

EXTREME PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME THRILLER



THE
DARKEST
NOTHING
ALGOLAGNIA

J



FILIP HALO

The safe word for this Edgeplay Femdom is mutilation...

**THE
DARKEST
NOTHING**

ALGOLAGNIA

a novel by

Filip Halo

/algə(ʊ)'lagnɪə/

noun

PSYCHIATRY

desire for sexual gratification through inflicting pain on oneself or others;
sadoomasochism.

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This book is a work of fiction and non-fiction at the same time. The characters, incidents, and dialogue are drawn from the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. However, the altered crimes described inside are based on research and police reports.

The book also contains accurate scientific information about general facts and about existing crimes and criminal cases. None of the persons involved in those is transformed into a character in the story. The information about serial killers, "snuff" or viral videos and websites is accurate to the author's knowledge, however none of those is used for harming an existing company or a brand. The intention is purely to inform the public and to protect children and their parents from new types of crimes, that happen around the globe, exactly like a work of non-fiction would do.

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To my mother, who is a solid granite rock in my life, to my father, who always believed in my stories, to Maria „Astarte“, who will always live in our hearts and to Nick for being a great artist and a father, to Robert and Nicole for their love, to Matthias, who is a good brother, to Björn, who understands my vision, to Natalie, who listens and absorbs, to Falk, who is exceptional in what he does, to Vanessa and Kristina, who have inspired me, and to all those who support this dark gigantic project from day one. I have chosen the hard path and only a few people can understand why I am doing it. You know who you are and your voices will be heard very soon...

INTRODUCTION



I never understood how pain can provide pleasure...

My first Judy at the age of 17, the scent I still recall, the brainless little beautiful object, who was hugging me so deeply out of a fictitious love, she enjoyed a little slap and spanking here and there. The brain has kept some room for the image of the faded blood print of my fingers on her buttocks, together with the strawberry scent of the little used lips between her legs. I cannot recall an expression of pleasure in her eyes, due to the all-fours position she used to like so much. But I keep thinking about an indirect thought of hers, something her brother said to her, an advice against me as a potential future husband. "This guy will hit you hard, he will be very dominant and aggressive, he will be an abusive husband"... I still keep this phrase in my mind, as I never really felt the need to hit another person.

After a long-time relationship with a very quiet easy girl, a rather boring brotherly love with a lot of fun and small parties, I was single at 25, with a steady income, a car, a house and a lot of energy. One Sunday, I called a 35-year old girl, that I wanted to fuck for quite some time, but never did, while still in a relationship, cause I am not the cheater type. I visited her, we exchanged intellectual thoughts before exchanging bodily fluids, we were happy. We met again. She dropped herself on the marble floor, offered her ass and begged me to hit her hard. She was married for 10 years and had been recently divorced. Hit her hard... I thought of spanking, the normal type of sex play. She really meant it, she needed physical violence, to cause her pain, to make her bleed. She needed the external force, she was a real masochist. I found myself in an awkward position. Violence doesn't turn me on. I cannot perform sexually, while I hit a person. I cannot concentrate, I cannot focus. I hit only if violence was the only solution to a problematic situation. The least I managed to do, was to grab her really hard, her back, her neck. She felt the force and was partly satisfied, but it wasn't enough. She needed real violence. I wasn't ready for that.

Life is a journey. We meet a lot of masochists and a lot of sadists. You don't realize it, unless you belong to one or the other group. Only then, you can tell the signs. The eyes tell a lot. If you explore this world, the world of domination, the BDSM practices, the role-play, the kinkiness or the violence for sexual pleasure, only then, you know. But if your brain cannot connect violence to sex, then you will always remain puzzled.

My name is **William Jameson**. This is not my real name. I am a psychiatrist. I will

expose myself to you, to the point that you will become very afraid of me. You will fear for your life, without knowing exactly why. The chances that we would ever meet in person are little. Still, you will start having some nightmares about me, about my experiments. The reason is simple. A part of you will become attracted to my theory and the way my mind works. Another part of you, will hate the living guts out of me, the moment you will discover how abusive and demanding I am. I have no limits. You will want to report me or to hunt me down, but something inside of you, will force you to keep reading, to keep exploring. Cause you will start finding some answers to your very basic questions about life. Another part of you, will want to surrender to me, to offer me your life or your corpse for studying it. You will start fantasizing, about having sessions with me, about exposing your thoughts to me and waiting for radical answers. You can never have me in front of you, and that is something your brain will eventually understand. Yet another part of you, will start imitating me inside your fantasies, and will start analyzing yourself as I would. The version of me, that you can construct with your stupid little brains. But this will give you some pleasure, you will feel happy, that you created your own psychiatrist inside your mind, who is always there for you. But you will never masturbate, while thinking about me. It is not possible, as I will oppose and alienate you with my thoughts and actions. I will program you to avoid arousal, and to only see me as a deity, a divine presence, that can help you with all your questions about existence and life or death. You will eventually feel admiration and you will incorporate me inside of you, we will become one. You will see, why I have chosen this path. You will feel, why darkness can provide answers to everything you do or think about.

Let us start this non-interactive type of session with a little exercise. You are holding this book in a very specific way, in any type of form, analogue or digital. You are using your hands in a very specific way, or you have positioned yourself in front of it in a way you feel comfortable. Stop it! Change the hand, that holds it! Position your body in the opposite direction, find an uncomfortable spot, do something, that there is no reason for doing it! Stand on your feet, start walking while reading! Open the fridge and stand in front of it and read a couple of lines. Then go to the bathroom and stand under the shower and keep reading. Get on the floor, find an awkward position, offer yourself sexually to a non-existent entity inside the room. If you are sitting on a bus, put the book between your feet and try to read the lines. Use your fantasy, I don't want to give you all the possible examples. Do anything, that would require more energy than needed. Try to feel like a clown! Stand on top of something, get inside a cupboard, get in the closet. Step right outside the front door, and keep reading.

Some of you, are asking why? Some think you are clever enough, to wait and read the answer. You are not that clever, but you have potential. Let's make it clear. Our brains function through authorizations. You do the most efficient thing possible, to save energy and feel comfortable. Reading doesn't require any physical exercise or movement. By not doing anything, you keep using 20% of your brain the most. You

have a super computer, but you choose to use it for a Pong type of silly game, instead of opening different heavy software programs all at once, for capturing every single information in all types and forms. By shutting down automatizations one by one, you free up space for filing every single information you receive in the most optimized way.

I will keep reminding you to do that, through the entire book. I don't rely on your own memory or will. You are lazy as every other human being and you already have stopped doing any type of exercise I have suggested. You think that this is just a game, and that a book or an author cannot force you to do something, while reading his book. You are wrong about that! The story will captivate you in a very different type of level. The sessions, we will have in between chapters, will help you find your inner voice for the needed discussions inside your brain. You need to create an opponent, to discuss the mixed emotions you will have, while reading this book. I will be patient at first with your brain activity. I will help you find the way, and then I will start demanding more. You are very capable, as a reader, but also as a human being. You just need the right push. You need the hug, you need the action, you need the order. You don't read me and you don't read what I have written. You read your mind! You need that special something, that can change a little small thing in your life. And while knowing, that more people read this at the same time, you will start feeling the connection to them from tomorrow. You will seek for people around you, who will desperately try to figure out, who has already read these lines, who is doing it. You will know, and they will know. You are part of a different group of people now, who possess a new type of knowledge.

I will not include my thoughts inside the story. You need to read the events from a third person's perspective. Narration ruins the events. We will get back together after every chapter, to analyze your thoughts. Soon, your brain will be able to analyze far more, than I can include here, and this will make you very clever, it will let you evolve.

The darkness will soon ruin you. I am here to guide you through, and to make you understand, that, the dark things in life don't mean anything, but they hold the secrets to evolution and enlightenment.

Filip Halo

Chapter 1

The rotten cross-dresser

/Cross-dressing/ is the act of one dressing up as the gender that they do not normally find themselves living as. This is done usually as a hobby, in order to live out fantasies, for drag shows/parties, or for sexual excitement. Transsexuals do not cross-dress, and cross-dressers aren't necessarily LGBT.

A slow Monday in the city of Hilden. A typical small German municipality near Düsseldorf, with most citizens working in the big D-town. Looks almost uninhabited during the day. The nights in the city are black and dead.

Mrs. Lindenmann woke up early. She owns a small apartment in a three story building. She lives alone. No sleep after the sun rises, as the curtains in her bedroom are white. The old lady feels lethargic and sleepy some days, but not today. Her children don't visit her much anymore, her husband died two years ago. She has no cat, no dog, nothing.

She goes out at around 8 AM to buy a couple of fresh buns from a bakery near by, "Brötchen" as they call them, meaning "cute" little bread. She uses that as an excuse to get out of the house.

Walking through Lindenstrasse makes her feel happy and important, when she reads the name on the street corner sign. She feels that she belongs, that she is somebody. Deep inside, she knows she is nothing. Her mind plays tricks on her, involving the word potato. It is a standard joke about Germans, created by Germans. It is often combined with many other words, for emphasizing silliness. She isn't active for years after reaching retirement. It makes her miserable. No hobbies, no real friends. She enjoys talking to people, when she gets the chance. Small transactions at the bakery store and at the bank make her happy. Those little conversations are stored inside her brain for a couple of days. She enjoys repeating them, or even adding elements to them. All the things that she could have said or what the other person might had asked. It makes her happy, it is her own little thing. It keeps her focused. When her mind is empty, it replays her terrible secret. She doesn't want that. She hates it. She refuses to see herself as something worthless and evil, but deep inside, she knows she is exactly that. Judging your daughter for her sexual preferences and her choices, not wanting to see her and showing your hate, makes you a futile piece of shit.

A small garbage bag in one hand, her brown small "portemonnaie" in the right one. As she locks her door, she notices an awful smell in the hallway. The smell disappears, but a second wave hits her nose, this time from her own trash. She reacts in a very typical German way, as if other people were present. She notices the automated reaction and she hates it. Her life is hypocritical.

She needs to get out of there as quick as possible. The other neighbors don't need to taste that smell, nor to blame her for being a dirty pig.

A minute later, Mrs. Lindenmann unlocks the perforated steel door right next to the garages. They keep the trashcans behind a metal fence. They pay for

those, so they need to lock them up, in case outsiders get the idea of storing their own trash inside. The big yellow ones are for recycling, the smaller black ones for general trash and the blue ones for paper. The bio one is almost full. She makes a deposit. The hint of smell, while she was stepping out of her apartment, was different, more intense...

An hour later, she gets back home, with a paper bag full with bread buns, two “Dinkelbrötchen” (dark), two “Mohnbrötchen” (poppy seeds) and a “Kümmelbrötchen” (caraway). She checks out her mailbox, takes super market flyers out and steps inside the building. She lives on the first floor. There are four apartments there. The couple that lives next to the staircase, is the Jungblut family. They are having their vacation together with their two kids. The other apartment is currently not occupied. Workers are renovating it for a while. The last apartment at the end of the hallway belongs to Herr Michael Malarki. He is thirty-five and works for the state welfare. A strange man, who greets her, but never says a word.

As the old woman climbs up the stairs, she realizes that there is some sort of smell indeed. Rotten eggs or some ethnic bad spicy food. To her, they all smell the same. There is an open window in the end of the hallway. She gets suspicious. Something went bad inside the Jungblut's apartment. It could be vegetables, potatoes or a plant. She cannot recall if they own a pet. It couldn't be a dog, she would have heard it. Something smaller inside a cage. The other possibility is the empty apartment, workers have left on Friday. Mister Malarki must be at work by now, he leaves early. It couldn't come from his place, as she has seen him a couple of days ago. Was it on Friday? It could have been Wednesday or Thursday.

The minute she steps into her apartment, she checks the little black book next to the landline phone. She keeps all the contacts and phone numbers in it. She doesn't have the number for Malarki or Jungblut. There is a number for the owner of the empty apartment. She kept it in case someone would show interest in renting it. It's Mr. Kollmann. She should call him. But first, it's breakfast time.

At around 10:00 AM the door bell rings. She isn't expecting anyone. It is the DHL courier service. A package for Malarki. The employee asks from her kindly to accept the package in behalf of him. The guy comes up and hands her a big envelope, that looks official together with a small package. She signs up

and he prepares the notice for Malarki, that notifies the person about who has his mail. While Mrs. Lindenmann signs the electronic device with the e-pen, the DHL delivery guy receives the awful smell. He doesn't say anything with his mouth, his face tells it, he needs to get out of there as fast as possible. The old lady notices it.

Malarki usually comes home between 16 and 17:00 o'clock. She decides to wait until then, before knocking on his door. A phone call later, Mrs. Lindenmann forgets about the whole mystery.

Around 17:30, the old lady stares at the envelope and the package. She is eager to deliver them to him, a feeling she always gets, when she holds something that doesn't belong to her. She cannot explain it. Something is pushing her brain and cannot focus on anything else apart from that. The courier guy is aware that she is always at home, she is his first choice, when another tenant is absent. She receives a lot of packages for a young guy, who lives in the first floor. He is very mysterious and nobody sees him much. He works at night and sleeps during the day. He is always aware about the packages. The DHL boys don't wish to waste any time waiting for him to wake up, so Mrs. Lindenmann is a great choice. The mystery guy is a foreigner, but always very polite and always knocks on her door the same day something arrives. One time, the old lady was keeping three of his packages for two whole days. It felt like a full week to her and her anxiety issues.

Mrs. Lindenmann steps out in the hallway. That same awful smell. It is almost unbearable now. She was planning to close the window, but there is no need for that. She checks a second time if the keys are in her pocket and closes the door behind. She walks towards Malarki's door. For a second, the smell seems to disappear. That means, it should be Jungblut's apartment. She feels a bit more secure now, and makes the extra 10 steps to Malarki's door.

While approaching, something bites her guts. It is a physical pain, not something imaginary. She has a very bad feeling about the whole thing. A wave of cold breeze scans her entire body from head to toe. Her back feels frigid. A second stronger punch from that awful smell hits her nose. The closer she gets to Malarki's door, the worse it becomes. Something is very wrong here.

The very moment she steps in front of the apartment, the window in the hallway trembles violently. It almost shuts down. The sound of the front door opening in the ground floor almost makes her scream. Someone has stepped inside the building, the air flow caused the window to move a bit. She feels very tense. The millisecond she gets back to the stench in front of her, she almost vomits. It is stronger than ever, as if she were inside the apartment

already. She is very scared, she doesn't want to knock on this door now.

A couple is walking up the stairs to the second floor. She waits. Nothing happens. They get in their apartment. Mrs. Lindenmann almost expects a monster to break through the door and to grab her, a big noxious creature. For a brief moment, she imagines Malarki as a zombie, opening the door at the very second she lays her fist on it. There is no chance in deep breathing, is the thing she avoids. While she focuses on bypassing the odor, her free hand knocks on Malarki's door. She doesn't even believe, that she is actually doing it. A moment of stillness. A second knocking.

“Herr Malarki! Hallo!”

Nothing. Dead silence. She decides to knock one more time.

“Herr Malarki, es gibt ein Packet für Sie!”

(There is a package for you)

Nobody's home. Where does the stink come from? She recollects the memory chicken remains and blood inside a container, left in the garbage bag for a couple of days. The third day, the entire house had that awful disgusting smell. That's what it is. Or excrement left in the trash. She feels very embarrassed for that, as she had to throw away a set of underpants and fleece pants. She is getting older.

No, this is decay, decomposed meat. It should be chicken. Rotten chicken is nidorous, especially the blood. Very unpleasant, intense and putrefied.

She gets back in her apartment. She decides to wait a bit longer.

The next morning at 8 AM Mrs. Lindenmann is dressed and ready for her early little walk. As she steps out in the hallway, the smell is no longer noticeable. The moment she locks the door, she decides to give it another try. She grabs the small package and the envelope and heads for Malarki's door.

She doesn't shout this time, she only rings the bell. She repeats it a couple of times and then leaves the items in her apartment, locks her door and steps out. The moment she reaches the staircase, a hint of the familiar rancid odor hits her nostrils. A couple of rotten particles in the air. “Leftovers”. She doesn't pay too much attention. She is in a good mood.

It's an important day for her. She has an appointment at the pension insurance office. They have informed her, she was eligible for receiving a bonus, due to a miscalculated sum during the first years she was working as a nurse. The letter, that she received a week ago, brought back memories from

that period.

A sunny beautiful day. Nothing can go wrong on a day like this.

As soon as Mrs. Lindenmann gets out of the pension insurance office, at about 10:45, her cell phone rings. She usually doesn't receive any phone calls, especially that early in the morning. She takes out the old Motorola, an old flip phone, the Razr3 V13. She had a newer model, but when it broke down, the old lady went back to the technology she felt most familiar with. She opens the clam shell and checks out the number on the screen. It's not saved in her contacts, which feels a bit odd for her. She takes the call.

“Lindenmann, Hallo!”

Germans always answer every phone call by stating their last name. Nothing friendly there, no greeting, no waste of time, because time is energy or money. You must never allow any hope of friendliness to a total stranger, who dared to use the number you gave to him. Don't feel strange the next time you might call a German or send him or her a request on social media. “Do we know each other?” is the most typical first message on Facebook both women and men send to you. If they don't, it means they are open for “business”.

A male voice greets her, the guy knows that he is talking to Mrs. Lindenmann. His name is Bernard Schwarz and he is the owner of the empty apartment on Mrs. Lindenmann's floor.

“Hallo Frau Lindenmann, Schwarz hier. Ich bin der Vermieter der freier Wohnung, die auf der gleichen Etage mit Eurem Apartment liegt. Der Elektriker war gerade da, und hat bemerkt, dass ein starker Geruch im Flur gibt, als ob was verdorbenes da lag. Wissen Sie vielleicht was das wäre?”

