourth round with a growl and climbed out of bed cursing. Naked and broad-shouldered,

he stomped over to Yvette. She continued to shriek that he had raped the poor child! That was the last straw. He slapped his wife, the likes of which she had never received before; spit and blood flew from her mouth onto the carpet. "Shut your mouth, I said!" he said in a voice that seemed to rise from the depths of his soul. He felt the blood rushing to his loins. He grabbed Yvette and took her as roughly and brutally as he hadn't in a long time. Yvette then curled up on the sheet. Bodnar lifted one of her legs until her genitals were open like a ripe fruit, defenseless, and masturbated her quickly and expertly. He hadn't done it for months; it was always a sign that, despite all his roughness, he still liked her somehow. Yvette closed her eyes and quickly had a second, third and fourth orgasm. Bodnar slapped her buttocks roughly several times, really hard. "I don't want to hear another word, do you hear me? Run and get her the pill, if you have an ounce of decency left!"

Bodnar had slept off his drunkenness; Laura was still fast asleep. He heaved himself out of bed and stepped into the shower. There he woke up, more sober than ever. He had done the terrible thing; he had thrown away his honor like a used tissue. A police officer, a vice squad officer, a detective never did such a thing. Not in a million years. He crouched on the shower tray under the spray. He would have to go to the president and submit his resignation, six years before retirement! The water was now ice-cold; he turned it off. He stood up with difficulty, a Hercules carrying the heavy world globe on his shoulders.

Wallner had almost laughed at him and ordered him back to work. The president didn't want to hear anything about saying goodbye, not when you were in the middle of a murder case! Bodnar told Rosenblatt about Laura, his voice trembling, as they stood by the coffee machine. Rosenblatt just gave him a friendly, buddy-like pat on the shoulder, then left. Bodnar wasn't sure if Rosa had heard him. Actually, it didn't matter; he'd become a miserable worm, a worm like Rosenblatt. Bodnar sat down at a small table and wept into his coffee cup. Ron came by and glanced at him briefly, then sat down. "Bodnar, if you need someone to talk to, I'm here." He placed his hand reassuringly on Bodnar's forearm. Bodnar looked at him through his tears. "It's something private, Ronald." Ron nodded and

shrugged. "Sometimes the sky comes down without asking the time." Bodnar looked at him. "It's something private, Ronald. Nothing professional." Ronald shrugged. "You're certainly not so down because of your thing with Kerzendocht. I'm here, Bodnar, I'm ready to listen. Whatever it is." Bodnar was silent for a long time.

"I was just with the president, I offered my resignation. He just laughed at me and sent me back to work. He thought I wanted to leave because of the Kerzendocht situation. But that's not the case. At the CID, it can always happen that you fuck with a sweet fig, but that wasn't it, Ronald. The president didn't get it." Ronald was silent; they were alone in the coffee corner, the others were working at their desks. Ron was silent; Bodnar should talk, he just wanted to listen.

"Rosa gave me the boot, with a proper kick in the pants. I deserved it, because she made it perfectly clear that she would leave me if it turned out to be incest." Bodnar's tears had dried, and now he tried to read Ronald's face. "I fell right into my daughter's trap, like a lousy beginner. I'm just as much of a worm as Rosenblatt." Ron didn't even flinch. Bodnar wiped his tears away with the back of his hand. "It all happened so slowly, step by step. Rosa warned me from the very beginning that I was heading towards incest, but I laughed at her, not in a million years, Rosa! It happened so slowly, so insidiously, that I didn't realize it in time." Bodnar wiped his nose with his jacket sleeve.

"It was all because of that unfortunate marital spat. I gave Yvette a good thrashing; she just can't stop behaving like a whore. One word leads to another, of course. Then she screams that I should just keep groping my daughter, that she's not my child anyway. That's when I saw red. Sure, I'd always suspected that Laura was her own father's daughter, but Yvette finally blurted it out. Since then, we've slept in separate rooms, in separate beds. It's true, I always enjoyed stroking little Laura's cunny and clit when she sat on my lap while we watched TV. I didn't think it was indecent, okay?" Bodnar looked at Ron, but Ron remained silent.

"Laura is already 13, and since the marital spat, she's been sleeping next to me on the guest bed. Only now have I discovered that the

little one masturbates every night like her mother. She'd pull my hand under her pajama bottoms, place it on her pussy while she masturbated once, twice, or three times. Rosa already scolded me then, telling me not to let my hand touch her cunny. Like an idiot, I laughed at Rosa. It's no big deal! Then, after months, Laura showed me how she wanted to be masturbated. I hesitated for a long time, but then I agreed because she begged me to fuck her! My own daughter! So I took the lesser of two evils and have been masturbating my little one ever since." Bernard gazed thoughtfully at the tabletop.

