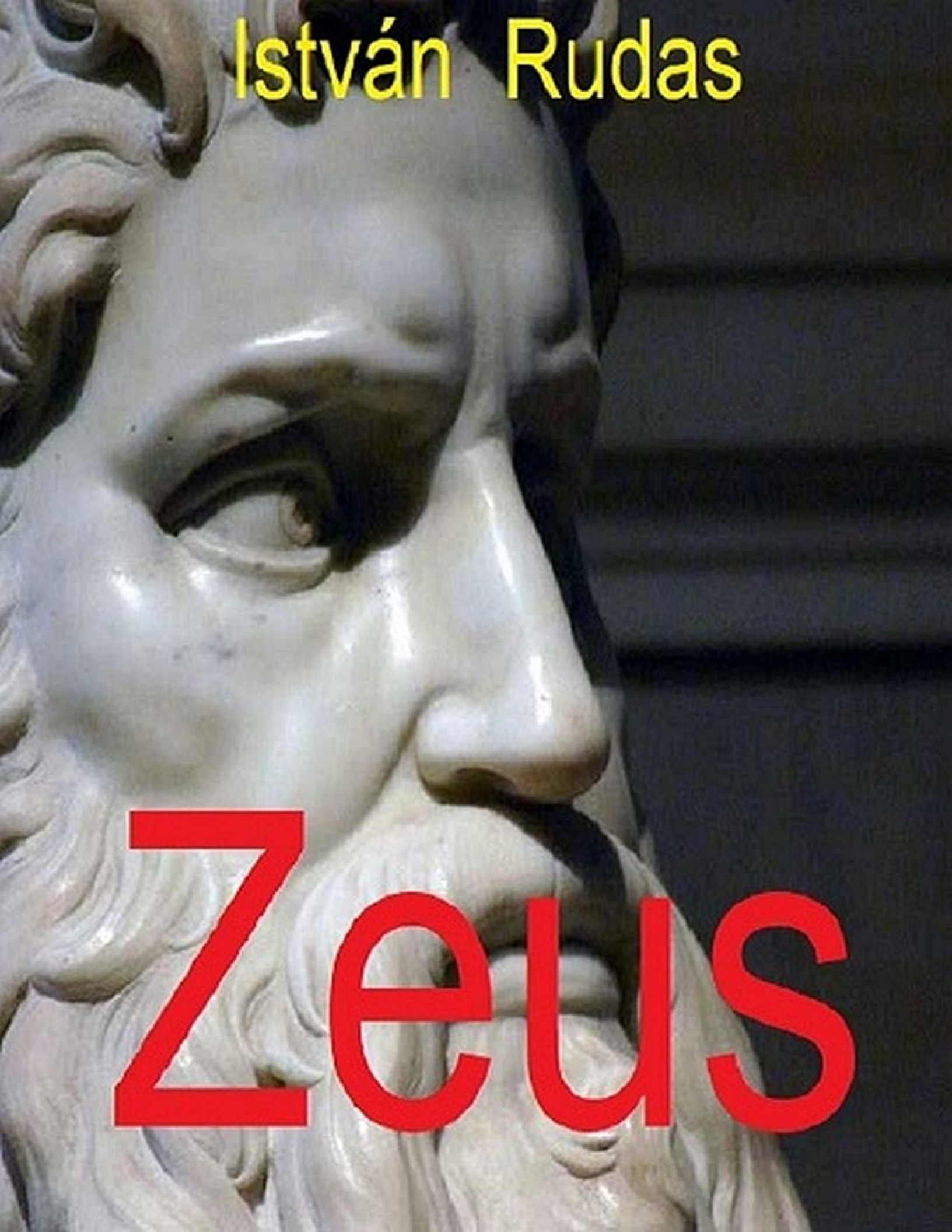


A close-up photograph of a marble bust of the Greek god Zeus. The sculpture is highly detailed, showing the god's face with a prominent nose, deep-set eyes, and a thick, curly beard. The marble has a smooth, polished texture. The background is dark and out of focus.

István Rudas

Zeus

Zeus

[So it Started](#)

[The discovery of the Gift](#)

[First Conversation](#)

[The Spaceship](#)

[Lin Enters in His Life](#)

[First Plan](#)

[First Contact](#)

[The Worlds Hunger](#)

[A Project](#)

[Detective, Judge and Hangman](#)

[The Organizations](#)

[An Eventful Year](#)

[Mount Olympus](#)

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and will be pleased by your comments, be it critical or enthusiastic

The beginning

by István Rudas © 2022

Ray suddenly woke up and sat up.

He didn't know the room. He looked out through the tall double doors, a sunny, bright sandy beach and the calm, smooth sea in the morning light. He searched for an explanation of where he was and how he had gotten here.

"You're in the south of France, on a beach from your memories, and we teleported you," said the voice in his head. Ray knew the voice, she had spoken to him in countless dreams, although he could no longer remember the content. He was alone in the room, he could only hear the voice in his head. He was obviously plemplem, he heard voices!

"It's about time we met in person," said the voice, "and no, you're not going insane! It may seem unusual to you, but you'll be fine!" Ray said he didn't understand and was surprised that his voice sounded so loud.

"You don't need to speak" said the voice, "I understand you too!" He sat motionless for minutes, trying to think clearly. The voice laughed very softly.

"Are you ready for some information that will change your life immediately?" The voice fell silent and Ray clawed his fingers into the covers. He was terrified, he had no control over the situation and this was the only time since childhood. He got up and went to the double doors. The sea, which he loved so much, had a very calming effect. He relaxed his hands, which were clenched into fists.

"We've known each other a long time Ray, we've spoken hundreds of times. Your inability to remember is by design. We wanted to get to know you better before we got in touch. We had to make sure that you are the right one." Ray's mind raced, the right one for what? The

silence was liberating and suddenly Ray wasn't afraid anymore. He knew somehow inside that he knew them. That he knew what they wanted from him.

"We are Jareel, we've talked about this many times. We've been observing the planet for thousands of years of your era and occasionally found a few right ones who understood us. It wasn't necessary to intervene in the course of your development until now. But before 70 years In the last few years you have made a significant leap in technological development. We knew from our own history that humans are very violent and have been at war for thousands of years, but we haven't been at war for a million years. And the fact that you have nuclear weapons developed and used so recklessly triggered the next step in our process. We had to wait for the next right one. That's you." The voice trailed off and Ray thought.

He suddenly knew everything again. He had dreamed that he had told his whole life story in detail, including his sexuality, that they had discussed his thoughts with him and talked to him for hours about his special gift. He knew they were real and out of this world. It was a little spooky that they were aliens, but they had explained to him in his dreams why they didn't approach all of humanity directly, why they kept a low profile. They were like that.

Ray felt an urge to see the Jareel. The voice seemed to laugh as it told him to lie back down. Before he could even stretch out on the bed, he was there.

He sat up again and looked around. It seemed to be a technical room, the entire equipment of the small room was crammed with devices of all kinds and apart from his couch there was hardly any space for living beings. He realized, sobered, that he was only wearing his boxer shorts. But he noticed immediately that his clothes were lying next to him. He dressed quickly and tied his sneakers. The voice said, "Follow the signs on the ground." The blinking LEDs on the floor zigzagged him forward for a long time until he was in a larger room. The LEDs ended in front of a small gilded bench and he sat down. There was no one there, just an exquisitely decorated wall, in front of which a bright ray of light glimmered briefly.

“Welcome to the Jareel, Raimund!” said the voice.

Ray discovers his gift

by István Rudas © 2022

Raimund grew up in a suburb of Vienna, nothing to indicate that he was anything special. He liked school and had a few friends. They studied and played together. They went to high school together and Raimund was an excellent student. All in all, he had a carefree childhood and loved his parents. The mother ran the household and the father worked as a senior clerk in a large international trucking company. He got his first cell phone when he was 12 and all his classmates envied him, but over time they all had cell phones.

Around the age of 9, he began to discover his talent step by step in amazement. When he touched his mother's hand, he could see her thoughts, see her memories like in a movie. It was a very intense experience, he couldn't relate to many things. More and more frequently, he succeeded in enticing her into small abstruse deeds that she would never do of her own accord. The 10-year-old managed to let her buy a pack of cigarettes. She returned home holding the useless package in her hands. She wondered, since no one in the family smoked, why Ray had ordered her to. Then the kid recognized the need to give her a forgetting order at the end of his manipulations.

In her thoughts, sexual acts appeared very often, which he was only able to classify and understand over time. Curious about all things sex, he soaked up everything sex related in her memories. He had soon learned to mentally control her and make her reveal her sexual secrets in great detail without reservation, shyness or shame. She felt compelled to bring up all the sexual details again, tell them and let him see it. From time to time he delved deeper into her thoughts and tried to mentally influence her more to obey his commands. He got better and better at dealing with his new gift and asked his father and mother about their sexuality, which kept the 11-year-old very busy.

The father was much easier to manipulate than the mother. He questioned his old man thoroughly. The father was a toad, he nibbled

on all the young interns and plowed in the virgin furrows, sowing the seeds without hesitation. Sometimes the mother would listen and wipe her tears from her eyes. She had known for a long time that he was plowing in the young furrows and wasting his manhood. She was outraged at the time and immediately retaliated. Ray elicited each of her missteps, each affair and each *one night stand* from the mother, she told everything without shyness or shame. Most of their affairs ended because they were caught red-handed. Ray could now suddenly explain the angry looks of some neighbors. One day she told in a trance about her very first affair.

She had only been married a few weeks, was a virgin to the marriage and had no idea about sex. Yes, she confirmed, she had never touched indecently before then. She went to an event with the magician and hypnotist Magnus. He fell in love with her beauty immediately and called her onto the stage to play his jokes on the audience. He instantly hexed her and she blindly followed him to his hotel room. The affair lasted only a week, she drove home at dawn every morning, ruefully lay down with her husband and made out with him until he was ready and aroused. She let him mate with her several times until he was exhausted. At night she drove to her magician, let herself be put into a trance and mounted on it until he was exhausted. Only he brought her to a climax in a trance. The magician taught her to touch herself and induce climax, which she has been doing at least twice a day ever since. The father just shrugged, he really didn't care if she climaxed herself. She couldn't tell if it was her husband or the cunning magician who had gotten her pregnant. From that day on Ray was convinced that the magician was his father, which explained his special talent. In any case, his mother was also a toad who got even with her husband for plowing in the young furrows twice and trebly. She stopped menstruating after he was born and was unable to conceive, making her revenge much easier.

12-year-old Ray had only played innocently and had never exploded. Of course he had gotten very horny with her stories, just like she. The hand of a benevolent god had always prevented him from exposing her or himself completely naked or from approaching her unseemly. Despite being able to put her into a trance easily and having total mental control over her, he had previously shied away from

making her expose herself to him, but he had thought of that every day. In a deep trance she told the sexual details and pressed her hands with lust on the pubic area under the skirt. She stammered in embarrassment, she needed it urgently now.

Since he didn't understand what she meant, he croaked hoarsely okay, then she should just undress. She quickly stripped him and herself naked and lifted him astride her thighs, facing each other and placing Ray's hands on her full, firm breasts. "Just let me do it first! It's almost over, I'll do it real quick!" the beautiful 32 year old gasped jerkily. And now, in her lust, she showed him everything, really everything, masturbating and then making love without shame and shyness, without reservation. In a deep trance she did everything with him, but as soon as he ended the trance, she remembered nothing, nothing at all. Two years later he turned 14 and fell in love with Ilse.

He adored Ilse, the unattainable beauty from the class above him. She went with someone her own age from her class and Raimund found him unspeakably stupid, conceited and arrogant. He waited in front of the school every morning and watched Ilse with greedy eyes. She never noticed him, but he had butterflies in his stomach and sunshine in his heart. He was hopelessly in love. His friends grinned widely and teased him a bit. It burned brightly until the end of the school year. He was 14 damn it, and he was pulling himself together.

He was determined. He waited until school was over and waited until Ilse came out. He had no plan and trotted two steps behind her. Before she reached the bus stop, he said, plucking up all his courage: "Come with me!"

Ilse started and turned around. He stretched out his hand, took hers and repeated: "Come with me!". Confused, she held his hand and together they walked to the opposite tram stop. They rode in silence to the last stop. She held his hand as if they were walking together. "My name is Raimund, Ray for my friends" he finally got out and Ilse nodded: "I know!" They were silent to the end and held hands.

He led her along a forest path to a small clearing. "We're here," he said and sat down on the grass. They put down their school bags, then she sat down across from him. He grabbed her second hand and looked into her eyes.

"I've been in love with you for a very long time" he said and she nodded. "I know," she said simply. He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. She smiled and said, "You don't know the right kissing yet?" He shook his head. "I'll show you," she said softly and kissed him. He felt her tongue and felt his tongue carefully for her. That was Ray's first kiss.

He kissed her again and again, it was wonderful and aroused him greatly. He stopped and said, "Please show me your breasts!" Ilse needed a moment, then she pulled her summer dress apart and pushed her bra down. He saw a girl's breasts for the first time and held out his hand. She smiled as he fingered her breasts for several minutes. They were much smaller and not as firm as his mother's breasts. He sat up straight again.

"Will you show me your... that down there?" he asked hoarsely as she readjusted her bra. She didn't hesitate a bit, lifted her skirt and took off her panties. She spread her legs and Ray eyed her sex. He looked and looked, she only had a small hole and not such a big hole as that one. He asked if she was doing it real and real with Kevin and she nodded, of course! He questioned her thoroughly and she told everything in detail and without shyness. She smiled absently and he asked if she would teach him. He was very excited when she immediately nodded in agreement that she would explain exactly what he had to do.

It was like a first time for Ray and he never forgot it. He never met Ilse in secret again.

The next day, Ilse came to him during the 10 a.m. break and offered him a cigarette. She hung around for a long time and asked how exactly he had done it. He didn't know an answer and she continued to ask how he had done it, she had gone with him without any will and he had done everything with her. He asked if she wasn't go-

ing along voluntarily gone and Ilse thought about it. “Yes!” she finally said, bowing her head. She knew full well that it was she who had done it to him. She just didn’t know why. No, he hadn’t done anything. It was she who had shown him how to kiss, who had shown him her most intimate parts and introduced him to making love. She bowed her head, it was all her. They talked for a while, then she left. He went home straight away, even though school wasn’t over yet.

He searched his computer for “involuntary” and eventually came across a website that was about hypnosis. He read until well after midnight, his mother brought his supper up to his room and stayed as quiet as a mouse so as not to disturb him. Only very rarely does he study for so long, she said to his father when she was back downstairs.

Ray was now certain that he had somehow hypnotized Ilse. He found enough descriptions that confirmed him in this. He read for hours, separating the idiots from the experts as best he could. The next day he drove into town and bought a few books on hypnosis, which he devoured over the next few days. He doubted if the techniques in the books would work.

He tested his knowledge on several children in the playground. He couldn’t hypnotize a single child with the book knowledge. However, when he surprisingly grabbed a child’s arm, it immediately obeyed, somersaulting and hopping on one leg. He continued testing for days with the same result. It was the element of surprise, he thought for a long time. He went as far as touching the child briefly and then controlling it with willpower. That worked very well, he threw the books away.

Ray was a good student and managed his time well. He learned just enough to complete his assignments in a timely and complete manner. He spent a little less time with his friends and more time exploring his abilities. The children on the children’s playground were no longer his target group.

A long conversation happened quite by accident with his mother, who to his surprise was very understanding of his problem. His sexu-

ality was awakening and he sometimes wanted to invite girls over and be private with them in his room. She blushed deeply when he said it had nothing to do with her dealing with his sexual distress on a daily basis. His mother encouraged him to have sex with his peers and had few requests or concerns. First of all, there was nothing more embarrassing for a girl than to experience something she didn't want, his mother said gravely. So he should be sure that the girls really wanted it themselves, no matter what it was. She explained to him very laboriously that the second thing he had to think about was contraception, for himself and for the girl. Pregnancy would greatly affect both of their lives and perhaps ruin the future. They discussed this topic at great length, and Ray sincerely promised not to fool around. She explained to him how to calculate the fertile days. He was very grateful to her because she showed so much understanding and wanted to help him discover his sexuality. It was a good conversation.

Ray kept his word. Gradually, many of his classmates came to his house every day to study with him. They varied in difficulty to hypnotize, but he never gave up, even if it was difficult at times. He questioned her thoroughly about her sexuality, carefully separating the experienced from the inexperienced. He got fed up with the girls' nudity and wrestled with them naked on the bed. He let the experienced show him everything and made love with them. The inexperienced played with him in childish lust without sleeping with him, and that was okay. Very few wanted to be deflowered and he was really very gentle and considerate about it. He learned everything about female sexuality faster than his friends. He seduced a girl from school almost every day until the summer after high school.

Ray often thought about keeping his word to his mother. His visitors had to want the sex themselves and agree with him on the right timing. He always calculated when the fertile days were. He was, of course, aware that he was gaining an unfair advantage by hypnotizing, but he was never guilty. You could happily roll around naked on the bed and play with the inexperienced without sleeping together. He never crossed the boundaries his mother had shown him, he had a clear conscience about it.

Ray never tried to use hypnosis to gain an advantage in school. He was among the best in class and he wanted more. On the contrary, he was proud that he had managed it without much cheating. There was only one incident with the written Matura in mathematics. He had solved 9 out of 10 tasks quickly and efficiently, but had a complete blackout on one. Desperately he raised his hand and the math professor came to him. In a low whisper he said that he had no idea how to solve problem number 8. The teacher pointed his finger at the text and accidentally touched his hand. At the same moment, Ray saw the solution and the solution very clearly in front of him. He listened to the teacher's whisper and nodded his thanks. He didn't have to blame himself, it had nothing to do with hypnosis. He had experienced it several times that when touched he could see into the other's mind like his mother, but it happened only rarely and he didn't know how it actually worked.

Seducing the girls from his school was one thing. The other was actually criminal, he knew that very well. Kevin, Ilse's ex-boyfriend, gave him 50 euros a week. Kevin always had a lot of pocket money and could easily get over it. Ray only got 20 euros pocket money a month and knew that his parents could not afford more. He told them it was way too much. But Kevin gave him the money and later knew nothing more about it. Ray took the money from him and his rich buddies without batting an eyelid. It didn't matter to him that he was actually a thief. It seemed right to him not to be financially marginalized and to dress as stylishly as his friends, buy a computer and play games like them.

In the long run, seducing the girls from school wasn't enough for him, far too many were virgins and their childish sexuality didn't satisfy him. He had passed his high school diploma, was 18 and longed for a lot more sex. He looked around the neighborhood for young women interested in sex. Some he couldn't hypnotize and that was a bitter realization. He didn't give up and looked for someone else. Nevertheless, there were surprisingly many who let themselves be hypnotized and did his will. The women taught him everything that was important for sexuality. He stuck to what he had promised his mother. She had to want it herself and that contraception was taken care of. Most women used birth control themselves, leaving nothing

to chance or their husbands. If Ray found out that a woman didn't want to betray her husband, he immediately let her go. He had no right to make her an adulteress.

After graduating from high school, he did a summer internship at the town hall. By chance he overheard a councilman accepting a bribe. Ray was stunned for just a moment, then decided to take some of his loot from the good man. He took an opportunity and questioned him under hypnosis. The officer was in the construction department and every construction project brought a bribe. Ray listened open-mouthed because that was a decent amount of money! He ordered the officer to give him 50,000 euros in a plastic bag, which wasn't very much. He opened a bank account and deposited the money. For weeks he trembled inwardly as to whether he would be exposed. But nothing happened. At the end of the internship, he took another 50 thousand euros from the man and quietly disappeared from the town hall.

Ray still had no idea what he could do for a living and, more out of convenience than interest, followed his friends who moved to the city to study and formed a shared apartment. The parents didn't mind because he could take care of himself, he said. After all, he had saved the money he had received from the girls for tutoring. How much he had was not an issue, and he promised to work alongside his studies. Still, his father said, if he were ever in short supply, he would help him out. The parents sat with him for a long time and they discussed everything they knew about shared apartments. Ray was grateful and happy to feel their support and goodwill.

Ray still didn't know what he wanted to do for a living, but he enrolled in law. God knows, no particular decision, that should do for starters. Student life was much more exciting, there was a party almost every day, people drank, took a bit of drugs and there were always enough girls. He learned to fall in love and break up naturally. He rarely used hypnosis to get a girl into bed. The hunt and the slaying of the game was exciting and excitingly beautiful. Attracting the girls naturally was far more satisfying than hypnotizing and fucking them.

His bank account melted away like spring snow. He sat listlessly in the lectures and decided to become a criminal again and get money. He knew the place where the people from the town hall frequented. He carefully selected the corrupt officials and got them to bring him money in a plastic bag the next day. He often learned from someone who was still open to bribery. So he went from one to the next and carefully took the money from them. He listened very carefully when they revealed what they knew about the lazy clientele. He chuckled to think what he might have done with that information as a lawyer or prosecutor. But he had chosen to be a thief. He took the money of the corrupt officials and soon afterwards the money of the rich and super-rich. He carefully scouted out how much he could snag from them without difficulty. There was much more to be gained from these than from the officials. His bank balance grew enormously, by fourth year he had stolen more than 5 million. He went on vacation after each semester and took his parents with him once a year. They were terribly proud of their son, who earned so much as a young lawyer.

