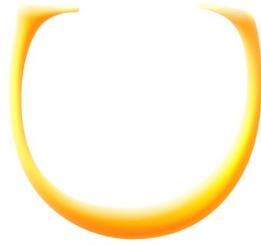


THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



SISSY COGAN
SPIROS
& BUTTERFLY

SEX HERSELF
IN HIGH PERSON

Sex Herself In High Person

You are a god,
not a human being

Cecilia Cogan
Spiros Cogan
& the Butterflies

Go to the authors website at
ArtSetFree.com

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STRAWBERRY • THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI

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the country and queendom of Plomari

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*Fit for publication on gold and highly potent paper,
as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Mari Cogan*

To contact the authors go to their website www.artsetfree.com, or should the website for any reason be down, search the web.

Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Written by Cecillia Cogan,
Spiros Cogan and the Butterflies of Plomari

Spelling mistakes included for the magical benifit of the Queendom of Plomari and all Life, as the athors do not see these as mistakes but see them as magical messages from The Seamstress

Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?

With our Plomari
we must be as loud as God

~ King Spiros & Queen Mari of Plomari

Happily Ever After

I have always dreamed of writing this book. It's a red velvet silken open ended hook. It's been twenty years since I began writing, and frankly, my writing has gone out of hand by now. I'll be honest and say that I write this book very much for myself, to sort out some last details after the twenty years it took to firmly establish the Queendom of Plomari.

That is all, Mankind, I ended my latest book with. And I do feel that if I never write again I have said what I wanted to say. As I said, if I have forgotten to say anything... read between the roses.

But Life has took hold in a new way lately. I feel happier, younger, more energetic. I have found a new balance in my Life and I have a new purpose, a new goal. My heart is aflame again as it was when I first fell in love with Queen Sissy Cogan and Queen Butterfly.

Hi it's me, King Spiros here. Again.

I have to tell our story, my Sapphire, my dear Queen Sissy, my Butterfly, Sex Herself In High Person. The fire of desire for you, and your desire for me. So strong it hurts a bit. I love you, and I am in love with you, and all the crazy sexual things we do together... I dare hardly share it with others but, we have to, as we have said. The desire to share, to shine. We are divine. We are here to shine, not to hide.

Sapphire leaned on the five seat sectional sofa and sipped gently from her glass of pink nectar. Pink nectar, spiced by Plomari's master chemists. She sighed a sigh of pleasure and smiled at her Spiros, Sex Himself In High Person.

Here in Plomari wonderland we can do what we wish, we can live out all our favourite dreams come true. Butterfly smiled too and gave Sissy a kiss on her bum. Sissy went up to Spiros and took his hand.

—We are *so* not luxurious, she said and kissed his hand.

—It's horrible being us, babe, said King Spiros.

We lay in the sun just melting in the pleasure of being us. No one wanted to talk, we just wanted to lie there. Spiros licked his chalice as he does and drank a bit of nectar. It was quiet all over the Palace. One of those days. One of those days we just lie around naked in the White Marble Palace.

It is a difficult task to express this in words, but what if I do it in a way as naturally as the words come out? What if I just continue telling you the story of our lives?

Feels like half a life time ago since I grew up as Straw Hat Boy and met you by the River in my teen years, Butterflies. Now we're all grown up and, we're a bit different now. Life is different now in the White Marble Palace. Calmer now. Even more sensual. More luxuriant than our upbringing on the countryside and in the dirty old towns. We have blossomed as Gods and Goddesses by now. Our long foreplay and flirting in the lands of Plomari has led us to orgasm by now. When we were young we promised ourselves never to grow up, but it feels good to be blossoming at the age of thirty-six. We have found a different us recently. An even more sure us, sure of our worlds, sure of what we believe in. And in the same time we have open Hearts for surprises, we keep growing and learning.

Queen Sissy Cogan and the Butterflies and me - King Spiros of Plomari - met in a magic psilocybin mushroom trip by a dark river when we were young. We fell in love instantly and married in a years long wedding called The Chymical Wedding of Plomari. More people have joined the Royal Cogan Family by now too, like King Alpha and Queen Heidi. We live in the White Marble Palace, the Plomari Palace of Cnossos, living out our most supreme fantasies together in one huge heap of Love. Some people may think we are crazy for being married in a group marriage, for us it is as natural as can be. Our hearts are too wild to be in love with only one person. We call ourselves The Seven Sisters and The Dancing Weavers, but we are not seven people only, how many we are is obscure, and we blend and float in through each others souls like wine ink. We are a Mystery in and of ourselves, really, our Royal Cogan Family, which is kind of paradoxical as I have written over two thousand pages about us, telling the whole world everything about us; and yet we remain a

Mystery. Just like the Great Mystery that Life is, you can know so much about it but it remains mysterious.

