

come in and sit down. let me look at you. "favio, you may go. i want to be alone and undisturbed. yes, flavio, you do well to lick my boots. now go." stand up so i can better see you. closer to the candlelight. you are wondering, what do i look like cloaked by shadows. you are thinking, do you make me smile, do you please me.

we will see about that.

i have chosen you from many. do you want to know why? of course, you must be wondering. it is because i have dreamed of you. and now you are no longer a dream, are you? i see you were prepped on how to answer me properly before being in my presence. you do well.

beside you, there on the table, is a glass of wine. drink it. drink it slowly, but without pausing. ah, the white of your neck as your head tilts back. it pleases me, as i knew it would. the wine will take the chill away from your undressed body and do ... other things. that's it, drink it all, every drop.

now come nearer and bring the empty glass with you. not so fast. crawl with the stem of the glass between your teeth. that's it. head up. eyes fixed toward my voice. the marble is cold and hard i would imagine against your knees and hands. but if you drop the glass from your mouth, it will be shards you will crawl through, so be careful.

very good indeed. stop. turn your body around so that the pink between your cheeks are shown to me. now set the glass down gently with your mouth, right-side up. crawl slowly backwards until you feel the toe of my boot against the puckering i see. just follow the sound of my leather boot tapping on the marble floor.

you do well. you may speak saying "yes sir" or "no sir" only when i ask a question of you. does the cold leather tip of my boot please you there? "yes sir." i am going to light a candle. now stay on your knees and turn with your head held down without looking up at me. you do want to obey me, do you not? "yes sir." that is good. can you see my black boots now? "yes sir." come to them and kiss them for me. now look up so that your eyes meet mine. ah, yes; your eyes outshine the jewels in my crown. have a look around me. do you know what these devices are for? "no sir." then, i will have to show you, will i not? "yes sir."

here, clasp this collar around your neck as i hold the leash. make it tight to fit your beautiful neck. i will reel you in toward me, my lovely catch. do not allow any slack in the leash. leather prefers a bit of ... tension. do you like my mask? "yes sir." i had it made, especially for today, for this moment. you do well with the leash. it pleases me. do you know what i will do if you displease me? "no sir." i will do whatever i desire at that moment. can you smell my scent? "yes sir." it's the aroma of my desire. there now, you made it without so much as even the smallest mistake, didn't you? "yes sir." you see how you please me? "yes sir."

welcome to my castle. and bid the world farewell, for this place you shall never leave again. does that please you? "yes sir." never lie to me. answer truthfully. does that please you? "no sir." why the tears? you will soon forget the world. you will soon forget everything but me and my desires. and i will protect you. i will reward you and punish you as i see fit. do you understand? "yes sir."

your parents were more than willing to give their son up to me. and your betrothed ... well ... you will very soon forget her or that she or your parents ever existed. your world will contain nothing in it but me and my desires. bring your face closer to me so that i may wipe away those pointless tears. what lovely skin you have. what a lovely mouth you have. one made for bringing me pleasure as i see fit. now clasp your hands behind your head and keep them there. sweet. keep your eyes on mine. it's time for your first taste of me. i will tell you exactly what to do. you will obey, no matter what i demand of you? "yes sir." but first ... let me put these on you. ah, you cannot hide the fear in your eyes. yes, they will hurt. i wish them to hurt. but your hurting will bring me so much pleasure. i want to hear no sound from you when i fit these on you. your petals are so dark pink and they will soon harden to stone just by your being in my presence. aaaaah, my love, how your tears of pain bring me such pleasure. and i do love you. moisten your lips slowly. now come between my thighs and i will tell you what is to be done. and if you do well, you will have a sweet reward, the taste of me, and my pleasure resting inside your belly.

now part your lips

favio, bring me the slave and be quick about it. i want his feet bound to the rod wide apart and drag him to me on his belly, his feet first. "yes master."

1. is the marble cold to your skin my slave? "yes sir." good.

does my silence disturb you?

"yes sir."

why?

you're surprized? confused? you were instructed to say only "yes sir" and "no sir" were you not?

"yes sir"

i have asked you a question requiring more, what shall you do then?

now your silence amuses me.

"i dont--"

SILENCE! i gave you no such order to answer other than "yes sir" or " no sir" did I?

"no sir."

then you must be punished. you cannot see what i hold in my hand, slave?