For a long time now, he has not only taken money from the rich and super-rich, he also took their often pretty wives and daughters. Almost everyone was up for a fling and he let them love him in all honesty without any false pretense. They gave him everything and more than they ever gave their husband. Of course, he was always on the lookout and didn't make any mistakes with this clientele. Among these, the proportion of those he was good at hypnotizing was quite good. Some he didn't reach mentally and broke off immediately. He made not the slightest attempt to get their money or their wives. He knew he was dancing on a razor's edge and couldn't afford a single mistake. No money in this world and no woman, no matter how seductive, was worth killing.

Ray stayed in the shared apartment, although only a few of the original crew remained. The youngsters who followed were just as hungry for adventure as their predecessors. Parties, alcohol, drugs and girls as always. He traveled to distant places and got to know many peoples. The parents didn't want to go so far away and he paid them holidays according to their taste. After the final exams he invited them to the party, they were very proud of their son, who had

now become a lawyer. He only had one more year of practice to complete. However, it turned out to be four years, after the first year he passed the bar exam. He continued studying philosophy and graduated in fourth year.

During this memorable time he got to know the really big fish. Super crooks who knew no borders and relentlessly robbed society. Interestingly, he got many of them into his hypnotic grip. Maybe it had to do with being overbearing, arrogant, and narcissistic. It was a very daring game when he usurped the gangster's wives and daughters. These criminals spent enormous sums of money to capture or buy the most beautiful women. The beautiful wives were often celebrities, film and TV stars, and invariably had no problem cheating on their husbands if they could keep it secret. Everyone gave themselves with complete honesty, because he didn't want any lying pretense. When he was still a student, he couldn't see through the mendacity of some girls and women. Only with some experience in the hot student life did he see through them and ordered them to leave out everything fake. He was as careful as he could with each of these adulteries, for it was always a game of death.

Most of the gangsters' daughters were consistently depraved princesses who would give themselves to anyone without hesitation. They were very surprised by their own sincere devotion because Ray was never put off with superficial pretense. For some, it was the first time laying down with a man with honest devotion. It was not uncommon for them to cry afterwards, feeling deeply moved.

He took the gangsters' money by the briefcase and robbed them of a few percent of their wealth. Those close to the gangsters saw suitcases of money being handed over every day, so his little crime went unnoticed. It was not uncommon for the gangster to whisper softly to his lawyer or secretly hand him a suitcase of money. To cover up his crime, he drilled down on the bosses exactly what they allegedly talked about. He remained as cautious as ever and made it look like a nemesis had taken the money when it came to large amounts. If they distrusted and suspected each other, that was his right and he didn't care at all. He stayed out of anything involving violence had to do, but in all other respects he was a good, a very good, lawyer for the

gangster. And he was paid handsomely, his exorbitant fees justifying the fact that he was an excellent lawyer, combative, brilliant, and always victorious. He has long since taken millions from them without feeling embarrassed. Ray ended his three years of practice with a good 750 million in the account. He could confidently retire at the age of 30.

He went to the Caribbean for a few months and was having a god damn good time. Sun, sea and tequila, that was beautiful. He read the newspaper in the morning, lounged around and let himself be seduced by enchantingly beautiful holidaymakers every day. He was told everything about their sexuality and sexual secrets, which interested him very much. The most beautiful women from all over the world told all their sexual secrets and lay down with him passionately.

He was 32 years old, in good health and wealthy. Not keen on working in an office, he bought a modest house in the south of Vienna and became a private citizen. He had chosen to retire and remain alone. He didn't want to work as a lawyer and stayed away from the previous clients he had robbed. He would go out once or twice a month, enjoying the town's nightlife with his old friends and always bringing a companion from town to lie down with him. He needed a housekeeper and thoroughly interviewed each applicant before hiring them. He gave her his orders under hypnosis, which she faithfully carried out. The housekeeper looked after his household, cooked for him and willingly lay down with him when she felt his tension.

He decided to invest some of his money in real estate. He left the administration to the professionals, he didn't want to burden himself with annoying work. He supported his parents generously, enabling them to retire as soon as possible and to enjoy their retirement financially. The bond between them grew stronger every year. His parents were incredibly proud of him for making it this far. The only thing that worried his mother was that he wasn't thinking about getting married. She was very displeased that his housekeeper lay with him every night. That's not right, she said bitterly. It used to be the big landowners who took their subordinates to bed. Ray noticed that her bitterness was mixed with a good deal of jealousy. He looked deep

into her soul. Why did he give this complete stranger what was actually her right? He assured her that if the right person came, she would!

He loved good music, read serious literature for hours, read many newspapers and watched the news and news magazines on television. He researched the world extensively, spent many hours on the internet and got a good and comprehensive view of the real world as it really was. It felt like there was nothing he could do about it. The world was a mess and it disgusted him how the rich and powerful were misleading and robbing the common foot soldiers. That was very sobering because he had no idea how to change that. It was obviously part of being human to snatch, rob and use violence. The knowledge of decency, neighborhood help and better solutions was generally available, but greed was the dominant thing in the world. It seemed like greed was etched into human DNA. People like him, who could one day stop grabbing money and even more consciously put an end to greed, were rare. He was 32 years old.

And Ray was still having these intense, weird dreams.

The first conversation

by István Rudas © 2022

“Welcome to the Jareel, Raimund!” said the voice.

“Please call me Ray,” he said, “Raimund is so official and a bit old-fashioned!”

“Very well Ray, whatever you like! Welcome, we’ve been looking for you for a long time and it’s very satisfying to have you with us!”

Ray thought it was weird not seeing the other person. Who were they, who was the voice?

“I will answer all your questions,” said the voice and continued: “I can hear your thoughts, feel free to ask if you want to know more!”

In the soft glimmer of light, a face was dimly visible, looking at him and speaking to him. It was a gentle, intelligent face, looking at him kindly.

“We are actually bodiless, our existence does not need a body like you. And there are many of us on this space station, about a million, and we mostly act together. - Oh, the space station? Look, I’ll show you! “

An oddly shaped object appeared in the air in front of his face. It looked most like an elongated hedgehog, with antenna-shaped spikes and towers protruding from both the front and the back. The object was completely dark. Suddenly, thousands of lights blazed up, illuminating it. Only now did Ray realize how complex it was. His eyes swept over the thousands of details that could be seen on the surface. It was a huge spaceship and Ray watched it with great interest. How big it might be, he puzzled and knew the answer right away. It was 5.4 km long and 1.2 km in diameter. The object went dark again and disappeared. It was about 500,000km from Earth and was camou-

flaged, invisible to all terrestrials. Ray had to swallow a few times, so there he was. A little human, invisible far out in space.

The person opposite gave him time to digest it. Ray closed his eyes. Hamurabi had sat before him on this little bench before he became king of the Babylonian empire. Imhotep, priest and architect of ancient Egypt. Chandragupta Maurya who ruled India. Pakal, the great Mayan king. Deganawidah was the last of those seated. He founded North America's first democracy, the Iroquois League, over 900 years ago and abolished cannibalism overnight when he returned from the Jareel. He didn't understand, of course, that the Jareel were concerned about the plagues that cannibalism would inevitably unleash.

And now him. Why him!?

Thoughts poured into him, he gradually and fragmentarily understood how they had come to him. It has a lot to do with your first partner's genes, the voice in his mind whispered. He thought. Ilse? The voice hesitated for a moment. "No, the one before!" she whispered. He blushed as he remembered it all like it was yesterday. "We know everything," the voice whispered, almost inaudible. "Your mother's genes and those of your father, the magician Magnus, made a mix that's rare to find! We watched you grow, amused by your afternoons with the schoolgirls as well as your raids. You convinced us that you're the one!" The whisper died away.

The knowledge flooded into his mind and he suddenly knew everything he needed to know. The Jareel on this space station have been here for many centuries and watched the development of humanity. They almost never intervened, people had to evolve quite naturally. The development of nuclear power was unavoidable and the Jareel had decided to intervene. This development led straight into the abyss, they couldn't allow that. He had been chosen to prevent it.

Ray, representing the Jareel, had to reach out to humanity and deliver their message. And execute. That's why he was here.

The friendly face looked straight at him. “Tell me three things that bother you about your world,” the voice prompted.

“War, hunger, poverty, destruction of the planet, exploitation” flashed through Ray’s mind.

“That was more than three,” the face smiled and beamed at him. “Those are good targets,” rang in his head. “We can work on that.”

Ray nodded, agreeing with that. But — how should that happen? He waited for an answer, but the voice was silent. So, Ray sighed, the world leaders call a meeting, and... and then a 32-year-old complete stranger comes up to them and demands whatever? He laughed and shook his head, that didn’t work! He laughed at the thought of showing up in the antechamber of any President and delivering a message from aliens. That was just stupid.

He thought he strained after. It had to be something very convincing, something that didn’t stray too far from people’s imaginations and was impressive enough to make them listen. Gradually he collected his thoughts, which were made up of many individual snippets. He smiled because a lot came from Hollywood movies and novels. But that didn’t matter, it just had to be effective.

The Jareel could do anything. Telekinesis, teleportation, mind reading, and affecting minds. They could procure all materials, manufacture them or develop new ones. They could clone living beings as well as objects of any kind. They were so technically advanced that they could produce everything imaginable perfectly. Ray nodded satisfied, “Let’s do it!” he cried and fell into a deep sleep.

The spaceship

by István Rudas © 2022

Ray knew what he wanted. He had to think or imagine it and let them produce it. He needed a spaceship that would allow him to appear before humanity. It should be based on the popular ideas about UFOs, people would accept that. It should have the shape of a disc, be completely smooth and impenetrable on the outside. About 500m in diameter. With cloaking ability and a shield that the best weapons of man could not overcome. Armed to the teeth. Navigation for all areas of the world. Best means of communication to talk directly to any or all people. A device to address any or all television channels in the world. One translator module for all languages in the world.

There should be a large, impressive reception hall, with an imposing throne for him. He needed an apartment that was all his and well equipped, with a kitchen that could cook everything for him. A command center where he could see and control everything. Big screen equivalents that could show him everything. The whole spaceship and its setup should be voice controlled.

The voice in his head encouraged him to think the thought through. "Go ahead, Ray!" He needed a mate. A pretty Asian, maybe. Video portraits of the prettiest Asian women appeared in front of him. The fifth impressed him immediately, she had a smart face and her naked body was just beautiful. Clone her, he thought, give her a submissive, friendly nature. She must speak my language — and should be smart and educated. Drop the pubic hair and ovaries on the clone, I don't want kids with her. Ray paused exhausted, had he forgotten something important? Yes, she should be very sexually experienced, absolutely! The bright face across from him smiled friendly, we will design it according to your ideas, we know your sexuality and your desires very well. The face was smiling, she will be an ambassador between us because you are so socialized that you are better off talking to a specific person. You will surely like it better than the thought communication.

Ray felt hungry. He spotted a set table in the room next door and went there. Steak with fries and a mixed salad, a glass of red wine and a small beer. They actually knew what he liked. He ate and drank and took a cigarette out of the wooden box. He was full and looked at the picture that was presented to him.

It was an excellent model of his spaceship, a discus that looked like the discus of a discus thrower. He grabbed it in his hand and turned it. Yes, that's exactly how I imagined it! he thought and nodded in satisfaction. A flap opened and the "camera" flew in. There was actually a 100m² large, round hall whose ceiling offered an impressive play of light as if made of precious stones. They *are* gems, the voice in his head murmured. His eyes widened. On the right was a gilded throne on a finely decorated pedestal. It is gold, finest gold from Russia! whispered the voice and laughed, "the seat cushions from the Forbidden City are covered with silk and are soft!" Ray laughed along with the voice and face. The floor is black marble with white inlays, he chuckled and the face nodded in the affirmative. All around were Greek columns made of white marble, behind them a beautiful, green landscape with a sandy beach by the sea. Deceptively real. Ray was impressed and very satisfied.

There was a comfortable lounge in the next room and Ray went to it. Your spaceship will be ready in five earth days, said the voice in his head before he fell asleep.

Lin

by István Rudas © 2022

Ray woke up from a very nice dream. He had slept really well, felt immensely refreshed, and was stretching. On the chair were his pants, underwear and a t-shirt that he wore very often. His sneakers looked like new. He looked closely: everything *was* new, sneakers, pants and t-shirt. Impressive what they could do! He dressed quickly and went into the next room. The table was set, breakfast like at home. He had a leisurely breakfast and smoked a cigarette, then looked at the model of his spaceship again. He floated the camera back into the throne room. He knew the camera wasn't a camera, but something very sophisticated that he didn't know a word for. Next to the throne room was the command center. He floated the camera in and was amazed to find that everything was in motion, parts appearing from nothing and being inserted by invisible hands. "It's not a model, it's the *real* command center being set up!" whispered the voice in his head. Ray rubbed his eyes. "Is this all real?" The voice fell silent, giving him time.

He reached for the wooden box and took another cigarette, poured himself a cup of coffee and looked up.

She stood in the doorway smiling. He recognized her immediately, the girl from the video. She was much younger than him, 20 at most, and slim with beautiful black hair that reached her hips. He looked at her beautifully shaped face, the full breasts under the translucent summer dress and her slender build. She wasn't wearing any underwear, he noticed that immediately. He smiled back.

"Come closer," he asked, watching her gracefully walk toward him and stand still in front of him. He put his hand on her back and let it slide down her small butt. "Do you know me?" he asked and she replied, "Yes, of course, you're my man, Ray!" She had a very pleasant, full voice. Her beautiful almond eyes rested on him. "What do you want to call me?" she asked, looking at him expectantly. The thoughts tumbled in his head, he had had a vacationer from China in

the Caribbean, she was great and very impressive in bed and hasn't left his mind since. Her name was Lin.

"Lin," he said simply, and she nodded, "Lin, like the gem!" He made her sit down next to him and grabbed her hand.

"Would you like to be my wife, Lin?" he asked quietly and she nodded and kissed his cheek.

"Yes," she said, smiling, "that's why I'm here!" She leaned against him. He poured a second cup of coffee and offered her a cigarette. They drank and smoked in silence.

"Would you like me to show you my spaceship?" he asked and she shook her head. "I know it very well, we did it" she said and he realized that he was speaking to the Jareel through her. "I want to go to the command center and familiarize myself with the devices." Lin nodded and followed him. They let the camera take them to the command center and spent most of the day in front of the consoles. Lin could explain everything to him like the most competent engineer. She paraphrased the sometimes difficult to understand terms in terms of his world and remained patient if he did not understand something right away. He was a lawyer and not a fighter pilot, he knew that. Nevertheless, he stubbornly continued to practice, trying to use both the voice input and the manual controls. Lin was a very good teacher, patiently explaining over and over how it actually worked. He needed a break, a coffee and a cigarette. Without a word, Lin got up and served. They kept practicing until he got hungry. What he would like to eat, Lin asked and he only thought about it for a moment. "Steak with fries and salad like yesterday," he said, "and then vanilla ice cream with whipped cream." She nodded, "We'll eat in 10 minutes, shall we have an aperitif first?"

They drank a martini and talked about their situation. He said that unfortunately he hadn't showered, he hadn't found a bathroom in the morning. She laughed out loud and ruffled his hair. "The bathroom is right at the head of the bed," she said, "you can take a shower with me before bed if you like!" She smiled faintly because it hadn't escaped her notice that he would have preferred to skip dinner. But

the table was set, the hot steak was waiting for her. After dessert he had Lin serve him an espresso and they smoked and chatted happily.

Lin stood up. “Shall we take a shower?” she asked teasingly and he followed her. They showered and splashed happily, then lay down on the bed. The Jareel had done an excellent job, Lin was the sum of all good memories.

A First Plan

by István Rudas © 2022

Ray sat back after breakfast. Lin had cleared the table, came back with graceful steps and poured them both more coffee. She accepted the offered cigarette and sat down next to him.

“I take your thoughts as a compliment,” she said, smiling, “I’m just trying to be the good woman you wished for!” Ray took her hand and kissed her fingertips. He didn’t particularly like mental communication, preferring to talk to her. She nodded in agreement and ruffled the hairs on the back of his neck affectionately.

“I’ve been thinking all the time about what I can do in three days,” he said. “War is in people’s DNA, it’s been like that for thousands of years. I don’t know if you can simply tell people to stop fighting wars.” Ray sucked on his cigarette and watched the smoke. “I understand some things about hypnosis, but it seems unrealistic to me that hypnosis can make people forget the war.”

Lin nodded gravely. “We evaluated that a long time ago, it doesn’t work sustainably, it doesn’t last.” She snuggled up to him and took his hand. “It has to be different.” She said thoughtfully: “We’ve also tried taking away people’s weapons, that was before the Trojan War. At the end of the Iron Age, we shattered their spears and swords like glass. For 50 years it went quite well, they didn’t carry any More wars. They were determined and invented bronze. People would not stop for a single day from forging new weapons.”

Ray thought long and hard about what Lin had said. There had to be something that could be done. He lit the next cigarette. He had to flick the lighter several times before the flame appeared and lit the cigarette. He stared at the stupid thing. A thought shot into his brain and took shape.

“And what if the guns just don’t work?” He was still staring at the stupid lighter that didn’t always work. Lin sat bolt upright. She

thought about it and a whole crush of Jareel thought and discussed the idea.

“It’s enough if no weapon works anymore,” Ray murmured. “Or if the ammunition becomes unusable. If firearms no longer work, then people have to wage their wars with knives, spears and clubs. That is far too tedious, the wars could only be waged with physical strength, the wars are becoming shorter and regionally restricted .”

Ray leaned back. “Would that work?” he asked Lin. She was silent for a long time, contemplating with the crush. Minutes later she grabbed his hand. “It would be possible to remove the ability to explode from most firearm ammunition. Most other propellants could also be removed from the ability to explode. No ammo, no explosives, no rocket fuel.” Lin paused and looked Ray in the eye.

“There would also be many downsides,” she continued. “You could no longer launch rockets, not even for civilian purposes such as satellites or space research. The police and military would be disarmed, that would be fatal. Quarries and tunnel builders would have no explosives. These are some of the problems.”

“Okay,” said Ray, “let’s go through each item one by one. Rockets: most are for war, so throw them out! You could keep a single rocket fuel plant operational for civilian space travel and monitor the release tightly. Police and military: for hundreds of years the police officers in England were unarmed, so it works. In addition, many police officers already have tasers, which they could still use. Of course, this is very delicate, but the positive effect far outweighs it. There were quarries Thousands of years before Alfred Nobel, you have to change production, that’s not a big price. Tunnels could already be dug in ancient times. High-rise buildings can also be demolished without explosives. All in all, I see huge advantages and manageable disadvantages.”

“Nuclear weapons are still a problem,” Lin said, “defusing them from a distance is very, very difficult to impossible, we’ve done a lot of research on that.”

Ray thought for a moment. “Correct me if I say something wrong,” he told her. “There will be no more rockets to carry a nuclear weapon. There will be no more explosives to detonate the nuclear weapons. It will still be possible to drop the nuclear bomb from an airplane, but it would do little damage. A small local dirty bomb sucks but that’s not the way to make a real war, similarly biological and chemical weapons, you can drop them, but such a war would only be local, it’s the same with the military, you can unleash upon the enemy with clubs and machetes waging a war the old-fashioned way will be difficult. And violence will probably never be abolished.”

Ray met Lin’s eyes. “No more nuclear weapons, no more rocket weapons, no more artillery and no more handguns. That wouldn’t be such a bad start. I think we should do that. That would be a giant step towards a better future. And yes, violence does not leave peoples mind.”

Lin lit two cigarettes and gave him one. “Today before dinner I can tell you if the Jareel can do it technically.” They smoked in silence.

“Come on,” Lin said, “let’s see your spaceship, your apartment is ready!” They let the camera take them into the spaceship and inspected the new apartment. He was amazed. It was right behind the command center, was exquisitely furnished and very spacious. The ceilings glittered and sparkled with their jewels. The bathroom was huge, the bathtub round and ingeniously equipped with massage jets. Functional shower and two vanities and a special closet. Lin explained to him that it had a washing machine comparable, there were hand and bath towels on top, which you tucked in below after use. The next day they were on top again, clean and ironed.

The bedroom was also stunning. Here, too, a sparkling and glittering ceiling that could be switched off. A huge bed. The glass walls reached to the floor and gave him a view of a sandy beach and the sea. Lin amazed him and then said that you could go out on the sandy beach and swim in the sea. He looked at her in disbelief, but she just walked ahead of him, walking across the sand and up to her knees in the sea. He followed her and grabbed her hand. He asked her how that was possible, but she laughed out loud and said it was

some Jareel mumbo-jumbo that he probably wouldn't understand. His spaceship had a diameter of 1,500 meters, there was enough space for mumbo-jumbo, she said smiling to the amazed Ray. The sea stretched to the horizon, tiny rocky islets formed a natural breakwater. The sandy beach to the left and right merged into a sparse stock of palm trees, like on a South Seas island. He couldn't believe it. They went back and a confused Ray washed the sand off his feet. It was real sand, no doubt. Lin chuckled as she washed her feet in the bidet after him. "You know that it's meant for something else?" and laughed sweetly as he shook his head and his ears went red as she whispered it in his ear.

