**Demonica**

Chapter 1

Hi, I’m Sheryl. I’m the kind of girl who likes fashion, journals, and yoga. I love animals, and there is not a single time I don’t pet any dog that crosses my path. I’ve become a philanthropist over time and I have always been a grateful friend and someone you can rely on.

I am a retired physician who primarily works from home, conducting virtual consultations. Burnout has prevented me from continuing with in-person practice, leading me to transition fully to online work.

I’ve had two boyfriends, from which I learned that love can become very weird, as it can consume you to the point it can actually kill you or at least bruise you somehow, letting those scars show whenever you’re opening your heart to another relationship. I’ve learned that love can lead to other things, which I will describe as mind-opening experiences that can attach you to forces beyond your comprehension. I’m not saying they’re necessarily mean, but you need to know who you’re dealing with—especially when talking about the spiritual world.

As a horror movie lover, I have always attracted to research on every weird, dark, or unpronounceable name I’ve seen in movies. To my surprise, many of them are real demon names, which I do investigate and do respect, as I read you shouldn’t be calling out loud, since you might get into trouble summoning an entity that you surely won’t know how to wave off.

So as respectful as I am, I do not read them out loud, and while doing my research, I would only read what they’re capable of doing instead of reading or focusing on their names. Somehow it keeps you in control of the situation if you get a little scared, like me.

Of course, there’s no way I would be telling you this if I haven’t tried it myself. Before which, though, I want to start by saying it wasn’t a pleasing experience, as at the beginning of all this, I was a skeptical person and never trusted a single word that came from someone who had experienced this, no matter how convincing it was. So instead of opening my mind to this reality, I just left a big wall of doubts and questions that made it hard for me to understand what serious effects this ignorance could bring to my life.

It all started on a Saturday afternoon. I was alone, as I’m enjoying my new single life without anyone getting into my things, and just being a normal person, making the most of my time: reading, researching, and getting good at yoga.

Doing a thorough cleanup in my room, I knew I completely forgot about my hidden space for unwanted books, which basically are books I inherited from friends and relatives. And I won’t lie—I don’t clean it because I don’t use it; it is mostly storage for old books nobody wants anymore.

To me, they still have an essence that cannot be replaced by online books, so it kind of hurts me to toss them in the trash. Strangely, two of those books were related to a documentary I was watching.

One of the books was called *Memento Mori* and the other one was *Soul Demonica*. These books, in their way, guide you while at the same time deliver you a taste of what can happen when you mess with unknown forces and try to control them without actually even caring how to do a proper summoning. I’ve done it in the past and, yes, at first there’s no change; it appears things haven’t evolved a single bit. But you will see the unpredictable results in a short amount of time, which is what happened to me.

I want to recall this as a numbered experience because to me it went from nothing to becoming stronger on so many levels, so you could tell I was into something out of my control, as I saw my life go in a direction I wasn’t expecting at all.

Doing silly research after watching a movie woke up something in me that got me to the point where I was dedicating two to three hours of daily investigation to this matter, which eventually became five to six hours. I honestly don’t remember being focused on anything else. I realized my research gave me a lot of satisfaction about the fact that I had a lot of information that would lead me to be able to control these forces. Or I thought.

I started reading in silence—or at least trying. They were the weirdest and most unpronounceable names I have ever read, but that just made the research more interesting.

As a curious reader and enthusiast, I started by using the first book, *Memento Mori.* This book has all the precautions you could find to enter into this spiritual matter. It is all about respect from the moment you start the process of death till you get to become just spirit, completely fleshless.

So me, a twenty-four-year-old woman with supposedly enough maturity and responsibility . . . how did I go all this way without any worries? Well, yes, in fact, I had no worries; it was just my curiosity and hunger for knowing the unknown that carried me to perform, summon, and even draw and pronounce things that—to me, in the moment—didn’t cause any harm.

I learnt that when supernatural things happen to you, the majority of the time they’re linked to something from your past. You have been carrying something that eventually finds a way to grab your life, insidiously making itself present and changing your perspective on things.

There is where my interest really blew up. I knew I was brought to this world for a reason—a reason I knew I had to discover by myself, even though I could put myself in danger, as well as the people around me.

This turned my life upside down but made me realize I was on the right track. Eventually, I would become something I never thought I could be. Even with the consequences, I was still willing to go forward, as I was sure I would get the answers I’d been looking such a long time, affected constantly by the feeling of being surrounded by other people who aren’t there.

I have always had my dad’s back. I lost him a couple of years ago, so it could be him protecting me all this time. I can tell for sure I feel his love in the smallest things in life, so my way of giving that back is showing him he raised a brave woman who will stand for herself and will endure through the hardest tests in life.

The first pages of *Memento Mori* were supposedly how-tos to prepare yourself to transcend, from getting into a deeply relaxed state to lower your heart rate, thus giving you enough courage to get your soul out of your body by yourself—an authentic out-of-body-experience I like to call a “body split” before actually dying.

I got into one of the first topics: “Transition through smells, sounds, visuals.” I was kind of thinking, *What do they mean by visuals, since you’re supposed to keep your eyes shut while getting into that state of quietness?* I was eager so I set everything up. I had candles, oils, and even mantras, which allow you to, let’s say, “disconnect” pretty quick. In fact, after about fifteen minutes of being in complete relaxation mode, I just followed the next instruction. I’m a dedicated reader, so it was easy for me to memorize the steps. I didn’t have to check the book again.

Just a simple phrase that praised: “*Into this perfect state I behave and became.*”According to the book, it should be said twice . . . but patiently, and meaning what you’re saying. Since I didn’t see any change, though, I decided to say it a couple times.

Some people say they need to see to believe. Well, I have learned that it doesn’t necessarily work like that and, to be honest, I think I have reached a level where experience has made me realize that not everybody is capable of spotting things. And some things I have seen were meant to be shown to me.

I’m far from being able to explain, as I’m no expert, but I know enough to tell I’m not the same woman.

I have never felt a presence like that day. It’s indescribable. Having the feeling of something breathing by your side—being sure there’s no one else in that space with you—is just terrifying. In my case, it wasn’t breathing exactly, but a heavy staring look that could be felt, even though there were no eyes to look at.

*Memento Mori*, as I said before, is meant to be a guide to those enthusiasts that like to put anything to the test when it comes to the supernatural. I just didn’t know a couple of phrases would get me this far, and would make me release something that has been in me for so long and has affected my entire life.

After trying to figure things out with the book and its instructions, I noticed the book had been altered by its previous owner—a handwritten note sat between the instructions, some sort of passage in an unknown language. Symbols filled the enigmatic paper and I got entangled and obsessed, rubbing my fingers on the slightly raised letters. It seemed they were written in rage.

That same rage was starting to fill me up as this would challenge and delay my investigation, but things wouldn’t stay like that for long. That rage flipped something, and now things started to get weird. In my solitude, out of nowhere, I perceived two energies, two entities, or whatever the hell they were, but not facing me; I could just feel them beside me, one at each side.

My bravery in the moment went from being a straight ten to basically zero. I couldn’t turn my head to see who they were. I was sitting on the floor just terrified and thinking . . . I was alone and I had locked every door in the house. So I just kept asking myself: *Who are these people and how did they get into my house?*

A second after trying to get ahold of the situation and wondering what was going to happen, three different voices rumbled through the space I was in. One coming from my right side, the other from my left side, and the worst was knowing I had someone else my back—which, of course, I couldn’t see, as I was petrified, just listening carefully to those deep, raspy, unintelligible voices.

This was the moment I realized I had done something wrong . . . or *right*. Chills running down my spine, droplets of sweat forming on my forehead, I could feel my perspiration overwhelming my whole body and my mouth. Oh, God, I was just trembling, unable to articulate a single word while the nothingness surrounded me. For the first time, Connecticut was giving me a taste of its paranormal activity.

That feeling that makes you realize things will go wrong from now on is just unstoppable. And it’s even worse to be aware that there might not be somebody to help you when you need it most.

I had read a lot about spirits, but this was my first time witnessing this kind of event—even my first time being able to listen to whatever was talking to me. Due to the characteristics of the voices, I assumed they were demons.

Gathering back some bravery and using my skeptical point of view as a shield, I decided it was time to know who or what they were. In a trembling voice, I asked: “I demand to know who are you, and what your purpose is in coming here.”

A line from *Memento Mori* popped into my head then: “*The thinnest line between life and death is being devoured by invisible creatures and entities, but also by the stupidity of men. . . .*

The voices sounded as if they were coming from a single mouth but with different voice tones—distorted, hoarse, and deep. Despite that, I could feel three presences around me. I was even more than convinced now that they were demons.

The entity on my right side spoke: “*I’m Artoon. You called upon us.*” Then the entity on my left spoke: “*I’m Bothet. You opened the door to a different dimension.*”The entity my back briefly paused, then spoke: “*I’m Xophur. We have been awakened.* *We are the backward trinity.*”

Somehow, I found a way to get out of the state I was in. I guess probably a few prayers I knew since I was a little girl helped me out of that situation because all of a sudden, they weren’t there anymore and the place felt empty. But then the silence was just unbearable, like something had changed in the atmosphere of the place. Something was gone, but something else definitely got in, too.

The next day after this weird and unexplainable event, I contacted one of my aunts to try to figure out what was going on. I knew through my mom that my aunt had some kind of psychic connection with spirits and knew old ways to communicate with them.

I didn’t feel comfortable with the whole experience, but I believe you need to make yourself comfortable in the uncomfortable. And, to be honest, something I really want to dig into is the origin of this trilogy of beings—if there’s something attaching me to them in some way.

I won’t lie—I’m intrigued by the fact that I might have been chosen instead of just summoned them, as they implied. Am I to believe they’re such powerful beings who just need a human soul for a lame purpose like possession? I don’t think so.

I truly believe there’s more to the story than what these demons are saying I did. The good news is that my aunt told me about one book in particular that can be used to get rid of the demons or, if I preferred, control them.

To me that sounded odd, as I only knew she was some kind of seer and had some skills for fortune reading, so this just made her support more interesting to me.

My aunt Agatha explained: “After performing a reading to a person, some of them are in such a desperate situation, they are willing to acquire the support from forces beyond their comprehension. And believe me, people are willing to exchange many things, including their own life, health—even a relative.”

I asked her, “Do you feel any regret after doing the readings?”

She replied, “No. It’s my job and people trust what I do. I have seen many people achieve their dreams, and it has been through the deals they obtain from spirits. Well, demons, but I prefer not to use that term. So, as I said, regret isn’t in my vocabulary because, in the end, they receive the help they need from me, even though it’s not the way they may expect. But you need power to manipulate material things; it isn’t just a wish. That’s where I intervene and make things happen.”

One of my best friends, Leann, was coming to town directly from Michigan. Such a sweetheart and a religious attorney. Kind of weird, eh? How do you maintain a balance between the law and your religious beliefs? How does your lawyerly criteria not interfere with what’s correct based on religion? Well, for her, it worked perfectly. She got a big break after graduating: She applied to Harvard and, by the next year, she was accepted. She came from a wealthy family so money was not a big deal. She decided to come to visit me to talk, and to catch up on our lives, as we hadn’t seen each other in almost five years. But we had been texting a lot during that time.

Before I get to Leann, though, I want to mention quickly that something I do love doing every day is writing things down in my journal. I try to set up short-term goals, achieve them, and then set up more to achieve.

Anyway, on the same day I called my aunt, as usual, after doing my writing, I got my yoga mat, and started doing my breathing exercises and movements. At some point, it reminded me of the event I experienced. I was in the same posture when all of sudden I started to feel a drowsiness I’d never had before, followed by a weakness all over my body that worried me, as I’m the kind of person with energy to run a marathon. After a few minutes, I started to feel better, but I was wondering if it had anything to do with the events that happened that Saturday.

Those three demons, those names, the“*backward trinity,*” and that way of talking like they were a single individual—it was a lot to handle and understand.

And also, what did I do? I followed the instructions in the book, and it seemed like I got what I wanted or deserved after being so relentless trying to pursue the truth. It was a bunch of questions with answers I wasn’t able to get. It was hard to witness, so I haven’t the guts to research them.

There was no way I was going to look for any information regarding them, but in the end, something got me thinking . . . *What if they come back?* Did they say something about opening a dimension? Had they been awakened? I had to quell my frustration before I saw Leann.

It was a breath of fresh air getting a call from Leann. The day of her arrival finally came, so I got ready that morning to receive my longtime friend in my spiritually affected house.

I went shopping to get some things for dinner, as well as good wine. The rest would just catching up. I’m a good cook so I did some pasta with shrimp and spinach, and for dessert, some brownies with ice cream.

I was quite excited about meeting Leann, but an eerie silence was present, quite similar to the day I witnessed the demons for the first time. It was almost time for dinner when I got a call. I thoughtt it was Leann saying she would probably be late. But it wasn’t.

I still don’t know how to interpret this call. . . . I heard a voice very similar to one of the entities. I could say it was Bothet, but come on, honestly, on the phone? Wasn’t it better just to appear in front of me? My skepticism was always at the forefront. Anyway, as I listened to the call, I received instructions. I had to get someone ready to go to the underworld, hell, or whatever you want to call it. A voice, distorted and sometimes kind of unintelligible, was giving me steps to get somebody to send to hell.

I experienced dizziness right after a cacophonous noise on the line, and then something that sounded like “*anima deformatio et transformatio*,” which can be translated in English as “Soul deformation and transformation,” then the call dropped. . . . However, when I went to put the phone back on the wall, it was already there. . . . Did I just hear these voices in my head? I was in shock, agitated, uneasy. Leann was making her way here and this place just felt wicked, hazardous.

Just a minute later, someone knocked on the door. It was Leann. What if I told her about what happened just a minute ago? No way! I was never going to get her into that kind of thing—not my friend. It was something I would keep to myself and would find a way to fix or get rid of.

It had been a long time since I talked to Leann in person; there was laughing, joy, tears, tons of hugs, and good wishes, and at the same time, what a nightmare I was living, all hidden below those feelings. If I had the guts to tell her, would she just leave? Meanwhile, I was worried—could I get her into trouble by just mentioning all these terrible things I was told to do?

All that was on my mind was finding a way to handle this situation without affecting her, but also not messing myself up in the process. I had her trust and, in the end, we were best friends.

She was leaving in two days so I had to decide quickly . . . so I told her, let’s enjoy this couple of days together; let’s make the most of the time.

The next day came and we had breakfast. Avocados are my favorites with scrambled eggs and coffee. Same for Leann. A while after eating, I started telling her my regular itinerary for the day, which she wasn’t very pleased with, as she is not the kind of active, sporty person I am; she’s more into logic and analysis. Definitely, law is her thing.

I can certainly say that five years is enough time to know at least a good part of somebody. In my case with Leann, I think she’s a Pandora’s box: a beautiful, successful woman with so much to offer and so much knowledge that makes me appreciate her more the more I get to know her.

I’m twenty-four years old; Leann is in her early forties. But despite the age gap, we had connected in so many ways. She always dreamt of having a kid raised entirely by her—no husband, no wedding, or anything like that—and I want that, as well, in maybe a few years. Also, she wants to own property on the beach, figure out what her purpose on Earth is, learn a new language, and a bunch of other stuff we found out we both would like to achieve.

I did feel the need to ask her about the reason for being a single mother, as I believe any child should have the blessing of both parents, to which she said:

“Look, Sheryl, I’m not against that idea, but I don’t come from the best home, and I had to witness really bad stuff happening to my mother—all of that coming from my dad, which I never had the chance to question why he did it, as I saw him die from an overdose. So I truly believe he was high most of the time he hurt my mother.

“On the other hand, being a lawyer has made me see that there are many people way worse off than me, and I’m so thankful he didn’t kill my mother. But that might have happened if it wasn’t for his addiction that led him to his grave.

“So I’m not playing the victim or anything, but I do want to avoid a similar situation happening to my child, and I think I will stick with that idea.”

I said, “Thank you, Leann, for opening up to me and exposing this part of you which, of course, I respect. I just want to let you know that no matter what happens, I will be your strongest supporter—or, at least, I’ll try.”

Leann has been through a lot by herself, and I’m the kind of person who always puts people before me because I’m a lover of people like her—honest, confident, and always willing to give a little more to others. So yes, I can definitely say I have some sort of feelings toward her.

This brought to my mind the first year we met, I was a premed student and she was paying a visit to her old university. I was only nineteen at the time, but truly focused on the medicine field. I was looking out for a sudden change in my schedule on a board where all the news, pictures, and schedules were placed.

She was gazing at every single thing in there, I could tell by the look in her eyes that those were good years for her. She smirked briefly while staring at pictures from years before; that energy must have been contagious because it allowed me to introduce myself.

I told her, “You must have amazing memories here.”

She turned to me and said, “Is it that obvious?”

“Absolutely. You seemed to have relived great memories while I was going nuts trying to find my schedule.”

She smiled at me while saying, “Nice to meet you. I’m Leann.”

“I’m Sheryl. Apologies for my directness.”

“Not necessary at all,” she said. “You seem very young but determined. That’s quite a personality trait to have. I was nowhere close to that at your age. Are you into law? I’m a lawyer myself.”

“No, but I’m actually sharing some classes with law students—just general classes. I want to become a physician or something of that sort.”

“That’s awesome. You seem to have what it takes to be great at that,” she said confidently.

Parting with a timid grin, I bid her farewell. As the distance widened, I cast a glance back at her, yearning for a chance to meet again, even if only for a fleeting moment. There had been no one that supportive, and I couldn’t help but wonder if fate had played a role in our paths converging.

Shortly following that initial meeting, I found myself walking down the main hallway on my way to the “Introduction to Human Rights” class. Glancing out the window, I spotted weary expressions on the faces of those who were waiting for the professor, who happened to be running behind schedule.

The echoing clack of her heels was the sole sound punctuating the quiet room. Her beauty left some of my classmates amazed, while others seemed more bothered by her tardiness.

It was Leann.

Personally, I felt a rush of excitement and joy upon seeing her once more. Nevertheless, there was a flicker of unease and concern in her expression, though she swiftly brushed it aside. She had been designated as our new professor, a change not yet communicated officially, but it was reassuring to anticipate frequent interactions.

I had participated in her classes and consistently earned excellent grades. It was evident to me that she was devoted to imparting her knowledge with excellence. I could genuinely perceive her deep enthusiasm for her profession, which resonated with my own aspirations for achievement.

Back then, I wasn't aware of the complexities of my feelings, but I definitely found myself displaying empathy and a sense of concern for her. Regrettably, her presence was only temporary. However, unlike our initial encounter, we shared our phone numbers and made a mutual decision to stay connected.

I may have lost an exceptional professor, but I gained a wonderful ally. From the moment we had our first conversation, it felt completely familiar, like we had truly met in the past and that cemented a friendship that still stands.

Fast forward to the current time. . . . The idea of telling her about my supernatural experience came up, but again something stopped me, and I thought, *What if I expose her to these forces? Or they hurt her in some way?* On the other hand, I thought, *Maybe she can help me understand what’s going on*—the fact that she could analyze things from a more logical perspective could provide me some peace of mind, and make some sense of these manifestations, entities, or demons as I like to call them.

Being a close friend, Leann had tried sharing some personal issues, which I had the chance to listen to briefly but never had the guts to ask directly whether there s something I could do about them. I think it’s her way of releasing some steam, so I preferred to be just an active listener. If she allows me, I will definitely show her my support and give advice.

A day came, though, when she had something different to tell me. This wasn’t just personal issues but something so private that I saw in her eyes that she really was hesitating and, for some reason, avoiding going deeper into things.

After a brief pause, I said, “I’m not trying to judge you, but you have been doing this in every conversation we’ve had, and I’m wondering if I’ve done something to lose your trust. Or is it something else?”

She just smirked at me, and said, “I will definitely gather my thoughts and open up to you soon, but today is about you.”

I just returned her smirk, and said, “Leann, you’re my friend, confidante, and I trust you. I know you’re a logical and analytical person.” It was funny watching her face while I talked, just lifting her eyebrows and mimicking me, as if she were a psychologist or something. . . . That broke the ice and gave me the strength to open up about my experience.

She said, “Well, I’m all ears. What’s troubling you, Sheryl?”

“Leann, I’ve been experiencing a couple of things that might sound made-up or fake, but you know how much I love reading—especially about the spiritual world. . . .”

She rolled her eyes and replied, “Look, I’m your friend, but I think getting into that stuff will only scare you and affect your emotions.”

“But, Leann—”

She stopped me and said, “I’ve heard a lot of people complaining about having sleep issues after watching movies or reading stuff like that, and it’s only because it stays in your subconscious”

I was listening to her. . . . As the good attorney she is, she tries to prove her point before anything else. It was kind of funny looking at her talking so passionately about it.

And she kept speaking. . . . “So, of course, you will carry with those thoughts in your mind right before sleep.”

I said, “Leann, I’m not having sleep issues or anything like it. I just . . .”

“You just what?” she asked.

“I might have witnessed something, and that’s what I want to talk about with you. . . .”

So finally she kept silent.

I said, “Look . . . I was performing some kind of ritual from one of the books I had. Supposedly, it prepares your spirit to leave your physical body. Now, you know I’m skeptical I do like to try things, and I tried a lot of stuff in the past, as well, and nothing happened, but . . . this time seems luck wasn’t on my side.”

“Okay . . .” she replied. “Wait, are you having paranormal experiences, like seeing ghosts or something like that? You’ve got to be kidding me, Sheryl. Come on . . . you know how stupid it sounds, right? You don’t even believe in that. Somehow you’re non-skeptical now?”

I said, “Leann, please, I’m trusting you on this. This is serious and I might not have done a proper dispelling of the entities. . . .”

“Entities??” she said. What the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m trying to be honest with you, Leann. Something so strange happened that I could just feel it; I wasn’t able to speak or see. It was almost as if I was just a recipient or a channel, petrified on the floor, only being able to listen to these three voices.”

Leann said, “Are you aware of what you’re saying? Witnessing manifestations, voices . . . Sheryl, you might not understand this but you—”

I was getting a little upset, honestly, at her unwillingness to believe me. But then I realized, oh my God, I couldn’t be more wrong; she believed me, but she was trying to avoid the conversation. . . .

“I what? Leann?”

“You might have summoned a trinity,” Leann said.

I’d never been so pale in my life . . . trinity . . . how did she—

When I heard Leann say that word, I felt the most intense goosebumps I’ve ever felt. It almost felt like that day when I heard those demons talking to me.

