

Sturmführer (Lit: Storm Leader) is a Nazi paramilitary rank. In the SA, it is two ranks above Scharführer and is roughly the equivalent of a lieutenant.

— *April 4th, 1927. Munich Banquet Hall, 6:59 P.M.* —

Aigis and Oswald had attended a banquet Hitler was holding. The venue was located in a hall that was rented out by the party. Many men and women of different statuses were all gathered together and chatting away. Aigis noticed another man sitting at the table with her, Oswald and Hitler. He had short hair, round-frame glasses, and a very thin mustache. He wore a brown SA uniform, but also had on a black hat. He also seemed to have an uncharacteristically serious look on his face. Aigis felt like she had seen him around party meetings before, but never interacted with him before.

Hitler noticed Aigis trying to figure out who he was, so he swallowed his food and set down his fork. “I don’t think you two have met. This is Heinrich Himmler. He’s in the Schutzstaffel.”

Aigis had heard of the Schutzstaffel, or the SS before. From what Hitler told her, he created it to be his personal bodyguard unit, as he distrusted the SA to do the job.

“SA Sturmführer Aigis Schumacher,” Aigis reached over the table to shake his hand. “Pleasure to meet you, sir.”

Himmler nodded in respect, and shook her hand. “Likewise. The Führer has told me a lot about you.”

“He has?” Aigis smiled. Unlike Vergil, Hitler seemed not to mind being seen in public around Aigis. It seemed like he was proud to have someone as strong and loyal as her as a member of his party.

“Of course. He calls you his adoptive daughter. He’s also told me about the good work you’ve done for the Golden Battalion.”

“So you already know about me being a PK?”

“It’s an open secret among the party. We just make sure the general public doesn’t.”

Himmler then shook Oswald’s hand and the two exchanged a greeting.

“You know,” Hitler chuckled before he could even say it. “Himmler’s the nerd of the party. He just loves occult stuff.”

Himmler scoffed. “So are you. You’ve been ranting about finding the Holy Lance for how long now?”

“They’re saying it may be somewhere here in Germany. If we can get our hands on it, it’ll bring us eternal victory.”

Aigis crossed her arms. It seemed like everyone in the Nazi party had a fanatical obsession with the supernatural. It was kind of funny to see.

“Herr Himmler, I’m curious,” Aigis brought up. “How much of Psychokinetic lore do you know?”

Himmler dabbed his mouth with his napkin and took a drink of wine before answering. “Sometimes, the Führer lets me borrow a few of the books you brought back to him a couple of years back. I must admit, they are fascinating reads. Especially my newest discovery.”

“I’m intrigued.” Aigis leaned forward, placing her elbows on the table. Himmler took off his glasses, wiped them clean, and put them back on. He then took a deep breath, and began to speak.

“It’s a phenomenon that whatever happens to the PK population in Europe is an indicator as to what’ll happen to the global PK population. For example, the population declined greatly

by the 17th century. The world then saw a massive global decrease in a finding dated about 50 years ago. I call it the Psychokinetic Effect.”

“Interesting.” Aigis took a sip. She kept that in mind. If her work to prevent new psychokinetics from popping up worked as well as she hoped, then the progress in Europe would help the world in the long run. She turned to Oswald. The man had been silent the whole dinner, meekly taking sips of water and eating his food.

“Oswald, are you alright?” Aigis asked with concern. Oswald brushed his hair off to the side and inhaled.

“Everyone. I have some big news.” He began, his cheeks preemptively blushing. Everyone stopped what they were doing and focused their attention on him. Oswald grabbed his glass of water and stood up. He took a big gulp, set it down, and took a deep breath. Then, he announced, loud and proud:

“I’m getting married!” Aigis almost spit out her drink, but managed to keep herself from making a mess. She, Hitler and Himmler looked at each other, then at Oswald, then at each other again. Aigis then jumped up and hugged Oswald, screaming.

“Oswald! I’m so happy for you!” She said, her voice full of joy. Hitler got up and patted him on the back, looking upon him like a proud father.

“You’re a good man, Volkmann. I wish you and your bride-to-be the best of luck.”

Himmler went up and shook Oswald’s hand.

“I know I just met you, but if you want to throw a good bachelor party, I’ll see what I can do.”

The rest of the night continued as everyone cheered for Oswald’s great news.