(I am the owner of the free apartment at the same floor as yours. The cable guy has noticed a very strong odor, do you know what that might be?)

“Ich habe den Geruch selber bemerkt, heute aber, als ich raus kam, war nicht mehr da, oder war mindestens sehr niedrig. Ich glaube der Geruch kommt von Herr Malarki's Apartment. Er was gestern aber nicht zuhause.”

(I have noticed the smell myself, but today it was mild. I think it comes from Mister Malarki's apartment, but he isn't there.)

“Ich bitte Sie, kümmern Sie so schnell wie möglich darüber, wenn Sie z.B. den Herr Malarki gleich oder heute treffen. Ich habe Termine mit möglichen Mieter nächste Woche, und ich möchte keine solche Überraschung haben.”

(Please do something about it. I have appointments with potential

tenants next week and I don't want any surprises)

“Wenn Herr Malarki nicht nach hause kommt, ich werde heute abend die Polizei informieren.”

(If he doesn't come home, I will call the police tonight)

“Machen Sie das bitte! Vielen Dank! Einen schönen Tag wünsche ich Ihnen!”

(Please do that and thank you, good day!)

“Gleichfals, auf wiederhören!” replies Martha Lindenmann as she touches the end-call button.

All the greetings happen at the end of a phone call in Germany, sometimes, they even last longer than they should. No balance there, but there is a certain logic behind it. You establish a connection, you talk, you can fight politely. You always have to greet the other caller exactly as he greets you. Send back all the wishes and end everything on a high note.

Germans also walk a lot, while they speak on the phone. It is part nervousness, part balancing the energy the conversation requires. Germans that sit while talking on the phone, are more experienced. They are businessmen, escorts, lovers, pimps, mobsters or artists. Those categories go hand-in-hand.

It is obvious to her, that if the guy doesn't show up, she has to call the cops during the day. She will wait up to 18:00 or 19:00 for calling them, just to be sure.

Reinhard Engelmann is waiting in his car, right outside the VHS (Volkshochschule) near the central station in Düsseldorf, right at the Bertha von Suttner square. He is about to pick up his 12-year old son Markus, who studies French as a second language.

Reinhard is always curious about new information, even about insignificant little things. During the drive, he was thinking about the name of the square. It looks different now, has transformed a lot since he grew up in Düsseldorf, they have been developing the center constantly. A couple of embassies are placed there, including the US and the Greek embassy. But who was that Bertha, that the locals had to honor with one of the most important places in the city? He takes out his smartphone and opens up the browser. He googles the name and gets a no connection error. Sure, he is still on Wi-Fi, since he has left the police station, he hasn't turned on the mobile data.

Reinhard opens the Wikipedia page of that lady Bertha. A 19th century chick, from Austria. Oh, she got the Nobel Peace Prize in 1905, 9 years before she died. That went well, there was no war conflict in Austria or Germany after 1905... Reinhard smiles at that thought. A novelist... Bertha had an interesting life. Reinhard doesn't see the real connection with Düsseldorf. He scrolls down the page, and sees the word Dreyer. The Danish director has used one of her writings for one of his early movies in 1914 "Down With Weapons". Reinhard clicks on the IMDB link as he usually does. The director was Holger-Madsen. Dreyer wrote the screenplay. Why is Danish cinema so old? Reinhard puts a couple of things in his imaginary to-do list. He knows, such old stuff will not bother him very soon, he only puts them away and then forgets to search for them. Is it really interesting reading another book from the 19th century about war or feminism? That century sucked, people didn't even have electricity yet. They knew nothing about life and how everything works. That Austrian lady was probably listening to classical music crap. They couldn't record vocals back then, because microphones hadn't been invented yet. Nothing emotional with deeper feelings, only abstract ideas. Generic music, that's what classical music is to him. Such searches feel like digging in the dirt. You unbury a couple of skeletons and some worms, but nothing important for solving your everyday or your future problems.

His mind is traveling, when the phone rings. He receives a phone call from the station. It's police officer Matthias Gronau. He has worked with Reinhard in the past in a couple of cases.

"Engelmann..."

"Hallo Komissar Engelmann, Gronau hier. Wir bieten Sie nach Hilden zu fahren, wir haben einen Selbstmord, die Leiche liegt seit mehreren Tage im Apartment. Wir brauchen Eure Hilfe, es konnte was für Sie sein."

(Commissioner, please drive to Hilden, we have a suicide. The corpse is rotting for days, we could need your help here.)

"In wie fern?"

(How do you mean that?)

"Der Mann trägt Frauen Klamotten und hat eine Plastik Tüte auf seinem Kopf. Ich habe so etwas noch nicht gesehen. Es ist nicht deutlich wie er gestorben ist."

(The man is dressed in drag and has a nylon bag over his head, haven't seen such a thing before, it's not clear to me how he died.)

"Halbe Stunde brauche ich bis dahin, schick mir bitte die genaue Adresse."

(Half an hour, I'll be there, send me the exact address.)

“Mache ich sofort.”
(Immediately sir.)

“Sofort” indicates willingness or devotion in terms of hierarchy. The German language is pretty evolved, when it comes to shortening meanings and scripping unnecessary words. Most German sentences require more time to construct a meaning. Putting the verb at the end of a sentence makes it much difficult for the listener to predict what the outcome might be. That is one of the reasons, that Germans hate interrupting them, they even end the conversation if you do so. The real reason doesn't have to do with politeness and good manners. Interrupting someone, destroys his train of thoughts, because the language structure requires full sentences all the time. There is almost no way to have an one-word sentence in German, apart from yes, no, why or what. Many older languages have invented ways to use a single verb for replacing an entire phrase, sometimes with double or hidden meanings. Those languages are very difficult to learn. German isn't that difficult, but it requires a lot of energy for pronouncing the words in the right way. Except in Bayern, those guys in the south are cool and they don't care how words sound at all. They are also the funniest people in the entire country, it's like a different place there.

Reinhard is in a weird mood. He has finished his shift, but this case sounds intriguing. The elements don't add up. Plastic bags are used by killers or for sexual foreplay. He is curious to find out more about the circumstances behind that death.

Markus appears and sees his dad's car. Reinhard opens the door from the inside.

“Ich muss dich an der nächsten Haltestelle los lassen. Geht es dir gut? Hast du Geld dabei? Alles OK heute?”

(I need to bring you to the next bus station, I have to go. Do you carry money with you? Everything fine today?)

“Hi Dad. Ja und ja. Musst du arbeiten?”

(Hi daddy, yes and yes. Do you need to work late again?)

“Leider ja. Ich muss jetzt gleich los. Ich hoffe ich werde das Abendessen nicht verpassen.”

(Unfortunately yes. I need to go, but I hope I won't miss dinner)

Markus is sad about his father, he knows he is going to miss dinner once again. The boy often eats with his mother at night, does his homework and sleeps, without seeing his dad. He knows the drill, the commissioner is doing something great for other people and for the society. He is a good father.

Reinhard can sense his son's thoughts. He doesn't say anything, as he already knows all the possible outcomes of that type of conversation. It will add despair to his son's early puberty anxieties. Sometimes it is better to let the situation unfold itself, to step out of your comfort zone and to keep calm. Words don't always help. He does the one little thing instead, that always helps and provides some convenience and joy, positive energy for both individuals. He hugs his son and kisses him on his forehead.

At around 20:30 Reinhard arrives at the location. It is a plain 50-year old building, nothing that memorable. Two police cars, an ambulance and an undercover police vehicle are parked outside. There is an open parking space in front next to the recycle bins and containers.

Reinhard only knows the generic information that Matthias gave to him on the phone. A police officer at the entrance of the building checks his identity.

“Erster Stock Kommissar.”

(First floor commissioner.)

Reinhard sees a couple of people standing outside their apartments. It is a curious part of his job. People are waiting to hear something, to absorb any type of information about the incident. They wish to take a sneak peek at the dead body. He finds the whole concept intriguing. As a cop, he tries to step inside the shoes of those bystanders. What are they thinking about? Did they know the dead guy personally? He will investigate later and ask them a couple of questions. The look on their faces is impressive and genuine, this happens at every single crime scene. Everybody is a detective nowadays...

Up the stairs. There are two police officers with an old lady, standing in front of her own apartment. Two doors are closed, the residents are most likely absent. The last one is the crime scene. Reinhard notices the putrid odor. One of the officers provide nose clips for Reinhard to cover his nostrils. It's just a piece of cotton, nothing else. Movies, that depict coroners using special cremes and other substances, prove that the writer had done no research before writing his script. The officer also offers him a surgical mask, but Reinhard doesn't need it.

Reinhard takes a good look at the old lady. He identifies himself to Mrs. Lindenmann with his own badge, although he doesn't need to.

“Kommissar Engelmann. Haben Sie die Leiche entdeckt? Sie haben die Polizei angerufen, ist das korrekt?”

(Commissioner Engelmann, are you the one that discovered the body? You have called us, is that right?)

“Hallo Herr Kommissar. Ja, ich habe den Geruch seit gestern bemerkt, ich habe versucht ein Paket an Herrn Malarki abzugeben.”

(Yes, I have noticed the odor, I have tried to deliver a package for Mr. Malarki.)

“Ich habe gleich ein paar Fragen für Sie, ist das in Ordnung?”

(I will have a couple of questions for you, is that fine?)

“Ich möchte Ihnen helfen, klar.” Mrs. Lindenmann is willing to help the commissioner.

Reinhard heads for the malodorous apartment. Yes, the smell is worse, but it's nothing new to him.

An officer stands right outside. All the other guys are wearing white all-suits, that cover up their pants, shoes and their heads. Two of them are looking for clues and fingerprints, basic forensics work. One is standing over the couch. Reinhard sees the dead bloated body for the first time. No matter how many you have seen, the first image and impression is always strong and lurid, the “Grand-Guignol” feeling of seeing death. Reinhard has given a lot of thought to that. The human DNA and the brain, both contain chains of memories from images of death. There is a part of the brain, that immediately reacts to everything that looks horrendous, deadly or already dead. There is always a reflex reaction. You turn your head a little bit, you squint, you want to cover your nose and mouth.

Matthias recognizes the commissioner and approaches him. He gives him a new pair of medical gloves. Reinhard takes them, while still staring at the corpse.

The dead guy is a mess. He is sitting on the couch, as if he had taken a nap while watching television. A standard sitting position, with his feet on the ground, both his hands touching the couch. There are some nasty fluids beside the hands, as gravity forced them to reach the fake leather on the surface. The same type of fake leather, that the guy chose to wear before meeting his maker. A black skirt, that only covers his buttocks and genitalia, over black tights. His skin on his quadriceps is visible under the tights. It has some purple, black and brown colors, the skin is altered. Bloated abdomen and genitalia. It looks like a mutant. This image is familiar to Reinhard. It means that the guy has spent almost an entire week as a corpse on that couch.

The black leather high heel boots, are also an imitation. They look too shiny. They are very clean. That means, that the guy hasn't tried them on the

streets.

The top is a tiny dress, golden lace over black stripes of clothe. It looks like something that only a transvestite would find attractive, at the first stages of her career as a sissy. He was new to the game. It was one of his first times playing the part in full make-over.

He is wearing black lacy gloves on both his arms. He looks shaved, especially the legs, the belly and the armpits. The details on the face and head are still not clear, as a plastic nylon bag is covering them up. It looks like he is wearing a wig under the bag, a blonde-brownish one. The guy doesn't look very feminine, he has no facial hair and carries a lot of make-up. That is the only part of his skin, that still has "natural colors". His lips are deep red, unclear if he had lipstick on them or if they are decayed. His eyes are empty cold white, they used to be blue. The color of the iris tends to fade to white after a while.

No maggots or flies, due to closed windows. That also explains the bloating in part. It is an inner reaction caused by gases, that develop after death. For most corpses, that are found outside, the holes that the flies or other bugs drill on the external skin, help with their release. There is also a difference regarding the odor. A bloated body smells like sewers, while the rotted carcass with no gases smells like a rotten piece of meat with added drops of a cheap perfume. Not so easy to describe the smell, every human understands it differently. Putrid cells, spoiled organs, inner smells that reach the outside world for the first time. Mercaptan and something that smells like rotten eggs can also be traced under the layers of disgusting particles. It also reminds you of the decomposing odor from places filled with cockroaches or mice. Excrement also comes in mind. But how does it work? The stench is unbearable, but it is not associated only with the dead parts. The skin is still alive 24 hours after someone dies. The bacteria, that we all carry and our body fights against, they stay alive after the organs die. Without any defense mechanism, they start attacking the cells, they need nutrients. Pancreas goes first, as it contains the most bacteria compared to any other organ. Then the intestines follow. As bacteria eat most of those parts in the first two-three days, a growing amount of noxious smelling gas is emitted. A bloating body can literally explode. Reinhard doesn't mind, but he knows he needs to get out as soon as possible. Examine the body, take a look at the scene and then get the hell out of there.

Matthias is positive, that this was a suicide. Matthias is a 25-year old officer, with less experience in the field. He knows more about corpses from zombie

movies and TV series, or even from video games. He has spent countless hours fighting deadities in front of his television set at home. He has played all the installments of the “Dead Rising” video game franchise so far. Amazing frenetic action, so much gore, inventive ways of utilizing objects and turning them into weapons. In his mind, a corpse, like the one in front of him, is a potential zombie. He is watching himself fighting zombies in his sleep from time to time. He is fearless, when it comes to spreading brains out of zombies with a sharp weapon or a shotgun. He doesn't want to touch them. The corpse of Malarki is for him an exercise in the upcoming zombie apocalypse, as he is certain, that it will eventually happen for real. He hates corpses.

Another guy steps inside the apartment. His name is Stephen, he is wearing gloves and a mask and he is holding a DSLR camera. Reinhard notices him. He knows the guy, he is working for the force. He takes some damn fine crime scenes photos. He is so focused on his work, that he doesn't even look at Reinhard or Matthias.

One thing is clear in the mind of Reinhard. He needs to examine every evidence inside the house. He must find out what happened during the last hour before the guy's death. He gives some room to Stephen, and goes on a mini tour inside the apartment. The bedroom is first. There is always something in there.

There they are, lying on top of the bed, the real clothes of Mr. Malarki. A pair of black jeans. A cheap type, no major brand, the ones you can buy with 10 or 20 Euros from discount clothing shops like KIK. Some coins, a lighter – the guy was a smoker- a set of keys. No wallet. There must be somewhere around. Reinhard checks out the closet.

Bright colored clothes and jackets, some multi-color ones. The guy had no taste. He searches the jackets. He examines the pockets, first from outside and then he reaches in. A ten Euro bill, some gum, a couple of receipts. Reinhard puts them in one hand. He needs to read the date and hour on them. Five pieces of paper, some look old, those could be useful. A month to this day, some are even two months old. Nothing special – for now at least.

Where is the jacket he was wearing the day of his death? There was nothing in the hallway. Next stop is always the bathroom, but this guy has used it while dressing up. So, the next logical room, is the kitchen.

Everything looks tidy and clean. A table for two with equal chairs. A jacket hangs on top of one of the chairs. This gotta be the one. Pockets. No sharp objects, nothing out of metal, a couple of receipts. Bingo, one is from an ATM. It was a Friday, 5 days ago. Or without counting the current day, 4 days.

Reinhard always does that in his mind, he plays with the two numbers. It is very subjective how a person counts. For him is 4+.

At 19:32, the guy withdrew 300 Euros. Why not? Friday is a good day to go out, to gamble or to plan a party for the entire weekend. The other receipt is for cigarettes, but Mr. Malarki didn't keep it on purpose. The piece of paper looks awful, and has a little lump underneath it, it is wrapped around... yes, a gum. His own saliva is still on it, no need to examine that. The date and hour are not visible anymore, but the last two numbers are 3 and 6. He got some gum and cigarettes 4 minutes after withdrawing the money from the bank. That means, the store was in close range, doubtful always if they update the standard internet hour in such stores. It could have been a couple of minutes after getting the money on his hands. Reinhard should find 290+ € somewhere inside the house, inside the guy's wallet. He could also had some spare coins or bills left inside, but by withdrawing 300 Euros, it is clear for Reinhard, that the guy didn't have much cash left for the weekend. Guys with cash, they withdraw something like 50 Euros, just to add up. An unwritten rule inside Reinhard's head is that anything above 150, or even better above 200, is a sign for gambling, partying, drugs and hookers. Most people pay with their EC cards, as Germany has its own banking system. Those are debit cards, but with no VISA or MASTERCARD written on them. German banks avoid credit and debit cards and make it difficult for the average fella to receive one. This little stupidity is still unclear in the mind of Reinhard, on why the banks are trying so hard to go against the international standard. All the neighbor countries like Belgium, Austria and the Netherlands are accepting EC cards, as if they were VISA or MASTERCARD. Not the parking ticket machines on the streets though. OK, stop this thought, focus on finding evidence. Three hundred Euro in bills, he is looking for 4x 50 €notes, 2x 20 €, 4x 10 €and 4x 5 €, or 3x 10 €and 6x 5€. That is typical with German ATM machines.

"Locate the money..."

No wallet in the jacket. A guy, who was "notgeil" (in desperate need for fucking his mind or ass), he wouldn't care about where to place it, while trying to fit in tight women's clothing. That means one thing, he wanted his wallet to be out of reach. Which leads the thought to the logical conclusion, that he wasn't alone. A drag queen like Mr. Malarki cannot take care of his personal belongings. Especially if he was also into some type of bondage or if "she" had to stay still for a long time.