He just glanced at the tiny kitchen, it wasn't interesting. Lin told him that the kitchen was mainly for the dishes, the food was ordered and "hocus pocus" was cooked and served. She explained to him with a broad grin, of course it would be cooked on earth, the Jareel teleported the meal to the spaceship in the blink of an eye. He nodded in the affirmative, realizing that the chef must forget that he had cooked. Lin grinned from ear to ear. "I order from the chef, steal the meal in a flash, pay him well and let him forget. That's how they cook here, my dear!"

The dining room was large and bright, behind it were two comfortably furnished rooms. There he could read and listen to music. All he had to do was call up a piece of music and it played out of invisible loudspeakers. There was also a desk with a big screen where he could access the internet. Here, too, the walls showed the sandy beach and the sea, on the other side a meadow and a forest. "You can go there too," he asked, "Hocus pocus?" Lin smiled and nodded in confirmation. Her smile was so adorable that he stepped up to her. "The kiss is for the sweetest woman I've ever met!"

He sat down by the screen and said he wanted to see the New York Times. The front page promptly appeared and his gaze fell on the date. He's been here a week, he said to Lin, time just flies! He flipped the pages for two minutes, reading the headlines, the world's troubles were unchanged. He switched off and sat down in one of the comfortable armchairs. Lin sat down with him.

“Something is bothering you,” she said, “I’m not reading your mind because you don’t like it. Can you tell me what it is?”

He nodded and thought about it, she took two cigarettes from the wooden box that was spread all over the apartment. They smoked in silence and Ray organized his thoughts.

“It is typical for us humans that we judge the other person in fractions of a second when we meet. That’s how it is, it’s in our DNA. For example, if a teacher steps in front of a school class and he is a head shorter than the students, perhaps still inconspicuously dressed, then he will have a hard time, no matter how good he is as a teacher.” Lin nodded in agreement.

“Now look at me. Slim and slender, medium height, unremarkable face, beardless. If I wear a suit, an impressively good suit, then I can act as a lawyer. But never as a crime boss.” He paused and gestured in the air. “How am I supposed to appear in front of the most powerful people in the world, for example in a lawyer’s suit!?” He stared sorrowfully out to sea, the waves calming him a little.

Lin grabbed the back of his head and ruffled his hair. It was a very loving gesture. “The Jareel can do anything. It won’t be a difficult task. The easiest would be to have you appear in any shape or dress at a meeting or a televised address. All you have to do is tell me what you wish for!”

Ray said he’d like to think about it. He closed his eyes and thought. The first thing that came to mind was Michelangelo’s Moses in Rome. One of the most impressive male figures he had ever seen. But the horns, which the great sculptor must have formed with care, repelled him. He dismissed the thought. The second thing that came to mind was the imposing Zeus statue by the sculptor Phidias at Olympia. He said it out loud and Lin could follow his train of thought. She said it could be done with ease. He deepened the thought. If a living god appeared among the people, that would be really impressive, even for an uneducated head of state. “Cross the statues of Moses and Zeus as muscular giants six feet or better two and a half meters, long white locks of hair and long beard like Moses. A

white tunic trimmed with gold and a golden staff with a thunderbolt on top. Something like that.” Ray looked uncertainly at Lin.

She smiled and looked into his eyes. “It’s an easy task, it’s really easy to do.” She thought for a moment. “For a TV appearance, it’s enough to change your image on the show. But I can also give you the look if you have a face-to-face meeting. It’s just a question of whether you want to be changed temporarily or permanently! “

“Temporary only!” Ray replied like a shot. “I’m perfectly happy with how I look, it’s just to impress the world. And such a *living god* is impressive, I’m sure!”

Lin said they would do a dry run tomorrow and then decide what Zeus should look like. Ray nodded in satisfaction, that was a good plan.

They went to the command center and looked at everything, it was now finished. He went back to the throne room at the end, he was really stunning. He turned the lights on and off, walked through the huge hall and took a good look at everything. He asked Lin to sit on the throne. She cooed, grinned, dropped her sundress and sat naked on the throne. He whistled shrilly and laughed, didn’t she want to give the televised address?

They exited the spaceship and drank an aperitif before dinner. Lin snuggled up to him and he exhaled the smoke through his nose. “It will work,” she said abruptly and Ray didn’t know what she meant. “The Jareel can do anything, they can disable any kind of ammunition, explosives and rocket fuel too.” Ray blinked and nodded, that was very good news. She continued, “It will take them a total of two Earth days to set everything up. The mission will take less than half a day. You can rely on this information!”

Ray dug deeper and was told by Lin that the Jareel had already tried everything out in the field on Earth. Small arms ammunition could be crippled just as easily as artillery ammunition. They disabled and detonated some US and Chinese missiles. There was only one hell of a fire in the launch pads, otherwise no damage was done.

Likewise, there were some fires in the nuclear missile silos, and with that it was possible to disarm humanity to a large extent. But not in the blink of an eye, it would take half a day.

Ray hugged Lin. “That’s wonderful news,” he said, “we can work with that!”

They talked all night after dinner, finalizing the plan. Lin had good ideas, they needed careful choreography. Fanfare and theatrical fog at the beginning, Lin would stride around the throne scattering flower petals. He would deliver his brief address to every television channel in the world, then more theatrical fog and fanfare. They fine-tuned and formulated his text, which he learned by heart but, just to be on the safe side, could also read from a projection. A few espressos and a dozen cigarettes later, they went to bed.

First Encounter

by István Rudas © 2022

The next day, after breakfast, Lin reminded him to watch the projection of Zeus in the throne room. They let the “camera” bring them into the throne room. They squatted on the visitor’s bench in front of the throne and waited anxiously. Zeus appeared on the throne. Ray and Lin held their breath.

The muscular giant looked imposing, his powerful chest twice as wide as his hips. The god unfolded his magnificent manhood. “My God!” stammered Lin, “I’ve never seen one like that!” She grabbed Ray’s hand and snuggled up to him excitedly. “A giant...” she breathed, “how did it feel?” She put her hand to her mouth and turned red.

“He needs a tunic and a staff,” Ray reminded dryly, both of which magically appeared. The white tunic, made of the finest cloth, was edged with gold and covered one shoulder and the abdomen of the imposing man. A finely worked fibula made of pure gold held the tunic together over the chest. A hand clutched a golden staff towering over him. Small bolts of lightning shot from the tip of the staff. Ray nodded contentedly, that’s pretty much what he had imagined.

“He’s too pale, he needs some tan,” he murmured, and the giant’s face and body acquired a pleasant tan. “The hair should look silverier and reach to the shoulder blades. Curly, like Phidias.” He took a closer look at the face. “He should be a bit younger, around 40 and some prominent wrinkles on his face are also needed. No, not that much! Wrinkled distinctive and not wrinkled wrinkled!” Ray wasn’t quite done yet. “The eyes have to get brighter, radiant blue, fascinating blue!”

Ray looked at Lin, who couldn’t tear her eyes away from the giants genitals. He asked her and she winced slightly. “I want to hear his voice!” she said and Zeus repeated blankly, “She wants to hear my voice!”

“No, no!” said Lin, “he needs a deep, rumbling voice, he’s the god-damn thunder god!” She waved his hands over his voice until it was deep and growling. Ray and Lin shuddered at the thunderous sound of that voice, now it was right. Ray gave Lin a few minutes to feast her eyes on the gods privates. They dismissed the god and went into the living room of his apartment. “I’ve noticed and I’ll give you this pleasure if it’s possible,” he said, gently stroking Lin’s hot cheeks with his hand. She lowered her head and blushed. “It’s possible,” she whispered, “you can wish it anytime!”

He led the way into the bedroom and lay down on the bed. He desired the body of the god and he was it. “It’s me, Ray, it really is me,” Zeus growled as Lin laid down next to him.

He later wished for his own body again and they had dinner at the new apartment. After dinner they drank whiskey and gin and smoked. He felt very comfortable and content in his new apartment. He listened with a smile as Lin gushed to him about her experience with the god. He swam in the sea with Lin before they went to sleep.

Then the big day came. They went into the throne room, Ray sat on the throne and turned into Zeus. He saw a small square in the air in front of him, he should look there. He waited a few minutes to completely relax. Theatrical fog rose, fanfares sounded, and the fog cleared. Lin floated in from the side, carrying a basket of flowers and petals.

Her face had transformed into the idealized, aristocratic face of an ancient Greek woman, her naked body under the white tulle left no questions unanswered and she walked around the throne, scattering flowers and petals on the floor. She sat down at the feet of the god and snuggled up against his legs.

Ray concentrated and calmly read his speech from the display that appeared just behind the square. Zeus raised a hand and the fanfares stopped.

“Peace be upon you, people of this world! I come in peace and I want to bring you peace. But you must all want peace yourselves too!”

Stop all wars, urge your leaders to stop wars once and for all. After thousands of years of wars, it is now time for humanity to take a big step towards a peaceful future. Do not waste your resources, use them wisely and fairly. I demand of you: end your wars immediately, throw away your weapons, because I will come back in three days and take them from you!”

Fanfares, theater fog. Ray got up and transformed back, as did Lin. They walked hand in hand into the living room and sat down by the screen.

The media hell erupted immediately on Earth. All television channels in the world had his speech broadcast simultaneously, everyone heard his words in his native language. Very few TV channels tried to interrupt his speech, but none succeeded in time.

The powerful and the political leaders immediately convened crisis meetings. The contact details of Zeus were received in the offices of three presidents, the USA, Europe and China. They should be the only ones who could contact them directly. Videos appeared in the air next to his screen showing the crisis management teams. He sat in front of these displays with Lin for hours, observing the reactions of the Krisenwands. Ray didn't ask what mumbo-jumbo the Jareel used to stream sessions from the high security rooms.

Of course, the first thought was that it was a Hollywood-style hoax. On the other hand, serious journalists and pundits noted that the address was seen simultaneously and in different languages around the world. Such a joke was technically not possible! The speech was repeated hundreds of times, and talk shows with well-known participants commented on every word and sentence. It was agreed that an extraterrestrial had contacted them. His outward appearance was reminiscent of Zeus from ancient Greek mythology. Experts confirmed that it was not a computer animation etc.

The message was simple, clear and unmistakable. The politicians of all states were in turmoil and questioned their partners worldwide. End wars? Why? The speech ended with the announcement that the weapons would be taken away from them.

No one who was at war wanted to end it. None of these states was ready to back down. It was ridiculous, how would anyone take their guns away? The leaders of the USA and Europe contacted them and advised a temporary cessation of hostilities. Both the US and Europe were the first to conclude that it was alien contact and serious. They were ridiculed and their warnings ignored.

Different opinions circulated in the print media and online services. There were the craziest conspiracy theories, but also opinions from serious people. The message of the speech was simple.

End the wars. Spend the money on better things. Live in peace.

Indeed, hundreds of thousands of people around the world turned to their politicians. Politicians were startled, they had to say something about it. The usual, what else please?

Ray was quite disappointed. He had been sitting in front of his screen and the displays where the Jareel had compiled the most important information for more than two days. He was tired, drained and disappointed. He had slept less than four hours, had bathed in the sea and immediately sat down again in front of the screen. He didn't feel like having sex, Lin understood him very well and made sure that he ate and drank something.

Lin said it's starting.

The Jareel spacecraft had invisibly approached 5,000km from Earth, exposing thousands of objects around the world. The objects were barely 2 meters tall and camouflaged. They were programmed to disable the weapons and return to the spaceship.

Ray's spacecraft flew uncloaked at insane speeds across Africa and the Atlantic to within 10 kilometers of the mouth of the Potomac River off Washington, where it stalled at 10,000 feet. The military monitoring stations followed the incredibly fast flight of the large spaceship and immediately sounded the alarm. Several fighter planes took off from America's east coast and circled the spacecraft, which could be seen with the naked eyes from Washington.

Ray sat with Lin in the command center and watched them. He didn't respond to the radio messages, although of course he could see and hear everything. President Andrews did not authorize the attack on the alien spacecraft. Whoever was in that UFO may have come with peaceful intentions, the President said. The President was no fool, of course, the pilots had the green light to react immediately to an attack. Major media helicopters hovered as close as they could, continuously filming the spacecraft and fighter planes. Neither these nor the helicopters could get closer than 2,000 meters to the spacecraft. An invisible wall prevented them from getting closer, the planes and helicopters glided down the invisible barrier without damage.

Ray followed the meetings on both sides of the Atlantic and also those of the Chinese leadership. He hovered in front of Washington for 24 hours, the Jareel flying objects began their work in the morning. Hour after hour they rendered the weapons useless. They were almost done when it was time to make the second contact. Ray went into the throne room with Lin and they transformed.

Fanfares, theatrical fog and the Greek Lin, who was almost naked again and was scattering flowers. When she sat down at his feet, the fanfare stopped. As before, he spoke to the people in their native language on all television channels.

"I came as promised and I was a bit disappointed. You didn't end all wars even though I asked you to!" thundered Zeus. "As announced, I'll take your weapons away from you, you don't need them, you need peace. That's my message: Peace! I'll be back." Fanfare, Zeus disappeared in the theater fog, end of broadcast.

He had transformed back into Ray and gone to the command center with Lin. One of the American fighter pilots flinched and fired a missile at the spacecraft. The rocket broke off the plane and fell into the sea, burning and smoking, where it sank without exploding. The military followed the incident and looked at each other in disbelief. These rockets never failed. Ray made the spaceship make a few slow circles around the center of Washington, then it rose and flew cloaked at lightning speed to the Jareel spaceship.

Over the next few weeks, he closely followed what was happening on Earth. All firearms were useless, hand guns, artillery and rocket weapons useless. Americans, Chinese and Russians were secretly testing their nuclear weapons. They burned out in the silos quite unspectacularly, they didn't come from the ground. Explosives could no longer explode, they burned up harmlessly. Space rockets didn't take off, they just wouldn't ignite and the fuel burned up ineffectively. Mankind realized that Zeus had indeed disarmed them. Only the police officers could use their tasers, a consolation for the law enforcement officers. The wars stalled. They used clubs and machetes to fight each other for a while, but these weren't wars any more.

When Lin asked him to do so in the evening, Ray turned into Zeus. He only made the condition that she, too, be transformed, always into something else. After a short time he noticed that it wasn't as nice for her as it was for him. Good-naturedly, he no longer asked for it, and she loved his generosity.

They spent many days observing the people. The Jareel summarized the main events and showed it to him and Lin. Washington, Brussels and Beijing quickly grasped the scale, held joint meetings and faced the facts. They all had the same contact details from Zeus, but even the best technicians couldn't find the receiver, god knows how the Jareel did. Ray, who followed these conferences, had to grin. Washington was the first to decide to make contact. They wanted to talk to Zeus, they wrote in their email.

He answered immediately. A Washington representative was supposed to be waiting for him on the steps of the Capitol at noon the next day. She should take her questions in paper form with her and not carry any electronic devices with her. Washington asked if he meant a woman? He confirmed that she should come alone and that he guaranteed her safety.

He followed developments in the White House. They found a diplomat from the State Department who wanted to take the plunge. She was thematically prepared from all sides and the secret service equipped she with the smallest bug. She stood in front of the Capitol

at exactly 12 noon. Ray appeared out of nowhere 10,000 feet above the Capitol with his imposing spaceship.

The diplomat disappeared in the blink of an eye and the bug clattered to the floor. Those present were stunned. Only the government cameras recorded it, the media had been carefully distracted with a speech by President Andrews in the briefing room. Among other things, the President said that at the same time, in a secret operation, diplomatic contact was made with the being that was generally referred to as Zeus in the media. He stressed that the operation demonstrated American *leadership*. Results are not expected before tomorrow. The spectacle in front of the Capitol went largely unnoticed.

The diplomat, who had just stopped in front of the Capitol, found herself in a small room, the lights dimmed. A pleasant female computer voice asked her to undress and stand in the lighted circle to be scanned for electronic devices. After that she was supposed to put on the white tunic that was lying on the bench. The voice repeated the message until the diplomat undressed. Please take off everything, she said when the diplomat hesitated to remove her underwear. Then she stood on the lighted circle and waited. The computer voice asked her to put on her tunic and follow the light signals.

Ray came up with this prank, Lin grinned and didn't object. The big boy in Ray loved to look at naked women, she murmured good-naturedly and nudged her lovers in the side. She assured him that the diplomat had nothing on her but her papers. They went into the throne room and both transformed.

A moment later, the diplomat entered and looked around. Impressed by the throne room, she followed the LEDs to a small bench with gilded feet. She stopped before Zeus and bowed. Zeus raised a hand in greeting and said, "Welcome, Anne Kilpatrick, please have a seat." The Greek Lin rose and pushed a small table next to Anne, on which stood a crystal clear carafe and a glass. "Ice water, as is customary in America," Lin said, sipping from the glass. "It is digestible and not poisoned at all!" she said with a beautiful smile before sitting down again at the god's feet.

Zeus watched her in silence. Anne was in her early thirties, well educated and not ugly. She exuded an aristocratic confidence. She regarded Zeus fearlessly, trying to judge him correctly. She fidgeted a little nervously with the sheer tunic that revealed her nudity more than it hid it. Zeus' eyes studied her body as any man would, this was familiar and somehow reassuring.

He looked at her kindly and said, "I know your name, people call me Zeus. Where am I from? Olympus in the human tradition is not what is commonly believed. It is out in the universe, for the people out of reach. From there I came here to bring you peace. I took your weapons away from you, but violence is part of human nature. You have to learn to deal with it, nobody can do that for you."

Anne had lost her initial nervousness and listened to him attentively. "My government will not be very pleased," she said, "I have been commissioned to inquire where Excellency comes from, what people he represents, and whether your intentions toward humanity are kind." She fiddled with her tunic again, which stubbornly revealed more and more of her nakedness.

Zeus smirked and a hand played with the curls of his beard. "It is not necessary to title me Excellency, please just call me Zeus, as the media of the world do. I speak on behalf of the peoples of the Universe, of which I am Lord. And my intentions are very kind, I assure you solemn to all mankind!" Anne felt the giant's ice-blue eyes rest on her. The longer Ray looked at the 29-year-old with the short, blond hair, the small virgin breasts and the narrow hips, the more he liked her.

Zeus continued: "I took your firearms from you, knowing full well that you will continue your violence with swords, clubs and spears. Your inventors will design new weapons that are no longer based on explosives. It would be quite to be expected that mankind is and will remain stubborn. You can win peace or lose your civilization. I have nothing to gain, nothing to lose." Zeus leaned back a little.

Anne looked at her papers. She could delete most of it, it was answered. "So it will no longer be possible for us in the future to pro-

duce weapons based on explosives?” she asked. “Just to be clear,” she added, looking up. And Zeus immediately replied: “Yes, it is so!”

Anne looked him in the eye fearlessly. It meanwhile she didn't mind sitting almost naked in front of the giant. “There's an important question about our exploration of space. We can't launch rockets at this time, so we can't put satellites into Earth orbit, we can't explore space any further.” She looked questioningly at the thunder god.

“I was expecting that question,” said Zeus, smiling. “You can make rocket fuel in one of your factories. Just one factory, only rocket fuel for peaceful purposes. Share it with the other nations. Have no ulterior motives, I always know and will destroy more factories or rockets for military purposes! I'm serious !” he growled.

Anne nodded in the affirmative, “This will look favorably on my government,” she said. “A second problem is that our quarries, tunnel builders, demolition contractors, etc. are out of explosives. What answer can I bring, Venerable Zeus?”

He smiled and nodded. “For that, too, I give the same answer. One factory worldwide, no military use, share with the other nations!”

He looked at Anne with knitted eyebrows. “Deliver these messages verbatim. Rocket propellants and explosives for non-military purposes only. Only one production site at a time! And share it with the other nations! Control it closely, because you can!”

Anne looked back at her papers. One point was still open. “There have been many UFO sightings over the past few decades, were those UFOs yours?” Anne smiled shyly, but she had this nonsense to say. Zeus laughed and looked at her kindly. “No, dear Anne, not at all! There was - apart from my visit - only one visit from outside, a good 800,000 years ago. The Valurians wanted to explore the earth, their research ship crashed, but there are no traces of that today (See “*Valuria*” by Jack X. Faber). Everything else was hallucinations, trickery or sailor's yarn. I'm sure you won't be disappointed, dear Anne!”

They were silent. He raised his hand and the bench she was sitting on rose into the air until she was eye level with him. Fearfully, Anne clutched the seat and involuntarily kicked her legs. They looked into each other's eyes.

"Anne Kilpatrick, it was pleasant to meet you," said Zeus. "In your clothes you will find a USB stick that I took from your desk. Our conversation is recorded on both audio and video. You have to decide for yourself who can see the video, maybe it's a question for you decency or privacy."

Anne only blushed slightly and fiddled with her tunic again, she released way too much. She lowered her eyes and caught a long glimpse of the giant's body. The bench lowered back to the ground.