"Well, and one day she started giving me a handjob and swallowing my cum. She learned it from her friends, and she's not half bad at it." And then, a week ago, I came home from my pub crawl, where I was supposed to be tracking down Frank Halter's henchmen. I guess I wasn't entirely sober anymore, and that's when Laura lured me between her legs. I deflowered her and fucked her, by my soul! And since we fuck every free minute, like rabbits. I'm so ashamed, Ronald. Wallner hasn't fired me yet, but he'll do it at the first opportunity. Rosa, though, she fired me, immediately and without batting an eye, just like she said she would. I'm lost, Ronald, no one can help me now!" Bodnar hung his head.

Ronald took his hand. "Bodnar, I don't approve any incest, but I'm sure you know that. I'm sure it felt good to get it off your chest, that's okay. But I can't let you let this get you down. Our squad needs every man, and professionally speaking, incest has no bearing on our work. We treat Rosenblatt like a good investigator, whether he's fucking with his daughter or not. We want to treat you like a good investigator too; we can't do without you, Bodnar, Wallner's absolutely right about that. You're upset and hurt right now, so take it slow, I want you to. Grab the files, scan them and number them carefully, and enter them into the database. That will help us a lot, and it'll take your mind off things. You don't need to feel useless, Bodnar." Bodnar nodded gratefully. "You're right, Ronald. It's a worthwhile task that one has to do eventually anyway. I'll get right to it. Thank you, Ronald, for listening to me!" Bodnar was grateful that he could make himself useful and distract himself with a dull, routine task.

Bodnar went home earlier than usual. Yvette had dragged Laura to the gynecologist, had her thoroughly examined, and then went to the pharmacy with the prescription. When Bodnar got home, Yvette was sitting at the table with the sour sulky Laura, explaining everything about the pill, menstruation, and the catastrophe of an early pregnancy. The two of them were speaking to each other for the first time in months. He gave Yvette a quick wink, and she retreated to her bedroom. Laura immediately hugged him, pressing her face against his upper arm. "Dad, the doctor touched me down there, shone a light inside, and rubbed my clit really hard until it was completely stiff. But he didn't finish, the stupid man, he just stared at it through a magnifying glass until it was soft again. I felt like a brightly painted circus horse." Bodnar reassured her. "He has to examine you thoroughly, otherwise he can't prescribe the pill, but you need it, starting immediately. So there's no pregnancy if we're stupid and do it again." Laura nodded, appeased. "But rubbing the clit until it's stiff?" she asked doubtfully. But then she looked up. "Than it's okay, Dad."

Bodnar asked what else was on her mind. Laura looked at him uncertainly and whispered that Yvette probably wouldn't approve if she told him. "Yvette apparently knew the doctor from before, and she nodded when he asked if he could take my pictures. He must have taken a hundred pictures of himself rubbing my clit until it was stiff. I'd never seen it so clearly before; my clit became completely stiff and red. I'd never seen it so closely, but suddenly my clit popped out from under the hood like a thorn. But he didn't finish, the bastard. He kept taking pictures and licking his lips until my clit was completely soft again and finally disappeared. And suddenly his penis was inside me, so thick and fat that it almost burst me open. He just thrust in-out, in-out, in-out and then he ejaculated immediately, the bastard. Yvette pulled him out and scolded him. He could have her, but not me, damn it! She lay down on her belly over the desk, she hiked up her skirt and pulled her panties aside. She grabbed him and shoved his semi-erect penis labourously inside her cunthole. She forced him to do it to her, and then again immediately. They were barely half a meter away from me, and I finally stopped crying and stared at their shagging genitals. I stared closer than I had in a long time at Yvette's fuckhole and Lothar's cock, which only gradually became hard again and, after a long thrusting, ejaculated inside her. His balls bounced

up and down as he pumped it in. But she wasn't satisfied and shrieked that he had to fuck her a second time, the bastard! He had to pump her endlessly until he finally managed it a second time. He just couldn't manage to ejaculate a third time. She scolded him because he fucked much worse now than before, this Doctor Lothar. Then we went to the pharmacy.

As they lay in bed that evening, Laura snuggled up to him. She never wore pajamas again; now they both lay naked, skin to skin. "Daddy, I always wanted Yvette's place, I always wanted to be your little Yvette." Bodnar said nothing for a long time. "I've been a man of honor all my life. Yesterday I threw my honor away. It wasn't right that I made you my little Yvette, Laura. I'm your dad, not your lover. That's Johnny and Freddie and who-knows-who else. One of your friends should have taken your virginity and popped your cherry; that would have been the right thing to do. They should have fuck you and ejaculate, that's the prooper way. As your dad, I'm not allowed to touch my daughter, and certainly not to take her virginity or fuck her. That goes against everything we believe in. Can you understand?" Laura understood, but she didn't grasp anything. And so, in the end, they did it every night, full of shame and full of pleasure, and Yvette buried her head in the pillows; she didn't want to see or to hear it, she didn't want to be beaten up anymore.