Reinhard to the eyes of an untrained person, would look like as if he was looking randomly all around the place. He opens cans and boxes, checks inside

the glass jar of uncooked pasta, inside the fridge, the microwave oven. He is looking for some raw uncooked wallet. He smiles at that thought. He has indeed found “cooked” evidence in ovens or even frozen ones, anything from rings to chronographs, to underwear. The kitchen appliances are cupboards with electricity and copper parts. Reinhard's brain is overclocked for maximum efficiency at the scene of a crime. Random thoughts, adrenaline. Not even guys with three or four lines of coke would be as sharp as he currently is.

“Focus!”

The bread bin. Nobody checks it. And there it is. A black leathery old portmonee, the word that Germans prefer for the wallet. “Portemonnaie”. Reinhard hates the word. Which spelling is the right one? It doesn't matter, the only important thing is what's inside.

This is how his frenetic mind works. Countless trains of thoughts.

The guy's first name is Mika. It was originally Michael. Mika is almost gender fluid. At least it sounds like one. He reads the date of birth, height, color of eyes – blue indeed- the particular street of his apartment as his official address. He leaves the ID on the table.

The bills are divided. In the front, there are some 10s and 5s, looks like 50-60 Euros. That checks. The second purse should hold the 50s. No... It is empty. There are only the small bills in there. And some coins in a different department. About 250 is missing. Strange number. It doesn't ring a bell. It doesn't sound like drug money, it doesn't feel like an escort's payment. Visiting escorts demand above 300, when they receive at their place is 150. The 250 number is very specific. Is there any unofficial list for feminization as part of the service or gay escort payments? It doesn't feel right to Reinhard. He paid for something else. Or has somebody stolen the money from him? But then again, why leave the wallet inside the bread bin, and why not taking all the bills? Mika must have paid the money to someone by himself.

“Gronau, haben wir die Zeit des Todes?”

(Officer Gronau, do we know the time of death?)

Matthias hears Reinhard shouting from inside the kitchen. He checks with another officer, one inside a suit.

“Ungefähr Freitag 20:30 oder 21:00 Uhr, oder eventuell etwas später.”

(It was last Friday between 20:30 and 21:00, maybe a bit later)

Reinhard calculates it a bit inside his mind.

- ✓ Withdrawing the money at 19:32.
- ✓ Buying cigarettes and gum two or four minutes later.

- ✓ Getting back home at around 19:45.
- ✓ Getting dressed up in drag close to 20:00.

That means, he has died within the next hour, after dressed up and made-up. Interesting...

So, he gave the money to someone before getting back home or after becoming a woman. The second option feels more likable. He had a date.

Reinhard is pushing away a thought, as he desperately needs to stay focused on the crime scene. The guys will collect the remaining evidence, but one thing is left for him to do. To check out the dead body for one last time, before they remove it.

There are two more officers in the other room now. No, one is a paramedic. He doesn't need more guys in there. He approaches Matthias and he gives him a sign to take a couple of men out of there. He needs Stephen. He is at a corner, doing some macro photography. Reinhard doesn't like photographers in general. He never understood the art. He is an amateur photographer himself, he even tried a couple of FTP shootings with girls back in his twenties, while still studying law. He wanted to become a lawyer, until he realized, that the profession really sucks. He had developed some special skills, while still a student, as he discovered crime thriller novels from the '70s and the '80s. He liked those, cause they were focusing on detectives and not on FBI cases. With the exception of Dean Koontz, he never enjoys how novelists treat the cases. They create an FBI super agent, that feels like a hipster god, the Fox Mulder type, a likable little asshole, who is in fact a traitor, working against his own agency. Detectives aren't gods, most aren't truly likable in real life. Not even his own son Markus likes his job. They are working late, they never play with their kids, they are 100% anti-social and are in need of psychotherapy. Reinhard has tried consulting a psychologist, but finding a good one is like searching for gold at a random river. Sure, there are traces, and after some hard work, you could end up with a couple of grams, but it is not worth it. Where was he? Oh yes, photographers...

Stephen is a good guy. He has the same arrogant look in his eyes as all the disgusting weirdos, those lazy bastards, who pretend they are working hard, when they push the camera's shutter button a couple of times. Most jerks never develop or edit the pictures for their models. In case of clients, most photographers treat them like crap. The photographer he has hired for his wedding, needed a full year, before giving him something like 45 pictures out of 500. Overcharging, selling air, doing only the basics, that is the type of work.

And then they complain about copyright, as if they owned the universe. A single picture isn't even worth the trouble of suing anyone. Unless it becomes the cover of the best selling rock album of all time, like that little boy from Nirvana's "Nevermind" in the swimming pool. One little shot, that made history. At least it was a real photo shooting, with some real thought and planing behind it. Reinhard wasn't good in handling. Models also sell air, they do the same pose in front of the camera over and over, for different photographers. They "sell" their time. He did pay a model once for an artistic nude session, while two other times it was time for print, although he wasn't using that term back then. Nothing special, but a nice memory though. The pictures don't worth anything, they weren't not artistic enough. It was a hobby, still is, from time to time. He is not the type of person, that he would spent a couple of grand to buy the latest micro four thirds or full frame DSLR camera. Then you also need a zoom lens and a standard 50mm one. He knows the basics, he knows about shutter speed, ISO, he has a feeling for lighting the scene, and that has helped him a lot with such crime scenes. This particular room for example is terrible, in terms of lighting. Stephen uses flash of course, as police protocol demands. Reinhard sees a detail, sees what the flash light can't reach. He always indicates to Stephen the other possible angles for the object.

"Stephen, komm bitte zu mir!" (Reinhard calls Stephen to get over there)

Stephen jumps immediately out of his own little world, and stands up. He feels like a soldier next to Reinhard, always willing in following orders. He secretly admires him and would love to share a beer with him in a bar.

The corpse isn't so repellent anymore. This is one of the reasons why Reinhard always starts with room searching, instead of examining the dead person. The brain learns to accept a situation and there is no further shock after the first moment. Acceptance is a procedure that needs a bit of time. Stephen on the other hand, never feels anything. Landscapes look the same to him like rotten bloated corpses. It doesn't even make any difference, that the person was gender fluid. Reinhard feels the need to step out of his own thoughts, to step inside the shoes of the person next to him. He doesn't do that with Stephen, as there are no vibes transmitted from that guy. Stephen doesn't think. That is why he likes him. He is a second pair of hands, that follow instructions.

Mika was a tall little bastard. His chin can be described as "willing". The "mandibular prominence"- one of the few things that stuck in Reinhard's mind after the anatomy seminar he took once. There should be fluids running out of

the mouth and covering the chin. In the case of Mika, his head fell on the back the moment he died, because of his height. His positioning on the couch was comfortable. He was between 1m 90cm and 1m 95cm tall. The exact number can be found on his ID, but people do not always retain the exact same height.

Everything else on Mika's face, will be clear, after they will remove the plastic bag. So, this is the only time, they can examine the one thing, that could lead them to a suspect.

Matthias now stands next to Reinhard, while Stephen starts taking pictures of the body. He begins with close-up shots, some macro and minor details of the skin.

“Reiner Selbstmord, oder was denken Sie?”

(Simple suicide, or what do you think?)

“Was meinst du mit Selbstmord? Das wissen wir noch nicht.”

(What do you mean by suicide? We do not know that, yet.) answers the commissioner

“Was könnte ansonst sein? Wir haben keine weitere Spuren hier im Raum entdeckt, keine Fingerabdrücke, keine Spuren von Schuhen auf dem Boden. Aus meiner Sicht, der Kerl wollte sich umbringen.”

(What else could be? We haven't found any traces here in the room, no fingerprints, no shoe marks on the floor. In my view, the guy wanted to kill himself.)

“Junge, sag mal, wo stehen seine Hände?”

(Tell me where his hands are.)

The young officer doesn't know how to answer.

“Was meinen Sie damit?”

(What exactly do you mean?)

“Eine Leiche kann nicht die Hände nach dem Tod runter ziehen und los lassen.”

(A corpse can not pull his hands down after death and let go.)

“Ja, ich dachte, er hätte vielleicht einfach die Tüte fest gemacht und dann hat er ruhig den Tod akzeptiert.”

(Yeah, I thought maybe he just tied the bag and then he accepted the death.)

It's a typical answer and sounds logical, but Reinhard isn't convinced.

“Es gibt noch vieles zu lernen Gronau. Jeder Mensch kämpft automatisch, wenn der Tod kommt. Das können wir nicht kontrollieren. Deswegen, die meisten Selbstmorde passieren entweder mit Pillen, mit Waffen, mit der Hilfe von Wasser, Züge, Autos, oder von ganz ganz oben. Keiner kann alleine mit

einer Plastik Tüte sterben. Ausser, wenn er sie sehr sehr fest auf ihm geklebt hätte.”

(There is still much to learn officer Gronau. Everyone fights automatically when death comes. We can not control that. That's why most suicides happen with either pills, weapons, with the help of water, trains, cars, or from very high above. Nobody can die alone with a plastic bag. Unless he had stuck it very tightly on him.)

“Also, kein Selbstmord. Das bedeutet, es war noch eine Person im Raum mit ihm, als er starb. Wir können die Schwulen Szene heraussuchen, vielleicht finden wir irgend welche Hinweise, vielleicht kannte ihm jemand.”

(OK, no suicide. That means there was one more person in the room with him when he died. We can search in the gay scene, maybe we'll find some clues, maybe someone knew him.)

“Nein, Transvestiten sind nicht unbedingt schwul. Das könnte ein Rollenspiel sein. Wir müssen alle Optionen examinieren.”

(No, transvestites are not necessarily gay. That could be a role play. We have to examine all options.)

Reinhard is not convinced, that this is a murdered body. There is a possibility, that the clothes were so tight, that they didn't let him breathe well. The bag in that case only threw the final little stone. Unless there is any type of small clue on him. Anything, that could drop the theory of accidental death or of any type of suicidal attempt.

Stephen's flash plays good old-fashioned tricks with Reinhard's eyes. As he keeps staring the body, his eyes focus for a millisecond on each and every focused point. Something is wrong with the bag. There is a little area on top, that doesn't reflect normally.

Stephen notices Reinhard stepping closer to the corpse. He is inside the frame, so he puts the camera down for a second. Reinhard takes out a flashlight, he is keeping in the left pocket of his pants. It's a small metallic lighting miracle, that utilizes the power of 18650 batteries for 9 very powerful little LED's, and it is dimmable. Very strong at first, turns the nylon into a reflective white area. A couple of steps down, and the light is perfect for presenting a little pink spot, that doesn't belong to the transparent nylon material.

Reinhard shows it to Stephen with his index finger.

“Hier, geh so nah wie möglich dran.”

(Here, get as close as possible.)

The pictures appear on the little monitor in the back side of the camera.

Stephen pushes a couple of buttons and something on the touch screen and zooms on the spot. He shows it to Reinhard.

The texture and the color, indicate, that there is some lipstick, that they need to examine. A kiss of death? Or was it Mika's own lipstick, while trying to put the bag over his head? His own lipstick was definitely reddish or purple, but not pink. Has he tried a different one before that? It doesn't make any sense to do such a thing, because the color of the lipstick doesn't mean much for anyone willing to commit suicide. Was there another transvestite or was it a woman inside the room?

Reinhard gives some further instructions to Matthias and to Stephen. It is partly habit, but he also needs to make sure he did his job well. The automatic procedure in his brain takes control over those situations, as his conscious part is taking a trip to Hong Kong. That is the typical phrase he is using inside his head. He has visited the city once and the trip had exhausted him. Reinhard functions better in Europe. His train of thoughts is what is destroying him, so he had to standardize expressions and moves, to avoid mistakes, especially on the job.

Reinhard finally steps out of the apartment. The slightly fresher air feels like walking on a beach all at once. The old lady is still talking to an officer, they look like as if they were discussing cake and strudel recipes by now. He has a couple of questions for her.

He doesn't hear. He isn't paying any attention to that old fuck. He manages to keep some notes like a damn fine robot. It looks professional to her and to the other officers. Those notes are trash and never help any case anyway. He manages to capture one single thing on his internal hard drive. Mrs. Lindenmann said that the guy wasn't friendly or social, he was spending most of his time alone. Almost no friends visited him, no girlfriends or boyfriends. That doesn't say much, as most people nowadays use social media, messaging, chatting. He was probably visiting people elsewhere. But then, why inviting someone like a dominatrix or an escort to his own apartment, inside a family friendly building, where the other residents pay close attention like good sneaky little bastards? There are special clubs for sissies, there are dungeons and warehouses. He could have gone to a hotel. There are so many options. So, why choosing to "entertain" a person in his own apartment? Was it because he wanted to be already dressed up as a woman? Was he afraid to go out like that? Sure... But inside a hotel room, he could have done everything easier.

Reinhard gets in his car and starts driving. The thought he has managed to push away, while inside the house, now can be explored in its full glory. He

isn't ashamed of those memories, on the opposite, he kinda likes them still to this day. Reinhard has had some experiences in his life with cross-dressers and transgender people. Was it part of the job or was it for sexual private pleasure? Now, that is where he blurs the line a bit.

He is happily married to his second wife. He has another son with his first wife, who doesn't see at all. There was a time after the divorce, when he became truly frustrated. It is a cheap excuse, but that is what it is. He wanted to feel free, not to be obligated to stay straight, not to feel the need to date another woman. It was a reaction. He avoids the remnant of those memories. He has only kept parts of the chain of events, he has forgotten the faces of those "ladies", their names. He doesn't look back and he doesn't find it arousing anymore. Not even the remembrance of ever doing that. How can a person blur out sexual relationships and intense moments of pleasure? It is a mode, a phase. He needs to talk to someone about that, someone that he could trust. He needs to know why he is blocking those thoughts. Is it guilt? No, he is not homophobic, he is not afraid of what he is. He almost understands the path, that could lead to the answer, he sees it, but he doesn't want to go down that road to find out the reasons behind his weird stance.

One of his first attempts, was to experiment with a feminine guy. He was discreet, he didn't ask the commissioner any questions and didn't want to know his name. That guy was younger than Reinhard, inexperienced in the field. He was willing to transform himself into a feminine object of desire, ready to receive any type of commands and to provide any type of pleasure to his "master". The guy wasn't able to entertain Reinhard at his own home, so he had to visit his. He asked Reinhard to open his door for him and to step back, so that he could run into the bathroom for five minutes. He dressed up, has put the wig and high heels on, did the make-up. He then presented himself to him as a "girl".

Reinhard has "studied" that type of behavior among various similar young guys. Those, who reach the next level and are certain that becoming a transgender is what they need to do, those are the ones that invite someone at their own place. Escorts or prostitutes prefer their clients to visit them, as they can control everything a bit better inside their own space.

So, was Mika so confident to invite a person? Was he already at level 2? Or is there another reason for feeling more comfortable in his own apartment? One possible answer, is that some of the activities he wanted, could only happen there. That includes anything that has to do with hygiene or the exact opposite of that. Some types of fetishes leave stains, that could destroy your

security deposit. No, that is a bad theory. Mika's dead body looked like a ghoul out of a nightmare. The original condition, while still alive, was close to pristine. He hasn't received any bodily fluids and he didn't expose any of his private parts. If he had filthy fetishes, they are not traceable. He wanted to do something in his own apartment, that would be too risky to do anywhere else. That is a hard clue to find. It will consume a lot of Reinhard's time and energy, to come up with assumptions and theories, about what could have happened before his death. Still, this is one part of the equation, and doesn't answer all the questions. Why there? He trusted the other person for some reason, which means two things. That person was either already a friend or someone he knew for long. He trusted that person, because he or she was harmless and discreet.

Reinhard can already strike out the first thought, due to what neighbors told him about Mika. Yes, he has spoken to some apart from the old lady upstairs. He has already deleted it from his recent memory. Mika didn't have visitors, so that means that the person involved was visiting him for the first time, at least during daytime.

The hard part now is to find the type of evidence, that can lead to the other person. This case is open for Reinhard, and by no means a suicide. He needs an approach.

As he leaves the Autobahn to enter Düsseldorf, his troubled past repositions itself as the main occupant of the frontal lobe. The guilt about his actions has been replaced with regret about the way he was treating people back then. He wasn't kind. He was pretentious. He enjoyed the company of gender-fluid people for a while, but never committed in something serious, never dated them, never went out with them, never watched a movie with them. He blames society for that, but he never did anything to change it. He accepts the fact, that we almost keep it a taboo and as a guilty pleasure on the far end of any community in the world, although such people exist since the ancient times. We are all women at first, then the Y chromosome determines who grows a dick. It's all just chemicals, substances. Testosterone and estrogen. Nature is a drunk chemist, some people receive an overdose of one, while others take both. Genre fix isn't their fault, it's nature's fault. Being a feminine guy or a masculine girl, doesn't help your life. We can fix it with drugs and hormones now. We cannot fix their psychology yet, they all get depressed, but they at least come a step closer to what they always wanted to be. Give a macho guy estrogen pills for six months, and he will look like a sexy emo girl. All the fuckers out there, who still hate transsexuals, need to be fed with such pills for months or for a year, to start craving juicy cocks, before they open their mouth

for bullshit. Reinhard is not the person, who can fight for those people, he isn't made of steel. It will take a very special person to find a way to help the transgender community worldwide to find their real position in this world. He is definitely not that person, he isn't honest with his own self yet, he is half a person.

Little he knew, that he is going to meet that brilliant person in the very near future. This particular case will lead Reinhard to him, and from that point, he will evolve as a detective. In a sense, the rotten cross-dresser, the Malarki cat, will be the starting point for something big. A snowball effect. It needs to happen, starting from the slightest smallest incident. In this case, a feminization appointment or a humiliation session with a dominant person.

