

## **Chapter 1: The Parcel Messenger and the Guardian**

An autumn in Munich can be either very sunny or heavily rainy. In both cases, the city is completely different. Cheerful and cheerful in sunny times and depressed and bad mood in the other times. Again and again a change of feelings. Currently it rains, but it is a positive rain and mixed with the warm outside temperature it almost feels like a shower. At least at the door of Mr Meier's anti-clamour.

Mr. Johannes Meier is 47 years old and has a small antique shop in the heart of Munich, not far from Marienplatz. In a small side street the shop is hidden, but that is quite right for him. John doesn't need the stress, because he doesn't really need to sell his antiques. So he can now also enjoy the light autumn rain and even accept the package, which a young parcel service provider is reaching out to him: "That should be for you!" said he.

"Sure?" John replied.

The young man looks at the label: "Johannes Meier?"

"Yes. Am I," he nodded, turning to the front door, "Follow me."

Without any further words, he ran after John and entered the rather small sales room of the antique shop: "Very small here?" he muttered.

"It's enough. Along here please."

He was escorted behind the counter to an equally small office. There John stood on the side of a desk and pointed to a small table in the corner of the room: "Please put there!"

"Great," the young man looked around with interest, "All books!" he said, and found no end to the bookshelf in the office. Each wall consisted of a bookshelf, "You didn't read them all?" he came over to the desk.

"No. Only a fraction.", Johannes now also saw a name on the suit of the young man: "Mittmeier!"

He looked at his own suit: "Yes. Mittmeier. But Erik is enough!" he smiled.

"Beautiful Erik.", John continued to search for a pen, while Erik headed to the next bookshelf.

"Are they all sorted?" he asked.

"I don't know for sure," John interrupted his search.

Erik continued along the shelf towards the office door when suddenly a quiet buzzing could be heard. Abruptly, he stopped.

John also remarked, "What is this?"

"I don't know, it suddenly started. Did I do something wrong?" he walked off the shelf and the buzzing stopped.

John got up and ran to him: "Go again!"

Erik stepped back to the position in front of it and the buzz started again.

"Strange.", John pulled him towards the desk and the buzzing became quieter. Then he pushed him further to the door and the buzzing grew louder, but the closer he got to the door, the quieter the buzz became again.

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"It's the loudest here," Erik said, and stood up accordingly.

John was speechless: "I have never heard this."

Erik scratched his head and with the lifting of his left arm the buzz became louder. He froze.

"Higher!" said John.

He lifted his arm up completely and the buzz became stronger.

"Wink."

He moved his arm to the left and it became a little quieter, then he moved it to the right and it got louder and there was a kind of tone sign, like a confirmation. Then the buzz was out.

"Where was that?"

"Think here!" Erik continued to wag his arm in the appropriate place, but nothing else mattered.

Nervously, Johannes brought a small step ladder behind the door. He confronted her in front of Erik and climbed up the shelf: "Where?"

Erik pressed himself in between: "Here."

At the place shown were three thick books: "Not your seriousness!" John marveled.

"What is?" asked Erik.

John stepped down from the ladder, "Show me your forearm..." and reached for the one he had previously had above.

"What's going on?"

He already put the sleeve of the sweater up from Erik's left arm and turned the palm to himself: "... I can't believe it!" then John looked at him with big eyes.

"They scare me Mr. Meier!".

"You have the emblem."

"The scar?"

"That's not a scar," John let go of his arm and stepped back on the ladder. He brought down all three thick books. Almost ran past Erik and threw all three books on the desk.

"I've had this since I could think," Erik said, following him to his desk.

John put all three books side by side.

Erik looked at the front pages and then on his forearm: "The same?"

"Exactly."

"I'm getting bad!" he walked two steps back.

"Slowly!" John cried and ran around the desk and pulled Erik on a chair at the table in the office. "I'll get you water!"

Erik looked at his forearm and touched his previously believed scar. He painted about it: three different-sized circles, each of which passed into each other. In each center of the circle was a thick point and at the circles itself small points. One point at the smallest circle, five points at the middle circle and six points at the large circle. In the middle the point was bigger and thicker. So it wasn't a scar?

