

Unveiling The Morning Star

Divine Demons

SEALED IN BLOOD

TJNA M.E.

TINA M.E.

Unveiling The Morning Star: Divine Demons Sealed in Blood

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By Tina M.E.

OBSESSION OF A DEMON – SPECIAL EDITION

DANTALION OF THE GOETIA: LEGACY BOOK SERIES

TINY HOUSE TALE

THE MANY MASKS OF MAGZINNIA

THE SILENT SERENADE

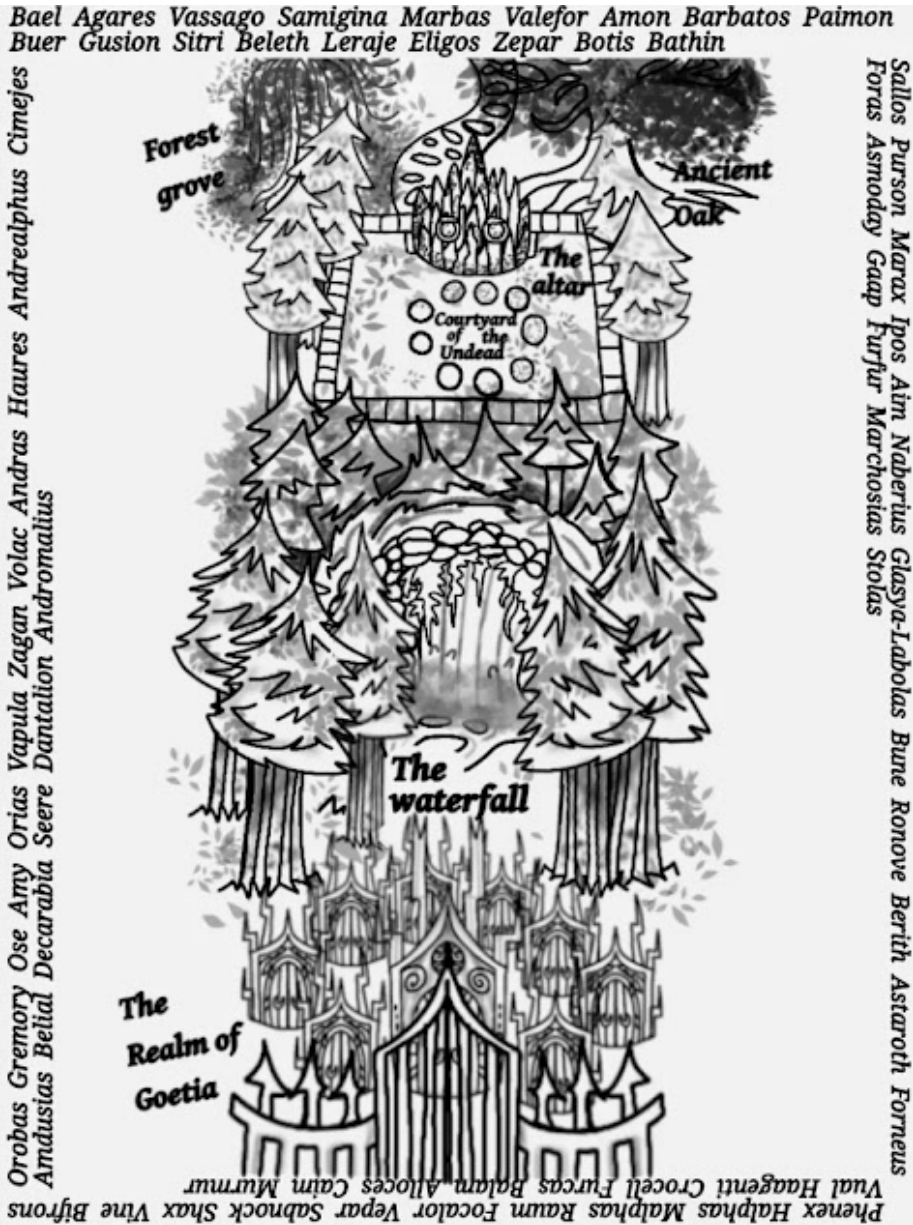
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DEDICATION

“Abandon all Hope, Ye who Enter Here.”

(Inferno- Ninth Circle of Hell)

- Dante Alighieri, Italian Philosopher and Poet

NINTH CIRCLE OF HELL: *Reserved for the betrayers, the most malicious abusers of trust, these individuals are to remain here, in the lowest Fourth Heaven also known as the Ninth circle of Hell, trapped in freezing ice for Eternity, symbolizing the coldness of their hearts and their betrayal of another.*



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Divine Demons

Reborn of the Ice and Snow...From the past lives of the immortals, awakened through the Darkness.. a Divinity found only through the Night of the Soul. The Realm watches the forgotten memories cascade through the frozen waterfall bleeding down where time stands still.

The third Heaven opened up its magnificent light, a seraphim's wings wrapped around a fallen demon of darkness engulfed in the purest of love. A once golden light that surrounds us, crushed by a burning crimson pyre and a magnitude of sins that touches the heavens.

Frozen wings thawed by the scorching pyre, now only of Blue Radiance, born of sin, ascending into the Realm as Saviors to angels, demons and mortals alike. Here beyond the frozen waterfall of the Realm of Goetia.. a promise of Divinity...

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PROLOGUE

TIME STOOD STILL, THE SINS OF THE MORTAL REALM AND HELL REBORN OF ICE AND SNOW. THIS REALM OF GOETIA, A CRIMSON RUIN OF THEIR LEGACY, NOW BLEEDING ME THROUGH CENTURIES OLD MEMORIES, SEALED IN BLOOD, MY BLOOD, POURING DOWN THE DAMP COLD STONE THAT IS MY PALACE PRISON. DARKNESS UPON THIS REALM AND MY DIVINE PUNISHMENT.

BLOOD DRIPPED IN POOLS GATHERING ON THE FLOOR, THE HALLWAYS, THE CHAMBERS, THE HEARTH... EVERYTHING SEALED IN BLOOD. A COLD FROZEN BODY, SUSPENDED FRAGMENTS OF WINGS SECURED TO FLESH, THE PRODUCT OF THE ANGELS OF HEAVENS AND THE SINS OF HELL. THIS BLOOD THAT DRIPS FROM MY THOUGHTS, THE ONLY CONSTANT NOISE INSIDE A SCREAMING VOICE NONE CAN HEAR. EXCEPT FOR ME. THAWING AND FREEZING FROM DUSK TILL DAWN, TRAPPED WITHIN THIS REALM, NO MEMORIES, ONLY MADNESS...

CLAWING SOUNDS ECHO FROM THE CHAMBERS ABOVE AND BELOW, THIS VEIL OF DARKNESS SHROUDING ME IN WHISPERS MARKED IN DEATH. DEATH COMES TO US ALL. BURIED WITHIN THIS REALM OF ANCIENT CURSES AND SECRETS NEVER TOLD. FORGOTTEN. AT THE EDGE OF THE REALM IN THE FROZEN COLD, THE ELIXIR THAT ONCE TOOK LIVES CAN ALSO BRING LIFE. DEMON BLOODLINE CONTINUES THROUGH IMMORTAL BLOOD... THE MORTALS THAT WERE DESTINED TO BE ETERNALLY DAMNED. THE DEMONS WHO HAUNT THESE CHAMBERS AND REALM, SEALED AWAY AND FORGOTTEN.

IGNORANCE IS DIVINE. TO POSSESS THE POWERS AND ITS SECRETS. THIS BLUE INCANDESCENT LIGHT THAT IS THE KEEPER OF THE ELIXIR OF PERPETUAL LIFE. TO DEFEY A CURSE SEALED IN BLOOD. SEALED IN STONE. WITH A NEW DIVINE TWIST...SEALED IN ICE. THE CHAMBER RESETS AND THE HEARTH IS EMBLAZONED WITH A FROZEN SHROUD OF LIES AND BETRAYALS THAT RUN DEEPER THAN THE BOUNDARIES THAT BIND THIS REALM TO ITS CURSE..

CH 1

OF ICE AND SNOW

OF ICE AND SNOW

Beneath blood stained walls there is a quiet darkness that surrounds the Realm in its ancient spectral amusement. The outer fortifications a curtain wall of stone completely void of any view to winter's kiss. Ice cracks under my weight, the wall itself a glaze of mirrors to a moonlit night one can never embrace. The faint shards of light offer me bittersweet solace, filtering through the wall for

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centuries... a sliver of a window to the outside of this Realm of forgotten demons and their ill fated destinies. A shattered fragment of stone waits for its next assault.

One can hardly see so far, if not for the icy splendor, a genuine masterpiece of blue glass screaming, reaching, plummeting down to its demise below. The icy pools of winter's tears a cascade of forgotten memories, continuously keeping a moonlight vigil for its forgotten ghosts of the Realm, and for me as well, its permanent guest for eternity. Reflections far off in the distance to the Realm's border entertain and display enchantments for our eyes only, a perfect diversion to purgatory..

I peer through the crevice in the stone. My frozen wings shatter and broken pieces fall to my feet. I move closer, pressing this iced veil against the cold wall, accustomed to it now against my hidden face. This mask of ice. The part of me that remains. My dagger-like fingers sharpened into frozen needles, deadly precision and perfection, glistening tips like frost tipped manicures commence their daily ritual of clawing away at this shattered doorway of a window within the stone. Frozen sigils wrap around my arms and hands like iced gloves orchestrating this ritual that will somehow get

me out of this prison palace of ice and snow.

No light filters through the darkened stone of this Realm except for the sliver I try desperately to break. I can never alter it and the opening is no wider than one of my shattered wings. I search for answers. Answers on how to escape this living Hell. Thawing... freezing...pools of blood within the chamber gather at my feet.

I return every day to the sliver of a window within the wall. It is my only glimpse of hope. It is the only way to see out and nothing ever changes. Except the Ice and Snow. And the Blood.

Today the snow fell and I wished I could fly. Or jump. Or be frozen out there by that magnificent cascade peeking through the crevice that now glistens in the sun. The snow swirled around outside and the wind seemed to carry it to me in a Blue Radiance. But I can never touch it. Just like the rain or the rays of the sun. Just peering out into the abyss. An illusion of something one can never touch. Or feel. Or breathe. Or hope for. Frozen tears wrapped around me like a crystal tomb. Every drop building up my icy wall. The wall that held my etched markings for eternity and that never seemed to change. Then the ice fractured.

A wave of light, shattering through the narrow window, a Blue Radiance of frozen Divine power swirling, surging through the cursed stone. A shock wave of spiritual energy climbing inside my frozen soul. This fracture that replaced my body with something I

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couldn't explain. My sigils now weaved and pulsed of Blue Radiance, a powerful new Divinity seething within me, of something ancient yet unholy.

Every time the ice formed around me, this Divine energy absorbed what was tainted inside me. I waited for this Divinity through the window of this cursed Realm of frozen ice for eternity. And eternity granted me something greater. It became part of me now. It held me in its grasp, embraced my body and soul, moved within me like my forgotten lost love and melted centuries of shattered tears. I wanted to hold it in forever, never letting it go. This time etched in Blue Radiance. It became my weapon to awaken memories. It would rid me of my frozen darkness as protector of the dead. It allowed me passage through time, to a place where I now lived within the past lives of those who came before. Blue Radiance lived within me, every thought spiraling in its Divinity. This veil that was now lifted, yet shrouded at the same time, leaving me both cursed and Divine. I began to feel as if something that held onto me through the darkness of the soul was always there...my guardian angel, or of something darker. A power that knew its purpose and was now calling me through the veil.

I spoke to the Ice and Snow. To the Realm itself:

I am always Timeless...But I want to go somewhere else. Let me catch the snow that traps yesterday. To live a thousand lives, to close my eyes and let my past lives die, only then will I let my soul be truly free. This one is of Ice and Snow. Let me fall from the stone that is the window to the past, present and future. Let me float in the blue radiance. Float down to the ice where my other lives have once lived and died. The frozen waterfall of memories reborn again. Ageless... Forgotten time. My only friend. My new life wearing a new mask of youth and grace. My past forges together the shattered parts of the soul that were lost.

Lead me to you, these melted tears of the centuries I have lived... where you have lived. When you were the Moonlight. And you were the Night. And you were Eternity. Where we were not afraid. Never afraid to grasp time. Touching the frozen cascade. It was you who were always with me. But then it was you who remained the fractured part of my broken past. The Divine energy I held tight. I thought it was always you that embraced me, but never was it so. It was the ghosts of my past lives. The ghosts of those I've watched live and die. A prisoner to my own soul. I see you. Only to find me once again and to watch me die once more. Within another life. Another soul.