Reinhard makes a final thought before reaching his street. An old lady smells a dead body, then later on realizes that the guy was a pervert – in her own words- and that is why he was living alone, had no friends. Old ladies don't use Facebook and e-mails or smartphones. The guy was mysterious and not friendly or polite to her eyes. She will be discussing about him a lot. In her eyes, a person dressed as the opposite sex, who commits suicide for pleasure, is dangerous and doesn't belong in a “normal” family building of an orderly little beautiful German city. There are no normal cities anywhere in the world. Every city has its own filth. Just type the name of your own city next to words like “escorts”, “drugs”, “crimes” or any bad word you could think of. Do it as an experiment. Is your lovely city what you think it is?

Somehow the old lady was aware of the auto-asphyxiation fetish, probably due to the “Kung Fu” old TV series and the late Mr. Carradine. The news surrounding his death found a way to reach the masses some years ago. Unknown to Reinhard, if the old lady used to be a pervert or used to pee on people or was swallowing her husband's piss or shit. The old lady could have even murdered and tortured an animal, a person, a child. There are even worse things to do to them than murder. A huge number of citizens in this country do such things, some are proud of them and some even talk or write about them. Half of all German porn productions include peeing and shitting. The country ranks very high on the shit-piss list worldwide, almost at number 1. Is she in a position to judge another human being? Does it matter? It does! Her words and gossip will make other ignorant people more afraid of “perverts”, who dress up in drag and lingerie, although something like 85% of them are doing worse in private. They just don't accept it as a fact, how grubby they are. The same guy at the local gas station, who will start laughing about the dead “sissy”, he goes home and beats up his wife and kids. He loves watching his wife having sex

with another guy, with a much bigger dick than his own, a “BBC” for a sissy, while he is wearing a chastity dick device. He watches Japanese girls putting eels and snails near or inside their orifices and then puke on each other. He goes out and spends all his money on gambling, although he knows that the slot machines are programmed never to allow anyone to win. Who is the pervert? The biggest pervert is the one who gets caught...

Finally a nice smell, roast beef with rosemary and other herbs, some Bratkartoffeln on the side. His son has already eaten and is in his room. Reinhard's wife, Mathilde, greets him and serves him a plate. She is full, she joins him at the table with a small plate full with black and green olives. Reinhard doesn't feel very hungry. He goes straight in the shower to wash off the particles of death, he is still carrying on him. It is all about particles. Every single smell is actually a couple of atoms or a molecular structure of the actual object that causes the odor. If you smell something rotten, a little piece of that rotten thing has invaded your nostrils. If you smell feces, a little tiny piece of shit has entered your nose. Smells are not an imaginary perception of a situation, they are real particles, that enter our system. Imagine how many more particles end up all over your body, when the nostrils are two tiny holes facing the ground. Compare that to the mass of your entire body, and you can easily do the math how many things you carry on you. Little pieces of Mika have entered Reinhard's house, whether he wanted that to happen or not. You cannot control it. A little bit of Mika, a little bit of Matthias and Stephen, a little piece of Mrs. Lindenmann, especially when she “shared” her saliva with Reinhard, while talking close to his face. A small portion of everyone now lives inside Reinhard's house.

He is going to have a very busy week and he senses that already...

Chapter 2

A lesson to learn

Sandra Krocher started studying psychology this autumn. She is 23 and this is the second studies for her, this time it's university. She wanted to study theater, but the current situation with actors in Europe is pretty bad, especially for women. She decided to wait with her acting career and to go for something she always loved to explore.

One of the reasons- rather two of them- were the two books by psychiatrist William Jameson. Sandra went nuts, when she realized that the same psychiatrist was teaching at a university half an hour away from her place. A different kind of motivation. Dedicating four years of your life to something, because of a teacher. This is just the tip of the iceberg. You see, this particular psychiatrist is no ordinary person. Both of his books, describe previous audio recordings with his patients. He has used those for creating re-enactments with actors, based on those sessions. He has developed a radical theory about healing trauma in his first book. The second book is even more impressive, with a much more evolved theory. Sandra thinks highly of him as a professional, but also admires him as an artist and film maker as well. The theories and descriptions inside the books feel very deep and sophisticated. Compared to them, every single theatrical play and book she has read in the past feels small and incapable of describing the true emotions and psychological background of the characters. In her mind, meeting him and having him as a teacher for at least a couple of years, will bring her closer to true acting, far beyond "method" or other acting techniques.

There is also another huge reason for her to follow him or even worship him. She has a natural love for the morbid and for the true horrors of this world and the next. She often spends hours and hours reading about crimes of the past, current news events, serial killers, even creepy pasta stories. William's books opened new horizons for her, as he describes in fine detail where real photos and videos can be found and why. He distinguish how many of them are fake, how to recognize the genuine ones. He also has a huge chapter on snuff videos and the underground illegal market and about the disturbed creators of outrageous vile material. It is not hard to research the basics of modern "ideophrenia", the love for morbidity and the obsession with horror. It is a different approach, when a psychiatrist reaches deep inside and explains the reasons, analyzes the creations and the motivation of the makers. His material was her guide for diving deeper into the abyss of Dark Web and main web snuff/torture/accident/murder shock sites. This was very valuable to her and very important. He was the light at the end of the tunnel. She knew that he would be able to save her, if she went too deep, and he did it, with the chapters

that followed the snuff part. In her mind, he is the true dark lord, the real prince of darkness- nothing to do with satanism or any type of religion. We are talking about the real darkness that surrounds us all, the darkest parts of the human mind and the darkest corners of this world, things that are hidden in obscurity. This darkness is what separates us from animals. It is not kindness, not the creativity and not the science, it's the darkness. Without the dark part, there would be no evolution, no technology, no achievements, nothing. Without horror, there is only measly stagnation, inactivity, decadence, decline of civilization. Under fear, society develops brilliant ideas. Scientists invent atomic bombs and transistors, computers, nuclear power, radio signals, lasers, new chemicals. Sure, they are used for destroying the enemy or the conqueror at first. After the first violent wave, those are the same things that bring smartphones and the internet to the masses, electric cars, LED's, 3D printers, ultra high definition to our monitors, medical awesomeness. We tend to forget that fear and horror made everything possible. When we push the dreadful aspects aside or close our eyes in consternation and pretend that the darkness isn't there anymore, we are decaying and we die.

Sandra became radical during the last couple of years. There is no anarchy inside her, as she doesn't care that much about systems and governments, but there is something fearful, that has pushed many people away from her.

It's a Monday morning, Sandra is on a train to Witten, for taking her first psychology class with Mr. Jameson. The weather is muddy, as it should be during early autumn in Germany. Sandra looks out of the window all the time. She is rehearsing what she should say to Mr. Jameson after the class. Both of his books are inside her back pack in hopes of getting an autograph. She is going to feel starstruck during the lesson. It is different than with actors or musicians. It is so rare to find a brilliant brain, a person, who has discovered a method, a way to touch you deep inside and to move you.

All the other passengers look so normal, so average. They all have their secrets, their skeletons in their bizarre little closets or in their "Keller" (cellar). Some of them are criminals, they enjoy breaking the law, and then on Monday morning they try their best to look moderate and "busy" as they head to work.

Sandra already regrets taking the train, but she had to leave the car at her local mechanic for the TÜV test for the entire day. She prefers driving around in her own little Honda Jazz, listening to her own music choices rather than radio stations. She imagines her future life, she dreams of acting roles, she is constantly having new ideas.

Sandra is sexy, alluring and delightful rather than plain beautiful. There

are some very elegant points on her, something seductive, but also dark. She prefers keeping her beauty for herself. She doesn't care about make-up, eyeliners or lip stick, she wears dark colors and prefers a neoclassical Gothic casual style, which is hard to describe. She has a love for accessories, like leather gauntlets with mild piked spikes, little horns here and there and some aggressive band logos on her back pack. All those create a natural shield between her and the mundane people around her. She is polite. She looks a bit too dark for the typical dreary unremarkable John Doe out there, who listens to silly hits on the radio and watches sitcoms and reality shows on television. In terms of psychology, the most important element of keeping a distance and not allowing others to approach you, are the eyes. The more you dig into the depths of horror and the macabre, the murkiness of tenebrosity will consume you. Your eyes and your look change and become colder, you look experienced. Something happens inside the pupil, that cannot be described with words that easy. Black usually doesn't contain any information. It feels as if there were shades of black in it or microscopic gloomy spots, that we cannot see. We can register those with a mind vision, together with some energy levels and minor details around the pupil, on the iris and the whole shape of the eye. It's how the muscles around it decide to hug the eyeball. The mirrors of the soul as they are usually called. They reflect bits of information about the person, his or her background, the thoughts, the motivation and the habits. It is fascinating to think about, how indescribable the whole thing is, but how similar the results are. By asking 100 people about one single person, you will get 100 different results, with some common ground and aspects. It only happens with those, who have embraced the darkness. Pictures tell only part of the story, as something magical happens when you stand next or in front of a human being. The energy waves that jump out of the pupils cannot be measured, not yet at least, we don't have the technology for it. They are there and they are real. A glance is more than enough to change the mood of the observer, to create a full profile inside his own mind about the person he is staring at. The eyes of those who love darkness, depict a labyrinth made out of unknown feelings, emotions and thoughts. They look icy and threatening, where in fact they are wiser than the average person's eyes. People sense it, but cannot easily interpret and define what it is. Arrogant pricks tent to want to try and test the person. They become aggressive or nervous for no apparent reason, as the fear pushes them to react and to show dominance over the unknown. Like little monkey, that try to stand tall, while they are shouting at the predator. Most of them are not at the same level and ignore what could

happen next. You annoy the mind behind those cold deadly eyes, you face the consequences. If the person doesn't react, you can thank your luck for that, instead of keep feeding your crummy arrogance and ignorance. From time to time the unthinkable happens and those jokers aren't prepared. Sandra notices it everyday and has promised to herself to find the right ways of controlling her mind under any circumstance. Funny enough, a couple of piked accessories, some dark clothes and jackets and an overall scary look, help keeping cretins away and save time. It is ridiculous, but it works.

She regrets taking the train once again, as she gets off. The bus needs a few minutes to bring her closer to the university, but then she needs to walk for more than 20 minutes to get there. A clear sign, that she needs to drive next time and for the next four years of her life. Public transportation is fine if you live in a big city, but doesn't help much in the countryside.

Sandra uses the extra time in the bus to touch the second book of Mr. Jameson. This is the one that changed her mindset forever. It should have been a bestseller already, but it is radical, it's scientific, even though it feels like a novel. This book could affect millions of lives worldwide and set a new bar for modern psychology. Why such an author doesn't hunt some success? Doesn't he want to become famous? It amazes her, how far some people came with far less in their hands, compared to this great psychiatrist, who is only known among a circle of readers. Parts of the book could easily become viral, if someone started posting them online.

Her ultimate wish, is to get closer to him, to become part of his study or to help him with new upcoming theories and experiments. Sandra would do almost anything to become the next "Judy" This is an important part of the book, a code name for 70-80% of all existing women. It means so much to her, the way he describes incredible details about his work on that type of women, the sessions, the recordings. The first book describes only the observations, while the second is more philosophical and analyzes the most important perversions and complex crimes, between descriptions of sessions and experimentation. The second book is a guide for all things abnormal and how to study them. Other authors call them fantastic beasts. Is it symbolic? Not exactly, they are not that allegoric. If you need symbolism for expressing your opinion about perversions and fetishes, you can suck a cock and stop writing novels. There is a connection between most authors, as many of them try to express their fears, the questioning of existence and the two sides of the coin. Good and evil. There is no real good and no real evil. Those who think that way, push us all back to the dark ages.

The excitement of being in the same room with him, is what kept Sandra awake for many nights. She didn't masturbate. She kept avoiding any naughty thoughts, as she only has one rule. If you do that, you lose your chance of having it for real. Bodily fluids express their own feelings or anticipation, but only your brain can control the actions. It is purely internal, as nobody can hear your thoughts, but if you indeed fantasize about something and masturbate, you put it out there somewhere. She knows that the naughty thoughts are hidden underneath the carpet of avoidance, but refuses to step in and to start exploring them. She knows that the female brain is far more complicated than the male counterpart, in terms of feelings and emotions. Women are thinking ahead in time. Accepting the structural format and the complexion arouses her. The thought that she manages to do it, to control the functions, and yet still understanding the layers below the surface and their existence. Sandra loses a couple of minutes everyday, thinking about how her brain works, and she has to blame Mr. Jameson for that. His extended theory about the construction and functions of the human brain and how trains of thoughts happen, is remarkable and mind blowing. She bets, that he will mention something out of that chapter the very first day, as the simile will help students to enter his world.

The University of Witten feels more like an art school rather than a conservative old-school College, it is a beautiful white modern building. Psychology usually takes place in smaller classrooms, where the Dozent (lecturer) can teach to a number of students face to face. Most teachers focus on experiments and they also try new methods and techniques. William Jameson has asked for something more traditional for the first semester. Three hundred students wanted to take his class, so an amphitheater felt more appropriate for his needs. This is even more intriguing for Sandra. A contrast to the videos she has watched on YouTube and on the University's website. They felt really friendly, like from a private school. They reminded her of her theater studies. She needs to have the experience of the amphitheater, to get lost in her own thoughts inside a big room, while listening to the professor of her choice.

A lot of people have gathered for the first lecture and some of them are chatting with one another outside in the hallway. The others have already found their seats. She isn't late, but she wasn't one of the first to arrive. Damn trains...

Fortunately, the first row isn't occupied yet. She positions herself somewhere in the middle and sits down. She isn't that curious about the fellow students. She has all the time in the world to meet people, but this hour is

special for her and doesn't need to become obstructed by other people's energy and thoughts. *"What is your name, is this your first studies, where do you come from, where do you live, what are you?"* The same old boring questions with the same fake interest.

Sandra is using her black laptop by Hewlett Packard for keeping notes usually. She didn't want to bring it with her from the very first day and instead she chose a traditional A5 notebook and a black pen. She bets nobody is writing things down on paper anymore. She does more than writing. She likes drawing sketches and tiny characters or oversize letters or even a tattoo styled little wanna-be-stencil, while listening to something.

Students are positioning themselves inside the classroom. The last ones rush in and the whole place becomes quiet. The lights turn off and a back lit behind the podium turns on. What an entrance. This guy is cool.

William Jameson walks down the stairs in confidence. His walk inspires the students and brings some sort of good vibes to everyone. It's the walk of a police officer, a businessman, a fire fighter. He is heading straight for the podium and is not wasting time looking around. In a sense, he scans every single person in the room at the same time, he does that automatically.

Sandra looks at William for the first time. He is wearing a suit, no tie, everything black. His shoes are familiar to her, they aren't Boss or any typical VIP's, they aren't sneakers. They are Spanish and Sandra knows what company manufactures them. William is wearing New Rock, but not the extravagant ones, nothing too fancy. They are plain black, with little metals on the heels, a nice outsole and some well manufactured vamp. She loves leather shoes. She loves New Rock. She owns at least 6 or 7 pairs from the company's line up, all purchased at outlet prices, except her favorite one, the deadly heels, the "Boot Punk", there was never a discount price on that. She wanted the Malicia, but they were out of her price range. He is probably wearing some Newman. How can this guy turn her on even more by the minute?

William is around 37-38. With the suit on he looks 40+. His face is serious and he means business. He greets the class and thanks them for being there. Sandra doesn't manage to listen to the greeting, her ears are currently blocked as her eyes took over. She wants to absorb every single detail she can of William. The sound fades in and she listens to his voice for the first time.

"... I am happy that so many of you have decided to participate today. I am hoping that the number will remain the same throughout the semester, but I have to inform you, that the University will have to divide you in two or three groups. I know that some of you came exclusively today and don't belong to

the standard students, and I want to thank you for that. I am sure, that you will find the lecture very interesting and helpful.”

He is normal... He is a normal type of person, he talks normally, he hides his dark side. Is it just an act or is he that mature?

“Today we will focus on the basics of modern psychology and on what we are going to examine for the next couple of months. Let's start with some numbers.”

William turns the projector on. Behind him the huge board lightens up.

“We can say that the starting point of modern psychology is the year 1878, when Stanley Hall was the first American to earn a PhD in psychology. He later became the first president of the American Psychological Association. He studied adolescent development, especially the aggressive behavior of children. A misogynist like many other psychologists. He believed that women show far more relational aggression compared to men. Most of his theories are out of time and you don't need to study much about him.”

Some students are happily surprised that William is so direct. He is giving them the Greatest Hits of psychology in the very first lesson.

“A year after in 1879, Wundt created the first experimental psychology lab here in Germany and had focused on structuralism. He took psychology from a sub-discipline of philosophy to a science. Some say he is the father of psychology. You have probably heard the term school of thought, that's structuralism. His book 'Principles of Physiological Psychology' from 1874 is in public domain. It's worth reading it once, for the sake of it. It was still very early and his approach is typical and philosophical, but I am sure, you will trace some interesting points. We will focus on more modern terminology about introspection and how a person is able to examine his own thoughts and feelings. Self-observation is useless, before you develop a method of getting out of your own mind and objectively stare at your past and emotions. Do not expect to do it correctly only with inner dialogue, no matter how mature you think you are. Introspection can lead to manias and can turn you bipolar, if it is done in a wrong way.”

The students are lost in his manly, noble baritone voice. He continues.

“Moving on to Ebbinghaus, I admire his own experiments and how methodical he was. The book 'Über das Gedächtnis' can also be found online, it is worth a quick reading. He wrote about the forgetting curve- the decline of memory retention when you grow older. This is also out of touch by today's

standards, as we can refresh our memories with all the information we need all the time. Some traumatic memories in some cases become stronger, but also alter themselves into a fantastic interpretation of the event. A lot of theories like the serial-position effect, the spacing effect and so on, will feel strange to you, as they do not apply to all people. Remember that you have developed skills, that in the late 19th century weren't even mapped in science-fiction books and stories yet. I personally don't believe that history can teach us a lot, and you don't need to think highly of those guys, just because they were the first. You need to destroy something before building something new, but you can recycle resources from everywhere.”