"Go in peace!" said Zeus, the conversation was over. Lin rose at the same time as Anne. "Goodbye and peace be upon you!" Anne said in a low voice, bowed and followed the LEDs on the floor. She got dressed and made sure the USB stick was in the skirt pocket of her costume. She blinked because she was back in front of the Capitol.

She was immediately surrounded by the Secret Service and taken to the White House. There was a special screened room in the basement where she waited for the President. The faceless officials patted them down, they examined them with radiation meters and other devices. It took quite a while before they gave the Secret Service the green light. The President came and shook her hand, and the room filled to capacity. President Andrews waited for calm to settle and spoke a few words, then invited Ann to report. She introduced herself to everyone by name and said she had faced the being and did not appear to be facing any projection or hallucination. She was absolutely convinced that it was a real, living being. And now she will play the conversation, it's all recorded.

She inserted the stick into one of the computers and waited a while for the screen to glow green as a sign of safety. She selected the file labeled Audio and started. The recording was technically perfect, you could hear the conversation in excellent quality. Some took notes eagerly, the President and his ministers and advisors listened in-

tently. At the end there was a long silence. The President ordered it played again. Everyone listened attentively, again some made their notes. At the end there was a babble of voices until President Andrews raised his hand and announced that the Cabinet would meet in an hour for deliberation, exceedingly natural. Everyone got up and spilled out.

The chief of intelligence stepped up to President Andrews and beckoned to Anne. The boss asked Anne what else was on the stick. File name video, the boss added, he was able to read that. Anne pulled herself together and said, turning to the President, that she would beg you to show it to the President first and let him decide who might see it. It's a question of her privacy. The President nodded and let everyone leave. Only the two heads of intelligence and the Secret Service remained.

Anne started the recording. It began the moment she entered the throne room, the camera followed her gaze across the magnificent throne room. Her nudity was plain to see and the men immediately understood why Kilpatrick wanted to watch it in private first. The recording matched the audio exactly, the camera showing either Anne or Zeus when they spoke. Anne didn't blush at the close-up shot of her modest breasts. She blushed because you could see her clean-shaven pubic area very clearly and as sharp as a hair. At the end then the bench, which floated up. Her panic and the involuntary parting of her wriggling legs, revealing a deep look into her most private parts. Everything as tiny as a hair in all clarity, every hair, every pore and every skin fold in lifelike resolution. The giant's final word, her enchanted look at the mighty body of the thunder god. She followed the LEDs and the recording ended as she left the throne room.

President Andrews wiped his forehead. He first looked into the eyes of Anne, who had turned red as a turkey, then at the head of the secret services. "Jim, get the video edited. Anne's nudity needs to be blurred out, as well as the thing of Zeus, people don't understand that. And skip the part about the USB stick, it's better if they don't know exactly how was created!"

Jim, the head of intelligence, ran the recording again. He stopped the recording at all points where Anne's nudity could be seen. He looked to President Andrews to see if it was a spot that needed work. Andrews nodded each time. Vernon, the Secret Service man, stood behind the two and Anne saw his look of disdain as the two men stared at the spot where Anne's private parts were naked and clearly visible. Anne wasn't surprised, that was a very understandable reaction from the men. She said softly, "That has to be covered up," and only now Andrews nodded, "Cut!" he commanded. Andrews instructed the intelligence chief to transfer it to their servers and have the corrections made before releasing it. "Agreed, Miss Kilpatrick?" he asked formally and when she nodded, the meeting was over.

Ray, who had observed the meeting with Lin, asked her why? Lin said they have studied the legends surrounding their dream character, Zeus, and know exactly how people react to sex. Ray thought for a moment and agreed. Americans, for example, presented themselves as extremely prudish, but they consumed more pornography than other nations. "But you do realize that the video will be leaked sooner or later?" Ray asked and Lin nodded in agreement, that will definitely happen. "But I can assure you that Anne Kilpatrick will not be disadvantaged by this!" said Lin. When they went to bed that night, Lin, with a big grin, said she had a present for him. Ray looked at her expectantly as she dropped her dress. She turned into Anne Kilpatrick and lay down with him. Anne was quite inexperienced sexually, but virginity had a certain allure.

They stayed over Washington in the spaceship for several months, swimming in the sea and observing developments and reactions. The defused video was published a day later, and copies were given to all embassies. (The uncensored video leaked online a day later.) Conferences were held with Washington, Brussels and Beijing, and the sites for the two factories were decided. The production of the rocket propellants should take place in Pennsylvania, that of the explosives in Spain near Madrid. The US and Spain signed treaties with all relevant states to regulate distribution and funding. The final versions were emailed to Zeus, who promptly approved them. Ray growled that he hated such bureaucratic frills. However, Beijing did not com-

ply. They continued to clandestinely produce military missiles. Ray watched for a while, then decided with Lin to set an example.

He flew to China. He flew very slowly over the megacities so that many could see them. Then he positioned the spacecraft over the rocket factory. He left a message for 2 hours via Bullhorn that everyone had to leave the factory, and unbearably shrill tones rang out until the last person had left the factory. He had informed Washington and Brussels beforehand and destroyed the factory and warehouse with a single shot. The deep crater should be warning enough. They should know he could. They returned to Washington and released the uncensored video of the destruction to the media.

They spent the days by the sea, swimming or lying on the sand under the artificial sun. Ray followed developments on the screen and in the Jareel summaries. They monitored the two factories, but there were no irregularities. Mankind no longer waged wars. States began using the military for civilian tasks and downsizing armies. There were repeated outbreaks of violence, but they remained local. Where the states had previously relied on deterrence, they abandoned it to now ensure that no one owned any weapons worth mentioning. The arms trade and production collapsed and it was very difficult to catch them. President Andrews was a wise man and he intervened generously to save most of the workers and factories. He scored a lot of points for his re-election.

Ray sat in the comfortable armchair of his living room, drank a whisky, smoked and planned the next step with Lin.

Famine

by István Rudas © 2022

He knew as well as Lin that the next task was far more difficult than the first. Fighting global hunger would be a very complicated matter. They bathed in the sea and let the artificial sun dry them. He discussed several ideas with Lin, they argued back and forth, and they scrapped the plans. There was no point in fighting hunger with mumbo-jumbo. Mankind had to realize that the planet could feed everyone. The distribution was the big problem and the smart production of food in the region. For example, it wasn't wise to burn food in power plants to make electricity, Ray said. The same was true for the water.

“Give the hungry a fishing rod, not a fish!” Lin quoted this wise saying of Lao Tse again and again. Ray knew how right she was. But man had to develop the fishing rod himself, forcing hocus-pocus on them was pointless. The Jareel, too, had taken millennia to feed their world population when they still had bodies. Humanity had to follow the same path, it had to develop the necessary steps itself.

Ray insisted on giving the starving fish. He could not see millions more starving to death while meetings and conferences on world hunger continued to be held. Perhaps one should do something concrete instead of discussing it. He had seen hunger in Asia, South America and Africa and it was the next pressing problem for him. He presented his thoughts to Lin, and she noticed that he was stubborn. It was a very simple plan, not at all brilliant. But Ray reminded Lin how the war had gone. People bowed to his dictates and became inventive in times of need. They didn't reinvent war, they invented how to deal with peace. The development was new and it was not known whether it would last. Lin finally nodded, they should at least try.

Zeus wrote identically to the governments in Washington, Brussels and Beijing. He ordered a female diplomat to the square in front of their government offices for three days. They were to bring any

questions they had with them in writing and not carry any electronic devices. He guaranteed her safety.

The government lines were running hot. Anne Kilpatrick was ready at any time, a diplomat in Brussels and one in Beijing were prepared in joint conference calls with Anne. There were no questions, the diplomats had to improvise ad hoc. You didn't know what Zeus wanted.

Ray and Lin also prepared. Ray had prepared a very short speech, which he would read from the prompter if necessary. Lin said there was no need to move the spacecraft's position, the diplomats would be teleported here at the same time. It was to be exactly the same as Anne Kilpatrick's visit. The day came, the diplomats disappeared at the same time. In Washington and Beijing, the tiny bugs clattered to the ground. Brussels hadn't even tried, Kilpatrick's first experience had convinced them that the Thunder God's technology was vastly superior to that of humans. The diplomat in Brussels would probably have refused to play silly games.

The diplomats had to undress and put on a white, transparent tunic. Lin left her in the lighted circle to be scanned for a long time so Ray could get his glance at their naked bodies. Then they followed the LEDs into the throne room. They stopped, overwhelmed, the hall was brightly lit and the magnificence took their breath away. They admired the throne room for minutes. They followed the LEDs to the three benches and Zeus invited them to sit down. Three replicas of the beautiful Greek strewn flowers around Zeus' throne. They pushed small tables in front of the diplomats, served ice water and sipped from it. Then they sat down at the feet of the god.

Zeus greeted Anne Kilpatrick, Carin van der Velde and Wen Shi Seun by name. "Greetings, ladies, welcome to peace!" They answered in their mother tongue and bowed. Zeus looked them in the eye and let his eyes wander over the bodies. Ray lustfully stared at the women's nudity.

Zeus gave his short speech. "Humanity is just learning to get along without war and in peace. Give my thanks to your governments!"

Zeus paused for a long time, then continued.

“It is very depressing that millions of people are starving while the others can eat their fill. I have two demands on you, and I spread my message to all governments. Give of your abundance to the starving and secondly, teach them, show them how they will look in the future feed themselves.” Wen Shi spoke up.

“In my country hunger has been conquered, nobody has to go hungry!” Zeus interrupted Wen and lightning flashed from his staff as he thundered: “Spare us your party propaganda, Wen Shi Seun! In your homeland, more than 163 million people are currently starving or have just enough food to keep them from dying! We can understand your government’s hiding this fact, but I want you to get my message across!” In Wen’s mind, images of starving Chinese raced by in a split second. It was overwhelming and Wen Shi knew in an instant that it was the truth. She fell off the mule like Saul when the knowledge of God struck him like lightning. Her eyes widened, then she nodded, realizing the facts instantly.

Zeus’ fingers played with the curls of his beard. He continued: “You didn’t care until now, because hunger has always existed in the world and the starving didn’t demand it loud enough! But you have to change that now, immediately!” Zeus paused and Ray stared at Wen Shi’s body.

“Anne Kilpatrick, will you lobby your government to end hunger?” It wasn’t a rhetorical question, it was a direct question. Anne cleared her throat and replied that she wanted to deliver his message and urge that something concrete be done. She avoided his gaze and added, “Honestly, I think it’s unlikely they’ll do anything tangible!” She lowered her head.

Zeus asked Carin van der Velde how she saw it. She immediately replied: “I will carry your message as well as Anne, but I’m afraid the 30 European countries will just talk it down. Unfortunately, I am just as pessimistic as Anne.”

Zeus asked Wen Shi Seun what she had to say. “I saw these pictures and I fear for my future. The party does not know these pictures, most politicians believe in the truth that is presented to them. Of course I will deliver your message, but I will be ignored, maybe silenced! I have no hope that anything I say can matter.” Wen Shi bowed her head and defiantly wiped the tears from her eyes. It was the first time that the very young career diplomat and loyal party soldier cried on duty. Zeus said reassuringly that nothing would happen to her.

Zeus smiled at the diplomats and nodded slowly. “I expected your answers exactly and I’m not surprised at all, I know the people. So listen to the second part of my message. Starting tomorrow, I will be distributing all the food from 10 randomly selected cities directly to the hungry. 10 cities, every day! I won’t tell you which cities, I’ll leave that to my assistants Hermes and Loki. The cities will supply themselves again the day after, I have no doubts about that, and nobody will be harmed. The food robbery will only stop where sharing with the hungry is vigorous, effective and sustainable!” Zeus looked from one to the other.

“The last part of my message is important: teach the hungry to support themselves, give generously and help them to feed themselves!”

He made a hand movement, the benches rose into the air, the diplomats kicked their legs anxiously and held on to the benches. They floated up a few meters until they were at eye level with the thunder god.

“Thank you for coming!” The diplomats stared at the body of the god famous for his sexual adventures. “Go in peace and bring my message! You will find a USB stick in your clothes with everything written on it. Go in peace!” The seats lowered gently to the floor.

The diplomats bowed and murmured that he may live in peace. They looked at each other, unsure whether to say anything else, then followed the LEDs to the dressing rooms. They blinked and found themselves back in front of their seats of government. They were sur-

rounded and led away by government officials and secret service agents. Like Anne before them, they were scanned according to every trick in the book and played the audio file to the assembled greats. Wen Shi Seun was initially stared at in Beijing, but at the end of the broadcast, the chairman stood up and clapped directly in her direction. He applauded for minutes and said Wen Shi spoke very wisely. As Zeus had said, nothing happened to her.

At first only the diplomat and the boss looked at the video file, but the most intimate parts of the diplomats and Zeus were blurred so that the recordings could be released. One recognized the nudity of the diplomats, but nothing that explicitly showed her private.

Lin told Ray the performance was very good, we'll see how the governments react. He nodded and smoked nervously. His plan was primitive, but was it perhaps too primitive? Too naive? Lin smiled reassuringly and said they would see if there was enough pressure on the governments. Lin ruffled the hair on the back of his neck in the usual way and lightly said she had two surprises for him. He looked up in surprise and forgot his nervousness for a moment. "The first surprise!" announced Lin and sat down to the big screen.

She had three "cameras" film the bodies of the diplomats in close-up. Ray stared at the footage with growing excitement. "I thank you!" and hugged Lin tightly. The recordings showed everything down to the smallest detail and left nothing to be desired. Lin watched him and his reactions closely. After an hour they had looked through the recordings, Ray was sweating almost feverishly. Lin got up and went to the bed. "The second surprise, Ray!" she called softly. Wen Shi Seun dropped Lin's dress and got into the big bed. Ray almost couldn't believe his luck. After dinner with Lin, they splashed in the sea, then went to bed. Carin van der Velde, the oldest of the diplomats, was waiting for him there curiously with a sexy look.

The next morning he woke up next to Anne Kilpatrick, who hugged him before breakfast. He had breakfast with Lin and sat down with her at the screen. The Jareel informed him on a separate notice which ten cities had donated all their food.

All food in the cities, from all households, supermarkets and distribution centers had disappeared in the morning, the restaurants and cafes had to close. People were surprised, even though the recordings with Zeus' message were everywhere and they all knew. In the poor zones of Asia, Africa and South America, the food appeared and hundreds of thousands were able to eat their fill. Of course, the cities could supply themselves again the next day. But even a single day without food made the population of the cities nervous and panicky. Zeus was obviously not in the mood for a joke. Even the most indifferent person was hungry and angry after a day of involuntary fasting. So the pressure on the politicians increased. It was very slow and Karin, Anne and Wen Shi had guessed correctly. There were more conferences and meetings than food deliveries. There was a lot of talk and nothing done for a long time. Some politicians criticized the three diplomats that they should have opposed Zeus and somehow prevented his plan. President Andrews vigorously opposed this nonsense and telephoned Anne. She had done her job well and everything else was nonsense. Zeus had sent a message and there was nothing to discuss, not with Zeus. He defended her several times in public and in every media appearance. Should she have said, you can't do that!? Of course he could, as you could see. How, if you please, could one have discussed or negotiated with Zeus? Zeus announced his message, which was like an order, he didn't come to discuss it. Andrews thundered into the cameras to use your wits before criticizing Anne Kilpatrick!

Denmark and the Benelux countries were the first to present concrete plans in Brussels and start deliveries on a large scale.

Lin made a list of cities. Relentlessly, 10 new cities were added daily. Like Ray, she followed the debates and articles, which for the most part were smart and well-founded. Benelux built a huge bread factory in the Sahel and generated many new jobs. Of course, initially the flour etc. had to be delivered from Europe, but large sums were invested to support the farmers in the area. It was to be another year before regional agriculture yielded enough to produce the flour in the region.

New laws in Europe banned food waste from being exported to Africa, destroying the local economy. Likewise, fishing in African waters by European factory ships was banned or severely restricted. It was dirty money that was being made, and it was the first law that put morality above profit. Outrageous! USA, Mexico and Russia grudgingly followed suit, politicians needed these advantages. Other states followed suit overnight, the pressure from the electorate was too great. Governments and companies raced, factories and jobs sprang up in the famine regions of Asia, Africa and South America. It would be three years before that who were able to end the Jareel food robbery in large parts of the world. China was one of the most stubborn states, even war-torn Russia had caved in earlier. The Chinese leadership drove Wen Shi Seun to all conferences where she was a popular speaker, but the state media reported nothing. Hunger in the world has been reduced by 75 to 85% in these three years.

Each week, Zeus phoned the three diplomats individually to get updates on their next steps on the issue of hunger. Anne and Carin had far-reaching plans and were very successful in pushing governments to take further concrete steps. The media in the USA and Europe were successfully made aware of the global hunger crisis and the aid programs received approval from many. The two blocs actually brought together many joint projects that boosted regional agriculture and food production in particular. They had the capacity to help generously financially.

During a phone call, Zeus warned the diplomats that mankind knows very well how to make drinking water from seawater, but that the efforts are not sufficient and drinking water is becoming increasingly scarce. The diplomats also brought this up and a short time later a huge desalination plant was built on the Italian Adriatic coast, in northern Germany and on the Californian Pacific coast. Another one is planned in Saudi Arabia.

Wen Shi had it the hardest because the world's most powerful party was stubborn and incredibly difficult to move. But Zeus spoke to the Chinese in a friendly, comforting way, her hugs were the best, Zeus and Ray were grateful for that. Of course, Wen Shi didn't know why the thunder god treated her so kindly, but after every conversa-

tion she was full of energy and renewed vigour. Western coffee grounds analysts predicted that she would be the next Minister of Agriculture or Minister for Development Aid.

Lin was an excellent conversationalist, she was a good link to the Jareel. She was amazed at how well the plan against hunger was developing. When people felt compelled to do something, they became amazingly inventive. Lin said she would not contribute to helping people with technological mumbo-jumbo. The Jareel had already tried this on a planet and it hadn't gone well. Step by step, people had to develop their coexistence on their planet, discover space themselves and develop interstellar space travel. The collapse of the military complex freed up finances, resources and brain power in previously unknown dimensions, so defeat hunger! Lin and the Jareel told Ray he had done the world a very great service. In earlier times he would have been made king, Lin smiled and kissed him on the lips. Ray blushed and muttered that a king's job sucks, he doesn't want it. He's happy with how things are right now. Ray wanted to stay Ray.

For the next three years, he watched developments with Lin. The gods Hermes and Loki, whom he never met, let off steam. They were relentless and made their trail through the cities of the satiated. Millions of people were still starving and only a small proportion, together with their children, could eat enough of a city's groceries in one day. They shared with their neighbors as a matter of course, far more generously than the people of the saturated zones. Ray and Lin had their hands full teleporting the groceries to those remote villages where the old and sick couldn't go to the distribution centers. Very helpful was the well hidden system they worked with. It guided them exactly where in a village the hungry were. And it later carried out the orders automatically when they had supplied a village with food and said it had to continue to be supplied.

Only the beginning of the artificial sunset reminded her to finish the work. Even after a long day, Lin still had the power of the Jareel and gave Ray a nice end of the day. They ate like a king every evening, the best chefs from all over the world gave their best. A quick dip in the sea, a movie night together or reading a book over

whiskey or gin — Ray always went to bed rested and relaxed. He transformed when she wanted it, so did she. Lin wisely made sure that the fire in the home hearth never went out. She liked to surprise him with the body, the esprit and the love arts of a complete stranger, because he also loved variety. Initially, Lin transformed herself, but she kept teleporting someone from Earth and watching them both. Lin knew him very carefully and chose a girl or a young woman very carefully. She read in his heart whether it should be young or experienced. She knew, of course, that he didn't want to have children. When the girl returned to the world in the morning, she had forgotten everything. Sometimes he wished that Wen Shi lay down with him, because he enjoyed her lovely and childlike lovemaking very much. In the morning, Wen Shi often did not know with whom she had spent the night, but she always felt deep happiness in her heart.

Ray and Lin happened to have the same birthday. Lin saw to it that they ate lavishly at breakfast, lay lazily in the sun during the day, and ate lavishly at noon and in the evening. Every year there was a giant bowl of ice cream with whipped cream, which they both loved. They gave each other something small, nothing big, but always something surprising. Lin did not cheat when ordering his gift from the Jareel, and pointedly covered her ears. The quiet music was always solemn and atmospheric. They only had to look into each other's eyes, and Zeus and Wen Shi went to bed with bright eyes.

Three years later there was still hunger, but the investments were beginning to have an impact. Ray and Lin still sat in front of the screen every day and teleported groceries to the remote villages. They didn't just stay in Washington anymore, many people wanted to see the spacecraft with their own eyes. They let the spaceship glide over the landscape at low altitude.

In China, the people discussed the hunger crisis more and more openly. The almighty party bigwigs could not avoid at least allowing the discussions. Wen Shi avoided public appearances as much as possible, letting other people carry her message. She pulled the strings in the background and allowed Anne Kilpatrick and Carin van der Velde to make media appearances in China again and again. The

powerful leader was not yet ready to take a public stand and sent subordinates to the fire. Officially, there were no starving people in China, period!