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John came back with the water: "Here, drink," then he ran to the desk and took one of the books to the table. He placed it next to Erik's arm: "It's the same emblem."

On the title of the book was TERRARIS and the emblem on the book was exactly similar to that on Erik's forearm, only that it was more detailed.

"What's going on here?" asked Erik.

"I have to understand this myself," John said, "Your so-called scar is more of a recognition," he began.

"And now you're telling me I'm a chosen one," Erik joked.

John nodded slightly: "Something like that."

"They're spinning."

"Where should I start?"

"Staying serious would be better!"

"It's serious," John showed his forearm. He also had these three circles, but only the circles and in the smallest circle was a point.

"The same?"

"Not quite! You have it almost completely," John jumped up.

"What is?"

"They will certainly be there right away."

"Who?"

"The guards!"

Erik laughed.

"Don't laugh," he pulled the book to himself and opened it. It wasn't a real book inside. There were two narrow boxes that lay together. In one compartment lay a kind of technical device, which flashed very soft red at one corner. In the other section was another smaller book.

"What is this?"

"This is a kind of communication device..."

"Handy?"

"... you can say, just not in that sense. I think you've activated it."

"What's going to happen here?" wondered Erik.

"So...", John began, "... I try to sum it up quickly: I am not really Johannes Meier, but Theranis Theolonos."

"What?"

"You will certainly have another real name. We are on Earth, but in our world it is called TERRARIS!" John pointed to the smaller book, "You are also a human being in a way, but not directly from this planet. With your emblem you will be a Ronarian."

"A what?"

"A Ronaryan. This is the third big planet," he pointed to the larger circle, "Why you're here, I don't know."

"And you?"

"I am a terrarier and come from here. I am a kind of communicator to planetary government."

"Planetary government!" Erik raised eyebrows.

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John took a deep breath: "There is a kind of alliance between these three planets and this alliance is led by the planetary government. There is a so-called Emperor from each planet. These three emperors are led by the Golden Emperor. This one has been missing for almost 10 years now and there is no regulated alliance at the moment."

"What kind of fantasy story is this?"

"Sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

"Crazy? Like a science fiction movie."

"Well, I think one or more guards will come. You have now activated the communicator. Why he just flashes, I don't know..." he took the device in his hand and looked at it.

"It makes sense to have that with the scar. It makes sense that there is something there because I can't remember having parents or anything like that. My memories go back almost ten years..."

"Ten years?" wondered John.

"... Exactly. Since then, I've been here alone and fighting my way through my life."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six".

"That makes sense," John stood up again.

Erik also: "Can I go to the toilet?" he asked.

"Clearly. Opposite in the shop!"

While Erik went to the toilet, John took the smaller Terraris book again. Inside were mainly drawings explaining that this organization of the planets originated. The explanation of the emperors was also visually depicted there. When John read this carefully, he heard a kind of rushing flash in front of the shop. Shortly afterwards, someone opened the store door. John ran into the shop and saw a gigantic man turning over the sign "Open / Closed" at the front door and locking the door with the key. Then the huge man turned: "Theranis!" he said in a deep voice.

"Xilim!" he greeted back.

Xilim Xhiris is the guardian referred to the Guardian. He is a very tall man, measuring two meters twenty. Is of course very muscular as a Guardian and wears a skin-tight uniform. He wandered through the shop with his gaze and stopped again with John: "Not seen for a long time!"

"Yes. Not for a very long time."

Xilim walked towards the counter behind which John stood.

"Let's go to the office!" he offered, pointing to the office door.

"Is he in there?"

"No, he's on the toilet right now."

Xilim had to bend very far each time to get through the door frames. In the office itself, he stopped near the door.

John went to the desk: "You're here to get him?"

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Again, Xilim looked around: "Yes."

'He has no idea who he is.'

"If he is," Xilim said.

Then you heard a door and a few seconds later someone ran into Xilim:

"What about..." Erik ran straight into Xilim.

He turned to the side and both looked at each other for a long time. They froze and were interrupted by John's words: "This is Xilim, the said guard."

"Guard?" Xilim took a look at Erik and looked at John.

Erik ran past Xilim and again you could hear a very quiet buzz for just a few seconds. No one seemed to hear it except Erik.

"Yes. Guards would be said here on earth."