"no sir."

there is sweat forming on your back and between your cheeks. ah well, it will make my punishment for you bring me all the more pleasure. favio, voltra ... hoist my precious up. how does it feel, slave, to be hanging upside down this way? with your feet bound spread wide apart? are you comfortable?

"no sir."

you'll come to burn with desire for it soon enough. and when you do, it will no longer please me in the same way. but i will please me in other ways. let me look at you. your precious jewels hang with such beauty, slave. your staff hangs limp, but that will soon change. you now see what's in my hand?

"yes sir."

yes, it's hard wood inlaid with bronze stars. i shall populate your heavens with stars. your backside is quite lovely. perfect. and the sweat streaming down your body pleases and excites me. but to punish you excites me all the more.

favio, gag him well and then leave us. and let the others come in to watch.

i've ask some of my more favored subjects to witness your punishment, slave. you'll recognize four of them, your mother and father, your once bride-to-be and the man i chose for her to wed. ah, i don't know which i shall enjoy the more, punishing you or watching them witnessing your punishment. the others i've summoned to watch are domestic slaves, the ones in charge of disposing of my excrement and urine. they are a rowdy bunch of simpletons.

welcome, please come in. stand here, all of you, so you can better see the punishment. do what you like. say what you wish. i grant you that much ... to all of you. ah. the parents, the former betrothed and your new husband. tell me wench ... does he know how to please you?

don't be shy. answer me.

"yes," sire.

i see the red in your cheeks and know you speak the truth. and tell me, the mother of my slave, have you ever seen your son look more lovely?

"oh, please, sire! Have mercy on my son and his mother!"

why should i you ugly disgusting creature? you will watch. i command it. and dear slave's father ... were you once as handsome as your son is now?

"no, sire."

how the two of you created such beauty is beyond me. i do think perhaps you are not this lovely creature's father after all. there is just the slightest beauty in your wife's eyes ... but you my man are uglier and more disgusting than a oozing boil.

ah, but you, my domestics ... you smile with anticipation. you're in for a rare treat. relish it, for you will never see such a thing again.

now watch me.

you will each watch, i command it of you, each of you; and you will listen well, for the sound of

the paddle striking this beautiful young flesh is like a lullaby to the fears that dwell within his heart and soon will become a heralding trumpet to awaken what lies dead within his soul.

1. my servants will make certain you are watching and listening, you two bound to him by blood and you two, one of you once bound to him by a promise and the other bound to him by envy. ah, see how the muscles tighten there. excuse my smile, it just happens to be perhaps my favorite part of the whole game, the tightening of anticipation.

tell me, woman, should I strike him very hard?

it takes you long to answer.

"yes, sire."

why would you desire me to?

"because it would please you, sire."

yes, it might. you're a fool. then ... as you wish.

"NO! my son ..."

you did not enjoy it then, woman? i did, very much. how about you, my beloved, did you enjoy it?

no need to answer, i can tell that you did.

come around, all of you and see for yourself. it has grown quite hard, has it not? very beautiful, indeed. young wench, you see what you are missing? would you care to touch it, or kiss it?

"no, thank you sire."

no one shall touch it or any part of him ever again, but myself ... at least not with their bare flesh. tell me, peasant, do you love your son?

"yes, sire."

really? we shall see. approach me. hold the paddle in your fist. take a good look at its craftsmanship. quite heavy and solid, don't you agree?

"yes, sire."

feels good in your hand, doesn't it?

"yes, sire."

look upon your son as he hangs here for my pleasure and his punishment. did he inherit his father's ... swollen beauty? why be embarrassed? did he or did he not?

"not from me, sire."

of course he didn't, silly fool. you should question your wife about that once you leave us.

don't you think so, hideous woman?

"yes, sire."

ah, shame to the eyes, but a remembered pleasure to my sense of smell.

walk behind my slave my good man.

now, my beloved slave, you will beg your father to strike you even harder than i did before, and you will obey me, won't you?

"yes, sir."

why?

"to please you, sir."

yes. to please me until it displeases me. now let me hear you beg your father to strike you hard; and, old man, you will say "i love you," with each strike. it is my wish. and the rest shall watch you and listen to you. and when all of you have been dismissed, i will show my beloved just how much i have been pleased and reward him as i see fit.

now, slave ... let me hear you beg for it from your father. and both of you keep this in mind: until i believe you are both sincere in what you do and what you say, for my pleasure alone, will i even consider stopping this. i may even decide to take my luncheon as you continue. i do as i wish. now go to it.