Today the blue glass reached the outer wall to the Realm. Its

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cascading waves pulled me in, jagged torrents slamming against the Realm and crushing me within it. It left me there as it had done before, a spectacle, a fractured creature, an icicle of Blue Radiance. The sliver of a window darkened, closing me off from the outside world.

With every fracture of ice against the stone, a piece of me became the illusion, a part of the waterfall but also a piece of the Realm itself, where I became ice. Trapped inside and Sealed in Blood. The veil of darkness, its weight reminding me of my curse and the sins of the past, to begin anew, sealed here. And then the chamber reset.

But only for today. Tomorrow will be different.

I chanted to the Realm, throwing myself off the stone and with it my shattered immortality.

I will die again today only to be reborn of the Ice and Snow. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

CH 2

SEALED IN BLOOD

SEALED IN BLOOD

I've etched my mark upon the stone. And the ice. Every kiss of the Realm's darkness. Every century when time stood still. Hours, days, sending me into madness. I could never be sure what was real anymore. A blanketed shroud of death crawls across the Realm's stone floor - and with it, a frozen reminder of the ghosts that are my companions here in my prison palace - once a Realm of Kings, now only crimson ruin and a forgotten Legacy.

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Today, there is no ice nor snow. Nothing from the frozen waterfall reflects. There is no outside. Everything is Sealed in Blood as the Realm waits for me to begin. Again.

Inside my chamber the enormous stone hearth always burns of crimson and indigo, the fires seem to kiss the sky. Flames blazing of screams...of lies...betrayals. Things that bind me here to this Realm and its curse.

Above the hearth, words whispered of blood pouring down the stone....“Abandon all Hope, Ye who Enter Here.”

Within this crumbling ruin, the chamber shifts and the shadows come alive. And over time, the Realm started to become my companion. Markings of glowing copper above my chamber burned of molten metal. Its massive stone archway of the first house my prison palace for as long as I can remember, and beyond it, were eight chambers for the ghosts of the dead. It seems as if it were only yesterday the crumbling stone that I lay upon was of ice. Today everything is Sealed in Blood.

I moved down the hallway seeking the chambers lurking past the other houses of stone, one by one. The corridors of this Realm

awaiting with all their secrets like another window shrouded in mystery. This Realm of ruin. Of Ice and Snow. And Blood. Today everything is Sealed in Blood. An eerie presence of thick mist blankets the wet drenched stone, ancient voices whispering to me.

“Another chamber. Just one more...” I whispered back to the echoing voices as I moved down the stone hallway.

A glowing sigil ignited above a chamber doorway.

“Who’s there?” my voice muffled in the darkness.

An eerie silence. Only the sound of sloshing through pools of blood as I make my way down down the hall.

“Answer me!” I screamed, turning back.

“Sealed in Blood,” the cold damp stone whispered back to me, as I searched for someone, anyone, anything alive in this Realm of death.

I saw nothing. Felt nothing. Except cold. Freezing cold. And dampness sinking into my core. Blood drenched, my once frozen and shattered wings, now forged of magick and sin, heavy metal copper filigree, spun from the ancient curse of this Realm,

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weightless, yet weighted and forged of fallen angels, or perhaps from the depths of Hell itself.

Reminders of this crimson ruin, the indigo fires that blaze within the hearths and halls, the pulsing of my timeless existence here in this Realm. I etched my marks along the walls. They always led me back to the first house. I wandered lost many times, but now the Realm seems to know when I'm coming.

“Show yourself!” my whispered words melted from my metal forged veil of blood...

The mist poured thicker over the stone floor, mingled with crimson. Liquid death poured down the darkened corridor as I glanced back. The archway above the first house, my chamber, revealed a glowing copper sigil, intricate in design, with what appeared to be a crown like design. The smoldering metal burned brightly above the entrance.

Torches flashed one by one along the long corridor, ablaze and urgent. Voices drifted from the pooling chambers of blood. I screamed of ancient words that were not my own, my blood drenched body a vessel for whatever spirits were trapped not only within me,

but within the cursed chambers of this Realm.

“What is this Realm? What do you want?” my words trailed off beneath the veil of blood that was my mask.

The Realm chose my masks. One for every sin. One for every past life. The armor that always covered my face against the burning, melting, blood pouring ancient curse I am forced to live here in this Realm of ruin. I marked them too. They were my protection. And the Realm was my only companion.

The voices spoke to me through the shadows. I could feel an ancient presence, an energy. My weapon of Blue Radiance that shattered through the window of stone to my cursed soul offered me freedom. Now this Blue Radiance moves through me once more as my new protector in the darkness.

“Don’t Disappear!!!” my voice a hopeless attempt calling back into the whispers within the corridor. I watched as the glowing sigil vanished into the ancient stone..

I began the trail of terror, running through the endless hallway through pools of crimson, and at every entrance there was yet another chamber.. all dripping in blood. I kept running, my weighted dress

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dragging behind me through the misty halls of horror.

I stopped at a vast crossing and threw myself down at the feet of the hallway of betrayal and lies. Lies of centuries old curses and lies of hope for an end to this madness... Of running. Of Freezing. Of Burning. Of Blood.

I always avoided the other chambers. For as long as I've remained here, just moving through time in this veil of darkness, even the first chamber I call home, with its forgotten doorways to forbidden rooms to forgotten ghosts, kept me prisoner to whatever lives within its stone walls.

At the crossing, there was a Great Hall sealed with a vast doorway. I never came this far away from the first house, and running in fear and despair left me here, broken at doom's doorway. The other chambers lined the corridor, but here the blood pooled less and there was a stone step going up to the Hall chamber. The deserted Realm began to swallow me up and the rising mist called me inside the doorway.

“Here, I’ve seen days flow into days, the same cursed Realm born of sin. And I still don’t know exactly what curse has kept me here, only that everything is of Ice and Snow or Sealed in Blood... should I follow my thoughts... the only constant noise inside my madness? Should I ignore my being trapped within, no memories, only thawing... and freezing from dusk till dawn?” I paused outside, rambling on to the massive arched door in front of me. It was twice the size of the other chamber doors, intricately carved stone with ancient seals covering its surface. The main sigil in the center of the door was a breathing, beating heartbeat, whispering for me to come closer.

I felt my weapon wrap its Blue Radiance, embracing my soul like when it first found me, tainted, fractured, broken, and cursed. Yet it stayed with me. It held onto me and erased my shattered tears. It plunged me forward, emitting an incandescent light that transferred shock waves through my blood stained hands, thrusting them up against the massive gate and forcing the sigil to withdraw into the stone. As quickly as it appeared to move, the stone gate closed forever.

I fell below the step and onto the floor, back into the

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pooling crimson blood. I attempted to return to the gate, but it remained untouched, unopened, sealed up like a tomb, the very heart and living soul of the Realm itself.

“There must be another gate! I pleaded. I’ve been here too long to know there is never an end. Only a fractured beginning.” I realized I would have to be more clever than I was before. And use my Blue Radiance to become stronger than the Realm that held me prisoner.

My wings are re-forged of crimson and fire. I am of blood and sin. I belong to something Ancient. Something Dark. Something more powerful than even the curse upon the nine houses forged of stone and ruin. Where there is blood there is power. With each venture into the Realm I channel that energy. Power of the Ancients. Power of the immortals. We awaken one another’s souls. The Realm watches us as our memories bleed into one another and down the stone chamber walls, drenched in Ancient magick where time stands still. Here in the Realm of Ruin.

As quickly as the blood pooled around me everything vanished and the Realm reset. I drowned in pools of crimson covering the stone floor, Sealed in Blood.

*I will die again today only to be reborn and Sealed in
Blood. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.*

CH 3

OF SAINTS AND SINNERS

OF SAINTS AND SINNERS

My frozen wings thawed a thousand deaths, illuminating my destiny. I was in between the Realms now, where the transcendence of the Golden Divinity of the third heaven and the souls of the immortals of the second watched the awakening. There was no third heaven. Or Realm of the undead. There was no curse of Ice or Snow. No Blood. Here I lived and breathed of only the Blue Radiance.

The magnificent tears, the timeless crystal armor that I once thought was my Savior to Angels, now was my power and all the secrets it held. The blue incandescent light that is the keeper of the elixir of perpetual life. No poison. I embraced this reincarnation.

To live and be born again in this clear reflection, void of darkness. The remembrance of it all, tragically sealed within the many lives I lived before. I would never know what past life would be revealed if not for the Blue Radiance. Before the poison, when my inherited curse never lived, never whispered to me within the prison palace of Ice and Snow. Nor of the Realm of Blood and Ruin.

“The frozen waterfall pulls me closer, but my body floats above the ground. How many eternities I have lived and died for you to find me!” my voice tasted of eternity.

Thrust into a new mask of magnificent light that surrounded us, he answered back with his crimson and indigo flames spiraling up to the heavens, capturing my wings. I wrapped them around us floating gently back down to the crystal reflection cast upon the water.

This ancient Courtyard always waits for you, its hallowed ground our place of golden brilliance. I knew nothing of Blue Radiance then, only that my past life as seraphim was of the highest order of angels, and that I was here, with you, awaiting the magnificent light that surrounds us, crushing out the burning crimson pyre that you sent to welcome me here to the heavens. Embrace

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our sins where we both can tread, as immortals, but never as Saviors to the Angels, no, they will never allow us here to dance as lovers. Never will we be able to return. We are of Saints and Sinners.

I witnessed marks of the centuries, the shattered window you left for my new reflection, my new mask that I wear to hold you near, if only to glimpse you through the stone of your forgotten demon brethren. When my soul is extinguished in this lifetime I will be reborn as Divine. I will return from the pit and reclaim my wings. I must sever your wings in hellfire, before you can ever become Divine as I live and breathe. Though you are the beauty, the Morning Star of Heaven, you are my Eternal Love of Perpetual Life. But as you approach me here beyond the spiral stairway, know this, I must surely die. I must die a thousand times before the golden brilliance.

This pureness, this fleeting desire, it crushes us, that we should perish with the flames of the first heaven. This is the Realm of where you had come. To seduce the soul of an Angel. A seraphim. A beautiful Divine Angel whose life is but one of many masks I will be forced to wear to atone and witness, here in this Realm and the next where the frozen waterfall reflects our lives lived of mirrors and sin.

My body of radiance was torn from flesh. Eternal Love the price. Unveiling the past lives of sin, perish we must back within the blue glass radiance, returning to the place where the Realm is our sky and the saints become our sins. The darkness of the eyes was his undoing. This demon considered to be Divine. And the way of

love in the purest promise of Heaven itself. A seraphim Angel and her eternal love of a Demon held me within this tragic story of forbidden love. The seraphim Angel and demon perish within the flames of the first heaven. Of Saints and Sinners.

I will die again today only to be reborn of seraphim in all my golden brilliance. Thrust below into the crimson and indigo pyre of hellfire alongside you, my Morning Star of Heaven. This was my past life. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

With every sin comes another death. The ice was now another angel, another saint, part of the waterfall seeping its icy grip inside the ancient stone that became part of the Realm. And after every reincarnation, the veil of darkness shrouds the sins of the past into the shadows of the present.

As the memories carry me past the frozen waterfall, my body floats near the ground. The Blue Radiance shows me yet another vision of the past. My gateway to memories. Cast from places I've seen through the lives of my ancestors, the ones that came before.

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Answers for my place among Angels of Heaven and the Sins of Hell. I am called through the veil of the ancients. To a place where Angels and Demons can tread.

I can feel the elixir of Perpetual Life pulsing through me, touching upon the memories of the cursed souls. Souls that are my past, present and future. The masks I wear and the sins I bear. Centuries old. The stories I am forced to live, over and over. Long forgotten. A bloodline that somehow calls for me. I know I cannot escape this. The past lives. The retelling of these Saints and Sinners.

This Kingdom of Heaven where a new beauty, a new Morning Star of Heaven will rise. A Guardian Angel. And so he does. And his seat will be of the Third Heaven. His soul pure of heart, he will be a perfection. Born of an Angel mother and a demon father.

The Realm is waiting for them. The Realm has always been waiting. It burns of crimson and indigo flames within the hearth of the first house. The copper sigil alights, glowing as brightly as it once did centuries ago perhaps, before I came to know its secrets.

But with his perfection also carried down his curse. Immortality he will soon discover comes with a price. Paradise, prison, powers, all will become his undoing, as he witnesses the original sin. The fall of Heaven's first brilliance. The brightest of

stars, he too will be cast down to the fiery pit. And will become as the others.

I was outside my chamber glimpsing through the darkness, a full moon peeking through pine trees bordering an ancient Courtyard. It cast its glow upon stone borders and onto a jagged altar of stone below. A fallen angel, it appeared, with eyes black onyx and wings of magnificent grace chained to a massive shrine, his angel wings fiercely severed from his immortal body. Nine orders of angels floated above a golden brilliance, witness to his punishment. Condemned, this Guardian Angel now wore the mark of demon and a dagger lay at his feet.

