

— November 8th. 1923. Bürgerbräukeller Beer Hall, 10:20 P.M. —

Aigis and Oswald were invited to a separate beer hall this time. Hitler had told the two to come at a very late time for a reason he only gave as a “secret plan”. A bunch of men in suits cowered by the walls and corners of the beer hall. Almost all of the Nazis in the beer hall meeting surrounded the center table of the hall. Aigis and Oswald were having an arm wrestling competition. Oswald’s body was covered in sweat and he had a determined look on his face. For a female psychokinetic, Aigis had a deceptively strong grip, which was overpowering Oswald. Oswald let out a growl as his muscles began to weaken. He pushed as hard as he could against Aigis.

“Come on, Oswald! Don’t lose to the Greenie!” Schultz screamed at him from behind.

“You go this, Aigis!” A random World War I vet yelled, his armband slipping.

Oswald let out a grunt and put his last bit of strength into his hand. He was able to force Aigis’ hand down. But the young blonde had a trick up her sleeve. Her free hand was resting on her thigh, out of view from everyone. She waved a few fingers. At that moment, Oswald paused. He completely forgot what he was doing. The confusion lasted for only a second, but it was enough time for Aigis to slam his hand onto the table. The beer hall erupted into a raucous cheer, the Nazis jumping up and down. Aigis leaned back in her chair, soaking in the victory.

“Again?” Oswald whined. A random party member pointed with his armband-clad arm.

“Drink up, Oswald.” He laughed, clearly drunk. Oswald sighed and poured himself a shot of whiskey. He looked at the amber liquid before closing his eyes and throwing his head back. He swallowed the bitter alcohol. Oswald lost about four other matches, and every time he had to take a shot. His brown hair started to become messy and he could barely keep his head up.

“You may win this round, commander monkey,” He slurred, hiccuping in the process.
“But the Volkmann Empire will prevail in the end!”

Aigis stood up. “I’m going to give Oswald a break. I kind of feel bad for beating him so many times in a row. I don’t want to embarrass him too much.”

The other members of the party surrounded Oswald and began talking to him. Meanwhile, Aigis walked over to the stage area where Hitler was sitting. He had finished his speech for the night early and was sitting there, enjoying the company of the beer hall. Aigis sat in the chair next to him.

“You and Oswald have become really close with the party.” Hitler commended.

“At first, I wasn’t sure about you guys. But after learning we all served in the war, it’s just a place for us all to come together.”

Hitler nodded, looking wistfully in the distance. Aigis took notice.

“It just sickens me how Germany’s come to this. The people have no respect. No willpower. The Treaty of Versailles has completely defanged us. Jews, Communists, the Psychokinetics. It was all an inside job.” The man spat, saliva flying from his mouth as he spewed utter hatred for those groups.

“How do you think the Psychokinetics were responsible?” She asked curiously. Aigis had gotten used to him ranting about Psychokinetics once or twice in the past, but never got a clear read on his opinions. Hitler readjusted his position in his seat.

“Some people believe that the Psychokinetics played a part in Germany’s loss during the war. They say they used some sort of magic to aid the allies.”

Aigis propped both elbows on her knees, leaning forward. “Do you believe that?”

He chuckled. It was a deep and guttural laugh, but not one of malice. “Yes, but not for the reason most people think. I think they used their mysterious nature to invoke paranoia, which forced the Kaiser’s hand to draw military force away from the front lines to deal with them. Sadly, the plan worked. But soon, they’ll pay for their transgressions against our great nation.”

Aigis nodded along with his rantings. Hitler took a deep breath. Aigis could tell that he was calming himself down. His body was shaking with rage. She could tell he loved Germany with a passion. And hated those against it with an even greater passion.

“It’d be better for their sakes too. A much more appealing world than what Vergil could ever plan.”

“You said part of the reason you did work for the Golden Battalion was because of him?”

Aigis looked away and out through the night window. “I was literally born to be his puppet. He hit me, yelled at me, groomed my stepmom, cheated on and killed my mother. He wanted to turn me into a psychic killing machine so he could overthrow the world without having to lift a finger. Only he would try to revive a doomed race for his power fantasy.”

“What happened to him, if you don’t mind me asking?”

Aigis paused for a few moments. Hitler patiently awaited her answer, giving her time to collect her thoughts. She finally found the words she was looking for.

“Found him in Berlin trying to escape the country. Put a bullet through his head, and he was never seen or heard from again.”

Hitler didn’t speak, knowing Aigis needed a moment. Aigis slammed her fist on her thigh in frustration.

“It’s funny. Even though I don’t regret my decision, a part of me feels like... like I made a mistake. He was a terrible man, and the world is better off without him. But sometimes I wonder if I could’ve thrown him in jail. Let him rot away in a prison cell for the rest of his life.”

Hitler stroked his chin. “Did anyone else know about your mother’s murder?”

Aigis shook her head. Hitler nodded. “He would’ve evaded justice had you let him live. You did the right thing, Aigis.”

Hitler stood up and placed his hand on Aigis’ shoulder. Aigis looked up at him. She was annoyed at herself for second-guessing her decision. Aigis was never the type to have doubt in her mind. Hitler had a small grin on his face. She took a deep breath, clearing her head. Aigis was thankful for Hitler helping her get her mind off the subject. She smiled. Aigis didn’t want to think about her father anymore. He was dead and gone now. She was with her new clan now. A clan that had accepted her and treated her like family.

“Your kind words genuinely mean a lot to me.”

“Once the secret plan goes into effect tomorrow, you’ll be one of the first to see the new Germany.”

“What is this ‘secret plan’? You keep telling me about it.” Aigis questioned curiously. Hitler grinned cryptically.

“You’ll see what it is tomorrow. Trust me, it’ll be glorious.”

Aigis looked over to the center table and stood up. “I should probably take Oswald back to the inn before we destroy his liver.” Aigis sighed, walking over to the inebriated Oswald. She picked up his limp, giggling body and propped his arm over the back of her neck.

“Is it his first time drinking?” Hitler asked.

“Oh yeah. A lightweight, too.”

“Then I won’t keep you two. I’ll pay for your hotel room tonight.”

“Thank you again, Herr Hitler!” Aigis waved, prying one arm away from Oswald. She stumbled through the night streets of Munich. Thankfully, the inn wasn’t that far from the beer hall. Oswald was practically passed out when they entered the inn. Aigis threw him onto the bed.

“I’m king of the world! Look at me, I can flyyyy!!” Oswald slurred, waving his arms in the air. Aigis couldn't help but chuckle.

Aigis plopped herself down on her own bed, kicking her feet up and relaxing her back.

“You sure can, buddy. You sure can.”