



LEGENDS OF THE LOW LANDS:
ICE MAIDEN

By

Anita Verkerk

© copyright May 2006, Anita Verkerk
Cover art by Kat Richards, © copyright May 2006
ISBN 1-58608-916-1
New Concepts Publishing
Lake Park, GA 31636
www.newconceptspublishing.com

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are of the author's imagination and not to be confused with fact. Any resemblance to living persons or events is merely coincidence.

Chapter 1

"*Dick's Prick stolen! Need your URGENT help. Love, Gran,*" Cedric Winter read aloud.

Lizzy Rumbolds moaned softly, turned over to her other side, and slept on.

Taking a seat on the bedside, Cedric tapped Lizzy on her arm. "Lizzy, wake up. There's a postcard for you. It looks alarming."

Lizzy groaned. "I wanna sleep. Got a headache."

Cedric grinned. "Bad wine after all, hey? Told you so."

He put the card down next to Lizzy's chestnut long curls, jumped to his feet and sprinted to the bedroom door.

"I'll brew you a strong coffee, we'll discuss the card and make sizzling love after that," he announced from the threshold.

He stretched his athletic body, proudly showing his well-built chest, his strong shoulders, and his trim belly, and then rushed to the kitchen.

Turning on her back, Lizzy sighed.

Make sizzling love. He'd obviously enjoyed himself very much last night, while she....

She made a sad face. It was no use. No matter what exciting things a guy tried to satisfy her, it just didn't work out.

Last night, in Cedric's arms, she'd moaned and groaned and moved her inner muscles, as if she really liked his sultry hard dick thrusting into her wet pussy, but she hadn't experienced any pleasure. Nothing. Nothing at all.

She rubbed over her eyes.

Poor Cedric considered himself to be her boyfriend, but he wasn't. Not anymore. He was her most recent 'Ex.' As soon as she'd finished her coffee she'd throw him out.

She bit on her lip. It was a sad thing though. She liked him very much, but the way she treated him was not fair. Cedric deserved a better woman, a real passionate girl.

She heaved a big sigh. She was everything but passionate. And it was about time she faced the terrible truth. She was 29 and frigid.

She'd found the horrible word for undersexed women like herself yesterday. In a badly thumbed book on a library shelf.

Frigid. Unable to have an orgasm.

She was an Ice Maiden. And she simply had to live with that.

"Your coffee Ma'am," Cedric announced, placing a tray on the bed table. "Did you read your postcard yet?"

"No, it's from Gran, right? It was probably sent months ago?"

Cedric picked the card from her pillow, tenderly caressing her face.

Good grief. He really wanted to make love to her. He was starting the foreplay. Well. She had an unpleasant surprise for him in the next minutes.

“You’re right,” Cedric said, “this card is dated four weeks ago.”

“That’s typically Gran. I figure she’s forgotten all about sending it by now.”

“Is she in a Nursing Home?” Cedric asked, concern in his voice.

“Gran?” Lizzy burst out laughing. “Oh no, Gran’s just an absentminded professor. Literally. She’s an archeologist and teaches at the University in Düsseldorf. Germany that is.”

“Sounds like a busy lady. My Gran is rotting away in a Nursing Home. She’s over ninety, a demented old lady.”

“Really? How sad.”

Lizzy struggled up and, leaning against the headboard, she crammed a pillow into the small space behind her back.

Cedric handed her a huge mug containing steaming coffee. “I’ve brought you some aspirins, too.”

Lizzy gratefully sipped from the strong coffee. It tasted good. Cedric was sweet, and he could certainly brew a good coffee.

Cedric dropped an aspirin into a glass of water, stirred, and then pushed the glass into her hand. She drank the sour liquid in one draft, and leaned back again, her face distorted by disgust.

“Yuck! That’s really nasty.”

He grinned. “What’s her age? Your Gran’s age?”

“Gran? She’s....” She gazed at him over the rim of her coffee mug. “Do you really wanna know?”

“Yes,” he replied, caressing her cheek.

She drank her coffee, hoping it would take away the unsavory aftertaste of the aspirin.

“Well um ... she’s sixty or seventy perhaps.” Lizzy made a face. “To be honest Cedric, I haven’t the faintest idea.”

She grabbed a cheese sandwich from the tray and took a firm bite. “Gran’s ageless. Still looking like forty to me.”

“If she’s teaching, she must be in her early sixties.”

Lizzy nodded, taking another bite. “You’ve got a point there. I don’t remember if she ever retired. Maybe she didn’t tell us. Anyway, what does it matter to you how old my Grandma is?”

“I’m just curious. I’d like to know you a lot better, Lizzy.”

Lizzy opened her mouth to tell him she had quite other plans with him, but reconsidered. She liked him so much! She didn’t want to hurt him. Not yet.

“You’re twenty-nine, right? If your grandma is in her sixties, your mom must have been very young when you were born.”

Lizzy nodded slowly. “Hardly eighteen. I’m her *little accident*, as she called me.” She heaved a big sigh. “Mom wanted to abort me, but Gran had forbidden it. It’s a bit strange to think that I owe her my life.”

She stopped talking.

Cedric hugged her. “I never met your Gran, but I already like her. She must be a hell of woman.”

"Oh she is. You bet she is."

Lizzy picked up her Grandmother's postcard, and read aloud: "*Dick's Prick stolen! Need your URGENT help. Love, Gran.*"

"Dick's Prick," Cedric said. "Cute name for a dildo."

Lizzy yawned. "It's an ancient relic. Sort of. She dug it up years ago, in a ruin near the river Rhine."

"Oh, that's why she's making so much fuss about losing it. It doesn't look like a dildo then?"

Lizzy sneezed, rubbing her eyes. My, she had such a headache. She needed some rest to conquer her hangover.

"Oh, it does." She sighed. "It's a stone prick, always ready for action." *Ready for action....*

A tingling, long forgotten sensation flashed through her nether parts.

Cedric smiled at her in an understanding way. "The thought makes you hot, right?"

He jumped on the bed, and taking her in his arms, he whispered, "Not to worry, my sweetheart. Dick's prick might be stolen, but Cedric's hard desire is always at your disposal."

There was a promising grin in his words.

"Please Cedric. Not now. My head's throbbing."

He bent over, softly licking her lips, pressing her hand to his crotch. "My head's throbbing, too."

When he slowly pressed his tongue into her mouth, she turned her head.

"Please Cedric. Stop the joking. Let me sleep."

He hugged her in a tender way. "Okay. We'll postpone the lovemaking until you feel better." Glancing at his watch, he added regretfully, "Gotta go anyhow. No doubt my boss will be wondering what keeps me so long."

"Shrinks don't have bosses," she muttered.

"Believe me, honey, this patient is worse than a boss ever can be. He'll be in my waiting room at ten. I can't let him wait."

He jumped to his feet, and kissed her cheek. "Bye my love. I'll cook you a dinner tonight. And after that I'll give you the best fuck ever."

He scooted out of the bedroom and only a minute later she heard the front door closing after him.

She'd forgotten to throw him out. He'd return tonight and cook her dinner. And after that ... she shook her head in a fatigued way. He'd meant it as a promise. Dinner including love.

Good grief. She didn't want his love. Or maybe she did. He was so sweet!

Slipping back under the sheets, she yawned.

"Dick's prick's stolen," she whispered to herself, and again a tingling sensation crept through her lower belly.

How strange. Was it ... lust?

It couldn't be. She didn't know anything about lust.

Her restless hand slipped over her breasts, went on to her belly, then after a short

hesitation she touched her nether parts.

Nothing.

Dick's prick....

All of a sudden flashes of memories whirled through her mind. She was seven, a slim girl with a too wide skirt, too big shoes and a blouse that almost reached her knees.

'You grow so fast, if I buy you clothes that fit, I'll have to find you a brand new outfit again next week,' her mom's voice toned inside her head.

They were on vacation in Düsseldorf, visiting Gran and Grandpa. Dad had stayed at home; he'd had been too busy to cross the ocean.

'Rubbish!' Gran's voice echoed inside Lizzy's head. *'He doesn't like me, Jean. That guy of yours doesn't like me at all.'*

'Nonsense mother,' Lizzy heard her Mom reply. *'He's really too busy.'*

'Don't fool me, Jean. He hates me for forcing him to marry you. Well, I despise him, too.' And Gran spit on the precious Persian carpet.

Lizzy bit on her lip. As a young girl, she'd always been afraid of Gran. Her voice was too loud, her manners rough, and she'd demanded total obedience from her little granddaughter.

One day, Lizzy had been playing hide-and-seek with the maid, and entered Grandma's study. And there it was, in the open on Granny's desk, a weird, oddly shaped piece of stone. She'd had no clue of what this peculiar stone could be. Taking it into her hands, a strange prickling sensation had flown through her entire body, and without knowing what she was doing she'd pushed the stone against her nether parts.

And then Grandma's study changed.

The walls were suddenly made of boulder stones, and covered by huge tapestries showing hunters chasing deer in ancient woods. The floor was coated with red tiles, and animal skin rugs were spread out in front of a huge fire place. A black, bubbling cauldron hung over yellow orange flames. The smoky smell of scorching turfs and burning porridge invaded her nostrils. It was cold in the room, and the damp chill made her shiver. Alongside the wall was a solid wooden table with matching low wooden benches next to it. There were three tin mugs and a huge brown pottery pitcher next to a loaf of round bread on the table.

At the other side of the room stood a simple four-poster with long blue curtains.

She peeped inside. Stalks of straw pierced their way into the open, straight through the worn-out tissue of the pallet. Little black spots seemed to move over the....

She jumped backwards.

Yuck! Fleas....

The door squeaked, and two men entered the room. They wore grey tunics over brown trousers, brown leather boots, and gloves. On the leather belt around their waist hung several purses in different shapes and sizes.

One of the men clasped an iron helmet under his left arm, holding a sword in his right.

"The porridge's burning again," the armed man snapped in anger.

"I'm so sorry, my Lord," the other replied with an obedient bow, "I'll have the maid flogged at once."

“Flogged?” the armed man shouted. “Hang her by the neck from the Castle Tower. Let the world know, it’s a capital crime to burn the Holy Roman Emperor’s meal.”

“At once, Majesty. At once.”

Turning, the man discovered shivering Lizzy, who tried to hide behind the bed curtains.

“There she is,” he said, pointing at Lizzy. “Come over here, thou lazy maiden, we’ll fetch thou a priest and....”

“I’m not your maid,” Lizzy shouted indignantly, stepping forward, placing both hands in her sides. “And I don’t see why you’re making so much fuss about porridge. I hate porridge. It’s nasty.”

“Thou shameless....” the man began, but the Emperor interrupted him.

“Be silent, Richard. There’s truth in her words. Porridge is tasteless.”

The Emperor’s inspecting gaze wandered over Lizzy.

“Where art thou from, thou girl? Thou clothes are weird.”

“So are yours,” Lizzy replied in a timid voice. “And you’re talking weird, too. This is my Gran’s study, you know. So, where are you from?”

The Emperor burst out laughing and tapping Richard on his shoulder, he said, “Tell her who We are.”

Richard muttered, “At once, my Lord.” He turned to Lizzy, and said, “Girl, this is his imperial Majesty, Dietrich von Hohenstaufen, Emperor of Germany.”

“Nice to meet you, Mister Emperor,” Lizzy said. “I’m Lizzy.”

“Lizzy?”

“I’m called after Gran, her name’s Elizabeth.”

“Elizabeth,” Emperor Dietrich said, tasting her name with his tongue.

Stepping nearer, he crouched and pressed her to his warm and strong body. “Wilt thou give me pleasure, Elizabeth? Thou can choose whatever thy like in return.”

Lizzy stared at him. Confused. His body was warm and strong and she felt something hard pushing against her belly. The prickling sensation felt unknown and wonderful at the same time.

“She can’t be older than seven, my Lord,” Richard said.

Emperor Dietrich shrugged. “So what? My bride was six when I married her.”

“Thou didn’t consummate the marriage at thy wedding day, my Lord.”

The Emperor stood, walked to the table and poured wine into one of the tin mugs. Rubbing his nose, he stared at Lizzy, obviously considering what to do with her.

Then suddenly, the room had begun to whirl and seconds later, she was in Granny’s study again, next to her desk, still pressing the stone to her nether parts. A hand grabbed it. “Now, where did you get this, you naughty girl?” Grandmother’s voice shouted into her ear.

“It ... it was on your desk,” Lizzy whispered in confusion.

“My study is forbidden territory for you. You know that very well.”

Lowering her eyes, Lizzy gazed at the floor. The red tiles were no longer there. The usual beige wall-to-wall carpet was beneath her feet. “Gran? Where are the tiles?”

Gran’s mouth fell open, and she gazed at Lizzy as if the girl had suddenly

changed into some dangerous extraterrestrial monster.

“Did you meet him?” she asked.

“Meet whom?” Lizzy whispered, but when the question left her mouth, she suddenly knew the answer.

“Emperor Dick,” Grandma said. It sounded so angry that Lizzy trembled all over.

“Well?” Grandma urged. “Did you meet Emperor Dick?”

Lizzy shrugged. “I met a Mister Emperor, I think.”

“Dietrich? Did he call himself Dietrich?”

“I don’t remember, Gran. There was a servant named Richard and ... maybe he said Dietrich. Dietrich von Ho ... Ho something.”

“That’s him,” Grandma stated, her voice sharp. “Emperor Dick. What did he do with you?”

Blood rushed to Lizzy’s face. It had felt good when he’d pressed his body against her. He was warm and strong. But instinctively she knew Grandma didn’t wanna hear it.

“Nothing, Grandma, honestly. Nothing,” she whispered.

“Hmm,” Grandma muttered, mostly to herself. “I was just in time then.”

“In time for what, Gran?”

Grandma didn’t answer, at least not with words. She took the peculiar stone in her right hand. “Do you know what this is?”

Lizzy nodded. “A stone. A weirdly shaped stone.”

“Not a normal stone, honey. Dick’s prick.”

“A prick? What’s a prick, Grandma?”

“A man’s private part, of course. Didn’t your mom tell you anything about the differences between boys and girls?”

Lizzy swallowed in confusion. “You mean a prick is the part a boy uses to....”

She hesitated.

“To pee, yes,” Gran finished the sentence for her. “Quite right.”

“But Gran, such a huge stick ... that must be very uncomfortable. I mean, that can’t fit inside a pair of trousers.”

“Your mom didn’t tell you anything, did she?” Gran shook her head. “This is an erected prick.” She caressed the head of the stone. “Emperor Dick was extremely well endowed.”

Gran grinned. “Your grandpa’s dick is....”

There was a noise at the entrance of the room and Lizzy’s mom called out: “Mother! Are you out of your mind? How dare you use such language in front of the child?”

“Oh Jean! We’re not living in the Middle Ages anymore. The poor girl hasn’t a clue about erections.”

“Mother, can you stop that? She’s only seven!”

“High time to clear her up a bit,” Grandma said in a casual manner. “She met Dick, you know.”

Mom grabbed Lizzy’s arm. “What! You met Dick? What did he do to you?”

“He did nothing,” Grandma replied, before Lizzy could utter one syllable. “I was just in time to save her.”