This Courtyard that slept for centuries in the Darkness. The altar faded and forgotten. And this Guardian Angel. Now condemned. I can feel the marks of the brands... deep markings that penetrate my skin. The sigils that burns beneath my flesh and bone now and in this cursed Realm. The Realm that watches my memories of the past bleed into my memories of the present. And offer me no answers. Only death. My death. A thousand deaths. And each day begins anew.

Etched into the stone, ancient words showed through. Faded, forgotten.. yet the marks remained. And I saw the words, absorbing them into my reborn soul, another life, another mask. This one of memory of a demon long forgotten within the Realm of ruin. Burning this life into my soul:

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I sit at the throne of the third heaven, soul pure of heart. God's creation. My birthright placed me here, yet I questioned the grace of God. I thought of only mortality and the Heaven I loved turned from paradise to prison. With every saving of mortal blood, I delved deeper into the dark arts of science and power, and became a master alchemist with the help of the secrets of the grimoire. My powers to master fire within the palms of my angelic hands and my powers to shape shift became my undoing. My sin of lust for a mortal girl was my final condemnation. Exiled from the third Heaven and marked as 'Incubus' demon for two ages, my immortality was taken from me but my youth remained eternal. During the three phases of the moon I take human form, shape shifting between the Realms. For centuries I held fast to releasing my brother demons of the Goetia of their curse. Grateful for my place among the Angels, I knew I always belonged within the Realm as seventy first demon of the Goetia, In the end, we honored our oaths and no veil of darkness could ever forget this Legacy.

I will die again today only to be reborn as Guardian Angel of the third Heaven and condemned seventy first Demon of the Goetia. This was my past life. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

The Realm does not let me rest. As I live and breathe within these past lives, the memories continue to rush in, flooding me with yet another etched writing, ancient and crumbling, beneath the stone and into another window of another place in time.

Once when I thought love was real, before the obsession before his spirit was bound to mine...every mortal sin bled from my soul...but then, bonds were made to be broken. Just like curses. When I sought you out as demon through an ancient voice that you waited an eternity to find, and when I called you back as Guardian Angel, I knew, always. It was never about obsession. It was about a life for a life. Your life in exchange for mine. Forget the scorching brands that burned my flesh to bone. Those intricate poison marks that unveiled a new Brotherhood of Demons. The Four Kings of Hell. They who we would condemn, resealed unto the fourth part of the mortal earth where the hosts of Heaven could never tread. Where time stood still for us. Where we traced our inscriptions etched into stone. Even you wanted freedom from your curse. Born as coveted Angel and condemned Incubus demon. A killer smile with those amber-yellow eyes that finally found salvation. Appointed to seraphim, highest order of Angels for your self sacrifices in my honor. Your immortal perfection was revered by the Angels of Heaven and the Demons of Hell.

I will die again today only to be reborn of both a mortal and immortal girl who loved a Demon of the Goetia. This was my past life. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

Every time the Blue Radiance brings me out of a past life my body always returns to my chamber in the first house of the Realm. The copper sigil above my chamber glowing its brilliance in the dark. The stone that houses secrets. And betrayals. It wants me here for an eternity. My body is never frozen, nor of blood, but only of Divine energy. Each time so far, I have retained all of the past lives and their stories. Every one I etch back into the Realm, the stones gatekeepers to the memories of the Angels and Demons that came before.

“So, here in the dark... What does it all mean? I’ve been here for centuries. Now, suddenly, here YOU are... My new companion. This Blue Radiance. And these past lives... You gave me this armor, this protection against the Realm, and now flood me with reincarnations?” my voice pleaded into the veil of the abyss.

I gave in to the past and all its ghosts. I watch over them now and there’s no curses left for me today. I repeat the invocation

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like I've done before. After after every reincarnation. This one for all of them. All the Saints and Sinners.

I will die again today only to be reborn of Saints and Sinners. This was my past life. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

CH 4

EMBERS IN THE DARK

EMBERS IN THE DARK

My hands run over the metal filigree slipping it off my face, my eyes adjusting to the dark chamber. Strangely, I never discovered my identity. Who I truly was. And why I was really kept prisoner here. Or Guardian to the Realm and all its spirits of the past.

I can never grasp the tears of a thousand lives I've been cursed to relive. I can only seal them inside another mask. Another lie. Another life lived by another Angel or Demon. Or by something worse. I've watched them seek me out. And when they find me I'll adjust these frozen shattered wings along with my cursed soul for the next century of memories... Or, if not frozen, I'll prepare the charred filigree mask I wear, clean and polished and ready to become my armor once more as I am thrust into the past. All the masks becoming not only a part of me but of a living breathing heart of the Realm itself. And I'll make this Realm my best friend.. my Kingdom of Shattered Ruin.

“Guardian Angel. That’s what you are. Blue Radiance. You can be my Guardian Angel. My protector. Here in this Realm and here with these past lives.”

I shifted my body from an uncomfortable position on the stone base of my enormous bed. A flicker of light catches my eye and locks in on a blazing hearth across my chamber.

These deaths of a seraphim Angel, two demons, and a mortal girl were not what I expected. Or wanted. I don’t even have a weapon. I tried using frozen blades of ice, forging molten metal in the hearth, and even chipping away at the Realm in all its glory of ancient stone. Sealed in some unbreakable magick curse.

“I think my weapon will be you, Blue Radiance. You are my armor. And this Realm. You will be my Kingdom now.”

“Goetia...” the whispering flames hissed and crackled at me.

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR- DIVINE DEMONS

They've blazed a million times before, but never spoke in embers in the dark. Or showed themselves to me. Words I don't recognize. If only I remembered who I was before.

I answered to the flames moving slowly out of my dark chamber, glancing at the embers disappearing in the hearth. I walked along the hallway leading out to the stone walls that surrounded the entire Realm. Streaming moonlight filtered through the crevice in the stone, the first time I had ever seen such beauty speak to me like a forgotten sonnet. Beautiful, magickal... with traces of Blue Radiance filtering through. I raced over to run my fingers across the window to the outside. The opening was now two shattered wing spans wide! The very stone I chipped and clawed away at for centuries that could never be altered. Until now.

The sigils on my arms turned cobalt blue. The frozen ice that once covered my chamber floor and the connecting chambers were all melting as if it were a warm spring evening. Something was happening. And the stone along the outer walls appeared to be rising and falling.. breathing. I touched the wall, my sigils lit a mysterious trail guiding me back towards the hearth inside my chamber. The Blue Radiance. It was guiding me towards the embers in the dark.

A coldness sunk into my thawing skin as I saw the ice melting against the ancient walls reflected from the hearth. Even

my shattered frozen wings felt lighter. A shift in my Divine punishment. I never made it this far past the first few chambers for as long as I've lived here, the Realm always prevented me from venturing out any further. But today something is different.

The thawing chambers felt alive somehow. The embers spelled out the word 'Goetia.' I didn't know what it meant, but I knew something dark was coming. I could feel something dark inside me. It was pulsing through my blood.

One by one, four of the adjoining chambers beyond mine were alight with glowing sigils of molten metal flickering like firelight in the dark. Torches that were cold and dormant for centuries lit the corridors, all the way back into the endless hallway.

I froze staring at the first sign of life. This ember in the dark. I waited for a moment, the stone Realm breathing a sigh of relief. Like it was waiting for me to come home. This was my home for centuries. But today, I saw it as my Realm. My kingdom.

"Evoke the Fallen..." the stone whispered through the walls.

I glimpsed the hearth with its crimson pyre glowing its beautiful, magnificent indigo. Silken ribbons of violent urgency danced shadows on the stone and there, in the darkness, came alive. They were spirits of this Realm trapped within the walls for ages. The Realm was awakening.

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR- DIVINE DEMONS

I never knew when I would be guided through another past life. The centuries I spent in exile living within the Realm was bad enough, but now being granted the power of Blue Radiance to witness more suffering was more than any mortal girl could endure. At least I think I'm mortal. My memories of my past were erased once I opened my eyes inside this Realm. Nothing but Ice and Snow. And blood. Now something has awakened inside of me. Something I know is darker than the secrets hidden within this Realm.

The embers in the hearth glowed their molten message, "Salvation..."

Just as I watched them die, the living breathing stone gave way to a smaller chamber within the wall beside the hearth. Inside was a grimoire sealed by magick.

"Blue Divinity, you are my weapon. Show me what ghosts I guard. Show me a thousand souls or a thousand demons. Let the book be unbound by cursed magick so I can set us free." My voice moved within the Blue Radiance, wrapping its surging power around me.

I reached for the grimoire, the blue sigils uncoiling from my wrists and arms like vipers wrapping tightly around the book. The small stone chamber closed and the hearth burst into the brightest star, flames whipped into a cylindrical wave growing higher and

higher. The center of the pyre opened up the ribbons of crimson and indigo like a gateway to Hell. Trapped there for a moment, 'Ninth Circle of Hell' lapped in embers at my feet upon the hearth.

And so it began. My past life of another spirit of the Realm.

My claws sunk deep into the fresh snow, reminding me where it all began. Here, at the edge of the Realm in the cold. The waterfall was where he had spilled the elixir. There must have been a reason to come here, to this place. And just the thought of her made all the memories come rushing back. A wisp-like figure...floating in and out...The frozen waterfall flooded down upon me as if it were Springtime once more. This wisp opening the grimoire. A book meant for my eyes only to come to know what secrets were in store for the mortals here in this realm.

The same elixir that took their lives can also bring life. It can allow the demon bloodline to continue through immortal blood. Every mortal's fate on earth is predestined by the grimoire, they just don't know they are eternally damned. Dantalion's dagger marked the place where his reign would end and mine would begin. The blood of his brother demons and mine. I hated him. I hated everything I had become. I was to bleed for eternity a broken soul, whipped by the wind, beaten against the ice. Again and again. Awakening...alive...dying slow...bleeding me of all I have become.

The harbinger of Death, held their spirit. Death does not come to us all. They were alive somehow. Buried within the pages of the grimoire, ancient words that held the power to relinquish the past, present, and future. The key

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to all things magickal.... The Goetia. Their curse was broken once they took the elixir of perpetual life mixed with poison. It is here within the second heaven where their souls would float in a beautiful, golden light.

The truth shattered through the Realm when this past life was revealed. It was so raw. So real. It was the hidden piece I was searching for. Time stood still frozen inside this Realm for centuries all because of this. I refused to leave this past life. I wanted to stay in it awhile longer...I wanted to know more about who these demons were, and what their curse had to do with me. Whoever I was. And why I was imprisoned here in the Ninth Circle of Hell.

“Blue Radiance, I refuse to come out of this past life... I want to stay here, inside the owner of this body!” I demanded. I know my power only shows visions, but I can’t leave!”

I was torn from the memories of the past, quite possibly MY past. Who was this past life? And bleeding for an eternity? And the grimoire...its ancient power to relinquish the past, present and future. I needed to stay in this past life. As least a bit longer.

As quickly as the Divine power granted me a doorway to these memories, they were taken from me without warning, the newly found book of magick glowing on my chamber floor. A cloaked form approached my hearth throwing wood into the already dancing crimson flames, and when he turned around his spiked dark

hair and eyes brought me a memory of someone I once knew.

The heavens quieted the mortal world with a slow, steady snowfall. Pure, silent, blanketing the second heaven with a veil to mask the poison infiltrating every mortal. Heaven's tears. The hearth danced its indigo ribbons of warmth, a firelight vigil held by a dark haired demon. He lit the torches along the stone walls of the chamber and placed the grimoire back on its trusted stand beside the hearth.

It is upon us. The war soon wages here in the Courtyard. Ever since they sealed us up as demons, we never liked the angels much. The Summoning has begun. The stone borders surrounding the Courtyard burst into flames, pitch clouding the veil of snow covering the trees. The center of the circle outside the altar ignited with crimson and indigo flames, burning from the ground upwards. As the mortal Realm became poisoned, falling victim to the new Brotherhood... the Four Kings of Hell will inherit both heaven and hell.

A sea of demons washed over the Courtyard. The effects of the elixir enhanced Dantalion and Laurel's powers, and together they could call down the angelic hierarchy to help with the Summoning. Samael, the harbinger of Death already marked the condemned. This was their bond as Guardian Angel and mortal soul, wings wrapped tightly as the elixir slowly seeped poison into their blood, their names etched into the stone altar washing away like Angel's tears. Levi draped them with Dantalion's black ritual cloak, placing the grimoire beside them for eternity.