Laura whispered in his ear so loudless that Yvette could barely hear. "I let both boys fuck me every afternoon now, that's right, and of course they're allowed to cum inside me. Freddie's mom stands in the doorway and watches shamelessly as they take turns fucking me and cumming inside me. I reassured her that Dad got me the pill so he wouldn't get me pregnant. No, of course I didn't tell anyone about us, Dad! And then Freddy looked at me wide-eyed and told us. "Like every day after breakfast, my mom lies down in bed to masturbate; she doesn't make a big secret of it. I walk past her open door, and she calls me. So I go in; she's gently stroking her pussy because she's just done it. I stare at her pussy, and despite the wild bush, you can see everything. The large labia, the small labia growing directly out of her clit, and her large cunthole, gaping wide open, stretched by the dildo. She beckoned me over and grabbed my hard-on, but really hard. "Would you like to fuck a real woman, Freddy? Or is it enough

for you to fuck Laura's little hole?" I couldn't say a word and just shook my head. I had to kneel between her thighs and she fisted me. She only ever did that on weekends when we all showered together. First she'd do it to Dad, then to me. She'd spread her labia with her fingers and let everything from outside squirt inside – it was outrageous! "Think about it, Freddy!" she called after me. That plunged me into deep despair, I can't possibly fuck my own mother!" So I kicked him in the shin. "Of course you can, you asshole! This is a unique opportunity to do it with a grown-up!" - "And that she's your mom, that's really irrelevant." I gave him some good advice, now he fucks her every morning while she masturbates." Bodnar pressed Laura even closer to him. He knew neither Freddy nor his mother. But now he closed his eyes in rapture and could see it. The boy fucking his mother while she passionately masturbates.

He whispered to Laura for a long time. He had to describe in minute detail how he used to fuck the Kerzendocht and the Old Halter, twice a week. Her curiosity was stronger than her jealousy. He described everything to her truthfully, and she grimaced — how on earth could he possibly be having sex with a 70-year-old?! He demonstrated how he had sex with the two women, pulling his cock all the way out and then ramming it back inside hard. Laura felt very uncomfortable with the experiment, when they tried it. No, she didn't want that. He said he would do the same with Yvette now; didn't she want to participate? Laura nodded enthusiastically, and they whispered about it for ages. Then he went over to Yvette, and Laura crouched down on the floor by the bedside. Yvette was utterly astonished when Laura spread her labia apart with her fingers. She flinched as he rammed his dick inside her and she groaned loudly. She flinched with every thrust, but then she understood where this was going. The little electric shocks throbbed in her clit, and it wasn't unpleasant. Laura kept her pussy open, and he rammed his cock inside again and again. She felt how fast these electric shocks propelled her up the hill, at an insane speed. Her face contorted into a grin, and she orgasmed, more intensely than she had in a long time. Bodnar nudged Laura, "You can let her go!" and then they simply left Yvette lying there. Yvette watched them with wide, round eyes; it was a great demonstration, and a wonderful experience.

For Bodnar, early retirement was like a blow from a club. He lay on his bed watching television, without really watching. Yvette had come up beside him and said she was moving out, that she was moving in with Waltraud temporarily until she found an apartment. Bodnar nodded absently. Yvette said she simply couldn't bear to see him and Laura infighting anymore. Bodnar didn't take his eyes off the screen. "I can't undo anything, Yvette." She turned to leave. "I'm going to file for divorce, Saul." She hadn't called him by his first name in years, not for 15 years. Bodnar's hand slid up her legs under her skirt, then he took hold of her fingers. "Lie down next to me, Yvette, before you leave." She was completely surprised, but she lay down next to him. They treated each other gently and tenderly, just like at the beginning of their relationship. Then he took out his iPhone and showed Yvette the pictures and videos of Rosenblatt's big and small sluts. Yvette's eyes widened, she became incredibly aroused, and wondered. "Rosenblatt's?" Bodnar confirmed, yes, that was them. Yvette stayed for another hour; the nude pictures and videos had really turned her on, and she demanded a second round, then she left. For good.

