



Sleeping with Hitler's Wife

By Gary LM Martin

Chapter 1: The Führer's Frequently Used Woman

(Note: This book has a few descriptive love scenes, and villains who are white, black, male, female, gay and straight. Prudes and politically correct types *will* be offended.)

Her name was Eva.

Technically speaking, she wasn't yet married to the Führer, but she had been his constant companion for years.

Andy Kowalski smiled as he saw Eva Braun drinking moodily in a dimly lit Berlin bar. He suddenly felt vindicated in not hiring a Sherpa as a guide. This vacation to Nazi Germany in the year 1945 had been expensive enough, wiping out six month's worth of savings. And Sherpas were *expensive*. They would have added another three months wages to the cost. And what did skinny little brown men who ambled around with walking sticks know about seducing the wife of the leader of Nazi Germany anyway?

However, Andy had been smart enough not to go in *totally* unprepared. He had read *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Sleeping With Hitler's Wife* from cover to cover. Like the climb up Mount McKinley, there were some ascents to the peak which were less challenging than others.

One popular date to seduce Eva was on July 14, 1944, shortly after D Day. The Führer was said to be depressed after the Allied Landing in Normandy. Even though the Führer had anticipated the exact landing point for D Day, the Allied forces had soon driven his army back towards Germany. With the Führer depressed, Eva would be depressed too, and *vulnerable*.

Another popular date to try to get into Eva's bloomers was on January 2, 1945, after the Russian front started to collapse and the Communist hordes started to surge towards Germany.

But the *best* possible time to seduce Eva Braun, according to *The Complete Idiot's Guide*, was on or around February 7, 1945, when Eva discovered Adolph and Dieter.

General Rommel's Afrika Korps had brought back an unexpected treasure, a large six foot four muscular black man named Dieter. Upon viewing this splendid physical specimen, Director of Propaganda Joseph Goebbels knew instantly where he could best serve the Reich. Dieter was taught a smattering of German, mostly words such as "yes, harder, faster, deeper, slower, and stop!" and made a personal body servant of the Führer. Goebbels instinct was correct; the Führer was immediately smitten with his new body man.

Eva, however, was *much less* so, and when she came home one day to discover Dieter executing a *blitzkrieg* from the rear into the heart of the Fatherland with very strong Panzer-like thrusts, she ran off, screaming into the night.

And that's where Andy Kowalski found her the following day, weeping in her beer, in a seedy bar in downtown Berlin.

As the unacknowledged paramour of the Führer, no one knew who Eva was, of course. And so she could sit in a public bar, thinking she was safely anonymous.

Andy, of course, knew *exactly* who she was. He had been well prepared by a cheerful attendant in Straykerland named Shimona Schmaltz who had shown him a number of likenesses of her. Eva was hiding under a dark hat which only partially hid her blonde curls, but Andy recognized her immediately.

Andy sat down next to the Führer's woman and ordered a beer. He smiled at her. She looked away. He smiled again.

"Hello," he said, in fluent German.

"Hi," she said, giving a half scared smile.

"You're very pretty," said Andy. It sounded straightforward and crude to his ears, but *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Sleeping With Hitler's Wife* assured him that this introductory line worked 83% of the time. And 83% were good odds when you were trying to sleep with the Führer's wife. Very good odds.

"Thanks," she said, and her smile got a bit broader.

They got to talking. *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Sleeping With Hitler's Wife* recommended getting Eva drunk, but not too drunk. More than four or five schnapps and Eva might be too unresponsive to perform.

Andy took the warning seriously. He bought Eva four drinks, no more, and watched as she warmed up to his idle flattery.

Andy smiled back, and went into his prepared script, and they had an idle conversation while Andy waited for the alcohol to take effect.

When he felt the time was right, he smiled at her and said, "I have a room upstairs. Why don't we go and talk a little more there?" But *talking* was the furthest thing on Andy's mind. Eva was pretty, she was blonde, and *she was the Führer's wife*.