Lizzy shivered again. "Save me, Gran?" she whispered in surprise. "Save me from what?"

"From his prick, of course," Gran snapped. She took the stone, and sailed out of the room, smashing the door behind her.

"Mom? What's so dangerous about a man's privates?"

"I don't wanna talk about this," Mom replied. "That's big girl stuff. I'll tell you when you're older."

She curled her arm around Lizzy's shoulders. "Let's go buy an ice cream, okay?"

"But, Mom...."

"No Lizzy, discussion closed."

Discussion closed....

Lizzy stretched out in bed and sighed at the memory. That was so typically her mother. There was no room for questions Mom didn't like.

And she'd been so curious about the things Gran had told her.

So, after eating ice cream with Mom she'd searched for Gran, finding her in her study, the peculiar stone sitting on her desk.

She'd slipped into the room. "Grandma? Can you tell me a bit about um ... pricks and men? Mom doesn't want to tell me anything."

"Your mom is a silly girl," Gran said, her eyes glued to the stone. "Come, sit with me."

And Gran had told her everything there was to know about boys, and penises, and hard-ons.

"But won't it hurt, Gran? When a boy pushes his ... I mean...." She'd pointed at the stone and cast down her eyes in confusion. It was so big. It couldn't be fun when something so big entered your body. Right?

To her surprise Grandma had a quite different opinion on the matter. "Oh no, it's the most wonderful feeling ever."

The memory faded away as Lizzy caressed her nether parts. Gran had been lying. It had hurt, the first time a man penetrated her. And after that, nothing special had happened.

She could feel a prick moving inside her, but pleasure? No, there was no pleasure at all. It was just a common feeling, almost irritating when it lasted too long. Nothing special. She was an Ice Maiden.

Yet, far away at the verge of her brain, there was a pending memory of ... of what?

If only she could remember.

Chapter 2

It was the next night. Lizzy was sound asleep in Cedric's arms when a sudden noise disturbed the peace.

Tring ... Tring ...

Lizzy groaned in frustration. "Stop it," she muttered, "I'm having this great dream."

"It's the phone," Cedric's voice toned into her ear.

Wrestling himself upwards, he picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

He was silent, and at a far distance Lizzy could hear an excited voice shouting in German.

Gran? Was that Gran?

"Sorry, I ... um ... Do you speak English?" Cedric said. "What do you say?" He coughed. "Lizzy? Yes, she's here."

Cedric patted Lizzy's shoulder. "Liz, wake up. It's your grandma calling."

"Tell her to try again tomorrow." Lizzy moaned loudly, casting a sleepy glance at her watch. "It's three AM."

"Get her on the phone, young man," Grandma's loud voice demanded from the other side of the ocean. "Now!"

"She insists, I'm afraid," Cedric whispered with a naughty grin. He seemed to enjoy the situation.

Lizzy took over the receiver. "Hi Grandma, do you know what time it is?"

"Ja klar," Gran replied in German. "Of course I know. It's nine AM. It's ridiculous you're still in bed."

"Granny please. This is the U.S. of A. You know very well Germany is six hours ahead of us. Call back in the morning, will you?"

"Stop the nonsense, Elizabeth. It IS morning and I've got an emergency here. Didn't you get my card?"

"I did."

"A shame it is. I've been waiting for your call for ages."

"I got it yesterday, Gran. I didn't have the time to phone yet."

"Hmm," Grandma muttered. "Excuses, excuses. Those youngsters always have excuses. Anyway, Dick's prick's stolen. You've to come here immediately."

"I can't. I have a job to...."

"Yes, your job will come in very handy," Granny interrupted her. "You must go to the Heinrich Heine Museum, make them believe you're a columnist writing for some paranormal magazine, and when they show you Dick's prick, you must take it. Secretly, of course."

Lizzy yawned. "Gran, what are you talking about? What has a stolen prick to do with the Museum?"

"Isn't that obvious? They stole it, of course."

"The famous Heinrich Heine Museum stole--"

"The conservator did. Fräulein Gertrud Vixen, that darned old spinster," Granny snapped in anger. "I can't bear it! She's robbed my prick."

Cedric grinned. "A real emergency," he muttered.

"You must come immediately, Elizabeth," Gran ordered in a voice that didn't tolerate a 'no.'

"Quite my idea," Cedric joked. "High time for you to come. Lizzy."

His hand slipped under the blankets, reaching for Lizzy's nipple.

"I'll come with you," Cedric said. "Like a few hours ago."

Lizzy suppressed an enormous sigh. Cedric certainly had reached an orgasm a few hours ago, but like usual she hadn't experienced anything special. It was good to be in his arms though.

"I'm not going to Germany," Lizzy snapped.

Cedric picked up the colorful postcard from the bed table, showing her the front side picture of an enormous beer mug filled with a golden fluid topped by a huge layer of froth.

"But I am. Look, those Germans have the best beer in the entire world."

"Well done, Elizabeth," Gran's voice shouted from the other side of the telephone line. "You've found yourself a sensible lover at last. *A man who savors the beer, savors the woman*, is what I always say."

Gran heaved a hearable big sigh. "You must come, Elizabeth." Her voice now sounded begging and upset. "I ... I just discovered a wrinkle."

"You did what?"

"I discovered a wrinkle! On my forehead of all things. I must have that prick back as soon as possible."

Lizzy sat straight. "Can't follow you, Grandma. What has that stone to do with wrinkles?"

"Elizabeth. Don't tell me you've forgotten all about the Legend of Dick's prick? The owner will be young for ever."

"Oh nonsense, Grandma. No piece of stone grants you eternal life."

"Not eternal life, dear. Eternal youth. Sex keeps a woman young."

"A smart woman, your grandma," Cedric commented.

"Discussion closed, Elizabeth. Period. Get out of your bed, book a seat on a plane for you and your lover, and come to me right away."

"Will do, Ma'am," Cedric said, while Lizzy muttered indignantly, "Discussion closed ... how dare she? I'm not a teenager anymore."

"It's in Elizabeth's interest, too," Grandma said to Cedric, "She'll grow old before her time if we don't get Dick's prick. You must tell her, young man. Maybe she'll listen to you."

Lizzy shook her head. "No, I'm not going to listen to him. And I'm not going to Germany either. Period."

"See you tomorrow, then," was Granny's reaction, then a click on the line made clear she'd put down the receiver.

“Great lady.” Cedric grinned. “A real great lady. Doesn’t take no for an answer. Just like me.”

He rolled over to Lizzy, and taking her in his arms he carefully sucked on her earlobe.

“Cedric. I wanna sleep.”

“Sure. Just kissing you, honey. No hidden motives.” He caressed her cheek.

“Enjoy your night. What’s left of it, that is. I’ll book us tickets first thing in the morning.”

Lizzy turned on her side, pulling the blankets over her head. “I’m not going to Granny,” she muttered in protest.

“Of course, you are. Your grandma asks for help. You owe her.” Lizzy rushed from under the blankets as if stung by a wasp.

“What do you mean, I owe her?”

“Quite simple. You’ve told me she was the one preventing your mom from having an abortion.” He cleared his throat, obviously waiting for Lizzy’s reaction, but when she didn’t utter a sound, he continued, “She’s family, Lizzy. It’s normal to help your family.”

“You’re always so darned helpful, Cedric. But you forget about your duties.” She took a deep steadying breath. “Well, I don’t. I can’t forsake my job just for my grandmother’s crazy whims.”

He grinned in reply. “Strong words, Lizzy. Forsake your job. You just take a few days off, to help your poor old Gran.”

“Old,” Lizzy grumbled. “Don’t you ever call Gran *old* in her presence. She’ll castrate you.”

“Boy, that’s what she did to the Emperor Dietrich, right? Castrate him and petrify his prick.”

Lizzy smirked. “Go to sleep you silly man. We’ll talk it over in the morning.”

She slipped under the blankets again, turning her back at him. Caressing her hair, he pressed a tiny kiss on her cheek. “I’d love to cross the ocean. I’ve never been to Europe.”

He slipped under the sheets too, pressing his warm body firmly to hers. He then curled his arm protectively around her shoulders, and pulling her even closer, he whispered, “I love you. Let’s marry in Germany.”

A strange itchy feeling filled her chest. Marry? He wanted to marry her? While she was on the verge of kicking him out?

“Cedric,” she began, her voice hoarse and trembling, but he carefully shoved his hand over her mouth preventing her from speaking on.

“Don’t say anything, my love. Just think it over. Give me a chance. A simple chance is all I ask.”

Could he read thoughts? Did he know she was just waiting for the right opportunity to get rid of him?

She snuggled herself deeper in his arms, and closing her eyes, she heaved a mournful sigh.

Cedric was handsome, attentive and kind. He listened to her, he brought flowers, and other little presents, he cooked breakfast in the morning, organized candlelit dinners in the evenings. He was, in short, the kind of man all women would die for.

The dream hero in many sweet romance novels.

Did she really want to lose him?

Or was it just another bad habit to give up on a man so easily? Cedric was doing his best, especially in bed.

His hard prick was always ready for action, whenever she wanted him. Giving her pleasure was his ultimate goal.

They'd made love many times in the past four months, and each time he'd waited for her to 'come,' before giving way to his own satisfaction. How could he know she never felt anything special? Over the years she'd become very good in faking orgasms. She could moan, groan, sigh, and contract her inner muscles as if she really came. No man had ever suspected her to be frigid.

It wasn't Cedric's fault. He was sweet and gallant, while she deceived him almost every night. By pretending she was a genuine passionate woman.

What emotion would it bring her when she kicked Cedric out?

Loneliness. Sorrow. Pain. Loss.

Did she really think another man would give her what she was craving for years?

She was to blame here. She was the Ice Maiden, not Cedric. Cedric was the ideal man. It would be the greatest mistake in her life if she let him go. He loved her. He even wanted to marry her. Such a wonderful man craved to be her husband. What more could she expect from life?

Lust, passion, satisfaction....

She sighed. There was no satisfaction in her life. All she could do was at last swallow this tragic fact and make the best of it.

But she could never accept Cedric's proposal. A happy marriage must be built on honesty between man and wife. And she was telling lies. Every single second they were together, she was pretending to be a real woman.

Cedric deserved a real woman. A woman without secrets.

Okay, it was clear most women faked orgasms, but only from time to time. When they were tired, or about to have their periods.

She always played a game with Cedric. Their entire love life was based on a rotten lie.

Pain filled her chest. She was a liar, not even worthy to lie in the arms of a man who was so terrific.

She was a fake woman. Never ever could she marry him.

Again, the shade of a memory nagged her brains. A long forgotten sensation rummaged around her subconscious, trying to get into the open.

What could it be?

'Dick's prick,' her Grandmother's voice wailed inside her head, "*Find the prick and you'll find the answer.*"

Cedric's warm rhythmical breath touched the nape of her neck, and her muscles relaxed. Cedric....

A long forgotten German emperor.

A relic.

A legend.

Eternal youth.
Emperor Dick.
Dick's prick....
Slowly, Lizzy fell asleep.

"Wilt thou give me pleasure, Elizabeth?" a deep masculine voice asked in her dream.

Looking around she recognized the ice-cold castle room she'd visited years before. Red tiles on the floor, colorful carpets on the walls covering huge boulders, and burning porridge in a black cauldron over yellow-orange flames. The smoky smell of scorching turfs made her cough.

"Thou aren't seven anymore, Elizabeth. Give me pleasure, and I will give thy pleasure in return."

Lizzy smirked. "You cannot give me any pleasure, Majesty. I'm an Ice Maiden."

"An Ice Maiden?" Emperor Dietrich burst out laughing, and raising his tunic he showed her his hard erected dick. "My pike has never failed, thou woman. Suck me."

"What if I say no?" she asked.

He raised his bushy eyebrows. "No woman has ever refused the pleasures I can give her."

She shrugged. "I don't know anything about pleasure. Sorry."

He smirked, caressing the head of his prick. "Cover me with thy warm lips, woman."

"Will you force me, if I say no?" she asked.

"Thou want to be forced?" Out of the blue his voice sounded familiar.

She looked up, and all blood drained from her cheeks. An icy chill spread through her veins as she stared at him, her eyes narrowed, her lips pressed together, her heart hammering at the inside of her throat.

Impossible.

Emperor Dietrich had Cedric's face.

"Cedric?" she whispered.

He smiled. "Dietrich, woman. My name's Dietrich."

"I must be dreaming," she said.

Emperor Dietrich nodded. "Yes, thou art dreaming, woman. Now, suck my pike."

She stared at the wonderful erected dick, and then carefully touched it with her forefinger. An exciting tingling rushed down her spine. A strange sensation, that made her yearn for more.

She bent over and kissing the sultry lilac head, another prickling flashed down, ending in the soft spot between her legs.

She sank on her knees, and the chilliness of the tiles made her shiver, but when she licked the swollen head, an intense heat flew over her.

He groaned. An almost unearthly sound of lust.

Her nether parts swelled. How strange. It felt good. Nothing sensational, but better than ever.

Was this what she had been craving for so long? Would this feeling lead to a real orgasm?

Little white drops flew from the hole on top of the penis and she licked them off, savoring his masculine taste, enjoying his special male scent.

He groaned again, pushing his prick into her mouth. "Thou art doing well, woman. Continue."

She did as he asked, and the warmth of his body slowly spread through her.

Strange that giving a man pleasure could be so great. What if he tried the same with her?

She trembled at the thought. Could she ask him? He was an emperor. He was probably used to being served in this way. What about the women of his time? What did they do to get satisfaction?

Unexpectedly, he moaned loudly and a warm liquid filled her mouth. She savored it on her tongue for a moment, then swallowed it, licking her lips. It tasted good.

He stepped back and when she looked up she saw him lowering his tunic.

"Can you do the same to me?" she asked, without thinking first.

His eyes narrowed. "Do what, woman?"

"Lick me. What else?"

Surprise distorted his face. "Lick thee, woman? Why?"

She pressed her lips together. It was obvious he was only interested in his own satisfaction.

"I might like it," she replied in an indignant way.

He raised a bushy eyebrow, stepped towards her and grabbed her shoulder.

"Wake up, Lizzy," he said, softly shaking her.

The room whirled around and changed places with a very familiar bedroom.

Her bedroom.

"Come on, Liz," Cedric urged.

He opened the curtains and she blinked in the sudden light. "Cedric?" she stuttered. "What are you doing? Where's Emperor Dick?"

"Emperor Dick? You mean the German with the stone prick?"

She nodded in confusion.

"Honey, you were dreaming. I hope." He grinned. "I didn't see any mummified emperor making love to you when I woke up."

She rubbed her eyes. Good grief. She was making a complete fool of herself. She'd been dreaming. Of course! But the dream had been very real.

"He had your face," she said.

"Who?"

"The emperor. He looked exactly like you."

He burst out in a joyful laughter. "Wow. I'm an Emperor's double. Told you I'm special, didn't I?"

Grinning he headed for the bathroom. "I've booked us tickets for the afternoon flight to Düsseldorf. We have to hurry."

He threw open the door and gestured invitingly. "Let's shower together. Just to save time."

Lizzy smirked. Showering together wouldn't save them a single minute. She knew Cedric. He would use the opportunity of having her close by. Close by and naked.