Bodnar gazed at the two sluts for a long time. Rosenblatt's suggestion of borrowing the girls simply wouldn't leave his mind. Yes, maybe yes, but he wouldn't leave Laura alone with Rosenblatt for a single moment. A dinner together? Suddenly it hit Bodnar: Yvette wouldn't be there, she wouldn't cook. Maybe they'd bring some Thai food. Another thought intruded: thick, broad, and overweight. Even for Laura's sensible diet, he needed a replacement for Yvette. Yvette, who was now in Waltraud's arms. Waltraud was just as lustful as Yvette, both were bisexual, and many years ago he'd often had threesomes with them, very enjoyable ones at that, Bodnar smiled to himself. Cooking, doing the housework!? Breathlessly, he mentally ran through the address book of his flings. Yes, maybe her. Or her? No, she had a family now, a husband and children. Another one came to mind. He only thought of her because he'd had a wonderful fling with her years ago. Or — maybe her? Yes, that was her, he'd get in touch with her. She was a childless widow, sexually in the "lustful" category, and she masturbated day and night, much more often than Yvette. And she could really fuck divinely well; it had been always a pleasure with her. But she was rather clumsy at managing her life

and muddled through more or less. She accepted her lovers' money, but she was anything but a skilled clandestine prostitute. Shy and ashamed, she asked her lover for money, and silently accepted whatever the gentleman wanted to give her. Yes, he could fish her out of the pond; at around 32, she could have a positive influence on Laura and at the same time be his young and compliant lover. He would phone her tomorrow at noon.

In his mind, he had been flipping through the pictures of the big and little slut, and now Rosenblatt's suggestion of a daughter swap came back into focus. Two approaches presented themselves. He and Rosenblatt could take turns visiting each other and each have a threesome with the respective daughter. Of course, he would do it with Elli at Rosenblatt's first, because only then could he be sure that Rosenblatt was truly serious about the daughter swap. Bodnar's lips twitched as he imagined himself fucking little Elli thoroughly until he couldn't anymore. Only then would he let Rosenblatt slide between Laura's thighs. He was quite certain that Laura would gladly let Rosenblatt fuck her if he, her father, agreed. Yes, she would enjoy it, without a doubt. — Or they could go straight for it, all four of them together, and take their own daughter and the other's in turn. And he would take the little slut, again and again, until he couldn't anymore. Bodnar fell asleep smiling, his cell phone between his fingers.

Weeks later, he invited Rosenblatt and Elli to dinner. He had taken it from the Thai kitchen, and they ate and drank happily. Laura drank red wine for the first time and was soon a little tipsy. They played spin the bottle until all four were naked. Laura, engulfed in Rosenblatts arms, looked over at Bodnar — was she allowed to? Bodnar nodded, and Rosenblatt lay down between Laura's thighs. He lay down between Elli's thighs, and now the joyful daughter-fucking began. Bodnar fucked Elli again and again; she was truly divine in the art of fucking. It was quite as he had imagined. Elli's pussy was much tighter than he'd expected. She didn't orgasm during sex, but after each tryst, she brazenly ended it with her middle finger and laughed cheekily and triumphantly in his face. - Rosenblatt had to change his technique because Laura didn't like being rammed in at all. But then she let Rosenblatt fuck her again and again, she cried out happily and laughed in his arms. The girls went from cock to cock. They didn't

stop fucking until around midnight, all exhausted and happy. Rosenblatt grinned. “Next time at my place, Bodnar.”

Bodnar briefly took stock of how things stood. Every item on his mental inventory list sent hot and cold shivers down his spine; there was plenty that was great, and just as much that wasn’t so great:

He had been fingering Laura to orgasm for months now. For a long time, he had avoided it, merely caressing her little pussy rather than giving her a proper fingering. But the little witch was only satisfied when he fingered her properly every evening, letting her lean back with a smile and enjoy the exquisite sensation. Every single evening — even after they’d already had a long, intense fuck. He was fucking Laura every evening now, and sometimes in the afternoon, too. His stamina served him well, since on some particularly intense days they would fuck five or six times. It was none of his business, really, but Laura was starting to develop a genuine sexual appetite. Aside from him, she had been fucked by Lothar the gynecologist, then by her two best male friends from school, and now by Rosenblatt as well. Was she going to turn into a slut like Yvette?

After that huge marital row, he’d only fucked Yvette once or twice a week; still, she was a great pal and a truly hot piece of ass in bed. Now she was gone, having fled to Waltraud’s place. He didn’t begrudge her the lesbian lovemaking with Waltraud — after all, Waltraud was a real treat in bed herself. Was Yvette still whoring around during this time? — No, that was none of his business anymore. Maybe she’d actually file for divorce; he certainly wouldn’t.

Rosa had given him the boot — harshly and coldly. But she’d been right to do it. It was a real shame, though, because fucking Rosa was always a special pleasure — watching her trigger her own orgasm by working her pointed tits in a way no other girl did. Ah yes, that was a shame — a real pity.

Just like Rosenblatt during the surveillance phase, he had been fucking Old Halter and the slightly younger Kerzendocht every night. At first, it had been strange, unusual, and perhaps even bizarre. But over time, it turned into a great pastime — something that meant

nothing to anyone involved and served solely to satisfy the urge of the moment. The idea was actually to wound Frank Halter's masculinity — criminals who were angry or emotionally agitated tended to make mistakes. He didn't really care whether or how often those old hags reached orgasm — that truly carried no weight, held no significance.