That last bit brought waves of inner joy to the whole classroom, as if William were their motivational speaker. Sandra smiles with that thought, cause she has watched almost every single episode of SNL from 1975 until now on digital files. Over 40 seasons of exceptional comedy shows, with some amazing peaks of creativity here and there and a lot of average sketches. She brings the image of Farley and his mimic and figure in her eyes, standing next to the podium and teaching them about the history of psychology. “A van by the river...” What does William drive? Is he a motivational fucker? Does it count? He is motivating students to read, the whole class felt it, he wants to inspire people to think, to write, to experiment, to create a better world. “For you and for me and for an entire human race”. The caffeine in her system takes over, replaying pop culture references completely out of touch. Her brain is a stand up dull comedian and probably shouts and sings like Andy Samberg on cocaine in one of his digital shorts with “The Lonely Island”.

“FREUD. You know him, an all time superstar, the guy who started offering therapy to rich patients in Vienna in 1886 and wrote some of the most interesting theories, but who was also a huge misogynist. He started something that was later destroyed by others, especially when it comes to Paraphrenia and everything beyond psychosis. He was on the right road, but didn't focus on criminal psychology, where I personally think he would had excelled and would had outmatched his fellow psychiatrists.”

Continuing with the silly references, Sandra remembers the silly appearance of Chris Parnell as Freud in “Another Period”. What was it again? Oh yes, the cure for Hysteria, with those ridiculous devices that Freud brought to the mansion, the boxes that were covering the orgasmic touch of feathers and battery operated vibrators, or even the bicycle sex machine. Freud said that everybody wants to fuck his mother after all, so he is the one to blame for eternal parodies.

“Freud is mostly known for his talk therapy and the Freudian slip, the error in speech, memory or action, that is the result of an subdued wish, a train of thought or could also have deeper and weirder reasons, that he could not think of. He has expressed many interesting thoughts, but please do not focus on his theory of psycho-sexual development and don't take the Superego theory for granted. Some interesting ideas about dream interpretation, but also out of touch, as his studies were limited. I will dedicate a number of lectures on dreaming, especially on nightmares, visions and even crazier types of hallucinations and their connection to the dream world. It is a study, that I haven't published yet, it is still in development. We will start with the basics and some important examples, and also how close or how far those older psychiatrists were. Nothing you have heard before. Keep a note, that the first found dream book is an Egyptian papyrus from the 13th century BC, a hieratic dream book, where at one point it states, that if a man sees himself in a dream with his penis erect, it means he will be defeated by his enemies...”

The classroom laughs, they needed a comic relief.

“...So we can all assume, that Freud and others got some inspiration from other sources as well. Ancient thoughts found their way and still exist in our 'modern' society. People always had the same problems and needs and wanted to get the answers to the same questions. The first established psychologists and psychiatrists have summoned up scattered texts and published material and have developed their own ideas on top of them. They aren't gods, they aren't even that great. If you believe in yourselves and you work hard, you will be able to develop far greater ideas and theories than Freud. You don't need to feel ashamed to say you can be better than him. You can be better than Einstein, than Picasso, than anyone you admire, those famous people that others love, but you personally might hate or envy. Read, but don't feel despaired by the dubious greatness of authors and creators. Recycle and build on top, even by destroying the ancient temple.”

William notices a female student in the fourth row. Her eyes are very bright, they almost glow. She isn't wearing a blouse or a shirt. Can this be? Is she wearing just a Wonderbra? Is there any brasserie on her or is she naked? William focuses and tries to see the details of her face. She is blonde, but something is wrong with her face. Her skin looks like a mask, as if a prosthetic appliance were glued on her skin. It even has a shape. Is it Venetian? It's not, it is a unique contour.

The girl stares at William in a very peculiar way compared to all the other students. She doesn't blink. It feels like as if the other people around her are

moving faster, while she runs at a slower speed. A hook appears from under her desk. She is holding it in a very irritating way. While she keeps staring at him, she hooks her face without blinking, without feeling any pain. It looks like a confident provocative suicide, it is eccentric and out of this world. She starts bleeding, but the fellow students don't see anything, except they now move at a slower speed than she does. She pushes the hook down her left cheek, towards the throat. The hook is long, it starts appearing under the chin from the inside. Blood is splattered on the desk, on her notebook, on her body. She seems to enjoy it instead of feeling any physical pain.

Suddenly, an axe hits the podium vertically and almost crushes the laptop that projects the presentation on the wall behind William. The sound of the heavy hatchet slashing through the air is louder than the impact against the wood. It is abnormal.

William realizes that a male student has accidentally pushed his smartphone. It falls down on the concrete in slow motion. No crushing sound, it has a silicone case wrapped around it for protection. There is no axe on the podium. The girl is there. She is sitting in the fourth row, but she looks fine and isn't naked at all. She is wearing a t-shirt with skin-like colors, a mixture of orange, pink, yellow, all washed up and very pale. She is holding her pen, that has an oversize 3D emoji made out of plastic at the back end. She is scratching her left cheek with the index finger, she does it in a very cat-like style.

William hasn't experienced the flying hatchet effect since he was 17. There was a time, where such cleavers were appearing a lot in front of him, hurting imaginary objects or crushing them. There was always a strong sound effect, that almost sounded like a scream. The items sometimes started bleeding human blood. The axe effect remains a mystery for William, although he has met at least three patients so far, that claimed they were seeing hatchets out of nowhere, without being asleep. All of them didn't bother to mention it as something important, on the contrary, it had slipped between other stories or delusions as the most common thing in the world. What does it mean? And how about the hooking and the bloody image of the lustful girl, who was teasing him with her eyes a couple of seconds ago?

William experiences graphic imaginary violence in front of him from time to time. It is always unexpected and doesn't make sense, or has a very deep meaning, that requires philosophical thoughts for explaining it. It feels like a whole minute has passed, but it was only a couple of seconds, as if he was taking a pause in his lecture.

A lot of times, he thinks that those might be foreshadowing events,

allegoric or symbolic. A girl, who enjoys violence and harms herself on purpose, is not a common thing for his visions. This was the mildest softest straight-forward violent scene, with a cheap shock value. It didn't surprise him much.

As he sees that his audience notices his pause, he takes a sip of water from a small bottle on the podium.

“One of the most noticeable forefathers of psychology was William James and his 'Principles of Psychology' in 1890. Keep in mind, that Mr. James has written a lot of great lines and was very interested in the dark side of the mind. He was curious about criminal behavior and even partly about the supernatural elements. I would recommend to start with him, as his ideas feel more timeless. Some are very generic, yet he isn't out of touch with our current situation.”

What a strange coincidence, the two names. Sandra is not the only one thinking about it, but most definitely the only one that will explore the connection. William goes one without missing a beat.

“Carl Jung and his four archetypes, the animal, the shadow, the personal and the self, will give you a view into the perception of early 20th century's society about the reflection in the mirror. You will immediately see, that those are almost theatre archetypes. Of course those were not the only ones he has mentioned. You will be able to compare our today's knowledge and the 100 years of cinematic experiences, modern music and the new arts to his ideas and statements. During their entire lives, those guys had access to the equivalent of one day's worth of online searching or about one single month of watching movies. As I mentioned earlier, don't ignore them, but do not worship them. Do not accept their basic knowledge, you can achieve much more on your own, if you study everyday life. I am here to provide a guide on how to do your research and how to develop a way of thinking, that will accompany you for the rest of your lives. They used to drill holes in people's heads as a treatment a century ago. Mengele was also a 'doctor' and even worse the 731 unit has experimented with lethal methods, while searching for treatments. Both parties were using psychological terror as the main course. Compared to those, television, music and movie producers are far worse manipulators and terrorists. They are doing more harm on everyone, than those monsters during the second world war. There is a way around that, there is something you can do to develop a critical attitude towards art. Do not have preferences! By choosing your favorite genre or subject, you destroy your brain cells and limit your envisioning of ideas. Think of it that way: you buy things electronically

online or by using credit cards. Corporations create algorithms and try to understand your needs and next moves. Amazon and Netflix for example suggest to you similar products, that you might enjoy or find useful. If those products are indeed something you are interested in, you have lost the game. You can eat what suits you the best. Food of all kinds- even mental food- enters your system directly, without any filters. It can make your body and brain feel sick. Buy your food with cash. Eliminate the traces about what or where you eat. All other products, sure, you can buy them cheaper online. Remember to allow room for exploring different brands, different types of clothes, shoes, gadgets and machines. If you like Apple phones, switch from time to time to Android, if you like sneakers try to search for other types of shoes- heels, casual, more serious ones- mix it up. If you like comedies, switch to thrillers and westerns, watch a documentary and then go back to action. If you like hip hop, free yourself up and take a listen to punk, gospel, hard rock, Japanese pop, grunge, country, folk. Stop making sense to watch-robots and algorithms. You don't have to own one specific personality. More on that later, as it is a huge part of studying psychology- the existence of patterns and habits.”

Students are truly intrigued, some are writing down notes, some are looking him in his eyes, they feel strange. He continues.

“If you recognize patterns as the only way you can perceive life, you will fail miserably when you start treating people. Every individual is an exception. You can see the pattern, but you need all the experience in the world and a magic touch to envision the thoughts of another human being. You can locate the path by examining the pattern, but then the road comes to an end, because psychological disorders are not diseases. Never call anyone a psychopath or schizophrenic, they are not. Use the words internally for you to locate the path, but never walk towards one direction in confidence. The older you get, the more experiences you will gather in everyday life. If you are unlucky, the more you will learn, the better you will be able to judge a situation. Motivation changes all the time, a person's mood cannot be recognized by dreams, by behavior or by actions. There is one single way to describe that with an existing type of creature. Insects.”

The classroom makes a slight little noise, like a tiny gasp, as the word “insects” interrupted their listening mode.

“You have had some interaction with insects or arthropods, they live in a different world than ours, or so we think. They don't understand us and they are not trying to communicate with us. If you have killed more than 100 flies in your lifetime, you expect to have the basic knowledge of what to do with the

next one. But you don't. Flies are a great example, because even if you know physics and have studied them, you are most likely not the right person to catch the fly landed on the table or on the window. Your mother, uncle or father might be the ideal fly killers, but there is no specific technique, they just kept doing it for a longer period of time. But what happens with spiders, bees, wasps or ants? You expect them to do one thing, you think you know something about the way they stand or fly, and then they land on you somehow. You learn from that and expect the next one to be equally aggressive or quick, but it doesn't do anything, it doesn't react. I don't suggest that bees are psychopaths, wasps are... But you can feel the resemblance with this example between unpredictable human actions and the world of insects. “

Sandra is so fascinated by William's lecture. She will never miss a single word that will come out of this guy from now on. Every lesson will have the power to change her life for good, that is her feeling, what her guts tell her. She can fall in love with him and will do anything to please him. You have to please a brilliant person, to make him a bit happier and to help him transform the world. It is her duty. What is that logic? She has never felt the need to please a guy before or to become obedient to someone. She isn't passive or the slave type. She isn't even willing to do anything for anyone in most cases or affairs. A new feeling? Is this love at first sight? Yes, for the brain, logical Eros, it is a need.

William continues with the brief history of psychology, while Sandra swims deep in her own thoughts. She starts drawing something, but has no idea what it is. It's a cone, it looks organic, like a creature. Something out of the ocean maybe? It consists of rings, she imagines it close to a squid or a calamari, but has no other shapes or limbs attached to it. The opening is 5 times as big as its tail. Something is coming out of the upper ring, something like hair or hundreds of tentacles, they are hidden inside the creature. She has no idea what she is drawing, and she quickly turns the page, as a fellow female student next to her notices.

William explains the basics about traumatic experiences and how the memory is recorded inside the brain. He sees Sandra for the first time, because she is the only person, who looks at him in a distinctive way. He has seen that look before, but doesn't appreciate it much, no matter how flattered he should feel about those dreamy eyes. There is something special about that girl. Sandra realizes that William is looking at her. She immediately returns to reality and almost blushes.

“The focus for the first semester, apart from generic basics of psychology, will be on trauma. It is my field of expertise and the one subject, that you will

find the most fascinating out of all other syndromes and psychotic disorders. I support the idea that it is a fundamental study and a psychologist should begin from that. With traumatic events, we can trace and locate the starting point and we can examine the functions and internal structure of the part of the brain, that holds the information about the event. The interesting fact, is that in most cases, the brain works like a security camera capturing device. Every action and moment is being recorded and stored. Up until recently, it was still unknown how the brain does that or why. Some psychologists were assuming that the subconscious holds the data and manipulates them, alters them and eventually convinces you about the happening of that day, even though the reality was different. I am totally against that theory, and the reason is that I have proof from many different patients, who were able to recreate the events in fine detail. The cases, that feel altered and strange, are mostly fictional and made-up. The patient has a reason for altering the events, but only consciously and intentionally. Those cases should not be confused with real trauma.”

A strange territory. It sounds technological and scientific, not as philosophical as other psychological aspects usually feel like.

“We will not define trauma today, as we first need to understand how the particular person understands the situation after the event. The traumatic experience becomes very important inside the brain, if the action went against the person's beliefs or moral. That means that victims of raping do not react the same, even if the actions of the other person look and feel similar. We will focus for an entire week on that, and how *Algolagnia* works- the lust and need for pain, that is conceived as pleasure for two or more individuals. Rape is only an example, as the most common traumatic experience is the death of a beloved person. The second major trauma is abandonment. The third is rape and torture. The next ones on the list are combining those elements in part or entirely, but also include more complicated issues.”

Rape is for most female students the number one traumatic event. For male students, death of a loved one feels more appropriate to cause a gap or to create some trauma. It's a fact, that boys don't think of intercourse as something harmful, even if the other person would not feel like participating.

“The most important aspect in the person's life from that point on, are the moments he or she was experiencing that day under stress and fear. Time seems to run slower under such circumstances. The brain is constantly recording every bit of information. Science hasn't explain all the reasons for the time dilation, as it is only based on patient's and victim's stories. I believe that the theory of relativity and similar modern theories, even time travel, were first

conceived, after scientists have focused on that weird phenomenon, especially during accidents or near-death experiences. My theory is that the body and brain get into full panic mode and try to use every watt of electrical energy at that point, by turning instincts, habits and the subconscious completely off. That is also related to the reason, that most people do not react to extreme danger or death-threatening well. They look stoned and become slow. The brain needs certain training and some experiences first, for being able to function properly under a death threat.”

Sandra pays close attention to William's words, but a train of thoughts has arrived and its speed grabs her and forces her to imagine herself as the victim of a serial killer inside a basement. Such a cliché scenery, such a dumb little idea. She hangs from a wall with chains. Half of her breast is out and she doesn't wear any pants or underpants. She looks like a drawing out of “Fansadox” comics, her favorite comic book series. Which one was it? Not one with a basement in it, she doesn't enjoy basements that much... It was a cabin in the woods, owned by two rednecks. The one is a fat bastard, the other one is rather good looking, but equally disgusting and aggressive as the fat pig. She and her girlfriend took the wrong turn with their Dodge shiny black truck and ran out of gas. Those guys showed up and the next thing she remembers is waking up inside the cabin half naked. Her friend lies in front of her, butchered and mutilated, cut in half... NO, she manipulates the fantasy now... The guys have opened her stomach and took her guts out and then raped her. While still alive, she was able to watch the fat pig cumming inside her, with his sperm jumping out of her opened belly. That was the last thing she saw, before the other guy stuck a huge hunter's knife in her throat. Wait... How would it feel if Sandra were that guy? She looks down and sees the dead eyes of that blonde hooker, while the other bitch on the wall, slowly wakes up. Sandra sees herself half naked. She opens her eyes and sees the massacred friend of hers, that was mutilated and sodomized by those two filthy apes. Becoming the victor doesn't feel that sexy anymore. Her role-playing was focusing most of the times on the rapists and the killers, she was thinking about becoming one... Just a fantasy... But today is different. Back to the chains on the wall. That is her place. What happened? Why does this part of the fantasy feel sexier and better? Does it have to do with William? Is she accepting the fact, that the role of an obedient submissive slave could be what she always wanted? Is she going too far with the double devil's advocate during a moment of fantasy role-playing, while still in the classroom and not in her bed?

William catches a glimpse of Sandra, while she is tripping inside her

fantasy world. He almost loses his tempo, but manages to return to his speech. He is very focused today, and very well prepared.

“Every brain function needs training, especially for ugly gruesome situations. That effect of time slowing down does happen indeed. It's just what you feel and see from your conscious point of view, as an observer. Think about what happens, when you open too many windows on your personal computer or many different apps on your mobile devices. The system runs slower, but the system itself doesn't realize it. At the same time, one of those actions is the recording of your inner memory. You capture everything at a higher frame rate, if we would describe it with technical terms. When you access it right afterwards, at a normal speed, it feels like slow motion. This action is one of the reasons, that traumatic experiences feel so different. They occupy an important larger space inside your brain's hard drive, and they are also protected by the system. You are not allowed to delete them. When the trauma happens at an early age, sometimes those 'files' remain hidden and protected, and you need administrative rights to access and alter them.”

Most of the students that carry laptops and tablets stare at them. They have never connected the internal functions of a computer to those of a human brain before. It makes sense. Even for the ones that have already thought about it, William's words have a strange effect on them. It is strange to hear it from the right person, in this case a psychiatrist and author, who is sharing his expertise. It sounds different and it feels technologically accurate. William shares all that information as an introduction during the first day, imagine what would happen in the next few months.