Something cramped deep inside her belly. She suddenly yearned to feel his hard prick. Had the dream cured her? Cured her from her *lack of orgasm* problem?

Oh nonsense, she'd never heard of healing dreams. Yet ... one never knew, right?

She rushed out of bed, taking off her nightgown in almost the same move. "Yes, great idea. Let's have a shower."

"That's my girl." Beaming at her Cedric pulled his blue T-shirt over his head, and when he dropped his boxers, his proud erected dick made it quite clear he was ready for action.

Cedric was always ready for action. Just like Dick's prick.

Was that the reason her dream had given the emperor Cedric's face? Was it a message from her subconscious to tell her she'd found the Right Guy at last?

She watched him step into the shower and open the tap.

Spouts of water ran over his suntanned skin, little drops glistened on his muscled chest.

Picking up the soap from the shelf he slid it over his well-built body. He put his hand around his shaft, holding it up, gently stroking himself until his cock was soapy and wet. The water fell over the tip of his erection, cleaning it, making it harder than ever.

He looked so great. And she wanted him so badly.

"Lick me," she whispered. "I want you to kneel and lick me."

Delight glittering in his eyes, Cedric stepped aside to make room for her. "Great idea. Thought you would never ask me."

She stepped next to him, enjoying the warmth of the water on her naked skin.

He kissed her, and pulling her close to him, he sank on his knees. She gasped for breath when his warm wet tongue touched her clit. Would she manage this time? Was she about to have a real orgasm at last?

He moved his tongue softly over her nether lips, teasing her, caressing her with soft strokes. He moistened his hand in the water and pressed a finger into her. She moaned in anticipation, but as he pressed another finger in, she hardly felt what he was doing. And the strokes of his tongue on her clit didn't feel special.

She suddenly hoped he would stop the movements. But he didn't. He thrust two more fingers in, stroking her inside with rhythmic moves, increasing the pressure on her clit.

He moaned. "You're so beautiful. Tell me you want my prick. Please tell me you long for me as much as I long for you."

She groaned in frustration, unable to answer him, but it was obvious he thought she was getting aroused by his pleas.

"Tell me, please tell me," he whispered.

"I want you, Cedric." It was as if she yanked the words from her throat, but Cedric didn't react to the strange tone.

He got to his feet, and taking his cock into his right hand, he opened her folds with his left.

"Will you please tell me to stab my cock into you? Ask me to do it hard?" His voice was a mere whisper, but she understood.

She had to play act again. Pretend, she wanted him, while she just wanted him to

stop.

Why couldn't she be like other women and enjoy sex? What had she done to deserve this terrible fate?

"Fuck me, Cedric. Thrust your hard, yearning prick into me. Please take me as hard as you can." She felt as if she was rehearsing a boring lesson, but her words aroused Cedric enormously.

Grabbing her hips, he stabbed his prick into her, pulling her close, penetrating her as deep as he could. Then he withdrew his prick an inch, pierced himself into her again in the same move.

She looked at his face. It was distorted for lust. He was enjoying himself very much.

"Finger your pussy," he ordered, panting hard. "I'll wait for you to come."

She masturbated her clit, but when it didn't work out, a hearable frustrated sigh escaped her lips.

Cedric moaned in return. "You're so hot, baby. Tell me you want my prick. Tell me."

"You're doing great, Cedric," she lied, trying to sound aroused, "Do it harder, deeper."

He immediately followed her wishes, but it was of no use. Apart from the eager pumping inside her she felt nothing. Nothing at all. Groaning, she faked an orgasm and felt him come almost immediately.

"Oh, this was great, honey. Was it good for you, too?"

This was the moment. The moment for an honest reply. *No Cedric, it wasn't good at all. I'm an Ice Maiden. You'll never make me reach a climax. Go Cedric, find yourself a real woman.* Instead, she kissed his cheek. "You're the sweetest man I've ever made love to."

At least, that was no lie. He was sweet and she liked him very much. But she could never marry him. That wouldn't be fair. She smiled at him. A sad, fatigued smile. But he didn't seem to notice. Kissing her cheek, he turned his back at her and left the shower.

The warm water streamed over her back and shoulders, dripping down alongside her arms. But the water didn't clear away her disappointment. She had hoped, so desperately hoped her hot dream about Emperor Dietrich might have cured her.

But that was nonsense. Healing dreams didn't exist.

Chapter 3

“Put on this wig,” Grandma said, dropping a torrent of long fair strands on Lizzy’s lap.

“I don’t think....” Lizzy stuttered, but her grandmother didn’t even hear it. She flung a scarlet kind of notebook on the overflow of hair. “This is your ID. My favorite student made it for me. He’s a master in falsifying passports.” In almost the same move she picked up the passport from Lizzy’s lap again, and opening it she muttered, “Let’s see, your fake name is Brünhilde Schwarzwald. That goat of a Fräulein Vixen will like that name. It goes with a dress, by the way.”

Grandma rushed to her feet, scooted to the other side of the room and returned with a typical green German dress with a very low neckline.

Cedric whistled in admiration. “Wow, Liz. You’ll look great in it. Put it on.”

Grandma rewarded Cedric’s remark by patting him on the shoulder.

Cedric ducked in defense. “Good grief Ma’am, you’ve got a strong pair of hands.”

Grandma patted him again, a big smile on her face. “You’re a sensible lad, young man. Call me Gran.”

“But he isn’t your....” Lizzy protested, but Grandma waved her words away. “Come on, you’re gonna marry him, Elizabeth. He’ll call me Gran. Now put on the *Dirndl*.”

“But it’s green. I hate green.”

No one heard her protesting.

“What do you call that dress?” Cedric inquired.

“A *Dirndl*. It’s a typical Bavarian dress. *Dirndl* is the Bavarian word for a maiden.”

“It has something familiar about it,” Cedric muttered, a thoughtful expression crossing his eyes.

Grandma made a face, and then winked at Cedric. “You’ve been watching German porn movies, you naughty boy.”

Cedric rubbed his nose. “Well, to be honest....”

“Hot love in Tirol, right?” Grandma smirked. “With the men dressed up in *Lederhosen* and the women in colorful *Dirndl* dresses.” She provided Cedric with a playful punch and he almost lost his balance.

“Good grief, Gran. You’re a hell of a woman.”

“It’s Dick’s prick, young man. That gave me power.” She sank on a chair, shaking her head in a sudden despair. “I want it back. I don’t wanna grow old before my time’s up.”

Cedric tilted his head, his narrowed eyes gazing over the vivacious woman in front of him. “I know I’m not allowed to ask a lady, Gran. You look like forty to me, but-
_”

Grandma jumped to her feet. "But what? But nothing lad! I'm forty." She smirked. "For the last thirty years at least."

His mouth fell open. "You're seventy? That can't be."

Grandma raised her hands. "Dick's prick gives the owner eternal youth. And if I don't get it back soon...."

Lifting her chestnut curls she showed him her forehead. "See, there are four wrinkles already. As soon as my forehead is ruined, devastation will reach my cheeks, the corners of my mouth, my eyelids, not to mention the rest of my poor body. I'm already getting slack tits." She snorted loudly. "I can't stand it. That frump of a Gertrud Vixen is growing younger every day. It's my prick. I dug it up."

"Where did you find it?" Cedric asked.

Lizzy heaved a big sigh. She'd heard the story so often. "In the ancient Kaiserpfaltz ruin near the Rhine," she explained, before her grandma could answer. "It was in a marble sarcophagus down under in the former castle's chapel."

"He was dressed in shining armor, my knight," Grandma added with a mournful groan. "His face was so familiar." She stopped talking and looked at Lizzy. "He had your Grandpa's face, Elizabeth. Did I ever tell you? He had Walter's face."

Sadness washed over her face, and Lizzy couldn't help herself. "Why did you and Grandpa Walter split up? You look like you're unhappy with it."

For a moment it seemed as if Gran was on the verge of bursting into tears. "It's a long story. But I do miss him, yes."

"Why don't you call him? I mean, if you have trouble living without him, he might think the same way about you."

Gran shook her head. "No, he has another woman."

She sighed loudly, and shivered as if shaking off her emotions. "Anyway," she said, "When I found Emperor Dietrich his complete body was petrified. And when I touched the prick I..." Grandma fell silent again, her face distorted as if haunted by memories. "It broke off, and I took it with me. It's mine. I was the one who found the document, not Vixen."

"What document?" Cedric inquired, curiosity in his voice.

Grandma rubbed her eyes in a fatigued manner. "I found a manuscript piece in the University Library. It was handwritten by some mediaeval monk."

Cedric took a seat next to Grandma. "Oh, what did it say?"

"In running streams of melting snow; his pike awaits a digger's blow; the holder shall not older grow; whilst lust and pleasures flow."

"Whilst lust and pleasures flow?" Cedric asked in surprise. "What does that mean?"

Grandma pressed her lips together. "Sex keeps us young. What else?"

"You mean, you used that prick to..."

Grandma put her fingertip on Cedric's lips. "Come on, young man. Don't play the fool. What's a prick meant for, you think?"

A naughty smile washed over Cedric's face as he pressed a tiny kiss on Grandma's fingers. "To pee?"

"Good boy." She burst out laughing. "You know exactly what I mean. That's

what kept me young.”

“Well, I would say, you don’t need that particular prick. I figure lots of men will volunteer to help you out.”

She shook her head. “Emperor Dietrich’s prick is unique. If you’ve once tasted its pleasures, nothing else will work anymore. No my boy, I’m frigid without that prick.”

A shiver crept down Lizzy’s spine. What was Grandma talking about? She was frigid without that prick? But how on earth....

Cedric’s loud voice interrupted her musings, preventing the looming memory to break through the barriers of her subconscious.

“How did you know where to look for it?” he asked.

“It took me years to find out. The monk was from a monastery in this region. It was obvious the running streams of melting snow must be the river Rhine. Then I found another piece of parchment, stating eternal youth rested down under in the Kaiserpfaltz’s Chapel.”

“And there you found the petrified Dick.”

Grandma nodded. “Yes, and I want it back now.” She turned her head to Lizzy. “Put on that dress, my child. What are you waiting for?”

“I’ll look stupid in that outfit.”

“And how stupid will I appear in only a few weeks? Wrinkled all over? And that will be permanent, my dear. While you can change clothes as soon as you’ve gotten the prick.”

“Come on, Liz. Put it on,” Cedric insisted. “It’ll suit you.”

“No! I’ll look like a porn starlet.”

“Of course not,” Grandma said in an ordering voice. “It’s a normal outfit here. Many farmer girls still wear it.”

She paced the floor and went to Lizzy, pulling down the zipper of her pants. “Granny!” she protested in a loud voice, but her grandmother pretended to overhear it. She tugged Lizzy’s trousers down and Lizzy could do nothing but surrender.

She took off her jeans and shirt, and Granny pulled the dress over her head.

“Now push up your tits a bit, love,” Grandma ordered.

Lizzy hurried to obey. Grandma was the kind of woman that wouldn’t hesitate to touch her and push her breasts into the right shape if she waited too long in doing it.

Grandma stepped back, her gaze wandering over Lizzy’s appearance.

“*Wunderbar*. You look fabulous. Now put on the wig.”

She helped Lizzy putting on the wig, and strands of long fair hair streamed over her shoulders.

Cedric whistled in admiration, then whispered, “Wow, how about a little fuck before we leave?”

She winced as if he’d given her a blow. How dare he propose a thing like that? With her Grandma so near.

“Cedric! Will you stop that?” she snapped.

“There are ladies around, young man.” Grandma grinned, and punching Lizzy on her back, she went on, “I like that lover of yours. He really is something. You’ll make a much better match than your poor mother.”

“There’s nothing wrong with Dad. He’s a fine man.”

“Oh, no doubt, he’s a fine man.” Grandma snorted in disdain. “Yet, he’s the biggest jerk I’ve ever seen.”

“I love my father.” Lizzy tried to suppress her anger, but she didn’t manage. “I don’t want you to talk about him like that.”

“Okay, okay. He’s a sweetie. Let’s say it doesn’t matter he’s a jerk.”

“Granny!”

Grandma ignored Lizzy’s indignant outcry. “Fräulein Vixen expects you at four. Be sure to be on time.” She handed Lizzy a tiny piece of paper with the address and naughtily winking at Cedric she rushed out of the room.

“I really like your Grandma,” Cedric said. “She’s so understanding. Now, will you walk to the table, put your hands on the tabletop and bend over, please?”

She stared at him in surprise. “Why?”

“You’ve heard me. I wanna fuck you. There’s still time.”

“But Cedric, I....”

“Come on. That dress makes me so horny.”

He stepped towards her. “It’s been three days since I made love to you.”

“My period’s....”

“Stop the crap, honey. Your period isn’t due for days.”

She stared at him. He was so different from all her other boyfriends. He even kept up with her monthly calendar.

“Gran can return any minute,” she said, in another vague effort to protest.

He shook his head, grinning. “No, she won’t disturb us. She knows exactly what I’m up to. Did you miss her winking at me?”

“No, I didn’t miss it. I just....” What could she say? How could she ever explain lovemaking was the last thing on her list now?

“Not in this porn star dress, Cedric. I’ll feel cheap.”

“You’re not cheap. You’re the most precious and special woman I’ve ever met. I want you.”

“But Grandma is close by.”

“She won’t disturb us. I’m sure.”

He tilted his head, looking at her like a begging dog trying to get his share of the beef. Please, do it for me?”

“But we have to go. This Fräulein is waiting for us.”

“Please? Pretty please?” His voice sounded begging, almost desperate for lust.

Her pussy cramped. There was no comfortable way to get out of this mess. She must either satisfy his needs, or end her relationship. But she didn’t want to lose him!

Oh my, why didn’t she confess what she really felt?

She swallowed while the answer bubbled up in her head. She was ashamed of lying to him, she liked him so much. She couldn’t stand the thought that he’d despise her when he learned about the truth. Her only choice was continue telling him tales.

“Okay.” She curved her lips in a promising way, walked to the table and lifted her skirt.

Cedric whistled in admiration. “Wow honey, you’ve really got the most beautiful

rounded buttocks I've ever seen."

He rushed to her, and pressing his hard desire against her bottom he whispered, "Let me take you from behind."

"No Cedric, not my ass. That's forbidden territory." Saying the words, she wondered why she didn't want him to fuck her ass. It would make no difference at all. She wouldn't feel anything.

He sighed in disappointment. "Okay, I respect your wishes. But in two months I'll have my birthday and I want you to give me a special birthday present by then."

His voice sounded hoarse and pressing his jeans to her naked skin, the huge bulge gave away his enormous arousal.

He cleared his throat. "Maybe, we should save this special feature for our wedding night. No, don't say a thing, my love. Unless it's a 'yes' of course."

She slipped her hand behind her back and unzipped his trousers. "Let's get it over with, Cedric. We don't have much time left."

"That's my girl." He snorted loudly, and lowering his boxers he thrust his hard dick into her pussy.

"You're wet," he whispered. "You're so wet and horny."

Yes, she might be wet, and her pussy was all prepared for his prick, but apart from a soft moving inside her, it was the same unsatisfying experience as usual. Why didn't she say it? Why couldn't she be honest to him?