Now, once or twice a month, there was a shared dinner with Rosenblatt, followed by fucking her daughters together. He fucked Elli — the little slut — again and again with genuine pleasure, though he couldn't have said offhand what made her so special. As far as he could tell, Rosenblatt was only the fifth man Laura had ever been with. Laura found fucking Rosenblatt delightful; he located her G-spot right away and made her orgasms ripple out like pearls on a string. Despite initial reservations, this "I-fuck-your-daughter" arrangement went like clockwork.

Rosenblatt was dead set against continuing to mount Kerzendocht. "That file is closed," Rosenblatt said, shaking his head, because Bodnar kept visiting the sexy Jewish woman.

He had actually invited Jenny over on two afternoons and given her 200 euros after fucking her. Laura later remarked that, yes, bringing Jenny into the fold would be fine; after all, she spoke the language of the younger generation perfectly; there wouldn't be any problems there. He would make the proposal after the third time they fucked, and she would most likely accept.

He was officially retired now. He planned to buy a new laptop and organize the vast collection of photos and videos into a neatly arranged archive, they had no business sitting on his phone. He briefly scrolled through them: Yvette and her friends and his own extramarital conquests from back then; the Halter and Kerzendocht; Rosenblatt's big slut and little slut; Laura; and dozens of videos of girls and boys from Lauras circle jerking off. No, this chaos had to be cleaned up — once and for all.

He watched the videos Laura had transferred to him: lots of sweet, petite, and immature girls busily jerking off, giving it all. He smiled

watching the little angels fingerworks and fell asleep with his phone on his chest.



Rosenblatt smoked silently in bed, Elli slept softly beside him, his hand resting on her bare bottom. It was beautifully shaped, round and womanly, but Rosenblatt wasn't paying attention to its beauty now. Ronald had been right all along; he had to get the pill for Elli. She was so young and stupid fearless. She hadn't even started her period yet and hadn't given pregnancy a second thought. The princess had to have her king; finally, he was hers alone. The evil queen had left after watching the king gently and with obvious pleasure deflower the princess. He had fucked his princess late into the night, making her squeal with delight as she leaped from orgasm to orgasm. The king was proud to have conquered the princess's cunt. Only then did the evil queen retreat, pouting; she had lost the whole game in one fell swoop. The slut was just furiously jealous because Dad had eyes only for his Elli ever since. He was quite happy that Elli laid with him and not the slut. There was no connection between his ejaculation and pregnancy; Elli never considered that.

Rosenblatt now had to call the slut, and the frigate came roaring across the bay under full sails. She didn't have a decent job and didn't need one; she picked up guys at the disco, and she could live very well on the money, even saving some for the future. She wasn't stupid; she avoided drugs and bad guys alike. Rosenblatt greeted her frostily; he hadn't invited her of his own free will. She accompanied Elli to the gynecologist and looked over her shoulder as the doctor examined Elli thoroughly. The slut hadn't seen Elli's cunt since she was a baby; Elli's was beautifully and femininely shaped. Elli had beautiful, full labia, a deep, dark fuckhole, small and very narrow labia minora, and a rather large clit shaped like a small boy's penis. The slut sighed, because her own clit was also shaped like a small boy's penis, complete with a small glans and a proper frenulum like the little boys she occasionally took with her for sex, because she loved to spoil little boys. (She would loiter around the schools at lunchtime and pick out a boy. At home, she would undress him and herself, grinning inwardly when the boy's penis became erect at the

sight of her nakedness. Playfully, she would pull the foreskin back and forth over the glans and quietly ask him if he wouldn't like to fuck her. Most of these children had never had sex before, but now they were learning it, all afternoon long.) She couldn't help wondering if Elli masturbated as often as she did. They left the prescription at the pharmacy; Elli would now be able to get the pill completely legally. Mother and daughter didn't exchange a single word; the gulf between them was unbridgeable.

The slut simply pushed Elli aside when they went to bed that evening. "I expect compensation for my cooperation," the slut growled, lurking like a female jaguar. Elli was stunned by how roughly the slut took her father. The slut had some fancy tricks up her sleeve to get him hard again and again. Then she fucked the poor man, grinning, and let him squirt inside her, still grinning. From every angle, in every position, she collected payment for each monthly prescription individually. It wasn't until around 2 a.m. that she took off in a taxi. Elli took her father's head in her lap. "Was it worth it, just for the pill?" she asked anxiously. Rosenblatt nodded, exhausted. "Yes, Elli. I would never forgive myself for getting you pregnant. I'm only doing what's necessary, Princess." Elli caressed his head and whispered, "I would have still loved you even if you had gotten me pregnant, Dad. I'm so down that Mom so thoroughly screwed you over, so cruel and heartless as she is. You must get a divorce, Papa, otherwise she'll be a burden to you at the worst possible time. Sooner or later, Mama will run afoul of the law or a loan shark and drag you down with her. She's been doing that her whole life; you're still paying off her debts. She's still officially your wife, Papa." Rosenblatt just wanted to sleep. "Yes, Elli, yes." Finally, he fell into a deep sleep.