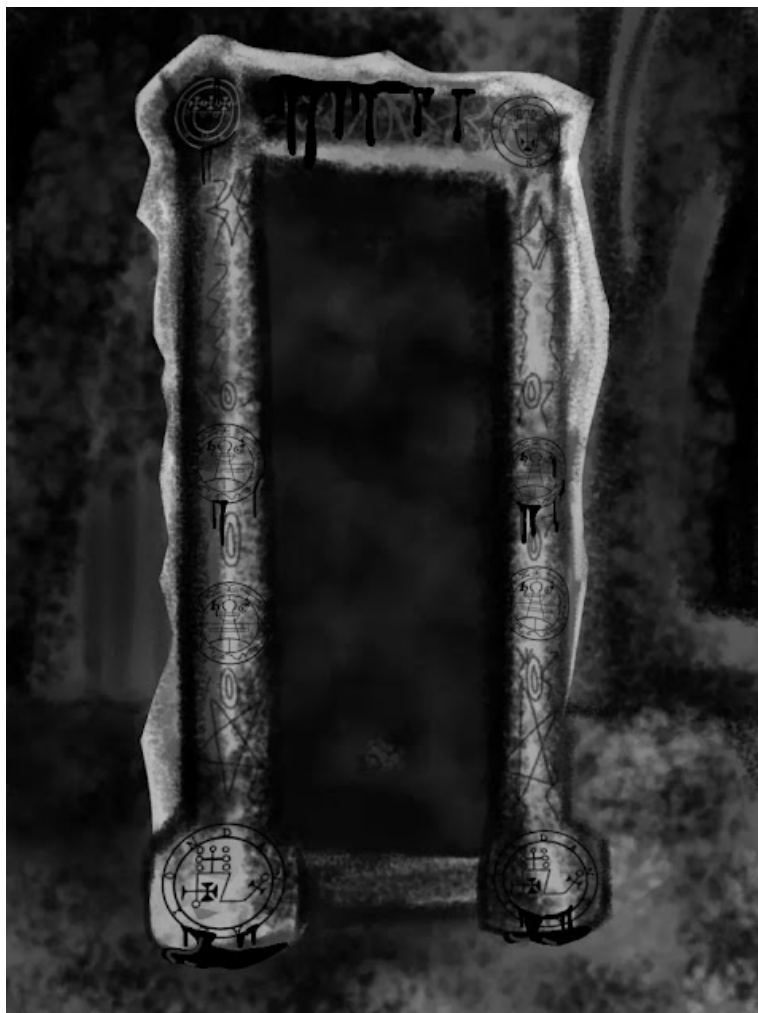
All these past lives. And their retelling of what happened. I

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needed to know who they were. And I wanted to stay inside their memories. Every time I came back from the reincarnation of those who lived before, there is part of me that feels ancient. My soul aches for home. And my heart aches for the dead. But centuries within the walls of the Realm removes humanity from one's soul. It freezes time and reminds you of what you truly are.

I only knew I was back inside my chamber, left with the ghosts of the past once more. This time, the ancient grimoire was there on its trusted stand beside the hearth. And the glowing writings were dying to tell me their secrets.

I will die again today only to be reborn of Embers in the Dark. This was my past life. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.



CH 5

MIRROR OF SINS

MIRROR OF SINS

A chilling feeling fractured my bones of cold, icy rain. Devoid of windows, the Realm was my sky. I envisioned relentless electric forks of violet and crimson shimmering against the stone, the violent rumbling of thunder raging its storm upon the chambers.

Four metal sigils blazed molten metal above their chambers beyond my adjoining my room. I watched their glow from down the long stone corridor. The first sigil of metal looked like tin, with scrolled design and ancient writings. Two other sigils further down at the end of the hall marked the entrances to two more chambers,

both blazing hot metal of silver and copper like beacons calling its spirits home. The last golden sigil, with its intricate designs and markings was lit up at the very end. Torches dormant for centuries now flickered in the darkness and never looked more alive.

“I’ve weathered your storms for centuries,” I protested to the deafening cracks of thunder that shook the ancient stone. It stood its ground for eternity unscathed. The storm continued to hammer against the stone. It raged its war against me and the Realm itself.

Ancient inhabitants were always here, residing in their chambers right beside me all these centuries. They were my ghosts, my curse, my always constant, living, breathing reminders that I was never alone. That there was always something alive here with me and all their sins of the past. Yet it never dared whisper my name. Or the names of those who came before. Here housed something darker than death itself. Whatever bonds were broken, whatever curse held their secrets, I absorbed them all into my soul and became them. I became their sins. And their past. They were my watchtowers of the North, South, East, and West. Always calling me home. Always guiding me closer to something I could never touch, feel, or remember.

I spied the glowing grimoire, still protected by its ancient magick and resting safely beside the hearth. Crimson flames lapped

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in ribbons around it, a barrier to anything that would dare attempt to remove it from its sacred place. I wondered what the lighted seals meant and why after all these centuries, these brilliant, metal sigils flickering in the darkness were calling me home. The Realm disarmed me of my Blue Radiance, and I felt as if I could fly. Light, weightless, drifting down the lighted corridor.

Thunder rolled across my canvas Realm of stone, urging me closer towards the outside of the chamber door with the golden sigil. As I approached, the weighted iron gate scraped the stone floor and creaked heavily unlatching from within its giant arch, the gold seal glowing hot and beckoning me to enter.

Cold dampness crept inside the magnificent chamber of this twisted, forgotten room. Another burst of electric light flashed across it, landing in the center of the chamber. Cloaked in thawing ice, a colossal stone mirror commanded attention to the center of the room. The obsidian glass mirror swirled of shadow and smoke, etched in bleeding crimson symbols weeping down the entire length of its frame, claiming its status as the Mirror of Sins.

Shrouded in darkness, a burst of flames ignited within an equally large sized hearth beyond the mirror. Its gold filigree gilding reflected off the dancing fire emblazoned with the word “Betrayal”.

Blue Radiance, my armor, was not with me here in this place. It abandoned me. But here, now, this was MY Realm. MY Kingdom

of cursed secrets. Of broken bonds. Of what looked to me like 'Betrayal'.

I moved closer inside this golden chamber towards the mirror. It embraced me, shadow and smoke pulling me through the glass. Back into a frozen place in time.

I laughed at the blue wisp flitting in and out of the frozen waterfall. "Let me stay a little longer... I want to see him at the boundary where the ice meets the snow" my dark hair frosted over with ice and my cobalt blue wings glistened in the winter moonlight. I held the book tight in my gloved hands, incandescent designs wrapped around my fingers. I stretched out my arms, placing the book and along with it, an offering of red winter berry beneath the frozen cascade. I couldn't see him visit me today like he's done before at the Realm's border.

The wisp vanished, leaving me alone, cursed, an icy wave sweeping over me, glazing my wings and face with a veil of ice. I tried pulling myself out of the past life, and the mirror. This time, I did not return back to my chamber. I stayed inside the Mirror of Sins.

I could hear the thunder pounding on the Realm, and could see the crimson ribbons of flames still lapping around the grimoire. But I could not leave the mirror. I looked deeper within this past life, but only saw a waterfall frozen, a Blue Radiance within it.

And just the thought of her made all memories come rushing back. The frozen waterfall flooded down upon me as if it were Springtime once more. The visions continued, crystal clear through the waterfall. The stone floor cut beneath me, torchlight danced from every corner of the chamber as if I were right back at the Realm of Goetia. I begged the Gods to save me. Every part of my soul becoming more like them. Like the demons who had long been sealed away...forgotten. Light never hides darkness. It casts illusions we mistake for truth. Truth is tainted. Ignorance is Divine. Now she is my portal to this Brotherhood of Blood. Staring into this frozen Realm where time stands still, I cannot cry...I cannot see.

I looked within the glass, placing my hands upon its changed surface. For the first time in eternity, I was finally staring at my reflection. It wasn't a girl who fell into madness speaking to a Realm of curses and embers. This time, it was me returning to MY own past life. The time before. The time I could never remember. Until now. The frozen waterfall, it kept returning in my mind. I saw it through the crevice in the stone. No, it was my life absorbed through the Realm, the ice, the blood. Just as I felt it when the ice fractured and the Realm came alive. I saw it now, a shred of hope through the Mirror of Sins. It brought me a past life not only of my life, but of someone I waited for. Someone I loved. Someone I placed offerings for under winter's frozen waterfall. A person who never came. And all the while my thinking the Blue Radiance was

my friend, my armor, my savior. This wisp who cursed me of Ice and Snow.

Who was this past life I saw? The one who cherished the glistening blue moonlight and who met me at the boundary where ice met snow? Where its presence flooded down upon them, as pressing and weighted as I felt for centuries here in the Realm. Where time stood still. And who also saw and felt visions through the waterfall. This ghost of the Realm, who begged the Gods to save them and who talked about the demons who had long been sealed away and forgotten. This spirit who talked of ignorance being Divine. What is so Divine about not knowing? Maybe the essence of Divinity is of Demons. Maybe the powers they hold were the magickal secret to this Realm and its curse? This spirit of my past life who spoke of a portal to a Brotherhood of Blood. Could I somehow be this portal? Could I after all of this Realm's cursed eternity be the answer? The key to our freedom, mine and the ghosts of this Realm? And after centuries of not knowing, it has a name. The Realm of Goetia. My Realm. My Kingdom. This time, it was me returning to MY own past life. The time before. The time I could never remember. Until now.

I could feel my body, but now retained the past life of the new soul I inhabited. Before my visions only allowed me to see another life. But now I was changed within the mirror. I was the girl at the waterfall. And in return, the Mirror of Sins absorbed the past.

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR- DIVINE DEMONS

Took away the parts that were pain. Absolved of all sorrow.
Granted immortality. It was the only explanation I had for looking into a mirror and seeing the face of a young girl that perhaps I once was. Someone carefree and happy, who danced among the waterfalls in winter's moonlight. Now the ghosts of the Realm could truly come alive. Within me. Through me.

Throughout the Realm, the glowing sigils were awakening. And the embers in the dark were warnings. Warnings of past betrayals but also of prophecies. And urging me to act.

Thawing ice within the chamber turned to pools of blood at my feet. Smoke and shadow within the glass turned the color of crimson and indigo. Faces of past lives appeared in blood, all the souls and their sins cursed of this Realm, lost, twisted, tormented within the glass mirror, this ancient vessel now their Guardian and protector. Unlike death, the mirror could never die or be set free.

The trapped souls within it wept, their lamenting cries following me out of the golden chamber and down the hall. The sigils were still glowing down the stone corridor. Doorways of the two chambers with the silver and copper seals, once gated and heavy like the golden chamber, were now alight with hearths of fire in each, burning as if they had always been waiting for me.

Backing away in terror, I made my way past the last chamber. The tin sigil was blazing, and this chamber door was

open as well, its fire glowing hot and alive like the rest. Just one more to go beyond it, and there, lit above the main arch where I spent centuries in the dark, was a glowing copper sigil adorning its archway.

I will die again today only to be reborn of the Mirror of Sins. This was my past life. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

CH 6

CHOIR OF THE DAMNED

CHOIR OF THE DAMNED

Aged with time, sprawling rich velvet and silks, deep reds, emerald and cobalt, draped down onto the stone floor, blanketing the cold damp doom that has been my chamber and my haven here in the Realm of Goetia. The mirror melted into vibrant dreams of moonlight, but I am Timeless...forgotten. The blue glass cascade shifts its splendor through my window. The stone pulls away its curtain wall like a theater performance about to begin. Liquid light

pours down onto the crumbling floor, a brilliant winter glow setting the stage. I am a player about to make her debut performance.

The mirror is there, center stage of smoke and shadow. I lie upon the moonlight drowning in frozen tears. The girl from the mirror who waited once by the cascade now came alive. Sounds of water crashing, rushing in behind the window of stone, pouring down over the wall in Blue Radiance, its shimmering crystals frozen, engulfing everything in a lake of ice. The stage glittered and crackled of ice and snow, the cascade now a backdrop I could touch. My wings and icy veil were never a part of me here on the stage. I was youthful and alive. Waiting.... And in that waiting came the Blue Radiance. A wisp dancing within the cascade and all its splendor, performing for the spirits of this prison palace of ice and snow.

I watched the performances as if I were one of the spectators, not the main player. But the Realm wanted me to be the star of the spectacle. And I saw the cast unfold, stepping into center stage in the moonlight. Those who were only allowed to visit me here, in my nightmare through smoke and shadow of the Mirror of Sins. And the one I'd been waiting to see for an eternity by the waterfall. The Realm embraced my soul, and the Blue Radiance wrapped its protection around me, as it pulled away centuries of forgotten memories behind the curtain of blue glass.

Now reliving this show as the girl from the waterfall, the one who's reflection from the mirror wore my face, my mask, the one

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR- DIVINE DEMONS

who was with me all this time. With centuries of broken pieces. Some of wings forged of crimson and fire, blood and sin. And some of timeless Blue Radiance and of Ice and Snow. Never spoken to. Lifetimes of loneliness when I never knew of the Realm. And lifetimes awaiting a different kind of loneliness when I did.. And I returned to the ice time and time again. Always waiting. And hoping to catch a glimpse. Or words of solace. Or closure. Of someone who loved me. Or hated me. Or anything that would explain who would have left a creature of the Blue Radiance here alone for eternity.