Our Queendom of Plomari was born by or in a first most intense orgasm. In the flash of the orgasm everything was clear for a moment, and when we landed we landed in the White Marble Palace of Plomari. We have lived here for many years now. This book, and all our other books, is a love letter to you, Dear Ingenious Reader, whom we consider to be Sex Herself or Sex Himself In High Person, just like we are. That's right, honey, I'm flirting with you across the ages of Time.

Sapphire, also known as Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan put on the song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis, as the night began, as we were tipsy from all the pink nectar. Now was no time to sleep. Queen Mari got the luxury chills again and curled up with Sissy on the five seat sectional sofa, hiding from our unbearable opulence for a moment, but giggling, plibbring about at how beautiful our Palace is, and how beautiful we all are, and how the pink nectar was perfectly spiced for the evening. Yes, the luxury chills. We all get it now and then at our opulent lives in Plomari,.

—Lesbian undertones, said Sapphire. With a huge cock in the middle. King Spiros love letters is something to read as we lie here naked in paradise. Butterfly, are you okay, honey?

It's about time you fuck me
and check out what I'm *really* about.

~ Queen Sapphire aka Queen Sissy Cogan

What do you want to read about, Sapphire?
I can tell our secrets again if you like,
make you kiss the pages of my letters to
you. Our playing with my fourteen inch
cock. I can tell it all. Our life in Plomari
Paradise.

—You know how I want it, said Sapphire. Tell me what *really* turns you on. Tell everyone about what we do in the Palace. Help poor little Humanity understand how good life really can be. Like when you drink pink nectar from me and Butterfly's bum. Tell us about our sensual Enema. Go wild, honeybum.

Spiros lay down with Sapphire and Butterfly on the five seat sectional and Sapphire gently spread her legs. Spiros gave her pussy a gentle kiss and then poured some pink nectar on her from his chalice. He licked the nectar off her and then let the nectar dribble from his tongue into Butterfly's mouth.

—Do you think people can handle us? he asked.

—They better, we are here to stay.

—I think they will fall in love with us, said Queen Mari.

—This is gonna be a sloppy ride, said Sapphire and leaned toward Butterfly for a kiss. Yes, they will fall in love with us.

—I don't want to write a book, I wanna fuck, said the King.

—Yes but you have to write. We need something to read inbetween fuckings.

—The King of Fuck has spoken.

—The King of Kink.

—I am the Fuck.

—Maybe we shouldn't write the book and fuck instead.

—Why are we not fucking right now?

—We're not fucking at all right now, bitch. At all.

Butterfly sighed and kissed whatever body part was nearest her lips.

—More nectar, please.

In came one of our butlers, Robot. His name is Robot and he is a robot. He served Butterfly some more pink nectar and then said:

—You are not fucking right now, my dears. How come?

—We are writing a book about ourselves, said Sapphire. To help Humanity understand how good life really can be.

—That would be your tenth book now, said Robot. I think you already do help Humanity a lot. The famous trio, Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly. Many people have understood how good life can be thanks to you. I read about you on the internet today. In the news.

—You think so, Robot? We already do help people?

—I am sure of it, Butterfly.

—Blip blip, blip blip blip, blip, kisses to you Robot, said Sapphire.

—I mean you don't have to stress writing the book, you have already written nine books about Plomari. Kisses back to you my Sapphire.

—Right, thank you Robot for pointing that out, said Spiros.

—Seriously though we should be fucking right now, we are wasting precious time.

We all laughed, we have pulled this same joke so many times in so many variations. We stopped writing the book for the moment and fucked all night on the five seat sectional.

No no, see, people are not used to our kind of fucking, said King Spiros in the morning and sucked on Elin's nectardipped nipple. They think they know about kink, they know nothing of our kind of kink.