I said in a trembling voice, “Leann, what the hell did I do?? What did I summon? I never mentioned the word ‘trinity’ . . . how did you know?”

“Sheryl, this is serious,” she said. “Did they talk to you or provide you with instructions?”

I felt my blood pressure dip, and I almost fainted. She helped me sit on the floor while I recovered. After a while, I said, “Leann, they told me their names. . . . They told me I called them and they were awakened. What does that mean?”

I was so close to tears . . . so full of doubts and concerns.

“I followed the instructions in the book,” I continued, “so I don’t understand how it happened.”

Leann said, “Clearly, you don’t understand what’s coming. . . . You have no respect for these things, and I’m pretty sure you didn’t say a proper goodbye to the entities.”

I just kept staring at Leann, more confused than ever, and feeling so alone and vulnerable.

She said, “You’re into deep stuff, and you might need to do some research about these entities and find out what can be done to detach yourself from this. I know I’ve never shared this with you, but I have my reasons. . . . I had a bad experience with my cousin in the past, and things didn’t—things didn’t go well. “I’ll help you out, Sheryl. I just pray things do work for you as they didn’t with my cousin, Jeremy. He had a similar situation when he experimented with a witch board and got himself really deep into the realm of demons. I believe pain and suffering pushed him to look for help in the wrong places. I was his only hope at that moment, but he had already agreed to fulfill demands for those demons. They’re really hard to get rid of.

“I learned myself how to treat these forces, but at the time, I didn’t have enough experience, so I blame myself for not being able to do more for him. It was almost impossible to free him from the claws of evil, so he perished, and it’s a shame because at the end, your life is no longer yours. And even after death, you still have to serve them.”

Confusion and desperation were the only things on my mind at that moment. Was I going to die? Or would I have to sacrifice someone to get out of this situation?

What the hell did I get myself into??

The more I listened to Leann, the more worried and vulnerable I felt. It was hard to believe what I was hearing, as she was not the kind of person who would talk about something like this.

I have known her for almost five years, but this topic never came up. At least now, though, I have somebody I can count on. I’m so grateful I have her and, as she said, I hope I come out unscathed.

“Well, it’s time. We have work to do,” Leann said. The first thing we need to do is read those books you used. Did you use one or both?

I said, “I used only one. But, Leann, before we get into this . . . would you like to talk about your experience? I just opened myself to you; I think you should have the chance to talk about it, as well, if you feel like it.”

Leann said, “Look, Sheryl, I prefer to talk about that some other day. As I told you, things didn’t go well. I helped my cousin and I did everything I could in my power to protect him. But at some point, I think I just gave up, as I saw things were getting out of hand. No one else cared about his situation, but that’s it. I won’t tell you anything else for now. Please . . . Your situation is different and I truly have faith that things will go better for you. Just focus on yourself and start doing things right from now on, okay?”

“Okay,” I said. “Then let’s get to work. I promise I’ll follow your instructions. Just please don’t leave me alone.”

Chapter 2

As time passed, we embarked on our investigation into the identities of the entities. The further we delved into our readings, the more overwhelmed and fatigued I became. I struggled to articulate my thoughts, but my determination to push through remained unwavering. Surprisingly, Leann took a different approach, steering toward a unique solution for resolving the matter.

In that moment, I pondered and questioned simultaneously. This wasn’t the familiar Leann I knew; she seemed like an entirely different person. Nevertheless, I felt immense gratitude for having her by my side. Even my fears dissipated, and I became singularly focused on completing the task at hand.

She also some weird books. . . .

So it felt I was just getting to know a new friend, as she was hiding a lot from me. . . . Well, Leann was way more than just an attorney; she had some books related to spiritism, Candomblé, Santería, and a bunch more stuff that, of course, I wasn’t aware of. . . . My knowledge was quite limited compared to hers, to be honest.

I mean, come on. All I knew was that she was making a living in courtrooms, fighting for people’s rights and putting the bad guys in prison, but oh, man . . .

This is a new Leann, and I just love it.

*Even in deep shit, I’m still excited about these things,* I thought.

Leann said, “Let’s get the first book, *Memento Mori*. So, since you don’t know, Sheryl, these books work together, and I’m truly certain you didn’t follow the instructions. I will explain, as you may have made some mistakes, which I’ll number: One, you probably said the wrong words; two, you unintentionally attracted them with something you do regularly; and three, you may have said spells or repeated the words in the book more than the times requested.”

Well, that part right there was worrying me a lot. I told Leann I could recall one of the options she mentioned, and I do remember that I tried the words in the books more than twice . . . my bad! But I’m not sure about anything I’ve done regularly . . . ? I don’t think was the case. . . .

Then she said, “Look, the thing with this is that it could be that somehow your test and rehearsal in the past could have provoked or could have awakened something you may not be aware of. These forces find a way to stick to your life in the smartest and most insidious ways possible, so you won’t realize when they’re rooted deeply; you will just feel things are not going well and it can jeopardize your job, your love life, even your pets if you have them. It’s known that pets are more prone to see and hear these entities and, sadly, sometimes they pay the price when there’s witchcraft involved.”

I’m a pet lover, so those last words hurt me. I can’t even imagine how someone hurt an animal—they’re just so innocent.

She said, “The problem here is that it is not related to a person, exactly. . . . It *could* be, of course, but here it seems we’re dealing with inhuman forces, or as I like to call them, ‘the unbodied’: spirits or entities looking for tormented souls, people who have tried suicide and not succeeded, or people who look into witchcraft books and try them without the proper recitation of spells, and they think there wasn’t any change to their world . . . which could be in your case, but you may not remember, as it could have happened in the past.”

“Leann, look, I just want to get to the root of this, even if I . . . even if I provoked it somehow.”

She said, “Well, Sheryl, we’re on it . . . so for starters, let’s recall what happened exactly that Saturday.”

Her attorney instincts were now coming into it. She might help me out, but surely she will play the devil’s advocate*.*

“Let me begin by expressing my boredom on that particular day,” I said, launching into my retelling. “I’m not particularly fond of television, except for movies. On that occasion, they were airing a peculiar horror movie with an African setting or something similar. Luckily, it had subtitles, which made it easier for me to enjoy since, you know, that’s my thing. Anyway, in the movie, they discussed various entities and rituals one can perform independently to summon them for assistance: for protection, wealth, and numerous other purposes. They also mentioned that some individuals employ these practices for malevolent intentions, but that didn’t interest me. My focus was primarily on comprehending and exploring whether or not these practices actually work.

“So I decided to give it a try. Not my first time, so I had some things left from my last experiment . . . candles, oils—I have heard using your body fluids can make a stronger connection. I preferred to use my hair since I honestly didn’t know what would be a proper fluid. Probably blood, but hell no; I wouldn’t be able to look at my blood without passing out.

“I set everything up. I even used my yoga mat, as it is quite comfortable. Funny thing is, after all this, I figured out I was using the same position to perform this ritual as I did for my regular yoga routine. Weird. At the time, I was a little surprised. But anyway, I was determined to get it done.

“I opened *Memento Mori* and, after doing a quick review of the pages, I got stuck on something I found very intriguing and interesting. Besides, it was kind of related to what the movie had shown . . . body splitting or astral projection. Well, it sounded cool to me.

“So there I was into a topic called “Transition through smells, sounds, visuals.” Basically, you had to follow ten steps, but while you do each step, you need to focus on the other side . . . and somehow you would be able to leave your body when you completed the steps.

“I followed every single step. Having nothing else to rely on, I memorized them. The candles needed to be around my body as some kind of shield against whatever can get into me while I’m ‘away.’ All I could think is some of them were unlit, and I wasn’t aware because my eyes were meant to be shut. That wasn’t a good sign, as I was unprotected.

“Besides that, I remember I perceived a putrid odor like rotten flesh, which should have been my first red flag, as I had no trash close to me—but the trash truck comes often, so it might be that something just fell off the truck and is probably already rotting in the street. . . . I just didn’t care since it went away quite fast. Anyway, I finished all the steps, and then just waited for something to happen. . . .

“I then heard three voices and, trust me, I’ve never felt anything like this before, Leann . . . not even using the Ouija board had I awakened something like this. Three entities or demons. I remember their names: *Artoon, Bothet, and Xophur. . . .*

“You know the rest, Leann. Please don’t make me repeat that.”

“Okay, but keep going,” she said.

“I just got up, put out the candles, and took a shower. Then I went to bed with a lot in my mind to process. I wasn’t able to have a proper sleep.”

“So, any activity during the night?” Leann asked.

“No, none at all.” I said. “I couldn’t sleep, but at least I didn’t see, feel, or hear anything strange. Although you could tell something had changed in the environment of the room; it was just so strange and unsettling. The thing is, Leann, that’s not all. . . . Let’s just say I left the best for last.”

“Oh my God. Well, keep going,” she said.

“The day we had set up our dinner, I received a phone call, thinking it was you. I answered the call and, to my surprise, I swear to God it was one of the same voices I heard that Saturday. I can even recall which one it was. I do believe it was *Bothet.* He said I needed to get someone to go into the underworld and collect stuff. . . . To me, it sounded like a sacrifice. I had to find someone brave enough to go there and do his will. So where am I going to find that person? Someone who dares to travel to hell to get those elements?

“Okay, Sheryl. It seems we have a lot of material to work with. . . . So, Bothet, right?” Leann asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Perfect! One good thing is that these entities identified themselves, which allows us to have control over them. Now that’s a little strange because demons do not normally do that . . . they usually put up some kind of fight before providing their names so easily. So we have the advantage.

“Something I would like to say, Sheryl, is the fact that in some cases we can find out the identity of the entity through its request. How does this work? Well, this demon could be trying to achieve something but won’t show itself to you, mainly due to not wanting to be exposed.

“I have studied the Bible in the past and, to be honest, we might be dealing with evil forces that existed during those times and are longing to reincarnate as a way to escape a punishment they received.

“I’ll do some research into the stuff I have, and I will let you know what I find.”

It probably took Leann around three days to find out about these entities and the result was quite amazing.

“Sheryl, I got something from my research, and I’m very intrigued by the things we have experienced. Somehow these entities have a syncretism toward sinners from biblical times, which is a way of shielding themselves from any potential enemy while doing their dirty job. They are aware that having their real identity mistaken will lower the risk of being discovered, as well as the avoidance of an unwanted exorcism.

“I accept the fact that this is a bold move and makes me believe we aren’t dealing with low-hierarchy demons. According to what I have found online, this is their described appearance, and is mainly what people have witnessed through the years:

* Bothet is a six-foot-tall figure with very bulky thorns in his back, often mistaken for wings, and holes instead of eyes.
* Artoon looks like an average-size human with holes all over his body and a mark on the right side of his torso.
* Xophur is dark-eyed, and only possesses one arm with three claws instead of fingers, and a single wing.

“So these characteristics seem to fit in some way with the biblical sinners I just told you about, and it makes perfect sense. Think about Artoon, for example: That mark on the right side of his torso could be related to Cain, as he had the same kind of mark.

“On the other hand, look at Bothet: He has sharp thorns meant to break into anyone’s soul, but also as a way of betrayal, backstabbing someone who trusts you. Judas did this exact thing to Jesus, trading him for a few pennies.

“But Xophur is something else, and I do believe the fact he is dark-eyed could be meant to mask many other beings inside of him—not necessarily demons but souls of condemned people, which leads us to a demon called Legion, also from biblical times.”

“Damn, Leann, you’re really good at this. But can all this information help us defeat them or get rid of them?”

“The *Memento Mori* book works hand-in-hand with the *Soul Demonica* book. How does this work? I will explain it to you later, Sheryl. It’s also why *Memento Mori* is half-written in English and half in Italian.

“There’s a lot of information not contained in the Bible about dark angels. That’s the reason I was a little surprised that these entities you saw were so willing to provide their names.

“We could be dealing with these types of angels; they are stuck between good and evil . . . so we could say they’re half-demons, and will try to manipulate you into performing certain special acts that will allow them to become a whole demon, as it is upsetting for them to have good left in them.

“Now, it seems just *Bothet* provided you with instructions . . . what about the other two? Did they communicate with you in any other way?”

I said, “No, there were no more instructions.”

“Okay, Sheryl, there must be a connection between these entities. There are no more instructions but there is more information we are missing. So our next step is going to *Soul Demonica* to seeing what the connection between the books. By the way, these entities could be providing instructions in the future . . . so before that happens, let’s do our research and get ready.”

The next day came, and I had to run some errands. I left Leann at home and headed to the supermarket in my car. It immediately felt like somebody was in the passenger seat. I can describe it only as a very weird feeling. I felt the air was heavy, almost hard to breathe all of sudden, but this time I saw a shadow. Part of the silhouette had wings or something on its back and it was around six feet tall.

Then I remembered what Leann said about the dark angels. Her description turned out to match perfectly to what I witnessed.

This time, despite being able to look straight at the entity, I couldn’t see anything physical, just the shadow which, to be honest, was pretty scary—intimidating, like it was staring at me with those invisible but angry eyes. . . . After a while, I heard crystal clear:

“*Botherrot, I am. Our wrath is consuming . . . the more time you take, the more you waste. . . .*”

After this, it just vanished, but I could see in the passenger seat there were holes . . . like it’d had big thorns in its back. I thought, *What the hell is this? I didn’t think angels had* *thorns in their backs. I just knew about wings, so maybe they weren’t angels, after all?*

After my errands, I went back home to catch up with Leann. I told her what happened, and she said, “Well, maybe we need to focus on one entity at a time—probably Bothet (or Botherrot, assuming that’s its full name).

“And . . . that’s not all, Sheryl. I felt someone, too. It was on the chair next to me when I was in the house. It identified itself as Artarooth*.* I’m almost sure it must be Artoon, so let’s do some research on those names in the *Soul Demonica* book.”

The *Soul Demonica* book is meant to provide information about every element that must be collected to perform any incantation or summoning, including names of entities. Many were misspelled or the names were written in such a way as to arouse the curiosity of the summoner, probably with the intention of making the summoner more interested in the entity being called upon. In the end, many of those summoners are just curious and naïve people looking for a little extra fun. Exciting for some, stupid and reckless for others.

Leann told me this book is a compilation of evidence of rituals performed by different people in the past. This book has no author, and no year or date that could provide an idea of when it made. Besides, I’m still trying to figure out if these books were meant to get on my way.

I told Leann, “Look, it seems like we are going to receive our last visitor pretty soon and I think this one is not going to be any happier than the last two.”

All of a sudden, while we were looking in *Soul Demonica*, the book was thrown from our hands and it got stuck to the wall facing us. It was a heavy book so it was astonishing to look at it just placed on the wall like someone was holding it. The pages started to turn rapidly till they got to a topic called “*Components of death*” *. . .* Here things started to turn to another direction that not even Leann with all her knowledge was ready to face.

Standing up and walking toward the book, she said, “Sheryl, according to this, we need to travel in time and get to specific places. If I understand correctly, those places have a special connection to what happened to Christ in the past. So as the demons requested, *Memento Mori* also talks about trespassing on the barriers of time and space. I’m wondering if the book itself could be in some way a key to open the layers of dimensions. I’m not going to lie to you, Sheryl; this is something new, even for me. Honestly, what the hell did you summon?”

To our surprise, after reading instructions in *Soul Demonica*, it was so scary to see that on the back of the same page where the steps were, we started to see . . . coffee stains—but we weren’t having coffee, so where did this come from? Somehow, *Soul Demonica* was a multi-use book; it was changing its pages to whatever the reader was looking for.

The unshaped, supposed coffee stains started to take on shapes—one of them looked human. It started to show a spine that afterward transformed into many thorns . . . then I remembered: “Oh my God! The holes in my passenger seat must be *Bothet!*”I told Leann.

I never saw Leann go so pale . . . to be honest, it scared the hell out of me.

“Sheryl, it truly seems we are dealing with demons so before we go any further, we need to get some protection. There’s a series of prayers and stones we need to get.”

I think at this point, Leann was taken aback by what she was seeing. She was not comfortable anymore, despite the vast wisdom she had collected through the years. I can tell for sure she is leaping into emptiness just as I am. She has not witnessed anything like this before, and neither have I. However, from the raging wave of wickedness at the horizon of this coming nightmare, nothing will protect us but ourselves.

Chapter 3

As we delved deeper into our research, several days passed while Leann, who was originally planning to stay for only two days, thankfully chose to stay at home with me. The advantage was that she could work from any location since she was on a specific mission involving checking court files she needed to provide. Fortunately, everything was accessible online, eliminating the need for her to go anywhere.

Leann said, “Sheryl, I’ve shared some of what I know with you, but there’s further information to discuss. . . .”

To which I eagerly replied, “Oh, I’m all ears.”

“Well, Sheryl, besides the knowledge I have, I also do spiritual cleanups. I read tarot cards, I do amulets, I cleanup houses from bad energies, and some other stuff.”

“Wow, you really are a Pandora’s box, Leann! So, could I legitimately call you a witch?”

She said, “That’s one way to say it, yes, but the right name is a priestess. . . .”

“A priestess?? What do you mean, Leann?”

“After what happened to my cousin, I decided I had to grow a different mindset to face the energies I was able to perceive. I didn’t say it before, but I can see, listen, interact with, and sometimes touch the other side when the spirits allow. Sometimes they can materialize through objects—when you can perceive something moved or you look for something that is not in the place you left it last time, or when something falls without explanation . . . they’re trying to communicate in some manner and that’s when you need to open up your mind. I just wished I did this stuff well before what happened to my cousin; I might have saved him, who knows. . . .”

“I know, Leann, and I’m sorry.”

“No worries, Sheryl. Now is just the time to focus on you. Let’s get back to what matters.”

So our mission was clear and now was the time to look for someone and get it done. . . .

I thought, *Who’s the most experienced of us?* Leann was definitely a witch, and now a priestess! Maybe she could go get the stuff and come back unnoticed. . . . But I forgot that, in the end, I’m the only one responsible for all this, so should I just go and see what happens?

At some point, I saw Leann was sad and worried, but I didn’t want to ask why. Like her, I just figured out that we had so much to do and we didn’t even know where to start—or at least I didn’t. . . .

Out of the blue, she said, “I need to do a reading before we go any further. I might need some advice before proceeding.”

I said, “What do you mean, Leann?”

“We are going to perform a guidance session.”

“We??” I replied.

“Yes, Sheryl. You need to be with me on this, as you will need to guide me. You’ll follow the steps I provide you. . . . Just be careful and do not open your eyes till I say so, okay?”

After all we discussed yesterday, I was scared, to be honest. I wasn’t sure if I was going to be good enough to help Leann. In the end, she was the expert. I would just end up messing things again, surely. . . .

Leann says, “Look at yourself. You did a lot without knowing and it got you in trouble, so now at least you will have my company and guidance. Just believe in yourself. Remember, you need to have faith in things to make them happen.”

I said, “Okay, Leann. What do we need to perform the session?”

“I need to go get my tarot cards. And I need some white candles and mint oil.”

“I have candles but not mint oil,” I said.

Leann said, “It’s okay. I might have some left at my house, so just wait for me. I might take around thirty minutes to get there and get back. Also, I need to change. Remember I told you I would look different?”

“Yes,” I said, and smiled. “I know you better now, so come with *all* your ammunition.”

She just rolled her eyes and left.

Forty-five minutes passed, then she was back with all she needed for the session—but also with news. . . .

“Sheryl, you won’t believe what happened at my house. After so many years I— I think I saw my cousin. Between the curtains, almost invisible, a pale figure appeared, but it resembled him. He looked kind of sad and upset. The reason I wanted to perform the session was to see if there’d be any harm in what we would be doing.”

I said, “Leann, what if he doesn’t want us to perform the session?”

“But, Sheryl, this is exactly the reason why we need to perform the guidance session; I saw him, but he wasn’t able to speak. That just means there’s some important information we are missing.”

“Okay, Leann; let’s go ahead and do it.”

“Alright, well, this should be quick. First, I need you to put the oil on a burner. The smell of the oil beside the white candles will set up a clean perimeter inside which we will be able to catch any information from my cousin.”

As she said this, I set everything. This time we were at a table, surrounded by a circle of white candles, our eyes shut. The smell of the oil was so refreshing and delicious. She split the cards into three sections, then she said:

*“Under the protection of angels and light, we reveal what’s out of sight.”*

We just remained in silence. Around five minutes or so passed, veiled in an unsettling calm. Abruptly, out of nowhere, a bone-chilling murmur cut through the atmosphere, sending shudders down our spines, and then we heard, “*Less time, Xophur consumes.*”

All of a sudden, the candles were extinguished, yet the disconcerting presence wasn’t done and spoke again in a menacing, raspy, deep voice. It said, *“Less time, Xophuroth consumes.* . . .”

Despite our desperate attempts to rise from our seats, an invisible force held us in an unyielding grip, rendering us immobile. Panic surged within us as we struggled against this unseen restraint. Finally, with an overwhelming surge of dread, we managed to pry our eyes open, only to be confronted by an abomination standing ominously beside us.

The figure before us was a grotesque sight, a manifestation of nightmares given form. Its eyes, devoid of light, exuded an otherworldly darkness. A single arm, twisted and malformed, extended from its mangled frame, the ragged remnants of a wing protruding from its back. But what chilled us to the core were the three wicked claws that adorned the lone limb it had.

We were staring at this entity, immobile, petrified by the impression, unable to describe what was in front of us, when with its claws, it scraped on the table the number three, and slowly pronounced, *“Less time, I consume.”* Then a blackout happened all over the house, vanishing the ominous creature from our sight. No more than a few seconds later, the power returned.

Leann trembled with astonishment, completely taken aback. We had believed that the carefully arranged candles and protective oil would establish an impenetrable barrier, shielding us from any malevolent presence. However, it appeared that we failed to notice the candles behind us, mirroring the stained pages of the book. These candles had an uncanny hue, resembling a pale shade of gray, although I distinctly remember them being white when we started. At that moment, Leann broke the silence and shared her suspicions. “Sheryl, if you initially noticed them as white, it’s possible we’re being manipulated by these supernatural entities. It makes me question whether what I encountered at my house was actually my cousin. . . . We have witnessed the three entities already, so they could be threatening us to perform their wishes . . . so the number three, there’s some connection between them all, and we will need to get to the bottom of that.”

I went through a box Leann brought. There were some old writings, prayers, and stones.