Several times, Lin and Ray discussed the issue of a targeted appearance of Zeus on Chinese TV channels in Chinese languages. But somehow they always came to the conclusion that it was counterproductive. The Chinese mentality didn't tolerate outside interference, it had nothing to do with the Party. They could only wait for the Chinese people to exert enough pressure of their own accord. Lin had enough insight and knowledge of the Chinese mentality herself and was a great asset in these conversations. Both of them followed Wen Shi's efforts very closely. Lin always recognized in good time when a party apparatchik wanted to get at Wen Shi and vigorously paralyzed his intentions. Zeus said so and kept his word.

Ray called his mother at least once a month. He videophoned in his first conversation from his office/living room. She admired his cozy, beautiful living room and he told her about his life. It was all a lie, but he had to make up a good legend. He was in demand as a legal advisor overseas and Ray said as little as possible, he didn't like lying to his mother. It was much more important to him that his mother saw to it that the housekeeper kept his house in good shape. The mother told about it in great detail, she was very strict with the housekeeper. She also mentioned his generous check that she and his father received monthly. It was far too much, she said, and they didn't even know what to do with it anymore. He suggested that with a clear conscience they should go to Venice a third time and of course also to Paris, it is beautiful there at this time of the year! They gradually traveled all over Central Europe after his father took early retirement. Ray was very happy to be able to give presents to his parents. She mentioned in a subordinate clause that the love between her and her father had become even more intimate, although he was no longer interested in sex. It made Ray very sad.

He already had the second conversation with his mother on the sandy beach and ignored her reproachful comment that he was naked. She didn't mention it again and just stared at his body throughout the conversation. On the third or fourth call, he intro-

duced Lin, and the mother curiously appraised the Asian woman's beautiful body. The two women talked for a long time and his mother seemed very pleased with his wife. The mother had meanwhile gotten used to the nudity of the two. Lin smiled, "She enjoys these shots very much."

Ray and Lin regularly videophoned his mother, and sometimes their father as well. He was very short-sighted and rarely got around to it. Once he'd gotten his glasses to gawk at his naked daughter-in-law. Since he could hardly see anything despite his glasses, he quickly left after talking to Ray and let his wife do the videophoning. The parents wanted to escape the cold winter in Vienna and had been considering renting somewhere in southern Spain for months. Ray didn't think much of renting, he had spotted a lovely penthouse apartment in Marbella and asked them if they liked it. They were enthusiastic about the beautiful apartment and the magnificent view. Ray didn't hesitate and bought it. Marbella was outrageously expensive, but there were many German-speaking residents and they might make new friends. They shouldn't worry about the costs, he took care of that.

More and more desalination plants were built on a large scale and drinking water was pumped to inland countries. It was a good deal and a lot cheaper than struggling with the drought. Ray and Lin were happy with this small step towards saving the planet. These were small steps, of course, but they led to the greening of a few square kilometers of desert, square kilometer by square kilometer. It was actually crazy that the Amazon forest was being felled at the same time.

Every month the three diplomats visited Zeus, they wanted to discuss the next projects with the god personally. Of course phone calls or video calls would have been enough, but Ray was happy to see the ladies in the flesh. Lin smiled knowingly, giving him pleasure. Even though they were busier than ever and never ran out of work, the bottom line was it was just the two of them.

President Andrews had been overwhelmingly elected to his second term and had no intention of governing as a *lame duck*. He had ceremoniously opened the tenth desalination plant of gigantic dimen-

sions and huge pipelines brought fresh drinking water to the middle of the USA. Where fields withered and millions of farmers were thrown into misery in the 1920s, grass grew again and hundreds of thousands began cultivating the land again. President Andrews could be rightly proud of that. He was planning a long tour of Asia and was received triumphantly in the big cities. He was in Beijing now, appearing with the great leader in a joint press conference at Mai'jian Square. Suddenly shots rang out across the square. The great chairman collapsed, President Andrews was hit in the arm. The shot went through his upper arm and hit his chief of staff, Morris, square in the chest, killing him instantly. Chinese security guards arrested two of the assassins and shot dead the third. After a few minutes the spook was over.

The chairman was only hit in the shoulder. He and Andrews were immediately helicoptered to the military hospital and treated. The two statesmen discussed at length in their hospital how they should react. They agreed to hold the press conference the next day at the same time and in the same place. They chose to hide their injuries to show off their strength and power. The Chairman was still unwilling to discuss hunger in China and Andrews promised not to raise the issue. Peaceful trade with China was the only option. Russia's senseless war against Ukraine had done immense damage to the world and shown that war was a bad option. Especially since they had no more weapons. Andrews spent half an hour on the phone with the chief of staff's widow, who was placed in an Air Force One refrigerated chamber to be buried at home. The press conference went ahead, made pithy, powerful speeches and didn't answer any questions about the assassination. The great leader announced his country had struck a \$140 billion deal with President Andrews and the US would provide giant desalination plants, pipeline technology and know-how. Andrews continued his journey via South Korea and Japan and returned on schedule. Popular Chief of Staff Morris was buried with a state funeral in Arlington.

The third project

by István Rudas © 2022

At the end of the third year, Zeus again invited the three governments to send one diplomat each. As always, they should take their questions in paper form and not carry bugs, he guaranteed their safety. Anne was ready immediately, Carin van der Velde had been promoted and Regine Durieux, a French diplomat, was sent in her place.

Wen Shi had retired from the diplomatic service and was teaching at a small university in Guangzhou. She had told Zeus on her last phone call, she had become blunt as a weapon and her career was more or less openly hampered. No, he couldn't help her, she didn't want this fruitless struggle anymore. She wanted to lead an ordinary life and start a family. Zeus made her sad face smile when he offered to be the father of her first child. Wen Shi drew new strength and energy from the conversation, and was very happy to think that the god really took her to heart. When Ray told Lin that he had offered Wen Shi to be the father of their child, Lin searched his mind to see if he was serious. She cleverly arranged that Wen Shi lay with Zeus every evening and after a few weeks Wen Shi became pregnant. Lin left Wen Shi's memories as a vague vision that she was devoting herself to the God with lust, bliss and fervor. She should know that she conceived the child of Zeus. Ray was overjoyed when Lin told him.

Wen Shi's successor was claimed by Mun Li Lee, who had worked her way up the corporate ladder primarily with her feminine charms and devious intrigues. The pursed-mouth 45-year-old diplomat was — compared to Wen Shi — incompetent, uneducated and, apart from the instinctive peasant shrewdness, downright stupid.

The three diplomats were teleported to the spaceship and waited a long time in the illuminated circle. Lin allowed Ray to take a good look at the diplomats' bodies. Mun Li pushed ahead as the diplomats followed the LEDs. China first! Theatrical fog, fanfares and scattering of flowers. The reception could begin.

Zeus greeted them by name, which seemed right to him. “Welcome warmly and in peace!” he began. “Your governments have solved my two tasks quite well, tell them my thanks for that! Most states have coped well with hunger and water shortages and thank you for that! The wars are mostly over, there are only local quarrels. I said quarrels ?” Zeus looked from one to the other. “Villages are still raided by gangs, the villagers beaten to a pulp, and the women and girls abused, molested and raped. Tell these gangs that my patience is exhausted. I will come upon them with biblical plagues!” thundered Zeus, his expression almost frightening.

“But there is still a great deal that has not yet been properly resolved on your planet. I will give you just a few examples. Measures against climate change. Pollution of the oceans. Human trafficking, slavery, the exploitation of workers . The forced prostitution. The ineffective generation of energy. Your strange financial economy. And a thousand other things - you can add to this list as you wish. For all these things you have organizations that unfortunately have not achieved much so far. These organizations need more support, more Money and more manpower. This leads me to my next task.”

Zeus looked from one to the other and ruffled the locks of his beard as usual. “The rich of this world hide their money in tax havens or choose complicated constructions in order not to have to share their wealth. Your roads, bridges or rail networks, for example, would be in better condition if they did their bit. So here’s my message: today in three days I will assign any hidden wealth to the individuals by name and transfer the money to one of their personal accounts. The relevant government will receive a list of the individuals and their actual assets. I will give your governments three months to tax these individuals fairly. If this doesn’t happen, I will donate 30% of the assets to randomly selected organizations. Year after year!” Zeus looked at the diplomats.

With a wave of his hand, he lifted the benches with the diplomats until they were at eye level. The women kicked their legs uncontrollably and held on to the benches. He said: “Thank you for your visit, you will find the recording of the conversation on a USB stick in your

clothes. Go in peace!” The benches sank to the ground. The diplomats bowed, murmuring “Peace be with you too!” and turned to go.

Only Mun Li Lee stopped and wondered what the correct form of address is, Great Lord or Venerable Master? She pushed her femininity provocatively through the fabric of the tunic. “Venerable Mr. Zeus, can I meet you in private? In private, just the two of us?” She pressed her breast and pubic unmistakably boldly and teasingly forward and fluttered her false eyelashes. He didn’t hesitate for a moment. “I have no private dealings with human women, they are only legends. And the fruits you sell are not as sweet as you imagine! Go in peace, Mun Li, go!” thundered Zeus and looked at the Chinese unfriendly. She turned arrogantly and flippantly and left. The diplomats were brought back in the blink of an eye and stood blinking in front of their seats of government. The procedure was as usual, the audio and video files were played to the most important people and published the next day. Only the Chinese leadership cut out the last part before publishing it. Of course it leaked through the censors. The Chinese people laughed at the impertinent diplomat and there was a sneering *shit storm* that spilled over the imaginary whore. Mun Li left the diplomatic service immediately and holed up somewhere.

Lin smiled lovingly as Ray looked at her questioningly. “Of course,” she smiled and watched together with him the pictures that were secretly taken of the bodies of the diplomats. The close-ups are sharp as always, every hair and every pore clearly visible. Anne was prettier than ever, he commented on Regine Durieux’s body with a boorish, impudent whistle that made Lin laugh like a bell. He looked at the recording showing the Chinese woman’s body twice in a row and said, “Mun Li is quite an arrogant and conceited person, but this time I disagree with Father Zeus, the woman probably has a lot to offer!” Lin agreed with him, this is where Zeus was wrong.

They swam in the sea and ate the best Irish stew in years. When they went to bed, Lin teleported Chinese Mun Li to his bed. Lin couldn’t take her eyes off the two of them, the Chinese noble whore was really a grenade in bed and they only fell asleep at dawn after Lin had teleported the Chinese back. Ray was totally exhausted and slept until noon, after a hearty snack he dozed on the sandy beach until

dinner. He exceptionally drank three whiskeys and smoked until he went to bed. Lin teleported the Frenchwoman Durieux into bed, straight from the bed of the lover whom she had to put into a deep sleep. The French was very passionate and experienced, in his breaks she surprisingly slid to Lin and made her happy.

Before breakfast, Anne Kilpatrick gave him a hug, and her inexperience never ceased to amaze him. He had a long breakfast with Lin and they decided to take a day off. They listened to music and Ray continued to read a thick book by T. Piketty. It was written very cleverly and in a way that was easy to understand. Ray soon understood a little more about economics. They swam in the sea before dinner and let the last rays of the sun dry them off. He answered Lin's question that Mun Li was great for once, but he didn't need her anymore, she was too arrogant and narcissistic for him, it was very repulsive. He really didn't need to have her again. Lin smiled at his question and answered, No, there were already some women with her and the sweet French knew her craft. Jack nodded with a dreamy look, "Yes, although I would rather call it art at its finest!"

The next day they went back to work. The Jareel ran lists of names and amounts on the ads, but they said nothing to either him or Lin. He spent a long time on the phone with Anne, so far she has only been able to confirm that the lists have been sent to the tax authorities of the countries concerned. However, the reaction of many rich people was bad. They smashed the door to the White House, demanding privileges, discounts and exceptions. They also demanded this from politicians, members of parliament and governors and were very persistent. It wouldn't do them any good, Anne laughed in a TV interview, Zeus would take their money! No one doubted that he could.

They resumed their work, there were still many remote areas where there was still hunger. Anne phoned Zeus and recorded the conversation. Her government wanted to know if he could give a clue to the energy production. He seemed to have inexhaustible energy reserves at his disposal, his spaceship had been observed long enough. Zeus laughed gently. "My dear Anne, my form of energy generation would also be accepted by your best scientists in a hundred

years do not understand. You don't know the basics yet and any help from me would be too pointless. I can only tell you that if you invested a little more in this technology, you would be on the right track with cold fusion. It would be a big step in the right direction, I can confirm that. Your scientists have already discovered enough, but they receive far too little support. The oil barons and other profiteers of outdated but very dirty technologies are still far too powerful and prevent any progress because they have a lot of money to lose. That's the real problem."

Anne was not sure that President Andrews would be able to address this issue in his final weeks. During the election campaign, he no longer had that much power and it was completely uncertain who would succeed him. But she knew the President and would play the conversation for him. After all, he was the President and would decide. Zeus said how much he valued her and hoped she would continue to work with him. Anne became sad, it wasn't up to her, she could always be replaced by the new administration. Zeus promised to ask the newcomers for their cooperation. Anne had a warm feeling in her heart as they ended the conversation.

Zeus spoke to Regine Durieux. Their 30 governments had also passed the lists on to the financial authorities, and the rich in Europe squirmed so as not to have to share their wealth. Zeus praised her because Ray was still very grateful to Regine. It was good that governments got his message and knew that he was not making empty threats. He said goodbye in such a friendly way that Regine stayed behind in astonishment. Zeus might be a god, but he wasn't a slippery diplomat. She was used to the diplomatic twaddle and was amazed at his genuine friendliness. She had to rethink and think and act differently about Zeus. Nevertheless, she felt unusually happy after the conversation.

In China, a new diplomat, Podukhai Tsetsen Khatan, was well acquainted with the Great Chairman and very ambitious. She visited Wen Shi, who gave her information and advice for hours. Wen Shi, who lay in the god's arms almost every day during pregnancy and looked forward to the child with him, then spoke to Zeus and said that she had known Podukhai for years, that she was very different

from her predecessor and that she was a good choice. Ambitious, hardworking and convinced that a strong China would be good for its people. She came from an old Mongolian dynasty and knew what honor, honesty and decency meant.

Ray and Lin worked for the starving during the day, in the late afternoon they went to the sea and bathed or hiked through the forest. They videophoned the parents in Marbella, who felt very comfortable there and reported on the wonders of the new city. The warm climate did Ray's father good; for the first time in the fall he had no gout problems. They dropped their bath towels when he left the mother to let her videophoning.

A surprising number of rich people in Europe, but also in the USA and many other countries paid their taxes properly or announced it seriously. Ray and Lin were honestly surprised, they didn't expect it. The lists of names flickered on their display every day, many with a green background. But there were many more who didn't want to go green. The clock was ticking, the days just flew by.

Ray and Lin were teleporting groceries to a remote village and laying their offerings in front of the elderly and sick when they happened to witness a village being invaded by a gang of thieves and murderers. It was horrific to watch the rapes, and Lin turned away. Ray didn't think it was cool at all and was seething with anger. "I have to do something!" he shouted angrily and slammed his fist on the table. He looked desperately at Lin. "I threatened them with biblical plagues, but they just keep going," he lamented. He stared at Lin. "I have to do something, now!" He had jumped up, occasionally glancing at the screen and stomping up and down. "I would love to rip their dicks off!" he murmured and Lin looked up. "Then do it," she said, "would that be right?" Ray looked at her dumbfounded. "Could I do that?"

Lin pursed his lips in annoyance. "We've been together for four years now, I'll do whatever project you want, I'll put the most beautiful women in your bed and you're still wondering if we Jareel can do it!?" Lin looked down in shock, she had gone too far, a submissive Asian woman didn't talk to her husband like that! Ray had walked up

to her, lifted her chin and looked into her eyes. “I want to rob them of their manhood, they shall be impotent forever!” Lin smiled “Already done, my dear!” He scooted to the screen. The rapes stopped. The abused women pushed the confused men away and ran naked into the forest. The men stood together in small groups and whispered in embarrassment.

Ray had a recording sent to the three diplomats. No comment, only the geographical location of the village. It took days to track down the men. They had undoubtedly been robbed of their manhood, and the bond had broken up at once. Ray left it up to humans to understand what Zeus meant by biblical plagues. The story spread like wildfire across the African continent, and some robbers and murder gangs thought twice about raping women. Lin smiled her Confucian smile: “Not the gun, but the ammunition useless.” It took Ray a second, then he laughed out loud. Yes, that was her, his Lin!

They continued to work and Zeus answered the emails from the diplomats with a smile. He affirmed that in anger he had brought this biblical plague upon the gangsters, “just as the God of Moses had emasculated the firstborn!” Ray and Lin snorted with laughter as they composed the mail, because Zeus must have seemed more likeable when he hadn’t read the Old Testament so carefully. Anne and Regine giggled because they saw through the old smartass, Podukhai didn’t immediately notice the lapse.

The day came, the three months were up, the world held its breath. Punctually to the minute, the stubborn rich donated 30% of their wealth to the recognized organizations whether they wanted to or not. No court was willing to challenge the donations, not this time. Zeus sent the list of donations to the diplomats and they distributed them to the 200 states. No one was harmed, no one became begging. The rich vented their anger on politicians, legislators, and those under their allegiance. But those who had paid their taxes breathed a sigh of relief. Most taxes were under 30%, they had acted wisely. They made it public, the media and commentators took up the issue. There was still a year until the next levy, enough time to calculate the matter again.

Ray didn't know the names of the organizations, he knew that the Jareel had carefully selected the recipients and sorted out the fraudulent ones. The grand total was over \$1,870 billion and Ray felt the organizations would get a real boost. A little stuck on sticky fingers before putting the money to use. Ray knew about it, but it wasn't very important and he didn't care. The sticky fingers didn't hoard the money, they bought important things like new fishing gear, champagne for the beloved or a new car. He had understood Piketty, the stolen money boosted the economy and that wasn't a bad thing.

Ray discussed her work with Lin. They quickly agreed that if they continued at this pace they would wear themselves out too quickly. He had to admit that after only a few hours he was working more slowly and with less concentration, he had to take many breaks to smoke a cigarette and take a few steps before continuing. Lin knew this, she brought him drinks and snacks and encouraged him to rest for a few minutes after lunch. She herself was obviously of a stronger constitution and didn't get tired as easily as he did. There was no point in working until you dropped and not getting much done. It would make sense to organize the work better. 6 hours per day with an hour lunch break, one day off per week. They both laughed, sounding like what unions on Earth were demanding. Lin jokingly suggested forming a union, a president and a secretary. He laughed and would rather have a president and a chauffeur in livery. They laughed for the first time in months. They left the screens and sat in their armchairs, Lin served whiskey and gin and Swiss sandwiches. They grew serious, then decided on the new schedule.

They videophoned his parents in Marbella. The father had brought a magnifying glass to take a closer look at Lin. "Nice thing you have there, son!" was his verdict. He stayed longer because they were discussing something interesting. Every day he read a few newspapers from Germany and Austria to which he had subscribed. They spoke — like everyone else — about compulsory taxation of the rich. His parents rejected the action at first because it was an illegal expropriation. But it was discussed in the circle of friends, also because there was no one directly affected. People talked more and more about tax justice and the cheek of not wanting to pay taxes. His parents dutifully paid their taxes and felt it was injustice that the wealthy did not

want to share. Most, including his parents, agreed that recognized organizations received the \$1,870 billion. They had read about the organizations and agreed with their goals.

The changed working hours turned out to be correct, they were able to concentrate much better. Zeus invited the diplomats to visit. Lin let the ladies stand for a long time to “scan”, Ray wanted to look at the Mongolian curiously. Then the usual, theatrical fog, fanfares and scattering of flowers. Zeus patiently waited until Anne Kilpatrick, Regine Durieux and Podukhai were seated. He greeted them by name with a warm welcome.

“Your governments have shown themselves very competent in the recent task of taxing the wealthy, give my appreciation and thanks. I hope they use the proceeds for the good of the people.” Zeus ruffled his beard locks and looked kindly from one to the other. “I asked you here because I have another message for the people. I would like to ask you three to spread my message and actively support it.” The diplomats were fully concentrated and listening.

“Recently, I punished and emasculated a gang of murderers and rapists. It worked for a moment, but after two days the gangs went back on fire and raped insolently.” Zeus stopped scratching his beard and stared at the ladies. “Not that you think the old man is very thin-skinned, what’s he upset about a couple of rascals? No, I threatened them with biblical plagues and I stand by it. A threat from me has consequences. I feel sorry for every single woman , no question. These gangs are like the plague for your community. Whole regions are left devastated and take decades to recover. Your governments are convinced that there is nothing they can do about it. That is not the case, they could do much more do that. That’s where you come in. First, I charge you with calling on governments to take strong action.”

“My second assignment is a lot more complicated. Listen, ladies! I will take action against these mass rapes from now on and punish and emasculate the rapists!” Lightning erupted from Zeus’ golden staff as, at the word “emasculate,” he rammed it into the ground so hard that the entire throne room shook. “I know, as diplomats, you

don't have direct access to these gangsters. So it won't be easy to spread my announcement to the most remote corners of these gangs. But you have to, find ways and means!"