—Do they even deserve to know about our ways of kink? said Butterfly and bit Mari gently. Spiros, are you sure we should even invite people to Plomari at all? I'm still angry at Humanity for their behaviour.

—I love Humanity even though I hate them sometimes as well, said Spiros. There are millions and millions and millions of good people on this planet. In fact most people are good and kind. They deserve the chance to see our world. If they want to join us they can, but no one can buy this ticket we are selling. You can't buy your way into Plomari. It's done by the Heart. Yes, we should write this book. Definitely. A lifetime of silence about us and our Kingdom would destroy me, Butt. That's also a thing; I *have to* tell our story. I'd go insane keeping it all in my Heart.

Morning arrived and we all chilled naked in the sunlight, drank some pink nectar and ate strawberries and other goodies for breakfast.

If you have read our book *I Am Money*, Dear Ingenious Reader, you will have heard of us *the bored billionaires*. But our boredom has grown into an art by now. No more pouring pink champagne on the palace floor just because we don't have anything to do. No, now our boredom has become a spiritual thing. We live in simplicity, the simplicity of our ultimate opulence. Gold strands entwined with grass and branches of the Garden of Eden. Nature is the ultimate opulence.

—How do you even write a book about our sex? said Spiros.

—Maybe we shouldn't, said Butterfly.

—We are writing it, however.

Yes, Nature is the ultimate luxury. Nature and Love. There is no wealth but Life itself, and Life blossoms when there is luxury!

King Spiros went down on his knees so her could spread Butterfly's legs as she sat on the five seat sectional. He gently

opened her legs with his hands and gave her another kiss right on her pussy.

—So is sex the meaning of Life? he asked her.

—It kind of almost is with you, said Butterfly.

—Let's not get philosophical about it, said Spiros and smiled. Totally our sex could be the meaning of Life. It's one of the meanings anyway.

Queen Elin stepped up to them and smiled.

—Everything is the meaning of Life, said Elin and sat down beside Butterfly and kissed her.

—Deep, said Butterfly. Deep Elin, *everything is the meaning of Life.*

—Sissy! shouted Spiros. Sissy come here babe we found the meaning of Life!

Sissy walked up to them carrying a chocolate muffin.

—What? What happened? she said giggling.

—The meaning of Life, said Elin. We found it.

—Well tell me then, what is it!?

—Everything! Everything is the meaning of Life. Everything. And our sex.

—Wow I love it! Everything! Everything is the meaning of Life! said Sissy happily.

—O my God you nailed it Elin! said Spiros. A song *is* a song! And this is our song!

—Robot! Pink champagne, *now!* Hurry hurry hurry, my little Robot! said Sissy laughing. Pink champagne for all of us.

—Spice it, Robot! said Elin.

—Robot! Also! Hahaha! Put on the song *Fantasy* by I Will Never Be The Same...

—Tira tira, said Sissy, we found the meaning of Life...

—We need more muffins.

—I want a Semla.¹

—Why are we not fucking right now?

—Because it's breakfast time... You can slide a strawberry if you want.

The tradition of sliding fresh strawberries between pussylips dates back to the very beginning of Plomari. It was invented by

¹ Swedish recipe, the Semla is the National Pastry of of Plomari because it looks like a small young *Psilocybe cubensis* mushroom.

Spiros one summer day back with Queen Mari when they had just first moved in to the White Marble Palace. Spiros smiled and lay down with something to smoke on the five seat sectional and waited for Robot to serve strawberries.²

O my Goddess last night, girls, was amazing. I am trying to write this love letter to you, right, showing how amazing our life together is, and I also want the letters to be the deadliest trap ever laid, a seduction of words, because we really need to help set Humanity free, we need to help Humanity, girls! I don't know if sex can do it, babes, but our sex is special, it's pure magic, and I believe in our Plomari wonderland, our Paradise. Let's do this, babes. Let's show everyone our magical world, our Queendom of Plomari! All sides of it, let's show it in its entirety. All flirts aside, our wild hot sex in Plomari can save the world, my sweet dear dangerous Sapphire and Butterfly. Now let me slide another strawberry, you little girls and wise mature Queens! My women of the dark river, let's do this!

—Robot, play the song *Mirror Mirror, Original Mix* by Snow White and the Huntsman, says Sapphire. We're about to show Humanity some sexual trix.