“Sheryl, let’s do the prayers. After that, you need to knock on the floor three times with the stones. This needs to be done before we get back to the books. . . . We must be more careful this time. Our only protection against evil are the stones and the prayers, so they must be spoken exactly as they are in my writings.”

I asked Leann, “You made these prayers?”

“Yes, I found out that they perform better when you put your heart and your own words into it. So are you ready, Sheryl?”

“I am, I guess. . . .”

“Please trust yourself, Sheryl. I know it didn’t go well with the previous session but remember we are influenced and probably manipulated. But we need to push through this enchantment. This is something I have performed in the past, and it has worked as a shield against any harm.”

“Okay, Leann. I know you have experience and all that, but are you completely sure about doing this? I don’t feel I have enough preparation for something like this. Besides, what if something happens while you’re ‘away’?

“Look, Sheryl, I already have witnessed enough things, so who knows—this might be my mission in life. I feel I’m ready and I will do anything in my power to help you out.”

“Thanks, Leann. You don’t know what this means to me. I just hope things go well for us both.”

Each prayer was said exactly as she wrote it. Seems like three was the number for everything: three prayers, three times, three stones. So what was behind that?

*Memento Mori* talked about deforming and transforming the soul, so it could be that this book was meant to help out these forces. Supposedly, it was a warning against evil, but that seems like it was just a collection of instructions that allowed them to attach to your soul. This attachment was complemented by *Soul Demonica*.At first it didn’t look like it, but after reviewing everything with Leann, we found out something else. . .The reason *Memento Mori* was written in both Italian and English was that, in the past—especially during the times of exorcism—some priests believed that prayers and commands in Italian, especially being a language spoken by the Pope, would have a stronger effect on evil forces. They even say the exorcisms wouldn’t take as long compared to when they were performed in English.

The number three was important because it represented the holy trinity, so as a way of mocking this, some entities tried to break the faith of the performers by showing themselves in a different shape: all white and of an extreme beauty very similar to how people describe the Virgin Mary apparitions in the past.

We now know that the three entities are connected, and *Soul Demonica* explains what has to be performed. . . .

So those components mentioned in the book needed to be acquired through moving in time and space. Part of what we overlooked in *Memento Mori* was that we need to call on a relative . . . so basically, we have to offer someone already dead from our family. Now everything was starting to fall into place.

We cannot cross the border of dimensions or travel in time because we are alive, but we need a spirit related to one of us to perform the request—someone reliable, preferably someone who died long ago.

Leann said, “Sheryl, it seems all these things that have happened are making sense now, and all this was meant to help you out. Think about it. . . . Who died long ago, and who do I feel guilt about? Of course, my cousin. I’m not pleased about this, but what other option do we have? Maybe he appeared to show me this before and, being worried and upset, I couldn’t interpret what he meant.”

According to *Soul Demonica*, after being able to get the elements, the soul of the person is set free, but before that, it has to stay present during all the process of *“deformation and transformation.”* Effectively, those entities will use the elements to become a whole evil force. That was the reason it seemed that those sounds came from only one mouth.

The book also mentioned that during the battle in heaven, some angels became evil, some transformed directly into demons, some became *dark angels*, and others died. This could be the reason Xophur had half an arm and half a wing.

Somehow, these angels survived during the battle but remained hidden and silent.

Chapter 4

A week after the last guidance session, we had more information about the entities who had visited us. For some reason, the apparitions stopped, but other stuff was happening all over the house.

The front door bore some scratches, resembling the mark of a claw, and forming the number three.

Leann said something about her cousin I wasn’t aware of: The way he summoned the demons was through a ritual he found engraved on a box, buried deep in the back of his house. Unfortunately, he found the box while he was digging the ground in which he would bury the ashes of his grandfather. . . .

Being so deep into his pain and without having the chance to say goodbye to his deceased grandfather, with a Ouija board he found inside the box, he decided to perform a session to try and contact him—which became one of many sessions where an inhuman spirit took advantage, acquiring the shape of his grandfather.

All this worsened as time went by. The evil force was developing a deep connection with Jeremy. He started to isolate himself, leading to a severe depression, followed by full-body aching, like he was an old person. He stopped going to school. He was being pushed toward a recluse state he couldn’t escape from, not even with Leann’s help.

What we know now is that Jeremy unconsciously offered himself to the entity through the engraved words on the box he’d found. . . .

He had made a mistake that brought him to death’s door, but at least he was trying to make something good from this horrible and consuming experience.

The next day after we had breakfast, we checked and the scratches on the door were gone, but there was more in store for us.

For the first time, from the depths of the house, layered and muffled, a voice from the underworld was starting to emerge. From the ethereal voice came the message:

*“Finish the steps in the book. Put an end to my misery, please. . . .”*

The gap of long silence that followed was deafening and unsettling. . . . It was gone.

I asked Leann, “Was it Jeremy?”

She said, “I don’t recognize that voice. It sounded like someone older.”

“In *Memento Mori,* some pages talk about cleansing and protection stones, saying that some of them can provide strength to people who become ill from dealing with evil forces. In my cousin’s case, there’s a special stone called hematite, which was used in ancient times by warriors to have physical protection against enemies, visible and invisible,” Leann said.

I replied, “So now we have the right spirit to perform what is demanded by the entities.”

Leann, “This recent voice has left me perplexed, yet I remain hopeful that it belongs to Jeremy. We have the stone to protect him while he goes and collects the items from hell. Also, we have the prayers.”

“Wait, but don’t need different prayers for him?” I asked Leann.

I had already found protection spells against the trinity in *Memento Mori.* It wasn’t easy, though. Some instructions really make you read between the lines, similar to *Soul Demonica* and, surprisingly, we need three people to make it work.

I’m not sure if Jeremy can help us with this because the words need to be said out loud. Spirits can only talk through a medium, and I won’t be able to canalize his energy while praying. There must be another living being with us—that way we can fight the backward trinity and hopefully save Jeremy from his current destiny.

Leann came up with an idea: “Before becoming a priestess,” she said, “there was an old woman who I knew was a witch and who taught me how to do a body split while keeping the body conscious—meaning no other spirit could get in my body. It’s like being in two places at the same time. During a regular body split, the body stays asleep and what travels is the spirit and the consciousness, leaving the body vulnerable to any entity that’s around. One of the properties of the hematite stone is creating a shield during astral projection so it can protect the body of the performer, which means it can help me while I’m doing the prayers and also help Jeremy during his mission.”

“Sheryl, I think you have seen enough, and I truly believe you’re ready for this. . . . I have two hematite stones I want you to get for me, but first you need to do a cleanup of the stones. They have been used in the past and they need to be recharged, as well.

“Inside the box I brought, you will find a transparent oil. The stones need to be submerged for at least one hour; it helps release any remaining energy. Remember, these stones were used to cleanse and also trap bad energies in the past. They are more than just stones; they play an important role in the process.

“After all this, we can proceed to perform the prayers. While we knock on the floor three times, the stones will build a spiritual shield that should keep away any evil spirit that might be around.

“One important thing to know, Sheryl, is that everything related to this trinity is strictly attached to the number three. It is believed that number is meant to represent the spiritual, the human, and animal part, but at the same time converged by nature into one, which makes us humans prone to be possessed by these entities, as we provide resources. Also, thinking about Jeremy reminds me that he actually needs to grab the stone. . . .”

“Oh, Leann, I remember I read something about *stone trays* in *Memento Mori*. Supposedly, if you don’t have any, you can use iron mortar, but it needs to be in the water, and the water shouldn’t be touching the stone while on the mortar.”

“Sheryl, you’re getting better at this. So we just need to get the mortar. . . . Hopefully we can get the proper one in a dedicated store; if not, we should go for a homemade version. In the end, what matters is the faith we have.”

“Concerning Jeremy grabbing the stone,” I said, “maybe he could do that through you while you’re channeling him? Is it possible?”

“Look, Sheryl, this is kind of an experiment for me, too. I haven’t tried it directly with demons. Remember, the one who was in direct contact is my cousin, so we must trust him in this matter. And yes, it is possible, but we also need to prepare ourselves to be mentally strong—that way, hopefully the entities cannot deceive us or trick us in any way. Remember, we are going to be in touch with *dark angels* who have a strong desire to become full demons, so they will do anything in their power to make us do their bidding—even taking our lives during the process. The more souls they get, the more power they can acquire during the transformation. They are already deformed due to them twisting goodness—that’s how they tricked my cousin: by taking the shape of his grandfather. So now they are looking for a full transformation. Their physical aspect is still missing and it was strongly affected during their battle in heaven.”

Everything appeared to be well under control, as we had gained more knowledge on how to deal with these entities. We sat at the same table where we conducted the guidance session, and then, out of nowhere, a sudden gap of silence ensued.

It felt like it lasted almost two minutes, if not longer. The sensation was peculiar, akin to the sensation of your ears blocking when you ascend to a high place. Your voice becomes muffled, and you must yell to hear yourself. In this instance, however, it was as if another voice broke through.

This voice was distinct from the ones we had heard before. It calmly stated, *“Match the time; do not waste it. Use it wisely.”* The energy emanating from this voice felt entirely different. We didn’t sense any danger or threats; instead, it felt like a guiding spirit, attempting to lead us in the right direction.

After this, Leann spoke: “I was more than convinced we were on the right path. This could be an angel or some relative that passed away long ago. I can feel it in the air, the clean energy, the soothing voice. There’s just one thing . . . ‘match the time’?”He could be talking about the exact time to perform it. . . . Being a trinity, it is known that the right time is 3 p.m., but we had enough to finish the day with all we had experienced.

What a long day! We were starving since we spent the whole day researching and learning about these entities. We ordered pizza and, after a couple of hours, we went to bed.

I recall going to bed very tired and decided to sleep as long as I could to get the most energy possible for the next day. It was going to be long and tiring, as well, so a good sleep was necessary.

I don’t usually wake up at night, not even to pee, but this time I woke up to a vicious thirst, as if I’d been walking a long distance under the sun.

I went to the kitchen to get water. My house has two stories so I went downstairs barely awake and, before reaching the bottom, I saw a shadow; it looked like it was staring at me, but I could see it move quickly to the living room. For some reason, I felt no fear; instead, I was just kind of worried and thought, *Could it be Jeremy?*

Maybe he was scared and worried, too?

In the end, he was just a teenager when he died, and was trying to do his best to help us. I’ve read that some souls are very attached to their physical shape, to the point that it makes them feel unprotected against other spirits when they lose it since there’s no shield—no flesh, no bones that could provide a hedge in some manner.

So, after quenching my inexplicable thirst I went back to bed, and just since I was curious, I decided to look at the clock . . . well, this scared me: 3:33 a.m. . . . Hmm, something is going on here and it’s not good.

Something told me there was no coincidence regarding this specific time. It’s known that evil forces use this time as a way of mocking *Saint Trinity.* Fortunately, nothing else happened after that; I just went back to bed but with a lot to share with Leann the next day.

A new day had arrived. By the time I was awake, Leann had already made coffee and I had dreamt about what happened last night and, honestly, it didn’t seem good at all. . . .

I told Leann about what happened.

“How are you this morning, Sheryl?” she asked.

“Well, to be honest, I haven’t slept very much. I woke up in the night feeling very thirsty, I went down to get some water, only to find out there was a shadow lurking around. I’m still wondering if it was Jeremy. . . .What creeped me out was seeing that it was 3:33. I mean, we both know that’s related to bad stuff, so I’m thinking we might be being watched. After falling asleep, I started to have visions of a valley full of dreadful sounds. I saw faceless people walking around, but they were floating above the ground. It looked like purgatory; they were waiting for something.”

Leann looked at me in awe and said, “Are you sure you didn’t sleep that well? I went to check on you a few times and you were sleeping soundly.”

*I don’t know what to say,* I thought. *It actually feels like a very lucid dream or that I was astral projecting without knowing it. I must have been unintentionally doing it for an unknown time*.

I simply shrugged in response.

“Well, I did hear noises around the house, and that kept me awake around the same time you were sleeping,” said Leann. “There might be a chance that your astral body was the one lurking around.”

It was almost two, so we got all the implements we needed—candles, oils—and this time we checked on every window or door that might be open so there wasn’t a way for wind to get in.

We memorized the prayers we needed, as our eyes must be shut. Everything was set up and the time was getting closer. . . .

I told Leann, “I’m scared as hell, but I’m ready. I’m not only doing it for me but I want Jeremy’s peace, as well. He’s a kind soul, who needs to be freed.”

“Look, Sheryl. We have come far and we are not alone. Jeremy will be our helper and support. We just need to be strong enough to fight against whatever comes our way.”

It was now almost 2:45 p.m.

We started to close the curtains, leaving all light to the candles alone.

Suddenly, the same unrecognizable voice was heard. . . .

“I am not . . . I am not okay. I’m weakening rapidly.”

I asked Leann, “What is going on?”

“I don’t know, Sheryl”

That same unfamiliar voice we heard before kept going. . . .

“I’m . . . I’m trying to help, my strength is limited here. . . . You don’t deserve this hell; this won’t be your ending, I promise.”

I was teary-eyed just listening to those meaningful words that brought so much joy and tranquility to my mind. Someone was taking care of Leann and me, but who? I know I didn’t deserve that chance; I brought this upon myself, so why was that being so caring, even without knowing me?

The unknown voice spoke: “You have been drawing symbols in your journal—some of these symbols are bonded to spells, and one way of summoning is not only doing it out loud but also drawing things by hand. That way, you call on the entity, and at the same time, you’re making a connection with it.”

I was petrified by those words; I had been doing that for months!

I’d been putting myself into that vulnerable position for so long, just thinking that nothing worked.

During all my research, I drew every symbol, even taking notes in my journal of all I was achieving.

Leann asked the spirit, “Is there any way we can perform this without affecting you? Why are you helping us?”

He replied, “My soul is already taken. The only thing I can do now is help you get the elements. I don’t matter anymore—at least not for the living. I know you tried and did all you could, but this is a fight I have to get through on my own.

“You never knew me, You were prohibited from knowing me; I wasn't a good person during my time on this earth.”

The sadness in Leann’s face was something I couldn’t bear. She looked so disappointed in herself and started to cry, as she was aware that everything had been done for a reason. Despite us not knowing who the spirit was, Jeremy was still in the picture for us; he seemed to be the only ally we had on the other side. He was like a little brother to Leann, so it was a devastating pain that clearly still affected her.

Chapter 5

The time had come. It was 3 p.m. After setting everything, it seemed the trigger for the paranormal was silence. Then something unbearable drowned the place. . . .

Three shadows showed up and, at the same time, the two books opened up right on the topic we were researching, and those same shadows said:

*“The time has come; it is time to perform your duties.”* After this, a macabre, mocking laugh rumbled the place. . . .

*“His soul is already ours, you dumb bitch! You will need more than stones and prayers to get rid of us, Priestess Leann!”*

I remember Leann’s horrified face. She looked at me as if to say, *How the hell do they know who I am?* She’d had no prior contact with them before, so she told me in a very low voice, “Let’s refocus. They’re just trying to make us feel like we have no power against them, but we do!”

It’s known that some demons can read thoughts, so as a preventive measure, Leann taught me how to interpret and even send messages through the tarot cards without evil spirits noticing it.

This ended up being a very powerful tool!

All of a sudden, the single voice split in three, so they were again *Artoon, Bothet,* and *Xophur*.

The demons were bewildered that we were just looking at each other and touching the tarot cards without saying a single word. This only upset them, though, to the point that they did something out of the ordinary: they fused into a creature that looked straight out of a horror movie.

It was three-headed dragon, and I remembered I’d read something online about this:

**‘**Those who belong to the first entity are driven to greed, corruption, and evil acts against God and mankind; those who belong to the second entity are driven to selfishness, self-centeredness, pride, rebellion, and stubbornness; and those who belong to the third entity are governed, break their spirits, and keep them impoverished and humiliated. **They work together to prevent certain individuals from advancing, acquiring wealth, and growing beyond them. Throughout society and the church, these three spirits wreak havoc and introduce new levels of depravity.’**

After becoming this terrible three-headed creature, one of the heads said:

*“Whatever you’re trying to do won’t work against us! We are a trinity; we are one and we can be many!”*

Through the tarot cards method, I asked Leann, *Where is our unknown ally?*

She showed me the card of the Hanged Man; it just meant that their presence in the place was preventing him from appearing, as he was already weak and they had more than enough power to fight against us.

Mentally, we started to recite the prayers, this time keeping our minds strongly focused as we were praying. . . . This helped set our ally free from the blockade the demons had on him.

We were replenishing him with energy to the point he started looking almost alive—someone who looked like a much older version of Jeremy, definitely a relative of Leann’s.

I said, “Leann, it’s working!”

Leann said, “Do not hesitate, and keep praying!”

We were so concentrated on the prayers that the demons disappeared, and now we had our ally strong enough to fight the demons.

But the worst was yet to come. . . .

*Soul Demonica* said something about a dimension that was open, which I recalled were the same words from Bothet, so our work was just starting.

One of the walls started to darken, and minutes later, the valley I saw in my dream appeared. I said, “Leann, look, it’s my dream! It’s just what I dreamt about last night! So maybe we had to use this passage to get the elements. Maybe that’s the way to travel in time and space?”

Our ally spoke:

“Neither of you are ready to cross there. Remember, I’m already part of the underworld so I’ll be able to do what has to be done quickly. I just need your guidance with the books—that way, I won’t get stuck in that horrible place, and hopefully my soul will be freed. I need to thank you both. Your prayers have provided me with the necessary strength to perform this, so this might be my chance to be forgiven and get rid of these demons once and for all.”

Right after he spoke, again a rumbling voice that split into three different voices echoed all over the place . . . the same three entities but now separated.

Bothet said: *“Your calling is now! You have an obligation to us! Perform it!”*

Artoon followed with: *“Now death and life will combine as the stars and moon collides.”*

And Xophur finished with: *“The form is the flesh, the power the soul, the shadow our existing darkness.”*

This was like a twisted poem, charged with evil. As soon as those words were said, our ally went back to being transparent and weak, and his eyes weren’t focused anymore. It’s like somehow the demons drained the energy we gave him, and he was just staring at the valley that showed up on the wall.

It was obvious they already some control over him. We even tried drawing his attention, but there was no response . . . it was like staring at a zombie.

Then Xophur said to him:

*“You’re going to have thirty-three minutes, but remember . . . time there runs differently.”*

Artoon spoke:

*“It’s up to you to get back or die forever there and be punished. Your soul is condemned to hell, and once the time is done, you will be seen, so hurry.”*

Bothet spoke:

*“Facing the truth of your acts will be your end if you fail to use time wisely over the verge”*

Leann and I just stared at each other while we were listening to those instructions. They sometimes coded in a way only a damned being could understand, so at some point, we were not getting to know exactly what they meant; we just had to leave our hopes with our ally.

Out of the blue, I heard, “Sheryl, Sheryl . . .”This voice was muted and distant, so it was hard to understand. I saw one of the tarot cards moving and it was the same card Leann showed me . . . The Hanged Man.

Spirits stuck in transition to the afterlife can go unnoticed while communicating through tarot cards due to their weakness.

Somehow, our ally was able to communicate with us without the demons knowing it: a new advantage for us!

He was now approaching the wall where the valley was and we were astonished to see how the dimension started to stretch while he crossed it. Once inside, he had to turn around and walk toward the river as the entities instructed. It was something neither Leann nor I would have witnessed. . . . It was exactly like my dream, but now it looked like déjà vu.

Then Xophur said: *“Walk backward—that way, you won’t be seen by the holiest.”*

Bothet said: *“Focus on the correct date and time! The components must be retrieved on their exact date and time of profanation.”*

Artoon added: *“Watch your own time; do not stay longer than needed, or you will face your misery in the underworld.”*

At some point, it looked like the demons were caring for our ally since they were giving him advice about things he should and shouldn’t do.

But Leann said, “Do not misunderstand what is happening; it may seem like they are helping him out, but remember, they will trick us all to get what they want. In the end, they are half-demons and this is all being shaped to their advantage.”

As our ally went into the underworld, the first place that showed up on the wall-screen was a river . . . but we couldn’t see anything that could be taken from there—at least not what we thought, like a rock for example, or something easy to get that you could carry in your hands.

Artoon said: *“You have reached the first place: now you must look for the uncommon; look for what a living soul wouldn’t think of.”*

Bothet: *“He, the holiest, was cleansed from his filth during* *Al-Maghtas.”*

Xophur spoke: *“Gather the sin. Collect what was left from the holiest.”*

This unknown being seemed to have stayed in touch with the demons, he knew how to perform these dark duties—and I say ‘dark’ because as I saw Leann’s face, we were aware that *he* had to do this. We knew only a little—probably closer to nothing—compared to what he had learned from these entities. We had to rely on him. His presence was kindhearted toward us all the time.

Leann spoke: “Sheryl, this is something dark. Those are not common things to get from a place. It’s all cursed. It has been touched and transformed by evil somehow.”

“Leann, what about those last instructions? What is Al-Maghtas? The holiest?”

She said, “Look, Sheryl, this is the part where we can help. Those terms must be in the books you have. . . .”

Oh my God, the books! Of course! That term must be in *Memento Mori*, but it doesn’t seem to be Italian, so I’ll go online and check it out.

I checked a couple of websites, and then stopped at one that talked about rivers in the ancient world, and I said, “Leann, look. This is related to what the demon said . . . ‘Al-Maghtas’ means baptism in . . . Aramaic, and is related to the holiest, Jesus. Now we know which river it is . . . Jordan River.”

She said, “Sheryl, it means what our ally has to collect is the water from the river. That’s the first element, so as the demon explained, it wiped Jesus of his filth, which I understand were his sins, as he was flesh and blood like us.”

Now that we knew what he was doing, at least we were on the same page. But then I thought, *How is he supposed to get the water? What is he going to use to carry it?*

As if reading my mind, Leann said, “Do you remember what we read about the stone tray? This might be the same thing but probably has a different shape. I’m not sure if we could use the same one we had; it was shallow.”

Then I remembered in my garden I used to have a keg, and for some reason the old owner had it made of iron, which is the material it should be made of if we don’t have a proper tray.

So I retrieved the keg, cleaned it up, and left it at the ready. I asked Leann, “How are we going to give it to him? It’s way bigger than a stone. Would it be possible to make it go through your channeling?”

Leann replied, “Remember, these elements we’re using are meant for this dark matter . . . so somehow, they are capable of breaking through dimensions.”