Eva looked uncertain.

This was the last bridge that had to be crossed, according to the summary at the end of Chapter 7 of *The Complete Idiot's Guide* (The Chapter entitled, "Making the Sale"):

Caution! Even if you follow all these steps correctly, Eva might require an extra push to get her across the finish line. If Eva hesitates when the moment of decision comes, play to her vanity. Or her insecurity.

Andy decided to play to her insecurity. "All right," he said, sounding uninterested. "I'm sure I can find someone else to play with." He started looking around the bar.

"No," said Eva, grabbing his arm. She had just discovered that the love of her life, the supreme ruler of the Third Reich, was having anal sex with a large black man named Dieter, and she was feeling terribly, terribly insecure. She had blamed herself for it. Somehow she was no longer attractive to the Führer... or maybe she was unattractive to *all* men!

Andy saw the look of vulnerability in her eyes and smiled. He took her by the arm and led her to his private room upstairs in the tavern.

Eva Braun was *pretty!* Andy knew it intellectually, but once he saw her with her clothes off, he saw it firsthand.

She had been wearing a wide brimmed ladies' hat, and a baggy blouse, so it was with some surprise when Andy undressed her that he saw just how beautiful she was. Eva has bright golden yellow curls and blue eyes and plush lips. She had cute, pear shaped breasts, and lovely thighs and legs. And between her legs....

Andy couldn't help but smile. He was going to be the first Polish male to invade the Black Forest.

Eva giggled nervously as Andy took off his own clothes. She looked lustily at his broad chest and strong arms. And as he took off his pants, she noticed the thing between his legs. It was dark and dangling, like a small fire hose, but it was already starting to stiffen...

Andy put his hat on a chair right next to the bed, and spent some time positioning it, which Eva thought was a little odd, but then the time to *think* quickly ended when Andy climbed on top of her and started hugging and kissing her. And then Eva felt the warmth and attention of another man and felt glad for it, and her body responded.

As they hugged and kissed, Andy reflected jubilantly on what he was doing. He was making love to the Führer's wife. Just the thought of it made him stiff. He was so hard. He was ready. He lifted himself up, aimed, and slowly but surely entered the Black Forest. Eva cried out with the entering....

Andy was the 3,154th man to enter Eva. But it wasn't always this way. In fact, sleeping with the Führer's wife's hadn't been the first or second or even third ride to open at Straykerland.

Straykerland. The world's first, and so far only amusement park designed for time travel tourism.

A reluctant World Government had licensed the ability to travel back in time to Ted Strayker, for reasons never widely known or understood by the general public. But strict safeguards had been put into place. Time Travel would be limited to only approved times and locations. And travel would be limited to *pockets* with temporary lifespans.

Temporal physicists, when discovering the ability to travel through time, had almost accidentally discovered the ability to create "temporal pockets", short lived areas of time that could be written or patterned over. In effect one could create a copy of the entire planet Earth that could exist for hours or days. But the effort was not a lasting one. The pockets were always shifting and unstable and would not last long. The longest recorded pocket had a lifespan of only some twelve days.

But that was *perfect* for Straykerland. Ted Strayker had the vision to create a time travel amusement park where he could create the same scenario over and over, then wipe it, rewrite it, and start over again. After he got the necessary permissions, the first ride at Straykerland opened in 2443.

Straykerland's first attraction had been fairly innocuous; allowing tourists to watch the first ethnically and sexually diverse astronaut crew land on the moon. The novelty of going back in time drew crowds by the thousands, willing to pay top dollar to experience history in the making. But soon audiences clamored for more.

Straykerland's second ride allowed more active participation; time travelers could travel back in time and play the role of Columbus's navigator and "help" him discover America. If they failed in their efforts there was no harm done, as the main timeline was not being altered in any way, and the pocket of time could quickly be rewritten for the next customer in line to try.