She moaned in frustration.

"Told you so," he whispered in a self-contented manner, his warm breath grazing the nape of her neck.

"What do you mean?"

"I knew you'd like this as much as I do." He increased his movements, his dick pumping in and out her, pushing her against the sharp edge of the table.

She cried out for unexpected pain.

Cedric groaned in reply. "Yeah, let yourself go, my love. And hurry, I can hardly stand this."

Grabbing her hips, he stabbed his hard prick deeper into her, moaning, thrusting, pushing, until a loud shouting announced his orgasm.

She moaned with him, crying out in despair, deliberately contracting her inner muscles in a rhythmic way, as if her climax melted with his.

His dick slipped out of her and he turned her face to him, kissing her cheek. "I love you so much," he said. "We have the most wonderful sex life ever."

Her stomach cramped in despair as a ball of agony filled her throat. She was a disgusting creature. She made him believe he was the greatest lover on earth.

She sniffed. He probably was. With 'normal' girls though. No man could give her satisfaction, no matter how great he was in the sack. She was the ultimate Ice Maiden.

"What's wrong, hon?" Cedric's concerned voice interrupted her unpleasant musings. "Are you worrying about that Miss Vixen?"

She shrugged, and then nodded slowly, happy to change the subject. "Yes, I'm very worried. If this woman discovers my real identity, what will happen?"

"She won't suspect anything. We'll steal that prick, before she can even blink."

"It might not be so easy as it looks. She won't be alone. Those museums have trained guards. Armed guards."

"That's why I'll come with you. You do the stealing and I'll take care of the vixen."

He winked at her. "Your Grandma says she's the old spinster type of gal. So, I'll pierce my wonderful eyes deeply into hers, and she'll suffer from a complete melt-down on the spot."

Lizzy grinned. "I hope so. Grandma really wants that prick."

"Yeah, sounds like a hell of a thing. Wonder what it may do to a man."

She looked at his face. He seemed serious enough. "You wanna try it? A stone prick?"

"Why not?" He smiled at her in a naughty way, and then his face became serious again. "It's getting late. Let's go stealing."

"I don't wanna hear that rotten word, young man. Dick's prick was stolen from me. All you're gonna do is get it back," Grandma's indignant voice toned from the threshold.

"I didn't hear the door opening, Gran. Have you been peeping on us?" Cedric inquired, a smile on his face.

"The good Lord provided you with a great behind, young man. There's nothing wrong with enjoying a good view."

Cedric burst out laughing. "I sure hope you've enjoyed yourself."

Grandma made a sour face. "I didn't. I need Dick's prick to come." She snorted loudly. "You're looking at an Ice Maiden, my dear. Now, get on with it. Get me my prick."

Cedric saluted like a well-trained soldier. "At your service, Ma'am."

Grandma pouted. "Wish you were at my service, hon. But you're my granddaughter's lover."

"You bet he is," Lizzy snapped, anger bubbling up in her chest. "Come Cedric, let's go for it."

Waving at her Grandma, Lizzy sailed out of the room.

Cedric rushed after her. "She was just kidding, honey."

"No, she wasn't. She undressed you with her eyes. Dirty old bitch."

"She didn't have to undress me. I was in the buff already."

Lizzy snorted in anger. "How dare she watch us making love!"

"I don't mind. I find it an arousing thought, someone watching me while--"

"Will you stop it, Cedric? You're talking about my Grandma. My Grandma of all people. She's of age."

"No, she isn't. She's full of life. But she'll grow older soon if we don't get that relic of hers."

Lizzy stopped walking and turned her face at Cedric. "I don't think it's HER relic. Relics belong to museums. It's wrong what we're gonna do."

He placed his hands on her cheeks, kissing her lips in the move. "No, if it was hers for years, the museum is the wrong party."

Releasing her, he cast a quick glance at his watch. "If we stay here any longer, we

don't have to go anymore. Make up your mind, Fräulein Dirndl."

She sighed. "Okay. Let's give it a try. But honestly, I don't look forward to it."

He pressed an encouraging kiss on her cheek. "I'll help you. You're not on your own."

She inhaled all the air she could get. Cedric was so sweet, so supportive, so helpful. He was the greatest man she'd ever met. And she'd cheated on him. She was a despicable creature!

Chapter 4

“The relic looks peculiar, Fräulein Vixen,” Lizzy said in her most charming voice. “My readers will love to hear all about it.”

Lizzy was standing in the *Special Exhibition* chamber of the Heinrich Heine Museum and admired the enormous stone dick that was displayed in a wonderful decorated glass showcase.

“It’s very special indeed,” Gertrud Vixen answered, a broad grin on her face. “Our museum is extremely proud to have obtained it for our collection.”

Lizzy nodded. “I bet you’re proud of it. I’ve never seen a thing like that. In stone, that is.”

Fräulein Vixen whinnied in reply, and Lizzy tried to suppress her growing disgust. The woman was terrible. Her entire performance was too much of everything. Her lipstick was far too red, the powder on her face too pink, and she smelled of wilted roses that had been in rotting water for too long. Her tight dress emphasized a sturdy behind, round hips and a shameless low décolletage.

No wonder Grandma hated her.

Yet Lizzy managed to produce an admiring smile, then she sighed as if she longed for something unknown. “Fräulein Vixen? Could you do me a favor?”

“Yes?” Vixen asked. There was a blend of suspicion and horny desire in her deep, almost male, voice. Talking she cast a hungry glance at Cedric’s groin. It was as if she considered to unzip his trousers, snatch his dick and suck it.

Lizzy banished her repugnance to a far spot in her brains, and said, “I would so very much like to hold that member for a moment. Just to get the right feeling for my article.”

Fräulein Vixen licked her lips in a sensual manner, obviously struggling with herself to take away her glance from the inviting bulge in Cedric’s jeans.

“It’s not our policy to hand Museum artifacts to visitors. *Tut mir Leid.*”

Cedric coughed, and placing his hand on Fräulein Vixen’s shoulder, he said in his most masculine voice, “We would be so grateful, Miss. We won’t tell anyone.” He pierced his gaze into Vixen’s sky-blue eyes.

Vixen swallowed, her Adam’s apple jumping in her throat.

“I might make a special exception. Just for you.” Twisting her body in a lascivious way, she made her breasts touch Cedric’s hand.

Smiling at her, Cedric pushed his hand closer, the tip of his tongue sensually moistening his lips. “That would be so *wunderbar*,” he panted.

“The way you pronounce my language is sooooo cute,” Fräulein Vixen crooned, her hand lingering near Cedric’s crotch.

Cedric stepped forward, allowing the woman to touch him.

She heaved an enormous lecherous sigh. “Maybe we’ll leave Emperor Dietrich’s

relic to your colleague, while I show you another special exhibition?"

Lizzy pressed her lips so firmly together that it hurt. What was this horrible woman up too? She was shamelessly seducing Cedric in her presence. How dare she?

When she opened her mouth to tell Fräulein Vixen what she thought of her low behavior, she caught Cedric's warning glance. Okay, he was right. They had a goal to achieve, and Cedric was quite capable of handling the situation all by himself. He could take care of the bitch while she ran off with Dick's prick. After all, she had introduced Cedric as a fellow-reporter.

From her point of view, Vixen was doing no harm.

"Show her the prick," Cedric suggested. His words sounded as if he were on the verge of showing his own.

The woman took the bait. She strode to a table, grabbed a bunch of keys, and opened the showcase.

"Go ahead. Take it," she said. Gesturing at Lizzy, she walked back to Cedric, and snuggled herself to his breast.

Again suppressing a jealous outcry, Lizzy headed to the showcase and carefully lifted the huge stone prick from the scarlet velour-covered shelf. The long-forgotten memory that had haunted her brains for so long, burst into the open. The walls of the museum room whirled around her like the funny wagons of a merry-go-round and seconds later she found herself on her knees in the familiar ice-cold medieval castle room, sucking a huge dick.

She was just in time to swallow the warm liquid spouting into her mouth.

"That was great, woman," a deep male voice complimented her efforts.

She gazed up at Emperor Dietrich, but it was all dark around him and she couldn't see his face.

"Lick me," she whispered, without thinking first.

He cleared his throat, shaking his head. "We kneel inside the chapel only, woman."

"I can sit on the table. You don't have to kneel."

She struggled to her feet, and got a clear view on the Emperor's face. Grandma had stated Emperor Dietrich looked like Grandpa, but he didn't. It was definitely Cedric's double standing in front of her.

Was it the Magic of the Prick? Did it show the face of the man you loved most? How would the real Dietrich have looked?

She must ask Grandma when she....

"Well?" His loud voice interrupted her thoughts. It was Cedric's and yet it was completely different. "What art thou waiting for, woman? Sit thyself on that table. Show me thy fields of pleasure."

A strange sensation flashed through her nether parts. It felt like excitement. Excitement blended with fear though. She was crazy to suggest a thing like this. Did she really want to expose herself to his piercing gaze? What was he going to do with her when she showed him her pussy?

"Well?" he urged her.

The excitement won. She rushed to the table, her heart pounding inside her throat.

This was thrilling. And still scaring at the same time. But she wanted to be a real woman, and she simply had to try. If there was a way to cure her nasty *Ice Maiden syndrome*, this was the ultimate treatment. She was sure of it.

She lifted her skirt, and after a short hesitation, she stripped down her string.

He stared at her, with narrowed eyes that glittered in surprise.

Reaching out, he grabbed her string from the tiles and sniffed at it. "What might this be?" he asked.

She shrugged in a confused manner. What a peculiar question. Did he mean it? Or was he joking?

"Well?" he urged.

"My um ... undies. What else?"

"Undies? What art they for?"

"To cover my...." She'd almost said 'ass,' but changed to 'privates' just in time.

"Why should thou cover thy fields of pleasure?"

She let the question drip into her brains for a moment. "All women wear undies. What's the big deal?"

He shook his head. "Thou art the most peculiar creature we have ever laid our hands on."

Good grief. She'd completely forgotten she was in the Middle Ages now.

"The women of your time are naked under their skirts?"

He nodded. "They are. Now lie down on the table."

Talking he gave her a soft push and as she landed on the hard wooden surface, his strong hands shoved her legs apart, pushing aside her long skirt, exposing her warm pussy to the chillness of the room.

"Lie back," he ordered.

She lay back, resting her head on the big round bread on the table.

Grabbing her skirt once more, he shoved it over her face.

"But I can't see anything this way," she protested, raising her hands to push away the fabric. But he didn't let her. He took her wrists in an iron grip, pressing her hands to the table.

"No need to see an Emperor bow for thee, woman. Don't move."

Darkness surrounded her, and the warmth of her skirt flushed her face, dimming the smoke of the fire, replacing the stinking smell by a vague scent of her own perfume. When she heard his boots shuffling over the tiles, her heart missed a beat, and her stomach cramped in powerless anticipation. He was in control, and there was nothing she could do.

The pressure of his hands on her wrists diminished and she pricked up her ears. What was he up to? Was he walking away on her? Was he calling his guards perhaps to let them have fun with her?

Alarmed, she wanted to press her legs together and get up, away from him, away from danger. But her body didn't obey her anymore. Like in a terrible nightmare she couldn't move even one tiny muscle.

She remained lying helplessly on her back, her legs widely opened, her pussy left to his mercy.

“Majesty?” she whispered in agony. “What are you up to?”

She got no reply. Just another shuffling of heavy boots on the floor, and then a warm breath grazed the inside of her legs, inches above her knees.

He was approaching her!

Once more, she wanted to get up, cursing herself for her stupidity. Why had she been so foolish? Why had she gotten herself deliberately into such a vulnerable position?

He snickered, and it was an evil, almost inhuman sound.

Or was she just imagining things?

Strong fingers reached the little triangle of hair just above her clit, touching it, wandering over to her nether lips, fingering the outside of her pussy, palpating it with little strokes.

Blood rushed through her veins, and her nether lips swelled in terrified anticipation.

“Let us stab into thy cave of lust,” his voice toned somewhere above her.

“No, I’ve changed my mind. I wanna go home,” she protested, again trying to get up, but she was still stuck to the table surface.

He laughed wickedly, and opening her lips, he thrust a thick hard finger deeply into her. He moved the finger in and out in a rhythmic way, then withdrew his hand. The muscles of her pussy cramped together, in a desperate attempt to prevent further entering, but it was of no use.

His skilled fingers opened her in an almost casual way, now thrusting three hard fingers into her as deeply as he could. An unknown arousing flash went through her and she cried out for ... lust? Was this lust?

She took a deep breath, but with the skirt covering her head, she didn’t get much air.

Again he stabbed the fingers into her, and she groaned. No matter what it was what she was feeling, it felt good. It felt great!

“Go on,” she panted. “Move in and out. Do it faster.”

“Thou shalt not order an Emperor,” he shouted.

But there was no anger in his voice. On the contrary, his words sounded as if he was pleased by her reaction.

The unshaven skin of his face tickled the inside of her leg and his warm tongue touched her clit, while his fingers continued moving inside her. Another stimulating sensation flashed through her entire being, and it was almost too much to endure.

“This is great, Majesty. But I can’t stand it any longer. Will you please stop? I feel like ... I’m exploding.”

“We will give thee something even better, woman,” he announced. His tongue stopped licking her clit, and his fingers slipped out. She suddenly knew what he had in mind for her, and she pleaded him in despair, “No! Not your prick. You’re much too big for me.”

She heard him smirk in reply.

“Majesty, please don’t! You’ll tear me to pieces.”

“We will only give thee the pleasures thy crave,” he stated, pressing his hot hard prick to her lips.

She pulled the muscles of her pussy together as tight as she could, desperately trying to avoid the inevitable, but it was all in vain. Using his strong fingers to open her, he stabbed his prick into her, slowly taking her pussy inch by inch. The feeling was overwhelming. It was painful, yet wonderful at the same time. She'd never experienced anything like it. When he had taken her completely, he started moving inside her, taking her over and over again with short hard strokes.

She could suddenly move, but only the lower part of her body. She eagerly lifted her hips to meet his hard prick, revolving her pussy around his hot shaft, allowing him to enter her as deeply as he possibly could.

She heard someone moan in lecherous lust, then realized she was listening to her own outcries of pleasure. This was wonderful, so great, she wanted it to last forever. He increased his moves, grabbing her hips, lifting her from the table, holding her in an iron grip of hungry desire. The overwhelming feeling of pleasure increased, and her pussy burned until a huge wave of immeasurable delight washed over her. There was only lust, extreme and almost unbearable pleasure. She cried out loudly and didn't even realize she was doing it.

He yelled out with her, and when she slowly came back to her senses she felt him spout his hot *cum* rhythmically into her.

"What's wrong with you? Are you okay?" a deep male voice shouted.

She pulled her skirt from her face and looked at him. But he wasn't there, nor was the medieval castle room.

She was back in the German museum chamber for *Special Exhibitions*, on her feet, pressing Dick's prick firmly to her nether parts.

"Are you okay?" the voice repeated. "Hand me the relic, please."

Blinking in the beaming light of the room, she turned her head to the man standing next to her. He wore a Museum Guard's uniform and was stretching out his hand to take over the stone dick.