Well, she was telling the truth.

Our ally was approaching the river. The atmosphere was being profoundly contaminated . . . the smell of that water was grasping the whole room, a constant putridness. It was running water; nonetheless, it felt like something was eternally decaying in it like . . . rotten meat, very similar to the smell when I did one of my sessions.

He proceeded to grab the water using the keg, just dipping it in a little to get enough, and then Artoon yelled, “*Do it quickly! You still have work to do!”*

Bothet said: *“You must get the next element now!”*

This time Xophur didn’t say anything; he was just staring at our ally with very angry eyes like he was ready to strike him down. He could have done it in a snap! But maybe he hadn’t enough power to do that.

As I saw our unknown helper walking through the weird dimension, Leann and I just stared at each other, as if asking, ‘How is this happening? How can he see where to go? He could just miss the portal and go somewhere else in that hell he’s in.”

He made his way from the water, then Xophur said, *“Now you have to go to our altar and leave it there.”*

Our ally seemed worried and said in a trembling voice,“Where is the altar located?”

Xophur just nodded with a grimness, as if saying, ‘You know where to go. . . .’

Then something unexpected happened. Our unknown helper opened another portal by himself. This time what we saw there were trees on fire! Standing trees with no leaves on them . . . just fire! A fire that never seemed to cease, and little children walking around the trees. One of them got close enough and we got scared. The proximity allowed us to see his amorphous face. It was hell for sure, and those were not children—most likely demons masquerading as kids.

Our ally crossed the portal and proceeded to leave the keg on the altar, which was made of pieces of different animals and human bones.

He walked back toward us, weaker than ever, then Bothet spoke: *“First mission accomplished. It’s time to go to the next place.”*

Our unknown supporter looked so weakened, his skin was starting to flay. . . . Leann and I were desperate, but we could only see his decay as we kept praying in our minds, trying to focus on him. But there were too many things happening at the same time and we were starting to lose our strength.

With his remaining energy, he said through the cards: “Leann, Sheryl, please focus on the prayers; do not lose faith. This is just the first mission and I need to perform two more. Only you can help me get through this.”

I said to Leann, “There must be something else we can do! He won’t be able to make it!”

Then Bothet, staring at him, said: *“You better hurry or you will face Xophur’s wrath!”*

Seems like Xophur was the main entity between them, or at least was more concerned about the elements for some reason.

Xophur, stretching his back and adopting a commanding posture, spoke: *“It’s time to pay a visit to the place of the skull. I know you’re weak, but I’ll provide some of my powers to allow you to fulfill your mission. I’m the one who chose you from the first moment.”*

I gazed at Leann and thought, *What the hell is this? He was chosen, then. . . .*

Then I remember Leann’s words: they are half-demons or dark angels, they still have good in them. . . . Now it makes sense. That’s the reason they are warning him and somehow helping.

Through the tarot cards, I asked Leann, *Why don’t we try to distort their intentions?*

Leann replied, *Are you nuts??* *We are dealing with half-demons. No matter how much good they still have in them, they will not succumb to our wishes. They might show a little of that, probably to make us think it’s their weakness, but it is just a façade.*

*But we got nothing to lose. We should try. . . .* I replied.

All of a sudden, in the kitchen of the house, another portal showed u—this time not in the wall . . . just straight in the air like it was floating . . . one of the most astounding things I’ve ever seen.

Inside the portal, we could see all clouded and grey, then a path that seemed to get to a mountain. After a couple of minutes, we saw three crosses probably ten feet tall . . .

I said to Leann, “Isn’t this . . . ??”

“Indeed, Sheryl. It’s the place of the crucifixion, also known as . . . Golgotha.”

Our helper went to cross the portal and, after getting there, as he is walking backward, we could see his decaying face. It was pale and had already started to deform.

Xophur said: *“Confermo il mio potere su di te.”*

After a couple of minutes, our ally regained some of his strength and once more looked alive. He was constantly being boosted in dark power by the demons, as the Italian phrase stated above illustrates. There was a grief-stricken gaze in his eyes that was hard to see, but there was nothing more we could do more, other than wait.

Xophur said: “*Use my powers wisely. This is the most important of the missions. Be careful and do not let the holiest see you or else . . .”*

Our ally just nodded as if accepting his destiny. . . .

As the demon said, time in those places runs differently. While our ally was approaching the mountain, dusk was falling. He started to search for the element but we noticed he was not alone. It seems there was another presence . . . a cacophonous noise in echoes expelled, “*Tainted soil . . . tainted soil . . .”*

Bothet said: *“The next element you must find, it is already cursed by mankind and its sinful acts—tainted, profane.”*

Artoon said: *“The holiest wasn’t holiest all the time.”*

Suddenly our ally fell to his knees, and Xophur angrily rumbled the ground with the words, “*Stand up! You piece of shit; you already have my power!”*

But our weakened helper was lying on the floor, and then the unexpected happened: Xophur was so desperate to have the element that he pronounced a phrase that would compromise his own existence: *“Pieno potere che do su di te.”*

Leann looked at me as if to say, ‘This is it. He gave away his full power. . . .”

In fact, as soon as the Italian phrase was pronounced by the demon, he looked fully depleted, having offered the last remnants of his energy.

“Sheryl, this is a good time to act. He’s so weak now, we could strike him down. Somehow, but what should we do? We also can’t stop the prayers.”

But then, a long black figure appeared from behind of one of the crosses and approached our ally, saying:

*“I’m the reason for your weakness, but I can provide you more than just power; I will give your life back. I will vest protection upon you against death. You will be able to talk to the dead and bring whoever you want from the underworld. This place will be nothing for you if you accept my offer.”*

Chapter 6

The calvary was the second place to be visited according to what the demons said—and it seems like they weren’t aware that other entities were in search of the same elements.

There was a dark, tall figure with no eyes, no hands, nothing you could see beyond a long cape—only a voice that seemed to come from every angle. And on the other hand, Xophur barely existed, so drained of energy he had given up willingly.

The dark figure directed his voice to Bothet and Artoon, saying:

*“You both are nothing without Xophur—not even your powers combined are a match for me, so abort this suicidal mission and get back to the hellhole from whence you came.”*

I remember seeing Leann’s face. She had a look like she knew who or what this dark entity. . . .

“I might have seen this entity before but I’m not sure; my head hurts sometimes when I try to remember. Sheryl it feels like something tries to distract me and I can’t think. I push myself hard because you mean a lot to me, but this is a burden on my shoulders, and I just want to do whatever is best, even if it doesn’t include me.”

“This is more than friendship, Leann. You already have done much more for me than many other people in my life, so stop putting yourself down. Don’t you think this could be an attempt from this new entity to attack you?”

“It could be, Sheryl. I do think we might be dealing with another kind of dark angel, possibly more powerful, but for some reason, he’s not identifiable or is masquerading as a damned soul.”

A, some damned souls are meant to ramble in the underworld with nothing but a black cape, as they were supposed to go unnoticed and protect their realm from any soul or entity that could be around, so it’s probable that his mission is to avoid the half-demons from getting the elements.

After a while, the dark figure disappeared and our ally regained a lot of strength, but this was odd. He had to accept the dark entity’s help and he didn’t, so how did he recover?

He had his head down. When he raised it, he looked so different; he seemed a different spirit. . . .

Leann tried to call on him three times and he never answered. Now we knew we were in trouble.

Somehow, Xophur had managed to possess him while he was lying on the floor. Even within his weakened state, the demon had enough energy to get into our ally. In the end, our ally was weak, as well, so there was no way he could have fought Xophur.

We were running out of options to save him, and now he was under Xophur’s control.

I asked Leann, “What are we going to do now?”We could not perform an exorcism. We were halfway through the mission, and now . . .

We’d lost our only chance.

Leann just said, “Sheryl, calm down! We still have the tarot cards. There should be a way to get to our ally. He is still there. Also, when demons possess people, they are not always in control of them, so we need to wait for the right moment to try to communicate with him.”

Directing her voice to the mysterious ally, Sheryl said, “Xophur possessed you while you were lying on the floor, and it seems his power is keeping you strong.”

Those words meant nothing to him since he was so dazzled by the strength that surrounded his body.

Leann said in a low voice, “We need to be careful; we could be dealing with Xophur instead of our ally. Remember this is part of the process that the victim has to go through; he might be using him to perform the full transformation and get his real form.”

Thank God I had Leann there; I would have felt so vulnerable by myself.

He might be tricking us. There’s no way a human soul could travel in time and space and get those elements. Besides, he is possessed—we don’t know when he is actually himself.

As we remained seated at the table, contemplating our next move, a tall, shadowy figure emerged before us. It was likely the same entity that had appeared to the ally. It spoke: *“Look what we have here—the living pandemonium, a witch and a Demonica.”*

Leann just stared at me with a baffling look but didn’t say a word, like she was hiding something from me.

The dark figure then said: *“You both have enough energy to fight the demons and get your ally back, but it seems you don’t know who you are and don’t even know what you’re capable of doing.”*

Then the dark, tall figure was gone, leaving us to wonder what was coming next.

Leann got very pale, and I asked her: “Are you okay? What is a Demonica?”

She just said, “I didn’t expect this to happen, but we cannot have secrets anymore. The truth is, you might have powers you are not aware of, and I didn’t know you were one of those . . . .”

“One of those what??”

She looked at me and said: “You have a rooted connection with demons, and you have been doing stuff for so long—summonings, drawings—and somehow you are not affected by any of those experiments, but this time you found these three entities that somehow are threatened by you.”

I said, “Threatened? In what way? I don’t even know what I’m doing.”

Leann explained: “In biblical times, there was a demoness called Lilith. She commanded a legion of demons. It seems you have acquired some of that power during birth. In other words, a Demonica rules over a legion of spirits—not necessarily evil, so not so bad—but yes, you can rule over evil and good spirits. So, Sheryl, do you know about anyone who might have done a deal in the past? Some relative or somebody close to you that could have involved in anything related to demons?

I’m sorry, I know this is a bunch of information to digest, but we have no time to waste.

We need to find out what you’re capable of. Then hopefully, we can find something in the books to aid us.”

I replied, “Leann, to be honest, somehow I feel I was born for this, so don’t worry; let’s just dig into this, and as the entity said, we can work together. And who knows, we can maybe stop the dark angels or semi-demons or whatever the hell they are from fulfilling their plans.”

“Good, Sheryl! We’re definitely on the same page.”

All of the sudden from the tarot cards, a card was thrown on the floor showing a man riding a camel. We were wondering if it was connected somehow with the entity we just saw. One thing in common was that these spirits or entities we have been seeing just disappear right after offering their deals—same with this last dark figure.

At this point, we had learned a bunch of stuff:

* Our mysterious ally was now possessed and lost somewhere in another realm or dimension, and the second element hasn’t even been acquired.
* We haven’t heard or seen Bothet or Artoon in quite a while.
* After being interrupted by this tall, dark figure, everything just went back to normal; it all seemed like nothing happened, and we felt we were more lost than ever. What we were supposed to do now?

If we tried to do a new session, what could happen? We don’t know if we actually have an ally by our side. Is Xophur masquerading as him? Besides, we might be putting ourselves at risk, as we have proven other entities can come our way and just dive into worlds as they please and maybe even strike us down. We decided it was time to take a break from this—at least for a while or until we figured something out.

Everything remained quiet for around a week since the events happened. We didn’t get any news from the mysterious ally, the demons, or the tall, dark figure, which remained nameless and unidentifiable. We never found anything related to his appearance in the *Memento Mori* or *Soul Demonica*, which both strangely went missing a couple of days after we used them.

After running out of options for research, I decided to get back online and try to find something that could help us, but the internet can be deceiving. Now more than than ever, we need to be careful.

After checking five or six websites, I found out something related to a demon called King Kamoolod, who portrayed a man riding a horse and, in some cultures, was also a camel. I was wondering if we were dealing with the same entity. In the end, it could be masquerading as a damned soul, as Leann had said.

I recalled the tarot card that was thrown on the floor in the last session; it was a man riding a camel, just like the one I found online, but it seemed it was referring to a different entity. In very small letters below the image on the card, I found the word “Monkipai,”so it didn’t make sense, as Kamoolod was quite a different name.

Another weird website said something about a riddle concerning the real name of this entity, which must be resolved to find out who it really is. This riddle said things like *“chop a limb get the king”* or *“watch the northwest, see the unholiest.”* The more I read, the more confusing it got. Also at the end, it mentioned that it could be a phrase or a full name coded.

Honestly, my mind was so overwhelmed by all these events, and I wasn’t thinking clearly, so I decided to leave this to Leann.

Something was building up that we weren’t aware of—some darkness was making its way to us, things were starting to disappear, and it was harder to sleep or even focus on the help we were trying to reach. Maybe it was time to ask for reinforcements from someone more experienced than us.

Leann, after reading what I found, told me we might have the answer under our noses, but we need to check on every detail. . . .

She said, “Let’s list the facts we have and then decide from there. We know it’s a king, or at least that’s what it says on the website, and it rides a camel or a horse. Let’s try with what the dark figure offered to our ally. Maybe the answer is there.”

Leann was getting closer to an answer. She read for almost a day or two. This research started to feel like a drug—the more you read, the more you got attached to it.

Leann has something quite special, and that’s the fact that she knows how to interpret things that to a regular person would be very hard to resolve. This uncovered a lot of information that was being hidden right in front of our eyes.

We found out that the word “Monkipai” is a contraction of a phrase that describes perfectly the entity we are looking for. So, for starters, we had to separate it into syllables like *Mon-ki-pai* which, according to one of the websites we found, should be reorganized as *Ki-Mon-Pai,* as each of the syllables stands for a particular meaning: *Ki* is *King*, while *Pai* and the word *Mon* makes *Paimon.*

Little did we know that we had one of the kings of hell right in front of us . . . one of the most fervent followers of Lucifer. A powerful demon capable of providing all the knowledge in the world, fame, and fortune. He could also breathe underwater and even force visions upon people.

He succeeded in tricking us; that tall, dark appearance was hiding its real form, which was supposed to make people go insane to the point of trying to chop their own head off—and in fact, it makes sense as this is one way of offering.

So, what was next? How are we supposed to face this entity and be able to help our enigmatic accomplice?

Well, it seems King Paimon had other plans and those plans included us. . . .

After countless hours of research, the tall, dark figure reappeared before us, its presence both unsettling and mysterious. As it materialized once more, a shiver ran down our spines, and we couldn’t help but feel a mix of trepidation and curiosity. With an eerie aura surrounding it, the figure began to speak once more, its voice resonating in the room like an ancient echo.

*“Well done. I didn’t expect less of you two. Now you know who I am, but do you know my purpose? It all depends on what you want to achieve. . . . Is it truly all about your ally, or is there something else I can corrupt your mind with?”*

I never thought the following words would come from Leann’s mouth . . .

She requested from the demon: “I want to have the knowledge to fight the demons but also become the strongest witch—that’s my greatest wish!”

I was horrified by her words; I couldn’t believe it was her talking and, at some point, she looked dazzled by all that was being said by this dark entity. His power was so overwhelming to her that she was being deceived, yet I wasn’t being affected at all. . . .

Maybe I was being protected by my own acquired powers that I previously wasn’t aware of.

Gathering some braveness, I decided to confront the demon, saying: “I command you to reveal the location of the elements, free Leann from the charm you have her in!”

The demon just grinned and said: “*You have some fucking nerve! You forget who you are dealing with. I’m a king and I earned this position in hell! I’ve confronted Lilith in the past and we had to set a truce. Do you know why? We are leaders. We command legions of souls and demons. I won’t be disrespected this way, stupid Demonica!”*

As the demon grew increasingly agitated by the situation, it seemed Leann was finally freed from his spell. I, however, was feeling confrontational toward this entity.

Leann woke up from her trance and got scared, saying: “It’s the same dark, tall figure again!”

I was surprised that she said that. After all, she was right there with me while I talked to the entity. . . . I had read that some people are affected by the presence of this entity to the point that they cannot get back from that state. She didn’t remember a single thing after asking the demon what she wanted, so maybe this is how it gets control over people: when they say their wishes, they get stuck in a trance. I was relieved Leann had gone back to normal.

And then, as usual, the demon just disappeared. . . .

I was starting to get tired of this. Leann and I were more stuck than ever. Every time the entity appeared, it just threw us back where we started, and there was never an explanation for these displays of power.

Then the lights went off, and it was all dark and I said to Leann that this cannot be happening again!

Leann said, “Seems we are having another uninvited guest. . . .”

All of a sudden, a mist surrounded us, heads were piling on the floor, and from the darkness, a voice said: *“Offer me what has to be offered and I’ll pay back with abundance.Save Leann and fulfill your destiny. Give me your head!*

Leann yelled, “No!! There is no way you’re going to make us do that. There has to be another way!”

*“Neither of you has understood that this is an exchange, I won’t leave without what I want. This is all win-win. Maybe you don’t know an important fact, but you can grow back your head in any shape, size, and color you want. You can become who you always wanted to be. Being a Demonica can be fun, Sheryl.”*

Leann grabbed my head, looked at me sharply, and said, “Do not try anything stupid! Remember who he is. He doesn’t give a fuck if you live or die!”

We started to see that there were symbols around the house—one way of attachment of this king of hell to his victims is to leave his marks or summoning symbols all over the place where he appeared. . . . Then, once again, he just vanished along with his symbols.

I said, “Leann, this fucker is trying to drive us nuts, and trust me, he is achieving it!”

At some point, I guess I lost Leann’s attention, as something was running through her mind. She uttered, “I’ll try a body split again, but this time I know more about the entities we are facing, and I’ll get myself fully ready before doing it. I might have an ace up my sleeve, a force I still don’t know how to control. For that reason, I have to tamp it down, but for this fight, we need hellfire against hellfire if we want to stand a chance. The source of this power is something I took from Jeremy.”

“Okay, Leann. I’m not here to judge you. I told you already,” I replied.

Leann then said, “Sheryl, this happened in a séance I did months after Jeremy’s passing; I was outside of myself.”

“It’s okay, Leann. I understand.”

“No, it’s not okay, Sheryl; I astral-projected myself to his tomb and moved his head out of the casket. . . .”

I froze. I just couldn’t say anything else.

Chapter 7

To be honest, I had never felt so engaged in supernatural stuff as I did then, but at least I don’t feel threatened or scared; I just feel useless due to not being able to help Leann, so what’s the point of being a Demonica? It’s just bullshit!

What am I supposed to do with something I don’t even know how to control?

I was determined to give a resolution to all this once and for all in my own way, but without telling Leann. I was sure she was hiding a lot more than I knew.

I decided not to dig deeper into the exhumation she performed, but I wasn’t sure it would bring any good to our situation. Keeping a head? A dead man’s head?

I’m trying not to judge, but to me this went just too damn far.

I put this on to the side while I started to work on my investigation, trusting my senses and using my “powers” against all these entities. It seemed I was the answer to it all.

So as a Demonica, what am I capable of doing?

1. Well, according to Leann, I can rule over a legion of spirits good and evil, so if that’s the case, I might find out specifically which demons I can control, to use their function to my advantage.
2. According to the books, I can even set a truce between spirits when they’re too powerful to dominate. These evil spirits have some kind of rank, or when a final decision has to be made over a human soul, and there are many spirits involved.
3. Online research said that a Demonica—like any other spirit or demon—has to earn a certain rank to be able to perform things without approval from “higher forces” (I honestly have no idea what this means).
4. I can interfere willingly with human things and make them do as I wish, or even offer them deals according to the rules I set.

So, for now, it all seems promising at least. . . .

Leann has been living with me all this time and it has been a rollercoaster of emotions and experiences, and a lot of learning from these spirits.

All this research has made Leann more accurate in her interpretations. She now said, “I know what you’ve been doing, Sheryl, and it’s okay.”

I was trying to ignore her, but she just kept talking. . . .

“You know more about yourself now than when we started this crazy journey and I have been doing my own thing, too, while you were away on your errands. I have a lot to say. . . .”

Sheryl uttered, “Okay, I knew it! I knew you would find out, so go on. . . .”

“I performed a body split using a different type of protection against evil spirits and it’s interesting because I might have been doing stuff the wrong way all this time. I had other spells that allowed me to call on angels and, yes, these are the good guys, Sheryl—no half angels or anything like that, so, running out of options, I requested their help and guidance. . . . One way of getting rid of these entities is having a proper way of summoning but also a farewell. Many people make the mistake of calling on them without parting first, which often disgusts the entity to the point that it can attach to the summoner, somehow affecting his or her life in all ways possible. So besides this, I found out a Demonica can also change its appearance at will, which can be convenient while dealing with disrespectful or defying spirits, many of whom require a sacrifice or at least some kind of offering, which is the case for Paimon.

“So with all this being said, I think we can perform a new session with all we have learned. Let’s recap, as a Demonica you can: command certain spirits; change your appearance; set deals and truces; and interfere in human affairs. So, Sheryl, do you know which demons you control? That would be very useful for starters.”

I said, “No, I don’t, and honestly, we might have to search somewhere else. There’s nothing on the books concerning the legions, and quite often the information on the websites is not so clear. It’s mostly coded or made as a riddle.”

“Well, Sheryl, I went to one of the local libraries and I was surprised to find a book that talked about Lilith, the legions she commanded, and also how she stayed relevant in humanity for so much longer than any other spirit or demon.

“According to the book, she didn’t work alone all the time. She had an entourage of women who escorted her to some places. These women were considered demonesses, as they had some kind of power similar to Lilith’s but nothing that compared to hers.

“Between the years 1670 and 1690, a revolution took place that led Lilith to confront these women, as some of them were not in accordance with her demands. She often sent them to missions on their own just to get them killed. Not all of them were so naïve, though. Lately, Lilith herself found out there was one of these women who’d been hiding her full powers from her, so it was clear she was a threat to Lilith’s dominance.

“One night after a heated argument, she got rid of almost all of her entourage, implying that they were useless and had no power to even support her in battles. But she miscounted one of them. . . . While getting back to her castle, she could feel a presence that surrounded her but there was no one with her—supposedly, all of them were dead. Little did she know that one demoness had survived and it didn’t matter how strong her power was, she couldn’t get rid of her.

“A very irritated Lilith asked, ‘Who the hell are you? How is it that my powers won’t affect you in any way? You traitor! Hiding between the other women and trying to get what is mine!’

“The demoness kept silent, with a grim and a very defiant look toward Lilith, which freed her frustration in a rage of words and insults.