For Rosenblatt, who loved women's bodies more than a concoction of ice cream, whipped cream, and a maraschino cherry, working in the Halters' house was a nightmare and disgusting. No, he had no problem with little Kerzendocht, because once she'd taken off her impossible housewife clothes, she was actually quite attractive. She was always clean, well-groomed and lightly perfumed, which accentuated her very feminine curves. No, he enjoyed her. He now regretted hav-

ing made the suggestion to Bodnar. Upstairs, in the bedroom under the eaves, old Halter quickly undressed to lie down next to young Kerzendocht. Never had the difference between a woman's body in full bloom and an old, withered one been so obvious. Halter was very wrinkled, her breasts hung like sacks, and her sparsely gray-haired cunt was anything but attractive.

Rosenblatt had taken to waiting for the women's pause in their lovemaking, then he would ask sweet Kerzendocht to dance. It was a pleasure, for the eyes and for his manhood as well. With a heavy heart, he turned to Mrs. Halter after ejaculation. She trembled with excitement and fear. He took her with contempt and penetrated the old woman's wrinkled, dry cunt with his semi-erect penis. The penetration seemed to hurt her, but he didn't give a damn; he had to fuck her, and in front of Rachel's critical eye. Actually, it was Rachel who had urged him and Bodnar to fuck her old girlfriend too, because Rachel knew firsthand that Halter loved to fuck. In the first few days, Bodnar and Rosenblatt had only fucked Rachel, and the old woman had watched them up close with tear-filled eyes. So Rachel had asked her if she wouldn't like to be fucked too? Old Halter had nodded in surprise, without really thinking about it. That's how it all started.

The old woman turned her face away, burying it in the pillows. She knew it was about Frankie, that it was all about dishonoring her. Tears of anger and humiliation glistened in her eyes, but she didn't want to give the guy the satisfaction of crying, of letting the tears flow simply from the contradictions of her own actions. Rosenblatt fucked the old woman the same way he fucked Rachel, pulling his cock all the way out each time and ramming it back in wildly. Roxane didn't let on how painful this was for her. This was a horrible, painful fuck. The guy rammed his cock in wildly each time; she wanted to scream, but she gritted her teeth. Her thin body was shaken back and forth because the guy was obviously having a hard time coming. Rosenblatt didn't want to embarrass himself in front of Rachel and thrust into the old woman for what seemed like an eternity. At first, her cunt was bone dry, but now it was gradually becoming moist and wet, making it easier for him to fuck her.

Actually, he was completely indifferent to the old woman, but he watched her wrinkled face very closely, observing her rising arousal. It was really only the thought of Rachel watching him that made him want to give it to the old woman good and hard. She fought against having an orgasm during this long ramming and pumping, but she usually lost and orgasmed involuntarily. Rosenblatt watched her orgasms with a satisfied look. The orgasms in her old age were much gentler and very unspectacular, trembling and tense only. Yet she was very ashamed of them, and tears of shame or anger ran down her cheeks. Now he grabbed her hips and lifted her slightly, then fucked her hard and ejaculated with a grunt. His eruption felt to her as if he were shooting her, shot after shot. She stared at his face as he came, half contemptuously and half gratefully, because apart from him there was only Bodnar, who fucked her like a madman and came inside her so juicily, the rascal! But then it was over, and he escaped into Kerzendocht's arms, who gently stroked his circumcised friend. Yes, Rachel whispered, yes — being with a circumcised man felt right to her. He rested while Roxane and Rachel comforted each other and tenderly made love. Then it started all over again, until 2 or 3 in the morning, he took turns fucking them both until he couldn't anymore.



While Fatme was kidnapped, Rosa lay with Ronald. She had time to admire the peacefully dozing man during the breaks. Yes, she felt more than just sibling love for Ron, and in the most beautiful moments, a terrible thought would creep into her mind, a truly terrible one. What if Frank killed Fatme and she could stay with Ron? But she quickly banished the thought; it would be dishonest. She didn't deserve such a cheap victory. No, she was Ron's colleague and girlfriend, and she was laying with him to give his tormented self a break, to free him from the kidnapping for a few moments. Yes, she gave him everything, everything a lover would give her beloved. Yes, she knew perfectly well that she was surrendering to him because she loved him, somehow. At the same time, she knew she would return him to Fatme immediately and without hesitation should she be freed.

