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1. An Unexpected Encounter

Carl, a 35-year-old high-ranking Interpol official based in Lyon, worked in close collaboration with his wife Sarah on highly sensitive cases. The couple tackled secret criminal organizations that exerted their influence in the shadows through an invisible global network. Carl was French, while Sarah, of Australian origin, had lived in France since her youth.

For several years, the couple had taken a very close interest in lodges and various related occult sects, which brought together members from diverse professional backgrounds: notables, doctors, lawyers, judges, police officers, and even simple employees.

One evening, Sarah left the Principality of Andorra by motorcycle to reach Ampuria in Spain, taking a winding road through the mountains. Unfortunately, her motorcycle accidentally left the road and plunged a hundred meters into the ravine, leaving her no chance of survival.

Distraught by this tragedy, Carl, devastated, remained convalescent during a full sabbatical year, trying to rebuild himself after the brutal loss of his wife and partner. Sarah, although she was an experienced rider, was not immune to an accident on such a dangerous road.

The investigation concluded it was a road accident following a skid of her large-displacement bike in a curve. However, knowing that their many joint

investigations into several secret lodges could expose them to great dangers, Carl remained skeptical about the real causes of this accident.

He probably thought it was the result of his professional bias as an investigator. While waiting for more information or simply to gain some perspective, he decided to visit his in-laws, who lived near Sydney, for about ten days. It was a soothing moment for him but also morally very hard to be with them without her by his side.

They could not help but return to the circumstances of the drama, the in-laws being just as skeptical as he was. For his return trip, his father-in-law, a former airline pilot at Qantas, had him upgraded. During the flight, he met a ravishing flight attendant, seduced by

this young woman who spoke perfect German.

— You are German, aren't you? she said smiling.

— I speak it, yes, but I am French! Carl replied.

— Oh! I am truly sorry!

She was slender, her long hair held in a bun, piercing him with her blue eyes. They talked for a large part of the journey and hit it off, even exchanging contact details. Before his departure for Australia, Carl had moved to Paris to break with the memories that surrounded and undermined him.

During the night, another flight attendant on duty came to meet him while he was walking through the aircraft, coming out

of the economy class toilets. She was wonderfully sensual despite her discreet smile and started the conversation:

— My name is Myriam, I know you, she whispered.

— On the other hand, I don't think I have met you before, he replied.

— Listen to me carefully, I cannot explain to you now, but you are facing permanent danger. I am giving you my contact, keep it well and especially do not lose it!

Carl was very surprised by this conversation; he took the phone number and did not seek to know more. Shortly after, he returned to his seat and resumed the discussion with Marion, the first flight attendant. The chemistry between them was mutually established and they

agreed to have dinner together the following day. In the discussion, he commented on the quality of the staff on board the aircraft, mentioning one of her colleagues in the process:

— I ran into one of your colleagues earlier, I believe her name is Myriam. I must say the company selects its staff with care!

— Probably a new recruit, because I have never seen her on a flight before, Marion replied.

Her answer sowed a slight doubt in Carl's mind, suggesting that if Myriam was not known before, then perhaps her presence on the plane was only linked to his own. He returned to his new Parisian apartment on Avenue Victor Hugo and

rested from the long journey and the significant jet lag.

The following day, he contacted Marion, who was delighted to hear from him on the phone, and they agreed on their date for dinner. She arrived at the restaurant, turning the heads of a few stunned customers seeing such a pretty and sensual creature appear. They talked a lot during the meal; Marion, because of her job, lived alone, sometimes catching a few males to fill her break times. She confessed to him having a very strong libido and a penchant for libertinism. Carl was dazzled by this unexpected encounter, feeling a fusional energy passing between them.

An expression as extraordinary as it was strange escaped from Marion's eyes when she mentioned the tragic

disappearance of her parents in Australia, victims of a fuel leak on their boat, while as a very young flight attendant she was on a flight between Sydney and Perth.

The rest of the evening unfolded in a captivating exchange of their life stories, their dreams, and their reflections on the world. The hours passed, punctuated by laughter and confidences, creating a budding bond and a deep intellectual connection. As the night progressed and the city lights brightened, a realization became clear: this encounter marked the beginning of a potential relationship, far beyond a simple dinner.

Carl invited Marion to his place for a last drink, his mind filled with the mysteries and the quiet strength she radiated. Their paths had crossed, and the promise of a

sequel hung in the night air. She soon found herself on the sofa half-undressed, sharing their fiery desires.

Carl discovered her flawless physique, her long muscular legs, the shapely forms of her chest and hips; he was spellbound under her charm. He kissed her lightly before they both engaged in a subtle game of tongues, covering her body with kisses from head to toe. They explored their mutual knowledge of the Kama Sutra for part of the night before they both fell asleep peacefully.

After a few weeks, Carl invited her to move in with him, while Marion, as a crew member, had just started a new position with the national airline. Marion was feeling some new sexual desires and wished to initiate him into libertinism, a

field he had only rarely known in the past.

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4. Into the Wolf's Den

He began at the microphone by welcoming all the participating members while speaking in perfect English but with a tone far from that used in Great Britain. His speech lasted about half an hour, followed by incantations pronounced by a majority of the members present.

A young woman, totally naked and wearing a black and gold Venetian mask, was introduced into the rotunda, moving

toward the master of ceremonies. It took only a moment for Carl to recognize this woman's body.

— I'm going crazy! Carl said in a whisper, It's Marion who's there!

— How is that possible? Myriam replied as the incantations amplified.