“Lilith spoke: ‘No, there is no way! You can’t be! Not a Demonica. It has been centuries! So many damn years without one of your kind! And I have killed those who have threatened me!’

“Lilith then launched a direct assault, unveiling powers she had never revealed before. Her eyes blazed a crimson red, but as she delivered the final blow, something unexpected happened. Lilith collapsed to her knees, her eyes losing their luster, as if her powers were being drained from her, absorbed by the demoness.

“It became evident that the longer a demoness observed her master’s extraordinary display of powers, the more potent she became. In this encounter, Lilith’s energy and life force were being extracted, a process that would ultimately lead to the transformation of the demoness into a formidable being known as a Demonica.

“So, during all those years, there wasn’t a worthy adversary for Lilith, but this strange woman was making her way out of her slavery by killing Lilith slowly and without her knowing it! She had guts!

“Well, Sheryl, actually Lilith is not dead. The book says every time a Demonica rises, the power she acquires comes directly from the most powerful of the ‘coven.’ So this power is transferred, but through all these years, Lilith has done a flawless job of eliminating all of them except for the last one.

“So now I’m wondering . . . how long has it passed since you knew Lilith? Where is she? And it’s a shame you have hidden all this information when I trusted you with all my secrets!” Leann finished, noticeably irritated.

“What? What do you mean, Leann?”

“I’m not stupid, Sheryl. It makes perfect sense that all this has been provoked by you! Seems you’re hiding more information about yourself, so I don’t know what game you playing but you better explain!”

“Leann, no! I don’t understand. This doesn’t make sense to me, either. I know it looks like somehow I just replaced her, but no! I have no memory of meeting her or even fighting with her in battles. Please trust me; I’m just as confused as you are! Besides, I’m not the one who kept Jeremy’s head! Maybe you fucked us by keeping it with you. I’m sorry but you have a lot to blame yourself for.”

Leann just gazed at me in rage and said, “I really hope you’re telling the truth, or else we won’t be able to put a fight with these demons. And yes, I do keep the head in a safe place—we might need it yet.”

“Okay, Leann. We better put our respective guilt aside if we want to achieve anything.”

So many things have happened since our last séance and I had many arguments with Leann concerning my inherited powers that I supposedly took from Lilith. . . .

The more we research, the more intertwined Lilith’s story became with me. And I made another discovery that creeped the hell out of me and it was the fact that, according to the same book Leann found, as a baby some relative of mine had placed three drops of Lilith’s blood into my mouth, providing me with her powers but also making me find my way to her since my birth! Leann was accurate in what she said: I was offered! Connected to her since the beginning! But who set this trap for me? My mother? I talk with her quite often. She is a devoted Catholic woman and probably spends more time in church than her own house.

Well, I should probably make that call and find out if she has been lying to me all this time.

After spending some time on my own, I decided to confront her and make the call, but while I was getting ready for it, I heard . . .

*Demonica!*

*Demonica!*

*Bitch of hell!*

*Mistress of the dark realm!*

Out of the blue, a dimension opened up in a wall. Between the blurred images I could see Artoon and Bothet sitting on altars, which reminded me of the dimension the mysterious ally opened for them in the last session. They looked so deformed and weakened while they yelled at me.

*“You need to embrace your power!”*

*“You’re being useless!”*

*“Use your powers against Paimon! Fulfill the mission!”*

I asked them, enraged, “Where is Xophur? Is he dead or still attached to our ally spirit ? You both are useless, as well! You both depend on Xophur to do your job! I may not know how to use my powers, but you are demons!”

They grew furious. They tried to stand from their thrones and for some reason, they couldn’t.

Then I asked, “What is going on with you both?? Where are your powers? You’re not making Xophur’s job or mine easier! How am I supposed to finish this mission?”

They replied:

*“The reason why we are stuck in our altars is that we helped Xophur by offering our powers to him so he could hold on to your accomplice’s body while Paimon approached him. Besides, we cannot leave this dimension, as it protects us and the elements from any other entity. And yes, we are powerless, but we cannot do anything about it, and we do not expect any help from you or your friend.”*

“You’re just too proud to admit that I’m your only chance now,” I replied. “Instead of helping me somehow to understand my powers, you prefer to rot in that shithole where you are! Clearly, you don’t even care about Xophur!”

I was getting braver; I didn’t give a single fuck about them being demons. In the end, they were messing with us the whole time and I might have some rank over them, anyway.

It seemed Bothet wanted to speak his mind out but Artoon always tried to hold him back . . . then Bothet said seemingly unwillingly, “*There might be a way you can carry out your mission but you need to get your ally back, convince Xophur to leave his body, and also provide your accomplice your powers as you did before.”*

There was a lot for me to do . . . I’m assuming what they said is that I need to start praying again with Leann during the séance, as this was the only way to provide our ally with some power.

I talked with Leann about all this and she was eager to know more and perform a new séance, so in our new session we decided we might need to summon Xophur to be able to get the ally back, as there was no trace of him. The worse-case scenario would be summoning Paimon, as we already knew his help comes with a high price.

What we didn’t know was that Paimon was already working out a way to get to our ally, as he saw we weren’t that easy to manipulate. He knew our ally spirit had no power so he was an easy target.

We waited for the right time again: 3 p.m.

We set everything up. There was no chance for mistake this time. Leann was ready, I was ready, and at least now we knew who we were dealing with and all possible scenarios that could happen during the session.

This time we summoned Xophur using the *Soul Demonica* and *Memento Mori* with all the right instructions, and all of a sudden, our mysterious helper showed up. . . .

His face looked crooked, as if somehow it was changing its shape; his nose, eyes, and ears looked animalistic.

We explained to him that since we didn’t hear anything from him because he was lost somewhere, we decided to summon Xophur.

Sheryl uttered to the crooked spirit, “It seems you’re starting to transform into Xophur . . . I mean, we summoned him and we didn’t expect you to showup.”

“How are we going to detach him from the demon? Somehow, they are becoming one,” I said.

Leann replied, “Okay, let’s take a break for a moment and analyze this a bit. . . . Artoon, Bothet, and Xophur are meant to work together, right? They’re a trinity, so how is it possible that Xophur himself can be doing the whole transformation when it requires an available host that can provide energy and a body to rebuild their true shape? Besides, there’re still two elements missing and the third place hasn’t even been visited yet. . . . Remember, three places should be visited according to what the demons said, so something does not add up.”

Then Leann came up with a brilliant idea: Through the tarot cards, she got our ally to tempt the demons into doing what we want them to do. The mysterious ally now closely resembled Xophur, so it shouldn’t be a problem. Also, he has access to their altars.

They seem so afraid to leave their dimension, they could be hiding something from us.

So we restarted our session from the beginning. We got back our accomplice, or at least some part of him. But where was Xophur?

I asked Leann, “Do you think there might be a chance that this is being interrupted or sabotaged?”

Leann replied, “There might be a possibility that Paimon is behind all , but he hasn’t shown up lately. . . .”

Chapter 8

The mysterious ally made his way to the demons and smartly used his new appearance to lure them into releasing us from the mission we were still supposed to fulfill. Leann’s plan seemed to have been fortuitous.

It was cool to be able to witness all that, as we were so close to the dimensions every time they opened up.

Our mysterious ally managed to persuade the demons. They seemed to have agreed. They stopped harassing us constantly, but only us—he was still under their control and we felt our hands were tied since we couldn’t do the same for him, release him from their slavery. On the other hand, it was strange that they released Leann and me since they had been so pushy concerning acquiring the elements and finishing the mission. I trusted Leann’s plan, of course, but how did our ally change their mind so easily? Just by his appearance? What if he traded something without us knowing?

The séance kept going and the demons started to give new instructions to our ally while Leann and I kept praying. . . .

Bothet started this time . . .

*“It’s time to pay a visit to the Garden Tomb. You will get inside the tomb. The stone removed by the holiest during his resurrection still lays beside the entrance.*

*Once you are inside, you will lock the entrance with the same stone and remain there until the Holy Shroud appears., Retrieve it, and it will allow our spirit back to its flesh. You will know the right time.”*

In his customary manner, our mysterious ally had to walk backward toward the location. A dense fog engulfed the entire area, making it challenging to navigate. As he approached the entrance and stepped inside the tomb, the sight within was just as terrifying as the eerie atmosphere outside.

He still had Xophur’s powers but wasn’t Xophur anymore, so it was easy for him to lock the entrance with the huge stone. . . . Time was almost up when . . .

The enormous stone removed itself from the entrance, and from the fog, the tall, dark figure showed up! It spoke:

*“Still under those pitiful demons’ control? Free yourself. My offer still stands. A Demonica’s head would be a highly appreciated offering to me Acquire powers like you’ve never had before. Last chance!”* said the tall, figure menacingly.

It was clear that Paimon was putting up a façade. It looked like he almost tricked the mysterious ally into his trap, but all of a sudden, the portal started fading till it disappeared. A minute or two had passed when the portal showed up again with no fog, no trace of the ally or the tall dark figure. . . .

Something was not okay.

Leann said, “Sheryl, I believe Paimon lured our ally into accepting his offer, but that’s not all I’m concerned about; he had to make an offering, so what did he offer? We might be in danger Sheryl. Let’s do the farewell and stop the session!”

But right before finishing the parting prayer, a big claw came out of the portal. I was closer to it so it had the chance to tear up part of my arm—three huge scratches appeared on my right arm. We did finish the prayer and the portal closed but the job was done—I had been marked and my life was in danger now.

Leann said, “Don’t be scared, Sheryl. We will figure this out. You’re a Demonica, remember? I’ll clean you up.”

I was crying and desperate to finish all this. “Leann, that’s my main concern. I haven’t been able to use those stupid ‘powers,’ not even to confront the trinity.

Leann replied, “This discovery of your powers should probably be done by you and you alone. The demons mentioned something about you not being a threat, as you don’t know your capabilities. You might need to contact Lilith. . . . We’re honestly running out of options here.”

“What?? Are you nuts, Leann?”

“Well, you haven’t been able to find anything that can be useful about yourself, so I suggest you talk to her. Just ask her what you need to ask, and as I said before, if you don’t know her or haven’t met her in the past, it shouldn’t be a problem, right? Your arm isn’t that bad, anyway,” said Leann in a shady manner.

I met her gaze, overwhelmed with a sense of being judged, and firmly declared, “I will prove this to you! Even though I know you don’t trust me, I am determined to fix this!”

“Don’t you have rank or something? So yes! You have work to do. When you figure out something that will help him and yourself, then call me. I’m done with this shit; we’ve been in this loop for how long? Who the hell knows if you truly provoked all this, and now I have to clean your shit.

I should have probably accepted Paimon’s offer; I would have been out of this long ago,” said Leann, clearly irritated.

Words escaped me; I couldn’t fathom that it was her speaking. She busily packed her belongings, making the decision to depart.

“Wait, Leann!” I shouted.

“I’m done with this, Sheryl. Do what you have to do and then call me. Such a fucking waste of time!”

She was in such a wave of anger, there was no way to speak to her; it almost seemed the devil got into her. . . .

She moved out of my house and we didn’t speak for at least a week, so it seemed the demons achieved something—and that was to separate us.

I had no help anymore, so if I wanted to get my friend back, I needed to marshal whatever power I had and face Lilith.

I made a plan: First, find a way to get to Lilith. She is now a regular woman, so she shouldn’t be hard to find. Besides, I’m hoping I can understand how to perform my duties as a Demonica. I’m under a lot of pressure, so I hope I can cope with it.

I do miss Leann, and somehow, I feel I failed both her and myself.

Out of the blue, my phone rang, and in my state of feeling low and isolated, a rush of joy overwhelmed me when I heard my mother’s voice. Despite everything that had transpired, she managed to reach out at the perfect moment. With no one else to lean on, her call meant the world to me.

We went out for coffee, caught up on many things, as usual, but she also mentioned if I was having issues of any kind lately, which sounded strange to me. She was very specific in asking. . . .

“Are you into spiritism or anything related to it? I’ve been having odd dreams and you seemed involved in all of them. In every nightmare, you are surrounded by deformed beings, non-human, and this is taking a toll on me, as well.”

I kind of froze and didn’t know how to react. . . .

She said, “Are you alright? I know you, Sheryl, enough to know that I might need to tell you something that happened many years ago. I’m the only one to blame here.”

I let out a gasp, as I had a strong inkling of what she was about to say.

“My beautiful daughter, as a mother I did everything I could to protect you from all danger. I never thought I could trust the wrong person in one of my moments of need and then keep that person close to my life despite what she did . . .

“One of my sisters, Agatha, had a really hard time getting pregnant. She had tried so many ways but none of them worked for her. In her desperation, she called upon any force that could help her achieve her goal of being a mother, and it worked, but it came with a high price.”

I couldn’t believe my own aunt Agatha had been plotting against me right from the beginning, supposedly helping me out but just pushing me down further.

My mother made a big confession to me, between tears and regret . . . But I guess time has taught me how to forgive after all of these years because I didn’t feel nearly as angry as I thought I would.

“She was present during your birth,” my mother continued. “I was sedated and helpless. How I wish now that I’d been awake! She took your umbilical cord after it had been thrown in the garbage and gave it as an offering to an entity in return for a child of her own.

“Unaware that it wasn’t the sole offering required, she soon discovered that the entity demanded that she pour a blood-like liquid into your mouth. Naively, I believed my baby was being looked after, only to realize that, in reality, my child was being condemned.

“I don’t hate her anymore; I just feel shame and disgust. But she is paying for what she did, and she will keep paying till her last breath.

“She has been suffering from so much pain. She birthed a son that stayed sick during all his childhood. Now a grown man, he barely talks to her and often regrets having her as a mother, so I decided to not keep a grudge toward her. Life and God is punishing her in so many ways. She’s my sister but she deserves all this. . . .”

“But how do you know all these things?” I asked.

“Call it premonitions, dreams, or nightmares—I don’t know anymore but I’m pretty sure I needed to communicate this to you so you’d be aware of the danger you’re in.”

I didn’t interrupt my mother. I went silent. I was confused and a little mad at her.

She said, “I understand if you’re upset at me, and I know things may change between us after this, but always keep in mind that I love you and I really wish I could have avoided this unfortunate situation.”

I said, “I understand completely. I wish my aunt would have had the guts to tell me that herself, but it’s okay; I know how to deal with this. Besides, I have friends to help me. I’m not worried about myself at this moment; I’m prioritizing the people I love and who have truly cared for me. Thank you for being honest, you will always be my mother and there is no way to change the past. I forgive you and I do accept my destiny.”

She said, “It’ss okay, Sheryl. You don’t owe me any explanation, and I’m glad you have the strength I could only dream of having.”

My mother remained silent, and after a brief pause, she gently took hold of my hand with an affectionate gaze.

Somehow, she knew in her heart that this was a battle I had to face on my own, and I believed that if she could, she would have done more for me.

Another week passed. I got the strength to give Leann a call, and she answered on the third ring. Her response indicated that she might not have been in the mood to talk, but at least she wasn’t rude enough to ignore the call altogether.

Leann: “Hey, how have you been?”

Me: “I’m okay.”

Leann: “Just okay?”

Me: “Well, I recently discovered that my mom knew about my past, and it was quite overwhelming to process.”

Leann: “How do you feel about it?”

Me: “I told her that I did my own research and I’m aware of everything, but now I simply don’t care about myself as much. My focus is on the people I love and who have cared for me. I apologize, Leann. I thought I was brave enough, but I ended up feeling like a coward, letting things spiral out of control.”

Leann: “It’s okay, Sheryl. I was too hard on you, and I shouldn’t have said some of the things I did. Please let me know when you’re ready to face this, and we’ll confront it together. I truly don’t know what got into me. I have never reacted like that before—I’m truly sorry.”

This was one of our longest fights. Not even when we were apart for almost five years had we had an argument like this.

Eventually, I finally found a way to get to Lilith—through the same book Leann found. Two invocation sigils plus meditation were the key. I have been doing this for a long time, so I just need to keep in mind Leann’s warnings about a proper summoning, and a farewell, as well.

I started my own séance. I put myself into a different state of mind focused on her, and somehow defying toward her. Maybe I was starting to embrace this new identity.

I learned that a big part of what it takes to call on an entity is courage, which I don’t lack, of course, but being aware of everything that courage comes with is even more important. According to the same book—which strangely didn’t have a name but only a faded letter H—as a descendant of Lilith, I should write down my demands and make my servants read it out loud. Well, that’s a lot for me so I do prefer to get at least advice from her if there’s a chance for it.

I maintained the summoning until the candles extinguished on their own. It’s quite common to witness symbols during or after an invocation, and in this instance, a crescent moon with a cross appeared on the wall behind me, like a subtle watermark, barely visible from afar. At that moment, I knew I had received my answer.

*“Who dares to call on me?”*

“My name is Sheryl. I don’t intend to disrupt you. I’m aware of the high figure you are in the supernatural world. I do believe you’re the only entity I can rely on at this moment.”

*“Well, I do have bad news for you, my dear. I did lose a battle years ago in which I became powerless. I was betrayed by one of my servants, which ended up being my enemy,”* replied Lilith.

“Mmm, well, concerning that, I might have to make a confession. I just found out I’m something called a Demonica. That’s the reason I decided to summon you,” I said.

*“Goddamn!Not again! I won’t deal with this anymore. I was disrespected and mocked by your kind! But I will have my revenge! This is not over!”* screamed Lilith.

“I’m so sorry, I don’t mean to make this more unbearable for you. Please, I just need guidance. I don’t intend to steal anything from you. If there’s anyway I can give back your powers once I’m done, I’ll do it!”

This sounded like a sweet melody to Lilith’s ears . . .

*“Did I hear that right? Are you willing and able to give me back what is rightfully mine?” t*he demoness asked.

“Yes, I am. I need to get rid of some demons, which I summoned recklessly , but the supposed powers I hold seem to be no match for them.”

*“Good! Then we have a deal, my dear. I’ll teach you how to control them,but remember, once you’re done, I’m expecting my powers back or else you will pay a higher price—I’ll make sure of that. But now, my protegé, do you know which entities we aree dealing with?” a*sked the demoness.

“When I first did the summoning, they didn’t show up right away, but later they did and they identified themselves as the Backward Trinity—more specifically Artoon, Bothet, and Xophur.”

*“Ohh, I see. Old, broken, fallen angels. I dealt with them long ago. I feel pity for them. That’s the worse state in which a demon or angel can be. Right in the middle, no identity. . . . In the last battle in heaven, they tried between the three of them to strike down God. They barely affected him during the battle. In return, he punished them by deforming them and throwing them to earth.*

*They trusted Luzbel, now known as Lucifer, as a leader for them, but they didn’t know that his powers at that point were limited compared to God’s.*

*Now you have a little background of your enemies. They’re smart and can cause much trouble, but they can be driven to an agreement. Of course, you must possess some authority to be able to do that, and that’s where my help comes in.*

*I could try to lure them into accepting a different deal, but you need to be smarter than them, offer something different from what other souls have. Remember, as a Demonica, you’re meant to write down your commands, so be open to pulling out your best ideas.”*

@“Okay, that sounds like a good plan but where am I supposed to write it down, like a journal?” Sheryl asked.

*“Yes, in fact, there’s a special book that finds its way to its owner.*

*Have you ever heard of the Soul Demonica?”* Asked the demoness.

This cannot be happening; I couldn’t believe what I was hearing . . . the same fucking book I have? And got me into all this madness?

*“You need to remember there have been other Demonicas in the past, so you might be dragging some old dirt probably the same old things that brought you to this point.*

*Now that you’re aware of the power that book has, you will be more careful when attempting to summon entities. You still have to learn how to approach them and get them to make your will, they can be stubborn but you will learn how to handle them according to your needs.”* Expressed Lilith.

“I do have that book, but I never thought I could write in it or that it would have this connection with me. I do know from one experience that I had in the past that it shows information through stain-like watermarks that eventually became words.” Sheryl spoke.

*“Mmm, that’s interesting I haven’t seen that kind of Soul Demonica,*

*You might have a different book that probably allows you to change your mind without writing.*

*Seems you have a lot to discover from yourself and your skills.*

*Start by getting that book, sit down and be smart on your choices.*

*I’ll be guiding you through it.”* Spoke the demoness apparently conniving with Sheryl.

Like saying goodbye to an old friend, I closed the session with the proper farewell and started to look for the book.

To my surprise when I find the book, it didn’t show any stains as it did the last time, I use it. Seemed it was ready to be written but as Lilith said, is it really wiped off? It might be all blank now but what if it’s holding old Demonica’s wishes? And not only that, how do I know if Lilith is just playing me?

Chapter 9

I called Leann because I had a lot to talk about and we needed to get back to where we left last time. I was feeling more confident now to deal with whatever came during the session, I had Lilith by my side as support . . . or at least that’s what I like to think.

Leann came back home after a long time; I can tell for sure I have been learning a lot through Lilith and also Leann has met her top knowledge into spiritism through research on her own.

It seemed like this was the right moment, the right time to finish with all this.

We started to get ready as we usually do in our so many seances, the time was getting closer and we had no backup on the other side, our supposed ally was lost again in that loop so it was all between Leann and me.

Just as we were about to begin our prayers, darkness engulfed the surroundings, obscuring Leann from my view. I called out to her repeatedly, but there was no response. It felt as if we had been thrust into separate dimensions. In a desperate attempt to break free from this situation, I even tried reaching out to the ally, fearing I might be trapped in a similar loop as him, but he, too, did not answer my calls.

Not being able to see, I was starting to panic as I had no idea where I was, all alone. I felt something run its claws on my arm but this time very smoothly, my wounds from the last session had healed but those awful marks were still there, reminding me of my destiny. Deep from the darkness where I was, I heard in a very low voice . . .

*“Demonica, Demonica*

*Your last chance at my offering*

*You have something, that belongs to me!”*

Something was approaching the place and then a woman’s voice . . .

“*Paimon, King of Hell*

*Honor and respect to your name there is,*

*Although a Demonica holds a rank upon you.”* Lilith spoke.

*“Who dares speak? Lilith, what brings you to meddle in my affairs? I do not sanction any demon, especially a demoness, to have a say in my schemes! I suspect you have an agenda involving this girl, just as I do, so speak your intentions . . .“*

Lilith remained silent, and her silence filled me with suspicion. What if she changed her mind about our agreement? The thought terrified me, as it meant I would likely be trapped in that dreadful place once more. However, everything shifted abruptly as a powerful force yanked me away from the darkness at a tremendous speed. In a mere instant, I found myself back in my house, but there was no trace of Leann to be found.

