

Note: Reichsführer-SS (Lit: National Leader of the SS) was the commanding rank of the entire Schutzstaffel. The longest holder of this title was Heinrich Himmler from 1929.

— June 29th, 1934. Reich Chancellery, 7:00 P.M. —

Aigis had been summoned by Hitler for what he only called an “urgent matter”. She noticed that he would also use that language to get him chocolate or to reel her into one of his famed pranks on her again. Either way, she figured it couldn’t hurt to go see him and find out what he wanted. When she entered the Chancellery building, after a bit of searching, she found Hitler and Himmler in his office. There was a screen and a projector, and it seemed the two of them were watching a movie. Hitler looked nervous, clutching his popcorn bucket while Himmler seemed more annoyed. Aigis looked at the screen and noticed that there was an angry man in front of a dog. The man kicked the dog, which made Hitler throw his popcorn bucket in anger. Some popcorn flew into Himmler’s glasses.

“Himmler, what the HELL!” Hitler screamed. “You told me the animal cruelty part was over!”

“I said I *thought* it was over,” Himmler groaned, wiping off his glasses. “It’s been a couple of years when I last saw this movie—”

“It doesn’t matter how good this movie is! Watching that man abuse that dog is a form of torture!”

Himmler placed his glasses in the light of the projector to check if the lenses were smudged. He put them back on. “But he’s the *bad guy*. That’s the point of his character. He’s supposed to enrage you.”

“Bad guy...” Hitler murmured to himself in a low grumble. “Subhuman filth like that has no place in our country. I dare animal abusers to show their ugly faces in this country.”

Aigis hesitantly knocked on the door frame. “You... called for me, Chancellor?”

Hitler quickly stood up, brushing off his jacket. “Ah, Aigis. You came at a wonderful time.”

“What did you want to talk to me about?”

“Come to my desk and we’ll talk about it.”

As Aigis followed Hitler to his desk, he pointed toward Himmler.

“Watch the rest of that movie while we talk. I need to know when to look away and for how long.”

“Whatever you say.” Himmler rolled his eyes as he sat back down, watching the film again. Hitler sat in his chair. He gestured to the chair in front of him, motioning for Aigis to sit in it. She sat down, placing her hands on her lap. She noticed how red his face was.

“Have you been... crying?” Aigis asked, trying to hide the concern in her voice.

Hitler cleared his throat and tried to compose himself. He took a deep breath and tried to speak with a straight face.

“It’s nothing. The movie just really got to me,” Hitler cleared his throat. “I have some big news for you.”

Aigis readjusted her posture in the dark-brown wooden chair. “I’m listening.”

Hitler looked to the window, where the sun turned the sky into a golden orange hue. He stared for a while, and his expression seemed to brighten. He turned his head back to her, his smile now genuine.

“Tomorrow marks a glorious day. Everyone who has undermined us, our ideals, our goals. Everyone who stood against us shall be erased. And the German people will look to us as their righteous leaders who led them out of a crippled, failing nation.”

Aigis folded her hands on his desk. “So what did you call *me* for?”

Hitler stood up from his chair and started pacing around the room strategically.

“Himmler, Heydrich, Goering and I have been planning an operation to take out Röhm, the SA leadership, as well as everyone who had posed themselves as our enemies. We’ll release the SS, the SD and the Gestapo on all the traitors in a surprise attack. Tomorrow night, we will end the threat and secure the future of our nation,” He preached, keeping his voice generally low in a calculating vengeance. “That said, there is one thing left to plan, and only you can carry it out.”

Aigis lifted her head to meet with the chancellor’s eyes. He gave her a piercing glare brimming with malice, but none directed towards her.

“I want you to kill Dieter Heinrich.”

Aigis blinked. She didn’t think she heard that right.

“Come again?”

“I need you to go find Dieter Heinrich and kill him.” Hitler repeated, his voice becoming slightly impatient. Aigis removed her hands from Hitler’s desk and leaned back in her chair. She felt the blood drain from her face, and got a little dizzy.

“With all due respect, chancellor, Dieter Heinrich no longer holds any political power. In fact, we haven’t heard from him in nearly a year. He’s probably gone back home to his family where he belongs.”

Hitler scoffed. “Heinrich’s response to my decisions was... unnerving. Instead of just sticking to his place, he protested. He used his loud voice to rile up his people. He defied the party. He defied ME.” He continued to pace around the room, lost in his own train of thought. With every pace, his feet dug into the carpeted floor. His body visibly grew tense.

“But why would it be necessary to kill him if we already humiliated him?” Aigis inquired. Hitler went to his window, this time looking down upon the city.

“Men like Heinrich don’t give up. What makes him dangerous to us is that his voice has an effect. Though very small, some Psychokinetic insurrectionists have begun to protest. If Dieter Heinrich were to die, their beacon of light would be stamped out, and they’d go right back to being timid insects.”

Aigis looked down to the toes of her shiny black-leather boots. Sure, Dieter Heinrich’s incessant advocating for PK Rights annoyed her to no end. She thought he was leading them down a path of pain and destruction if they embraced their heritage. Silencing him had always been something she took pleasure in whenever she got the opportunity. He was no longer a threat to her, as he’d given up on his crusade for justice. What would be the point in killing him?

Hitler returned to his gaudy chair and sat back down in it. He lounged in the seat like an emperor reveling in his throne.

“How you do it is of no concern to me,” He explained further. “But the harder it is to trace his murder back to us, the better things will go for us.”

Aigis grasped at her tie in tension. She covered up her nerves by pretending to adjust it. “Where do I even find him?”

“I’ve heard reports from my men that Dieter Heinrich has returned to the Reichstag. They said he arrived a couple of days ago, and all he ever does is sit in his old seat in meditation. The only times he ever leaves that spot is to either use the bathroom or to grab himself some food. You’ll likely find him there.”

“Why not send the Honor Guard to just shoot him and get it over with?” Aigis spat, hoping the disdain in her voice could hide the unease she felt.

“While I certainly could, he’s a Psychokinetic. The Honor Guard is security, not a team of elite soldiers. Besides, between your PK powers and natural dowsing ability, killing him should be an extremely simple task for you,” He explained. He then turned his chair to look at a map of Germany posted above his head. “Return to me once you are done.”

Aigis stood up and extended a right arm to salute him. “Yes, Chancellor.”

Hitler lifted a hand, signaling her to be at ease. Aigis brought both arms to her side and marched out of the Reich Chancellery. She was a lot less eager to go than when she was still just collecting books.