Rosa's fingers stole their way to her sensitive nipples, her teats, for she could arouse her pointed nipples so delicately that she had an orgasm. She had learned this from a girlfriend during puberty and had been doing it her whole life — wonderful teats orgasms. She needed only two fingers; she twisted one teat and then the other endlessly. As the heat rose in her loins, she pulled and plucked wildly at both nipples until orgasm washed over her.

Ron was a very good lover, no doubt about it; only Frank was better in bed. She got her money's worth every time with Ron, squealing as she ran up the hill, cheering and exulting in his arms during orgasming. Rosa had fucked with hundreds or been fucked by hundreds, but only two had truly impressed her. In first place was Frankie, the criminal, who had driven her wild with his enormous giant cock for weeks. And Ron came in second, because she felt something, something incredibly good and wonderful in his arms.

More clearly than ever before, she now realized how wrong and empty her frantic rushing from one adventure to the next was. What Ronald and Fatme had was right. The only right thing, the only true thing. It was time to grow up and reach for what was right. She was no longer a girl; she had matured into a woman.



Johannes Wallner lay listlessly and wearily in Ludmilla's arms, his lips encircling her large, juicy nipples. Ever since they had closed the Halter case, he had felt utterly listless and tired. He knew this was his last case; he would be speaking with the Minister of the Interior and demanding his retirement. For over 50 years, he had been a police officer, body and soul. He had always given 150%, he had dedicated himself entirely to his service, he had single-mindedly worked his way up the ranks to become Chief of Police. His wife had become a stranger to him, and Ludmilla, well, she was Ludmilla. After the tempestuous beginning of their affair many years ago, she now demanded nothing of him, not even a purely sexual conquest. At first — he was barely 50 — they made love all evening long, and she let him cum inside her as often as he wanted; she had become infertile from

performance-enhancing drugs and now wasn't afraid of getting pregnant.

She couldn't really resist the advances of the boys and men, because deep in her soul, she wanted to be fucked by every one of them, even though most were certainly no experts in that art. Only the athletes from the figure skating club were really good at it. There were hundreds of them over the years who had pressured her to have sex with them and fucked the reluctant woman in the afternoons shameless and enduring, because the evenings belonged only to Johannes and her.

She had never told Johannes about her escapades; she was her own mistress, absolutely. He certainly didn't need to know that she often masturbated for hours at night, indulging in the most beautiful fantasies of romping with kings, princes and super athletes. Above all, she loved the new, young faces in figure skating. Strength, muscles, and athletic acrobatics — she could get all of that from the boys. As much as she loved her affairs and quickies, the harmony and the undeniable inner closeness with Johannes — no, no one could compete with that. Of course, she had also tried lesbian love, but that was definitely not for her. Girls and women were always competitors; that had been deeply ingrained in her mind during her long years on the ice. Nevertheless, she seduced all the young ice princesses, often simply to prove who was truly in charge.

Ludmilla was very proud of her large, magnificent breasts, and Johannes loved them especially. He often lay on her chest, his lips engulfed in her thick, juicy nipples. Of course, he knew how much he could cheer her on and ignite her passion by sucking and biting them. In earlier years, he would then have sex with her immediately, or she would masturbate quickly and greedily, snuggled in his arms. Over the years, he had come to love sucking, licking, and gently biting her dark nipples while his hands caressed the Czech lowlands, even though he knew every hill, every fold, and every dimple of this magnificent landscape by heart.

Every Wednesday morning, Ludmilla went to the ice skating club and skated a few laps, just to experience the wonderful sensation.

She didn't do any tricks; she calmly circled the area because hardly anyone else was around at that time. Except for the athletes, who trained every day from morning till night. They nodded to each other; the athletes knew her and who she had once been. She had fucked with each of them at least once, or many times, but she had fucked only very few of the girls, only the young ones in fact. Most of the girls knew that their partners had been fucking with her, the national champion.

Ludmilla fondly remembered how it all began. She was only 29 and had come to Vienna on a whim. The police general sized her up and showed her the apartment next door. She never doubted for a moment that he wanted her. Of course. They had cuddled for a long time, then she pulled him onto the bed. He was truly astonished at how firm and tight her cunthole was. She had whispered in his ear that only a few men had ever fucked her. The first was her father, but she only let him fuck her once a week. Later, only her trainer, who loved her very much, even though he was gay. Johannes just nodded absentmindedly; he was engrossed in fucking.

Ludmilla, who thoroughly enjoyed his thrusting, remembered how it all began. Her mother, a down-to-earth, matronly type from the countryside, was suffering because her husband couldn't get an erection anymore. Her friends advised her to use a trick. Sunday morning, Ludmilla went into her parents' bedroom and had Mom take off her pajamas. She had the little girl sit on her lap with her back to her and masturbated the child in front of her incompetent husband. His eyes lit up as he stared at his child's little cunt. His ears turned bright red as the mother gradually had the girl's mood moved upwards. Her husband got a nice hard-on, and now the mother could push the orgasming girl aside. She pulled her husband between her thighs, and now he could really fuck Mommy properly. Ludmilla initially watched the proceedings with incomprehension, but soon understood that this was part of married life and that this was how babies were made. She soon got used to the Sunday routine; she loved the orgasms her mother gave her with her finger, and then she dared to lay her face on her mother's inner thigh to see it all up close.

