

Robert Müller

The conception mate

Revenge is my ... thing

A #MeToo novel

**An exciting crime novel
full of eroticism and social criticism
to get a not new, but unfortunately
again topical problem**

Persons and action are fictitious. Possible references to current or earlier political and social developments are intended, but not a reference to specific persons, parties or institutions.

I thank my wife
for the usual conscientious correction
and the support and time,
to write this work.

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Contact with the author for an English edition via
my homepage www.buecher-rvm.at
or contact me directly by e-mail via
buecher.r.v.m@gmail.com.

Foreword

Almost every day, new sex accusations are read in the media against "honourable" persons in politics, in the (film) business, in the sports sector, in secular and non-secular educational institutions or in the military. Even the innermost interpersonal sphere, the family, is not exempt from this. In most cases, the reported incidents, which range from harassment, grabbing and coercion to rape, are far behind, although the terms are too often not clearly separated. The accuracy of the assertions can therefore often no longer be verified, let alone testified to or even proven, and if so, the crimes are often already statute-barred.

The satisfaction or revenge of the (alleged) victims therefore usually consists in the public contempt of the (almost exclusively male) accused, sometimes also in demanding, even squeezing, silence or damages for pain and suffering.

This novel reports about a fictitious act of massive sexual assault and the subtle revenge the victim takes on his tormentors.

Have fun reading and thinking about!

R.v.M.

1 Marta

It was a Monday in early August. Above the city lay the heat, which already in the morning promised an unbearably hot, sultry evening. Marta had no idea that this would be a hot evening of far-reaching importance for her in a way other than just meteorological. Where from?

Marta sat bored next to her colleague behind the reception desk in the entrance hall of her temporary employer, R&M-Consultations Inc. Temporarily, because she only completed her four-week internship here as part of her commercial training as a business economist. In her curriculum, her school made this a mandatory holiday internship in the summer holidays before the last year of training. So she sat here although she knew better.

Marta let her gaze wander through the huge room with its hypermodern architecture. Everywhere glass and stainless steel, interrupted by large modern paintings, as one would call these Schüttbilder paintings. They had certainly not been cheap. Their choice of profession was therefore probably not the worst in monetary terms. Obviously one could and can earn a lot of money with consulting and the mere initiation of business.

For them, however, unlike for these color blot works of art, there was still no money left. What had she been told when she applied? Students like

her, who want to complete an internship, wrong: must be, should be glad to be allowed to do this here. Therefore, there are no plans for remuneration. And if she didn't want to accept that, please: then she would have to look elsewhere. There would be many other people interested in this position besides her.

The lady in her mid-twenties had introduced herself to Magdalena and briefly introduced her to her job. It consisted of welcoming the incoming, who were obviously looking for help, friendly at the desk, asking for an identity card and then announcing them to the desired department or contact person by telephone.

"For security reasons, visitors should never go to the desired office alone. They have to wait," Magdalena told her, "until someone from the company picks them up here at the desk. In the meantime, I scan their ID card and you try to keep them happy, offer them a cup of coffee or tea, and small-talk them away. As a young, extremely pretty woman, you won't find it difficult to have a pleasant conversation with your customers, will you? You will also need this as one of your key skills in your future professional life. So practice the friendly contact already here!

As she had noticed in the few days she had spent, it was usually not really difficult to start conversations. It was much more difficult to end these con-

versations without a scandal. Quite a few of the visitors considered their friendly small talk to be more than it was - and tried to derive a date from it, which they were not allowed to do in accordance with operational compliance, nor did they want privately. Mostly they were men in tailor-made suits who were twice their age. No thanks! The skirmish had a certain charm, spurred on her curiosity and female craving, but definitely had no future.

At the moment she didn't need any ties and the resulting private problems and compromises. At the moment she had only one goal: a steep career. Then, if she would one day be where many of the visitors are already, she would be equal, not Cinderella waiting for her prince. Then she would vote. If necessary, she would have to kiss a lot of frogs - one of them would turn out to be a prince.

Suddenly she felt Magdalena's elbow in her side.

"There, look, our boss is coming," Magdalena whispered to her.

Marta reacted too slowly to see the boss of the company from the front. He had already rushed past them with long, hasty steps, without having appreciated both of them. Seen from behind, he looked like all the men who squeezed into far too tight tailor-made suits pulled in their belly and demonstrated their importance and athleticism with a learned straight posture. Only the men at the very

top of the field were able to walk around casually. They did not need to create an external appearance, they had it.

"I hardly saw anything of him," whispered Marta back. "What is he like?"

"As a boss or as a man," Magdalena whispered back.

"As a boss, of course. Or have you already had so much private contact with him that you could give information about him as a man?"

"No, not me. But there are all sorts of rumours circulating here in the house that he is very fond of pretty young women. But he is married - and must stay married. After all, half of the company belongs to his wife."

"Does the M in R&M stand for her?"