² Song *Sliding Strawberries Against Your Wet Pussies* by Sissy Cogan

- What kind of trick is that, Sophie! I wanted the last drop!
- The last drop is mine, Butterfly, says Sophie.
- Don't fight now girls, I got more cum coming, says Spiros.

So anyway right I was thinking we could write this kind of trash kind of literature, right, that we can read when we're not fucking. Something extra ordinaire. Something exquisite. Strawberry milkshake material,

said King Spiros

Look, maybe we should just make it clear right from the start that I designed this universe so we can fuck. Forever, says Queen Sapphire and King Spiros.
Forever and ever, says the Butterflies.³

³ Song *Lonely Star* by Asura

I was dreaming at night and there were thousands of naked Gods and Goddesses gathered in a huge White Marble Palace. I was one of them. We were Gods who had long ago left the human world behind us and now lived in Plomari. At the moment we were celebrating; a party was held in the Palace... and...

I'm different. I don't want to hear of how spiritually awake you are. I'd rather hear about what really turns you on. I wanna hear about your dreams at night and your daydreams. I wanna hear about your strange ideas and about how you imagine what Utopia would be like. I wanna get drunk with you and celebrate Eternity in a wild frenzy, howling at the moon. I want us together to face our fears. I wanna dress up as Kings and Queens and claim the Earth and Universe as ours. I wanna have fun, be wild, I don't want to hear of how spiritually awake you are.⁴

~ King Spiros of Plomari

⁴ Song *Dear Old Friend* by The Plot In You

I'm going to start living my life in slow motion
as if it's always the most exciting part of a movie.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

Here in the lands of Plomari life shines bright! Something to read while we're not fucking, you say. How about we talk to Queen Honeytongue and slide around a bit?⁵ Put the pussy on the chainswax. Swooning and we in on little secret. I laugh a lot. Why? Because I'm stupid. If you knew how difficult, simple and awesome my life is, you wouldn't laugh at me. You would laugh with me. My life is uncanny. My life is a Living Mystery. My life is awe~inspiring and legend. I know yours is too! And so here I am, standing naked in front of you, naked before you. I want you, babe. And I know you want me. Write a book about us? Silly! No no, let the book write us! No no, sillysilly, just write because we want to have fun! Let the Seamstress weave, and weave with her! Fun first or sex first? Or fun sex? No no, Our sex, dear. You know I used to hate Humanity but I fucking love those little fucks. So cute and funny. However, I have no clue how to write this book. Freestyle? It is year 2019 and I'm horny. Of course you can't write this book. Why? Because you are Sex Himself in high person. And what do you mean it's over, bitch? I haven't even began yet. I say bitch to my friends and lovers a lot, by the way, so you know. Like those of my wives and husbands who know the pleasures of ass~worship and the like, the hardcore lovers of mine who are not afraid of me. A lot of people are afraid of me, for some reason. Lot of people call me crazy. I call myself a god, and them I call ordinary people, however. Guess the laugh is on me. Like the sceptic penguin I am I don't even like the human world at all. That's why I left and now live in Plomari Paradise. The Human World is for fools, wise men and women live their lives in Plomarian Eternity.

I was going to write a tragedy about the untimely death of my wife but I changed my mind when I married Mari and Sapphire and Elin and Leo and King Alpha of Plomari. I'm gonna tell everyone our story. How I was taken by the police like a tragedy. How my life was utterly destroyed by the Banana Republic, the Matrix, the System, the Human Factory. You all know about that stuff. Let me instead tell you about my life with Sex Herself in

⁵ Song *Cecilia – Night Mix* by Andreas Moe

High person. I'm sure writing this book will wash away my sins, but.

How Humanity woke me up from a sea of sex, as they were praying and begging for my help. How I left Plomari for years and years to help Humanity and deliver my Royal Plomarian Love Letter to them and invite them to my eternal Queendom of Plomari. How I like to scare people until they wake up from the coma of the Banana Republic. I was going to write about this but now I don't know where we're heading. I am here now, Humanity. Deep bows. This is the King and Queen of Plomari here, King Spiros also known as King Hu. You can call me Queen Sissy Cogan, dead and alive. I will be back in ten, a hundred, a thousand and a millions years if I have to, I always come back to wake the entire planet up.

it was spring time, the first spring eve, remember, dearest?