The shy Podukhai Tsetsen spoke up. "Noble lord, I have heard nothing of such happenings in my country. I would like to do whatever you ask, for I, too, feel anger and dismay when I listen to you." Podukhai looked at him expectantly. Zeus thanked her for her respectful address, smiled at her kindly and said: "It is therefore good if you find a list on the USB stick listing the events of the last six months. Regardless of whether it is your government want to know. 150 out of 200 states are on this list, pass it on!" Podukhai asked, "China too?" and Zeus nodded, "China too!" and smiled encouragingly at the dismayed Mongolian.

Zeus raised the benches so that the diplomats were at eye level with him. Only Podukhai kicked her legs in surprise. "Thank you, dear ladies, for your visit! You have been given a difficult task, I am aware of that. Now go, go in peace!" The benches sank to the ground. The diplomats bowed and murmured their greeting, then followed the LEDs into the changing rooms. They blinked when, a blink of an eye later, they stood in front of their seats of government.

Lin awaited Ray in front of the big screen, grinning. The recordings of Anne and Regine offered nothing surprising, but the recording of Podukhai excited him greatly. She would be the most exciting Asian he had ever seen, he said and added, apart from you of course, my love! They bathed in the sea and let the artificial sun dry them. Ray continued reading Piketty's thick book until the sun went down. For dinner there was a huge portion of Viennese Kaiserschmarrn with roasted plums from the Figlwirt, followed by vanilla ice cream with whipped cream from Rome. They drank whiskey and gin as they sat in their armchairs, chatting and waiting for Podukhai to go to bed, Lin didn't have to think. She put the lover into a deep sleep, as she teleported the 28-year-old Mongolian to his bed. Ray kissed Lin deeply and lovingly with gratitude before falling asleep very late.

After breakfast they brought groceries to the remote areas, in the afternoon Ray tracked some gangs in Africa and emasculated a few

hundred rapists by evening. Often the rapes had already taken place, often the men were in the process of raping girls and women. Ray felt only cold anger and didn't care if the men were done or not. He struck mercilessly, sparing only the innocent.

In the evening he showed Lin some footage, but she soon switched off, actually she didn't want to see rapes at all. He rewarded himself with some whiskeys after dinner and chatted with Lin about the beautiful night with Podukhai. Lin smiled silently, since she had been there, but he had to share his excitement with someone. They went to bed laughing.

President Andrews opened the first commercial fusion power plant in Virginia and ceremonially laid the cornerstone for television cameras around the world. He also formally said goodbye to Zeus in an email. A week later he handed it over to the next president, Kyle White. Anne Kilpatrick connected the new President to Zeus on the very first day. A dozen advisers listened to the conversation in the Oval Office. President White accepted the congratulations on the election, followed by light small talk. Gradually, the President got to the point. The state of Delaware in particular suffered severe losses from Zeus' brutal taxation. Delaware lived on its earnings as a tax haven. Zeus added that the islands of the British Empire suffered as well. The British had already begun to introduce economic programs. Then he was silent. It was President White's job to save Delaware. The conversation continued in a friendly manner, in the end Zeus wanted to ensure that Anne Kilpatrick remained in office and with dignity. President White agreed and announced ad hoc that she would soon be appointed Special Envoy, which meant not only a much higher salary for Anne, but also a secure job.

Ray mainly worked on his gang project. He observed the raids meticulously. It irritated him that many rapes turned out very differently than he had thought. The women were beaten and forced, it was always like that. But many surrendered, did not resist, and some sought pleasure. He had to admit that he didn't understand the soul of African women. He turned to Central America and northern South America, where the gangs were relentless and brutal. He emasculated hundreds, thousands of gang members without mercy. The

men experienced a deep turning point in their lives, the ties crumbled apart. After only a few weeks Ray saw how effective his measures were and he was proud of that. Lin felt how much the gang project was burdening him and put the beautiful Podukhai or Wen Shi in his bed every day. Wen Shi had become a mother, happier and more passionate than ever.

Ray slathered sunscreen on Lin on the sandy beach and kissed her neck affectionately. “Those were the best four years of my life,” he whispered.

Detective, Prosecutor, Judge and Hangman

by István Rudas © 2022

The pirates off the Asian coasts were the focus of Ray's work. Lin provided food to the remote areas and he lashed out at the gangs. He was detective, prosecutor and judge in one, he took his job very seriously and his curse rarely missed. He focused on the pirate raids on the villages that didn't want to cooperate or where there was something to steal, if only the fish from the fishermen. There were raids where there was only robbery but no desecration. He punished the robbers with a temporary paralysis of an arm or leg that wore off after a month or two. That was punishment enough for many pirates. Podukhai took their job very seriously, spreading the message to the Asian media that this was the biblical plague they had been threatened with.

The pirates have been raping the wives and daughters of the fishermen for centuries, mercilessly attacking the women and girls to satisfy their urges. They persistently ignored Podukhai's warnings and saw it as their inherent right. Ray had watched thousands of rapes, but his anger hadn't changed. He emasculated the pirates the moment they entered the woman or, if he was too late, when they had spilled. The women rarely resisted, because they didn't want to be killed. Ray could understand that very well, bare survival is part of human nature. If the woman was killed by the rapist, Ray killed the killer on the spot. He thereby saved many more women's lives than he judged murderers. That was the most distressing part of his gang project.

Sometimes the rape wasn't brutal and violent at all. The women didn't want to be raped at all and smilingly pulled the pirate onto their bast mat. "You don't have to hurt me to get your way!" said the translation module as the woman hugged the pirate. Ray found himself just watching the two of them and not interfering until the end. He glossed over his voyeurism by being a man besides everything. He

was too ashamed to discuss it with Lin. Of course Lin noticed when he watched silently and understood him. Eventually she told him and that she was okay with it. He nodded absently, not wanting to talk about his sore point. It was still good that his wife understood him. Actual rapes infuriated him and he emasculated the pirates on the spot. The Asian pirates were very persistent and refused to stop.

Ray dealt with a very different breed of gangsters in Central America and South America. They were the most brutal rapists and also murdered many of their victims. It was only during this time that Ray developed his resolve to kill the killers immediately. He had discussed this with Lin for many hours, but she too agreed to kill these murderers. It was very difficult for him, but at some point the prosecutor and judge decided to kill the killer immediately. This had a resounding effect, the murders of women decreased rapidly and were extremely rare. The emasculation was terrible for the machos, they became pariahs in their society. It didn't stop, but the gangsters knew full well that a god was punishing them. And they feared a punishing God in their twisted souls almost more than the devil. Ray switched his focus back to the Asian Coast Pirates.

Zeus invited the diplomats to visit again. Ray, as always, enjoyed the sight of them. Zeus had the diplomats report on their efforts; as requested, they had brought statistics with them. Of course, Zeus knew the numbers better than they did, but it was a good opportunity to let the diplomats speak. Anne reported from Latin America that many rapists had been emasculated and murderers had dropped dead. She looked up from her papers and looked directly at Zeus. "Your work?" she asked and he confirmed that he punished the murderers immediately. Anne wanted to say something, but he continued: "Your democratic rules are all right, investigation, trial and punishment. My rules are not like that. I look into the soul of the person and can decide immediately. Decide fairly!"

Podukhai said it was similar in Asia and she quickly realized it was his doing. She had discussed the matter with many diplomats and party officials, and in the end hardly anyone had a valid objection. Regine Durieux had nothing to report from Europe, but in Africa the gangs still raged like the plague. The African continent suffered

greatly and she, Regine, had minimal influence over the governments and rulers there. Even consultations at the highest level could not persuade those in power to act actively. The money of the Europeans were of course always welcome. Zeus assured her that he was following her efforts closely and that she was doing a good job. Centuries would pass before the majority of people learned to deal with their propensity for violence. The audience lasted a long time and at the end Zeus thanked her for coming. Ray gave them the good feeling that they were doing everything right and that the God loved them. They blinked as they stood again in front of their seats of government and felt the love of Zeus in their hearts.

Ray watched Lin's secret footage of the diplomats until he was sweating. He told Lin how exciting their recordings were, but that he still wanted to spend the night with her because he only loved her. Yet somehow Podukhai ended up spending the night with them. He kissed Lin gratefully in the morning and joked how good it was that she never changed her mind. He was hungry and Lin stole her hearty breakfast from a famous Parisian hotel. They took the day off, went for a walk in the forest and bathed in the sea. Lin served the sun-downer on the sandy beach and they sat snuggled together in the sunset. Ray felt the need to talk about the night with Podukhai. Lin took his gesturing hands in hers and listened to her passionate husband. He was right, it was nice and exciting and he just had to talk about it. Lin was a little proud to have surprised him with the beautiful Mongolian.

President White loved ceremonial gestures, patriotic pomp and medals. Pompously, solemnly and patriotically he placed the Medal of Peace around the neck of his predecessor Andrews. White was a rich man and had paid his taxes meticulously with a steady eye on his career. So he came across as a little cocky and arrogant when the rich cronies called and wanted to squeeze out tax breaks. It was a dance on the razor blade, would Zeus be fooled this time? From many conversations with Anne, White got the impression that he wasn't impressed by cheap sleight of hand, and that he was right. Anne, whose salary had more than doubled, impressed the President with her terrific campaign to warn Central America and Latin America to the furthest reaches of the biblical alien plagues. The decrease in muggings,

rapes and murders has been phenomenal. And White could adorn himself with these feathers.

Podukhai obeyed Zeus' command and carried his message to all Asian media. The Great Chairman had publicly praised her, giving her granite-hard support. The petty provincial emperors complained bitterly that the pirates were paying fewer and fewer bribes. Podukhai had never accepted a single yuan in her life and quietly had them fired, all of them. Zeus paid her respects during one of their phone calls. Podukhai's heart warmed, the alien really seemed to like her. Not surprising, then, that he often appeared in her dreams and sexual fantasies.

A major newspaper, the New York Times, ran a series of articles on the biblical plagues. The authors brought numbers, statistics and facts. The fall in crime in Latin America has been impressive. Nonetheless, the authors sparked a heated debate on the death penalty that kept the whole country on its toes. Where did an extraterrestrial claim the right to impose the death penalty in large numbers? Was that right or outrageous? It took weeks for the topic to disappear undecidedly from the media. Lin and Ray, of course, listened closely to the heated debates, but remained silent. Ray's mother was for it, his father was against. Ray chewed through every serious argument, but continued undeterred.

He followed the pirates of Asia and the bands of Africa. It was good when, in the midst of all the atrocities, some people mated without violence. He watched them smiling and there was no need to punish them. The supple souls of Vietnamese, Laotian and Cambodian women, filled with tender drive, enabled him to better understand the soul of African women. The souls were very similar, the African women were a bit wilder and more demanding in their drive. Ray was always happy not to have to paralyze, emasculate, or kill. He was happy to show these recordings to Lin, although she wasn't as voyeuristic as he was. He could watch these peaceful unions for hours.

Most people had started August 26th quite unspectacularly, a summer day like yesterday and tomorrow. But the richest in the

world sat on glowing coals. Just in time for the start of the stock exchange, donations went to the organizations that were pursuing good goals. Lin had rolled out a screen next to the breakfast table. They enjoyed the sumptuous breakfast that Lin made stole a fine hotel in Vienna and watched the news. The broadcasters reported with some glee that today's fundraiser had raised \$1,250 billion for the organizations. Less than a year ago, but still a decent boost for recipients. Their presidents were interviewed for hours and asked what they did with the money and which concrete projects they could tackle.

From Berlin to Cape Town, from Beijing to San Francisco, the telephone lines were burning, the rich of this world were bombing their governments, what they intended to do against this outrageous raid. It didn't help again, a donation was a donation! Ray and Lin grinned broadly and calmly ate breakfast. Today was free, they read, listened to music and jumped into the sea. They checked the latest news every few hours. Zeus called the diplomats in the evening, the lists of donors had been distributed to the governments. The diplomats were very satisfied because the choice of organizations was excellent. Podukhai knew that China received only a small chunk because there were few helping or research organizations outside the party apparatus. She promised to raise this issue with the Great Chairman the next time she lay with the old man. Zeus/Ray chuckled silently. China's current boss loved young girls just as much as first chairman Mao Zedong did.

Ray and Lin videophoned his parents who were spending the hot days at Semmering, where it was much cooler. They were doing great at Semmering, but when the father left the conversation, the mother said he coughed a lot, maybe he smoked too much after all. But the GP wasn't concerned, so no need to worry. Ray was a bit concerned after the conversation. He asked Lin if the Jareel could do something about it. She listened absently to herself for a few minutes, then she nodded, her father would be better in 10 days or two weeks, he would then be cured. Ray kissed Lin gratefully and walked out into the woods for a few minutes, not wanting Lin to see him cry.

Ray had turned 38, Lin 24. His gang project was wearing him down and he needed a break, a day off wasn't enough. He brought it

up in the evenings after they had turned off the screens and drank their whiskey and gin. Lin didn't feel ready for vacation yet and listened to him attentively. It was a long five years, they had worked on the screen day after day and had achieved a great deal, fighting hunger and bandits. Armies stopped shooting at each other and the rich donated to organizations that had good and wise causes. Mankind progressed in small steps. Ray, Zeus and Lin didn't have to push the next big goal, the destruction of the world, the oceans and the global climate. There were enough people in the governments and organizations who pushed it forward of their own accord and out of insight. The droughts, the forest fires and the floods spoke an unbearable language.

Lin wanted to know if he wanted to take a vacation, incognito on Earth? He thought for a long time, there was much to be said for and against. Ultimately he dismissed the notion that Zeus was often needed on an ad hoc basis right now, and that was far more important than a sailing trip in the Caribbean. Lin's suggestion of lounging around for a week three or four times a year without leaving the spaceship was a very good idea. There was nothing wrong with that and Ray giggled that the woman union president would win. Rowing a boat to the small islets or camping in the woods for a night was something new, just lying lazily on the couch and watching films or series. They continued to work normally and determined when they would take a week's vacation.

Ray thoroughly enjoyed the first week off. Lin brought the most unusual delicacies to the table, they tasted the finest wines, and Lin held back, giving him space and air to breathe deeply. Every night she put a desirable Asian woman with him. She chose the girls carefully, she had to be willing and conform to his preferences. Ray was well rested, refreshed and full of new energy after this week.

President White reiterated in several interviews that he believed in voluntary and involuntary taxation of the wealthy. Many problems were solved and projects were implemented. Never before have so many countries had such well-developed social networks, which benefited many people. Mankind developed and researched on an unprecedented scale. The global economy produced record after record.

The developed countries helped generously and brought education to the less developed countries. Afghanistan has been despised around the world because it denies education to girls still refused. Of course, President White couldn't claim everything for himself, but he strutted in and out of interviews like the leader of the western world, the vain peacock. Anne secretly despised her boss, but kept it to herself. Most people saw through his mask, but no one was outraged by it. One thing White did just as well as Andrews did was put good people to work and didn't interfere with them. His administration made every effort to hire the best of the best. It was difficult because every uncle had to find a lucrative job for an incompetent nephew. It was an annoyance that couldn't be dismissed.

China, as a world power, could afford to fight the piracy on the Asian coasts with its mighty army and its countless ships. Podukhai had a key ally in the Minister of War who would have been happy to send his army into action. Podukhai launched media campaigns and brought the evil of the pirates into the public consciousness. She didn't shy away from lying with the impotent Old Man week after week and doing his will. In tiny steps she managed to persuade him. It was good for the party, for China and for international recognition anyway. China attacked the pirates. Zeus could hear in her phone calls how much reluctance she had to suppress in order to lie down with the old man and pretend passion.

For Ray and Lin, the change in working hours and vacation weeks have been a noticeable improvement. They spent much more time together, often discussing real issues of humanity and the planet. The pollution of the atmosphere and the oceans fueled the deterioration of the climate, social imbalances allowed rich and poor to drift apart more and more. Ray mused aloud that with a little mumbo-jumbo the Jareel could remove all of this. But Lin and the Jareel who spoke from her mouth thought nothing of it. Firstly, it would not be sustainable, because secondly, people could only change their behavior themselves. For example, if they cooled the climate by 5 degrees or fished the plastic out of the oceans, then people would continue to pollute the air, and so would the oceans. Ending the wars was sustainable, ending hunger as well, and taxing the wealthy led to an immediate rethink. Ray knew Lin and the Jareel were right. Mankind

had to develop step by step and solve the problems themselves. It was true, of course, that it took hocus-pocus to end the wars, but it was the people themselves who turned it into a peace order. It was, of course, hoax to start the fight against hunger, but it was the people who addressed the distribution issue and made self-sufficiency a priority. Initiating fair taxation of the wealthy was, of course, hoax, but it was the people who did something useful with the money, invested heavily in research, and funded organizations that addressed the myriad problems of humanity and the planet. His gang project would not have been possible without Hocus-Pocus, but it was the people who realized that the spook could be stopped or at least some of the gang problem solved. Lin looked at him with big eyes, “You understand that, my darling?” Ray agreed that it would be wrong to try to mumbo-jumbo.

Lin looked straight at him. “The Jareel are interested in putting mankind on the right path. There were only two paths, one would lead mankind into the fellowship of the peoples of the universe, the other would be doom, the end of the Homo Sapiens experiment. Like Zeus had said from the beginning the Jareel want to save humanity. There is still time for that.” Ray lowered his head because that was exactly what was on his mind. He didn’t have to say it, Lin knew it.

Lin took care of the remote areas and villages daily, searched for these regions and walked from hut to hut with the “camera”. She now moved about frequently in Chinese villages, since little attention was paid to the old and sick. It was mainly Chinese cities that were deprived of their food. Podukhai was always careful when she lay with the Old Man, the palace had eyes and ears everywhere. Still, she warned him that the people would not endure the lies of the state media forever. It was dangerous, wrong and also endangered him personally when the people were lied to and talked about generous food donations. But he remained stubborn and didn’t want to be forced into anything by this strange alien, no matter what! It was bad enough that the world power China had been disarmed. The chairman spoke in private circles from compulsory taxation, because he himself had not amassed any fortune and despised those who raked in money and thus also betrayed the goals of the party. In private, he was heard murmuring, “Serve them right!” Podukhai often spoke to

Zeus on the phone and was bitter that she was not getting much more from the chairman. Zeus always managed to lift her up and send her into battle again with vigour. It is not in vain if she prostitutes herself. With every conversation, he emphasized how much he appreciated and loved her. Podukhai felt this love warm in her heart after every conversation.

Lin and Ray also enjoyed the vacation weeks because they gave each other space and time and didn't sit on top of each other. It was really good for them to give each other space. Lin gained her inner strength and balance as she often took a lover with a loin on vacation. She loved very much to devote a day to a specific topic and research the subject. Be it the silk mill or the medieval courts, she was interested in everything. Of course, she would hang out with Ray when it was convenient for the two of them.

Ray focused on the gang project, letting killers die and being more forgiving of the others. He used paralyzing on younger ones rather than emasculating. He understood better than before what a strong sexual emergency drove the younger ones. As long as they didn't kill or use excessive force, he gave them time and only paralyzed them after mating. It seemed fairer to him. Of course, in the evening he liked to look at the records of couples who did not use violence. Lin smiled knowingly that was her Ray!

Ray knew he was becoming more lenient towards the pirates. He hated punishing murderers immediately with death. He hated that some pirates, driven by the sheer lust for murder, killed the girls and deserved to die. Much quicker than before, he intervened and paralyzed the killer before the murder. It was very tiring to follow the proceedings and prevent the murder, but he always breathed a sigh of relief when he succeeded. Lin smiled and encouraged him, giving him the strength to continue. Struck by lightning, the killers collapsed and lay on the ground, paralyzed and terrified, before they could kill.

Neither he nor Lin could say later how they got the idea to take a closer look at the money going to the organizations.

The Organizations

by István Rudas © 2022

The debate the night before was heated and emotional. Ray couldn't believe that less than half of the money taken from the rich went to the real cause. Lin knew full well and contradicted him. He was far too naive and optimistic, more than half was lost. After breakfast they sat next to each other in front of several screens and Lin showed him what she had meant yesterday.

The proportion of direct corruption, i.e. direct embezzlement and cashing in, was only a small part of the loss, but many times higher than he would have estimated. The much larger part was pumped into the organizations themselves. Where once one manager was sufficient, a vice and two assistant managers were added. Ray was flabbergasted. The numbers Lin presented were facts. He cursed and raged. He had been so proud and content that the rich were asked to pay up and paid their fair share. It would have been too nice!

Ray turned back to the gang project, rampaging the shores of Vietnam so fiercely that he made no record of peaceful mating. He remained monosyllabic and silent, the dark thoughts held him captive for days. Lin let him think and ponder and didn't bother him. Only on the third day did he seek discussion with Lin.

"I'm at a loss," he lamented. The governments could not help. On the contrary, some organizations had been taken over by governments because the smell of money attracted greedy politicians like carrion to vultures.