Sandra's eyes are very bright, not just dreamy. She needs to flirt with William, she needs a drink. She needs a hug. She needs to focus...

William is clever, he can taste the positive energy in the air, he can sense that 80-90% of all students are on his side. He speaks directly to them, with words that parents should have already used on them. It is important to prepare your child for entering the “world wide chaos”, the wwc.com of reality. William had his own plans and wanted to do that with his daughter, but it is too late now...

“I know how it sounds. It is so weird that we had to wait for transistors and then personal computers to be invented and manufactured, and for all those silicone chips to change our lives, to finally understand the human mind a little better... The brain consumes about 20 watts of power, 20% of the entire human body. With current technology, we would need about an entire city block filled with computers, memory cards, fast hard drives and all the other

components to create the most powerful computer system, that would come close to the average human mind. All those machines would eat the entire city's electrical plant to function. Try to imagine that for a moment. We need hundreds of years to reach the power of a typical man's brain with plastic and metal parts, that would work with the power of a small laser cutter or a head amplifier for an electric guitar. But we are not doing physics here and we will not start soldering electronic parts. This semester, we are going to focus on trauma, on modern theories about how to approach each case and how to heal the patient from it. Every strong memory, always leaves a mark behind. even if we succeeded in eliminating its effects. At the same time, every type of memory faints after exploring it and using it heavily.”

His hour and a half slowly comes to an end. William takes a look at the little clock on the laptop. He has about five minutes. He wants to give the opportunity to his students to introduce themselves in the form of questioning.

“You probably have some questions, we do have a couple of minutes left, so I will be happy to listen to you and try to make it a bit more clear.”

Many students raise their hands at once. Some raise it for real, while others give a hint of the hand-raising action, as if they weren't sure if they wanted to ask something or just wait for others to ask something similar first.

William picks a guy, who is sitting in the middle of the room, sixth or seventh row from the bottom. His t-shirt stands out, as it carries the GHOST logo on it. That's the Swedish heavy metal band, that did some of the cleverest promotional tricks in the last few years, by using strong religious and anti-religious images, masks and aesthetics. Their music is totally mainstream and not that heavy or close to any Scandinavian metal music waves, like black metal or atmospheric death. William likes metalheads, for the simple fact, that they are honest and speak their minds freely, while many of them only pretend to be tough. Deep inside they are sensitive and eager to learn, so it is a good marketing to start with such a guy. The guy's name is Björn and he is originally from Leverkusen. He had the chance to see Ghost live in Cologne during the Popestar Tour.

“So, let's start with you sir, in the middle, with the black t-shirt with the logo. By the way, I recognize that logo. What do you like about this band? Is it their attitude, their irony mixed with comedy elements, their appearance, the ghouls?”

Björn is surprised. Sandra is equally surprised. Of course William would know Ghost, he wouldn't probably listen to them, but he reads and studies everything. Sandra has a different question in her mind now. What does

William listen to? That is an important query. It should had occurred to her earlier. He is a rocker for sure. What kind of rocker? How heavy? How deep? Old-school or modern? The answer to the question, will make Sandra happy, when the time comes.

“Wow, you surprise me. Yes I love their image and that they don't need to play the heaviest music like many other metal bands.” says Björn.

“Heavy is good... We will talk about music and how to use it to control your mind and your actions in another session. Oh, wrong word...” is William's answer.

The classroom laughs, mostly out of bewilderment. It wasn't so much the word session, as William's intentions to incorporate music in psychology studies. Björn expresses his question.

“About the traumatic experiences, how can you heal a patient?”

“That is something I cannot answer today, it will take us days and many many examples and cases. I can only say, that it is possible, but it takes a lot of failure with unexpected results. My previous book explains the basics of the theory. The second book I wrote, contains the right path, with a different more complicated approach.”

Another student shouts her question, without waiting for William to look at her first. Her name is Simone, and she is the type of student, who sucks the teacher's buttocks for getting the best grades possible. She is the opposite of sexy or sexual, you could easily add an -a- in front of every sex word for describing that 20-year old German girl. Those are the cases, that William needs to motivate. Such a girl needs to judge for herself, he only contributes to her ripeness. If she was an avocado, Simone would be stiff as a rock and would have the color of a green mamba. Not even the cartels would give a damn for such a crop, she doesn't belong to the “blood avocados”.

“Does the experience need to be a type of abuse, or can it also be something stressful, a break-up, economical problems and so on?”

“Good question. A psychological trauma is a type of damage that occurs as a result of a severely distressing event. It is related to the stress, that the particular situation produces to the person. Of course anything can become traumatic, but we will focus on severe trauma, related to violence, sexual abuse or frustration and also on anything that can lead to a type of death. Most break-ups do not end in death, especially nowadays, and money is certainly not a reason to kill yourself. We will examine some more extreme cases, together with their results and the healing process, but you can apply the whole concept also to mild trauma and handle it in a similar fashion.”

Sandra is so eager to talk to William, she feels nervous and excited at the same time. William gives the chance to two other students first, but with the corner of his eye catches Sandra's slight movement.

"You sir, with the hat, on the left."

"Will you show us examples on photographs and even videos? I have read, that you work with technology and cameras."

That is Andreas, a serious and dark guy from Essen. He is a bit older than most students, roughly 27 years old. He has visited today specifically for learning more about William's studies and experiments, as he plans to work for the forensics Büro in the future.

"Excellent! Yes, I have some examples to show you, from those who have agreed to that. I don't use their real names. My study happens to focus on women. I have given them something like a code name from the very beginning, one name for all the patients. That way we will not lose our focus during the lessons, as it often happens, when you study different personalities."

Another guy takes the speech.

"What is the name you have chosen for them?"

Robert is the clown in his inner circle. Although he constantly makes jokes and in-jokes, this was a serious question. He loves the idea of a psychiatrist approaching his cases that way. The option of studying someone's real cases is also wonderful. What could such a code name even be?

William is happy to reply.

"The code name is 'JUDY'. I call my cases with that name. The young beautiful lady in the front row. Yes, you!"

Finally he picks Sandra. She starts speaking louder than she has planned to. It happens sometimes, when you haven't said a single word for the entire day, since you woke up. It's like leaving the device at a certain loudness level the previous day and then play a song the next day, while forgetting how loud the last one was.

"I have read your books already, everyone has to read them I think..."

William enjoys hearing that.

"I think I have found a new sales agent! I wish that my publisher had the same energy and spontaneity as you..." he says.

The classroom laughs a bit. They aren't just polite, they are genuinely liking this guy. Sandra feels happy. She continues.

"I believe that, they have helped me a lot. I wanted to ask you, will you perhaps use some of your methods on us here in the classroom?"

The classroom door opens. Is it a delusion? A man is standing there. He is

wearing a coat, he doesn't look like a student. Is it a janitor or another professor? He stands next to the door. He doesn't want to interrupt. This guy doesn't belong there. Any member of the University would go to a corner, would try to be as discreet as possible, in respect of the fellow professor. This guy wants something. William doesn't get distracted, he answers the question.

“I am glad that you have read them. It will be a bit difficult to put one or more students under the microscope here, simply because it will most likely reveal things, that they wouldn't want to share with an audience. On the other hand, it is very difficult to create the needed situations here for doing so. It would be too expensive and not practical.”

Silvia, a beautiful brunette, that could easily find bookings for photo shootings, has a follow up question, but doesn't wait for William to see her first. She gets what she wants, when she wants to.

“What do you mean exactly with expensive and not practical? Are we talking about sessions?”

William takes a look at the class model for a second, and directly checks Sandra once again. Sandra is special. She is the real beauty...

“There were two ways to deal with patients so far. Simple sessions, where the patient does most of the talking, and then there were all sorts of experiments. In some cases some doctors have used extreme methods and even violence. If we go back in time they were even practicing lobotomy. You can also find some weird examples, where the psychiatrist has used the asylum and other doctors or even patients, for trying to cure someone with a traumatic experience. They have even made a film with that subject, 'Shutter Island'. No, I am not talking about sessions and I am not talking about such simple experiments, where you use the existing place or people and you let the patient's imagination do the rest. It doesn't work! That is the only thing they did accurately in that movie! The doctor's failure. You need far more than that. Our brains are not willing to accept anything at all, unless they are fully convinced that it has happened. They need to see it in front of their eyes, to touch it, smell it, taste it. You need modern technology and a lot of equipment to do that. You also need a lot of people to help you, not just friends, you need professionals. You are not able to understand what I am saying right now, especially if you haven't read my books. We will try to fix that in the very near future, I will try to bring you copies of both of them, although I do not wish for you to study them for any test or the final exams.”

That last answer triggers a number of questions, also feelings of euphoria and surprise. This guy is not afraid to talk about anything. He is so critical, it

feels as if they are celebrating a family meeting, where their favorite successful uncle is there and he is more than happy to answer any question. Is it part of his plan? Is it his method? Becoming familiar, getting close, a father figure maybe? Or is he a demon in disguise? Students are not stupid. About 60% absolutely approve him already, another 25% are more than happy to listen to every word he has to say, about 5% are skeptical, and about 5% are already in love with him. William doesn't like those extreme cases. Being negative or extremely positive makes your judgment blurry and weak. Being skeptical is good, as long as you aren't affected by the lust of remaining incredulous.

He continues.

“I guess that's it for today, I will be happy to see you next time and to start digging deeper into our subject. I wish you a very nice day!”

Finally the moment has come for Sandra to talk to William. Two other girls and a guy are faster than her in approaching his desk. Mist! (=Dung, Manure in German). She wanted to be the first to talk to him, but she needs a couple of minutes with him, so it is for the best to wait until everybody else is gone.

The students have a couple of questions about what books they should purchase and about assignments. They are the nerdiest ones in the classroom for sure. Psychology for Sandra is a sexy science, it's not just about studying or doing math in a lab. It's philosophy. You think of ideas, you talk to people, patients, psychopaths, killers, you discover syndromes, you create theories. That is too naive. She sounds like a stupid spoiled bitch in her own mind, as if she was playing another role. She is serious. Nothing is sexy, psychology is related to death and killer instincts. It holds the key to destruction, greed, racism, aggression, you name it. She hasn't decided if helping others is a good or bad thing. When you question your choices, you end up in the endless vicious circle, the catch 22 situation, a pain chain. All questions lead to the same tunnel and the same paradox. You start having doubts about decisions, about your studies, your job. The next thing is going back to what life is, why we exist, why we need to reproduce, to build, to keep existing, to fight, to overcome difficulties we collectively have created as human society for no reason at all. You then doubt creation and reasons to walk the appointed path in life. After that you feel depressed, cause intelligence and questioning produce negativity, cancer cells, then you need to drink, to get high, you need to forget and drown your sorrows in bitterness, as you keep suffocating.

Sandra has accepted, that women feel that way more often than men, because some parts of their brains are more evolved than the male brains. Yes, they are better and worse at the same time. That was the weakness for

thousands of years. Intelligence makes you vulnerable, especially when your muscles and body mass aren't made for competing and fighting. Spiders are far more evolved than humans. In most species, the female spider is significantly bigger, sometimes even 6 times larger and longer than the male counterpart. Those spider male jerks have the same need for sex, but they have learned to be sneaky and careful. They wait in total stillness for up to three days, for the right moment to get behind the girl with the huge butt. Impregnating her means that they put their little life in danger. Male dominance exists only in the mammal world. Human males are equally sneaky and persistent and can wait for a long time before penetrating the female.

Sandra is so deeply lost in her thoughts out of nervousness, but her mindset somehow created a pathway to sex-related equations in the very end. Size matters, but in this case it is the size of the amazing mental world, the creative brain activity of the human male specimen in front of her.

The students finally leave and William is free, he is standing a couple of meters away from her.

Sandra takes his second book out of her back pack. For a tiny fragment of a second, she reads the title of the first book once again, before putting it back in her bag- PRINCIPLES OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY: GATEWAYS FOR HEALING TRAUMA. That is not the one, it is very important, but not the one. The second is what affected her the most.

William recognizes his book, but he is not the type of person, that is willing to sign an autograph. He would prefer to rather talk about the theories and ideas and get a bit of feedback, instead of treating a reader like a fan.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jameson, can you please sign this book for me?" she asks.

"Well, it's not a fictional novel, it is a study. It already has my name on the cover and everywhere inside."

"Yes, but it is very special to me! Can you please do that?"

"Only if you name one part inside the book that has moved you and for what reason..."

Sandra knows the answer, without even thinking about it.

"I had similar thoughts as the second Judy and similar experiences. Not all of them are the same of course, but I have always wished for bad nasty parents, that would had abused me as a child. I didn't want it physically and it didn't arouse me at all, but I needed some tragedy to inspire me to write a book."

"Have you found your tragedy yet?" he asks her.

"No, but I want to participate in any experiment you are doing at the moment. I want to be part of it..."

William proceeds with signing the first page of the book for her.

"To a special admirer, who wishes to play the part of Judy in the next chapter!"

"You are probably a fitting Judy, but I need to know you a little bit more, I don't jeopardize any experiment..."

"I am not a stupid girl Mr. Jameson, I know exactly how important it is to you and for everyone who will read about it or watch it..."

Sandra has cut a piece of paper out of her notebook, and has written her phone number on it. She gives it to William. William doesn't like the idea of receiving a piece of paper with a phone number inside a classroom, no matter how special a girl is. He heads it back to Sandra.

"You need to create a Torbox e-mail account or a Protonmail. I do not discuss my studies on unsecured devices or media. I also do not make phone calls."

Sandra is disappointed with herself. It felt like a cheap groupie move. Who does that? A piece of paper with a phone number? That is what an illegal alien would do. She is better than that. Tor what? What was it? Something with mail in the end and secure? She thought that all e-mail accounts are secure.

William realizes that Sandra is the type of being, that needs a bit of motivation and inspiration to fully function. He doesn't need to be a jerk. He gently takes the paper from her hands. He needs to make an exception this time.

"I will send you some instructions and links on how to create a secure e-mail account."

The classroom is almost empty by now, but one man walks in the opposite direction against the students, he heads towards William. He wasn't able to hear what William and Sandra said to one another, but he saw the book signing. That is expected from an author, even his students would love to have his autograph. Even he, would like to have him sign the book he just read, which is the reason he drove to Witten today and wanted to meet Mr. Jameson.

Sandra sees the strange old man, he is definitely not a student. She assumes he works for the University and he has to talk business with William. As most people do when they are still young, she leaves room for the "grown-ups", which is a funny behavior. The mindset hasn't registered the fact yet, that she is also a grown-up. She could actually learn faster, if she would stick around conversations between people, no matter how indiscreet that would be or look

like. Sandra says goodbye and also greets the strange man with a movement of her head. She is happy. She feels kinda hungry now...

“Hello Mr. Jameson, I am commissioner Reinhard Engelmann, crime investigation. I know you have a busy schedule, but I wanted to talk to you for a couple of minutes.”

William shakes his hand. A commissioner, an employee of the police department inside a University building. That should be strange. He didn't come on official police business, he came as a citizen. Otherwise, it would have been necessary to talk to a Principal or to find someone from the central office, then take permission to talk to a professor. Someone from the University would have spoken with William, and he would finally meet the commissioner in an office. Otherwise, he would have had to wait outside, for example in the parking lot or even farther. He would have had to identify himself with his badge. He wouldn't be alone. Logical little thoughts within milliseconds, that is what's happening in William's brain all the time. Analytical process, conclusions. This guy is not a threat, he needs an advice or has probably read his books.

“Hello Mr. Engelmann. Let us walk to my office. I have about half an hour before I had to leave.”

“Sure, thank you for that. It will not take long.

“What is your exact division Mr. Engelmann?”

“Homicide. Sometimes it's complicated to distinguish a suicide from a murder. Especially if the murderer didn't do it in purpose.”

That is an odd answer. People create segways for the subject they need to discuss. He doesn't like to waste time, so he introduced the matter in one single sentence. He wants to talk about a murder case, that at first glance looked like a suicide to the average inexperienced detective or officer. He has already come to the conclusion, that the perpetrator has done it by accident. He or she has helped the victim to complete his attempt, so the commissioner is here for something else. He has no evidence, he has no motive and believes that psychiatry and psychology would be able to shed a light to the mystery. That makes him a brilliant person, but not necessarily trustworthy. He is a cop, so it's like 50-50 with him.

As they walk down the hallways, heading for William's brand new office, he pushes the conversation forward. He hasn't even been inside his office yet, he had only previewed it during the talks with the University officials in the summer. Walking helps the brain to quickly put an order into things and can force people to talk a bit faster.

“What is the case Mr. Engelmann?”

“It's a body of a male that we found. He was dressed in drag and was asphyxiated with a plastic bag over his head.”

“Sounds like a sexual activity.”

“Indeed. I have pictures to show you. The weird thing is that he was fully clothed, sitting on the couch, and his hands weren't touching any part of his body. I have a clue, there was lip stick on the bag and a couple of other things, like a recent ATM withdrawal, half an hour before the estimated time of death. In his wallet there were 250 € missing out of the sum he has taken out of his account.”

William thinks for a second, then he says the one thing, that Reinhard also believes.

“I bet you believe there was another person involved. Some sort of prostitute.”

“That is exactly why I am here!”

William opens the door of his office and enters. Everything is tidy. Freshly cleaned, a hint of lemon and mint. A desk, two bookcases, full with psychology books. There is space for William's own books, two chairs for visitors and a black swivel chair for the professor. Nothing special, but very presentable. The desk is made out of nice materials, some good oak wood and aluminum parts on the sides. No glass on top, William doesn't like glass.

As both men sit down, Reinhard takes an envelope out of his inner pocket. He opens it and takes out some pictures, copies of the photographs, that Stephen took at the crime scene.

“You may want to take a look. It's not pleasant, but I bet you have seen a lot of them during your career.”