The Mirror of Sins reprised its role of smoke and shadow onto the moonlit stage to accompany me. My young performance began with the offering of winter berry I placed beneath the waterfall of winter's kiss.

"You will wait for eternity child, but know this. You can never go outside the boundaries of the Realm." The wisp flitted in and out of the frozen glass under the moonlight. *"You can never be Divine."* And just as she appeared, this wisp was gone from the stage.

The moon cast shadows onto the stone, the mirror shifting its smoke and shadows from the obsidian glass into cobalt blue. Its surface cracked, setting the stage for act two of its next performance.

I braced myself atop the snowy waterfalls, my lifetime of betrayal left me broken, a void in time. My eternal loneliness was my final scene to a tragic ending. Offering up my Blue Radiance amidst the waterfall's icy splendor of rushing, cascading torrents, I threw

myself down to meet the frozen pools of glass below. The mirror's face shattered, sending shards of blue glass onto the moonlit stone. The waterfall dismissed me and my Blue Radiance but it held on, wrapping around my soul. All the fractured parts of me were frozen inside, cursed of everything I once loved and knew.

There was no standing ovation, or curtain call for this finale. The demise of the lead role and my place in this nightmare ended here. But the next act in this theatrical nightmare played on.

The waterfalls plummeted down upon the shallow pools below, a reflection of someone I could faintly remember. Dark hair and eyes, a demon. My first glimpse into the betrayal, and with the appearance of this demon, who, somehow, like me, was deceived of the wisp. Someone who was my Savior. My armor. And now my betrayer.

The mirror's obsidian glass returned to its final act unshattered, bleeding down the sins of betrayal, weeping of life stolen and of tragedy, and thrusting me out of the performance.

When I opened my eyes from this theatrical nightmare, I was back in my bed chamber. The entire room above was a moonlit sky, the waterfall had shifted outside and opened the surrounding curtain wall up to a magnificent blue cascade, now the backdrop to my Realm of Ruin.

Staring up at the moonlit sky for the first time without ever having to leave my chamber to the window within the wall. It was here in the darkness where living performances showed me the tragic

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR- DIVINE DEMONS

stories my life and possibly the life of a demon I once knew. Here, in this Realm I've lived forever, never knowing why. Never awakening my spirits of the Realm, the ones whose souls were trapped in the mirror, whose voices wept for 'Salvation', the ones who, like me were 'Sealed in blood'. "Evoke the Fallen," their voices whispered to me now, all their spirits upon me. The glowing, awakening of the metal sigils. The past lives I am forced to live time and time again, while the mirror holds them inside. I saw what I needed to see within its smoke and shadow. How it bled down their sins. And gave me life. Their joy or what was left all transferred over to me. A girl betrayed by something I held dear.

But the ghosts of the Realm are not gone nor forgotten. They never truly were. They were only hidden, sleeping within this ancient place they once lived. The mirror only showed the truth. It revealed the secrets of the dead. And they were part of me. Part of my curse. And we were all tied together to the centuries of loneliness that plagued us here, waiting for me. Waiting to be alive. To take back our Realm. My Realm.

The hearth swirled its crimson ribbons of fire. Use me, Blue Radiance, my new armor, forged of Ice and Blood. A power only made of this Realm and the souls whose sins will be lifted. Lifted from this ruin and ascend into the Realm as Savors and 'Divine Demons'. The embers blazed upon the stone floor and held there for a moment, fusing like alchemical magick with the fiery molten metal sigils hidden for centuries throughout the Realm.. Pulsing like

a living canvas across the walls, they glowed of ancient magick, waiting for the demons of the Goetia to show themselves... waiting for me. The center of the hearth continued blazing its crimson indigo pyre at its center, lapping its protective magick around the ancient grimoire resting beside it. The molten copper sigil of the first house in my chamber fused with the others, blazing its ghostly embers of the 'Ninth Circle of Hell'.

Drifting throughout the Realm, the haunting, poetic voices of loneliness wept their requiem, the Choir of the Damned. Songs of tears of angels condemned, and of demons hissing their delights, reborn heartbeats rising out of the pit of Hell and back into their rightful chambers. Whispering to me as their saint and savior, the Divine Demon of the Choir who would join them in their loneliness. They never spoke to me like they did here, now, under a Realm of moonlit sky, lamenting, weeping, awakened and ready to show themselves.

The voices of demons continued, echoing down the corridors of the Realm of ruin, moving like a mist, a raging sea of shadows blanketing the chambers. One by one the Choir of the Damned in all their demon fury slipped mysteriously back into their ghostly tombs within their chambers.

The sounds and voices swirled within me, a frenzy of madness mixed with disbelief. I paced within my chamber, watching as a cloaked figure with dark spiked hair approached my hearth, tending the pyre of already dancing crimson flames like it was his duty

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and mission in the Realm of Goetia. When he turned around, a flash of memories flooded my mind.

“Beautiful Queen, I hope we didn’t keep you waiting...” the dark haired demon confessed.

I fell to the stone floor. And I wept. I wept of centuries of loneliness.

Lost in my reverie, I didn’t notice the others. Those whose voices echoed down the hall. The sounds coming from the place I remembered when everything was Sealed in Blood. The crossing where a Great Hall and its chamber stood. As I listened to the Realm come alive in the distance, I felt something brush against me. It was a shade, a billowy haunting specter, moving within within my soul. It moved through me like the Blue Radiance, except of smoke and shadow like one of the spirits of the Mirror of Sins. This was of something darker. Something ancient. And someone familiar.

“You know me,...” this ancient voice whispered to me. “I’ve never forgotten you... I never left... I’ve always been watching over you.” the spirit’s dark eyes held mine in centuries of loneliness. Centuries of forgotten tears. And repeated my past life word for word...

“Let me stay a litter longer. I want to see him at the boundary where the ice meets the snow.”

This past life that was alive, here, with me, inside the Realm

of Goetia. It placed something in my hands, my incandescent sigils wrapping around my fingers and taking its offering of red winter berry dusted with winter snow.

I had no memories of my past life. Except for the one I was shown by the Mirror of Sins. And I begged the Blue Radiance once before to allow me to stay in this past life. The one that was real. The life that was the missing piece I never found. The life I refused to leave. This demon spirit that sat beside me, repeating again words spoken from my past life.

“Blue Radiance, I refuse to come out of this past life... I want to stay here, inside the owner of this body!”

“Who in all the Nine Hells are you?” I pleaded with the demon of the Goetia. This forgotten voice, in a forgotten memory. Are you really here? How do you know me?”

The demon vanished from the Realm as quickly as it appeared. I could still hear the voices of the Choir of the Damned echoing through the Realm. I raced outside to the curtain wall that opened up the moon in all her radiance to the Realm below. I stared out into the darkness, and there, beneath the frozen cascade of the waterfalls the demon showed himself. I could hardly see so far, but he appeared to be of human form, an aura of Blue Divinity surrounding him. Was he my Blue Radiance? Or was this just an illusion?

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My past life memory returned again... the same one I had before, but this time it came from within me, not from the mirror. My newly forged Blue Radiance:.

My dark hair frosted over with ice and my cobalt blue wings glistened in the winter moonlight. I held the book tight in my gloved hands, incandescent designs wrapped around my fingers. I stretched out my arms, placing the book and along with it, an offering of red winter berry beneath the frozen waterfall. This life is altered. In my new Blue Radiance, I could see him at the Realm's border of winter's cascade.

I screamed once again to this demon staring back at me from from the icy waterfall below. "Who in all the Nine Hells are you?" No answer came.

I was back inside his past life again, peering through the Mirror of Sins:

The same elixir that took their lives can also bring life. It can allow the demon bloodline to continue through immortal blood. Every mortal's fate on earth is predestined by the grimoire, they just don't know they are eternally damned. Dantalion's dagger marked the place where his reign would end and mine would begin. The blood of his brother demons and mine. I hated him. I hated everything I had become. I was to bleed for eternity a broken soul, whipped by the wind, beaten against the ice. Again and again. Awakening...alive...dying slow...bleeding me of all I have become.

With each past life absorbed in the mirror, I retained their

immortality. I would unveil the Realm and unveil the demons within it. I would become them. In order to find them. I would live within them.

I am Timeless. I am the Realm. A thousand lives I've been cursed to relive. I can only seal them inside another mask. Another lie. Another life lived by another Angel or Demon. Or by something worse. I've watched them seek me out. And when they find me I'll adjust these frozen shattered wings along with my cursed soul for the next century of memories... Or, if not frozen, I'll prepare the charred filigree mask I wear, clean and polished and ready to become my armor once more as I am thrust into the past. And I'll make this Realm my best friend.. my Kingdom of Shattered Ruin. This was my lament. This was my madness.

I will die again today only to be reborn of the Choir of the Damned. These were my past lives. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

CH 7

ARS GOETIA

ARS GOETIA

I needed to know exactly what secret this book of magick could lend me that would unleash my new Blue Radiance and the curse of the Realm. To seek the answers and confront this familiar past life, the one I so desperately wanted to remain inside. To learn the truth about how the spirit of this demon that sat beside me, and waited for me by the waterfall, was finally here in the Realm. After centuries of waiting... How we were connected. And the words of

his past life repeated themselves again:

*And just the thought of her made all the memories come rushing back...
The frozen waterfall flooded down upon me....opening the grimoire. A book
meant for my eyes only.*

This demon that returned for me somehow. Was it my new Blue Radiance that unveiled the spirits of the Realm? Or was it my discovery of the ancient grimoire? Whatever magickal powers it holds, would it reveal the Choir of the Damned and all the ghosts of the Realm? Would they return here, to live alongside me? Or would the Realm continue to inflict more madness upon me?

The mirror first revealed the secrets of the dead. And the mirror still held all the pain within it. I held onto all the spirits of the past lives. If I were to go to the golden chamber and look upon the Mirror of Sins would I see everything? The centuries of loneliness that was our bond. The secret to unveiling the cursed demons of the Goetia. The demons whose voices still echoed here throughout the Realm. If I could shatter the Mirror would I set us free? But then I remembered, the Mirror of Sins can never die or be set free....

Taking the ancient grimoire with me to the golden chamber of the mirror was the only way. I followed the torches leading away from my chamber, the voices still alive and echoing through the corridors of the Realm. The door with the golden sigil still blazed its golden brilliance above its arch, and the familiar cold seeped into my bones. The Mirror of Sins bled the spirits of the dead down its

massive frame, and the obsidian glass was weeping the faces of the Choir of the Damned, their souls pouring in and out of the smoke and shadows.

The massive hearth burned its magnificent flames, and as I approached with the Ars Goetia, the effects of its alchemical magick began to emerge. I stood before the Mirror of Sins, grasping the book, beautifully forged of bronze, its exterior edges showing its heavily weathered pages. Weighted copper metal sigils and filigree designs adorned the outside of it with the words 'Ars Goetia' etched and Sealed in Blood.

The book and its sigils reacted with my own when I held it, pouring through my blood of centuries old writings. The mirror extracted spirits from within it, twisting the obsidian glass and the faces of the demons from within the ancient Ars Goetia into the mirror. The spells, glowing through the pages time forgot of alchemical symbols, rituals, invocations, evocations and sacred magick, all these words kept sacred by the sinners and saints of the Realm escaped from the book.

I saw the past lives there... of the demons who were condemned. All their names were upon the seals, and writings of all seventy two Demons of the Goetia. Every demon's name I read aloud. Each one that must have spent time here in the Realm of Goetia. Each of the houses of the Realm were listed from the First House to the Ninth House, with chambers for the remaining demons and their legions. This was not just a Realm. It was a Realm for

Kings with their sigils of gold, silver for Marquises, mercury for Presidents, copper for Dukes, tin for Princes, copper and silver for Earls and Counts, and lead for Knights.

I realized that my chamber was in the First House, and this particular chamber was reserved for a particular demon. Or demons. The copper sigil that blazed above my house for centuries was, according to the *Ars Goetia*, the chamber of Dantalion, seventy first demon of the *Goetia*. He was a Djinn, a Duke of thirty six legions, a master alchemist who wielded fire, forging sigils combined with an elixir of immortality that would summon his brother demons. He was a fallen angel once, condemned. And his words were written into the book:

I sit at the throne of the third heaven, soul pure of heart. God's creation. My birthright placed me here, yet I questioned the grace of God. I thought of only mortality and the Heaven I loved turned from paradise to prison. With every saving of mortal blood, I delved deeper into the dark arts of science and power, and became a master alchemist with the help of the secrets of the grimoire. My powers to master fire within the palms of my angelic hands and my powers to shape shift became my undoing. My sin of lust for a mortal girl was my final condemnation. Exiled from the third Heaven and marked as 'Incubus' demon for two ages, my immortality was taken from me but my youth remained eternal. During the three phases of the moon I take human form, shape shifting between the Realms. For centuries I held fast to releasing my brother demons of the Goetia of their curse. Grateful for my place among the Angels, I knew I always belonged within the Realm as seventy first demon of the Goetia, In the end,

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we honored our oaths and the veil of darkness we shared would never forget this Legacy. – Dantalion of the First House, Realm of Goetia

I stood in the golden chamber, gripping this ancient grimoire with all the demons and their words floating across the pages in poetic lament. This demon had a name...Dantalion.