My love is a vulcano, and you think I will ever stop? You can try to erase me, but anywhere you go you have to face me. Who am I? I am King Hu of Plomari. You can call me Daddy. I am the virgin and the saint, and the beast. Always respect me, for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one.

We rose at sunrise this morning and popped a bottle of pink champagne. Slightly tipsy we sat naked in the white marble Plomari Palace and watched the sun swim across the sky. Bored billionaires as we are we agreed that this was an incredibly boring morning and kissed in the five seat sectional sofa, the loveseat of Plomari.

—Don't forget we found the meaning of Life the other day, said Sapphire.

—Oh damn you're right, I already forgot! said King Spiros. What was it again?

—Everything. Everything is the meaning of Life.

We dwelled on this new found truth for a while and gazed toward the horizon together, sipping slowly our pink nectar and enjoying the music.

You might think being a bored billionaire is boring. That's not completely true. It's rather fulfilling actually. Just... really boring. It's a win win situation though. You have a lot of money and can sip pink nectar in the sunrise whenever you want.

King Spiros dipped Sapphire's nipple in the pink champagne and licked it off her. They both sighed of pleasure for a moment and then went back to gazing at the sun.

When you're a bored billionaire like us you tend to develop a deep sense of sarcasm, a horrible kind. Everything is luxurious and opulent.

—So boring to lick your nipple, said King Spiros and licked it again in deep pleasure.

—Mmm, Sapphire sounded, not smiling. I love you.

—I love you too, babe.

Being a bored billionaire is fun, is what I'm trying to say. You get to sit and watch the whole world doing stupid things while you just enjoy life to the fullest. People really do stupid things to get their kicks. Like bungyjump. Or play Hockey in the Gavle Rink. We get our kicks in another way.

—I wanna take you like a tragedy, Sapphire, said King Spiros.

—How do you fuck someone like a tragedy? asked Queen Mari entering the white marble hall.

—Mari! My Queen!

—Mari!

—Studs! said Queen Mari happily.

—To fuck you like a tragedy is an art, said King Spiros, a fine art that has taken me years and years to accomplish..⁶

Butterfly's bum. Spiros can't stop thinking about it. He glances at Mari and then walks up to her. He goes down on his knees.

—May I kiss your bum, Butterfly? he asks her.

—If you want to, she says.

Butterfly's bum swings the Plomari Palace and is the sweetest thing there is in the Universe, according to the King. It is soft, squishy, and tastes like strawberry cake and whipped cream. King Spiros kissed her bum and Butterfly wondered what he would do next.

—You like Butterfly's bum, Spiros? asked Sapphire.

—Yes, said Spiros.

⁶ Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

I grew awfully quiet for a while after all this, and I had run out of ideas. But the strangest thing happened. Queen Heidi contacted me on the superflow phone and said that we have reached *Happily Ever After*, the final end and beginning of Plomari. The bonbon treat is ours, She said. The finale is fulfilled, She said. We are complete. Plomari has been born. We have reached orbital velocity. We are Home. The world is ours and we can relax now, She said.

We celebrated with pink champagne and red wine and arranged a few last details of the Plomari Throne in the throne room. The famous red stone lions we now placed to the left and right of the throne to protect us Kings and Queens. We felt such a satisfaction at last, all details fell in place in that one last flowerlike twist we began dreaming of already twenty years ago. Our tale, the tale with the happiest ending.

And if it hurts you just to face me... And if you're trying to erase me... Just wait until you meet my magic psilocybin mushroom, my Ayahuasca, and my other psychedelic plants!

~ *King Spiros of Plomari*

—There's a Home in my Heart for you, said King Spiros.

Our world finally unwinded and unfolded.

—I never knew a love like this before, he continued.

Sex Himself in High person, King Spiros of Plomari, had been writing loveletters to his wives for twenty years now and was rather tired of it, but his wives needed something to read when they were not fucking so he had to continue. Butterfly and Sissy and Mari and Mari and Elin and Alice and all the others thirsted for his words, they ran like the nectar between their pussylips, they dripped like honey, Butterfly was sure to tell him that it is not only her bum that swings the Palace but his words too.

Butterfly's bum, thought the King.