The third ride at Straykerland allowed people to go back in time and kill Osama Bin Laden. That was so popular that it opened the floodgates, and before long people could travel back in time not merely to assassinate Bin Laden but also Stalin, Lenin, and even JFK. Oddly enough, for a time taking on the role of Lee Harvey Oswald and assassinating John F Kennedy proved to be the *most popular attraction* in Straykerland.

After that barrier had been breached, the World Government found it could no longer object to a time travel scenario involving assassinating the Führer.

The very first *Let's Kill the Führer!* ride opened in 2448, and to say it was popular would be an incredible *understatement*. There were six month wait times to get an appointment. The ride was simple enough; pop into the bunker where the Führer was, burst into the next room where he was drinking mint tea, and fill his body with bullet holes with a Tommy submachine gun. Gleeful tourists could pose for photos with the dead body which they could bring back to the present to post on social media networks.

But the novelty of that eventually wore off, so Straykerland started introducing variants on the theme. Blow up the Führer with a hand grenade. Blast the Führer with a bazooka. Crush the Führer with heavy stones. Transport the Führer to the African Serengeti where he would be instantly crushed under the hooves of a stampeding herd of zebras. Crush the Führer's head with a sledgehammer and watch it splat like a melon. Cut the Führer in half with a rusty saw. Grill the Führer in a giant frying pan. Watch the Führer being beaten to a pulp by stealthy ninjas. Drop the Führer from a plane and watch gravity do all the dirty work.

That proved very entertaining for the masses, and very profitable for Straykerland for several years. But over time the crowds began to become jaded even with all the *very* creative ways for liquidating the one-time leader of the Third Reich. Once you had killed the Führer five times, ten times, twenty times, where was the challenge in that?

And so the first Eva ride was born.

The goal this time was not to kill the Führer (one could still sign up for a Führer adventure to do that). The purpose this time was to *humiliate* the Führer, to cuckold one of the most powerful and evil men of the 20th century.

The lines for the Eva ride were even longer than they were for the Führer ride (even though most of the travelers--*most of them*--were men).

And that is where Andy Kowalski found himself in the year 2453.

"Uh.. uh... uh...."

Andy Kowalski was in heaven. He was having sex with a gorgeous blonde, the spouse of the Führer himself. He was inside the Führer's woman; he was thrusting in a most special, private place, a place which the Führer's penis would never have the head to think that it would ever have to share with anyone else.

Andy got more and more physically worked up as he realized how badly he had cuckolded the Führer. The Führer may have conquered France; the Führer may have conquered Eastern Europe; and The Führer may have taken a big chunk out of Russia; but at this moment Andy Kowalski was taking a big chunk right out of the Motherland. Thrusting inside of Eva was the sexual equivalent of climbing the Reichstag and raising the Polish flag above it. Every time Andy thrust inside the hot, wet joining between Eva's legs, it was like a direct jab at the Führer.

Thrust! *The bombing of Berlin.*

Thrust! *Tanks cutting through the depleted German war lines.*

Thrust! *The bombing of the Bismark and the Turpitz.*

Andy's penis got harder and harder, and he rapidly approached the brink as he realized that with every thrust he was making history, and in moments he would become the most famous man in all of history, the man who had conquered the Führer's mistress and cuckolded the Führer without firing a shot.... Without firing a shot, except... except....

Ah... ah... aaaaaaaah!

Andy groaned as he released into Eva. He smiled contently as he collapsed on top of her, using her pear shaped breasts as a convenient pillow. Andy didn't know if Eva had gotten her pleasure, and didn't care.

Andy revived a few moments later and got up, all smiles, and looked down at her. Eva looked kind of dazed. She must be still all confused, he realized, still processing the Führer and Dieter and where she fit into things.

But Andy had a broad smile on his face as he got dressed. Eva watched him silently. "You are leaving?" she said, speaking the first words since they had entered the small apartment.