"Strange description," Xilim said, looking at Erik again.

"Who is that?" asked Erik, who was back at the table.

"This is Xilim Xhiris. Your Guardian."

"It's getting funnier," Erik said.

"What's funny?" asked Xilim.

"The whole thing here," Erik waved around with his left arm and the communicator that Xilim recognized. He approached Erik and he couldn't believe the sight. Even Xilim's chest was so powerful and large that it warmed him.

Xilim took the communicator from Erik: "He is empty. You have to charge him."

"Where does this go?" asked John, while Erik still admired Xilim's body standing next to him.

"It's only possible on my ship."

"Ship?"

Xilim looked down over his chest at Erik: "My ship, yes."

"Now all you have to say is that we're beaming and flying to another planet and I'm going to be the sole ruler!" Erik sobted.

It was quiet for a few seconds.

"Not your seriousness!"

John sat down with Erik at the table: "Yes. Almost right."

"I'll take it for a time!" said Xilim, turning away from Erik, pulling a bag off his back that revealed his massive butt. Erik couldn't believe what an attractive huge man this Xilim was.

"Erik?"

Even his thighs were certainly as wide as his two own sat. Then Xilim turned around in front of the shelf and noticed Erik's gaze. He just raised his eyebrows.

"Erik?"

"Yes!" he turned to John again.

"It's actually like that."

"What?" laughed Erik, "This Fantasy Story?"

"Yes."

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'It's a joke. Although...', he pointed to Xilim, "... I've never seen such big sexy guys here..."

"Don't you!" muttered Xilim.

"... but that's all a joke with this Imperator stuff."

"Look!" John tried to explain again, "Your emblem on your forearm speaks something else. You have all the symbols recognizable in the emblem. I don't."

Xilim also looked at his own emblem and froze unnoticed. He quickly withdrew his clothes so that one could not see his emblem.

"The Aurum has been searched for for almost ten years."

"Aurum?"

"The Golden Imperator!" said Xilim only.

"Exactly. And apparently you're a candidate for it."

"Candidate? Do I have to audition or something like that?" Erik joked again.

"Don't sing. You have to pass an exam."

"Examination?"

"No matter. The alliance is looking for stability. Onaris has not been actively involved in the alliance for these ten years. Precisely because the golden Imperator no longer exists."

"And I'm supposed to play him?"

"It's possible that you are."

Erik stood up: "People. I am a normal parcel messenger and have only one scar on my forearm. Does the vulture know why I can trigger or activate the thing...", he pointed to Xilim, "... I know I'm weird because I've never felt part of it. Sometimes it seemed to me that I had an invisible protective cover around me, because nothing and no one penetrated me. It all fits somehow. But honestly..." he looked at Xilim and John, "... Two meters man... Spaceship... Planet... Alliance... Golden Imperator?"

"Two meters twenty-eight!" said Xilim proudly.

John remained silent.

"Your seriousness?"

"Yes.", Xilim again short and concise.

"Look at the database of Xilim's ship!" suggested John when he got up, "She can even show you everything. I only have the books here. And on his ship we can activate the communicator."

All three stood silently in the room.

Erik looked at John, who looked forward.

He looked at Xilim, who looked almost indifferent.

"That's really all real?"

"Yes," Xilim said again succinctly.

"And up there is a spaceship?"

"Yes."

"And we beam up?"

"Yes."

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Erik looked at John.

"Try it. Look at it and then you can still decide," but Xilim always shook his head. "Or not."

"Not?"

"No."

"I have to be with you?"

"Yes."

"No other choice?"

"No."

"Now immediately?"

"Yes."

"What about my job and so on?"

"What's the point?"

"The remaining packages?"

"Packages?" asked Xilim.

"That's what I'm looking after," John said.

"Does I have to go with you right now?"

"Yes."

Erik sat down on the chair again.

John added: "It's certainly extremely fast now. And I know that all sounds very silly and utopian. But try it, there's also the possibility that you'll get something or experience something you've been missing all these years."

Erik looked at John.

"That explains and answers what you just meant."

"It can't do harm."

"Exactly. And I'm sure this attractive monster from Xilim will be watching you."

"Yes," came back.

"Don't I have to be afraid?"