"strike me, father."

no, no, no ... foolish boy. already you disappoint me. you should say, "please, father, punish me to please my master." and you must mean it! ah, try again.

"please, father, punish me to please my master!"

"please, father, punish me to please my master!"

"pleeeeeease, father, punish me to please my master!!!"

"i love you."

"please, father, punish me to please my master!"

"i love you. (god forgive me)."

"please, father, punish me to please my master!"

"i love you!"

"please, father --"

that is enough! ah, i can see it both your eyes, you did not want it to end quite yet. i am most pleased. come here, old man.

just as i thought, you too grow hard in your pants. and take a whiff of the air. at least one of these wenches is pleased by it. what a disgusting smell.

favio, get these stinking wenches out of my sight!

and now, here we are, just us men. the way i prefer things.

favio, burn some incense to cleanse the air of that foul scent.

new husband, come to me. very disappointing to be sure. not even the hint of hardness. you leave as well. go to your fish and dangle that useless worm elsewhere.

isn't he beautiful, old man?

"yes, sire."

your tears please me almost as much as your hardness i felt. should i kiss the young man? would that help ease your arrogance? for it is with arrogance that your tears fall. arrogance and revenge and love and hate. a most interesting mixture. should i kiss him then?

"as you wish, sire."

favio, voltra, bring him down.

there now, my beloved. the blood is thick in your brain and elsewhere still, even still. i am pleased with you. kiss me now.

so very nice those lips of yours. mine can be just as sweet. if and when i choose them to be, as i did just now. what lovely hair you have, so dark, so thick. like the hardness between your thighs. i am most, most pleased with you.

favio, take the fool away. i wish to be alone with this one who pleases me so. for now it should please me to bring him a taste of pleasure. he has earned it.

you have done very well today my slave. i am most pleased. i chose wisely as you to fulfill my desires ... to love you in my own way.

1. your hair is damp, your body slick with sweat. why do you tremble so? speak to me as you wish, freely now.

"i am ashamed, sir."

ashamed? of what?

ah ... that this today gave you pleasure. and i see that you yet are aroused with me near you. is

that so?

"yes, sir."

and why should that bring you shame when it brings me such gladness and pleasure?

"i do not know, sir."

even your voice is like velvet. are you aware of how handsome you are, slave? how desirable and the effect just to see you stand has on others? on me?

"no, sir. i am not."

such male beauty deserves rewarding ... not only punishments. forget for now what all just happened. i had my fun, and now, for now, that is over. let me hold you.

your body is so hot against mine. the smell of your sweat is sweeter than any rose. but this is not why i love you, slave. you will come to understand in time.

kiss me. open those lips to me so i can probe my tongue inside that mouth of yours.

my, my ,my ... just as i thought; even hotter inside, even sweeter. and you cannot hide from me that you enjoyed it. it shows in your eyes ... that look of elegant surprise and longing. you see, my voice can be soothing when i wish it to be? hmm?

"yes, sir."

and so can my hands. your nipples are erect, slave, as is that lovely lump of flesh between your thighs. have you touched it before, slave?

"yes, sir."

and when you touched it, what else did you do? no need to be shy with me, slave. tell me.

"i ... i don't know, sir."

of course you do, slave. tell your master. or perhaps it would be easier for you to show me. so show me now what it is you do with that hardness. go on, show me.

yes. yes. stroke it that way for me. it brings you pleasure?

"yes, sir."

it brings me pleasure as well, slave. i like to watch you. stroke it more slowly for me. yes, that's it. would you have me to kiss you now, slave?

"yes, sir."

do you, now? ask me.

"please, sir, kiss me."

so close. i can feel your breath and almost feel the heat from your lips. keep stroking for me, slowly, very slowly, slave. my lips so close to yours, yet not giving them to you. i need to know how badly you wish my lips on yours. tell me.