Carl observed Marion and was totally convinced when he saw the birthmark on her thigh, leaving him no more doubt, except for a huge one that remained and took shape as he thought while putting the pieces of the puzzle together. The Marion he saw before his eyes had white skin! Yet the one he left the day before was tanned. He remembered one of Marion's returns where he found it strange to see her body without its ritual

tan, just as she was strange that day in her behavior.

— Myriam, there are two Marions!

— Are you rambling or what?

— I'm certain of it!

A black cape crossed the rotunda carrying what seemed to be a baby wrapped in a white blanket, placing it on the altar. The second circle of twelve capes knelt, while the incantations thundered, accelerating under the vault of the rotunda. The naked young woman seized a gold dagger, brandished it in the air at arm's length, and after a few moments struck a blow; Myriam and Carl closed their eyes. The circle of the twelve kneeling capes stood up and dropped their capes to the ground, revealing twelve entirely naked women.

They were chosen one by one by the twelve other black capes and disappeared one after the other, leaving the rotunda by the same path. Carl saw some of the members in the walkway and on the ground floor leave the assembly and discreetly follow shortly after the same movement, crossing rooms of the castle where naked men and women shared carnal relations without removing their masks. They reached the exit successfully and met their driver and went to dine in a restaurant open late at night.

— This evening was terrible for me to the point where I almost screamed.

— I perfectly understand!

Regarding the sacrificed, Carl wanted to give some explanations to Myriam:

Women called "breeders" are kept in captivity and are only employed to produce babies intended to be used as sacrifice material..... In all logic, the groups of "breeders" generally descend from previous "breeders" and are women who have never seen the light of the world, and who are not registered on the civil registers, so that they can be kept in captivity without society's knowledge, since they do not legally exist, any more than their children.....

— Wow! I am finally starting to understand where you are going with this!

— One day when Marion returned from a trip, she was strange, her behavior was very different. She had almost white skin whereas the day before she was well tanned; I had a banal and ordinary sexual

encounter with her which was not at all in Marion's character! The one that night was not Marion but the one who came to my place with her right arm totally bruised!

— So we have two Marions then?

— It's a certainty! We must go to Australia as soon as possible!

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Excerpt 3

Marion was very close during her childhood to Sarah, my late wife. She worked with me during the last years on the dismantling of the powerful and evil

satanic sects, particularly present in Australia, not to mention the various involvements with related institutions in the world. It is for this reason that she was also murdered on a mountain road between Andorra and Empuriabrava in Spain, simulating a road accident. It is no coincidence if Marion met me during my return flight to Paris. She was informed by her contact, knowing that I was the husband of her friend Sarah.

As Carl laid out the facts, Marion did not stop sobbing to the limit of hysteria, while Carl continued:

— After several investigations and knowing Sarah's starting point, I traced the presence of one of the two Marions to even have her room number and her date of stay, Sarah being totally unaware of the existence of a second sister! It was

then that one or the other followed Sarah on her motorcycle, pushing her into the void in a curve.

At that precise moment, Marion, unable to take any more and becoming totally hysterical, let herself be carried away by rage, stood up taking a revolver out of her bag, emptying the bullets on the floor and keeping only one which she put back into the cylinder and said:

— I am totally innocent, I could never have hurt her, never have I been to Andorra! she said, pointing her weapon at her temple. "If you don't believe me, then let God be my witness!" she said, pulling the trigger.

— Stop immediately, Carl yelled, I haven't finished!

Realizing the madness of her gesture, she sat down again, keeping the weapon in her hands, still devastated by sobs.

— It is therefore clear that Marion never set foot in Andorra, but to approach Sarah, only the sister of the same appearance could do it! Now I come to another point. When Myriam gave me the capes to go to London, one was sent from a contact in Australia to be copied by a tailor in France!

— That is perfectly correct! Myriam said.

— Then here is the point that hurts! Carl retorted.

Upon returning from London, I entrusted the two capes to our laboratory for expertise, and I only received the results this morning. Both capes are of the same

textile, sewn with exactly the same thread coming from a textile factory located near Perth! It was then that I understood the ease with which you were able to obtain the two passes. When you came to warn me against Marion's presence on the Sydney-Paris flight, I was able to verify that Marion was a regular flight attendant unlike you since you had just been infiltrated onto the flight!

It was you, taking advantage of Marion's absence on rotation, who sent her double to my place to place a bug on the line in order to recover my access codes!

The goal was to place all the responsibility on Marion so that she would disappear from circulation so that her sister could take her place! The trip with me to London was for the purpose

of following the investigation as closely as possible, just like in Australia. I had a very sophisticated system placed on our central server, giving me the summary of the information I had requested and those requested by my impostor.

Now, a search request in the name of Helena Pells, of which I was totally unaware, was launched by this impostor! It was therefore you who hacked the system, using me to identify the victims through the central file.

It was thus, through your requests, that I was able to identify the victims already deceased and those who were to follow! While I was explaining the situation, I managed to put my finger on your red file. Now my biggest mistake was to put everyone under the microscope except one single person: You! Your file is even

more important than Bin Laden's was! You are one of the heads of the high instance of the lodge, something monstrous.

— Well played, Sherlock, you discovered everything! Myriam said. The goal was to civilize the twin sister after the accomplishment of her mission; it was necessary to neutralize all links between her, her family, her friends, and that is the reason why she was sent to Andorra. As far as you are concerned, we were only interested in the information you held. Concerning the others, it is a purge of our contacts who have become crooked! But today that no longer has much importance! The essential point was to eliminate the great predators, Marion, your wife, and obviously you! she concluded, taking

from her bag a pistol equipped with a silencer.

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