But after a few years, the miracle cure stopped working. Now Mom had to bring out the big guns. Sunday mornings, she spread Ludmilla's legs wide and tempted her husband. "Joschi, would you like to fuck some really young?" Dad was hesitant, but now he got hard just looking at Ludmilla's wide-open cunt. Several Sundays passed before poor Joschi finally found his voice again. "Tascha, do you really want me to fuck the little one?" His mother looked at him sternly. "Well, if you can still get him up, you can fuck the little one, yes!" Ludmilla, 13, listened breathlessly to the dialogue. Dad briefly rubbed his cock. "Look, Tasha, how stiff it is now!" Mother nodded, and Dad moved closer. Ludmilla felt the hot shaft slide along her inner thighs and reach her cunt. "It'll sting a little, love," Mom murmured, gently stroking Ludmilla's head. Mother grabbed his cock and rammed it in, hard and fast. Ludmilla didn't even flinch; her hymen tore instantly. Dad beamed. "I'm in, Natasha, I'm all the way in!" Mom grabbed him. "Come on, come fuck me!" Ludmilla was still quite numb on the one hand, but on the other hand, she missed being fucked, because Mom was now being fucked by Dad; and Mom was overjoyed.

Dad was allowed to briefly insert his cock on Sunday mornings and fuck Ludmilla for perhaps a minute before Mom grabbed him and, smiling happily, let him fuck her. Ludmilla was angry and told Mom so. Okay, said Mom, he can fuck you next Sunday and even cum inside a little bit, but then he's mine again! It was a good arrangement. Dad fucked her first and came inside, then he had to quickly go between Mom's thighs and finish her off. Okay, that worked well for quite a while.

Ludmilla knew from the beginning that her trainer was gay. He was sitting in the locker room while she undressed, and he ran one hand over naked Ludmilla's curves, over her delicate ass. Of course, she asked him if he didn't want to fuck her? He scratched his head. "Yeah, actually, sort of." She lay down on the wide bench in the middle and pulled his pants down a hand's width. She took out his cock; it was short but quite thick, just like the trainer was short and very thick. But he was a very good trainer, and Ludmilla ranked him right after Dad. He panted and gasped while he fucked her. "I don't usually fuck girls, or women. - But you're an exception, Ludmilla!" He didn't

ejaculate as much as Papa, but he did, and that was okay. But he only fucked her every few weeks; he was gay, he complained.

That changed abruptly when Patek arrived, her first ice dance partner. She was in love with him from the very first moment. But, unfortunately, she was always second best. Patek, this wonderful dancer and athlete, was bisexual. And the coach fucked him every single practice day. Ludmilla sat on the bench next to them, tears welling up in her eyes, while the coach fucked her Patek in his asshole. It didn't really look any different from normal couples, she thought. She was heartbroken and stared at Patek's semi-erect penis, from which the semen slowly oozed. His semen really belonged to her, she thought, half-angry. The coach was now on cloud nine; he now fucked Ludmilla five times every week in front of Patek and then immediately afterward Patek's ass. When the coach wasn't there around she let Patek fuck her senseless. She loved this guy, but he wasn't really in love. Yes, he enjoyed fucking her, but he wasn't as in love as she was.

The coach, head over heels in love with Patek's ass, pushed his two protégés to their limits, forcing them to dance on the ice for eight to ten hours every day. They won one or two small competitions, and then the two became national champions. Ludmilla also competed the same afternoon in the singles free skate and became national champion herself. The two embraced, tears of relief and triumph flowing freely. Ludmilla and Patek had reached their peak, as Czechoslovakia didn't participate in the European Championships that years. Ludmilla and Patek, both 22, danced together for another year, then Patek went to England. Ludmilla was devastated; she had lost not only her dance partner but also her lover. They wrote to each other for a while, but it was over, irrevocably over.

In the evenings, she was at home, waiting for her Johannes. She wore only the thin, transparent veils he had given her as presents, which accentuated her naked figure so well. She was patient and never pressured him into erotic races, although she of course loved them.



The Russian rooks had arrived and were now perched on the ledge outside the aquarium. Their only goal was to spend the winter in warmer Austria. There was plenty of food, and no one shot at them here. It must be Saturday or Sunday, they croaked to each other, nodding wisely, because there was no one around. On weekdays, yes, there was activity, bustling activity, in the aquarium and the offices.

On Saturdays and Sundays, evil could be evil undisturbed; all the evil would be dealt with on Monday.

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