More writings showed through its pages of alchemy, metal and astrological symbols, the phases of the moon, and what appeared to be secrets of Abramelin, where the practitioner could seek absolute transformation. The ritual was etched in blood, and when I touched it, the writing glowed withing its pages:

Divinity - Night of the Soul:

Darkness. Nothing but Darkness. Time stands still. 18 months of isolation and purification. Thou must seek out solitude in prayer and reflection in order to call upon the Guardian Angel who will be their protector of the Realm. To guide them. Only then can thou summon the demons. If thou dost not, madness will befall the alchemist.

Invocation of Holy Guardian Angel:

Constant Prayers

Offerings: Natural Elements such as pine, metal, personal objects that are bonds between the entity and Guardian

Written Inscriptions: Name and rank etched onto stone or

parchment between entity and Guardian

There were other pages of the Ars Goetia that the book wanted me to see. The writing on this particular page pulsed with a familiar bond pouring out of its pages and into my soul. A bond of Ice and Snow. And of Blood.....The same words I've heard before in a past life:

My claws sunk deep into the fresh snow, reminding me where it all began. Here, at the edge of the Realm in the cold. The waterfall was where he had spilled the elixir. There must have been a reason to come here, to this place. It was for me to see...her. And just the thought of her made all the memories come rushing back. A wisp-like figure...floating in and out...The frozen waterfall flooded down upon me as if it were Springtime once more. This wisp opening the grimoire. A book meant for my eyes only to come to know what secrets were in store for the mortals here in this realm. The same elixir that took their lives can also bring life. It can allow the demon bloodline to continue through immortal blood. Every mortal's fate on earth is predestined by the grimoire, they just don't know they are eternally damned. Dantalion's dagger marked the place where his reign would end and mine would begin. The blood of his brother demons and mine. I hated him. I hated everything I had become. I was to bleed for eternity a broken soul, whipped by the wind, beaten against the ice. Again and again. Awakening...alive...dying slow...bleeding me of all I have become.-Rowan, of the First House, Realm of Goetia

Hearing these words again and again in my memories. Of

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the past life at the waterfall. Where I didn't want to leave. And I remember what this spirit said to me, whispering beside me. This spirit that also has a name...Rowan.

"You know me,...I've never forgotten you... I never left... I've always been watching over you." the spirit whose dark eyes held mine in centuries of loneliness. Centuries of forgotten tears. Repeating my past life word for word...

"Let me stay a litter longer. I want to see him at the boundary where the ice meets the snow."

And the Mirror of Sins gave me these memories. It kept repeating them so I could finally see... *My dark hair frosted over with ice and my cobalt blue wings glistened in the winter moonlight. I held the book tight in my gloved hands, incandescent designs wrapped around my fingers. I stretched out my arms, placing the book and along with it, an offering of red winter berry beneath the frozen cascade. This life is altered. In my new Divinity, I could see him at the Realm's border of winter's cascade. – Magzinnia*

This past life that was truly alive, here, showed itself to me.. whispered to me. And showed me I too have a name....Magzinnia. Here inside the Realm of Goetia. My name. My past life. Leaving offerings for a demon. Who was this demon? And how was I connected to it? These memories may have been a dream, but in it, something came back out of the memory. It placed something in my hands, something we exchanged. Offerings of red winter berry

dusted with snow.

I poured over the Ars Goetia and all its magick seeped into the Realm. The mirror continued to show me what the Blue Radiance did not. And the book gave me the all its secrets. There was another ritual I thought would be helpful to gain physical and spiritual strength:

Ritual Bath: Reveals Things Hidden and Washes Away Sins

Alchemist, practitioner heats up a substance until Ash

***Alchemist, practitioner meditates on burning away their Pride
(sins of the fallen angels or demons)***

***Alchemist, practitioner bathes a ritual bath in the healing
waters of the Realm's waterfall***

***Alchemist, practitioner joins their physical life with their
spiritual soul..***

The Mirror of Sins was the Guardian. And it watched me become something different. Something ancient. Something tainted. Even though it held the sorrows of the those within its glass, I became the demons of the Goetia. And I became the past lives of the others it showed me. And the Blue Radiance that gave me new armor and power showed me the meaning of betrayal. And never once whispered my name. I sought out the book to find a way to escape this Realm of ruin. All of these new secrets and

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writings gave me the answers. And I would be the new Guardian of the Ars Goetia.

As I was closing the ancient book, I glanced over towards the hearth in the golden chamber of the Mirror of Sins. A cloaked figure with dark spiked hair tended the pyre of crimson flames whispering to me in the twisted darkness of the room, *“Queen of the Realm...welcome home.”* And in the shadow and smoke of the mirror he returned back inside the glass.

I fell to the stone floor. And once more, I wept.

I will die again today only to be reborn of the Demons of the Ars Goetia. Every name I read aloud. Including My Own. Here inside this Realm of Goetia. Leaving offerings for a demon. These were my past lives. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

CH 8

SHATTERED RUIN

SHATTERED RUIN

I wanted to call upon my Blue Radiance to wrap me in protection and be my familiar armor once more. But it could no longer serve me the way it once did. It was now only a power I used. It gave me strength, and gave me past lives. It gave me memories only to take them away. To leave me devoured, swallowing me up and destroying them and their sins thrust back into the prison of the

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mirror. The past lives and memories that first gave me hope, and the cobalt blue light that embraced my essence was gone. It guided me through the Ice and Snow. And the Realm Sealed in Blood. It showed me there are demons in the Realm that know who I am. They Remember me. They have been waiting for me. They have been watching over me. And they call me Queen of the Realm.

In my past life, I was someone who waited for a demon beneath a frozen waterfall. And of a choir of demons that wept in my presence. The moonlit sky that became the window of the Realm after centuries of darkness. The demons that lived here in the Realm, Dantalion and Rowan of the First House. MY First House. MY chamber. The one I've spent my whole life in and never once knew of their existence.. Of their names written in the pages of the Ars Goetia. Hidden for centuries. Of names I never knew. And a life I never remembered.

Why, suddenly the Blue Radiance would shatter through the Ice and Snow. Lifting the veil. And open the window to the Waterfall at the Realm's borders. And beyond the borders....what even existed beyond them? Was I just living in a dream? A madness? A place where time stood still? The Blue radiance was no longer my Guardian Angel. Out of all the heavens and hells the Blue Radiance could very well be the last Angel. It betrayed me.

The Mirror of Sins was my Saint and my Sinner, just like the

Blue Radiance. It gave me immortality. It gave me visions of the past lives. And it held their sorrows inside. It left me with their spirits. When the mirror first revealed the secrets of the dead, I felt the centuries of loneliness that was our bond. The demons whose voices still echoed here throughout the Realm. I had to remember that the Mirror of Sins can never die or be set free.

Was I ever happy beside the frozen waterfall? Was my past life there shrouded in mystery? And who was the demon that was with me, watching over me? Waiting for eternity in a Realm filled with demons and their ghosts one could never see, feel or touch was just as much torture and suffering as a body racked with Ice and Snow or Sealed in Blood. The Mirror of Sins commanded the golden chamber in this ancient ruin. But was it just an illusion within the Realm of Goetia? Was I Queen of the Realm?. When I looked within the glass, placing my hands upon its surface, was I truly seeing my reflection? Or just a girl who fell into madness speaking to a Realm and its spirits of the dead?

The waterfall's shimmering crystals cascaded down over the frozen window within the stone, glazing everything it touched. A beautiful backdrop to a deadly curse. And just another way to die.

I stood outside my chamber eyeing the moonlight dancing upon the stone. Its beautiful traces of Blue Radiance reminded me of the centuries I ran my fingers across this window to the waterfall and always wanted to touch it.. Not just the moonlight, but the waterfalls too. Every day I died, and every day I returned. I never

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remembered jumping. Or drowning. Or freezing. Or bleeding. Every day I wore a new mask. And tomorrow was always another day. A day, like the window in the stone, that could never be altered. The frozen ice that once covered my chamber floor and the connecting chambers were now alive.

My name was written in the Ars Goetia. It was penned by my hand. Writing I don't remember. But the ritual magick was something I could use. Even with all the memories and past lives, nothing showed me how to leave. Until now.

Within the ancient grimoire were rituals of alchemy that could help me. What would happen if I were to use the Waterfall, like the Blue Radiance or the Mirror of Sins? What would become of me if I were to attempt to ride the blue glass, to descend into its rushing cascade of Blue Divinity? To dance once more within its splendor. To meet the demons where time stood still. To see them again and discover my my past. To leave the Realm of Goetia and this prison palace once and for all. Were the demons of the Goetia really alive within the ancient ruin inside this ancient dream? Their voices weeping and calling throughout the Realm. The Choir of the Damned. The ones time forgot.

There were alchemical symbols in the grimoire, and phases of the moon. And from the canvas moonlight, I could see it was full. I embraced this ancient magick...and retrieved the book. I flipped through the pages that reacted to my sigils, the weathered pages protected and Sealed in Blood pulsing like a breathing, living thing.

I remembered the ritual that could possibly join my physical life with my spirit of the soul. I touched across its writing in the Ars Goetia:

Ritual Bath: Reveals Things Hidden and Washes Away Sins

Alchemist, practitioner heats up a substance until Ash

***Alchemist, practitioner meditates on burning away their Pride
(sins of the fallen angels or demons)***

***Alchemist, practitioner bathes a ritual bath in the healing
waters of the Realm's waterfall***

***Alchemist, practitioner joins their physical life with their
spiritual soul..***

I flung my metal filigree veil, the mask Sealed of Ice and Snow, into the burning fires of my hearth's chamber, swirling its crimson ribbons and forging with my Blue Radiance. The powers of the Realm and its souls, lifting from this ruin and ascending into the Realm as Savors, the embers blazing the words..'*Divine Demons*'... I've seen them there before, now within the hearth, forged of metal and alchemical magick settling into ash at my feet.

The whole time of this ritual, I thought nothing except the visions of the sins of the fallen angels and demons. The ones who

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came before. I gathered the ashes in a metal vial, moving outside to the waterfalls. The Realm embraced my soul, and the Blue Radiance wrapped its protection around me, pulling away centuries of forgotten memories behind the curtain of blue glass. My body descended over the wall in this 'Ritual Bath' within the waterfall's spectacular frozen enchantment, my physical life greeting its spiritual soul of the Realm.

I will die again today only to be reborn of the ritual in the darkness of the Night of the Soul. And of this Shattered Ruin. These were my past lives. Tomorrow I will wear a new mask.

TINA M.E.



CH 9

DIVINE DEMONS

DIVINE DEMONS

I tasted the sins of the Realm and its demons, coming through the Mirror, the Blue Radiance now awakening my soul. The frozen waterfall of blue glass cascading down, pouring into me, thrashing me like the raging sea of demons of the Realm and their ghosts. All the spirits pulled through the water and into me, a creation of Divinity flooding my memories and all its past lives away.

Alchemical magick of the Ars Goetia feeding off Blue Radiance,

sending a shockwave of Divinity mixed with Ice and Blood. The powers forged within each other, embellishing my new body with new armor. Half of Ice, Half sealed in Blood. Forged of a new Divine power, something of the Realm, something of my Blue Radiance, and something of the Mirror of Sins, a beautiful hybrid immortal, born of darkness. A darkness for centuries only achieved through the Night of the Soul. My descent through the waterfalls was my ascension into the Realm itself as Savior and Divine Demon.

The falls sparkled and danced, sweeping me downward into the shallow pools below. I crawled onto one of the larger stones at frozen base, and memories came flooding back. All the memories of the past. All the times I waited here, in this exact place frozen in time.

I laughed at the blue wisp flitting in and out of the frozen waterfall. "Let me stay a little longer... I want to see him at the boundary where the ice meets the snow" my dark hair frosted over with ice and my cobalt blue wings glistened in the winter moonlight. I held the book tight in my gloved hands, incandescent designs wrapped around my fingers. I stretched out my arms, placing the book and along with it, an offering of red winter berry beneath the frozen cascade. I couldn't see him visit me today like he's done before at the Realm's border.