Xilim shook his head.

"He will take good care of you as your Guardian."

"As my Guardian?"

"I think and assume he's your Guardian."

"Bodyguard?"

"That kind of like that."

"He?"

"Yes. At best, you are even destined for each other."

Erik looked at John inquiringly, "Definitely?"

"In some cases, this has been the case with imperators. They were not only Guardian and Imperator, but also lovers, life partners."

Erik looked at Xilim, who heard nothing well and just took a closer look at the communicator. 'He's huge. I'm standing on men, but I wouldn't even come to his lips to kiss him?"

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"Well, he has a word to say! And it doesn't have to mean now that Xilim is your life partner."

"That would have been too nice."

John stood up: "Look at it and then we'll talk again."

Erik also stood up: "Well."

Xilim put the communicator away again.

"How does this work with the beaming? Transporter room or something?"

"In this case, we have to connect."

"In this case? Connect?"

"The hand!" Xilim handed him a hand.

"Hold hands?" Erik asked Johannes.

"Think it's because it's the first time you're there."

"Yes."

Erik stepped to Xilim and stood on his right side. Xilim kept his right hand open. It was almost twice as big as Erik's hand. When Erik stood next to him, only he heard the quiet buzz, as with the bookshelf before.

"Good journey," John said.

Then too much happened in the same moment:

The buzz became louder and at the same moment when Erik reached for Xilim's hand and touched them, there was another of those confirmation son. At the same time Xilim probably activated the van and around Erik and Xilim suddenly an energy vortex appeared. At the same time Erik became massively bad and his legs became quite soft. He still felt he was lifted up by Xilim and then he lost consciousness.

"Vira! Emergency! ..." called Xilim into nowhere.

Xilim had arrived with Erik on his small spaceship. Only seconds passed before both landed on the transport platform around spaceship. Xilim lifted Erik up on his arms and ran into a cabin.

"... Vira: Activate emergency bed."

"Emergency bed activated!" repeated a computer voice and a medical couch appeared in the middle of the room, whereupon Xilim placed the now very small Erik.

"Scan please!"

"Scanning started...." confirmed the voice again.

"I think I should have injected the serum first."

"Correct!" said the voice again, "Transporter serum is provided," then a flap opened in the foot of the couch. There was a kind of handheld device with the serum, which Xilim Erik pressed directly into the neck.

"How long does it take?" asked Xilim.

"Recovery time about 2 hours!"

"Good. Then I can check everything in the meantime," he said. He could carry him almost completely with his two arms. He looked very petite to Xilim and liked who he

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was carrying to bed. He put him to bed and covered him. Then he sat down next to him and looked at him: "So you are the Aurum? Hard to believe. I'm curious to see what the others will say," then he got up again and left the room.

"Disable emergency bed."

"Emergency bed deactivated."

Xilim ran to the control panel of the small spaceship. It was a small shuttle, as a spaceship. It wasn't big. At the front of the top in the upper area was the so-called bridge: the control panel, which normally two pilots could sit on. Behind it was the cabin, where Erik was lying on the huge bed. Everything technical was in the lower deck. Everything just clear and small, at least from Xilim's point of view.

"Vira: We fly to the headquarters on Ronaris!"

"Enter coordinates."

"Start in slow mode. We have time."

"Understood. Flight started. Flight time 5 days, 14 hours."

"Thank you Vira.", then he went to another monitor and opened a kind of database there. He searched for the information about the Golden Imperator. After a few pages the emblem was displayed there again. It was explained that there were different versions of it. The version that John wore on Earth had an "observator" meaning. The complete version that Erik wore was called "Aurum" in the database: the Golden Imperator. He looked at his forearm, the right one with him, and also with Him the emblem was complete. Should that mean he is equal to Erik? That he can also take the exam for the Golden Imperator? Or is he just the Guardian of the Emperor?

"Captain. The visitor has woken up," the computer voice said two hours later.

"The visitor is Erik Mittmeier! Please save," Xilim stood up.

"Confirmed."

He ran to the cabin and entered it.