“I think you have read my book commissioner Engelmann.”

William takes a look at the pictures. Well shot, the first has the body in the middle of the frame, full shot from head to feet. The corpse has some distinctive purple and brown colors on the skin, the bloating makes it stand out compared to anything else in the picture. The stockings, the high heel boots and the dress are in second place, as they do not add anything to the sickness. The nylon bag is the “cherry” on top... It doesn't feel important at first, as it ruins the “portrait”. If it was a made-up set with a model posing, this little plastic extra would categorize the picture as a more experimental art photo style, “casual suicides”. It wouldn't be easily acceptable by websites like “Fotocommunity”, due to their restrictions about violence and blood or gore. It would have made it to “Modelmayhem” probably, would had been a highlight on “Vampirefreaks” and would cause some trouble on Facebook, but would

look like art on Instagram. Heavily cropped of course. You could “sell” it as a cool make-up paint work, cause most people have no idea, how real corpses look like. It doesn't help, that the funeral services create dolls out of corpses and in some cases even re-create the entire face, if the customer wants an open casket funeral of a car crash victim with destroyed facial features. Corpses do not look like that. Real photos do not look like the corpses we know from movies. Hollywood hasn't helped people to understand how death looks like. Thrillers are too stylized, dramas are soft, action features make it look easy and painless, while horror exaggerates a lot and makes most corpses look grotesque and weird. If you do a research, about 1% of all movies come close to the real thing, and then again, there is always something funky going on with the corpse. William is currently thinking about the movie “Tattoo” from 2002, a German production with some well-made corpses and dead bodies. What movie though had bloated corpses? There was the fat lady in the remake of “Dawn of the Dead” and the fat zombie they have pulled out of the well in the “Walking Dead” series. Yeah, zombies, what else? Silly little modern myths. The dead have walked as a metaphor in George Romero's movies, have turned into bizarre surrealistic ghouls in Lucio Fulci's flicks, turned into a parody in the 1980's with Michael Jackson's “Thriller” and the “Return of the Living Dead” duet, which was basically one single movie plot repeated twice. The dead walk for scaring dumb-asses. Cool make-up work in most of those. What else, what else? Where are the good corpses? William's inner database is currently buffering.

“Yes I have read your book Dr. Jameson. Your studies are fascinating and the way you describe all the possible reasons... It feels like a best seller novel.”

“Not a doctor... By not using real names, I manage to focus on very disturbing details. My books are very informative. I know exactly why you wanted to meet me. Chapter 5, the new prostitutes.”

“Yes! I tried to find clues online or stories, but it is very hard, nobody talks about that type of prostitution openly.”

“You have to understand, most people who are willing to pay a dominatrix for bizarre sexual activities, they don't always wish to write about it. My study was based on girls, who make such appointments.”

“Is the money the right amount? What do you think?” asks the commissioner.

“Men Behind The Sun” certainly had some well-made corpses, nothing bloated though. He has to revisit it. Bloating happens a lot in real life, because of the gases, but can rarely be seen on film. What about “Unrest” from 2006?

The guys who made it claim they have shot some real dead bodies in the morgue, where the movie takes place. Also nothing really bloated. Isn't there any movie, that has showed policemen going in a room, where a dead body was lying for days or a full week before being discovered?

"For one hour, including feminization, asphyxiation and some sort of humiliation, it sounds about right. She wasn't experienced. She most likely did it for the first time." says William.

"You mean the bag?"

"Yes, she kept it longer. She is very young, she is doing it for the money and she doesn't want to have sex or let the client masturbate. That is what went wrong. Experienced dominas let the client play with himself, while licking their shoes or their latex clothes, or in this case, while she would have controlled his breathing. They know when to stop and how to do it properly. They also don't panic, they take lessons on mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Even if the client faints, they bring him back. They also carry smelling salts, ammonia inhalants with them, just in case."

The commissioner gets straight to the point:

"Do you think that the girl did that on purpose or was she too scared, when she realized she killed the transvestite and left?"

"Se7en" had the fat guy, who died on top of his pasta plate on the kitchen table. He was bloated, but the scene was too dark. Normally police turns on the lights or bring their own floodlights. That was an artistic interpretation of a crime scene, to make it look scarier and for creating suspense.

William answers:

"She thought that she took all precautions, they had certainly spoken only on the phone, no messages, the number wasn't registered under her name. Inexperienced prostitutes of that kind, think that because they don't have intercourse, it doesn't count as real prostitution, and that they don't leave real evidence behind. She was wearing gloves the whole time and didn't even spit on him. She thought about it for a minute or so, after he died, and then has left the place."

"Why did she keep the money? That's a clue... It is evidence and can be used against her."

"If you are doing something just for money, you never think about letting the money behind if you need to leave in a hurry."

"Could it be a guy?"

"No, it is almost 100% girls. Guys always get horny and have some sort of intercourse or always do more than dominating the other guy. She is between

18 and 23, she won't do it again, she doesn't even think about it anymore. You can still find some clues about her.”

“Yeah? What do you mean?” Reinhard is genuinely surprised.

“It is common that the client talks to that kind of prostitute at least two or three times before the first meeting. Especially for feminization purposes. The older dominas offer clothes, accessories and high heels, or just guide them on where to buy those. They don't care that much. An inexperienced one is intrigued by the process as well, with all the dirty secrets. She has probably helped the guy a lot to buy the right clothes. In some cases, they also sell their used ones.”

“I have never thought about that! I know a thing or two about cross-dressers and transgender people, but this is so specific. I mean you can read some stories online or watch hypnotizing videos, that turn you into a cuckold or a sissy. The reality of that in solving a case doesn't seem to be linked to fantasy stories and creations. I feel amazed, because I had all the information already inside my mind, but wasn't able to link those things together...”

As Reinhard talks, William's mind takes the next train of thoughts, jumps on it without any destination. The train was running in bullet speed. His brain felt the need to catch it and explore a new place, the room wasn't satisfying enough for him.

A green idyllic field with small hills, covered in fine grass. A beautiful light blue sky in the background, a bright day, but not yellowy, as if the sun had been filtered, though no single cloud is visible.

William is walking up a hill, cause he has spotted an object lying on the grass. Is it an animal? It looks peaceful, but it is struggling somehow at the same time. Is it in pain? Is it suffering?

The closer he gets, his eyes can tell what the shape of the creature looks like. It's a cone, it belongs to the mollusks family and looks certainly invertebrate, lacking a vertebral column. It could be a squid type of cephalopod, but it doesn't have eyes or any limbs. It's a cone made of soft baize color rings, looks soft and has the size of a human head. Its lower part ends like a soft ball, without any hole or any deformity. It moves on the grass as if it was suffering, as if it could only breath underwater. It doesn't look dangerous. A nautiloid without a shell or possible a slug.

As William gets even closer, it is clear, this is not a slug and it doesn't look like any creature he has seen before. It's not solid, the upper part has a huge opening, so it is basically a cone hat out of organic material. He stands on top of it, but somehow he is not afraid to touch it. It looks like a baby that needs

protection.

He lowers his body and stands above it with his knees bent. He takes a look in its insides. A marvelous contrast of colors. The creature has multiple antennas in bright blue color, starting from the inner part of his upper last ring. They form a vortex, a ruffle of tentacles, that look smooth as cotton and not dangerous at all. An inner sea anemone, but anemones are predatory creatures. Besides, this looks like the opposite of a single polyp attached to a hard surface. What is it? Is it some sort of terrestrial jellyfish? Scyphozoa are some of the oldest creatures on this planet, and we still discover new species. The fact is that one of the growing phases of all typical scyphozoa or true jellyfish, looks like that creature, during the strobilation, which is an asexual reproduction and it consists of transverse segmentation of the body. Those rings are segments. This is what scientists call a strobila, and it grows by building neck-formations. The root hairs can be typically found on jellyfish during those growing phases, and they also remain in the final forms of the creature. But they are not bright blue and they are not that many. This looks like a cross between an anemone and an unformed jellyfish larva. And it is very big, if this is indeed still a baby. This could eventually grow to the size of a lion's mane jellyfish.

Although the opening should be the mouth, William decides to touch it. The creature doesn't react. His fingers reach the upper neck ring. The blue anemones inside are waving. It feels friendly. The touch of a stranger makes the creature to put the little tentacles aside, to open a wider space inside its body. What is William thinking?

His hand starts moving and gets inside the creature's cavity. The creature doesn't react. Is it friendly? Is it a trap? William goes deeper, his entire palm is already in. His wrist follows. As the arm enters, the creature's tentacles welcome the strange fleshy object. William understands, that the creature is in need of something filling up its emptiness. Is it sexual? Is the cavity the stomach or is it a pleasure hole? Could this be his reproductive system? An entire body clean of other organs, that only fulfills the sexual needs and welcomes strangers inside.

The blue anemones start touching William's arm, as he reaches even deeper inside. His entire forearm is in, and the little tentacles caress it. They don't leave any slime, they are soft and dry. The creature is happy.

William gazes at a beautiful sunset in the background, that wasn't there before. It's even more idyllic now, the entire place is a paradise.

He would have reached the bottom of the cavity by now, but there isn't anything to touch. The anemones feel so strange as they hug his skin, as they

cuddle against his arm, his wrist. They adore it. The creature is filled up, that was its purpose...

He gets back to reality and keeps talking to Reinhard.

“You can check his account. There is a chance that they went to a female clothes store together, he might have used his credit card instead of cash. With a girl next to him, it looked like he was buying some gifts for her. Two things are possible. She took some extra money from him for helping with the purchase and for her time, or she ended up with some new clothes from the store. In that case, she tried something on, and that means, if you are lucky, someone might remember her or if they keep the security footage, you can see her face.”

Reinhard is the happiest man on earth at that very moment. William has given him a strategic plan and has partly solved the case on the spot, by staring at a few crime scene pictures.

William's delusion disappears behind the office's wall and travels away. The picture is getting smaller and smaller, like a motorized projection screen that goes away and disappears in the horizon. What did it mean? Was it symbolism? Of course the sexual organ – cavity metaphor is the obvious explanation, but why like that? This is something else. This isn't the typical type of delusional cerebration, it wasn't even connected to anything they were saying. He refuses to think of it as a pussy on a field or an empty void he needs to fill. Those are the basic primitive explanations, that some idiotic asshole psychologist would rush to give to a poor patient. The more you know, the more complicated your dreams and delusions become. This was the product of an instant connection to a female brain inside the classroom.

He says one last thing to the commissioner.

“I don't have anything against this dominant escort girl. She is also a victim and I can already imagine her reasons for her actions. I would be happy to find out more about the case. If you can inform me about the progress of your investigation, I will be glad to provide my studies and knowledge to you!”

“Mr. Jameson, I will send an official notice to the university as well, on how brilliant you are and a big thank you for helping out with the police work.”

“I would like to see some other cases from time to time and examine some evidence if you don't mind. That will help me with the next book as well.”

“You have a deal. Take my card, anything you want at any time, don't hesitate. I would like to work with you. I can arrange for a small seminar in the station, most guys need that. We have a small budget for such informative

seminars.”

For Reinhard this is a dream that came true. Finding a psychiatrist, who is willing to help him with his cases, feels like a suspense crime mystery novel, like a good movie, that begins as a thriller, only to evolve into a dramatic tale, very humane and very touching. He is currently thinking about “Se7en” and “Silence of the Lambs”.

William on the other hand thinks about “Subconscious Cruelty”. An obscure bizarre little horrifying movie, from the guy who did the cinematography for “Walled In”. William has spoken to Karim one time. He was more thrilled on promoting his next one, “Ascension”, but “Cruelty” was for William the interesting creation. It is horror poetry.

What William did in the last couple of minutes, is the foundation of the future destructive force, that will bring down a network of corruption for the years to come. Reinhard's case will not play any significant role in eliminating underground prostitution. William's descent into the darkest zones will cause irreparable damage to a large network of illegal activities. You cannot change the entire system. After all, Germany gave the OK for prostitution to be 100% legal years before. You cannot expect any big changes in a country like Germany. But he is not thinking about such crap at that very moment. He is thinking about the swamp in front of him. He sees it, it is a path. He will not be able to control it... He has to do it...

“May I keep the pictures? I know that they are probably copies.” asks William.

“I could do that, but please do not use them anywhere, cause I will be in trouble.”

“They are for my personal archive. I study crime scene evidence for years.”

Chapter 3

The Putin Mystery

The year is 1996, the month is April. The Russian climate in political terms is hot, but the weather is mildly cold, with a lot of minus Celsius grad during the night. It's a field. It used to be a forest. They have cut down most of the trees. You can see for miles. Such a beautiful landscape.

The black SUV drove up to Skachki and then the driver took a left turn. The two men in the back don't say a word to one another. Nicolai is the typical security guard, who keeps a low profile and wishes to work for the government and the president in the future. He is about 30, and his breath has a hint of vodka smell. The driver hasn't given any name to William.

William sits still, and watches the streets and homes around him from behind the window. He has little information about the case, as Nicolai hasn't given much away.

The car gets off the road and takes a smaller rocky path. William reads a sign about Leningrad "Oblast" (ЛЕНИНГРАДСКАЯ ОБЛАСТЬ), but it doesn't mean much to him. He is only there for doing his job. Nothing else. No unneeded questions.

They have about 8 hours before sundown, so they are in a hurry. The driver takes another left turn and heads for a gate. A person wearing a black coat and gloves opens the gate for them, and the driver doesn't even need to speed down. They enter the yard of a very old mansion, that looks like a royal home from the past.

The men get off the car and another guy dressed in black takes them inside the house, without saying a word.

A big building, old furniture, brown cherry wood doors, golden finishes, white walls, old 19th century chairs, a mosaic brown floor with marvelous details on all plates, glued down diagonally, in a rhombus pattern. Two staircases lead to the upper floor, but the men are heading for the back yard.

Again, the very fresh cold air of Saint Petersburg bonks their faces, as they exit the house and are heading for the garden. This used to be a beautiful arboretum during the USSR years, but now it's a mess. Nobody uses the house as residency, but it serves a purpose for government officials.

They keep walking, until they exit the former greenhouse from the other side. A couple of trees and a small pathway between them.

The forest clears up at once, a lot of empty space on this plateau, frozen ground. A small hill follows, placed somewhere parallel to the mansion and isn't visible from the main entrance or any other side.

William notices two things. A little cabin on the one side of the hill and a type of fence deep in the background, between the trees. This entire space is

the property of the family, that owned the mansion. It starts making a bit of sense for William, but doesn't know exactly what the men are up to or why they needed his help.

They reach the cabin and William sees some smoke coming from the chimney. The cabin is made out of wood and has big windows on the one side and a patio. You can observe almost the entire property from within, which is the purpose of the building in the first place.

Two men are inside, the one is holding binoculars and looks like he is searching for something from behind the windows. The other guy is drinking a hot beverage near the old stove, the source of heat for the entire wooden structure.

The guy with the binoculars sees the men and especially William. He heads immediately towards him. William recognizes him. He looks much younger, but his face is so familiar from the news and newspapers. He is the person, who now rules the country for the last twenty something years. At that point in time, he was still not the ruler. The events that had followed during the next couple of months, made him what he is today. Was he important back then? Yes, he was the First Deputy Chairman of Saint Petersburg, and was heading for the very top.

The guy speaks English. Although not perfect, he doesn't make any mistakes and doesn't have a heavy accent.

“Good day Mr. Jameson, glad you are here. We have to search the entire place for my two daughters. I have lost them since the morning, and I need to travel to Moscow tonight.”

“Good day to you Pervyy zamestitel' predsedatelya. Do you think it might have been a kidnapping? Do you fear for the worst?”

The Russian Chairman is very calm and is not afraid to talk about dead girls, if he had to. But no, they are still alive. He knows who is responsible for the whole thing.

“Let's say it is some sort of kidnapping by a person very close to me. We need to keep it to ourselves for now. I cannot handle the confrontation, and I don't want any of my men involved. I need someone from outside our circle to locate and talk to him. I want my girls to be safe...”

“I understand very well. I need a plan and some information.”

“Oleg will help you with everything, but please be careful. I don't want any bad publicity, I want a solution within the next few hours.”

"I will do my best sir!"

William sees himself walking on the cold ground inside the property with Oleg and Nicolai. There are parts that are icy. The roots of some of the trees from the old forest are still there.

Usually, he works with detailed information, especially when the case involves young 10-year old girls. He is holding two pictures of them in his hands. It's not for recognizing them, but for understanding their characters and keeping that in his head. He knows what he is dealing with, even though the Chairman hasn't said a word. It is clear what he has to do.

William opens his eyes. There were more details, as usual. But they weren't significant, like with the dreams that really shake him. One thing is in his mind.

He opens the laptop and opens up a browser. He likes Chrome for simple Google searches.

Yes, he has two daughters, maybe a third one as well. William has never read about them in his entire life, no article, not even by chance. He had no idea if that guy was married, if he had children. How could it be so accurate? Even the year, the situation, everything was actually plausible, has this happened for real? But how would he know? How does his brain connects non-existing dots and information, he has never heard about before? It doesn't even matter if the whole thing happened for real or not. That is not the point in this case. He wishes he knew more about what happened afterwards. He wishes he had the information. He wishes that he could read about that somewhere online. Has he experienced it? Has he seen it? Is it possible, that he doesn't simply remember what followed?

He is still in the dark part of the room. This wasn't a dream, it was something else, something that rarely happens. His brain has repeated the dream he had last night in full detail, and then his own actions, after he woke up. This was a re-run...

The camera is on. Adrianna needs a signal to begin. William spells out a single "yes" and the girl stops moving or even breathing. She is sitting on a couch. She is wearing the exact same clothes as the guy in drag in the pictures, that Reinhard has given to William. The details and colors don't matter, but they look close enough. Even the boot heels.