Pressing the prick to her chest she jumped backwards. "No, don't touch it. It's mine!"

"It belongs to the museum," the guard said, a stern look on his face, "Give it to me."

"No!" She rushed to the door, opened it with shaking hands and stampeded over the corridor to the exit. Around her the penetrating warning sounds of an alarm system filled the air. She reached the exit door, but no matter how hard she tried to open it, the door kept shut. Locked. The bastards had locked it.

In panic, her gaze whirled around the corridor. She had to hide the prick somewhere before that rotten guard caught her. Her pussy! Her pussy was the perfect spot to ... She heard doors opening and running footsteps were approaching from all sides, and she knew she'd blown it.

"What's happening?" Fräulein Vixen's sharp voice inquired.

"A thief," the guard explained. "With your permission, I'll call the police."

"A thief?" Cedric's voice sounded next to Fräulein Vixen, "This must be a terrible misunderstanding. That's no thief. It's my colleague, Miss Brünhilde Schwarzwald."

"Really?" Fräulein Vixen asked in annoyance. With narrowed eyes she stared at

Lizzy. "Oh yes, it's her." She turned her gaze at the guard. "Put off the alarm, please. I know the lady."

"But she did...." the guard protested.

Fräulein Vixen silenced him with a throwing away gesture. "Get your ass out of here," she snapped. "Don't you dare me disturb with this kind of crap again. I've more important things on my mind."

She cast Cedric a horny glance, and Lizzy was suddenly glad the alarm system had disturbed whatever Vixen and Cedric may have been doing together.

"I assume you've investigated the relic long enough now?" Vixen inquired.

She took a glove from her pocket, put it on and stretched her gloved hand out to Lizzy. "*Bitte schön*," she said in German. The words meant 'please' in English, but they didn't sound very pleading. It was an order, and trapped between a locked door and an armed museum guard poor Lizzy had no choice but obey.

Her pussy cramped in agony as she handed over Dick's prick, and she barely managed to hold back her tears of desperation. She needed that prick! Without it she was doomed to live like an Ice Maiden. But she needed that wonderful thrilling feeling of being aroused. She craved to have an orgasm when Cedric made love to her.

"Time to go," Cedric announced, and to Lizzy's horror he kissed Fräulein Vixen's cheek. How could he? What else had he done with that dragon?

But things got worse. "I'll see you tonight then," Cedric continued with a beaming smile. "At dinner."

He pierced his flirting eyes into Vixen's luring gaze, "I look forward to it, Gertrud."

Gertrud. Good grief. He was allowed to call the bitch by her first name! And that was a very unusual thing in Germany. Only family members and very good friends used first names. And lovers....

"I'll count the minutes, *Liebling*," Vixen replied, her voice dripping roses. Plain horror filled Lizzy's chest. *Liebling*. That meant sweetheart! My goodness, what had they been doing together when they were all alone?

Cedric placed another light kiss on Fräulein Vixen's pink cheek. "See you tonight, my love."

Lizzy almost exploded in anger, but she managed to produce a smile. "Thank you so much for your help, Fräulein. It was so nice meeting you."

Fräulein Vixen smiled in return. "My pleasure," she muttered, her greedy eyes fixed on Cedric.

She walked to the door, typed a code and opened it widely. All Lizzy could do was smile and leave the place.

Chapter 5

"I've underestimated Gertrud Vixen," Grandma groaned, her face distorted in miserable anger. "It's all my fault. You've done your best."

"We just have to try again," Cedric commented, "I don't look forward to it though."

"You'd better," Lizzy snapped. "You were kissing her."

"On her cheek only. And believe me, it'll give me the most horrible nightmares." He grinned in a naughty manner. "So, if you catch me moaning tonight, it won't have anything to do with pleasures."

"That Vixen is the most ugly dragon I've ever seen," Lizzy blurted, "She's completely nuts, too. She put on a glove before touching Dick's prick."

"*Himmelswillen!*" Grandma shouted. "That's the answer. We've done it all wrong."

"What do you mean?" Cedric and Lizzy asked at the same moment.

"She's suffering from OCD."

"Good grief," was Lizzy's reaction. "I can only hope it's not infectious."

Cedric grinned. "Of course, I thought so."

"You thought so?" Lizzy asked, puzzled.

"OCD stands for *Obsessive-compulsive disorder*, honey. She's afraid to catch something when she touches that prick." He looked at Grandma. "She did shake hands with us though. And allowed me to kiss her cheek."

"She's afraid of being cursed."

"Cursed?"

"Yes, you've probably heard of the *Pharaoh's curse*."

Cedric nodded. "The scientists that opened Tutankhamen's tomb all died shortly after that."

"Gertrud Vixen is afraid a similar thing might happen to her when she actually touches a relic."

"But when she hasn't touched the prick," Lizzy muttered, "she won't know anything about its magic."

"Magic? What do you mean?" Cedric asked.

Lizzy hesitated. How could she tell Cedric what had happened to her when she touched that prick? He might even become jealous when she told him she'd been making hot love to Emperor Dietrich. Or had it been a vivid dream only? Or just imagination?

"Um...." she said.

Grandma smiled in an understanding way. "I know exactly what you mean, Elizabeth. If she hasn't touched it with her bare skin, she won't know. Gotta call someone."

She rushed out of the room.

“What’s so magic about that prick?” Cedric asked.

Lizzy shook her head. She couldn’t tell him. She didn’t have the guts.

“It makes you horny, right?” he asked. “That prick makes you horny?”

She nodded slowly. “In a way, yes.”

“In what way?”

A blush of shame colored Lizzy’s cheeks, and she decided that changing the subject was probably her best defense.

“What did you and that Vixen do together? Did you make love to her?”

“Darn! What do you think of me? Of course not. The simple thought of her *Lily of the valley-perfume* makes me impotent.”

He shivered. “By the way, what took you so long? It can’t be so difficult to smuggle a relic out.”

“It was the magic,” Lizzy confessed. “I lost track of time.”

“What do you mean, lost track of time?”

“Well, I was transformed to the Middle Ages and ... I met the emperor.” That was all the information he needed for now. She was not going to tell him anything about her fabulous orgasm.

He gave her a compassionate look. “Come on Liz. Tell me another. Time traveling doesn’t exist.”

“Oh, it does, young man. Believe me.” Grandma had entered the room unnoticed and meddled in the conversation.

“You’re both completely nuts,” Cedric said, shaking his head about their foolishness. “But I don’t care. I love you anyway.”

Grandma tapped on Cedric’s back, and winked at him. “I like you too, young man. Not your fault you’re ignorant.”

“Ignorant?” Cedric began, indignant, but grandma silenced him. “Look, I’ve arranged for a copy of the prick. It will be brought in a minute. All we have to do is substitute the real prick for the fake one.”

She gave Cedric a long thoughtful look. “You’re the best choice for the job. Tonight when you have dinner with her, you ask her to bring the prick and she won’t notice the difference.”

“He’s not taking that bitch out for dinner,” Lizzy protested.

Cedric shrugged. “I’ll have to, honey. It’s our only chance. Besides, I’m getting more and more curious about its magic.”

“You won’t be disappointed. You know what? As soon as you’ve laid your hands on that prick you give us a call and we’ll save you from the dragon.”

“He’d better put on gloves,” Lizzy suggested. “I should have done that.”

Grandma burst out laughing. “Would have saved you a lot of time, hey?” Grinning, she stepped to Lizzy, and whispered in her ear, “Bet you’d have missed a lot of fun, too.”

Nodding, Lizzy blushed. “What are you two mumbling? It’s very impolite to whisper in public.”

Grandma gave Lizzy a meditative gaze. “We’re gonna fight over it, right? You crave Dick’s prick as desperately as I do.”

“She only wants Cedric’s hard desire,” Cedric said with a grin. “Right, Liz?”

Lizzy laughed on the wrong side of her mouth, and didn’t reply.

“Liz?” Cedric urged.

“I’ll come with you,” she said. “We both gonna have dinner with the dragon.”

“She won’t like that.”

“I don’t care what she likes or not. I’m not going to share you with that bitch.”

“Share me? What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking of making love.” She cast a glance at her grandmother.

Grandma nodded in understanding. “I’m the third wheel on the wagon here. See you folks.” She rushed out of the room.

“Lizzy?” Cedric asked. “What are you up to?”

“I’ll put on that Dirndl Grandma gave me, and you can fuck me from behind.”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

“I heard you, yes. But why this sudden change of mind? I mean, you don’t want anal sex.”

“I’m not talking about anal sex. I wanna do it the doggy way.”

A beam flushed over his face. “You want to reward me. Make me forget my sufferings with Gertrud Vixen.”

She nodded. “Yes, you’ve been a great help, Cedric. It’s my fault that it all went wrong. I wanna make it up to you.”

And next to making up, she was doing it because of guilt. She’d been cheating on him, really cheating by making love to Emperor Dietrich. Cedric might not believe in time traveling, but she did. Emperor Dietrich had made her completely his. She’d been making love to another man, no matter that he had Cedric’s looks.

That other man had given her the most wonderful orgasm. She craved to climax again, but Cedric must give it to her. He was the man she loved. She didn’t want to fake orgasms anymore. The lie that was haunting their love life for so long must end. And as soon as it stopped, she might say ‘yes’ to Cedric’s offer of marriage. She grabbed Cedric’s sleeve and dragged him with her, up to their bedroom. She quickly put on her Dirndl dress, took off her string and turned around to meet Cedric’s glance.

There was desire in his eyes, and the huge bulge in his pants showed his lust.

Smiling at him, she walked to the table, bent over and showed him her naked behind.

Cedric didn’t need any further encouragement. He rushed to her, dropped his pants and pushed his hard-on to her buns.

Breathing hard, she put both hands on her buttocks and pulled them apart. She felt excitement. Maybe, she would manage to come this time?

As Cedric slipped his dick into her pussy, she didn’t feel anything. No! This couldn’t be. Why had Dick’s prick given her so much satisfaction? It was impossible that she didn’t feel anything right now.

Cedric’s dick was hard and big. Almost as big as Emperor Dietrich’s pike. And she was in love with him. Where was that wonderful sensation? That thrilling prickling of her pussy? She felt Cedric’s prick slip out and when thrust his dick forward again, he

missed her pussy and penetrated her ass.

Ouch, it hurt!

“Oops,” he said, “Sorry. Do you mind?”

She did. But she knew she had to do something to compensate for cheating him. This pain was her punishment for her infidelity.

“No, just be careful.”

Cedric wasn’t careful. He liked it so much that his moves became faster and harder. And with every stab he penetrated her deeper.

She moaned softly, but she had been playing games with him so often that he misunderstood.

“I’m so happy you like it as much as I do.” He breathed hard, and she heard the delight in his voice. “I’ve been craving this for so long.”

She tried to imagine it was Emperor Dietrich penetrating her, and she masturbated her clit like his strong fingers had done. But it didn’t help. She was as cold as an ice mountain.

When Cedric cried out for lust, spouting his hot sperm into her, she cried out too, contracting her muscles as if she really came.

“Wow,” Cedric panted. “This was super. I’ve never felt anything like this. And it was so great to feel you come at the same time. Wow.”

He kissed the nape of her neck, and she heaved a big sigh. He loved her. That was all that mattered now. And when she finally owned that prick, they would really climax together.

“Okay, I’m going to get your Grandma’s dick,” Cedric said. “And don’t be angry with me if I have to kiss the dragon. I won’t make love to her. Promise.”

His words caused an unpleasant feeling deep down in her belly. Dick’s prick belonged to Grandma. And it was unlikely, she would give it up to do her granddaughter a favor.

“Cedric? If you’ve conquered the prick, will you bring it to me first?”

“Why?”

“Well, we could have some fun with it before handing it to Gran.”

He nodded slowly. “I’ve already wondered if we can get some pleasures from it. I mean if your Grandma uses it to masturbate, why shouldn’t we?”

Lizzy shivered. She knew very well that Gran wouldn’t use the prick to please herself. Grandma would be transformed to the ice cold castle room and have the most wonderful sex with Emperor Dietrich.

An almost unbearable jealousy flashed through Lizzy’s entire being. Emperor Dietrich was her, Lizzy’s, lover. She couldn’t bear the thought of her Grandma having fun with him.

“What’s wrong with you?” Cedric’s investigating gaze met hers. “You haven’t contracted a cold, have you?”

She cast down her eyes. “No, I’m just tired. And a bit jealous because you’ll have dinner with Fräulein Vixen.”

He smiled. “You don’t need to be jealous. As soon as I’ve gotten that prick I’ll get the hell out of there. Which reminds me....”

“What?”

“I gotta call her to tell she must bring the prick. I’m going to make her believe we’ll have some fun with it after dinner.”

He kissed Lizzy’s cheek. “Don’t worry my love. I’ll get you that prick and we’ll spend a complete night having fun with it. Your Grandma won’t have any objections if I explain what we’re up to.”

Lizzy was sure Grandma would voice a lot of objections, but she didn’t say so. Cedric must get to that prick first.

She returned his kiss. “I’ll be waiting for you.”

He smiled at her. “Off I go. *Kissituri Dragonis te salutant.*”

“Huh? What did you say?”

“It’s an old Roman saying. The Gladiators used it.” He grinned.

She stared at him in surprise. “Really? Never heard of it. That’s to say ... shouldn’t it be

Morituri te salutant’? Those who are about to die salute you?”

“I don’t intend to die. But I’m condemned to kiss the dragon. So, wish me luck.”

“Good luck, my love.”

She followed him with her eyes when he left the room. He was looking great in his tight blue jeans, and his matching dark blue jacket. She sure hoped he wouldn’t kiss the dragon too many times.

Chapter 6

Cedric walked through the narrow streets of the old city center of Düsseldorf. Cars were not allowed in this part of town and the roads were crowded with people. Most of them were sitting on one of the many terraces alongside the road, drinking beer from huge glass mugs.

Düsseldorf's inner city was also known as the longest bar counter of the world.

Cedric snorted. As soon as they'd gotten this darned prick business over with, he and Lizzy should go sightseeing here. She would be thrilled by the many Fashion stores, the nightclubs with their exotic names, the Theaters, the huge shopping Malls, the restaurants and the Art Galleries.

The air was filled with the smell of bratwurst, hamburgers and roasted chicken.

Cedric walked down a narrow alley, and reaching the river Rhine he turned left and strolled over the *Rheinufer*-promenade, the beautiful boulevard alongside the river Rhine. There were all kinds of ships on the water. From luxury cruise ships, ferries, inland vessels, and fishing boats to an excursion steamer with waving tourists on the upper deck.

The smell of diesel engines and outboard motors mixed with the scent of rotting fish and freshly brewed draft beer. Cedric found the huge terrace of the Grand Café quite easily, and searched for his 'date.'

"I'm here, Cedric. Over here," a familiar almost male voice crooned and Cedric swallowed in disgust. If it hadn't been for Lizzy, he'd run away as fast as he could!

But instead of getting the hell out of the place, Cedric curled his lips into a charming smile and waved at the dragon.

"Gertrud, it's so nice to see you," he said, kissing Fräulein Vixen's cheek.