Erik was already sitting and was still a bit dazed. When he saw the half-naked Xilim, the air was short away: Xilim was really very muscular. He had a really very large muscular chest, his upper arms were massive and had a very thick vein of which very many small veins went around the bi- and triceps. Even the forearm was very muscular. There was no need to talk about the washboard belly, and if then of a deluxe with apparently eight surfaces, the maximum was probably reached here as well.

Xilim had arrived at the bedside and placed his Adonis body next to Erik: "How are you?", his huge hand he could almost completely put on Erik's face.

"All good. Thank you. What had happened?"

"You collapsed after the transport. I should have given you a transport serum beforehand."

"A what?"

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"Transport serum. Your body is separated and transferred into many individual parts during beaming, that your body does not know and therefore it was not prepared for it. I should have injected it on terrariums before."

"That means I'm chipped now?"

"What?"

"Nothing cares. Where are we?"

"On the Vira, my own shuttle," Xilim got up again. He ran from the bed to the window, with Erik having to look back at his massive butt, "We're flying to Ronaris."

"The headquarters?"

"Yes, to headquarters."

"And there? That's where I become An Imperator?"

Xilim laughed: "No. It's not that fast. You will be checked out first, I think. Until the ceremony of appointment as Imperator comes, you have to test whether you are."

While Xilim stood by the window and explained, Erik also put his emblem on. He also recalled the summ tone: "Did you hear a buzz before the transport?"

This question fell silent to Xilim: "What do you mean?"

"The moment I took your hand, I heard this buzz again!"

"Buzz?"

"Followed by a confirmation. Exactly the same as when I activated the communicator accordingly. May I see your right forearm?"

Xilim was aware that he couldn't get out of there. Especially since he was torso-free, he couldn't cover anything. He surrendered to the situation and went back to bed:

"It's the same as you have."

Erik consciously took Xilim's right arm with his right hand: "Actually.", he himself is leaning on his left forearm straight.

Xilim put his arm on Erik's lap.

Erik brushes off all circles and dots with one finger: "Exactly the same. Means that you can also be the Golden Imperator."

"No."

"Why no?"

Xilim took his arm back and stroked the emblem himself: "I didn't pass the exam."

"What kind of test?"

"No matter. You're certainly hungry?" Xilim stood up.

"Xilim?"

"What do you like food? Vira: Please a terraris sandwich with cheese."

"Terraris sandwich with cheese," confirmed the computer voice, and in a compartment in the wall that sandwich appeared. Xilim took it and brought it to Erik.

"Xilim. What kind of test?"

"Eat Erik. You're certainly hungry!"

"Don't you want to tell me, or you may not."

Xilim looked at Erik: "What do you do when everyone says to you that you have a chance at the Golden Imperator because you have this emblem, but nothing happens in the trial?"

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"Like, nothing happens?"

"I can't explain it to you. You have to go into a kind of Temple, alone. There is a kind of golden spring. Liquid gold, so to speak. There you have to keep your hand in and the source recognizes the golden Imperator. When you are, you get golden marks all over your body. Then you are the golden Imperator. Doesn't happen..."

"Are you not."

"Exactly. Then you come out of the Temple and everyone sees that you are not. Everyone turns away from you. The celebrations are immediately over. You're standing there all by yourself and you're nothing.'

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"That means you've already passed the test?"

"Yes."

"But if you're not, why do you have the emblem on your forearm?"

Xilim looked at it again: "It means I'm the Golden Guardian. Only a guard, as Theranis called it."

"And that's what's bad?"

"If you can be the Golden Imperator, then Guardian is the opposite."

"You may be right. But it must make any sense that you have the Golden Guardian, then the emblem. Something has to be special about it."

"Votes."

"Do you know which ones?"

"The last Aurum had a Golden Guardian, which was also your love."

"Beautiful coincidence. May I ask if you have an Imperatrix?"

Xilim looked at Erik deeply: "No."

Erik looked skeptical: "No, I can't ask, or no, you don't have."

Xilim stood up: "Look for it!"

"Is there same-sex love on Ronari?"

Xilim turns to Erik: "Why shouldn't it exist?"

"On Earth... Terraris... it is a foregone ation to love the same sex. As a man to love or even kiss another man is practically forbidden."

"Real?", Xilim stood in front of the replicator.

"Yes. It has never been easy to find a man who also loves men."