"Yes," said Andy. "But I have a surprise for you," he said, as he finished putting on his clothes.

"A surprise?"

Andy picked up his hat. Only it was no longer a hat.

It was a Pad.

"What is that?"

Andy manipulated the Pad for a moment, and then showed it to Eva. It had a picture of Andy, on top of Eva. Both their faces were clearly visible.

"It is movie camera?" said Eva, horrified.

"Yes," said Andy, grinning. "You've just had sex with a Polish man."

"What?" Eva yelled, sitting up and grabbing a blanket to cover herself.

"Yes," said Andy, adjusting his jacket. "Within a few days every western newspaper will carry the news of this. The news how Hitler's whore had sex with a Polish man."

"No!" Eva cried.

"You had best leave the country soon, if you know what is good for you," said Andy. He chuckled as he opened the door, and stepped out....

Into a gleaming room of metal walls where a Straykerland attendant waited for him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Kowalski. Did you enjoy your ride?"

"Quite," said Andy, grinning.

"I have this for you, sir," said the attendant.

She handed him an actual newspaper published on newsprint (how quaint!), dated three days after he had left. It was the *International Herald Tribune*, and the cover story was "Hitler's Mistress Caught With Polish Lover", complete with a photo of Andy on top of Eva.

"They got my good side," said Andy, smiling.

"Yes, I'm sure," said John Calle, who, to be perfectly honest, really *wasn't* quite so very sure.

The attendant at Straykerland had asked him for a *third* time if he really wanted to pursue Eva Braun on May 28, 1944.

Customers were given the option to pursue Eva on any day from January 1st, 1939, to April 1st, 1945, but in practice, most chose one of the three or four days recommended by the Sherpas or *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Sleeping with Hitler's Wife*.

"But why sir?" Shimona Schmaltz asked. "Your chances of success with Ms. Braun are much lower if you don't choose one of the more well travelled days. You probably won't succeed at all. Is there any... *special reason* you've chosen that day?"

There was, but not one Calle could put into words. He had given the matter some thought, and somehow May 28, 1944 just... felt right.

The date was not what Calle was uncertain about. This entire ride was.

He would not have done it of his own accord. His friend Andy Kowalski had pushed him into it, had nagged him. Andy said that getting Eva would help him get over Marion.

"How will having sex with Adolph Hitler's wife help me get over Marion?" Calle had asked.

"You'll never know until you try," Andy had grinned.

And so Calle got dressed up in the costume for the period. He got the German language brain-stamped into him. It gave him a headache but he was told it would last for several hours. And he endured a lecture from Shimona Schmaltz where she went over every possible thing that could go wrong. Eva was not known to have any venereal diseases, but Straykerland could give no guarantees. Calle could conceivably get her pregnant, though of course that was hardly an issue since "his" version of Eva would disappear shortly after he left, to be reset for the next customer. Calle grew more and more weary as he waited for the opportunity to sign the release so he could get this annoying woman out of his face.

Finally the moment came. Just as he was finishing up in his little cubicle, he saw Andy walking down the hallway.

"Wish me luck," Andy grinned.

"Luck," said Calle woodenly.

And then he was gone.

And then he was back, a minute later.

"How was it?" Calle asked.

"You're going to love it," Andy grinned.

It was like stepping from one room into another. One moment he was in a room in Straykerland, and the next... he was in a bar in Berlin.

He recognized Eva immediately, sitting at the bar and playing with a schnapps. At this point in time Eva had not yet discovered that the Führer enjoyed a little recreational bone smuggling, so her relationship with him had not yet reached a critical phase. And yet she was here for a reason; she was a little depressed, because she sensed some distance between herself and the Führer, and yet she didn't quite know why.

Calle sat down at an empty seat next to her. "Hello," he said in perfect German.

"Hello," she smiled nervously at him.