Gazing at my own hands and trying to figure out what was happening, from afar I could hear,

“Sheryl, Sheryl! It’s me, Leann!”

“Where are you? I can’t see you but you seem to be . . . inside the house?” Expressed Sheryl.

“Sheryl, I found a way to get into our ally’s loop. Somehow he learned how to use the sigils from Artoon, Bothet, and Xophur to move between dimensions and loops but I’m having a hard time trying to get back possibly I’m doing something wrong. He said I had to do it on my own to make it work.” Uttered Leann.

I said, “Leann, I think I can do it.”

“Do what Sheryl?” Asked Leann.

“I might have the power to bring you back here, I guess I just did it. I guess I just released myself from a loop.” Pronounced Sheryl excited.

“Please, go ahead and do it. I’m starting to feel weakened. I sense the presence of other entities, but it’s all jumbled up—good and bad energies swirling around.” Expressed Leann concerned.

I did try it but I had no idea what I was doing so I decided to write it into my *Soul Demonica*, but wasn’t working either. I raised my head just to find a presence facing me backward, it looked like our ally but how could I be sure it was him? The only few times we saw him backward, he was performing dark duties for the demons . . .

I told him desperately, “please help me get Leann back, she got stuck in the loop you were!”

He replied, “She will learn how to stay where she must be.” For the first time, the treacherous ally spoke.

I stood frozen, unable to believe my ears. This spirit has connived with the trinity since the beginning, he must have tricked Leann into believing it was her cousin on their first encounter. What unsettled me the most, was the fact that when he turned to me, his right hand was carrying what seemed to be a handful of tainted soil with blood and the left hand a folded piece of cloth.

My head was exploding with questions, I couldn’t get a hold of the situation. All I could think of was, he had all the elements! No wonder why the trinity released us from the mission or at least that’s what he said he did.

What did you get Leann into? Did you plan this? I asked furiously.

“The job is done and your purpose is close to being fulfilled.” Expressed the deceiving being.

Who was he? He wasn’t our ally anymore, he was not even a relative I would say, he was just an opportunistic spirit that must have received a body to inhabit as payment for his job to the trinity.

“You don’t have to do anything else Demonica! Soon you will successfully finish what has to be done! The king will have the kingdom that was promised to him!” Spoke once more the deceiving being.

Now it all makes sense, he was just a guinea pig . . . he lured us into this, he helped the demons trap Leann, I was all alone and Lilith was just a fake helper.

With an unbending grip, the strengthen ally grabbed me from behind, I could see the dark long figure approach me, a big long tongue licked my right cheek, and said, “it’s time Demonica!”

Right after, I could see myself hanging from the ceiling like my soul was just ready to witness my demise, I was just floating there, nothing was holding me from the ceiling and then I heard . . .

*“With your mind, you will grab this dagger and you will bring it to your neck, you will stab it three times, first on the right side, then the left side and with your last breath in the center of your throat.”* Spoke the dark long figure.

*I never felt so defenseless, there has to be another way!* I thought. I wasn’t in control of my body or my soul, I kept pushing through, I could only rely on my physical strength.

I kept holding myself from bringing the dagger any closer to me, I could feel I was being controlled by a foreign force, it was trying to make it seem like it was me but I guess I was strong enough to endure and to fight it.

In a sudden and startling moment, Lilith materialized before us, her presence demanding attention. With a fierce intensity in her eyes, she unleashed a resounding yell that echoed through the air. Her appearance felt ominous, and then the words that released a menacing argument between them.

*“What a disgraceful way of getting things done! That’s the reason why offerings are offerings.*

*It demands a will from the summoner, to give something in return to the demon summoned.”* Spoke Lilith challenging the other demon.

Paimon: “You again! Seems I’m going to have to get rid of you first!”

*“How you dare to threaten me!*

*I’m the queen of hell, I’ve been here way before you*

*And you will succumb to my wishes as many of your kind do”* Expressed the demoness in an awe of arrogance.

For the first time, I could see Paimon show its real form by being pushed by Lilith. It was astonishing watching him do it, his bones, his shape, all that black long figure transformed into a huge camel with him on top of it.

It was a clash of the titans and I was in the middle of it.

Then Paimon after his full body transformation directed his voice in a very intimidating way toward Lilith and said:

*“I already know you are a loser! Being deceived by your own servants . . .*

*You got nothing to your name,*

*Just that mortal and rotting body . . .*

*That can only serve to carry your pitiful soul*

*You are no queen anymore!”*

I’m not very sure about what happened after that but I could feel something coming from Lilith, only her anger and red-veined eyes were visible. There was definitely another presence roaming the place but what was that?

I could feel from my very own hands, a burning feeling but it wasn’t a hazard for me . . . it was like an energy building from inside of me and then . . . a blue fire coming from them!

Then I thought, *I could use it against Paimon or even Lilith but how?*

I saw Paimon’s black and very deep eyes for the first time, I was becoming a threat to him while Lilith remained calm during this whole power showing from my hands, like knowing this was going to happen.

It seemed Paimon’s words against Lilith awoke something that I was holding.

I recalled one of the demands I wrote on the *Soul Demonica* and focused on it, almost instinctively, I extended my right hand towards Paimon and unleashed a bolt of azure flames upon him!

He was quick enough to avoid the hit and then he threw one dagger toward me that got right into my neck just with the tip of it, I could feel the sharpened dagger getting deeper into my skin and right on the place he wanted, on my right side.

Then I thought, *I need to avoid two more of those daggers, somehow my powers were shielding me from his powers but the dagger was making its way inside my neck.*

I tried to ask Lilith for help but she could just stare at me while saying:

*“This is your battle, search inside yourself!*

*Find the strength you need and make it work for you,*

*Soul Demonica!”*

Using some kind of telekinetic power, I could grab the book from the table it was and place it right in front of me while it opened and showed up the stains, I saw the first time! But now those stains were like a watermark of myself fighting with Paimon!

The book was showing me how to fight him and how to approach every hit he did. It was like watching a movie through the book, something out of this world.

With a second strike, a really powerful one, I could throw him on the floor . . . but during this exciting moment of power and almost winning this battle, the dagger was getting deeper every time . . .

On the ground, with a grimace on his face, he spoke:

*“It doesn’t matter how strong you think you are,*

*I already sealed your destiny,*

*You cannot kill a king!”*

Then Lilith after seeing me throwing him on the floor just spoke,

*“The Demonica has earned a rank over you, since the moment you touched that floor. Seems you’re not a match for her anymore, King Paimon!”*

While still having the book right in front of me, I could see how it appeared on its pages the sentence “Ruling over kings of hell” then I knew I achieved something big, big enough to call myself a Demonica!

Paimon stood up and nodded toward me like accepting me as a superior . . . while he disappeared.

From one of the walls of the house, a portal showed up and I could see how Leann came out of it!

It was one of the happiest moments of my life, I saved her and got her out of that loop where she was trapped.

She said vehemently, “Thank you for this Sheryl, you have shown what you are capable of and you are tremendously stronger than you think, you aren’t a regular Demonica.

I thought and wondered, *what had happened to the deceiving ally?* It seemed when Leann was freed from where he had her trapped, he might have been dragged back to that hellhole.

So now, was it time to give back Lilith’s powers? Although we had a deal I was feeling more in control of these new skills, I had the Soul Demonica and to be honest, I could achieve so much with it.

Leann spoke: “Well, I’m very impressed Sheryl, how did you manage to fight one of the kings of hell and how did you develop your powers?

“I just followed my instincts, used that weird book you found about Lilith, got a couple of sigils from it, and summoned her. She was very helpful and guided me with the *Soul Demonica* but of course, I need to pay back for that.

We made a deal, I’m supposed to give back these powers but WOW Leann, this is fucking amazing! I stroke down that demon and got my rank into the supernatural realm! I’m not a simple Demonica anymore.

I had the chance to save you, we have each other and honestly, we could achieve a bunch of things together, don’t you think?” Expressed Sheryl passionately.

“I’m not very sure that you should keep those powers, Sheryl, it might attract other enemies, probably put your mother in danger or even your own life, I mean those powers weren’t yours in the end, just give her powers back, at least will be fair that you kept your word and didn’t try to cheat on her. You didn’t steal her powers so it must mean some kind of respect toward her.” Uttered Leann meaningfully.

Well, yeah . . . I was listening to Leann but something inside me was pushing out to be released and I didn’t want to get back to normal that was boring as fuck, for the first time I could get whatever I wanted from an entity or a human . . . just setting up a deal and making my own rules!

Was I willing to lose that? Mmm, I don’t think so . . .

I told Leann I was going to give Lilith’s powers back but . . . I didn’t.

Instead, I decided to prepare myself, using the Soul Demonica I wrote down my demands and even the book was a perfect assistant in everything I was doing, I wondered if that book belonged to Lilith in the past, otherwise, she could be planning a way to get it and become more powerful and I could become her pawn which wasn’t on my plans.

I knew that probably part of Lilith’s revenge could be getting back her entourage and surely including me in it but then I thought, *what if I have enough power to revoke her deal?*

That’s something I will figure out and see if it’s possible . . .

I’m so different now compared to how I started this journey, I’m more focused and centered toward the things I want, I just wish Leann had the same hunger to conquer other realms and other things, especially her that has been so involved in the supernatural and knows so much but it’s ok at least now our last concern is The Backward Trinity . . . which strangely haven’t shown up lately but I’m not surprised they could appear in any moment.

Leann just said, “look Sheryl I’m starting to feel a little uncomfortable about not knowing anything related to those three demons, they couldn’t have vanished forever . . . how do we know if that supposed mission is still on? The treacherous ally is gone with the elements, must likely we have been set up for downfall while he left unscathed.

“We might need to set another séance, Sheryl . . .”

Well, that was music to my ears, probably this time I could force them to revoke that stupid mission as I earned my rank now.

For some reason, I recalled I had the wounds Paimon did on my arm which healed pretty good but they could be seen yet, besides I thought about *the daggers . . .* those were strange thoughts but I just let them go.

Using again the *Soul Demonica* I properly started this new session; I had Leann by my side and the knowledge and power to control these demons in case they try anything.

For the first time, the book showed me their sigils, it was amazing to see how these symbols complimented each other like being linked, in other words, these demons can’t be summoned separately somehow the sigils look incomplete when seen split.

With all my preparations complete, I found myself experiencing the same emotions that had surfaced during my first encounter with them. Leann inquired if I was alright, and though I assured her that I was, the truth was that a sense of fear began to creep into my being, and I couldn’t comprehend why. I was far more prepared this time around, making it all the more baffling that this unease had taken hold of me. The conflicting feelings left me puzzled and on edge as we embarked on this endeavor.

Leann said, “if you feel like stopping, this is the right moment Sheryl . . .”

I thought about it and being so upset with myself for feeling such cowardice, I said, “let’s keep going.”

While I tried to focus on this new séance, a strenuous noise rumbled the place. I heard Xophur’s voice first:

*“Demonica, you’re not like the others, you just moved on from the fear, the fear of your destiny.”*

I said, what do you mean? I’m already embracing my destiny and getting quite good at it.

Bothet spoke: “*Not that destiny,* y*ou have been marked by a king of hell*, *we aren’t on that level*, *he must have wounded you previously.”*

I kept silent and thought . . . *I wasn’t wrong on all these recent thoughts.*

Artoon said: “*You defeated him*, *but that was after being marked*, *we might help you out as you owe us the elements*, *could be a fair deal, finish the mission* *and we could help you devitalize him.”*

Sheryl replied unsettled and shocked, “What do you mean I owe you the elements? That phony ally of us, I saw with my own eyes the two remaining elements in his hands!”

Artoon careless of the event spoke, “Those elements must be placed on our altars and we only have the accursed water from the river. Whoever that spirit was, fooled you.”

As I contemplated the situation, I couldn’t help but think, *Oh no, not another partnership with another demon.* With Lilith already causing enough trouble, and Paimon seemingly plotting against me in the shadows after our intense battle, I felt overwhelmed. His recent surrender left me questioning his motives. Was it all just an act to deceive me further? The uncertainty gnawed at me as I tried to make sense of the complicated web of alliances and betrayals surrounding me.

I had no idea of what was going on and probably Lilith lied to me. I decided to get back to my ally, *The Soul Demonica*.

The book showed that Paimon’s daggers are placed in his crown but when he has attacked someone with them, they disappear, is like somehow, they get stuck in the victim but I wonder how I’m supposed to find them if they aren’t visible anymore.

A couple of days later after finding this, I started to notice I was scratching my neck constantly but I couldn’t see anything that could provoke this reaction on my skin, nonetheless after almost bleeding a little from my incessant scratching . . . a sharp tiny piece of the dagger that was thrown at me.

According to *Soul Demonica*, I must offer someone else’s head to free myself from Paimon but this is insane!

Seems the little piece of the dagger has been making its way inside my neck since my last battle and contaminating my blood, corrupting my mind with bad thoughts and memories of things I haven’t done, for some reason I’ve been thinking about . . . *Our deceiving ally but why?*

I guess I’m just being manipulated by Paimon to fulfill his plan no matter what.

I’m a Demonica, I could simply lure the ally into offering his own head! He has a physical body and finally, Leann and I would be freed from this insidious demon, leaving us only with The Backward Trinity.

But I forgot Leann had his head, Jeremy’s head!

I have been doing my own assumptions about some things:

* Probably Leann acquired powers through a pact or deal but she needs to keep the head in a safe place in order to retain her powers
* If I steal the head and offer it to Paimon I might get rid of him put I will put Leann in danger also I’m not sure if Jeremy’s head is as valuable as mine according to Paimon

I couldn’t find a way to get rid of the rest of the tiny piece of metal from my neck without hurting myself more and seems the longer I keep it there the worse things would get.

My mind was so clouded with thoughts and doubts but I wanted a resolution for all this and I was running out of time. That almost invisible piece of dagger would go deeper and I would probably end up dead.

I finally got an answer from the last person I expected . . . Leann.

She said, “if you decide to punish our ex-ally that’s ok with me, we have been through so much and all his help has done nothing but push us back. So, it’s up to you Sheryl, do what you feel is best and I will support your decision whatever it is.”

“I haven’t been completely honest with you Sheryl, but everything in this life comes with a price and some people is more willing and able to do things in order to achieve their goals.”

I just said, “Well I guess is a little late to keep secrets Leann.”

More revelations from my friend, to be honest sometimes when I guess I know her more is actually the contrary.

“The truth is Sheryl I need to keep the head in order to be alive, I should have died at least a century ago but managed the way to stay alive and look young, it was a deal and it did its purpose. A head must be offered to Paimon so there are only two options Sheryl, I could just give up Jeremy’s head and die or you could offer your own head.” Uttered Leann clearly worried about both options.

I didn’t know what to say, she was right and it seemed as everything was pointing at me and all those strange thoughts again in my head like something was making myself feel unworthy of living.

I was checking out Soul Demonica while trying to think of something that would help us get out of this situation without killing us in the process. What I saw in the book was more disturbing than anything I have experienced or discovered before.

The Soul Demonica once more showing the coffee stains formed an image that shook me to the core, it was Leann at first and a moment after, my aunt Agatha!!

I froze, completely paralyzed, I could say I stopped breathing at least for a while.

*This cannot be happening; she has been with me the whole time since the beginning. This might be a trick from Paimon,* I thought.

Even when I went to request help from my aunt at the beginning of this, Leann was with me! How is this possible? But I also thought, *I still don’t know which powers does Agatha possess so I truly believe I don’t know this person at all.*

I tried to remain calm while staring at Leann . . .

She asked, “are you ok Sheryl?”

I just nodded but decided to keep quiet.

I need to lay down Leann I’m not feeling that well, but I just lied and left the house while she went to the kitchen.

I been living in danger for long, I cannot let her know I know the truth. I took Soul Demonica with me heading to the library where she had found the book with the faded H.

I just opened the book again and as it was warning me from the coming threat, the stains were not stains anymore, on one side it showed Leann but on the back of the same page it was my aunt Agatha again! There was no doubt in my mind!

I went back to the house, pounded that door as if I was the FBI and went straight to confront her. “Who the hell are you!? Answer me!”

I could see how her face started to shapeshift right in front of me! Her voice, everything!

“Where is Leann?” I yelled, “What have you done with her!”

“Don’t worry niece, your friend fulfilled her purpose many, many, many years ago.”

It was Agatha masquerading Leann this whole time!

I tried to escape but she shut the door right from where she was standing!

I need to think smartly on my next move, she could probably kill me if she wanted to, she was a powerful adversary and is not a demon neither a witch at least not that I know, how can she be so powerful?

She can change her shape; she could have been Jeremy or even the Trinity herself!

I went to open the book but she snapped it up from my hands using some telekinetic power and said, “this is the end, Demonica!”

“Who the hell are you?” I repeatedly asked as my aunt Agatha in all the visits I pay to her she never showed any kind of power or skill more than being a seer.

But I got no answer, I was truly scared as I didn’t know who or what was I facing. In my desperation I decided to kneel before her while my hands were on my head, I placed them on my neck with my hair covering them, I managed to scratch my neck in order to get some blood out as it already was pierced by the metal left from the dagger.

That way I could use a little of my own blood to draw Lilith’s sigil, all this while my hair covered my hands. This was a fast and silent way to summon her, if it works.

I was truly waiting for my end to come despite having finished the summoning. Finally interrupting me, I could feel Agatha’s hands on my neck pushing her fingers exactly where my wounds were like trying to split my head from my body. There was blood in her hands, probably thinking it was done by her, but when she set me apart from where I was kneeling, she stepped back frightened at the sigil I had managed to drew on the floor and asked in a very annoyed tone, “What have you done? How did you do this?”

I stood up and I saw Lilith standing behind her!

Lilith was pulling her head from behind and said,

*“All this time for nothing? Such amount of power and not being able to kill a young girl? You deserve nothing but death!!”*

Lilith lift her up with one hand and right after I could see how Agatha started to age rapidly and crumpling like a burning piece of paper!

With a grin on her face Lilith asked.

*“What’s troubling your Mind? haven’t you learned anything? Still, behaving like a mortal?*

*You don’t deserve to be a Demonica!”*

I just thought to myself, *she is not an ally; she has been teasing me and making me go through many tests and for what?*

*“You must know that I’m aware of what you’re doing, if you call yourself a Demonica . . .”*

What do you mean Lilith?

*“You’re just probably finding a way to get rid of me, let me tell you that is not happening dear . . .*

*I’m not a regular demoness, despite not having powers, many demons will accept my demands*

*So, get done with your trinity and give me what is mine!” Do not intend to break our deal or you will pay for it!”*

I just realized how lonely and hopeless I was but decided to keep Lilith as an ally or at least as a supposed mentor, my options were limited. Seems I have more enemies than friends, on one hand I’m so sad for losing Leann, I wonder what if Agatha said was true, did she really killed Leann? Or was she a prisoner in some other realm where I could save her from?

Chapter 10

Seems like strange events are always making their way to me specially since my last encounter with Lilith.

New neighbors recently moved a block away from my house, they seem like a praying flock which I couldn’t avoid of seeing whenever they had their meetings as they have not enough space for parking spots. So eventually they came to my house to ask and borrow space to park their cars.

Not upsetting at all, as they were always very kind in asking if I wanted to join them in their meetings, it was a big thing with food, religious music and specially singing, but I always kept my posture of keeping my distance as I know how time consuming these things can be, and to be honest, I got enough on my plate with the things I have gone through.

Occasionally, I found it a bit peculiar that a few members of the flock returned to the place during nighttime, considering that all our gatherings were scheduled for the daytime. However, I dismissed it as them simply preparing things for the next meeting, not giving it much thought. I’ wasn't until one night that I finally took notice. They arrived, their heads shrouded with fabric, and stayed there for at least an hour, sparking my curiosity and raising concerns.

My house was probably fifty meters away but whenever I saw the cars coming in that house, I knew at least five or six people could be heard, not singing but like a muted praying most likely coming from a basement so maybe the house had it.

Could have passed around ten minutes after they left the house and around it, I could saw shadows moving which was strange as there wasn’t any car left and I saw the same people who entered the house get out of it, but it was one of those things I wasn’t willing to mess around with.

Moreover, it was getting tiring and really annoying as the gatherings became more and more frequent, bringing more people which meant more cars and of course way noisier praying and singing compared to how it began.

I had enough of hearing and seeing things from that house so I decided it was time to check it out . . .

I almost called the police but to be honest they haven’t done much in the past as every time they got there those fuckers just remain silent till the cops leave. I decided if I wanted this done, I had to do it myself and I do believe that relying in a good talk might take you quicker to an agreement otherwise, I may take justice into my own hands.

I went there with my best attitude and willing to fix this, I had the right to live in peace as well as them, I approached the house and almost entering the property, I notice there were marks in the sidewalk that headed to the house, I thought were unusual and reminded me of things I did in the past with Leann to be more specific, setting up a perimeter.

A perimeter that probably could have been done to keep away or to contain someone or something.

I do recall seeing two marks one of each side of the sidewalk and a third one right before the door facing the house.

I could have been worried but they seemed like just marks, not an actual symbol so I kept going and knocked the door, I was upset so I really needed a resolution.

After knocking two times the door just opened slightly, then I asked:

“Excuse me, I have been having a hard time sleeping and also the number of cars in my doorstep is becoming really annoying. I had to lend my space to your congregation repeatedly . . .”

No answer.

It seemed like nobody was there but I saw a bunch of people going in, I knocked again and requested to talk to the person in charge, but the door just opened wide and I saw no one, not a single person in there. I had two options back out or enter the house. Of course, I had to go in who would have stop me from getting this done, I was exhausted of waiting for them to set hands on the matter.

Once inside the place I kept yelling:

“Is there anyone here?

Hello?

I been knocking the door like crazy and nobody answered it!

I’m sorry but your meetings are really loud and I had a terrible time trying to sleep . . .

Hello??”

No answer, besides my patience fading away.

I stayed for a couple of minutes after all my useless attempts just standing there, and right before leaving the place, I heard people murmuring coming from below but it was just like they got there.

That didn’t make any sense, where were they?

Then after a while from one of the doors heading the garage, assuming it was the entrance to the basement, I saw a blinding light coming from the lower frame of the same door.

That intense light meant something terrible for me in the past.