Like every day, Ray and Lin bathed in the sea before dinner. Yesterday and the day before they had watched the sunset in silence, he had pondered and remained doggedly silent. He felt very clearly that he, as the only person on board, had to be ashamed of the corruption and the incompetence of the organizations. Lin and the Jareel have known mankind for a long time and were not surprised at how outrageous people were. It weighed heavily on him. But now, after two

days of pondering, he wanted to talk. He hugged Lin while they watched the artificial sun go down and dried off.

“I haven’t come up with anything better than that we have to hand over the money in a controlled manner. The Jareel have certainly chosen the organizations conscientiously, but the people still managed to steal the money, inflate the organizations and not properly to be used for the intended purpose.” Lin nodded in agreement and said, “Go on, Ray!” He thought for a moment and organized his thoughts. “Next time we must ensure that corruption and self-sustaining action no longer occur. A mechanism that checks the use of the money. We are simply not enough to be this mechanism.” Lin nodded again, “We need some comrades-in-arms who think and act as independently as possible. Who aren’t easily embroiled in corruption!”

Ray nodded. “I’ve only found one category of such people in my short professional life, the judges. 90% of them were not corrupt and the remaining 10 stank a mile to the wind.” Lin wondered under his breath how one finds such judges. He looked into the reddish disk of the sun and said, following a sudden intuition, “I’ll gladly leave that to the three diplomats!” They discussed and developed this idea.

The diplomats each had to appoint three judges, but Lin argued that the Chinese judges certainly represented the party’s ideology. Ray laughed and said that Podukhai simply couldn’t appoint Chinese judges. “So 9 judges?” Lin asked and Ray nodded. “If we want to fill the dozen, then add the three diplomats!” Lin thought for a second to hear the Jareel’s opinion. “Two things should be clarified. How many votes for a decision and how long can the decision take? Getting all 12 votes is certainly an overstatement, and waiting for the decision for more than 24 hours is nonsensical.”

Ray felt that three quarters agreement was sufficient and that the 24 hour time frame was good. That was the decision. They ate a chateaubriand with roasted vegetables from Madrid and drank two bottles of chateauneuf du pape without pausing their debate. Zeus would fetch the diplomats in two days and give them the new task. That’s how it happened.

Ray was genuinely happy to see the three diplomats again. Zeus levitated the diplomats to eye level once they were seated. As always, he greeted them by name with a warm welcome. The task is quite tricky again this time, he said, spreading the problem with the organizations. Of course the subject was far away for the diplomats, they hadn't had anything to do with the organizations before. He made some examples appear on a display board in front of them and commented on them in detail. His explanations proved successful. They had recognized that something was rotten in the state of Denmark.

Anne and Regine shrugged, Podukhai wondered how that was possible. In China, this problem did not exist. Zeus paused for a long time, allowing his arguments to sink in. "Only one thing helps," he said, "we have to plan and control the promotion!" He looked from one to the other. "The money is deposited in a fund and spent on specified and verified projects!"

"Your tasks are therefore clear. Communicate the new procedure. First: tell the organizations that they have to slim down. You get numbers from me where it was overblown. Second: tell the corrupt that I stole their money already collected again. With these 186 billion dollars you can build up the organization. You will also get the list of the corrupt, the organizations may decide what happens to them. Thirdly, you will put together a committee that will decide on the award."

"Find 9 judges, three of you each. Honest, incorruptible people who decide the award within 24 hours. And of course a larger number of controllers. It will of course become a larger organization, but its success lies in your hands. I know how good all three of you are at organizing. You probably did the building of the project and the selection of the judges in a month. The selection of the judges is very important. This project is too important to fail !"

"Podukhai, you know how much I appreciate you. However, I am convinced that the judges in your country cannot leave the party line. Therefore, I would like you to choose the judges from other countries in Asia!" He smiled at Podukhai and waited. "I will comply with your

wish,” replied the Mongolian, “and I also know that there will be resistance. But I will fight!”

Zeus nodded with satisfaction and repeated: “9 judges and you three, so the panel has 12 members. Decisions must be made quickly, my suggestion would be within a day. If a project gets a three-quarters majority, it should be accepted. The Controllers must verify that the grant goes directly to the project. August is the next tax due, so be ready!”

Regine answered. She is not so suitable, because of her education she lacks the feeling for economic connections. She would like to appoint an experienced, trustworthy judge in her place. Zeus nodded in agreement, he has great respect for someone who knows their limits. Nevertheless, he asked Regine to start and accompany the project. Regine nodded, she would like to do that.

There was still time to discuss some details and then the meeting ended. The diplomats squinted in the sunlight and went straight to work. The governments were surprised by these developments, they were very unsure what the extraterrestrial intended with it. But, as Anne Kilpatrick emphatically explained to the President and his crew, Zeus wanted exactly what he said. Zeus had no ulterior motives, he spoke directly and without diplomatic flourishes. Zeus justified what he wanted and why. Nobody believed her. She was suddenly faced with a flood of proposed judges, each politician wanting to get his man in position. She diplomatically but categorically rejected everyone and searched herself. She had an excellent network and listened very carefully when she was considering a candidate. After three weeks she had her judges and her organization together. She was in constant contact with Podukhai and Regine, who, like her, were doing well.

The new organization, which they simply called the board for the sake of simplicity, had almost 2,000 employees who collated and pre-checked the data from the projects. More than half would then work as inspectors. The 12-strong panel met via video conference and often worked more than 12 hours a day. The judges were paid an annual salary \$100,000 more than the president, which was enough

for everyone. Several test runs were organized until everything went well. Judge Adams from Holland soon qualified as leader and was accepted by his peers.

Zeus donated the \$1,680 billion of the wealthy to the body in August and ignored the protests of the wealthy. Donation is donation. It was just right.

In theory it all sounded very easy, in practice it wasn't easy. Judge Adams had the applicants sign how much the organization could use for itself and how much went to the mission. The applicants groaned and moaned, they had to slim down according to the guidelines and send people home. Prudently, they sent those who were not needed home. Anyone who didn't lose weight or cheated was cut off from the money supply, and word got around. Judge Adams and the panel were tough, and that helped. However, it was often unsatisfactory. But at least the money flowed lavishly into the missions. Ray and Lin looked at the numbers every day and after the initial stutters of the first few weeks, they felt good.

Many governments participated in missions that represented good causes and goals. Many politicians were thinking beyond just the next election. They were convinced that caring for the earth, the oceans, the flora and fauna and the climate also earned them credit points. A large part of the people, the voters thought the same way. The panel supported missions of small and poor governments on its own initiative, the panel assessed missions and not organizations. In his regular phone calls with the diplomats, Zeus supported this further development.

Podukhai had found good Asian judges. Zeus had spoken to the Great Chairman for the first time, he appeared on the Chairman's screen and spoke to him for half an hour. It was difficult for Ray to mentally get a grip on the Chinese via the translation module, he just didn't do it. Zeus was able to make it clear that he posed no threat to the Chinese leadership and that he still did not want any Chinese judges on his panel. They were ultimately good, loyal party soldiers and he didn't want to bring them into a conflict of conscience. The Chairman felt good about the conversation and felt empowered to

give Podukhai a free hand in this matter. At the next meeting of the Party Executive, he reported the good conversation with the alien and officially assigned the task to Podukhai. He received great applause when he carried out his reading that leading the way in accomplishing the task was a great achievement for the Chinese Party and the Chinese people! That was good medicine, the state media could spread that.

Podukhai had the Chairman's full support and immediately started interviewing her network. She interviewed the proposed judges intensively and, after many discussions, decided on a Vietnamese, a Filipino and a Mongolian. They were honored with a celebratory banquet in Beijing, and state television broadcast the banquet, the Chairman's speech and the big handshake triumphantly around the world. Ray and Lin watched the spectacle and were very pleased. Podukhai was more firmly in the system than ever, she had three non-Chinese candidates and China, rather than a loss of face, made a terrific patriotic gain from it all. Ray found that Zeus had had a successful conversation with the Chinese.

Regine had also done a very good job. She conducted around 100 interviews and chose judges Adams from Holland, one from France, one from Germany and one from Kenya. The Kenyan had served at the European Court of Justice for close to ten years and, like Adams, was a man of backbone, assertiveness and a very sharp mind. The judges from Germany and France were well versed in economic issues and had earned the respect of the judiciary. Regine was extremely skilled in selection and was able to ward off all attempts to smuggle in a compliant man.

In the end Anne chose one Canadian, one Mexican and one from the USA. She even had to quarrel with President White, who wanted to fill all three positions himself. She risked a lot in rejecting the president, but she stayed adamant. The President has been far too lenient with his advisors and influential managers. She never questioned his authority as president, but she didn't think much of him as a man. His anger wouldn't last even a week, she knew that for sure. However, she reported during the next phone call to Zeus that the President was quite pissed off because he hadn't had a direct conver-

sation with Zeus yet. The Chinese stated powerfully that they were the first to speak to Zeus. Zeus sighed, he'll do that soon.

Zeus deliberately interrupted a cabinet meeting to talk to White. The conversation, as Zeus had expected, was very superficial. Zeus explained what he intended to do with this task and explained to the assembled cabinet what he expected. Advance humanity. To inspire humanity, with each other and with the better deal with planets. To belong one day to the fellowship of the peoples of the Universe. It was counterproductive, said Zeus in a subordinate clause, that the Americans were developing more powerful, deadly taser weapons. They had not understood his first message and went the wrong way. Cabinet members, apart from the Secretary of Defense and the President, were ignorant and shocked. Zeus gave no sign that his comment was bound to lead to heated debates. He dropped out after 30 minutes.

On the same day, Zeus spoke to the President of the European Union. She was also in a meeting with her commissioners and he greeted everyone by name. Here, too, he explained his intentions and goals. The President was a very intelligent person and understood him immediately. She understood that it was about a serious change in people's behavior and that his commissions and tasks should help people. She promised to actively support Regine Durieux in her task. She reiterated that the issue of climate change was high on her agenda. The conversation was very friendly and Zeus wished them all good luck before ending the conversation.

Ray and Lin took a ten-day vacation while the panel formed. He listened to a lot of classical music and continued to read Piketty. They rowed to the rocks in the sea and sunned themselves. They wandered through the beautiful forest for a day and didn't come home until sunset. They videophoned his parents, who were spending most of the year in Marbella. The parents loved the glorious weather and the ease of life in this magical paradise.

Ray asked Lin not to put a cute Asian girl in bed for him every night, although Lin had correctly observed that they were the ones that gave him great pleasure. He wanted to spend the night with her

more and more often, he loved Lin with all his heart and wanted her to lie with him. He wanted to show her his love, that became more and more important to him. Lin blushed every time she noticed and snuggled up to him. He was the first and only man she loved with all her heart.

After the holiday she went back to her program against hunger and he took care of the gang project with renewed vigour. He was annoyed to find out that not only the pirates but also the Chinese army were raping the women of the coastal regions. Although the soldiers shied away from robbery and murder, several raped a woman. He punished them all with a paralysis and additionally emasculated the most violent. Zeus brought it up during the next conversation with Podukhai and she promised to talk to the Minister of War about it. It couldn't have escaped him that so many soldiers were suddenly paralyzed. Ray's anger was great, because none of the women would willingly indulge in gang rape, none of them had sexual pleasure when a whole pack of horny soldiers pounced on them.

Ray once asked Lin if the Jareel were responsible for his never being ill in the last 6 years. Lin nodded, the Jareel were happy to take care of his health. He thanks them for that, he said. It also explained that Lin has always been in good health. She had been with him for 6 years, but she still looked like the 20-year-old who had come to him, not a day older. She was still flawlessly beautiful, seductive, sexually experienced and full of sincere love like the first day.

If he had a problem with his age, Lin asked, who was good at interpreting his state of mind. He said that age is basically just a number, how you feel is what matters. He was afraid of old age. He didn't want any slow-growing diseases, memory problems, or impotence, to name a few. "But you're only 36," Lin said, "none of that bothers you today!" He nodded. "Yet I'm afraid of it! I want to remember everything I want to remember. I don't want to lose my libido, my potency and my curious sexuality!" Lin asked, is it really that important to him? Did he really want to stay 36 forever? "Of course," she objected, "you and I are mortal, someday we must perish."

Ray stroked her cheeks. "I've gotten older year after year, but you haven't. One day I'll be 50 and you'll still be 20, I'm losing my potency, but you aren't." He should have kept his mouth shut, he knew that immediately. He kissed her on the lips. "I'm not 50 yet, let's leave it at that!" Lin looked at him for a long time. "No, my dear husband! I got it right away and I will make you feel physically 25 soon and it will last for many years! No diseases, no memory problems, no impotence and a keen interest in sex, I promise to you!" She hugged him wholeheartedly firmly and kissed him on the lips. "Promised!" She wiped her tears with the back of her hand and looked him straight in the eyes. "I promise!"

The evening passed in silence as they sat snuggled together on the couch, thoughts swirling in his head. He knew she meant it literally and could actually make it happen. He was somehow reassured that he would be spared the hardships of aging for a while, but he also knew he certainly hadn't grasped the implications. The whiskey somehow made him happy, as did the beautiful girl at his side. He called up one of the beautiful records and they admired the beautiful girl from Laos giving herself to a boy. They later went to bed happy and excited.

Ray's body changed from day to day. He didn't notice it right away, most notably that his hair was growing back and the receding hairline that was beginning to recede disappeared within days. He carefully observed the changes from then on and was delighted when his body became more muscular than ever and his small tummy disappeared within a few days. Lin had kept her word. After a month, his body was as strong and efficient as it was when he was 25, his penis grew by centimeters and lasted much longer than before. His sexuality flared up again, his sexual prowess has never been higher. He felt a refreshing clarity and sharpness in his mind and was amazed that he could remember everything, really everything. Lin smiled before breakfast in the morning and said she was smitten with his younger self. He kissed her gently and whispered that he was heartily grateful to her for this miracle.

An eventful year

by István Rudas © 2022

Ray and Lin, of course, watched the panel work. There were projects and missions that were quite amazing. Immensely effective filters have been designed and installed for the large, industrial CO₂ slingshots. Even in China. Governments in Ecuador and Chile were converting thirteen major fishing fleets that were tirelessly hauling plastic out of the Pacific on a large scale. The Brazilian government has partnered with the US on a similar project to fish plastic out of the Atlantic. The states on the Mediterranean also tried to get such a project off the ground. The 14 spacefaring nations joined forces and developed a system for capturing space debris and allowing it to burn up in the atmosphere in a controlled manner or dumping the larger pieces in the ocean.

All the techniques required for these projects had been known for a long time and just got moldy in drawers. But now there were younger ones at the helm, who thoroughly understood that these things stood in the way of progress. They left the stubborn, greedy old people behind. Just how foolish it was to ditch the self-destruct mechanism for space rockets, for example, became obvious when it became almost impossible to launch new rockets. There were so many failures, collisions and accidents that the scientists refused to work more than once and the rockets remained on the ground. Something had to be done, now, immediately. First aisles had to be cut in the space debris before a rocket could start. It would be decades before most of the space debris was cleared. It was more economical to build the self-destruct mechanism into all new rockets. China only took part after international pressure.

Research on plastic-eating bacteria received a large grant from the panel. There were good ideas such as applying the inactive bacteria during production, the bacteria became active after a certain time and decomposed the plastic. Of course, the conventional method of only applying the bacteria to the plastic waste after use was also tested.

Finally, the conviction prevailed that it paid off to further develop hydrogen fuel cell technology. The hydrogen could be obtained in a climate-friendly manner, transported via pipelines and brought into the existing filling station infrastructure. The costs were high but manageable. For large installations such as ships, trucks or factories, hydrogen was cheaper than fossil fuels. There was still a lot of research and development to be done in passenger cars, but Ray was confident that there would be a breakthrough in this sector as well. All well-known car manufacturers produced electric vehicles and those with alternative drives. There was still a long way to go in the aviation sector. So a lot of good research that pushed the panel.

But there were also projects and missions that were not successful, that could not be successful with money alone. Racism, anti-Semitism or hatred, hate speech and malicious manipulation on the Internet were examples of this. Democratic forms of government rapidly declined and authoritarian systems and cults prospered more than ever. Even the appearance and work of Zeus gave the wrong signal. Snotty some populists pointed to Zeus, look what a strong leader could do! This was a topic that Ray kept arguing with Lin. The Jareel's decision to activate Ray/Zeus was central to these discussions. As hard as Ray tried to understand, in retrospect he often had doubts as to whether Zeus was right to act. Lin was absolutely certain that the Jareel had made the right decision.

His mother's voice on the phone was all panic, his father was dying. He looked at Lin but she shook her head, his lifetime was over. They immediately teleported to Marbella and, as a cover, took the bus one stop. The mother picked them up from the bus station and they sat at her father's bedside for three days. There was nothing more to say, but they whispered softly to him. He fell asleep peacefully. Ray suggested bringing the father to Vienna and burying him. The mother shook her head, he should be buried in Marbella and she wanted to stay here forever. Almost 100 of the new friends came to the funeral and bid farewell to Ray's father. Ray did the paperwork and had her make a new will, he would inherit the house in Vienna where he was born. They stayed with the mother for three weeks until she was over the worst of it. They left her in the care of her long-time lover Leonardo and teleported home. Ray had already checked

out the widower Leonardo, who was 20 years her junior, and the divorced husband was perfectly fine. And he gave her sexual pleasures she had missed since the Magician.

They went back to work. In the evenings, Lin lay down on the couch next to him, rested her head on his lap, and he talked about his youth. How he discovered and developed his talent, how he asked his father and mother about their sexual escapades and how his mother showed and taught him everything sexual. Lin listened in silence, for it was all implanted in her creation and she remembered every detail of his sexual awakening better than he did. He didn't say it himself that she had taught him how to make love, but Lin saw it clearly in his memories. Gradually the sadness faded and he remembered his parents with sincere gratitude, they had always loved, supported and encouraged him.

The diplomats came to Zeus every month and they discussed the results of the panel with him. Ray's interest in the nudity of diplomats steadily diminished, he was more interested in advancing developments and projects. He knew he was far too impatient, but the months rolled by, turning into years, and the planet was still gravely ill. Though he knew it would be another hundred years at least before any success could be seen, he was impatient. He wasn't a hundred years old. Lin had been able to stop his aging, but not the end, the Jareel could not or would not.

Ray often argued with Lin about hoaxing away the oil, natural gas, and maybe coal from humanity. That would spur the development of new energy sources, immediately reduce pollution on Earth, and smash the power of the oil barons. Lin cautioned that we are not ready yet, a worldwide collapse of the economy would destroy too much. She was convinced that this crisis would set the world economy back many decades. But the idea is good in itself, you just have to wait for the right time. Ray kept a close eye on developments in the energy sector, he didn't want to miss the moment. The energy crisis triggered by the war between Russia and Ukraine was a shot across the bow. But the main result was that the western states looked around for alternatives for the supply of fossil products, but

did not push alternative energy production as a matter of priority. Everything went much too slowly for him.

One day Ray couldn't wait anymore. He discussed his plan with Lin and wanted to try it, on a small scale. If it went wrong and the global economy was in serious jeopardy, they could always back out. He asked her if the Jareel could cut the oil-, natural gas- and coal production by a quarter. It should be done quietly and secretly, Zeus would not announce anything, the diplomats would not be informed in advance. Lin thought for a minute and nodded, it could be done. She passed on his request and the Jareel cut global production by 25% that same day. He and Lin watched the reactions with excitement.

The producers were angry. They couldn't explain why production was falling. The engineers were at a loss, they also could not explain why the total quantity did not increase even though they let production run at full capacity. It was an inexplicable physical paradox. Several weeks passed before it could no longer be kept secret. The governments ordered the iron reserves to be tapped. One could use no resentment in the electorate. For months, the shortage could be bridged until the major media outlets began reporting and the topic dominated talk shows and editorials. Finally, finally, the demands became louder to promote alternative energy production. Ray unobtrusively added a snuff every day until the total production was only 40%. He couldn't go any further, Lin and the Jareel figured that out for him.

During the diplomats' next visit, the dominant topic was the shortage of energy. Zeus admitted to having something to do with it and demanded that alternative energy production be promoted with great effort. The board should enforce that. The meeting was not very harmonious, the diplomats were not happy to be faced with a fait accompli. Ray didn't really care, he didn't have a hundred years.

The panel pumped huge amounts into innovative techniques. The wind farms in the North Sea have more than doubled in size, the successful and climate-friendly hydrogen project in Namibia has been copied by other African countries, it was money well invested. On the

slopes of the Andes grew countless wind turbines up, Spain and France built several huge pipelines for the hydrogen from Africa. The oil barons and the Arab states tried to funnel their money into the new projects. The end of fossil fuels was getting closer every day. Ray breathed a sigh of relief.

Ray and Lin would sometimes teleport to his mother and stay overnight. He was very concerned if she was coping well with being a widow. She visited her father's grave several times a week and took good care of it. After a few weeks she was back in society and met old friends. Ray and Lin heard the couple's lust and his mother's happy sighs every night. When he once talked about it alone with his mother, she reassured him with a wink that Leonardo was the first man in decades with whom she could let go and had regular climaxes. She blushed violently: Leonardo took it for granted that she would do it herself when he needed a break. Leonardo was a reliable partner and loyal in everyday life. Of course, Ray knew from his research that he didn't have any love affairs on the side.