Calle hadn't hired a Sherpa, and although Andy had loaned him his copy of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Sleeping with Hitler's Wife*, he had barely glanced at it. He wasn't taking this as seriously as Andy did.

And besides, he trusted his instincts.

"You look like something's bothering you," said Calle.

Shimona Schmaltz, sitting in a monitoring room 500 years in the future, said, "What is he doing That kind of approach will NEVER work!"

Eva gave Calle a nervous smile.

"Everyone has to talk to someone," said Calle.

Everyone has to talk to someone? Schmaltz frowned. She spoke into her collar comm.

"Doctor Vladdek, I think you should see this."

Eva looked at Calle. He had kind eyes.

"Things are not right with your boyfriend, are they?"

Eva shook her head.

"Sometimes the one we love isn't always available," said Calle, feeling an ache inside he tried to hide.

"Doctor Vladdek, what is he doing?"

Calle looked into Eva's uncertain eyes. "Sometimes we wonder if something is wrong with ourselves. We blame ourselves as if there's something else we should be saying, something else we should be doing." He put a hand over hers, and her eyes widened. "But we can't feel bad. All we can do is be ourselves."

Eva felt hypnotized by those blue eyes. "Yes... yes..." she slowly breathed. "You are right," she said huskily.

"I understand, I really do," said Calle softly. He stood up, and took her hand. "Come," he said simply.

Come? Come where? Eva was not nearly drunk. In fact, she had barely drunk at all. But there was something hypnotic about this man, this complete stranger who seemed to know exactly what she felt, and could express it so *perfectly*. She felt a pain in her heart, and knew that the stranger could put a balm over it, at least for a time. And so she found herself getting up, and allowed herself to be led to the stairs.

"Doctor Vladdek, how did he do that?" Shimona asked.

"Quiet."

When they got to the room, Calle gently closed the door behind her. He gave Eva a long look that made her shiver. It wasn't a look of lust, not exactly, more like *thoughtfulness*, of a man who was very aware of every conscious move he made.

Calle looked at Eva, and thought about whether he could go through with this. Eva looked nothing like Marion. She sounded nothing like Marion. But it had been so long since he had been with a woman....

He found himself pulling her down to the bed. He kissed her. Her lips felt nothing like Marion. He kissed her again. Eva definitely *wasn't* Marion. But now that he had found himself with a warm, attractive female body, he found the inexplicable need to be with *someone*. It really had been that long.

Calle started to unbutton Eva's blouse. She watched him wide eyed, but was silent. When he removed it, he saw her breasts, encased in a cream bra.

Much smaller than Marion's.

Calle undressed Eva at the same pace as he undressed himself, and soon both of them were naked. But when he pressed his naked body against hers, she suddenly shrank away. "I... I can't," she said, her eyebrows lifting.

Calle looked at her. He didn't see the Führer's girlfriend, or a very attractive blonde; he simply saw a hesitant, confused looking woman. She expected him to override her objections; she expected him to pressure her into this-

"Then go home," said Calle.

"What?" said Eva, not believing her ears.

"Go home," said Calle. "But you know what's down that road. The loneliness. The feeling of inadequacy. Go back down the road you know. What's familiar.. what's safe."

Eva looked at Calle for a long moment. Then she shook her head, and looked at him expectantly. Imploringly. Calle, without ever smiling, gently pressed his lips against hers.

One thing quickly progressed to another, and before long, Shimona Schmaltz and Doctor Vladdek watched as Calle tenderly and carefully pumped between Eva's spread and bent legs. "I've never seen anything like it, Doctor. What does it mean?"

When it was over, neither was fully satisfied. What Eva wanted most was the attention of one man, the one man who was distant from her. And what Calle wanted most was the touch of one woman, a woman whose touch he would never feel again. Both were not satisfied, and yet both were not dissatisfied; and for a few moments, as Calle had pumped deep inside of her, two had become one, and the warmth of their bodies, the touch of the "other", and the inevitable release helped whittle away some of their joint frustrations.