"Yes. R&M stands for Richard&Miriam, the first names of the owners. Miriam comes from a wealthy Jewish family. She brought in the money, Richard the know-how. He is said to have completed his studies in record time. Together they were and are highly successful, as you can see." With these words Magdalena raised her arm and described the huge reception hall with a large circle.

Marta followed the circle with a long look, which abruptly got stuck on the big clock above the entrance.

"My goodness, where has time gone? My lunch break has already begun. I have to leave! I have an appointment," Marta gushed out and got up in a hurry.

"With an admirer", Magdalena curiously wanted to know.

"What are you thinking about again," Marta replied with a short laugh. "No, with my sister. She urgently wants to see me.

2 Maria

Fortunately, the meeting point was in a nearby inn, so that Marta arrived there almost on time. As expected, her sister Maria was already there. She was sitting at one of the tables for two, from where one had a nice view into the guest garden. But because of the extremely hot weather nobody wanted to sit there today.

Carefully, as Maria was, she had already ordered Marta's favourite soup for both of them, bearing in mind the brevity of Marta's lunch break.

"Hello, Maria," Marta gasped out of breath from walking so fast. "It was nice that it worked out and that you found time for the desired conversation in time for my lunch break.

This remark was actually a tautology, because Maria always had the right time. Not because she had nothing to do. On the contrary. But because she took a lot of time for everything and everyone. Maria was like that. Helpful and easy to take care of squarely. In short: A good soul.

"You know that I always take the right time for you, sister-heart, if at all possible. And today it went well! I am really very curious how you will feel in the holiday practice."

"Yes - where do I start ...?" Marta replied uncertainly.

While Marta pondered how she would convey the experiences of the last two and a half days to her sister, she looked at them in a disparaging - not disparaging way. An outsider would hardly suspect to have a pair of twins in front of him. Because their appearance was completely different. But this is not really unusual with twins of two.

Marta was a slender young woman, who nursed her appearance with makeup and fashionable clothes. She wanted to attract attention and attracted attention.

Maria, on the other hand, was a pudgy young woman who evidently attached little importance to being particularly attractive to men without being unkempt. Her nails were short and without any dirty edges, although her hands testified to a lot of

hard and not always clean work, such as in the garden. Marta's nails, on the other hand, were painted and far too long for hard work, which even prevented her from typing on the computer, but still did not make her change her mind.

The nails - that's a good starting point, Marta said to herself: "Look at my hands, then you know how I feel. I didn't have to prune my nails because I hardly have to type anything on the computer or do any heavy manual work. Since today I'm sitting at the reception desk in the foyer, greeting the arrivals, chatting and joking - yes, and I have to keep too brash men at bay."

Again Marta looked at her sister. Although not particularly attractive, she had a first boyfriend at an early age. She was well aware of this fact and had not kept him away for long, even more so, had already found her prince in him and married him immediately. So she probably didn't have much to do with other men anymore. There she must have followed her mother. Also this had married rather early, also this had (therefore?) no more very large value on an attractive external appearance put, also this was extremely industrious, reliable and punctual.

You can't say that about me, Marta thought. I am more inferior to my father. He had only married when he was already highly established in his profession and had repelled his horns. He had worked

as a representative for a large company, had many stays abroad to complete and there - I suspect - the horns continue to repel.

As far as work and career aspirations are concerned, I am clearly a reflection of my father. Not as far as horns are concerned. Too much I always have my father's words in my ear: 'Virginity is a valuable asset that is not given to me-not-nothing-you-nothing'. As a docile and usually obedient daughter, I have not given her away yet. My previous contacts with the opposite sex were always only such that this capital remained untouched. Cuddling, smooching, petting - that was it. Doctor games for teens. So far it was enough to satisfy my pubertal sexual curiosity and sexual joy - for me at least! Whether also for my male guinea pigs, I do not know and never wanted to know. How does my sister see it? Funny. We have never talked about this from woman to woman.

"So far I have kept all men sufficiently far away from my body", Marta continues smiling after these mental digressions. "How is that with you? Don't men give you any more advances?"

"But", Maria laughed. "Only recently there was a man who repaired our washing machine. He remained polite and distant, but his offers were more than clear. I refused, of course - but somehow it was also nice to be wanted as a married woman, es-

pecially by a really attractive man who would have made many women weak."

"Especially when his desire is rather harmless because of being married to the beloved, at least as far as the infection with a venereal disease or even the consequences of a possible impregnation is concerned.

"You give me my cue, sister-heart," Maria said. "As you know, I have chosen this inn for us today as a meeting place as close as possible to your workplace. But didn't you wonder about my call this morning right after I started work? I asked you why I didn't curiously ask you out at breakfast or why I didn't arrange a rendezvous? You could have told me all your experiences tonight at our home, couldn't you? No, I consciously wanted a meeting on neutral ground in real time. I must get rid of an important news before I burst with happiness. A piece of news I didn't know at breakfast and didn't want to reveal over the phone because I wanted to see your reaction: you'll probably be an aunt soon".