"please, sir, please, kiss me."

stop your stroking. now look me deep in the eyes. i want to kiss you, slave. i truly do. but still you do not convince me enough.

ah, at last. there is my proof... a tear falling down your cheek. it rests upon your lip like a drop of clover honey. and i do love clover honey. very hard for me to resist it, and it lying there against that lip makes it near impossible. feel beneath my trousers, slave. feel what it is you do to me. ah, the puckering and unpuckering of the pupils of your eyes when you touch me there. eyes never lie, beloved slave.

squeeze me there beneath the leather of my britches. squeeze hard enough so that i might kiss you finally. yes, that's it, slave. your hands are strong. should i kiss you then?

"yes, sir."

another tear. proof enough.

aaaaah, so much sweeter than any clover honey to touch my lips you are my boy. why do you pant so, slave? tell me.

"i don't know, sir."

yes you do. now tell me.

"i ... i ... i think i may soon make a mess, sir."

ha haha ... what? you're about to spew your seed, slave?

"yes, sir."

well ... we'll have none of that ... not quite yet. not until i wish it.

favio!

"yes, sire."

help my slave from the floor and place his wrists into the cuffs there against the tapestry.

it is so you may stand there and i can look upon you, slave.

put the hood on him, favio. i want his mind in darkness.

very good, favio ... now bring me the bucket.

"yes, sire."

you are still erect, my beloved. we mustn't have that without my permission you see.

now ... that splash of ice cold water did its job well, favio. you may leave us now.

"yes, sire."

now, slave ... i wish to view you while you stand there in darkness. and there are many buckets here. don't make me use them, slave.

favio?

1. "yes, sire."

tell the stable boy to have ebony saddled and ready to ride.

"yes, sire."

uncuff my boy first. bring him here into my bed. and then on the way to the stables send some breakfast in.

"yes, sire."

that is all, favio. oh .. except tell voltra i need her here.

"yes, sire."

there is my love fresh from his night in the cuffs. lay him down gently, favio. he must be very tired and sore.

come here my beloved. lay your head on my chest. go about your business, favio.

"yes, sire."

your wrists are bruised, my slave. the bruising only lasts for a short while. you'll see.

did you manage to sleep?

"yes, sir."

quite well you did then. you'll need your energy shortly. ah, the breakfast.

set it down here next to me, servant, then leave us. do not stare at him, servant. you know i see everything. leave us. i'll deal with you later.

look upon the tray, slave. is there anything there which would make you ill if you ate it?

"yes, sir."

i thought there might be. tell me what it is.

"those berries there, sir."

you know your berries then. and which of these foods do you crave the most?

"the butter, sir."

lay your head down on my chest again then. take your fingers, slave, and touch just the thick hairs around my nipples. mmm, yes, that's good. but your fingers tremble. why?

"i am hungry, sir."

hungry for butter?

"yes, sir."

you want to taste it very badly, don't you?

"yes, sir."

do you find my bed comfortable, slave?

"yes, sir."

better than a stone wall in cuffs all night?

"yes, sir."

which do you think would please me most, to have you cuffed against the wall or to lie here beside me in the comfort of my bed?

"i do not know, sir."

slide your fingers down between my legs, slave.

"yes, sir."

grasp it firmly, slave.

"yes, sir."

does it feel good in your hand?

"yes, sir."

describe to me what you feel in your hand. go on, tell me.

"it is very hard, sir. and thick. and hot inside my cold hand."

squeeze it a bit more, slave.

"yes, sir."

what else do you feel?

"i feel the blood inside, sir."

stroke it for me, the way you stroke yourself.

"yes, sir."

you give me much pleasure that way. kiss the pit of my arm as you stroke me.

"yes, sir."

you have grown quite hard yourself, slave. ah, voltra. come here and lie beside my slave so that he is between us.

"yes, sire."

now slave, release me there and take a handful of berries from the platter. squash them just a bit in your hand so the juice runs on my hardness. now stroke me there with the berries in your hand. very well done, slave.

rinse your hand in the basin of water and then scoop up some of that delicious butter with two fingers. yes, that's it. you would like to eat it?

"yes, sir."

i wish you to spread it around voltra's mound of flesh between her thighs.

"yes, sir."

that's good, spread it well. i do believe voltra quite enjoys that, do you not, voltra?

"yes, sire."

you prefer that my slave continue with his buttered fingers?

"yes, sire."

you would, voltra. but you know very well he will not.

lie on your back between us, slave. look at his hardness, voltra. it's quite handsome, is it not?