Adrianna has a transparent plastic sheet over her head. It is a plastic bag,

exactly like the one, that Mika had over his head. There are two lights inside the room, dimmed and cleverly located at the right front of the couch, where Adrianna is sitting on, with one in the back, far left from her. There is a cool reflection on the plastic material, as her slight breath has turned it into a foggy environment. It is a strong image for the camera. William is looking at the live re-creation, but also takes a brief look on the little monitor screen from time to time. He likes the framing.

Why is he doing it? Why getting back to the one thing that destroyed his career? Because now it is different. It's elevated. It is a safe recreation of a morbid moment in time, but it is done in a more artistic way, and it only serves as the starting point for the entire video.

Silia plays the important part in this little production. She is a true Shibari veteran, a master. She is in her early 30's, but she has already managed to collect years of experience so far. She loves it, but if you ask her, she cannot explain it with plain words. She is not just a dominant persona, she is not the typical sexually aroused dominatrix, she is not a prostitute. She sees herself as an artist, and rarely makes money out of her Shibari art, only during some major events and shows, organized by people she trusts. Silia owns a small shop, partly retail selling clothes, but shop also means workshop for her. She shows great artisanship in latex fabrication, from design to finish. She creates kinky skirts and all-suits or tops, but she hates hearing the word "kinky". She avoids some of the words in general, that usually describe the whole fetish. Those terms make everything sound and feel smaller than they are inside her soul. She thinks highly of her art, and she is fascinated by latex as a material. Handmade latex clothes in the right sizes and shapes are appreciated by fetishists and cosplayers, who are willing to spend between 100 and 300 € for each creation. That helps Silia to have spare time for Shibari.

"To tie decoratively" is what Shibari translates to. Why does Silia prefer this word over Kinbaku, the beauty of tight binding? There isn't a single explanation for that. Shibari for some is dirtier and safer at the same time, but the roots of how it got spread in Europe remain unknown. Those westerners are the ones, who prefer Shibari over Kinbaku, as it refers more to the art of binding, excluding the ritualistic nature of the experience. Kinbaku is the connection, the sexual pleasure, the relationship between the master and the slave. Japanese practitioners don't see it that way. Words lose their true meaning in translation. Sometimes it is just a feeling, sometimes a word connected to a specific place and period. Like the word "Fräulein", the unmarried German lady, that has completely disappeared from the vocabulary

of contemporary Germans. A number 1 American pop-country hit song from 1957 hasn't helped much with the reputation of the word on top of any other connection with World War II. The word Frau on the other hand is being used by southern Europeans a lot, for describing a dominant strong woman, who can bring order to a place, while it is also mocking the relationship between Germany and those countries at the same time. There is no way to explain idioms. You have to be in the same joke with everybody else, to understand those. Shibari is art, Kinbaku is sexual, that is how Silia understands it.

William met Silia online. She was active on a Facebook page about Shibari and the pictures on her profile were visible. A picture album was offering examples of her clothing line and some presentations she did on small stages and clubs. She also had some portraits of models wearing her clothes, with positive "thank you" comments on the side. That means, that she is not a prostitute or a fetish model, she is a true artist. The other albums on her profile showed a different side of her. She has professional photographs from bondage shows, as she was exhibiting the Shibari art in front of an audience. She was the rigger, with the help of another guy, who looked more experienced in the field. The model's face wasn't visible in the pictures, but not intentionally, the focus was on Silia and on the bonding technique. William compared both albums. Silia looks like a totally different person on stage. Her eyes are a true mystery, the expression on her face could have been a subject of an entire study. She wasn't just living the moment, she was the inspiring master, the caring master, the powerful leader, the trusted partner. Was she sexually aroused? William had the chance to get in deep conversations with her, after they befriended one another. He had the right questions for her, but she didn't have all the answers. It wasn't lack of knowledge or superficial connection with the art of Shibari. It was just that nobody has asked her such questions before. Constant transactions and practice with people of your own kind eliminate the need for research. It never brings you to the position of having to explain your art. Famous artists experience a decline of inspiration with time, because their interactions become limited. Signing autographs at conventions, where your companion sitting next to you acts only as a cashier and a shark for autograph money, transforms the artist into an object and creates distance between him and his audience. Successful musicians don't have groupies anymore, because corporations took over and are guarding the time a fan has available for an autograph or a picture, they cannot even bring their own creations anymore as gifts to their favorite artists, that were inspired by those musicians themselves. Life becomes lonely, loneliness destroys motivation. An artist needs to

communicate with his audience all the time and also needs to talk to people outside his own circle.

Silia was pleasantly surprised by William. She had the chance for the first time to talk about her passion, to describe the fine print between the lines, to locate some of the answers. Those answers created a strong connection between them, an appreciation, respect. Their first hug was that of two old friends, who finally meet after years apart. That happens a lot in William's life.

Silia is free to perform. She reaches Adrianna and touches her breast. She stands over her and gives a ritualistic kiss on the plastic bag over Adrianna's forehead. The lipstick mark is visible on the monitor screen. She is holding a hemp rope, a jute.

A helper, who remains out of frame, takes Adrianna's boot off. He is a male and has worked with Silia in the past. He is wearing black clothes and a black ski mask, not for hiding his identity, but rather for blending in as a shadow. He carefully removes Adrianna's skirt, with a little help from her. Adrianna manages to stay in her role as a non-moving corpse and relaxes her body in the right places for the clothes to easily come off.

Apart from the one camera on the tripod, another person is capturing the scene from a different angle. This one is a co-worker of William, although this is the first video they do together. For him, it is unclear how erotic might become or how William is going to use it. He is a semi-professional cameraman, who doesn't ask many questions. He goes by the name Frank, a 30 something guy from a small city near Cologne. Frank also works as a photographer and was able to show about 2.000 pictures of artistic nude poses of girls, that he has taken, to William. "Akt" Photography, as it is known in Germany, is not something unusual, but William liked his approach with lighting and shadows in most of the photos. No heavy Photoshop, no softening of the skin, that is what counts. William has a great knowledge of photography and video art. He has only set one simple rule. They need to shoot raw video, no codecs, nothing compressed. The best possible quality. Every single frame is basically a raw photograph, with full range in contrast, colors and an incredible amount of information.

Silia removes the plastic bag. Adrianna can breathe freely now, but doesn't make any type of reaction. For her, this is a role, it is a performance. She is an object. Silia leaves the rope on the couch, and takes a gag ball with leather straps and places it over Adrianna's mouth. She forces the mouth to open gently but vigorously, and then locks it behind her head. She doesn't normally use gag balls, as they are mostly connected to BDSM, but William specifically

asked for it.

Silia takes the rope and bends it in half, thus creating a noose on one side. She wraps it once around Adrianna's body and passes the working end of the rope through the noose. The so-called bite is now on top over the breast, there is a middle wrap and the rest of the rope hangs down. She makes a double knot and then wraps the rope twice around the body a second time, just above Adrianna's waist line. By passing the working end behind the vertical connecting section of the rope, she is able to create another knot with the second wrapping. She then wraps the vertical part a couple of times tightly and creates a third middle wrap over the body, between the other two wraps. The rope length ends there. She grabs a second one and creates a knot at the end of the first. She passes it underneath the vertical stem and makes a complicated knot in the middle, before bringing it back to the top wrap. The bite comes over the running end a couple of times. She repeats it with Adrianna's hip, before moving on to each leg. Some of the binding edges look a bit like slipknots.

Silia creates the pillow tie with Adrianna's hands and she brings them behind her back. She would normally do the "Hishi Back Web" for suspension purposes, but William wanted to keep the whole show minimalistic. Silia is a good "Rope Top", but an average Rigger, with intermediate skills. She feels more secure with standard bonding, than with complex web types. After watching the documentary "Bakushi" a couple of years ago, all she dreams about is to become a "Nawashi"- a master of the rope like the great Japanese masters. She has asked for some mountaineering carabiners to be hanged from well-screwed rods from the ceiling, because safety is for her the most important issue.

While Silia starts pulling Adrianna's body off the couch, William indicates to Frank to get some close ups of the eyes of both girls. He has a separate wireless monitor screen, that shows the second camera's framing. He starts focusing more on that camera, as he needs to see the eyes and to give some instructions to Frank.

William doesn't understand the need for restriction, submission, sadism and lust through pain. Silia's eyes are lost in another dimension. She doesn't react at all, she doesn't experience any sort of known pleasure. But there is something in those eyes at that very moment, that looks different from any other type of activity. It is an unknown territory for most people, even for psychiatrists or psychologists. This type of art or ritual hasn't been examined much. None of the practitioners ever complain or talk about their fetishes to

psychologists. They are satisfied with their lifestyle, they don't fall into depression and they don't feel any sort of guilt. Guilt doesn't exist in the BDSM world, nobody really knows why. What part of the brain is in charge of such specific activities? There was a connection in the past, between rich / blue-bloods and sadomasochistic behavior, in their search for pleasure, as they couldn't get any from normal typical, so-called "vanilla" actions. William hates the word vanilla, it describes normal boring sex or romance or love, but only among those, who think it is cool to be kinky, perverted or practicing a fetish or two. The reason he hates it, is because it describes something very terrible at the same time, the need of those individuals to find a purpose in their boring life. They think highly of sex. It's an indication, that their brain hasn't reached a higher level, they believe that sex is the most important joy an adult can have and the only type of memory you can keep for your elder years. Living means fucking for most people out there...

The thought is repeated inside William's mind, every time he deals with a sexual activity. We support and we feed the ultimate error inside the electrical circuit of the human body, the command that is constantly misinterpreted since ancient times, the simple instruction inside the DNA to reproduce ourselves. That is the only important thing for Nature. All creatures should reproduce themselves, so that life can continue. Obviously the ecosystem of animals and insects is important for fertilizing the land, spreading the seeds of trees and flowers, but what does that even mean? Does the earth as a planet dictate orders to all creatures? Is there a pervert god out there, that has supposedly created entities, only to watch them fuck one another and then make babies? Who has given the sweet aspect of pleasure during intercourse, the motivation for doing the act? Is it Mother Nature? Do we all serve one giant creature god, like parasites and bacteria on it and inside of it? Sex is sweet, babies are cute, that is a lot of bullshit for believing that there is a purpose in life or for believing in a superb power, an master maker that could be called the creator. By accepting any religion, you simply admit to yourself, that you are a parasite. You serve a purpose in the ecosystem, you eat, shit and reproduce, or you mix those activities at the same time based on your free will, and for what? For memories? For the earth to survive? The Universe doesn't even know that something exists on this stupid little planet, and if it ever finds out, it will probably decide to exterminate it immediately. Dreaming big and hoping that you will conquer science or colonize another planet is at least a healthy purpose for a parasite. Focusing on how to make money and getting sexual pleasure is despicable and contemptible, it only proves that you are filth, a

piece of crap. So, what happens to those, who go a step further and specify their needs, create imaginary worlds and situations with fetishes, with rituals? Is it a step up or a boost down?

William is torturing himself with such thoughts, every time he has to deal with dilemmas about sex. Overthinking you might call it, but is it? The more you learn, the more you search every day, the less you think of simple “pleasures”. Whipping idolaters during the Christian booming years could be described as a fetish. Crossing Christian crusaders in old Japan might be the beginning of BDSM practices. Christians used to burn witches in Salem, that was also a fetish for the small-cock pedophile priests of that era. Bonding a person with rope and burning candles over him or her, those practices have the same roots in the brain. They derive from the same need. They are expressed differently. But how the hell are those connected? The answer isn't simple and obviously doesn't destroy any fetish, cause proclivity isn't a crime. DNA is the criminal force behind all. The remains of chains of information in the brain's hard drive, that confuse your will. We carry the memories of our ancestors, but they are not intact, they are stored in hidden folders and they are trashy leftovers of old files, that could not be deleted. As it happens in the computer world, only the smallest files can be located and saved after the recovery of a dead hard drive. The big files are doomed. You get a thumbnail of a picture you love, a corrupted text, with the final lines missing, boring system DLL files and unknown types, that cannot be opened. “Notepad” presents a long text with confusing letters and numbers, if you try to open them as text. That is our DNA, ghost garbage of the past. Your answers to life's most important questions are retarded and useless. Sex is pleasure, food is a need, sleep is good, money is the goal, death is hateful. The system doesn't have a cleaner, only an antivirus, one of those, that were only made to make the company richer. Programs that create more problems to your relative healthy system. DNA works fine as long as we leave it untouched, but the moment you start searching for answers, you introduce a tremendous amount of problems to your system, until you decide to format and delete everything. Most people only try to heal it by installing program after program, one for locating the Trojan horses, one for cleaning the bugs, one for the bad update and so on. Those programs are religions, beliefs, ideology, political views. You buy an iPhone every year, but you are not willing to throw your own system out of the window for purchasing a new one. You live in your own pile of filth, and you build on it, a trashy skyscraper made out of moldy rusty fragments.

Silia doesn't look at anyone in the room. Adrianna can't see where the

camera or William are, but looks around from time to time. She is happy that people watch her suffering naked, the idea arouses her. A victim-playing role, humiliation, but very safe at the same time. She is imagining the whole thing as her fictional reality. These people could have been bad people. Masochists have great imagination, probably wider than the sadists. They use it even during their acts. Have you ever asked a human table, what it thinks about? While on all fours, while some heavy feet or legs are on its back, while a tray with porcelain cups balance on its spine, does it think it's only furniture? And interesting common practice, the so-called "furniphilia". Do those people think they are dogs or pets? Are you naive? Those answers do not cover the spectrum. Some human tables enjoy the stillness, while others have a need to serve. Some electric sheep count humans before falling to sleep, some see one-eyed monsters and some are counting ones and zeros. Some masturbate their circuits for relaxing them and some cannot sleep, unless everything is pitch dark in absolute dead silence. And there are a few of them out there, that can sleep at any given time they want. Those are divided into two categories, the really dumb simplistic ones and the exact opposite, the complicated sophisticated intelligent ones. The only real indication about what you are, is how you fall asleep. Does it take a minute or two, does it take a full hour, or can you just disappear in the dream world directly? And if so, you need to find out if you are a complete moron or a genius.

William's brain is fighting against a huge traffic jam of thoughts. That's what he's been missing for so long, while not recording sessions or re-enactments. Especially set-up scenes. Those provide more room to think, to talk to himself. He needs it. He needs those fantasy court room appointments, where he can defend human kind or can fight against billions of humans. William is an alien. That is the only way to describe such a person. He has moved away from his species, he doesn't belong to this planet, this world. He observes everything exactly as an alien life form. The more he knows and learns, the less he really knows about humans. Watching Silia means the world to him, cause her eyes are the window to a new planet, to an unknown undiscovered place. Watching Adrianna on the other hand, makes him a terrorist for upcoming bombings inside the minds of other humans. Adrianna is experiencing a mild controlled pleasure, a satisfaction. Silia is experiencing a divine chaos.

As Adrianna is held up high by the rope, the background becomes bright and reveals a beautiful web made of rope. The blue and red lights create a stunning image.

Another person inside the room gets closer to the camera. The image attracts that person, the curiosity about what the lens is capturing. William notices and leaves the wireless monitor down. The wide shot from the camera on the tripod is purely artistic and shows why Shibari is art.

The person next to him feels excited. William focuses on her eyes. She looks at him with a smile, she is happy and obviously turned on. She touches his hand, but what she wants to do is to hug him. She doesn't know him that well yet, she is afraid of doing something stupid.

Frank packs the camera in the carrying bag. He removes the lens, puts the cap on, removes two cables and then the SSD hard drive. He hands it immediately to William. William thanks him. The girls are also packing their stuff. They have finished.

William is satisfied with the result. He grabs Sandra's arm, as a gesture in return to her own before. She held back, she took her hand away out of fear of disappointing him. She doesn't need to hold back or to feel afraid around him. She can express herself the way she wants. Sandra feels like a little kid, who went to Disneyland and now can hold hands with her father figure or her boyfriend. She doesn't know yet, what this man means to her. She is just happy...

William thinks about the old mansion in Russia for a moment. What does it mean? Is it symbolic for an upcoming event, that is about to happen to him in the near future? Where is the connection?

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THE DARKEST NOTHING

ALGOLAGNIA

After the discovery of the dead body of a crossdresser inside "her" apartment, that looks suspiciously like a suicide, criminal police commissioner Reinhard Engelmann seeks out the help of a psychiatrist, who specializes in new types of prostitution and criminal behavior within underground sexual & BDSM circles. William Jameson is teaching psychology at the University of Witten, in Germany. Their meeting introduces the commissioner to a different type of crime scene analysis and helps him to solve an involuntary manslaughter without any existing clues. The crime scene photographs become the reason for William to recover a project, he hasn't touched for a long time. He was always recording all the sessions he had with his patients and was using the audio to re-create the stories and the delusions on film with the help of a crew and actors.

The collaboration with the commissioner will soon reach a deeper level, after a hideous gruesome crime in a dungeon whorehouse, where a middle-age man is found with his entire chest opened and his rib cage broken. The only indication is that the murderer is a female. With the help of William, the commissioner investigates cold cases of crimes in Germany in the last two years. William's fascination with the new crime brings him face to face with old demons, the reason that he lost his license in Holland, after his female patient with the code name "Judy" was found dead in a forest.



Filip Halo is a film director, editor, actor and special effects artist, who lives in Germany. This is the first novel of his "DARKEST NOTHING" series of books and movies, and also the beginning of the long journey for the psychiatrist William Jameson.

You can find more information about the series and the films of the psychiatrist, based on his sessions with the patients online at www.darkestnothing.com and on Amazon after June 2019. You can also check ScaREcraw's real blog online.

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