She returned his smile, but it looked like a disgusting lopsided grin to him.

"Beer?" a waiter asked and Vixen nodded. "Zwei," she said, using her hands to point out the biggest size of glass mug.

Cedric sat down on a plastic chair next to her, and looked over the river. "It's beautiful here. I like Düsseldorf."

"So do I. I've been living here my entire life. It's a great town."

The waiter put down the beer mugs and Cedric tasted. "The best beer in the world," he said.

Vixen gulped down her mug in one draft, then licked her lips in a sensual way. "Great indeed," she muttered, and tapping on her empty mug she gestured the waiter to bring her another one.

Heck. The woman was a boozier. That might make it easier for him to get Dick's prick.

"Did you bring the relic?" he asked.

She nodded.

“Show me.”

“Only on one condition.”

“Oh?”

“You’ll show me yours after that.”

He forced himself to grin naughtily. “Promise. But not here on the terrace.”

“Of course not. I want to see it in private. I can give you lots of pleasure.” Again she licked her lips in a sensual manner.

“I can give you lots of pleasure, too,” he promised. “Now show me the prick.”

She rummaged around her purse, and took out a little package and a pair of gloves.

“Don’t touch it with your bare hands,” she warned him. “You never know what terrible curse you may contract.”

Cedric accepted the gloves, and put them on. “You’re a sensible woman, Gertrud. I like that.”

Beaming, she shoved the package towards him.

Putting it on his lap, he unwrapped the paper and took the prick out. From the corners of his eyes he saw the waiter approaching their table and with a naughty wink at Gertrud Vixen he stuffed the prick into his pants, inches from the fake stone he’d put in there before.

“Look, you arouse me immensely,” he joked, pointing at the huge bulge in his trousers.

She didn’t share in the fun, her face expressing plain horror. “Don’t touch it with your bare skin,” she hissed.

The cold hard stone pressed against his crotch, giving him an unexpected sensation of lust.

“Don’t worry, dear. I didn’t put it into my boxers,” he replied, using a lie to set her at ease.

The waiter put down fresh beer, and hurried off.

Cedric quickly took out the fake prick, and wrapping it into the paper, he said, “We’ll have some fun with it later. People are watching us.”

He shoved the package back to her, but when he wanted to return the gloves she shook her head. “Throw them away. You never know.”

“I don’t believe in curses,” he stated, but as the words left his mouth the horny prickling in his crotch increased.

A sudden uneasiness overwhelmed him and he gulped down his beer.

“Will you order me another?” he asked, carefully getting to his feet, “I’m going to check if I’m still a boy.”

“Sure.”

He bent over to her kiss her, using the move to furtively pushing aside the stone prick, shoving it into the place where the fake one had been. “I’ll be right back, honey.”

He went over to the restroom, but on the threshold he looked back to see if she was following him with her eyes.

She wasn’t. She was talking to the waiter, and he could only see her backside.

Great. Time to get out of here.

He stepped over to the adjacent terrace, and quickly crossing it, he rushed back to the Rhine river promenade and disappeared in the crowds.

Mission accomplished.

If only this rotten thing wouldn't itch so much. It made him feel as if he would spout his hot *cum* straight into his trousers any minute. What a mess that would be.

He rushed down the promenade in a hurry, and as soon as he reached a busy downtown street, he scooted into a restaurant, ordered a beer and headed for the restrooms.

Inside, it stank of cheap all-purpose cleaner.

For a moment Cedric wanted to speed out again, but the discomfort caused by the stone prick was worse than the stink. He carefully locked the stall door behind him and quickly fished up the prick.

The moment he touched the stone with his fingers the walls of the stall began whirling around.

Heck! What was happening? Had Gertrud Vixen been right not to touch it? Was a horrible curse striking him? Was he about to die?

He sank on his knees, dizzy and sick, but for a moment only. The walls stopped spinning and with growing surprise Cedric looked around.

He was suddenly surrounded by solid walls made of boulder stones, covered by huge tapestries showing hunters chasing deer in dark ancient woods. The floor was coated with red tiles, and animal skin rugs were spread out in front of a huge fire place, where a bubbling cauldron spread a nasty stink. The smoky smell of scorching turfs and burning porridge made him cough.

What had happened to the stall? Where on earth had he landed in?

"Make me come," a familiar voice panted. "Majesty, please make me come."

Cedric stumbled to his feet, and turning he discovered the woman on the oak wooden table in the middle of the room. She was lying on her back, her legs widely spread, crying out for lust because of the hard in-and-out strokes of a huge penis.

"Lizzy?" he whispered.

Impossible. It couldn't be his Lizzy, making love to that bearded knight.

"I gotta come," the woman cried, and it was definitely Lizzy's voice. But her cries sounded different, passionate, filled with gigantic lust. It was so unlike the noises she made when reaching an orgasm in his arms. He had never heard this passionate emotion, never heard her desperately beg for more. And more....

He tiptoed close, and with narrowed eyes he studied the woman's face.

It was his Lizzy. No doubt about that.

"Lizzy!" he screamed in agony. "How can you do this to me? I asked you to become my wife!"

Lizzy didn't react to his yelling. She continued the passionate moaning and her outcries made it clear she was on the verge of the best orgasm ever.

"Lizzy! Talk to me!"

The bearded knight thrust his prick into Lizzy's pussy over and over again, then turned his head. "The woman cannot hear thee, traveler. She lives in a different time zone."

“Don’t fool me, you bastard,” Cedric snapped. “She’s my future wife. I love her.”

“Thou may love the woman, and thou may try to please her as hard as thou can ... thou wilt never be able to pleasure her.”

Cedric groaned as the sudden knowledge struck him like a bolt of lightning. Lizzy had faked her orgasms when making love to him. With him, she’d never felt the pleasures this bearded fellow obviously gave her. She’d done her female ‘duty’ towards him, and nothing more.

Was it his fault?

But he’d made love to other women before falling in love with Lizzy. Had they all faked? Was he an impotent loser, incapable to give a woman joy? He pressed his hand to his eyes, unable to understand the gruesome truth.

The bearded knight coughed. “This is not thee fault, traveler. The woman is cursed.”

Cedric gazed at him. “Cursed? What do you mean?”

“Her grandmother took my pike for her own joys. We cursed her.”

“You mean you are...” Cedric whispered in confusion.

The knight nodded. “We are Dietrich, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.”

“But that can’t be. This whole thing is a trick. It must be,” Cedric shouted in frustration.

Emperor Dietrich burst out in a roaring laughter. “I want my pike back. Reunite me with my pike, and thy Ice Maiden will defrost.”

The high cries of a woman reaching her orgasm filled the room and Cedric winced.

He didn’t want to see this. He didn’t want to know the love of his life was deceiving him. The boulder walls of the ice cold chamber whirled around him and seconds later he found himself sitting on his knees in a dingy restroom stall.

“Hallo!” an alarmed voice shouted in German, “Are you alright? If you don’t come out, I’ll open the door by force.”

The waiter! It was the waiter.

“Don’t worry. I’m fine. I’ll be right there,” Cedric shouted in reply, hiding the stone prick in his pocket.

He walked out, smiled at the stunned waiter, washed his hands, and left the stinking restroom in a hurry.

“Your beer,” the waiter called after him. “You’ve got to pay for your beer.”

Cedric threw a few Euro’s on the counter. “Keep the change,” he said and hurried out.

High time for a little chat with Lizzy.

When he reached the subway, his cell phone rang, and he pressed on the yellow button to take the call.

“Cedric? Where are you? I’ve been looking for you everywhere,” an indignant voice wailed.

Gertrud Vixen. Of all people. What could he say to her?

Get lost you dragon, I got what I wanted?

No, that wouldn’t be wise. He might need her in the future. You never knew.

“I’m sorry, Gertrud,” he replied in his most charming way. “I feel embarrassed. I got some belly problems. I’m on my way home to change.”

“Oh dear, have you been eating a bad bratwurst perhaps?” she blurted.

“Don’t know. Might be the garlic. I’m not used to it. I’ll call you tomorrow. Okay?”

“Sure. Get better soon, sweetie.”

“Thanks *Liebling*,” Cedric forced himself to say, and he got rewarded by a soft whinnying laughter at the other side of the phone line.

Bah, she was despicable. He was overdoing it.

“See you tomorrow then,” Vixen crooned.

“Yeah. Bye.” Cedric broke the connection. He could only hope he’d never see her again.

Chapter 7

“Cedric ain’t back yet?” Grandma asked.

She entered the living where Lizzy was reading a romance novel.

“No, he promised to call me when he’d gotten it.”

“And he didn’t call yet.” Grandma nodded in understanding, taking a seat next to Lizzy.

“I can wait for him alone,” Lizzy stated. “As soon as he’s back I’ll tell you.”

“You’re my granddaughter, Elizabeth. We’re cast in the same mold.”

Lizzy started. Had Grandma caught any suspicion? Did she know about her real plans with Dick’s prick? In that case she’d better be very careful.

Trying hard to look surprised, she asked, “What do you mean, Granny?”

“It means I don’t trust you for an inch, *Mädel*. We’ll wait for Cedric together.”

“But....”

“It’s my prick, Elizabeth. I might consider allowing you to touch it from time to time, but it’s mine all together.”

“It’s my lover who’s getting it,” Lizzy snapped in anger. “I have as many rights as you.”

Grandma smirked. “I knew you were about to cheat me, honey. Like you cheated your lovers your entire life.”

“That’s none of your business, Gran.”

Grandma smiled in a wicked way. “I can tell him, you know. I can tell Cedric. Men don’t like it when their women fake orgasms. Hurts their ego.”

“I didn’t fake....” Lizzy began, but her grandmother silenced her with a booming outcry. “Don’t tell me tales! I’ve seen you both making love, yesterday. You’re a frigid Bunny.”

“But Grandma, I....” Lizzy protested.

“Don’t deny it. You need that prick as much as I do.”

Gran made a choking sound. “We’re sharing a man, honey. An emperor of all people. But I don’t wanna share my man. With no one. Not even you.”

“You’re old and wrinkled. Every man wants a young and beautiful girl.”

“I’m not wrinkled at all. How dare you say such a wicked thing? Dietrich is mine.”

“No, he’s mine!” Lizzy shouted. “Dietrich is mine! And mine alone.”

“I thought your lover’s name is Cedric, Lizzy,” Cedric’s indignant voice toned from the threshold.

Lizzy’s face went pale and she turned around as if bitten by a vampire. “Cedric,” she panted. “Where do you come from?”

“From the Middle Ages, I assume,” he said in a dry manner, raising his hand, showing Dick’s prick.

“My prick!” Grandma shouted, scooting to Cedric.

“No, it’s mine. Give it to me,” Lizzy screamed. She rushed after her grandmother, grabbing the clothes of the elderly woman to prevent her from reaching Cedric first.

Cedric raised his arm so high up in the air that neither of the quarreling women could touch the stone prick.

“Sit,” he ordered them, sounding as if he were talking to fighting dogs. “Sit!”

Lizzy sat down, stunned. Next to her, Grandma did the same.

“It’s my prick,” Grandma muttered indignantly.

“No,” Lizzy immediately repeated. “It’s mine. My lover got it for me. Haven’t you, Cedric?”

Cedric shook his head. “This private part belongs to one person only.”

“Me,” Grandma shouted.

“No, me!”

“Will you both stop, ladies? This is Emperor Dietrich’s prick and he wants it back.”

“He won’t get it,” Grandma shouted. “I’ve made my choice, and he knows it.”

Her head tilted, Lizzy gazed at her Grandma. “What choice are you talking about?”

“He made me choose. Emperor Dietrich made me choose between that prick and your grandfather.”

Lizzy’s mouth fell open. “And you ... chose that prick?”

Gran nodded. “Yes, so even you’ll have to admit, it’s mine.”

“What about you, Lizzy?” Cedric asked, his voice harsh with emotion. “What will you take? Me, or...”

He walked to her, and dumping Dick’s prick on her lap, he continued, “Me or this prick?”

The prick! It was hers! With trembling fingers, she grabbed the prick, hastily stuffed it into her décolletage and pressed both hands on her bosom.

“It’s mine. At last, it’s mine,” she panted.

“No!” Grandma cried out. “I’ve found it. I dug it up.”

“Get lost,” Lizzy snapped, “you’ll never get it.”

She jumped up, and rushed out of the room.

“Lizzy,” Cedric called after her. “Come back. I love you.”

He ran after her and caught up with her in the bedroom.

“Lizzy, I’ve asked you to be my wife. I was very unhappy to see you in the arms of an other man.”

“But Cedric,” she whispered, “That’s not true.”

“I’ve seen you, Lizzy. He made you come. Really come.”

All blood drained from her face. What did he say? Had he really watched her making love to Emperor Dietrich?

“That can’t be. I didn’t spot you. I mean, he had your face. I was making love to you. I love you, Cedric. I do love you.”

“But I cannot make you come. You lied to me, Lizzy. All those precious moments in bed were worth nothing. Nothing at all.”

She cast down her eyes and studied the floor.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"This is the moment, honey. Make your choice. Me or Emperor Dietrich."

"But I cannot ... I'm an Ice Maiden without that prick. You must understand. It's so great to come."

She saw him shiver. "I love you, Lizzy. But I won't share you with a ghost."

"He isn't a ghost. He's...."

"A man? A real man? That's even worse. If you consider him to be a man, then you really cheated on me."

"But I don't ... I just need that feeling." She heard the despair in her voice. What was she doing? Was she sending Cedric away, because of a piece of stone?

Now what! She didn't need him. She needed a man, a real man who could make her come. Cedric wasn't that man. He was her most recent 'ex'.

"It's over Cedric. Between you and me. Please leave me alone."

"Over? You can't mean that!"

She walked to the door, threw it open and pointing at him she screamed, "I've never been more serious in my entire life. Get out."

Shaking his head in disbelief, he left the room.

She slammed the door behind him and carefully locked it.

An enormous joy filled her entire being. At last. At last, she had the prick all for herself.

She craved that wonderful feeling. She needed to come right now. She grabbed Dick's prick from her décolletage and pressing it to her nether parts, she waited for the room to change.

Nothing happened. The curtains hung still in the light of a setting sun, and the colorful wallpaper remained as green as usual.

She pressed the prick harder to her body.

Nothing.

With one hand she lifted her skirt, took off her undies, then pressed the ice-cold stone to her pussy.

Nothing.

What was wrong? Should she push it into her pussy? But, it was a stone after all. She might hurt herself with the solid thing.

She groaned in frustration. She needed to come. She craved that wonderful feeling of passionate lust.

She walked to the tap and washed the stone prick with lots of soap and water. Okay, it was clean now. She had to try.

Her fingers shuddered and a nasty cramp settled at the inside of her throat. Taking a deep breath she opened her lips, and softly pushed the prick into her pussy.

Nothing.

She moved it, pushing it in and out, making little circles, using her other hand to masturbate her clit, but nothing worked.

"Why?" she cried out. "Why don't I feel anything? What did I do to deserve this terrible fate?"

She grabbed the prick, pulled it out of her body and in frustration she smashed it to the floor. The room whirled around her in protest, and seconds later she was in the castle room again.

A bearded knight stood in front of her, his face distorted in anger.