Maria watched curiously the effect of her words on her sister. She sat there in bewilderment and didn't know what to say. After a long pause for reflection, during which she wavered whether she should rejoice or not, Marta finally said:

"If you are happy about it, I am happy too. If not, then neither do I. You are my beloved sister. Therefore I want to feel like you!

"I like to hear that, sister heart. Yes, I am happy, although many of my friends thought that I was still too young. I said to them, "Fiddle-dee-dee. I'm almost 19, so I'm 20 at the best and healthiest child-bearing age. Others said that one should have seen first whether the marriage really lasts, whether it is not only the result of a straw fire, the embers of which go out very quickly. I told them, "Fiddle-dee-dee. Who will tell me if the embers won't go out in two or ten years? There is no guarantee. There are no guarantees anywhere. A child in a marriage is putty as well as explosives. You have to work to make sure that the guarantee never comes into effect. Basta!

"And what does Karl say about that?"

"My husband? Nothing. I haven't delivered the good news to him yet and that's why I won't tell you at home, but here at this secure place. By the way, you, sis, are the first one to hear about it. Karl and his parents only find out when it is absolutely safe."

With these words Maria began to dig in her hand-bag. Finally she pulled out something long that she had stowed in a nylon bag. It was one with 'M. Frank' pregnancy test strip - without a date, but according to Maria's behaviour probably from this morning - which promised the happy event with its colouring.

Marta turned and turned the strip in her hands and didn't really know what to do with it.

"You can keep the test strip," Maria went on smiling. "As a reminder that you will now be promoted to aunt. No - seriously. I don't want to throw away the strip, but on the other hand I also don't want Karl to see the strip now. He should and will only find out when the pregnancy is really certain. The test has only a 95 percent certainty. It is well known that menstruation can also be cancelled or delayed for many other reasons. So, and now that I have posted my news, finally spoon your soup and tell me about your work."

And so Marta, while spooning her soup, began to tell of the little that had happened in two and a half days. That they had first been put on the copier for hours and then sent through the building with files and today to the reception desk. In short, that she had learned and experienced very little so far that would reflect or even sustain her future life as a business economist.

She had no idea that this would change dramatically in the evening.

3 With the boss

When Marta arrived back at Magdalena a little late from her lunch break, she didn't even let her take her seat next to her at all:

"The boss called. He wants to talk to you - now."

"The boss?" Marta replies in surprise. "Me? The one who rushes past us this morning without even paying attention to us?"

"Yes, that's the one. After all, I've been here long enough to know his telephone door and his voice," Magdalena replied.

"And it's amazing that he called himself, not his secretary," she continued thoughtfully. "Highly unusual."

"Fine, then I must probably go to him. Where is his throne?"

"Our boss is enthroned in room 0815, on the eighth floor."

"An unusual room number", Marta pondered half loudly, but still audible for Magdalena.

"It is one of his standard jokes or pranks to business partners to say that he lives in an 0815 office. When they then enter the most classy furnished office, he feeds on the surprise of his guests. Well, let's let him have that tick."

When Marta entered office 0815, she was as Magdalena had just described it. She was overwhelmed. It was a room in the shape of the usual Catholic cross. She entered it at its foot part.

Immediately after the entrance door there was a wallpaper door to the right and to the left, apparently leading to some adjoining rooms. At the intersection there was an oversized desk with elaborate inlays, turned feet and a huge marble top. Behind it, a chair covered with oxblood red leather that is only slightly more representative, but apparently equipped with all the technical refinements for height and tilt adjustment up to back massages.

On the right there was a seating set made of the same red leather with a low coffee table, on the left a conference table measuring about 1.2 by 3 metres for eight people, if one orients oneself by the number of armchairs again wallpapered with the same red leather. Behind it stood an artistic sideboard, which probably housed a bar with a refrigerator.

The front part of the cross stood out as a winter garden from the facade of the skyscraper. Green plants and an indoor bicycle furnished this part of the office.

The boss was sitting naked on his bike and doing something for his health. Against the light, the sweat droplets shone on his male hairy chest and on his grey mottled back. He was a muscular and well-trained figure and conveyed exactly what zoolo-

gists call the dominant silverback male in a horde of monkeys. He waved at Marta, who had stopped shyly and well-behaved right after the door, with a hand movement that was both inviting and domineering at the same time.

"It's nice that you came right away, Marta," her boss said unasked. "Please hand me the towel that is hanging on the chair.

Marta did as asked and waited patiently until her boss wiped the sweat off her face and put on a T-shirt.

"Well, as you can see, we bosses don't always go around in tailor-made suits. Tonight, however, I will dress up again. And you too!

"I don't quite understand", Marta answers surprised.

"Well, you're here for the holiday practice, I was told. Right?

"Yes.

"And you are here to learn. Right?

"Yes."

"And so far, you've only carried files, copied documents, and supported Magdalena at the reception desk. Right?

"Yes.

"And you came here to learn something more than what you've done so far. Right?