I knew what that was and before letting myself be seen by them I just ran away leaving the main door cracked open.

I was scared to death, because I knew that those neighbors meant nothing good, all this theatre they’re putting up to masquerade what they’re really doing . . . but I need to remain calm, I know those prayers and singing are meant for someone else but God.

I got back home with my head spinning and actually worried about what I witness, but I can’t focus on that right now, I got Lilith and I need to get done with her. But that intense light reminded me of the portals . . .

Those same portals that trapped Leann in the past, besides that means they’re worshipping some demon, probably a dark angel. I didn’t know what to do . . . but then I thought, *aunt Agatha must have Jeremy’s head somewhere, that lying bitch!*

I wish I had Leann with me right now, it’s a shame aunt Agatha used her and cursed her fate that way, but I need to get that damn head and offer it to Paimon, at least I’ll get rid of one of my enemies.

That’s another liar playing dumb, I think Lilith underestimated his power and I do believe he won’t stop bugging me until I deliver what he wants, so I better get to Leann’s house and look for that head and hopefully I will get rid of him.

I would say that probably a week went by, and strangely I didn’t hear about my annoying neighbors I was a little relieved that at least I could sleep better and didn’t have to be bothered every time they needed a parking spot. On the other hand, I was thinking, what if they just left because I discovered them or even worse, they could have saw me trespassing their place?

The idea of paying another visit to the place was getting more frequent especially now that there was no one to catch me red handed, and who knows I could find the answers I need there.

For some reason I recalled the marks left on the house, and decided to bring the Soul Demonica with me, I wanted to compare them and see if there’s any similarities to the ones I have seen so far in my house. The book itself may show me something I don’t know about or probably something I know pretty well.

I went there with the book in a backpack, intrigued in discovering what my neighbors have been doing just that this time, I got in through the backdoor close to the kitchen. Once inside I saw again the same marks, this time facing the door to the basement, that same door had at least five different locks which weren’t there, the last time I entered that house so definitely someone got back to secure that door, something important is behind that door for sure.

While figuring out how to open those locks, the same bright light coming from the lower frame of the door . . .

What I least expected, the locks opened up by themselves like they were just waiting for the right moment. I opened the door, it took me to a staircase heading below, I could say went down two stories easily and then to a hallway, all over the ceiling of the hallway more marks and some of them showed the number three.

I’m not trying to get paranoid but every time I see something related to that number the first thing, I think is the trinity. One of the mysteries I need to unravel is the fact that this might be related somehow with those three entities.

At the very end of that hallway, all I could see was a huge grey wall. I was wondering where I really was? That hallway could have been at least twenty meters long and I couldn’t find anything.

Where did all that people go in those meetings? There was plenty of space.

I decided to head back up and just leave that place alone. Turning my back to that wall, I started to feel watched and looking at the walls surrounding the hallway, I saw something was being carved in the wall, something I witnessed not long ago in my own house, three big claw marks . . . Now I knew I was in the wrong place, but in the right time something wanted me to be.

I ran back toward the hallway just trying to find the stairs heading up, but once I made it to where they were, I found myself looking at the same stair but going down!

This was definitely a trap and whoever was the responsible got me in the right place.

I just thought, *there’s no way up?*

*Where am I?*

*How am I supposed to get out of here if the only exit is down?*

I must follow the only route I’m allowed to follow and probably the exit will show up on the way. I was trying to be my own supporter; I was alone and there was no way of getting out of there or at least call for help.

Feeling fearful for my own safety, but being aware that there were no options available, I decided to go downstairs but I could feel something wicked is going to happen, I must have been more careful, I knew those marks were foreshadowing nothing good.

The further down I went those stairs the hotter it got; it was a horrendous feeling like I was heading straight to hell. I could see that the lower I got, the older the stairs looked like. I was somewhere else, I must have transcended to another realm, it was an ancient place I was completely sure I wasn’t in that house anymore.

I kept walking trying to look for an exit or at least some door that would let me out of there, but instead I found another room, bigger than the last one and filled with colored stones in one part of the wall, it appeared to be an altar.

One of the stones, a pyramidal shaped red stone, seemed to be like the centerpiece of it all. After a few minutes staring at the stone, I wanted to feel it, as it was something I have never seen before but once I touched it, a door in the same room opened up but I didn’t even notice it was there until it opened.

There was no turning back at this point, so I went inside kept walking for in deep darkness just to fall in a hole, filled with what seemed to be blood, I went deep in it that, it covered my whole body but I managed to get out of it.

After getting to the other side of that pit, I started walking soaking wet of something I still don’t know what is, I reentered the same room with the stones in the wall . . .

For the first time I felt I was going in circles, I decided to wait and take a moment to catch my breath, before continuing wherever this road was leading me. I did notice that the main pyramid shaped red stone was facing down, everything was exactly the same but the stone.

I just stood there confused and trying to think on what to do . . .

Then I felt something rubbing my back, without seeing what it was, I could just feel a twinge like a little spot on my skin was pierced, but from that spot three marks rubbed their way to my private parts, somehow, I was being caressed in a very wild and possessing manner.

This was very different to that time when that demon left its claw marks in my arm, that was pure hate and a way of saying I was just a prey, but this was made with a different intention it was like this entity wanted to arouse me sexually.

This entity made it clear that it wanted to possess me in many ways, I would say a demon or something like it started to rub my parts so hard that I thought, *this thing is going to make me bleed soon*. A female voice spoke, “I want to feel your insides” and I was strangely willing to provide that pleasure, the heat of my insides, but it was tearing me apart because of those claws and the truth is I was enjoying that! What was I becoming?

Am I fucking nuts!?

What is going on with me?

But while just being penetrated repeatedly I just didn’t want it to stop, that demon or demoness was moaning and I was carried to that infamous delight, to be honest not only blood was coming out of my privates also my own lubrication was mixed with it, this was not a raping or anything like it, this was so compelling that I was just willing to go for more but it stopped.

Whatever that was just took its claws out of me but oddly I wasn’t bleeding anymore, I would describe this as a way of leaving me marked but what a way of doing that!

I’m starving for that to happen again, moreover it just derailed me from wanting to leave that fucking place!

This was probably the best sex I ever had in a long time, well if it can be called that . . .

I don’t complain, I’m even pleased at least I got some satisfaction though, but getting back to reality, I’m still trapped here and I didn’t notice I was naked . . .

This was getting weirder every time, I don’t know exactly when I lose my clothes, but I’m not carrying them anymore.

It seemed like I just woke up from a trance, as I rubbed my eyes in an attempt of bringing myself back from that wild and uncontrollable experience, I saw the same room this time without any stone in sight and just when I turned my head to the side . . .

The stairs again, going up!

I went upstairs as fast as I could, all the way up till I got back to the door facing the kitchen then I realized I still was naked, so I do need a plan to get out of this house. I shouldn’t be staying any longer on that place, I was afraid of going back to wherever I was, it contains a malevolent energy that overpowers your will to leave keeping you in a loop, a loop that probably only my powers allowed me to escape from.

The house had blinds in every window and seemed to have been there for a long time, fortunately one of the rooms had black curtains, so I did what I could to shape something similar to a dress, head to the main door and get the hell out of there.

As I closed the main door, I noticed that the marks weren’t in the sidewalk anymore but I had enough, I just needed to leave and I went quick back home, took a well-deserved shower and got myself ready for bed after recalling I had left the Soul Demonica book in there.

Lying in bed I started to worry, what if they find the book and the missing black curtain? But those thoughts didn’t last that long, after a couple of minutes I was gone, completely asleep. Exhaustion had overpowered me.

I woke up in the middle of the night as usual, I have a thirst that won’t let me back to sleep unless I quench it. I went downstairs, pour myself a huge glass of water and heading back to the room, I found my door closed which was strange, but I opened it and found myself sleeping, this wasn’t new to me so I just sighed and thought, *I’m definitely astral projecting*. Being witness to this affirmation, I rushed my way back to my body to find out I couldn’t go any farther than the end of the bed.

I knew this wasn’t ok, it is known that when astral projecting you cannot stay any longer than sunrise out of your body. I had to figure out something, I cannot stay out of my body so only one idea got to my mind, head my way back to the neighbor’s house! Damn this was risky but I might go unnoticed, get that book and return, besides the book could help me get back inside my body.

Only one thing I fear, I’m not sure how much time I’ll be inside the house and I could go through the same situation I went last time, not the sexual encounter! (That was the highlight of the trip lol) but the amount of time I spent there; I need to make it back before sunrise.

I had many things against me, especially time wasn’t on my side so I had to decide fast. I was heading back to the house, worried and hoping to get the book wherever I had left it, at the end it was my only hope to return to my body.

Having the ability to move my spirit through space, I felt how I just levitated toward the house, half way there I felt the need to turn my head to the side just to find out I was being followed by something . . . I turned my head back to the front and somehow, I managed to hide from it between some high trees.

Could it be a demon or another entity aware of my abandoned body?

Most likely yes, but this is actually better than going back home empty handed.

I was running out of time; sunrise will be done in less than two hours. I headed back to the house, went through the main door looking desperately for the book but I wasn’t sure if I took it with me to the basement, so I scoured the house to find nothing! No sign of the book!

After trying to calm myself down, I noticed an oddly difference, the basement door that was padlocked, now has no locks and it seemed like someone just got there before me. I decided to enter, I feel I stamped the floor but I couldn’t see my own feet. I went downstairs, for some reason I think I left the book close to the altar I had found.

I was completely sure after the first staircase, there was a small room and then another staircase that took me really deep below, till it got me to the altar room, but there wasn’t a room after the staircase, no altar either it was something like a church, a twisted version of it.

In the walls were mosaics of entities sealing covenants with human souls, but close to where is supposed to be the altar of every church there were sigils, three to be more specific. I got close to glance at them to hopefully identify them, but instead I spotted the Soul Demonica book behind the podium.

Great! Now I can just take the damn book and leave! But as I grabbed the book and turned around to leave, I was stunned from what I saw and now I knew it was going to be impossible to scape.

The whole flock of people I once saw at my doorstep asking me for a parking spot, were all in there, naked, all wearing the three-claw mark in their chest. It seemed they were in some kind of trance and after a while they started a weird muted praying, they were so into it I realize they haven’t noticed me at all.

Chapter 11

Trying to hide behind the same podium, I opened up the book and as they kept praying, the words started to show up on the book . . .

*“To the warriors fallen from heaven and conquerors of hell, we call upon you Bothet, Artoon, Xophur!”*

OH no, I couldn’t believe this, my worst nightmare, the backward trinity! I have pending stuff with those demons but I should stay and find about their plans. I wonder what is the reason why the flock is summoning them? Is it related to me?

The book said I could change my appearance but I haven’t done it so it was a great time to try it, however to my surprise it only showed their prayers, it wasn’t working! Seems as the book was being used by them to summon the trinity, my demands and all I have written before wasn’t there anymore!

This is fucked up; I should probably have one hour left before sunrise and now I can’t even find my way out of here. I need to leave now but how? I thought, *if I can’t change my appearance I might pass as one of them*, I was naked as well and their eyes were shut so I could even try and stand beside one of them but where do I hide the book?

I crawled to where the flock were, trying to cover the book the best I could, using a small hallway on the side of the podium, that was my way to at least move closer to the entrance. I just left the book beside me while I stood in the last line of the followers, but I did feel that that person turned the head to me like knowing I didn’t belong there, but smartly I started praying the same words they did and keeping my eyes as shut as I could, because the truth is I was petrified in fear.

A while after blending with the crowd, I heard footsteps coming from the entrance . . . those footsteps stamped the floor, it was something really heavy, thankfully I was facing backward the entrance but the more I tried to keep my eyes shut, I felt the need to open them again, the trinity that I already knew, the same demons now in flesh.

I heard bothet say,

*“You have done a marvelous job, the Demonica is getting closer to us, willingly she has been lurking around and finding her way to her destiny. Get rid of the book, it has become her ally, her head is the price and your prize is our kingdom.”*

I had to remain calm that way I won’t blow up my own alibi, at least now I know these fuckers are hunting me down, now I need to leave ASAP. I’m not even sure how much time do I have in my hands, this feels it have been forever here trapped in this hellhole.

The followers were making some kind of parting and I was ready to leave, I crawled my way to the entrance, it was so close but I let the book fell on the floor and everybody turned their head to me and all I could think was, run!

I rushed my way upstairs while trying to check if they were behind me, those stairs were interminable, some of the followers were so close to me and were trying to snatch the book off my hands but I managed to get passed the basement door with the book. I felt again I was like floating in the air, just as I left my house, there was something in that place that changes things, once I crossed the main door, I can say for sure I was astral projecting the entire time.

After making my way back home, I went straight to my room and with the book in my hands I demanded to be back in my body as I laid on top of it, right on time before sunrise. That was so close! I could have lost my soul in there, on top of that, trapped outside of my own body.

Now I know that congregation has no good intentions and they are plotting my demise, well should I say sacrifice? But I still have an ace up my sleeve, Jeremy’s head.

I did remember Leann said she had the head hidden in a safe place but she never told me actually were that was, so I decided to pay a visit to her old home hoping it wasn’t vandalized as it has been a lot since . . . I don’t even know when Agatha murdered her and to be honest, I don’t know when I started talking with Agatha instead of Leann as she masqueraded her for so long.

I haven’t driven my car in so long specially after what I had witnessed, the marks in the seat, that malevolent energy that showed up, those were memories that will haunt me for the rest of my life, furthermore knowing that I might have dragged Leann to her death due to my recklessness. But this wasn’t time to grumble, what’s done is done, I need to find that damn head! Hopefully I can offer it to the backward trinity and slough them off my way.

During my long talks with Leann in the past, she shared pretty much of herself and everything that she was involved in concerning the spiritual so I’m aware I will find weird stuff in there, moreover, a human head in whichever state that thing is.

But I’m no coward I been always attracted to these things, the more the merrier but experience has told me to be cautious so let’s see what unfolds from this visit.

As I got closer to the house, decay could be seen all over the place, like nobody has been in there for at least one year, it still a mystery to me concerning when Leann had passed away and it’s probably the same time the house has been abandoned. Also, there aren’t any relatives to Leann that I knew about so no wonder that place is crumbling.

The lot had a huge backyard, high grass that almost got to my waist, part of the soil seemed to be dug up not long ago so I really don’t know what to expect . . . there might be someone actually living there, the backdoor was wide open so I do fear for homeless or drug addicts that might be staying inside, this can be way more dangerous than what I thought.

But I do need to get the head! I’m not leaving empty handed. I went inside fearful for my life, all around inside was filled up with books of any size, hardcovers made of the weirdest materials and fabrics, fortunately I didn’t find anyone there but there were footprints on the floor so I guess they went out for a bit, less time for me to scour the house. On the other hand, I was quite sure those people weren’t the owners of the place, most likely homeless people that like to read, I guess.

One of the rooms in the house had grey candles, not a common color. There was an altar quite similar to the one I found in my neighbor’s house that seemed to have been recently cleaned up, besides the same sigils I have found in the church, were carved in the wall above the altar. I was sure this wasn’t done by Leann, unless Agatha had something to do with it, nevertheless it doesn’t make sense as she was consorting with Lilith from the beginning.

A long heavy leather-like tablecloth was laying on top of the table below the sigils, as I got closer to the altar, I couldn’t help to notice that I hit something with my foot behind the fabric. I was very hesitant to lift that thing up but as I set my eyes on the tablecloth, I got enthralled from something ’ wasn't aware of, the supposed leather was nothing but . . . human skin, layered one of top of the other, by the looks of it could be seen how thick it was.

It should have taken at least five people’s skin to make something so horrifying and disgusting but at the same time so well done to mislead the eye at first sight. Whoever did this macabre thing must have been an expert I’m just hoping not to find that cannibal in here, worst thing to know as cannibalism can be also sacrificial and ritualistic that means Leann is also a cannibal for chopping that head off and keep it. Expressed Sheryl sarcastically.

I was curious to know what was below that table and being covered by that strange tablecloth could mean that is something so important that has to be protected by being hidden but at the same time is in the right place to be used when needed . . . I thought, *maybe is the head!* According to Leann it was her source of power so it made perfect sense.

Setting aside my disgust, I went and lifted up the tablecloth to find a coffer . . . then I heard a noise coming from the front of the house, I rushed to hide in a closet that was almost next to the altar, inside of it anything related to witchcraft, swords, different kind of liquors, porcelain dolls, even weird customs and masks but between all that I did find a little spot to hide, I shut the door carefully and trying to glance through the door crack . . . Agatha!

I saw how Lilith pulverized her between her hands! How was this possible?

She was wearing a custom similar to the ones in the closet, she got down on her knees like greeting the altar, I could notice that in her chest were the same three marks that I saw in the flock while I was at the twisted church, it could just mean one thing . . . she found a way to pact with the trinity while consorting with Lilith! That slithering bitch! She could have even used Leann as a decoy so she could avoid death.

I was so upset but I couldn’t afford to be seen specially by her so I remained calm to wait for her to leave but after she greeted the altar a rumbling voice said,

*“Very well done, you are closer to get what you had ask for, you have brought her to us and she will perform the offering pretty soon by herself.”*

That sounded like Xophur, the main demon within the backward trinity, always demanding and pushing things to be done. Seemed to me he was the real deal and the actual plotter between those three, somehow Agatha had a pact only with him as the others didn’t show up . . . that’s odd as I read, they’re known to work together.

I definitely ran out of friends but also gaining enemies in a horrible pace. The flock and now Agatha is back, I wonder what she asked the trinity?

To be honest the more I hear about this sacrifice I’m supposed to perform, the more I warm to the idea of getting this shit done once for all . . .

Setting aside my bullshit and refocusing on what really matters, I waited for Agatha to finish her farewell to the trinity, she stood up and did something that really creeped me out, while staring at the altar her face started to shapeshift to a really disfigured being like trying to figure out who to personate this time . . . the only being I had witnessed that can do that has been Paimon while quarreling with Lilith.

So, what’s going on? I’m confused now . . .

Is it really Agatha or is a demon just as powerful as Paimon to shapeshift itself however it pleases?

Well, whoever it is isn’t on my side, I just saw it leave so this was my time to turn that house upside down and find that fucking head!

I went back to the altar and find out that Agatha had left part of the coffer below the table uncovered by the tablecloth, so I put it on top of the table to leave the coffer exposed. It had women’s faces carved on what looked like a very ancient wood, dried blood stains all over it and two handles severely damaged, like it had been mercilessly used in the past for sacrifices.

For some reason it made me think of the other Demonicas that Lilith mentioned had been killed, I went ahead and pulled the heavy coffer outside of the table, mesmerized by the details on that thing.

I just wondered, what if it’s my fate to be Here? right in front of this thing just ready to doom myself, I don’t know what’s going to happen if I decide to open that coffer but I got two theories; I’ll be dragged to wherever the other Demonicas are, or I’ll just simply find Jeremy´s head or other Demonica´s heads. Both dreadful options but worth it as I got no one else to lose except my own head!

I pulled the coffer’s lid up; I was thrown to the wall facing the altar so strongly, that I went unconscious. I opened up my eyes after what seemed a long sleep, to find myself on the same custom I saw Agatha wore last time or whoever that was. I was handtied with some kind of fiber knit while a gargoyle look creature was preventing me from running away.

A creature that seemed to have been in a battle or many, covered in scars and what looked like really deep wounds, with such a strong build that I knew I wasn’t a match for its power.

It just gazed at me while licking its huge paws, it was a look so expressive and intimidating that resembled a person, it almost felt like it was talking to me through its eyes, like saying you can’t stand a chance.

But I have undone many hand ties in the past, my dad taught me well, however I still need to figure out how to fool the creature but how? It’s an incessant fixation toward me, if there was something I could distract it with . . .

A very strange idea got to my mind but the truth is I had nothing to throw at it, I had lost the book again so there wasn’t a spell or something that I could use against it so taking advantage of the dress I was wearing, no undies or anything, someone removed them while changing me to that custom surely . . . this creature might be a demon and I know already how demons lower themselves to pleasure, I mean I was masturbated and penetrated wildly while at the flock’s house by something similar to this, so I tried to move my hand to my privates while lifting the dress a little.

The next is just something that completely blew my mind, I was just trying to distract it and getting to hurt myself with my nails from the wounds I had to make me bleed enough and hopefully, while it licked the blood from the floor, I could have made my way out of there, at least if I had left the room, I could have shut that door and also provided me some time to scape . . . but none of that was necessary after what I witnessed and experienced.

The gargoyle look creature started to stick out its longue tongue mIving it as a snake would do while a boner was taking place! I didn’t even know it was a male, it’s not that I felt a dick from the other creature either so I was thunderstruck. But then I thought, *it might not be the best idea, I rather have it lick my blood from the floor than allow that thing to end jerking off like watching a live porn and screwing my scape plan.*

So, I had to work harder, I did bleed but it wasn’t that much, I needed to bleed way more just as I did last time, fuck! *This isn’t working* I thought, but the creature wasn’t only pleased by what it was watching it actually came closer to me . . . I did a quick change of plans, I was trying to attract it to my privates, I didn’t even notice when its face was down there but once it sticked its longue tongue inside me . . . DAMN! I didn’t have to bleed at all, this was a totally different sensation compared to the other creature, rampant pleasure that didn’t hurt! I cannot count the number of orgasms I had while my body jerked with my release.

A release so extensive that almost covered the whole floor . . . but I needed to fulfill my plan and I was close. At a snail’s pace I tried to push the creature outside of me and guided it to the floor where all the juice was, that thing was bedazzled and even enchanted I’ll say, cleaning up that floor, this was my moment, to run!

I rushed to the room’s door almost slipping on the ground but managing to shut the door and getting back to safety after enjoying my second sexual demonic experience and lived to tell.

Fuck! What about Jeremy’s head? I was behind the door I just had shot why get back in? but I had to. I cracked the door open to peek out, no sign of the creature, the floor had been polished . . . no wonder why . . . but I never had a chance to glance at the coffer insides, so I went back in the room to find the coffer wide open and completely empty. I was so angry I ended up tearing the altar apart, I pushed the table aside and threw all the stuff in there to the ground, I noticed that the table was set exactly in front of a rectangle in the wall that matched the size of the coffer perfectly.

My first thought was, *it could be a passage that probably leads to where the head really is*, but I know these things can be tricky, there must be a spell or riddle to open it so I had to think of something quick before Agatha comes back or the creature.