"Not?", Xilim turns to the replicator: "Vira: Jurus juice please."

"Jurus juice," Vira confirmed again.

Erik pulled the duvet away to get up. He only discovered that he was naked: "I'm naked."

Xilim did not react, drinking his juice only with a glance at Erik.

"Why am I naked, Xilim?"

"Because you don't sleep in dirty things."

'I can't remember undressed.'

"Because I did," Xilim grinned.

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Erik was thrilled that Xilim knew exactly how he looked naked: "We only know each other for a few hours and you know how I look completely naked?" Erik was sarcastically delighted.

"Yes," Xilim drank another sip.

"Unfair," Erik muttered.

"Unfair?"

Erik looked at Xilim: "Somehow. Which is not meant to mean...", but then Xilim had already dropped his pants.

"Satisfied?" Xilim stood completely naked in front of the replicator. His tail was as big as Erik's whole forearm, long and wide, in what i hope to be a flaccid state. Behind the tail one recognized his two mighty eggs. His black pubic hair was styled and went in pyramid althesia up to his belly button. Then Xilim bent over again and pulled up his pants: "Enough. We're quit."

"Why did you do that?" asked Erik.

Xilim thought, "Was only fair, because I took you off and saw everything," he put the empty glass back into the replicator, pressed somewhere and the glass disappeared.

"Let's get you clothes. Come on!" he said, running to the cabin door.

"Naked?"

"Naked! We've both seen each other completely now. We are both alone on my shuttle. What are you afraid of?"

"You're raping me!" Erik said sarcastically as he got up.

Xilim heard this, but did not respond.

Erik followed him to the van: "Here? Where do you want to beam me?"

Xilim laughed aloud: "I'm not going anywhere. Here Vira can take your exact mass and adjust the clothes accordingly."

"Understand. That's why yours is skin-tight."

"Not always!" Xilim pointed to his current pants. "Stand there," he pointed to one of the round platforms.

When Erik was ready, Xilim said, "Vira: Take the mass of Erik."

"Scan started!", then a white line in landscape over Erik's body ran from bottom to top. That took about two minutes, with Xilim again scanning every millimetre of Erik's body.

"Scan finished."

"Vira: Create a Guardian Uniform for Erik and put it on Him!" Xilim's face beamed with anticipation.

"Loading Guardian Uniform." then suddenly Erik feels a fabric around his almost entire body.

When Vira was finished, it briefly became quiet. Xilim probably froze at the sight of Erik in uniform: "What is?" asked Erik.

Xilim visibly came to himself and relaxed in his position: "All good. Perfect. You look crazy."

"Can I see it?" asked Erik.

"Clearly. Vira: Please set up a mirror."

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A mirror appeared next to Erik on the second platform: "Mirror created," Vira said.

Then Erik saw himself in this black uniform with the golden seams. He liked himself a lot and looked at himself from every possible position: "Looks really great," he rejoiced, beaming at Xilim.

"What else is normal?"

"Clearly."

Xilim thought briefly, "What about Terraris or Ronaris?" he asked softly.

The question was heard by Erik: "She should do something of Ronaris!"

"Mmmh... okay. Vira: Create Ronarian everyday clothes."

"Charge everyday clothes of Ronaris."

When Vira finished dressing Erik, Xilim pushed himself off the wall and couldn't get out of the amazement. He did not believe what he was seeing in front of him, and he had never seen it in his perfection before.

Erik still looked at himself and did not notice that Xilim was frozen again at his sight:

"That's what you wear to Ronaris?" Erik asked in the direction of Xilim and then looked at him first.

Xilim was speechless.

Erik pondered how to interpret this view.

Vira interrupted: "Foreign ship on a collision course."

Xilim immediately turned around and ran to the control panel: "Start evasive maneuvers A. Erik, please sit here," he pointed to the second pilot's chair.

"Your seriousness."

"Sit!" he shouted. Then he steered the shuttle away from the real spaceship in front of you.

"Incoming message," Vira said.

"Open channel," Xilim said.

"Mister Xhiris, here speaks Captain Olondo Ohlenhoo, hand over your companion immediately, otherwise we are forced to open fire."

Xilim looked at Erik, saw the beautiful little man next to him and said, "Shit!"