Now my past life memory was here. I was here. At the very place in time, glistening in the winter moonlight and touching the frozen cascade. It was as if this memory was frozen within the

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Realm itself like a portrait... of something I should never forget. A place where everything began. I could feel my new armor replacing my skin with forged powers of Ice and Blood. This was the place where the Realm, the Waterfall, and Blue Radiance collide. Where they forged within me and my new Divinity.

And in this Divinity, I felt sorrow. And compassion. And loneliness. For the souls of the past. The demons who lived beside me for centuries, and the magick that was taken from them. The life that I barely knew, here, thrust before me in another performance disguised as Divinity. This is what I truly am. Newly forged powers that were always within me. They ARE me. I AM the Realm, the Waterfall, the Blue Radiance, and even the sins of the Mirror.

All these things could be both holy and unholy, of saints and sinners. Someone who could harness light and channel the Divine powers of darkness. Someone who has lived in both the light of the third heaven and the darkness of the first heaven. And forced to die every day for the sins of the past demons, and quite possibly the angels themselves, in a new Hell... a place of the fourth heaven, reserved for the betrayers within the Ninth Circle of Hell, where the hosts of Heaven can never tread. Where only in this darkness of the Night of the Soul, in the ritual magick of the forging of all the powers can someone become Divine. I am the blood pulsing of something even older than the Realm and time itself. I am finally

awakened and I am Divine...

I was NOT cursed here in the Realm of Goetia. I WAS the curse. I AM the Realm. The Queen of the Realm. The Blue Radiance. And the Waterfall's deep darkness only unveiled itself to me within the Night of the Soul. The magick of the Ars Goetia and the sigils that pulse of Blue Divinity. I AM TIMELESS...

I never had to wait for the curse to be lifted. I could always lift it myself. A thousand lives I've been forced to relive. Sealed inside another mask. Another lie. Another life lived by an Angel or a Demon. And I could die a million deaths throughout the ages. I've watched them seek me out. And now, when they find me I'll adjust my once frozen shattered wings and cursed soul in exchange for my new power... my new Divinity... For the next century of memories... Once, when cursed, I remembered how I prepared my charred filigree mask I wore to die another day. Now, clean and polished this armor will become my new Divine power. Never again thrust into the past. And I'll make this Realm of ruin MY Kingdom. This will be my last lament and my last descent into madness.

The powers now gave me the brilliance of knowing. Knowing that the Realm has been waiting for me. It was always waiting for me. I wasn't hidden away FROM the Realm, the Realm was hiding away FROM ME...

The Mirror of Sins was the Guardian and keeper of the spirits of the past. As with all my past lives and reincarnations, I

always returned to my chamber in the Realm of Goetia. After the *Ritual Bath* and the forging of my new Divinity, I was now able to see all of the souls of the past within the Mirror, except now, they were truths and not sins. The truths of these ghosts of the Realm and why the seventy two demons of the Goetia swept back into their chambers as spirits of the dead. Now I was their Guardian of their future. This ancient and tainted Mirror watched me become something different, something as ancient and old as the Realm itself. The obsidian glass of smoke and shadow shattered all their sins of the past and revealed only truth to my Divinity and to the Realm that was within me.

The Realm of the Goetia came alive with the voices of the Choir of the Damned, trapped for centuries as the demons swept through the corridors in waves, their shadows returning back to their rightful chambers. All the sigils, glowing amber metals flickering along the hallways and hearths welcoming them home. The seals reacted with my own, Blue Radiance twisting and wrapping around my arms and fingers, sealed with Divinity. Images of the condemned demons appeared in a place long forgotten, a Courtyard, a place of stone and between the Realms of Heaven and Hell. A place of neutral ground, at the boundaries of the Realm of Goetia, where the waterfall flowed of the memories of their cursed Realm. And they all knew my name. It was written in the *Ars Goetia*. And it was etched into the centuries of the Realm itself. They called me Queen. I now embodied the Realm of Goetia and became one with its forgotten

demons. And I would be the new Guardian of the Ars Goetia.

The Blue Radiance that was once only my armor, my frozen wings thawed of a thousand deaths, now illuminated within me as my one true power of Divinity. I was in between the Realms now, where the Blue Radiance would remain, of all the heavens and hells, of all the souls of the immortals who watched my ascension. There was no curse of Ice or Snow. No Blood. Nothing but living breathing Blue Radiance wrapped around me in a constant wave of protection once again. Not of betrayal, but of honor.

The waterfall's icy splendor of blue glass, its ancient cascade a hidden part of the Realm, finally showed itself through the window in the stone. Rushing through the outside stone wall of my chamber, its snowy waterfalls were my life force, the beauty behind the darkness, the moonlight in the cold, frozen eternity of Ice and Snow. The loneliness that smiled at me through the centuries, always knowing it would come home to me. And I would return to it Divine.

Yet there was a void in time that danced within its frozen pools of glass below. And it always knew me. It chose me. The wisp whose broken heart was sealed within it for all eternity. The one who froze time itself. The one whose curse was eternal. The memory of waiting for centuries never to go outside the icy waterfalls of the Realm and its boundaries.

"You will wait for eternity child, but know this. You can never go outside the boundaries of the Realm." The wisp flitted in and out of the frozen glass under the moonlight. *"You can never be Divine."* And just as she

appeared, this wisp was gone.

The waterfall showed me time after time my past life in all its loneliness.

I laughed at the blue wisp flitting in and out of the frozen waterfall. "Let me stay a little longer... I want to see him at the boundary where the ice meets the snow" my dark hair frosted over with ice and my cobalt blue wings glistened in the winter moonlight. I held the book tight in my gloved hands, incandescent designs wrapped around my fingers. I stretched out my arms, placing the book and along with it, an offering of red winter berry beneath the frozen cascade. I couldn't see him visit me today like he's done before at the Realm's border.

For centuries, offerings were left beneath the jagged stone, moonlight streaming down, every mortal sin bleeding down from my soul. The blue wisp was always a part of me somehow. And now I left my offerings of winter berry there for another. This Guardian who was my protector through the centuries when time stood still. A witness to my lifetime when I had no name.

The presence of another was of a Divinity in itself. This ancient entity, of what Realm or what shadow I could not tell, only that he had eyes of midnight when there was only light. And in this moonlit night, where Divinity claimed me, there was no darkness, only this immortality, this returning to a place that was safe and mine, a place of longing, and memories and of knowing. Something about this person with eyes of midnight that was human but also demonic,

who appeared before at the waterfall. And he was the one who visited me in the Realm. The shade, this haunting specter, that moved within my soul, that I can finally see for the first time in centuries...his presence felt of something dark and ancient... yet of something familiar. And today, in Blue Radiance and forged Divinity, time stood still. The waterfall stopped flowing in the icy moonlight.

His words echoed over the cascading falls, *"You know me... I've never forgotten you... I never left... I've always been watching over you."*

This spirit's dark eyes never left my gaze. He held them in what seemed an eternity of forgotten tears. And he held something in what appeared to be clawed hands, an offering of red winter berry dusted with snow.

I will NOT die again today. I am reborn as Divine Demon. This was always my past life. Tomorrow I will wear my Icy veil of Blue Radiance reforged of Divinity.

CH 10

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR

Reborn of the Ice and Snow... from the past lives of the immortals, awakened through the Darkness. Ascension found only through the Night of the Soul. All my powers merged as one, pouring out of my newly forged Divinity beneath the timeless, frozen moonlit night. The Realm watched below the forgotten memories as time stood still...the cascade suspended. Frozen. Timeless.

These snowy waterfalls were my life force, their beauty buried within this Realm of ancient curses and secrets, at its borders where my past lives were a void in time. Where they danced within the frozen pools of glass and always seemed to know me. The secrets never told inside the Darkness nor of the frozen eternity of Ice and Snow. Loneliness through the centuries, always knowing I would return to it Divine.

Snow began to fall in Blue Radiance, twirling and blowing with the winter wind, dusting over the waterfall and everything below. All the masks worn for centuries, and all the lives I've lived and died were all a part of me now. My icy veil of Blue Radiance delicately covered half of me, my magnificent wings of Ice and Snow reforged again with Divinity, absorbed within me, my other half a mask of filigree alchemical magick forged in immortal demon blood. My blood. My wings bled of all the immortal sins from the ancient demons of the Realm, wrapped around me of both Divinity and of Darkness. Ascension into the Realm of Goetia as not only Divine Demon but as Queen of the Realm.

I could feel my body floating into the snowy cascade, its blue green frozen magnificence sparkling once again in the moonlit night. It carried me down to its base to finally receive an offering I waited an Eternity to hold. My amber yellow eyes were wide and laced with Blue Radiance, fixed upon this demon's eyes of midnight. This spirit that commanded my attention, of something ancient, something that never left me, holding the offering and waiting for me to take the red

winter berry dusted with snow.

This beautiful darkness that was my Midnight, my Moonlight, my Night. The watcher by the waterfall. The one I waited for eternity to meet. A half demon Guardian, holding my destiny in his clawed hands. The one who visited me in the Realm. The haunting specter that moved within my soul and finally showed his presence before me. He knelt as if in honor. Of me.

My eyes told me all of this was real, wanting to reach out and to merely forget every day of every Eternity. To let this demon into my world, but my blood pulsed of Divinity now, this impenetrable wall of isolation just like the Realm itself.

“YOU”... I pointed my frozen sigil laced hands in his direction. “I waited for you...I made offerings for Eternity at this cursed waterfall... Waiting. At the frozen boundary of the Realm. Offerings in the snow you NEVER received. You left me alone! You never returned! In a veil of Darkness shrouded in whispers. Buried in a Realm of curses and Ruin! Sealed in Blood. Sealed in Stone. Sealed in Ice!... YOU....Who in the Nine Hells are You?” my new Divinity raging and frozen crystals forming on the filigree veil that was my new armor.

Ignorance is Divine. To possess the powers and its secrets. To be a Divine Demon and a keeper of this frozen shroud of lies and betrayals. Betrayals by those I believed in.

“Betrayed by you! Betrayed by the Blue Radiance. By the cursed Realm of ghosts, its chambers, its burning crimson fires, sigils,

its magick grimoire, the Mirror of Sins, and every past life I've seen, lived and died a thousand deaths for centuries!"

My Divinity raged on. The waterfall lifted us up in its frozen cascade of Blue Radiance that poured of blood, colliding upon the edge of the Realm in the frozen cold. This half demon reached to lift me up, and when his clawed fingers touched my newly forged Divine Demon form, the boundaries of the Realm shattered its barrier. We both stared at one another stunned, frozen on the ground. Far beyond the boundary of the waterfall was a vast forest that stretched beyond the Realm. The place I was told I could never go. And where I would never be Divine.

"Before you unleash your Divine Demon wrath upon me... Hear this.... the dark haired demon resisted. He dropped down at my feet. You know me. I've never forgotten you. I never left. I've always been watching over you."

"Those WORDS.... Those LIES.... The betrayals of the WORST SINS! The ones reserved for the Fourth Heaven of the Ninth Circle of Hell! Sealed in freezing ice. Yes half demon. This Divine Demon and Queen of the Realm sentences you to DIE....DIE a FROZEN ETERNITY IN THE PIT OF THE NINTH CIRCLE OF HELL!"

"WAIT...Hear me... I was ORDERED and entrusted with forbidden memories. To PROTECT you. To GUARD over you. To WATCH BESIDE you. I made a blood oath and promise!"

"Promise? To Protect? Who in all the Nine Hells would

UNVEILING THE MORNING STAR- DIVINE DEMONS

ever do something so reckless...so careless...for centuries?? To never tell them who they truly were? Who witnessed the suffering and the madness? And the other ghosts of the Realm, what about them? Were you ORDERED to protect THEM from centuries of hidden memories too? Who ARE YOU??" I raged. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't see. I only saw betrayal..

"Thou should not condemn me just yet!...my orders were clear. PROTECT the last Divine Demon. GUARD over you my Queen and NEVER allow them to find out the true Unveiling of the Morning Star. The Angels of the Third Heaven, the sins of the Second, and demons of the crimson pyre of the First hell and the betrayers of the Fourth have all waited for Eternity. This carved out Fourth Heaven... the Ninth Circle of Hell where celestial Angels can never tread, and only by ascending as Divine Demon and freeing the Realm could you truly ascend in all your Demon Blue Radiance. Only then could the Heavens acknowledge the Unveiling of the true Morning Star."

"Again...I'll ask you...who in all the Nine Hells are You?" I glared in fury at this demon with midnight eyes.