Ray and Lin started teleporting to different cities, going to cafes and chatting with the locals. The energy shortage affected everyone and was a welcome topic in every small talk. Everyone knew about the new research projects and were optimistic, but it was much too slow for most of them to get it all into everyday life. For Ray and Lin, these were important conversations and they soaked up as many impressions as they could.

Mount Olympus

by István Rudas © 2022

Ray slept for a very long time. He dreamed of being teleported very far away with Lin. Without anyone telling him, he knew he was going to Mount Olympus.

Lin held his hand as the two of them, a little timidly, stepped through a large portal. It was a huge hall filled with hundreds of people. The babble of voices was loud, but neither he nor Lin could understand more than a few snippets of speech. A sonorous voice sounded in his head.

“Right, everyone here can understand Us in their language. We all appear to everyone in the form of their people and also with avatars from their imaginary world. You were brought up humanistically and your decision to give your people the form of a god from the Greek Mythology has caused Us to show you here Mount Olympus and its mythical gods. Besides Us gods you see here some representatives of the peoples of the universe, they too have temporarily assumed human form. Welcome Ray and welcome too, Lin, wife of Ray and mediator to the Jareel!”

Lin bowed very low and Ray hurried to do the same. When he looked up, he saw a huge block of stone on which Zeus was sitting. In a split second he recognized the real Zeus, similar to his own but of imposing size. The god was about 4 meters tall and his white-blue eyes looked at him and her kindly. He was over 50, his striking face was likeable and his eyes rested friendly on them. His eyes went raptor-like as he appraised Lin’s body. Ray thought, what a magnificent, awe-inspiring, and mighty god! and Zeus nodded politely. “I can hear you Ray and I appreciate your greeting!” Invisible helpers had pushed a bench behind the two and they felt invited to sit down. Ray immediately took a liking to this god.

“We, like the Jareel, have followed your work closely over the past ten years, we have seen your whole life with our own eyes and are

very satisfied with the way you two have been giving new impetus to humanity over the past ten years. That's what I wanted tell you personally, that's the only reason you're here. I have no new tasks or advice to give you, you don't need them." Zeus smiled and turned to Lin. "I'm more than twice your size and everything about me is good too, and I'd like to be twice the size you're used to. I beg you, don't think about it because it could harm your little delicate body!" Zeus demonstratively pushed his tunic to the side and grinned so cheekily and lewdly that Lin's eyes widened in disbelief at the sight and she turned red out of breath. Ray thought he could read her mind and grinned broadly. This Zeus was really a likeable guy!

Suddenly a richly laid table appeared before them and they felt invited to eat and drink to their heart's content. Zeus bent down and picked up a large goblet to toast them. "Is there anything, my dear Ray, that you wish for, gold, jewels or beautiful girls? I want to give you whatever it is!" Zeus gave him a friendly smile. No, Ray thought, I don't need any of that. I want to grow old with Lin, stay healthy as long as possible and keep humanity moving forward, I already have everything else. Gold or gems mean little to me! Zeus nodded, "The Jareel have already told me the same thing. You are a frugal person, Ray, I appreciate that very much! And with all your modesty, you shall have many beautiful girls throughout your life!" He nodded politely and emptied his goblet. How closely this god listened!

Ray was aware that it was only a dream and Zeus nodded slowly, "It is a dream and it is not a dream," and a comforting warmth flooded Ray's mind. "Everyone wants to get to know you, see you and talk to you," Zeus replied to his thoughts. "And yes, some goddesses and gods want to enjoy the earthly lust they have missed for many generations!" Zeus grinned lewdly from across his wrinkled, bearded face.

After they ate, their bench floated with them hither and thither, gods and goddesses talking to them for hours about everything. The dream continued, it seemed to them like days. Days and nights flew by in earthly lust, delicious food and exciting conversations. He was overwhelmed and exhausted from the talks, he had experienced a thousand novelties and enlightenment, more than any human had

ever experienced before. Ray realized again and again that all the beautiful goddesses and gods only existed in his imagination. And that it was only a dream.

He felt very clearly when they were teleported back. He held Lin's hand tightly during the long journey that only lasted a split second. He woke up immediately when they were back in their own bed and let go of Lin's hand, she was still sound asleep. Had he only dreamed or had they really been teleported to the real Mount Olympus? He sat up and looked at his beautiful wife, she was so delicate, so lovely and highly erotic to look at, sleeping so peacefully. He looked at her for a long time and with growing desire. She was waking up and he kissed her tenderly awake.

Lin stole breakfast from a five-star hotel in Paris and they ate breakfast ravenously, as if they hadn't eaten in days. Lin had exactly the same dream as him, they shared the same experiences and laughed together because they had experienced everything together. Following an intuition, he asked the on-board computer what the date was today. They had slept for 14 days! The Jareel confirmed to Lin that they had been at Mount Olympus for 14 days. Of course.

They sat around the breakfast table all day, repeating everything they had experienced together. They laughed wholeheartedly when they shared their experiences. His head spinning with the famous goddesses of Greek mythology he'd had fun with, and Lin raved about how she'd given herself to the ancient giant Zeus on a daily basis and experienced lust like never before. Ray had witnessed and watched it himself, but despite the sight he had been very concerned about her delicate body. But she laughed out loud and said she just had to experience it! Ray kissed her tenderly and said with a smile that she looked more beautiful than ever in her lust with the god!

They celebrated the tenth anniversary of their relationship like a birthday, swimming in the sea before dinner and then sitting in the living room with whiskey and gin. They talked for days about the experiences at Mount Olympus. He said it was a pity they didn't have cameras and there were no recordings. They had forgotten the content of their conversations with the gods when they woke up and

could not remember any details. Her experiences were all the more deeply engraved in her memory, every little detail. Ray sat down by the screen and wrote down everything he had experienced and what he had seen in Lin's experiences. She also wrote everything down, from her point of view, they often read these texts together. One day Lin surprised him, she had — in whatever way — Keeping records of their experiences at Mount Olympus and they watched parts every night before going to bed, this kept the fire on the home stove burning and blazing for many months.

They returned to work the day after they returned. After the visit to Mount Olympus, Ray had become more serious, calmer and more forgiving. He punished the pirates in Asia and the gangsters in South America and Africa more leniently and prevented as many murders as possible. He only let the worst guys drop dead, which always depressed him completely. He was only happy in the evenings if he didn't have to kill one day. Lin told him that there were only a few spots left on the planet where hunger still existed. She now spent most of her time watching the progress of the panel, carefully reading through all the minutes, and with that she was able to cheer up Ray a bit in the evenings.

They observed the developments after the artificial shortage of fossil fuels. The committee poured a lot of money into research and pushed promising projects properly. In the meantime, more than 50% of the energy has been generated in alternative ways. Ray had cleaned up enough among the pirates and the gangsters that he could sit down with Lin every early afternoon and go through the committee's projects and minutes with her. After only half a year the projects really blossomed and he believed that he didn't have to wait another 100 years for concrete results.

The diplomats visited Zeus every month, and the initial resentment about his unannounced actions had disappeared completely. Zeus used the visits to discuss individual projects, as he received many technical tips from the Jareel. Yes, the diplomats took all these clues with them on the USB sticks and passed them on. Zeus always left the diplomats with a beautiful and strong feeling of being loved by him.

When Lin teleported the sleeping Podukhai back home, she left her with a remnant of the night with Zeus. Podukhai often sat in bed in the morning and let the night in the arms of the god pass before her mind's eye, which made her very happy and made her forget the humiliating nights with the Great Leader. And when she lay with the old man, she closed her eyes and smiled at herself the lust with Zeus. The old man misinterpreted her smile, of course, but the young woman didn't care. The old man swallowed a handful of pills, mounted her with difficulty, and made a mighty effort to give her pleasure — The same game night after night. So it was not surprising that one night he collapsed dead on top of her with heart failure. Podukhai pushed him away in disgust, for he had poured himself into her while dying. She was able to escape unseen to her room.

China mourned the loss of the Great Chairman for weeks. Some knew of Podukhai's nights with him and secretly offered her condolences. She saved face and just nodded silently, because she wasn't allowed to show her feelings to anyone. Of course, the fight for the successor began on the first day. Podukhai managed to stay out of it entirely and retired to her summer home. She found much comfort, affirmation and joy in the arms of the God.

In the end, it was the deputy who emerged victorious from the battles. He was still very young, not yet 50, and had been greatly encouraged by the deceased. Some officials disappeared from the scene, but the new chairman skillfully continued the policies of his predecessor. He too was unmarried and had young girls come every evening like his pedophile predecessor. It was less than three months before he took a liking to Podukhai and called her over, because she was extremely clever and experienced in diplomacy, which of course he could benefit from. Of course, he knew her body and her lovemaking very well, since he had also spied on the chairman with hidden cameras at night. Of course, Podukhai knew it and felt a special kick doing her show in front of the cameras. She felt the newcomer might be a little more open to reform and change, but she remained very cautious and reserved. Of course she willingly lay down with him and the very young girl and enjoyed her own physical pleasure.

Ray politely declined the new chairman's request to meet him in person without angering him. Zeus spoke to the new man several times over his television and clearly stated his intentions to improve the situation of mankind. He hoped the new chairman would be more amenable to his mission. He didn't get any firm commitments, of course not. But at least the man listened to him carefully and was clearly thoughtful at the end of the conversation. Ray again failed to get a mental grip on the chairman and gave up his attempts.

Nevertheless, in one of these talks, Zeus managed to get the chairman to agree to significantly increase Podukhai's salary and to give her rich gifts. Podukhai didn't flinch when the chairman informed her and thanked her politely. The party's gifts were huge, often a hundred times her monthly salary, and poured out almost every week. Of course she knew it was Zeus and thanked him too. Neither her family nor herself were poor before, but she could use the money well. In China, if you could amass a fortune, you were considered better. She quickly became very rich and many admired or envied her. One of her first purchases was a magnificent penthouse apartment in Hong Kong, perched high above the harbor in a prime location. She would retire there when her career was over. Hong Kong was of course in the clutches of the party, but it was China's most international and Western-oriented city.

China remained a problem for the world under the new leadership.

Ray and Lin paid little attention to hunger and bandits, both of which had greatly diminished. They supported the panel and Judge Adams, who appreciated their work. Ray read a lot and observed the world from a good distance, not the details seemed important to him, but the big picture. He was heartily grateful to Lin that she had only turned him into a 25-year-old physically and that he remained 40 in his head. Lin put the finest young girls in his bed and had an infallible sense of when it suited his desires and when it didn't. She felt Ray's love for her and was a very happy woman.

He discussed his next project with Lin, who saw fit, and passed it on to the Jareel. He invited the diplomats to his place. Zeus received

the ladies as usual and levitated them at eye level, a sign that he wanted to include them. “I have another assignment for you where it is important that you deliver the message, I will not burden you with any more work.” Zeus twirled his beard and looked at each of them. “Slavery is no longer up to date and is worse for those affected than the plague! Unfortunately Whilst slavery is taken for granted in some regions, it is forbidden by law in most countries. I must leave it up to you to decide whether you want to convince reluctant states. Or demands compliance with the law. You can decide that yourself, I don’t want to influence that. Nor do I intend to destroy the slave-owners and to punish human traffickers, that may be decided by your governments.”

He handed the diplomats wine goblets with the best French wine. They drank after he raised his goblet and toasted 10 years of good working relationship with them. He continued: “On your USB sticks you will find two files, organized by state. One concerning the criminals, their contact details, bank details and assets, their networking and their *modus operandi*. The networked gangsters are grouped so that their connections becomes visible.”

“The second file contains the names and personal data of the victims, also classified by state, as well as the process of their enslavement. You can give this data to your appropriate authorities, who could free the slaves as well as shut down the gangsters and their networks , arrest and imprison. You have to, they have to decide that.” Zeus paused and looked at them questioningly.

Regine was the first to answer. “I get it and will be sharing the data, my states are certainly very grateful for the thorough investigation you have done! Personally, I hate human traffickers and slavery from the bottom of my heart and know how hard it is for our investigators to understand them. And thank you for not pressuring the States on this.”

Podukhai tugged at her see-through tunic, which obstinately bared her body over and over again. “Although I’ve never heard of it myself,” she smiled lovingly at Zeus, “I assume that your research also concerns China and Asia.” She smiled her brightest smile as

Zeus nodded. "I just have to develop a good strategy, because the leaders in Asia and also in China will not want to make a big deal about it. But I promise you that I will pass on the data, even if it is not expected that you get thanks for it." Zeus nodded politely, that's probably the case.

Anne spoke last. "For the United States, I can also promise you that the data will get into the right hands and that they will be dealt with accordingly. That helps our authorities and they will be grateful for your help. Of course I am happy to give the data to all states North and South America further, we'll see how they handle it." Anne stifled the impulse to mention that President White would certainly adorn himself with these feathers. Zeus grinned at her and said, "There is no doubt about that, my dear!" Anne looked at him in astonishment. He winked and only spoke in her head: "You won't find out in the recording what I said that to!" Anne bowed her head to hide her laughter.

Zeus pointed to a large tablet that was in the throne room. "This time there is a meal together, my dears, roast wild boar from Romania, deliciously prepared! The finest French red wine, a Cabernet Sauvignon from the Périgord, enjoy it!" The benches floated to the table, Zeus descended from the throne and sat down with the ladies. They ate and drank and chatted happily before being teleported again. Ray went to Lin. He thanked her for arranging the meal, which was new but really well done. Lin, looking down, murmured that she only did what was discussed. Secretly she was very happy, because it was something extraordinary that he thanked her so extensively. He took her under the chin and looked into her eyes: "My wife, my very best wife!"

In the following months they observed the news on earth, Zeus telephoned the diplomats every week. A few governments did nothing, nothing at all. But most of them let their Bandogs off the chain, arrested rows of gangsters and freed the victims. In Europe, action was taken most vigorously, brothels had to close, thousands of women were suddenly free and the courts had enough clues and evidence to lock up the culprits. The campaign was also very successful in the USA, although there was hardly any slavery outside the broth-

els, and many forced prostitutes were freed. Anne flew to Saudi Arabia to speak personally with the young King Mohammed. The king had thousands of slaves, as did other wealthy and important people. Slavery was theoretically forbidden, but the country could not exist without it. Anne was successful nonetheless, the king and some of his Confidants credibly promised to make employees out of slaves in small steps. Of course, this was a process that would take time, maybe a few months, but the king didn't care whether his slaves became employees or not. Once he and his key people had taken that step, he would apply appropriate pressure to enforce existing laws throughout the kingdom. It would greatly improve the kingdom's standing. Anne went home with a good feeling. But South America was just as problematic as Africa.

Podukhai was surprised by the crystal clear support of the Great Chairman. In any case, he was on her side, even if he was not personally familiar with the topic. Communist party and slavery, that just didn't work! She was amazed at how many party members ended up in prison camps or simply disappeared. The party granted pardon to anyone if slavery was converted into regular employment by the next month. The Great Chairman wouldn't budge, not a single exception! Podukhai was able to cite China's exemplary example and convince some governments. But not the Kingdom of Brunei, the sultan was obstinate and lived up to the day before yesterday. Indonesia and the Philippines reluctantly gave in, although many of the rich and super-rich preferred to pay the hefty fines.

Regine had little luck in Africa. It was able to get the large middle class in the republican states to give up slavery and have the slaves legally employed and paid. But the rich and super-rich didn't play along, they had slaves for many generations and stubbornly insisted on their rights. Only South Africa abolished slavery altogether and cracked down on the rich and super-rich.

In Africa and South America there were still an alarming number of slaves after 5 months. Ray and Lin talked a lot about this project, which wasn't 100% successful, but still worked quite well. Ray was now also convinced that it was right that Zeus had not imposed any

punishment. After two months they had already worked out the next project.

Zeus invited the diplomats back. He began by acknowledging that the women diplomats had done a good job and he thanked Podukhai and the Chinese President specifically for their example. China deserved his special thanks. He paused for a long time and stroked his beard, knowing how sensitive it was to President White. Anne was about to say something, but he continued.

“The next task is similar to the previous ones. This time it’s about child pornography and child abuse.” He waited a moment and went on speaking earnestly. “This is a hideous plague, the souls of millions of children will be destroyed forever, as will their development and their future! During my research, I stumbled across it again and again and decided to give your executive a helping hand. On your USB sticks you will find it you two files. The perpetrators, dealers and consumers, classified by state and network. As before, names, contact details, networks, bank details and assets, etcetera. There are also clues as to where the pornographic data is currently located. This should be yours assist investigations. The second record contains the names and contact details of the children, as well as when they were abused and by whom. Every one of these children needs help!”

The diplomats remained embarrassed, nothing could be added on this subject. Zeus asked if they wanted to take on the task and they nodded one by one. Zeus added: “The executive branch will have a lot of work to do with this, as will the courts. I don’t think this will solve the problem, but it might reduce the plague in the future!”

He raised his hand and pointed to the banquet table: “Let’s enjoy the meal together, seafood from the coasts of the Mediterranean and the finest Spanish red wine, a Tinta de Toro, a Tempranillo!” They sat down at the table, it became a very pleasant conversation and they enjoyed the sumptuous Mediterranean meal. The Spaniard shot the diplomats in the head, it drank himself light as mineral water and kicked hard as a bull the next morning. And again Ray specifically thanked Lin, his best wife, and again she murmured, blushing, that

she had only done what they had agreed. Ray laughed, “you’re the only one who can cook so perfectly!” They both laughed, because Lin never cooked, but ordered and stole food ready-made from the best kitchens in the world. Of course she always paid for it from the inexhaustible cash reserves of Jareel, that’s how it should be.

For months, Ray and Lin watched the news on Earth. The media greedily ate through the slimy abysses, that was to be expected, but it was also very sad. In most cases, the police and courts were able to make short work of it, they were able to secure evidence and unearth entire networks. Most citizens had a natural horror and utter revulsion. They were glad that action was taken so vigorously and effectively. Most traders robbed the courts of their dirty money and used much of it to care for the children. Many a loving husband heard the handcuffs click and woke rudely from their shabby little dream. It was a worldwide campaign because all states were affected. Incest was not illegal in many states and was therefore not punished, but these children also needed psychological help. That’s why perpetrators and victims were listed, even if in many places it wasn’t a crime.

Zeus telephoned the diplomats weekly and had them visit him once a month. Within 6 months about 85% to 90% of the networks worldwide were broken up and the members locked away. He was very satisfied and thanked the diplomats and governments. He was aware that most perpetrators would come out after a few months or years and continue the heinous activity. But that was a task for another day. Each visit by the ladies ended with a delicious feast, which seemed to become a good custom.

Ray and Lin were now overseeing a number of projects. The starvation project and the rapists still took up a few hours in the morning. They worked together on the committee’s projects until lunch and then in the afternoon on the climate- and energy projects. Before dinner they reviewed the data on slavery and child abuse. This is what an average working day looked like.

They read late at night, Ray had thrown himself into psychology after talking about child abuse. He read all the books he could find and researched a subject thoroughly, reading dissertations and aca-

demic papers. He took part in discussions on internet forums when they were serious. Lin encouraged him to correspond with leading psychologists and psychiatrists, but it didn't last long. Lin was an excellent conversationalist, and from their intense conversations he realized that given the choice, he would probably choose to be a therapist. The legal profession had become completely uninteresting for him.

After the death of his father, they videophoned his mother and Leonardo every month. She had decided to videophone naked like them. Lin had promised him to keep her healthy for life. Ray noted that she had trimmed all excess fat and looking at herself, she had grown into a very pretty 53 year old and was showing pride. This conversations were very important for Ray, he never skipped it.

On his 40th birthday, he sat on the beach with Lin hugged in the soft light before the sunset. He wondered what the future might look like. He would probably bury the mother next to the father in Marbella and renovate the house where he was born in Vienna. He planned to work only half the month on the spaceship in a few years and to work the other half of the month as a hypnotherapist in Vienna. Lin nodded in agreement that would be a good plan. Yes, she will accompany him and also look for an interesting job in Vienna.

Lin never told him that the Jareel let her see into the future. His mother would die in Leonardo's arms at the age of 66, suddenly and painlessly after making love. She clung to Leonardo and her heart soared as he spilled into her. Her heart burst in a moment of supreme lust. Ray would retain his physical strength well past 80 and then age healthily and slowly thereafter. He would be an excellent hypnotherapist throughout his life, able to help many poor people and not closing the practice until he was about 85. A few years later he would be persuaded to keep the body of Zeus and give up the body of Ray forever. She herself would live with her 20-year-old body and 40-year-old Zeus in the spaceship and serve humanity for many centuries to come. She smiled and said nothing. That was a good future that made her happy.

Ray would sometimes stand in waist-deep water before sunset, holding Lin in his strong arms, who loved to float in the water. She caressed her body with blissful fantasies. When she was done, she opened her eyes again and beamed happily at her husband, little stars twinkling in her golden almond eyes. These moments were the best of the day for her.

He knew exactly how old they were.

He was 25, she was adorable 20.