She looked at the man in surprise.

“Who are you?”

As the words left her mouth she suddenly knew. This was Emperor Dietrich. The ghost she’d chosen above the love of her life.

“Thou shalt not throw my pike, woman!” the emperor barked.

“It didn’t work,” she explained. “I didn’t feel anything.”

“The time has come to break the curse. Return my pike, or else....”

“But it’s mine, Majesty. I need it.”

“Or else....” he repeated. It sounded threatening, and Lizzy swallowed.

“Make love to me, Majesty,” she begged him. “Please make me come. I crave that feeling!”

“Thou shalt never enjoy it again. Thou shalt be an Ice Maiden for ever.”

She cried out as if in pain. “Majesty please, I beg you!”

Emperor Dietrich shook his head. “Never. Unless thou return my pike. By the light of the crescent moon, at eleven.”

The room whirled around her and seconds later she was back in her bedroom, his words echoing inside her head.

Return my pike ... crescent moon ... eleven....

She sank on the bed, tears rolling over her cheek, dripping on her lap. Was returning the prick to its rightful owner the way to get out of this mess? But how on earth could she do that? She didn’t know where it was found. She didn’t even know if Emperor Dietrich’s body was still in the ruin near the river Rhine.

Grandma would know. But Gran wouldn’t help her. Gran would steal the prick and keep it all for herself. Because it gave her eternal youth.

Why? Why did the prick grant her grandmother eternal youth? Was Grandma the rightful owner? Was that Dietrich’s hidden message? Must she return it to Gran? Yes, she must. The prick had always done its job. Until now. That could only be because she’d stolen it from Gran. Or did it belong to the Heinrich Heine Museum after all? Must she return it to Fräulein Vixen?

But what if she made a mistake? What if she gave it to Gran or to Vixen, and Dietrich wanted her to bring it to his sarcophagus?

Thou shalt be an Ice Maiden forever....

No!

Tears of despair kept on rolling over her cheeks.

She craved to be a woman. A real woman, able to give and receive love from a mortal man.

What could she do? Was there no one to help her?

A sting of pain stabbed her heart.

Cedric!

She’d sent Cedric away. But she loved him. She loved Cedric. She couldn’t live

without him. And she had treated him so badly.

Where was Cedric? She must go to him. Tell him she was sorry. Ask him to forgive her. It didn't matter that he wasn't able to give her the satisfaction she craved. That was her fault. She loved him. She needed him! She jumped to her feet and rushed out of the room, without looking back.

Dick's prick remained lying down on the colorful carpet, a last sunbeam caressed the tip of the swollen stone head.

As the stamping noises of Lizzy's hasty feet faded out, the door to the adjacent chamber creaked open and Grandma sneaked into the guestroom.

Her face beamed for joy when she discovered the prick.

"There you are, my sweetie," she muttered to herself.

She snatched it from the floor and hurried off.

Chapter 8

Lizzy rushed around the entire house, searching rooms and corridors, calling for Cedric, but she couldn't find him anywhere. When she tried to call his cell phone, a cold computer voice informed her the user was offline, and suggested to try again later.

Cedric was really angry with her. She'd lost him, and that was her own fault. She'd been so stupid. What had gotten into her?

Oh, that darned prick! She wished she'd never seen it. It had changed her life, years ago. The moment she'd touched the rotten thing, it had turned her into an Ice Maiden, a stone prick addict, who was unable to get satisfaction from a warm and living man. And she had never realized it until now.

How would her life have been without the curse of Dick's prick hanging over her head? Would she have married her first love?

She shook her head. No, she'd even forgotten the man's name. But she would have married Cedric.

"AAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Lizzy started. Huh? What was that? Was someone shouting?

"AAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Grandma?

Yes, that was Gran's voice. There must be something terribly wrong with her.

Lizzy rushed to her feet, stampeded up the stairs and came to a halt in front of her grandmother's study.

Another horrifying outcry filled the house.

"No, no ... please, please let me come!"

To Lizzy it was as if she listened to her own desperate outcries, and she felt her nether lips contract in protest.

"Please, Majesty please! Don't leave me like this!" Grandma wailed.

"Gran!" Lizzy shouted, "Gran open up. It's no use begging him. He won't listen."

"I gave up everything for you," Grandma screamed. "The man I loved, my life as a married woman. Don't do this to me. Make me come!"

Lizzy knocked on the door. "Gran, open up. You're making a fool of yourself."

There was a stumbling somewhere inside the room, a key was turned in the lock and loudly squeaking the door swung open.

Grandma's tear-stained devastated face gazed at her, hatred in her eyes.

"What have you done to my prick?" she hissed. "What have you done to it?"

"I haven't done anything. It..."

"Liar! You've ruined it. You and your lover!"

"Come on, Granny. You...." A thought whirled through her brains. "Are you sure this is the real prick, Gran? What if that Vixen dragon kept it to herself?"

Grandma's lips moved as if she were tasting Lizzy's words. "You think Vixen

cheated on us?" She panted hard, examining the prick in her hand. "Is this a fake one? Is there more than one fake prick?"

Talking, she shook her head. "The stone prickles. And I was transformed to Emperor

Dietrich's private quarters." She sighed loudly. "No Lizzy, this is the genuine relic. Maybe--" She fell silent.

"Maybe what, Grandma?"

Grandma swallowed hard. "Maybe the Emperor is angry because a man fingered it with his bare skin?"

Lizzy shook her head. "I don't think so. I..."

Grandma's face distorted as if in unbearable pain. "If we can't find out what's wrong with the prick we'll be Ice Maidens forever. No man will ever look at us twice."

Sinking on her knees, Grandma pressed Dick's prick to her chest, her tears dripping on the laminate of the corridor floor.

"Grandma? Emperor Dietrich told me to return his pike. I thought he meant giving it back to you, but it's clear he wants us to reunite it with his body."

Grandma looked up, desperation burning deep in her eyes. "If I lose this prick, I'll grow old and ugly."

"You'll get wrinkles no matter what you do, Grandma. I think the prick has lost it's magic because the Emperor wants his privates back." She took a deep breath. "What can we lose? We've lost everything already."

"I don't agree with you, Elizabeth. The prick will..."

"No, it won't. The prick has only taken from us. We've lost ourselves, and our lovers." She cleared her throat that was hoarse for emotion. "You can't fool me, Gran. You long for grandpa, as much as I miss Cedric."

Grandma nodded slowly. "Yeah, I miss him. But he ain't going to forgive me. I've done him wrong."

"I've done Cedric wrong. But I'm gonna try to win him back. I love him. I love him so much."

Grandma pressed her lips together. "I love your grandpa too, but ... it's too late."

"It's never too late when it comes to love. Love conquers everything: hatred, fear, sorrow. We just have to try."

"How? What can we do?" Grandma shouted in agony.

"Reunite Emperor Dietrich with his prick. He talked about the light of a crescent moon and eleven o'clock."

Grandma pressed her fingers against her lips, then checked her watch. "We can make that," she muttered. "They close the place at six."

"They close it? You mean we'll have to break in?"

Grandma snorted cynically. "It's a ruin, honey. Broken walls and collapsed towers surrounded by a fence. A rusty iron thing. It's a piece of cake to climb over it."

"But how do we get into the chapel then?"

"The chapel's gone. Dietrich's resting in a crypt down under its ruin. But..." Grandma made a face. "The entrance gate was bricked up years ago to protect his body from grave robbers."

Lizzy bit on her lip. "Bricked up?"

"No trouble, honey." Grandmother's face expressed resolution. "A heavy steel pickax will do."

"So, we're going to break in after all?"

"Yeah, we gonna give it a try. I crave an orgasm."

Lizzy smiled at her grandmother. "So, do I. But I want Cedric to give it to me."

Gran patted her on her shoulder. "He'll come back to you. He loves you. His eyes give him away."

"I'm sure Grandpa still loves you, Gran."

"Ha, I don't think so, dear. It's been too long. Come. Let's go for it."

"Now?" Lizzy asked, surprised.

"Crescent moon tonight, honey. See you downstairs in a minute."

When Grandma left the room, Lizzy picked up the prick, and a familiar sensual tickling flashed through her. No doubt about it. This was the real one. Against her better judgment she pressed the stone firmly to her nether parts, but nothing special happened. It was the real prick, but it had lost its Magic. They simply had no choice but return it. A mournful sigh escaped from her lips. She'd taken Cedric so much for granted, and now she'd lost him, she craved to be in his arms.

Would he forgive her? And if he did, could she ever be a real passionate woman for him?

She'd have all the answers as soon as Emperor Dietrich was reunited with his prick.

"Elizabeth? What keeps you so long?" Grandma called from downstairs.

With nervous moves Lizzy stuffed the stone prick into her pocket and hurried out of the room. She met Grandma in the hall.

"Put on your dark grey blazer," Gran advised, struggling to put on her black jacket,

"there's a cold wind blowing. And it'll work as disguise, too. You've gotten Dick's prick?"

Lizzy patted on the outside of her pocket where a huge bulge gave away the contents.

Grandma grinned. "You're pretty much aroused."

"Oh Gran, how can you joke about this? I've such a terrible feeling. What if they catch us?"

"We'll think of something by then. Come, let's get it over with."

She picked a long package from the floor, and walked Lizzy to her car.

They stepped in, and Grandma sped away as if the Grinch himself was chasing them.

"Take it easy, Gran. You don't want a policeman to notice us."

"We've only an hour left," Grandma snapped. "That's not much."

But she reduced her speed and even stopped for a red traffic light.

It took them half an hour to reach the Kaiserswerth district, which had originally been a separate village north of Düsseldorf, but was now usurped by the big city.

Grandma parked the car in a dark alley next to the river Rhine, and picked up the

ax from the trunk.

"Hurry," she whispered, pointing at the huge trees alongside the path, "they use this lane to walk their dogs. We don't wanna be seen climbing over a fence."

They rushed over the dusk sandy path until they reached a solid wall made of huge boulder stones built on top of a low hill. The indomitable wall towered over the age-old oak trees alongside the river, and was at least thirty yards high.

"Good grief. Do you call this a ruin? We'll need rock climbing material to conquer it."

"It's only a wall, honey. The rest's gone. We'll take the back entrance up there." She gestured at a narrow path that curled upwards the low hill and climbed up. Lizzy hurried after her.

On top of the hill Grandma stopped, pointing at the ruin that looked much more accessible from this side. There were several knee-high thick boulder stone walls, and a higher wall with dark round passages under arched bows. The entrance in the middle was bricked up with square paving stones.

Grandma had followed her investigating gaze. "It's down under the second arch to the left." She cleared her throat. "Now, keep a watch out, while I open the crypt."

Grandma didn't wait for an answer, threw her package with the ax over the fence, and pulling up her skirt she wrestled herself over the rusty iron.

She turned at Lizzy. "If someone's coming, you whistle. You know how to whistle, right?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Gimme the prick."

Lizzy shook her head, pressing her fingers firmly to her pocket. No way! Gran might be a sweet woman, but what if it was all a trick? What if Grandma had just playacted and her real goal was getting the precious relic all for herself?

"Gimme the prick, Elizabeth," Grandma repeated.

"No, I'll come with you."

"You stay here, sure as hell. I don't wanna be caught demolishing the crypt. I'm a famous archeologist, not a wrecker."

"I can do the digging, while you stand guard," Lizzy suggested. "I'm much younger than you."

"Younger my ass," Grandma snapped. "You don't know where to delve. I'll open the crypt, while you keep an eye on things. Then we'll both go in and glue Dick to his prick."

"Great idea," Lizzy replied with a smile. It was obvious Grandma knew why she was so reluctant to hand over the prick. Well, never mind. Grandma probably didn't trust her either.

"I'm off," Grandma announced and she hurried to the arched entrance.

Seconds later a loud blow gave away Grandma had started digging. My, the noise it made!

Pressing her back against a huge beech tree, Lizzy tried to blend into the landscape and looked around. Pricking up her ears to discover approaching passers-by, she cringed with every loud bang Grandma produced.

In the near distance a dog barked, and sudden footsteps made her gasp for breath. She whistled, but Grandma kept on hacking like an idiot.

Lizzy whistled again, loudly now. "Gran, someone's coming," she hissed. "Be quiet!"

Bang, bang, bang....

Lizzy's stomach cramped in agony. Grandma didn't hear anything. What could she do?

The footsteps came nearer. It was only a matter of seconds before the man would see her.

She jumped over the fence and rushed to Grandma.

"Gran!" she whispered, out of breath. "Someone's coming."

Grandma stopped the hacking and they quickly hid behind a thick low wall.

"Anybody out there?" a deep male voice shouted.

Good grief, this was scary. What if he turned the dog loose? The beast would hunt them down in a minute.

"Anybody there?" the man repeated.

Lizzy suppressed the enormous urge to loudly call out, "No."

"Let's get inside, in case he climbs over the fence," Grandma whispered. "Watch out for sharp edges. It's narrow."

Before Lizzy could say anything in return, Grandma snaked herself into the hole, feet first.

"I can see you!" the man cried out. "Get them, Wolf. Attack!"

A loud angry barking announced the approaching of the dog, and Lizzy cringed. She loved dogs, but this one didn't sound very sweet.

"Hurry Elizabeth," Grandma urged. "Climb in."

Lizzy put her hands into the hole, and used her feet to push herself up. When her head glided in, her feet lost grip, dangling helplessly above the ground, being of no help to get her inside. Good grief. This was why Grandma had gone in feet first.

"Help me," she whispered. "I'm stuck."

Gran grabbed her hands and pulled, and Lizzy twisted her body to get in as soon as possible. A growl replaced the barking and a warm sultry breathing skimmed her ankle. The dog!

Another growl, and something hard and unyielding took her right shoe in a firm grip.

It was obvious the animal held her leg for a dog's bone.

"He's gotten my shoe. Help me, Gran. He'll bite me to death."

Gran pulled and Lizzy snaked, and inch by inch she disappeared inside the narrow gap. When her shoulders came out, Grandma grabbed Lizzy under her armpits, jerking her inside with all her might.

Lizzy's shoe came loose and the dog howled loudly as he lost his grip on her. Before he could bite on Lizzy's bare foot, she pulled it to safety. Panting hard, she sat on the ice cold cobble stones.

"Don't you sit there," Grandma snapped, "help me close the hole."

She stuffed broken stones into the gap, and it got darker and darker inside.

"What an ill-bred dog," a familiar female voice said somewhere outside. "Those historical grounds are forbidden territory by night. I'll call the police."

"It's that dragon, Gertrud Vixen," Grandma whispered into Lizzy's ear. "What the heck's she doing here?"

"Wolf. Here!" the man shouted, and they heard him continue in a lower voice. "No police. I spotted an intruder. I ordered Wolf to catch him."

"An intruder?" another male voice reacted. "Are you sure you didn't drink too much beer?"

"No, I definitely saw someone strolling out there," Wolf's owner said.

"I'll have a look," the other male said. "That is, if you allow me, Gertrud."

Cedric. That was Cedric's voice. What was he doing here?

They heard footsteps approaching and Cedric whispered. "I'm on a moon light stroll with Gertrud Vixen. We'll find us a nice spot near the Rhine to make love."