"yes, sire."

and i can tell you that his lips and tongue and mouth are beyond comparison. his tongue would serve you and that butter all too well, voltra.

but he is famished and tells me he wishes to breakfast. so, slave, it is for you to decide. from which plate do you wish to nourish? mine or voltra's?

look how voltra breathes with anticipation, slave. the butter has already seeped within her mound

by her heat. you must decide now, slave. i command that you eat now.

sorry, voltra. you will have to find someone hungry for your butter elsewhere. my slave is no fool. leave us.

"yes, sire."

that's it, slave, lick up every drop of the juice and keep cleaning my hardness with your mouth and throat and lips. yes, all the way down your throat, slave. now look into my eyes and tell me what you want most.

"to please you, sir."

yes, now put your mouth back where i want it. ah, slave, soon you shall have creme in your stomach rather than butter. you do hunger for that, do you not?

"yes, sir."

stroke me with your hand following behind the movement of your lips now that i am wet with you. go faster for me, slave. your mouth and hand, the pleasure they give me, slave. now clasp your lips hard just below the head and i will fill you up. ah, yes, my slave, keep feeding from me. swallow every drop of me. now take your forefinger and thumb and squeeze at the base all the way up to bring out those last tasty drops.

now lay your head on my belly and keep touching me there. look at it. give my belly a kiss and tell me when the berries start to make you ill. until then i will lie here and relax from the pleasure you have given me and you will keep your head on my belly and gently fondle me and look at your hand and what is in your hand.

after you are sick from the berries and then eaten properly, i wish us to ride into the forest on my steed, ebony. there is a special place i want to show you. would you like that, slave?

"yes, sir."

i shall like it as well, slave. i feel your oozing upon my thigh, slave. it is well you did not shoot in full upon me. otherwise, it will have been ebony who will have memories of pleasure in the forest. do you understand, slave?

"yes, sir."

i may permit you to release in full there ... or not. we shall see. i sense you're beginning to feel the effects already of the berries. it won't be long now, my beloved slave. soon the berries along with my seed will be forced from inside you. the berries your again will you ever taste. but my seed i can tell you crave in your belly. i will feed that hunger as i see fit, slave.

when it is time, use the water basin to empty your stomach in. you will always obey me, slave?

"yes, sir."

well ... we'll have to wait and see about that then, won't we, slave?

"yes, sir."

yes, slave, we'll just have to wait and see about that.

Favio?

1. "Yes, sire."

Blindfold the slave and lead him with me to the stables.

"Yes, sire."

You can smell it all, slave ... the smell of the horses sweat and excrement ...the sweat and the excrement of the stable boy ... perhaps the faint memory of his special love for the horses. All but my ebony. He knows better.

Smell the old rotting wood, slave; the hay, the lovely leather. This is a place where things are born and things will die. You will understand soon enough. Help me mount, favio.

"Yes, sire."

Now, favior, help my slave to sit before me.

"Yes, sire."

Now leave us, favio.

"Yes, sire."

I wish you now until I might say otherwise for you to speak freely, slave. Ask and say what you will.

"It is a fine horse, your ebony, sir."

How can you tell, slave?

"I know horses, sir."

Yes, you would.

"He stands steady, awaiting your command."

As all do, my beloved.

"I feel the hairs on your chest against my back, sir."

Lean back against me, then.

"I feel safe here, sir. I love you."

Do you? We shall go to a place and afterwards we will see if you can still say such a thing.

"Will you kiss me?"

Yes.

"I forgot to say, sir .. Sir. Please forgive me."

Did I correct you?

"No."

Well then.

We are about to start off. Do not grasp Ebony's mane. He does not care for it. Put your hands atop my own as I steer with the reigns. And lean that way against my chest. It pleases me.

"Yes, sir. It pleases me as well."

"I feel shadows, sir. A cooler air."

It is the forest we enter. I come here often. It suits me. But we will be going to a place I have been to before only once. There you will do my bidding, as always. But I wish you still to speak as you please, ask what you will.

"Yes, sir."

Smell the pines, slave.

"Yes. And something else. Something sweet, strange."

It is the moss we approach. The pain you have endured thus far will be nothing compared to what I will offer you soon, slave. Nor the pleasure.

"Why was I chosen by you, sir?"

We have arrived. Put this leg alongside the other and I will help you dismount.

"Yes, sir."

Now leave us, Ebony.