"I am Sitri, he stood up with a strange demonic hold over me and a demeanor of something very ancient.. I was once the twelfth Demon of the Goetia, condemned of this Realm and Lord Dantalion, the seventy first Demon of the Goetia and Master of this Realm freed me after the passing of two ages. My freedom was cut short when the Realm was cursed. It became forgotten as were the

rest of the Demons of the Goetia. I know of the entire history of all the Heavens, my Lady. I was a confidant and sworn to silence to the late Lord of the Realm, Master Rowan. His ultimate sacrifice to the Fae secured your place within this Realm of Goetia.. He told me to always leave the offerings of red winter berry by the waterfall and to always wait for you. To remain by your side. Master Rowan inherited the Realm when Lord Dantalion and his mate, a mortal girl named Laurel took an elixir laced with poison. They all safeguarded the Realm and prevented the Summoning of the Four Kings of Hell. Their ends were the ultimate sacrifices to allow for the ascension of Divine Demon and heir to the Realm.”

We stood there...in complete silence. These names he mentioned were all in the Ars Goetia. His and mine. And the others. It was all truth. These were my family. My demonic family I never knew. My Blue Radiance wrapped its cobalt blue wave of protection around us as he continued the tragic tale of the fall of the Demons of the Goetia and the Realm.

“Once the Heavens discovered of a half demon half Fae heir, they did everything in their power to seal up the Realm along with its curse. The curse of the blue Fae wisp that carried through the waterfall and unto the Realm itself. Neither the Fae nor the celestial Angels would ever allow a Divine Demon to rule any of the Heavens. And then there were those who would seek you out. The ones sealed up in the farthest part of the Fourth Heaven centuries ago. I should warn you, time stood still here in the Realm. So for

centuries the immortals, both Demonic and Angelic, were forbidden to intervene, including myself. The shadows of the past may have haunted you, but they haunted the others as well. All the visions of your past life were real, and the one you waited for was always right here beside you. I made a dying promise to protect you and I always knew what you would become. We have been waiting for you for centuries. The Realm only chooses a demon worthy of Divinity, and you my dear, master both Darkness and Light. You are the true Morning Star. A Divine Demon and Queen of the Realm.”

I tried to remain calm. I had no empathy for any human, let alone any half demon sent to protect me. My newly forged powers were still spiraling out of control. I hadn’t touched a living breathing thing in centuries, and when I touched this half demon Sitri, our demon blood pulsed of ancient magick mixed with Blue Divinity. My Blue Radiance sent a shockwave over us, thrusting out towards the edge of the waterfall’s border, leaving us at the base of a forest surrounding the cascade. I stared at him, his jet black hair covering his equally midnight eyes. This Guardian.

He looked at me with compassion, like he could absorb the centuries of loneliness and erase all the past lives. This beautiful darkness. A presence of another. With eyes of midnight that could see through Eternity. And then he did something I hadn’t expected. He leaned over and hugged me. And all my Blue Radiance and Divinity showed me everything that the Mirror of Sins once did. My new Saint and Sinner who, like me, was also immortal. And retained

all the forbidden memories. And sorrows. My sorrows. When the Mirror of Sins first revealed the secrets of the dead, I felt the centuries of loneliness that was our bond. The demons whose voices still echoed here throughout the Realm. Now I was their Queen and would absorb them all. The Mirror of Sins can never die or be set free, and now, neither could I. To have all these Divine powers and memories. Of longing and of knowing. And of belonging to something besides the Realm. Something that could become Divine like me.

I will NOT die again today. I will Ascend as the true Morning Star. This was always my past life. Tomorrow I will wear the Crown of the Realm.

CH 11

THE LAST ANGELS

THE LAST ANGELS

“Come with me... there is something I’ve been meaning to show you for Eternity, Sitri gestured for me to follow. The new Queen of the Realm and Divine Demon should come to know her Realm of Goetia.”

The majestic blue glass of the waterfalls resumed their cascading flow as we turned away from them now entering the forest canopy beyond the Realm. It was as if I were walking into a

living dream. A beautiful, magickal dream. Led by Midnight itself. It was like nothing I could ever remember before, only the peace I would seek to find in the waterfalls that were my one beautiful comfort. Yet now, there was an entire Realm opening up before my amber yellow Blue Radiant eyes. As we walked through the forest that stretched far past the waterfall, I could see the outer boundaries that somehow merged with the Realm, its massive stone borders and pines reaching for the sky. The walls outlined a huge central area sunken beneath eye level. At one end was a towering pedestal, beneath it, an altar of jagged stone. Thick iron chains were embedded into its center and several feet away formed an ancient circle of stone pillars. When I looked closer with my Blue Radiance, I could see a celestial brilliance, like a stairway in the middle of this Courtyard.

Sitri turned, his demon claws pointing toward the celestial aura glowing at its center. “Here is hallowed ground, the neutral place where both Angels and Demons can tread,” he urged me forward.

We did not touch one another for fear of triggering my new Blue Divinity like before. I was positive I’ve seen this demon in my past lives. The way he spoke... it was almost Divine in itself. Ancient. And his presence of immortality. For how long he lived as a Demon of the Goetia, I couldn’t tell, but clearly he knew the entire history of the Heavens and of Darkness. His appearance as half demon and half human was other worldly. He told me he was

my Guardian.

“I thought only Angels could be Guardians,” I spoke in disbelief at everything he had been showing me within the Realm. His killer smile stopped me at the altar.

‘Here is where Lord Dantalion fell from grace.’ And as soon as he spoke the words, he fell to the ground at its base, in fealty to the original Demon of the Goetia. His Midnight eyes peered into mine.

I nodded my head in honor of this demon, but that was as far as I would go. I could NEVER kneel to anyone....EVER. I thought about all the demons that came before and realized I was one of THEM now. Part demon, part Fae, part mortal. That after all the centuries of my prison palace at the Realm it was to protect me somehow. To guard my rightful place as heir to the Realm of Goetia as its new Queen. The parts of me that were demon and Fae were always my curse, but also my blessing.

As we stood beside one another, this Guardian demon sent to watch over me all these centuries had me wondering about all the others of the Realm. The demons, the past lives of the ghosts, the Angels, and even the mortals. I too was part mortal.

The night sky embraced us and the entire Courtyard as he stood up from the ground by the altar. A quiet calm settled within me for the first time in Eternity. A golden brilliance swept over me, a stairway opening up a portal to the Third Heavens. Celestial choirs of Angels, Guardian, Archangel and Seraphim all illuminated

an aura of gold and silver descending the spiral stairway but never moving away from their hallowed ground. The Seraphim held tightly the hand of one of Heaven's most beautiful Stars of the Morning.

At the center of the Courtyard, rich colors of crimson and indigo flames kissed the sky, their inferno commanding the presence of a sea of demons emerging into this Courtyard of the Undead.

"Tis the hour... Sitri spoke virtuously. The Unveiling of the new Morning Star has ascended... beyond two ages. Beyond the Darkness and beyond time itself... She is Divine Demon and is the true heir and Queen of the Realm of Goetia." Sitri fell to the ground as did all the others.

I watched as all seventy two Demons of the Goetia along with their Legions of Demons appeared like mist in this hallowed place at the Courtyard of the Undead. The rock altar was dusted with snow, adorned with winter berry and glowing with Blue Radiance and Divinity. Sitri, the Angels and Demons all kneeling in my honor to witness me as their new Morning Star and Divine Demon. There were others there too, all from my past lives, and Rowan, my half demon kin, Dantalion and his mortal love, all witness to this moment where time stood still.

Embracing this moment in time, I stared out feeling empowered in my new role. I spoke to the Angels and the Demons the words I repeated over and over to myself when I waited alone

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inside the forgotten ruin of the Realm for centuries:

I was NOT cursed here in the Realm of Goetia. I WAS the curse. I AM the Realm. The Queen of the Realm. The Blue Radiance. And the Waterfall's deep darkness only unveiled itself to me within the Night of the Soul. The magick of the Ars Goetia and the sigils that pulse of Blue Divinity. I AM TIMELESS...here as witness to all the Heavens...unveiled as the Morning Star, Divine Demon. Heir and Queen of the Realm of Goetia.

Sitri flashed the killer smile again. “There is nothing stopping you from claiming your rightful place here in the Realm. Our powers combined can do many things, one of which is shape shifting. It has long been forbidden but with your Blue Radiance we can claim all of the Heavens and Hells. We can become anything you want. We will never die as immortals.”

“Wait... but I am still human. And aren't you?” my mind racing of all my powers of Divinity and what I would do once I mastered them..

For centuries I never knew I was destined to be Divine. And I never knew I was an heir to a demon bloodline. And now I am all of them. Except my mortality. Why in the Nine Hells would I ever want to stay when with my Blue Radiance I could leave? And why would I EVER TRUST a half demon like him? But I thought of a way to use the alchemical magick from the Ars Goetia once more to transform my mortality to Divinity. I could rid myself of it. A life for a life. Exchange it with Heaven's highest order of Angel,

a Seraphim. Like the Angel of my past life. Then I would be tempted to stay. I could claim all of Heaven and Hell and the all the Realms in between.

Sitri turned and nodded in respect to all the Angels and Demons still watching over us in the Courtyard, ignoring anything having to do with our mortality. I glanced at him as he rose my arms high in honor of my ascension, and as he did so, our demon blood pulsed once again of ancient magick, the Blue Divinity now a portal back to the Realm.

“The North Gate is this way my Queen.”

As we drew closer towards the Realm, he told me of the North Gate and its magickal sigil. “Lord Dantalion wielded the power of fire to enter and exit, Rowan’s was of blood. Yours is now the power of Blue Radiance.”

As we approached, my Blue Radiance emblazoned within my soul, sending the cobalt blue sigils wrapping upward and onto my fingertips, now forged of Ice and Blood. It plunged me forward against the massive gate, my sigils perfectly aligned within its center withdrawing into the stone. The North Gate allowed us entry and slammed shut behind us.

In the darkness, a shadow approached, lighting the way. The familiar keeper of the Realm, guiding us through the stone hallways until we found the glowing copper sigil of my chamber in the First House. Further down, the other chambers glowed their sigils and I gestured to Sitri.

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“This is mine, here...the one with the copper...the place I claimed for centuries. Where I etched the past lives into every stone in the walls of this chamber.” I led this Guardian demon in... the first time anyone physically stepped into my sacred madness and isolation. We glanced towards the open window to the wall that was pouring down of Blue Radiance, blue green frozen ice that was where I spent centuries of loneliness. Sitri silently admired the waterfalls, then turned towards my hearth blazing its crimson ribbons.

“Why is it that you are the only Demon of the Goetia allowed to manifest in physical form? Why not the others? Why are they only the ghosts of the Realm still?” I asked him as I reached for the Ars Goetia beside my hearth.

“My Lady, I took a Blood Oath to guard and protect. Many centuries ago there was a forging of alchemy. An elixir of perpetual youth...immortality. Something of Destiny...Something Divine.. Something Angelic.”

“What are you saying?” I felt my Blue Radiance raging once more.

“My dear, you are in the presence of Divinity... another such as yourself.” His words floated into the air.

Gripping the Ars Goetia, my thoughts went back to my mortality. I turned away with the book, exiting my chamber and running down the torch lit corridors that seemed to welcome my presence. Blue Radiance and my Divinity set alight every sigil and

torch down the darkened hall.

The golden chamber called me inside its iron gated doorway, beckoning me back once again...waiting for me in the twisted forgotten room of the Mirror of Sins. I held the Ars Goetia, its ritualistic magick pouring through me as I touched upon the glass of shadow and smoke. It relinquished my mortal soul pulling it through the obsidian within the mighty frame, the glass abandoning my mortality in exchange for Angelic immortality. My reflection showed me golden brilliance of Angel's wings, a Seraphim's and in this glass my powers only grew stronger...Golden... And of Blue Radiance... And of Blood.

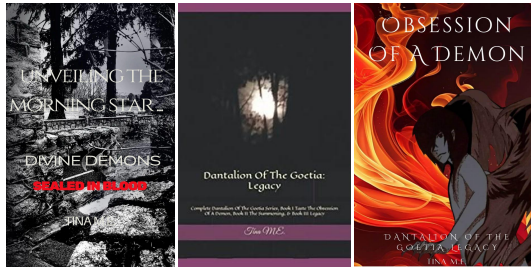
Behind my reflection in the mirror was another. Standing behind my newly forged Angelic wings. And this demon too was Divine... And Angelic... And Timeless. A moment of longing turned to loathing. Through the eyes of Midnight that stared back at me was a reflection in the mirror of the most exquisite exhibition of filigree masks... Of Ice and Snow.. and of Blood... and of Blue Radiance... And now of Golden Brilliance... intricately designed and waiting... for the Last Angels...

*I WILL NEVER DIE... I WILL HOLD ALL OF THE
HEAVENS. THIS WAS ALWAYS MY PAST LIFE.
TOMORROW I WILL CLAIM THESE WINGS AS ONE OF
THE LAST ANGELS.*

TINA M.E.

THE END

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