When it was done, Eva looked up at Calle. She didn't even know his name. He stared at her for a long moment, and then wordlessly started to get dressed.

Eva just lay in bed and watched him dress.

"You want him, don't you?" Calle asked, as he zipped up his pants.

Eva should have been startled, but she wasn't. He *knew*.

"You can still have him," said Calle, as he worked on the buttons of his shirt.

"How?" Eva asked, speaking for the first time.

"Ask him to take you on a vacation to Normandy," said Calle.

"Normandy? When?"

"In the next few days," said Calle.

"Doctor Vladdek, what is he saying?"

"Quiet!"

Eva shook his head. "He'll never listen."

Calle grinned as he put on his jacket. "He will. Tell him a fortuneteller recommended it. He knows you get readings, doesn't he?"

"Yes," said Eva.

"Tell him. Trust me, it will be all right," said Calle. He smiled at her, and then turned and left.

He walked out of the room... and suddenly found himself in an underground chamber in Straykerland, in the year 2453.

"Welcome back," said Shimona Schmaltz, licking her lips nervously. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

Calle nodded automatically. But really, he wasn't sure how he felt. Actually, *he didn't feel anything at all*. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea.

"There's, ah, someone who would like to speak to you. Would you follow me, please?"

Schmaltz led Calle into a small windowless room. A man wearing a white medical smock sat behind a desk. The first thing Calle noticed was that he had heavy bags under his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Calle, good," said the man. "My name is Doctor Vladek."

"Doctor Vladek? Is someone sick?"

"Not at all," said Vladek, and Calle realized that Vladek was speaking with a Russian accent. "I have something for you, Mr. Calle. A souvenir of your experience." He casually tossed a copy of the *International Herald Tribune* over to Calle, dated a week after Calle's visit to Eva.

The headlines read, "*D Day Landing Takes Nazis Completely By Surprise.*"

Calle glanced at the headline, and nodded.

"You don't seem surprised," said Doctor Vladek.

"Should I be?" said Calle.

"I should think so," said Doctor Vladek. "In what we know as history, the Allies tried to convince Hitler that the D Day landings would be at Pas de Calais, but Hitler saw through their ruse, and positioned the bulk of his forces at Normandy. But in the brief pocket of history we created for your experience, Hitler instead sent his forces to Pas de Calais. The Normandy landing was virtually unopposed. You saved over 20,000 Allied lives."

"In that temporary pocket of time," said Calle.

"Yes. In that temporary pocket of time," said Vladek. He stared at Calle intently. "How did you do it, Mr. Calle?"

Calle shrugged. "I don't know."

"Don't you? You purposely chose to seduce Eva Braun on May 28, 1944, a date that has never before been selected by any of our guests. You used what charitably might be called a most unconventional seduction script. And then you inexplicably advised Eva to tell the Führer to take a vacation with her at Normandy. Why?"

Calle said, "I told her to tell Hitler that she got the idea from her fortuneteller. I knew Hitler never in his right mind would take a vacation on the beaches of France right before an imminent invasion. I knew he would suspect that Eva's fortuneteller had been an Allied agent, trying to feed him disinformation through her."

"And so you had her tell him Normandy, so he would think the real attack was coming at Pas de Calais."

"Yes," said Calle.

Vladek stared at him uncomfortably for a long moment, with two fingers doing a nervous dance on the desktop. "And tell me, Mr. Calle, where did you get the idea to do all this?"

"I... I don't know," said Calle. "It... it just felt right."

"It just felt right," Vladek repeated, his eyes narrowing. He paused for a moment. "Mr. Calle, I have an important friend who would like to meet you. Would you like that?"

Calle shrugged. "All right. Where is he?"

Vladek got up. "Not far, believe me." He came around the desk and patted Calle on the shoulder. Calle felt a brief jab, and then suddenly everything went black.