"This moss beneath my feet, sir, it is oddly soft and the smell is very strong."

Yes.

It grows nowhere else in all the world.

"Why is that?"

Because I wish it. Now let's remove your blindfold.

"It is beautiful, sir! The moss ... it is an odd color. Is it the moss from which the scent originates?"

Yes.

"And why do no trees grow here on the moss, sir?"

Because it is as I wish.

"It is a perfect circle, sir. How is such a thing? Surrounded by the tall pines."

It is, as I said, as I wish it.

"You are very handsome, sir."

Yes.

"I have not seen you before completely naked like this."

No, you have not. Now, down on your knees.

"Yes, sir."

"That is such a large, thick switch, sir."

Yes, isn't it? Used only once before, and yet still green and deliciously flexible after all these years. You are to guess as to whom I used it on only once before many years ago, slave.

"Yes, sir."

As you guess wrongly, your punishment will be severe. You may bleed. But that will please me.

"Yes, sir."

Feel free from here on out to again speak and ask as you will.

"Yes, sir."

Now begin guessing who felt the sting of this switch before you soon shall feel.

"Favio?"

No. Ah, the switch is still the best of its kind. Continue.

"Voltra?"

No. Now down on all fours, my beloved. Continue.

"One of your servants, sir?"

No. Ah, there is blood. Continue.

"I ... it hurts so, sir."

Yes. Continue.

"Do you enjoy giving pain, sir?"

Yes. It is part of my nature. It is in my blood to do so. Continue. Guess.

"A villager, sir?"

Yes. But you must be much more specific than that. Turn over on your back and lie flat against the soft moss.

"Yes, sir."

You complain of so much pain, slave, yet you are hard.

"Yes."

Why?

"I do not know."

Continue then.

"I am afraid, sir."

Yes. But if you do not continue the punishment will much more than you could ever bare.

"A man from the village?"

No. Ah, the look in your eyes as I strike the hardness between your legs. Continue.

"I – please, sir, it is too much."

Nonsense. If you love me as you say, continue.

"I cannot, sir."

Very well.

"Oh, sir!! I cannot bare it!"

There is a trickle of blood coming from the soft skin that surrounds your hardness within it, slave. Why do you stare up into the pine tops as if with eyes that are dead?

"I do not know, sir. It is this moss, the scent ... I think ... I feel odd."

How does my hand feel against your hardness?

"I do not know."

How can you not know?

"I cannot tell the pleasure it gives me from the pain, sir. It is like touching water so hot that at first it feels cold. It is confusing."

Yes.

"Oh, your lips there!"

It is because I love you.

Do you wish me to stop?

"No, sir. Please don't, sir."

I shan't stop.

"My head is spinning, sir."

I have waited so long for this. I have waited so very long.

"I'm going to explode, sir!"

And your seed and your blood will be inside me, where it has been all along.

"Sir!! Sir ... oh god, sir!"

What do you feel?

"Like sliding down a velvet sleeve dotted with prickly thorns, sir."

"I'm going to explode, sir! I –"

And now your seed and blood are in my belly. Why are you silent? Ah, so now you understand. You know, do you not?

"Yes. It was my mother you had here last."

Yes.

"You are my true father."

Yes.

"I see it now, in your eyes. They are my eyes."

Yes!

"But why?"

Because it is the way things have been done since ... well, since the beginning of time, my son. I was brought to the castle and then here by my father, and he by his father, and so on. So tell me, shall you bring your son here as well?

"I ... I don't know, I still don't understand. Who are you? Who are we?"

Well, there is a story, not really accurately written, but well enough. The first man, he had two sons. One murdered the other and was banished from his father forever. He bore this mark on my forehead as you do on yours.

"Yes, I see that now."

So again I ask you, will you one day bring your own son here?

"I love you ... I love you, father. And, yes, I shall."

Then kiss me. There is so much more to teach you. You shall live with me in the castle and you shall be only second to me in power. You shall share my bed only. Your body is mine and mine yours. And it will be yours eyes into which I gaze as the life leaves my own. And then you shall go and father a son and do as I shall teach you.

Now Ebony will come and we will return to the castle where a great feast has been prepared. And you will no longer call me "sir," but rather "father." And I will no longer call you "slave," but rather "son."

"Yes, father. I love you."

Then let us go to our castle.