"No Cedric! I love you. Will you please--"

"I don't see why I can't make love to Gertrud. She's a nice woman. And you're occupied with your emperor, right?"

"The emperor means nothing to me. Please Cedric."

"*Please Majesty. Make me come,*" Cedric hissed. "That's what you said to him."

"Cedric? What keeps you so long?" Gertrud Vixen asked.

"There's nothing here, *mein Herzchen*," Cedric shouted in reply, "I'm coming back to you." And under his breath he added, "You bet, she'll make me come."

"Cedric, please," Lizzy begged him, but the vanishing sound of quick footsteps made it clear Cedric had left.

Lizzy put her finger into her mouth, biting on it to prevent herself from crying out loud. She loved Cedric so much, and it was her own stupid fault she'd lost him forever. To Gertrud Vixen, of all people. How could he? How could he even think of making love to that monster?

"It's almost eleven," Grandma whispered, putting her hand on Lizzy's shoulder. "Come, I'll lead you to the stairs."

She dragged Lizzy along, and when they reached a narrow spiral staircase Grandma flicked on a pocket flashlight. Lizzy blinked in the sudden light, but Grandma obviously had no trouble at all.

"Hurry, only three minutes left!"

Grandma rushed down the stairs, and Lizzy hurried after her as fast as she could. But it wasn't easy to walk down on one high heel and one bare foot.

"We'll never make it in time," Lizzy panted.

"Sure we will. We're almost there." Grandma scooted through a low narrow passage, rounded a corner, rushed through another even lower passage until they reached the crypt.

Grandma's flashlight shone upon heavy Romanesque bows and solid columns supporting a low ceiling. Grey flat stones covered the floor. In the middle of the room stood a huge yellow white marble sarcophagus. There was a stone statue of Emperor Dietrich on top of it, lying on his back.

"Told you so," Lizzy panted. "We can never open that sarcophagus in time. We

must try again tomorrow.”

“Just you wait.” Grandma glanced at her watch, and then put off the light. “One minute left.”

An ice-cold darkness surrounded Lizzy, and she desperately grabbed around her to seek support from Grandma, but all she touched was thin air.

“Gran? Where are you?”

“I’m here. Gimme the prick. Hurry!”

Lizzy grabbed the prick from her pocket, and stretched out her hand.

A soft weird glowing enlightened the head of Dick’s prick, the gleaming getting stronger and brighter every second.

“It’s glowing,” Lizzy whispered, “it feels like it’s burning. I can’t hold it any longer. It’s getting too hot.”

Breathing hard, Grandma snatched the prick from Lizzy’s hand, scooted to the sarcophagus and put it on Dietrich’s statue. The minute the beaming prick touched the statue the entire sarcophagus spread an eerie glow. The statue moaned, shivered and coming to life it raised itself with stiff, ridged moves.

Pressing her hand to her lips Lizzy winced. Impossible. She must be dreaming; statues didn’t live.

“I am Dietrich, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire,” the statue roared in a gruesome voice. “Thou have bowed to my wishes, thy women. My curse shall no longer rest upon thee.”

The living statue stretched out and as his iron suit of armor glided to the floor, he exposed his well-built naked body. Lizzy stared at his swollen hard dick, and her pussy cramped in a weird desire. She longed for a man. Yet, not this one. She wanted Cedric. But Cedric was making love to Fräulein Vixen.

The glowing slowly faded away, and an intense darkness fell over the crypt. The loud screeches of a vampire bat filled the room.

“We’d better get out of here,” Grandma suggested, putting on her flash light, “I hate bats.”

She cast a mourning glance at the marble statue that lay stiff and still on his back on top of the sarcophagus. “May Emperor Dietrich rest in peace now,” she whispered. “I’ll miss him.”

“Did he always look like Grandpa to you?” Lizzy asked.

“He sure did.” Grandma walked through the narrow exit and Lizzy followed her.

“Then you don’t have to miss him. Just call Grandpa.”

“That won’t work, Elizabeth. Stop mentioning it. Makes me sad. I’ve lost my man--I’ll lose my youth soon.”

They reached the narrow spiral stairs and climbed it one after the other.

Upstairs they carefully cleared the bricks away, that Grandma had stuffed into the gap to prevent the dog from coming after them.

“Okay, that’ll do. Come on, feet first, that’ll work best.”

Grandma stepped into the hole and disappeared.

After a short hesitation Lizzy followed her.

Chapter 9

It was quiet outside. No barking dogs, no sign of curious passers-by. No sign of Cedric either.

Lizzy's stomach cramped in disappointment. What had she been thinking? That Cedric would be waiting for her?

She pressed her lips so firmly together that it hurt. Yes, she'd secretly hoped he'd be here. But he was probably kissing his new found love. That monstrous dragon of a Gertrud Vixen. How could he?

"Tomorrow I'll have the crypt properly bricked up again," Grandma announced, stuffing the hole with broken bricks. "Put on your shoe. What's left of it."

Lizzy picked her damaged shoe from the stony ground and managed to shove it on her foot again.

Together, they walked to the rusty iron fence and climbed over it. The sandy path was empty, and the age-old oak trees stood silent in the vague light of the crescent moon.

Ring, ring, ring....

Her cell phone was ringing! Maybe it was Cedric!

Lizzy snatched the phone from her pocket, only to find out it didn't make a sound.

"Hello," Grandma said into her phone, and Lizzy saw her mouth fall open in surprise. "Is that you Walter?" she whispered, totally stunned. "It's been ages."

Stuffing her phone back into her pocket, Lizzy swallowed down her disappointment. It wasn't Cedric calling her. It was Grandpa phoning Gran.

"You had what, Walter? A vision?" Grandma asked in bewilderment. "What kinda vision?"

She listened, and then muttered, "Emperor Dietrich appeared to tell you ... Of course I wanna have a drink with you. I missed you, Walter. I missed you so much."

She broke the connection and stared at Lizzy. "It seems that Emperor Dietrich told your grandpa that I ... that we...."

She fell silent and a happy glance washed over her face. "He wants to have a beer with me. He still loves me. Lizzy! He still loves me." It was the very first time Grandma had ever called her Lizzy.

Lizzy managed to smile. "Go and have a drink with him then. I'll go home on my own."

"No my child, it's too far to walk."

"We came by the railroad station on our way here. If you bring me to the station, I'll take the train."

Alongside the silent river Rhine they walked back to the car.

Before stepping into the car Lizzy looked back at the ruin, its silhouette towering high above the river.

A soft breeze carried the scent of fish and blooming roses. Unexpectedly a vague

stink of burning porridge touched her nostrils.

Burning porridge....

Impossible.

And it was also impossible that she saw a man walking down the path. A well-built handsome man with Cedric's face.

Had Emperor Dietrich returned?

No, it wasn't Dietrich. It was....

All blood drained from Lizzy's face as she stared at the man she loved.

"Hey youngster, did you drown the dragon?" Grandma cried out in obvious pleasure.

"Sort of," Cedric replied with a grin. "I left her in the Pub over there. She's drinking beer with that dog's owner. They get on very well together."

"I'll leave my precious granddaughter to you then. Have a good time, you two." Grandma stepped into the car, waved at them, and drove off.

Cedric raised an eyebrow. "She seems to be in a hurry."

"She has a date," Lizzy explained in a hoarse voice.

"A date?"

"With Grandpa. He called her on the phone."

"Good for her. All's well that ends well."

Lizzy coughed. "I hope they'll be happy again. Gran deserves it after all she's been through."

"Guess your grandpa's been through something, too," Cedric commented wryly.

Lizzy bit on her fingernail. It was clear Cedric wasn't only talking about Grandpa, he must be referring to his own suffering also.

"I'm sorry Cedric. Can you ever forgive me?"

"It's not your fault you were cursed, Lizzy. But you deliberately lied to me."

She cast down her eyes. "I was so ashamed. I wanted to tell you, but I just didn't have the guts. You must understand, Cedric."

"I don't," he said in a harsh voice.

"But Cedric, I couldn't tell you I'm frigid on our first date. And after that, there never seemed to be a right moment."

He heaved a big sigh. "You must promise me one thing, Lizzy. Can you guess what I want from you?"

Blushing, she looked up at him, straight into his wonderful eyes. She loved him so much. She craved to feel his arms around her. She wanted to make him happy. "I promise I'll never lie to you again."

He kissed her cheek. "Okay. Now, let's see if you'll really keep your promise."

"Of course I'll keep...." She broke off. "What do you mean?"

"There's a nice deserted rose garden next to the ruin. I brought a woolen blanket. It's in my car. You wait here, I'll be right back."

Without awaiting her reply he walked up the street into the former village of Kaiserswerth. Lizzy sat down on a low stone wall and gazed over the quiet Rhine without really seeing the rapidly streaming water. Cedric wanted to make love to her. And it was clear he didn't want her to lie about her real feelings. But what if she wasn't cured? No

doubt he would leave her when he found out she was still an Ice Maiden.

But she didn't want to lose him! What could she do? Fake an orgasm if she felt nothing? But what if he found out?

Nonsense, she was so good at faking, he wouldn't even notice. Or would he?

Good grief. What ever might happen in the upcoming minutes, she was about to lose

Cedric for ever. Unless....

"Thou shalt be an Ice Maiden forever!" Emperor Dietrich's threatening voice roared inside her head.

"But I did return your prick," she whispered. "You must free me from that curse."

"Thou shalt not order an Emperor!" the voice barked.

Lizzy groaned. Did she really hear Emperor Dietrich's voice? Or was it just an echo from long ago?

A warm hand touched her shoulder. "I've got the blanket. Come."

"I'm scared, Cedric. What if...."

His warm lips covered hers, preventing her from talking.

He took the time to kiss her, then grabbed her hand, and led her over the sandy path until they reached the rusty fence around the ruin once more.

Cedric helped her climb over the fence, then showed her to a little garden in the midst of solid boulder walls. It looked like a chamber. A cozy rose chamber that smelled deliciously. Cedric spread out the blanket in a corner, and sitting down he gestured at her to join him. She sank next to him, stiff upright, scared, and trembling.

He pulled her into his warm and protective arms. "There's no need to be afraid, my love."

"I don't think this will work out," she stuttered. "I love you, Cedric, but it won't work."

"Why not?"

"Emperor Dietrich keeps on yelling inside my head that I'll be an Ice Maiden forever."

He gazed at her. Investigating, almost brooding. "I'm not gonna treat you as one of my patients, but um ... in cases like this my advice is to just kiss each other. Nothing more."

"You sound like you meet many frigid bunnies in your practice."

He grinned. "Come on, Liz. Don't be so hard for yourself. I love you, and I wanna marry you no matter what."

"You deserve a real woman," she muttered, trying to hold back her tears.

"Just kiss me," he whispered. "I long to hold you in my arms."

"What about Gertrud Vixen? I thought you had a crush on her."

"I don't give a damn about that woman. I only tried to make you jealous, to let you feel what I felt finding you in the arms of that ghost."

He bent over, and caressing her cheek, he took her face in both hands. "Kiss me."

"Have you forgiven me then?"

He smiled at her. "Of course I have. You've suffered enough."

He covered her face with tender little kisses, and Lizzy calmed down. Cedric

loved her. That was all that mattered. Everything was going to be all right. Her mouth searched for his lips and when she found them she licked over them. He tasted good. Opening his mouth he gave her tongue room to enter him.

Lizzy curled her arms around the nape of his neck, and together they glided to the ground. Kissing him over and over she nestled herself into his arms, pressing her body to his as close as she could.

She wanted to be near him, feel the warmth of his body, cherish herself with his love.

His penis came to life through the thin fabric of his jeans and he breathed hard. But he didn't do anything to discomfort her, he simply kissed her, holding her, sharing his warmth. She relaxed in his arms and the heat of his body filled her entire being. She suddenly longed to feel his fingers on her naked skin.

"Will you undress me?" she asked.

He helped her undress, quickly took off his own clothes too, and pulled her into his arms again.

His hard prick pressed against her belly, and she suddenly loved the feeling. She carefully grabbed his shaft, rubbing her fingertips over the sultry swollen head. He groaned, but although it was obvious his body craved hers, he didn't say so. A tremendous feeling of happiness flew through her. He loved her. He respected her. He would give her all the time she needed.

Relaxing even more, she softly kneaded his hard desire, increasing his arousal with every move she made. She pressed the wet head to her little clit, stirring it up and down. It felt good.

"Will you push a finger in?" she asked him. "Just one?"

He moved his hand behind hers, found her pussy, and opened her lips. She moaned softly as he pushed his hard finger in. It was unbelievable, this felt even better. He moved his finger in and out, while she rubbed his wet dick back and forth over her clit. Groaning, she moved her hips upwards to meet him. His finger slipped out, leaving an almost unbearable emptiness.

Still holding his shaft she pushed her hips up and his dick skimmed over her pussy.

Hard, big, hot, demanding. She expected him to thrust his prick into her, but although a loud moan escaped from his mouth, he left her in command.

He was sweet, and she liked this extremely.

"Roll over," she said. "On your back."

He did as she asked, lying on his back, his hard prick pointing up, the sultry head glistening in the moonlight. She came up on her knees, lifted one leg over his belly, and lowered herself down, her pussy aiming at his hard desire.

He grabbed her hips to help her, and inch by inch his dick slid into her, deeper and deeper. She couldn't resist the enormous urge to move up and down, riding him with short hard strokes. He moaned harder, covering her breasts with his warm hands, stroking her nipples. "Yes, ride me honey," he panted. "Ride me hard."

She rode him. As fast as she could. It was great. Waves of pleasure flew over her with every move, and she cried out for joy.

His face distorted in lust, and she laughed at him. A bright happy laugh.

She rode him even faster, rhythmically up and down, feeling his prick move inside her. It was a wonderful feeling, bringing her on the verge of her very first real orgasm.

“I gotta come,” she panted. “Cedric you make me come.”

“Hurry,” he begged her. “I can’t stand it much longer.”

She kissed his nose, and pressed her naked body firmly against his, constantly moving up and down. He grabbed her buttocks and pulled her towards him, close, closer.

Lizzy felt as if they were melting together, as if they became one body, one person, one soul. As she screamed out in unbearable lust, she felt him come with her. The pulsing ebbed away, and a huge bliss overwhelmed her. She loved him. She loved him so much. At last she’d given him what he really wanted.

“I’m cured,” she whispered with a satisfied sigh. “At last I’m a woman. A real woman.”

He grinned, kissing her. “I happened to notice. Good grief Liz, you’ve turned into a volcano.”

“Volcano.” She tasted the word. “That sounds a lot better than Ice Maiden.”

“You bet it does. Will you marry me?”

“Yes, Cedric,” she gasped, as a huge delight overwhelmed her once more. “I want to be yours forever.”

A grin of joy washed over his face. “You make me the happiest man in the world, Lizzy. I’ve only one wish left.”

She gazed at him in surprise. “Oh? What might that be?”

“I want a huge mug of ice cold German draft beer,” he confessed.

She grinned. “Okay, let’s go get one. I’d like a drink, too.”

They dressed and left the rose garden, side by side.

From the top of the solid castle wall, the dark shadow of a bearded knight watched them go.

The End