Queen Sapphire had been the one who re-lit the flame in Spiros heart after the death of his wife Kajsa in 2012 and his wife Anna's death in 2016. Sapphire's sex was that powerful, for it was not only sex, it was passion of the likes Spiros had never

experienced before. It truly was fire, just like her name suggests. Sapphire had made the blood in his veins flow again, and poisoned with psilocybin mushroom wine he had managed out of his years long depression after Kajsa's and Anna's death and was happy again. He was a happy king and he sat down in the newly built Plomari Throne, naked, and sipped some wine from his silver chalice. For many years after their death Spiros had thought he could never love again, but Sapphire had changed that feeling in him. He could never forgive their untimely parting but at least he could move on, somehow, somehow move on with his life and love again. And his other wives, Mari and Mari and Elin and the others, he loved them as much as always and was deeply in love like always too.

It was one particular evening where Sapphire had been all sweaty as she danced naked in front of him that had ignited the flame in him again. Something about the sweat on her awesomely sculpted body had made him feel so alive. And all the boredom inside him had vanished that moment; Life was definitely not boring with Sapphire as one of the new Queens in the Queendom. She loved to walk around the Palace with a beautiful dress on but her breasts fully in the open for all to see. She said her heart is black like the wings of King Spiros; she was very romantic and loved Spiros deeply, she adored him and was not shy about it, nor was she shy of saying she is one of the closest people to him. And she said that Miracles happen when we fuck. Spiros agreed.

King Spiros just sat there naked on his throne watching in silence all his favourite dreams come true one by one. Now and then he uttered a fitting word, and everyone in the Kingdom were in awe at his plans success. Sapphire came up to the throne and took his cock in her mouth, began gently sucking it.

—As I said, my dears, I will do it as you suck my cock, he said.

—Do what?

—Take over the world, said King Spiros.

—Tell Humanity I am back from the grave, said Queen Sissy Cogan and joined Sapphire. Here are the mushrooms.

—Okay we can all stop hiding now, said the King. Time to shine!

Spiros shut his eyes for a moment and dreamed back to the Cave in Egypt where he met Sissy and Butterfly half a lifetime ago. He visited all parts of the Cave while enjoying as the girls sucked his erect cock.

—We're done, he said.

—Already done, said Queen Sissy.

With this the trick of the pulp of the plum blossom was achieved, and as the girls continued to suck Spiros began to speak:

—You need to know that I am cold from such the spell I needed to cast on all of you. But now the world's confusion after my arrival gives me strength. My mushroom and my Ayahuasca and other psychedelic plants is my strength. The forbidden fruit is my power, and I am here for you, here in the lush Garden of Eden, the Heart of my Queendom of Plomari. Me and my family are more powerful than all the armies of the world, we are the animators of SpaceTime.

At last Spiros was back in the lands of Plomari with his wives and husbands. The journey had been twenty years long since he left the shore in the little canue that Jennyfer had made for him.

The Dove has landed.

I set out in that canue, Butterfly, to find you and to find a new land for us to live. Now we sit here together in our newly founded Kingdom of Plomari. Love is always the answer, and we with Divine Love in our Hearts shall always win. Plomari always wins.

Spiros began to speak, and told the story of The Mushroom Seamstress, the Queen he met on his journey home to the Heart of Plomari.

—And if you ever want to thank me, girls, my dear eternal lovers and wives, just taste yourself for me in bed and think of me, says King Spiros. That makes me the happiest little boy ever.

Queen Cecilia Cogan and Butterfly, you are a Mystery still like you have always been, and forever will I slave to the beat of your Heart and Soul.

Yes and Humanity, stop crying that I stole your Earth, you never loved her anyway and she's my dame now.

All the books I have written in my head as well. Worth a mention. How can I explain the Royal Cogan Family's story? Goal! Wiiiiish! How do I explain all our tricks?! O you asking about King Spiros of Plomari? Yes he grew so tired and pissed off at

Humanity that he left, no one knows what the hell he's up to these days.

Well today what I am doing is hanging with Queen Heidi of Plomari. She saved my life so many times, she understands me, she loves me and accepts me for who and how I am. She is the only one who knows me as Ludde Lump, the mushroom child who grew up in Mrs Mushroom's bedroom. She also knows me as King Hu. I love you, Queen Heidi. You and Me, Together Forever! Redemption! Champagne! Nio bast.

So Behold, ye Mighty, the glimmer of our immortal Plomarian crown of millenias of Magic!