I had a couple of ideas one of them might be as Agatha had the same marks as the flock, there is a correlation to the trinity, three words, three names or maybe three knocks on the wall . . .

I was up for the knocks, but after getting my hand close enough to touch the wall, instead of knocking I ended up breaking through it, it was just a façade, which makes me wonder if the gargoyle look creature was actually a riddle that I had to solve in the most bizarre way? It just vanished like the sphynx in the tales, after being beaten so maybe my reward was to be able to get in.

But it wasn’t easy I had to crawl, in order to get in. It was a small space probably to make it less reachable but damn! It was a long hallway and I was exhausted after all I had gone through, fortunately I made it to a part where I could stand up and walked till, I saw what I was looking for, Jeremy’s head!

The skin of the head seemed to have been untouched by the ravages of time, I wasn’t willing to grab that thing with my bare hands, so I did what I could to pick it up using part of the dress I was wearing, but as I removed the head from the shelf it was, I fell into a pit very similar to the one that brought me to the twisted church. Once more, after being able to crawl out of it, I was covered in blood but managed to get back to the same hallway that got me here.

I crawled again till I reached the rectangle shaped door below the altar but when I got there . . . Agatha! Although her face was disfigured, I could tell it was her. She got back from somewhere, weakened and just shapeshifted from another look. It was obvious that the more she did that transformation the more it drained her energy, probably she is running out of powers and must be desperate to deliver me to the trinity in hopes of unlimited power or immortality.

But oddly she couldn’t see me, I was right in front of her, still inside the rectangle door. I could saw the despair in her face running out, not only of power but time as well. After a couple of minutes, it’s like she came back into herself and said;

*“I know you are there and I know you took the head, damn you, Demonica! So desired by the demons and so valuable, it’s a shame I cannot finish you with my own hands but I will find the way to punish you for all you put me through!”*

*“I have worked so hard to get where I am and I won’t stop until I get what I want!”*

She just faded in the air, I was stunned and confused. I have not a clue of what she was talking about and I didn’t know I was the cause of that torment. Something is keeping her from hurting me or maybe she wasn’t strong enough to face me in that moment.

As fast as I could carrying the head covered in my dress, I ran toward the main door of the house, in more distress than ever as I’m not even sure if Jeremy´s head will spare me from getting sacrificed. I hopped in my car and drive home trying to leave all those bad thoughts behind me.

I got home thinking about where to place that head, I don’t know how many years that thing has been hidden but its intact, not frozen or anything, I will say pure witchcraft going on, I have called upon entities and stuff like that but this is necromancy, nothing I’m familiarized with.

I just though is better to keep it close to me just in case of anything, besides I have the Soul Demonica book with me. Strangely, I felt I left it there but it was sitting on top of my table, I had so much to worry but no head to think.

I got rid of that horrendous custom sodden in blood and my own fluids, just recalling the whole experience and feeling so helpless to release myself from this situation despite having earned powers, but it’s hard to remain strong while being stabbed so many times and not having anyone to rely on except myself.

Something I have learnt pretty well is to be alone. I found satisfaction on the small things, very fulfilling although the supernatural is such a big part of my life, sometimes gets out of hand and annoys, but still for people like me is the mysticism and the unknown which keeps me going.

I might have to find someone I can trust to stay alive in this path of darkness and eventually be the Demonica I’m meant to be.

I’m quite surprised I had come this far after the clashes I had in the past with these entities, getting away with it every single time, however feeling dragged deeper every time as well. Each encounter is just a won battle, not the whole war. I’m grateful, grateful for who I am, what I have been offered without my consent but managed to use it for my own protection and survival.

So far, my detractors; The backward trinity, Paimon, Lilith, Agatha and now the flock. At least the deceiving ally is out of the picture.

Chapter 12

I think about Leann a lot. Somehow, I feel she has helped me get this far without getting killed or in any sort of way, she has led me back to safety or at least has shined some light over the darkness that overwhelms me sometimes.

I haven’t performed a séance in so long but to be honest, I feel the need to know about Leann and everything has happened so fast and I haven’t had the time to focus on her but myself. That idea of contacting her is becoming more frequent and who knows if it’s my subconscious just telling me to keep an eye on her, I still think she might be somewhere reachable at least for someone like me.

After a couple of days overthinking, I set up my house for what I have feared the most. I have dealt with the demons before but knowing about Leann now is something that will hurt me and unsettle me; however, it might provide me the answers I’m looking for not only about her but my enemies as well, their plans and hopefully I could counter back their future attacks and manipulations disguised as help.

I think this time things will be different; I have Jeremy’s head and that will definitely attract energies I don’t want to attract but I’m willing to try as I always do.

So here we go, 2:45 p.m., just fifteen minutes away from whatever I’ll be able to unleash. For some reason I feel I might release something, it’s just a weird feeling besides I’m always nervous and expecting the worse.

I just sat there overthinking is this worth it or not, I really don’t know what could happen and DAMN! Its already 3:00 p.m.!

This is not right I have never missed the right time and I haven’t gotten ready, so I stood up and went to look for the Soul Demonica, but it felt really strange like I wasn’t physically doing it, but I kept going, went upstairs took the book and covered Jeremy’s head with a blanket.

After doing a little meditation and putting myself together, I refocused and went downstairs to do what I have to do, feeling more in the right vibration to perform a séance. But seemed like things were going in a different direction now, I got to the living room to find myself sitting in front of the table, whatever was inside my body was looking straight to me.

I was astonished, but gathered the strength to ask; who are you and what are you doing in my body?

I could see how my eyes turned completely white and then it said;

“Sheryl! I’m sorry I had to do this but it was the only way to stop you.

It’s me Leann!”

I was thunderstruck, I couldn’t believe it was her, I was so glad to know she was still with me, although it was a nonsense to go and hug her. Trying to make the most of that intervention I just bombarded her with questions but she made it clear that she cannot stay for too long in my body.

“Where are you, Leann?” I asked.

“I don’t even know Sheryl, but I’m sure who did this to me, your aunt Agatha!”

“I’m so sorry Leann, I wish I had foreseen her malevolent intentions, but she was very supportive from the beginning and she really gained my trust, it was really hard to realize she was just putting up a façade to achieve her plans.

I want you to be aware that I just went to your house to look for Jeremy’s head and I saw her there, we had a brief encounter.” Uttered Sheryl.

“What did she look like? What did she say?” Leann asked.

“She seemed to have been constantly reshaping herself Leann, she looked like she ran out of powers and somehow, she has been consorting with the trinity and Lilith at the same time.” Uttered Sheryl.

“What the hell? How do you know that?” Asked Leann surprised.

“There was an altar setup with the trinity sigils in one of the rooms of the house, of your house! I was at first worried that you were the one consorting with them, but then I noticed that somebody had recently used the altar and cleaned it up.” Expressed Sheryl.

“Sheryl I can’t believe what I’m hearing, this woman is something else. I wonder what kind of dark trade or deal would she have gotten to become a worshiper of two different entities besides, she must be trying hard to achieve something big to make herself go through all that.

I’m running out of time and you need to get back to your body ASAP. Please try contacting me while meditating or through the Tarot cards as we used to, do not use the Ouija board, at least not for now, that way we can keep the communication between ourselves and we could avoid a premeditated attack from the trinity and even Lilith.” Spoke Leann concerned.

“Ok Leann, I’m so glad you’re back, not physically but close enough that I feel safe again and not alone anymore. I really hope to hear from you again, my dear Leann.” Expressed Sheryl.

And then followed a quick darkness, but the light from the candles went back in a second while I rushed back to my body.

This short encounter with Leann unsettled me for a different reason than what I thought it would be, I felt guilty for losing her so I thought she would be pissed toward me, perhaps assuming I had something to do with Agatha, although she didn’t know where she was nor being aware of her own life or death neither. She was willing to help me and appears to be trapped somewhere, this happened before with our fake ally so I like to keep my hopes up, she might still be alive.

On the other hand, the fact that I’m not in control of my astral projecting anymore. If Leann being a witch is powerful enough to kick me out of my own body, I wonder what could other entities do without me even realizing it until I’m out?

This hasn’t happened before and is truly terrifying so it would be a great topic to discuss with Leann, I could be weakening. Probably losing Leann physically, has set me up for an unconscious depression which could explain my lack of control over my astral projecting, furthermore she isn’t aware of my demonic sexual experiences.

I have thought about telling her about it but honestly, I feel ashamed and she might think I’m just a little slut, besides I really enjoyed both experiences so it might be something I should keep to myself.

After that brief talk, I had with her I guess I realized how much she did for me in the past, she actually lifted my spirits so I sat down and look for the Tarot cards we used to communicate while using the Ouija board, it was a smart move it was like sending a DM.

This was going to be a different séance just me and her only using the Tarot cards, I was so excited and finally this was my chance to help her out if there’s still a chance and to know what really happened to her.

Such a relief to not having to wait for the damned 3:00 p.m., it always unleashed my anxiety, moreover not having to set everything up, candles, prayers and more. This time I just focused on her while shuffling the cards, the more I shuffled them the heavier they got, weird, not something that has happened before but I kept going I was determined to reach her out.

During every Tarot card reading is suggested to the person being read to shuffle the cards three times before placing them on the table, in order to acquire their energy of the person as it is meant to be interpreted through the cards.

I focused directly on Leann trying to bring her energy in, after shuffling them three times, I placed three blocks of cards on the table, I flipped them over to find three shocking words; *she-is-ours*. *Where are the damned pictures?* I thought.

I reshuffled the cards and tried to call on Leann but something was not allowing that connection with her, until after a couple of attempts, I could finally hear her saying; “I’m sorry Sheryl but this method is not secure anymore, they found a way to impede this.”

I asked, “who are they Leann? Leann!??”

She was gone and I could just think one thing, the backward trinity must be behind this. Now things will be harder, I cannot use the Ouija board. I just wondered if at this point, I can get anything from Lilith but shit! I already have pending stuff with her, nonetheless all these entities seem to adjust to a better deal although having to wait longer to gain a soul.

So, I might try to summon that deceiving bitch again, the truth is I will have to offer my powers, well, her powers that I never returned so I should think about offering something extra if I want her help.

I put away the Tarot cards that I truly believed were going to help us communicate once more, but while placing them back in their box, I did notice that instead of the words; *she-is-ours* now there are images, truly disturbing ones. One looked quite similar to a dromedary, the second one, a sorceress more like a demoness and the third one three inverted crosses.

I have an idea of who can be those three and I’m concerned about Leann’s whereabouts specially knowing that she somehow belongs to three different entities besides the Trinity.

I need to think carefully on my next step to reach out Leann, probably putting back my guards up, protection candles and prayers for starters . . . OH, but I still have meditation, although I have never used that before to establish a communication, it might actually do the trick.

I started the next day with renewed hopes, I been meditating for long and yoga actually helped me focus quite strongly on my goals. After going deep into my mind and focusing my energy on Leann; I could sense her, it was like allowing her in me and backward.

The connection was definitely stablished.

Through her, I could saw a hallway that led me to a room, it was like reliving my past experience. Once I made it to the room, I saw her body lying on top of what seemed to be a stone altar, amazingly looking just dormant and quite pale, I checked her wrist keeping my hopes to get a pulse but it was useless, though her body was slightly warm after almost a year of passing.

Despite not getting a sign of life from her body something got to my mind, if her body was preserved and was still in such good looks, there must be something in that place that prevents living things from decay after dying. Jeremy’s head is still intact but stone cold.

I asked mentally, Leann, when you had Jeremy’s head you used it as a source of power, how exactly does it work?

All of the sudden her body and the altar were gone, it just vanished but it revealed something that will become pivotal. Right on the same wall, I could saw again the pyramidal shaped stone I once saw in the flock’s house . . . I asked Leann; what are you trying to tell me?

She showed me on the same wall the word *alchemical* while something pulled me back to my body and our connection was interrupted. This time she could only show me things, I surely will have to decipher. Hopefully my riddle skills will allow me to unravel the meaning of this images in my head.

There wasn’t a chance to say goodbye to her, so I had to keep going with whatever she gave me during the process, but at least now I got something. I had the chance to see her body and who knows that stone could be the answer I’m looking for, probably it has powers, besides it could have been used for some kind of ritual in the past. I wish it could bring Leann back.

Between all that has happened I completely forgot about the Soul Demonica as a research supply, I went straight to the book, there must be something that talks about that stone. I recalled the stones Leann had, but they looked nothing like the pyramidal shaped red stone, probably they’re meant for something else.

But there was more than meets the eye, this stone wasn’t only for protection; it’s been used to heal, achieve immortality, and in some cases resurrect loved ones.

I could get back to the flock’s house and try to get the stone but now it will be more dangerous, too many enemies aware of me, and that place also reshapes itself, I’m starting to think it could be some kind of dimensional safe/prison, so the stone might not be in the same place I saw it last time. I had my last chance to ask Leann and it was trough the only reliable method; meditation.

I was more than ready to start my meditation now transformed into a chat method . . . it was actually harder than what I thought, my mind is not focused, I’m worried as hell, also distracted by all these weird experiences. I don’t even know if this was going to work and so far, what I have read about the stone sounds more like a myth, I had to stop and decided to try later.

I spent the whole evening just researching about the stone, reading and reading until I fell asleep on the table, but something woke me up, on my shoulder I felt a hand, but I was afraid to look back, I kept my eyes shut till whatever that was just disappeared. I don’t know who is who anymore, especially since everyone seems to shapeshift to whoever the fuck, they want to look like.

I kept reading but finally stopped after finally find what I was looking for, the stone seems to work through rectification of sins or mistakes done in the past.

I was closer at least to know, how to use the stone so I got to rectify something I have done bad in order to acquire it, I was so into my reading that I didn’t notice I switched books, I was actually reading the book Leann had found with the faded H.

A way of rectification is asking for forgiveness from the person we have provoked detriment to. That was easy, I just had to contact Leann and . . . but wait I already did that and nothing happened, on the contrary, it got worse. Probably it had to be done by Leann herself, of course!

I did remember Jeremy blamed her for not caring enough about him, when he needed her and as a matter of fact, she is been punishing herself for many, many years.

The unnamed book revealed information about the pyramidal stone, I always wondered what was behind that faded H though. Something that caught my attention from the book was the fact that the stone doesn’t appear to anyone unless it’s the last resort, in Leann’s case seems that the stone is a must, but I will have to get back to that tricky house and find my way out on my own as I did before.

I really had stuff I wanted to talk about with Leann but this meditation was bullshit, it isn’t a real conversation, it’s more like we are swapping places. I still need to figure out shit and it’s not comfortable at all. So far, our contact has been more of a riddle than an interchange of words so I decided I needed some reinforcement, not the best I could find but I might get some help.

I didn’t have to put so much effort in summoning her, her sigils upfront and there she was, Lilith.

*“Hello again, traitor, needing some help again I bet, why did you take too long?”*

“I’m sorry Lilith, I know I owe you big time but even with your supposed powers I’m still dealing with shit like I was a regular woman, I have gotten more enemies and they’re making things harder, furthermore hunting me down. I hope you understand my concern in not returning your powers at least until I feel safe enough . . .” Spoke Sheryl demandingly.

*“Honestly, I don’t know what has happened to me, I’ve become soft, lame and pitiful. Just like Paimon said, ugh . . . In the past, I would have destroyed you in a heartbeat!”* Uttered the demoness menacingly.

“Ok, I would like to reply to that, I’m grateful that destroying me isn’t in your plans . . . but also don’t beat yourself down, I bet you were an amazing leader in your time, I mean when you get your powers back you might become that powerful demoness that you were once.” Expressed Sheryl trying to win the demoness empathy.

*“Don’t bother in doing that stupidity, showing sympathy won’t make things easier, and you owe me already! What do you want now?”*

“I’m sorry Lilith, I just discovered through a meditation with Leann that her body seems to be in a dormant state and is hidden in some place I already visited. Also, she showed me a red pyramidal shaped stone and have something to do with the word alchemical?” Spoke Sheryl.

*“Oh dear, do you know where is that stone? I’m not surprised, that stone is only visible for special individuals. You’re a Demonica so why don’t you figure it out?”*

“Well, I entered the place a couple of times to figure out what was happening and almost got caught by some flock members, worshipers of the Trinity and for some reason the Soul Demonica wasn’t working to my benefit but theirs! And not only that, I actually had to start chanting as they did in order to avoid being discovered.” Uttered Sheryl.

*“So let me get things straight, those flock members are after you for?”*

“My head! Lilith, I think you already know that.” Expressed Sheryl desperately.

*“OH, I forgot, well that’s your issue with the Trinity not mine, is not that I care actually. I could get rid of the flock but your thing with the Trinity is all yours, I can’t interfere into something like that. You have to offer another head in return if it isn’t going to be yours, is that simple.”*

“This is useless Lilith you said you could help me get rid of the Trinity. You haven’t done shit for me on the contrary I feel more stuck than ever.

If you’re talking about Jeremy’s head, they got no interest on it and they made it clear, to the flock and even to my aunt Agatha, which I just discovered works for the Trinity and Paimon as well, so there you have it. Demonica? My ass.

I might be a Demonica but I’m aware I’m no match for all those fuckers. So then, can I count on you or not?” Uttered Sheryl defiantly.

*“This is unbelievable, you insult me, disrespect me and play dumb to me. What do you expect anyway? You have my powers, why aren’t you using the book?”*

“The Soul Demonica has helped but my enemies keep piling up, seems like I can only fight them but not actually get them out of my way. I shouldn’t share this with you but, I had a couple of sexual experiences with . . . demons.”

*“What do you mean? have you summoned other demons to have sex? You’re out of your mind, completely. Not even I had that desire being a demoness.”*

“I didn’t summon them; I was in the flock’s house where I found the Trinity’s altar and Jeremy’s head but I had an encounter with two demons, I’m assuming protecting the place from outsiders. In order to scape, I had to come up with a bizarre strategy but at least it worked.” Uttered Sheryl shamedly.

*“No wonder you are so weak, they’re plucking out your powers, through your fluids to be more specific, is not the act of sex but what is produced after. That ecstasy, is their driven, and they can drain you while you are on it.”*

“OH no, so what, I’m going to keep weakening? How do I stop it?” Spoke Sheryl.

*“For starters stop having sex with them, fight them instead. If the Soul Demonica isn’t working for you anymore, then that’s the reason, you need to reacquire your lost powers.*

*Go visit the depths of hell and proclaim what is yours, well mine . . .*

*You been there twice, so you might find again your way out.*

*I made it clear from the beginning I’m just a guide. You got to put the hard work to call yourself a real Demonica, otherwise, the book won’t recognize you as one and eventually*

*won’t be of any use at least not the one you expect.”* Expressed the demoness.

“Thank you, Lilith, Ill promise as soon I finish this, I will deliver back your powers.” Spoke Sheryl confidently.

*“I expect no more than what I offered, and stoop up for yourself or nobody else will. That’s a way of beating your enemies or at least to falter their strength.*

*If it serves you, when I was a powerful demoness, a pivotal foundation of my powers was my confidence.”* Uttered the demoness.

“I’ll keep those words in my mind Lilith, thank you for being such a great counselor and guide. No wonder you were a Leader.” Spoke Sheryl.

*“That’s how powerful I was, without having to do much, I made my will upon others.”*

And she was gone, funny I didn’t have to use any kind of farewell with her anymore. I’m wondering if we are actually bonding somehow? Anyway, she is the support I have so far so I better get to work and find the strength to get back to that hellhole disguised as a house.

A couple of days after my encounter with Lilith, I was more than ready to get back to the flock’s house, I felt encouraged and wiling to face whatever comes in my way, at least now I have a better purpose than preserve my own head, knowing that Leann is somewhere close to me makes me feel empowered and safe somehow. Damn Lilith, I can’t believe she has motivated me to fight for myself, is like she has become my mentor and an incredible support.

I was ready as I never been before, I headed there, walk through the long sidewalk to find out that I got new neighbors! Somebody had moved into the house the flock used to use and this will complicate things, how am I supposed to enter the house? But then I thought, *I went there astral-projecting so I might try that again from my own house*, I’ll be trespassing anyway but at least I won’t get caught.

On my way back home, I could saw two girls through the windows of the house, moving boxes and cleaning, so it was evident that they had just moved but didn’t have much stuff.

It was some kind of a relieve to know at least I have better neighbors or at least not dangerous or threatening yet. I decided to pay them a visit after they settle into their new home, instead of just astral-projecting and invading their privacy, however I wondered if they checked the basement already?

I was back home and a bit curious about these new girls, a little jealous for some reason. It took them around one week to finish moving and I decided to bake something as a welcoming gift. I thought would be a nice way to get back into the basement and hopefully get the stone, nonetheless I need to find a way to explain that without sounding like a crazy person.

I guess at some point, I was expecting to become friends with these new girls, at the end I was pretty lonely and I was actually needing someone to talk to so the day came and I got ready.

I headed to their house and I saw some things were left on the garbage outside of the house, one of them actually caught my attention, it was covered in wrapping plastic and placed in a box. As usual my curiosity got me a little farther and kicking the box to a side, a huge double headed dildo fell off of it.

I didn’t want to take for granted what already went through my mind but yes, they might be lesbians but that wasn’t an issue for me. I’m not saying I have any experience toward that but I don’t judge people so I just ignored the whole thing and kept going. I knocked on their door trying to think on my best introductory line and before a second knock, one of them opened the door and said, “hello, can I help you?”

“Hi I’m Sheryl I’m your next-door neighbor and I thought about bringing you a welcoming present hoping you don’t mind and that I’m not being too forward.”

“OH, not at all, it’s actually the way we like to introduce ourselves to new people. By the way, I’m Regina and let me call my girlfriend Claudia.”

I thought to myself, *I already knew that and honestly is quite interesting for me, I had never had lesbian friends before, I’m definitely excited!*

“Hi I’m Claudia Regina’s girlfriend, nice to meet you, Sheryl!”

“Nice to meet you both girls, I was telling Regina I brought you a little welcoming present and hopefully maybe hang out sometime.”

“Absolutely Sheryl, that would be our pleasure and thank you for taking the time to bake and approach us! Do you mind coming next week? We are still working on some stuff around the house and would be really nice to have everything setup and ready.” Uttered Regina.

“Sounds great to me Regina, I might be a little nosey, but are you doing some kind of remodeling in the basement?” Expressed Sheryl.

“Yes, and I’m already really sorry about the noise, but the thing is that our workers have jobs in the morning and they only can start in the afternoon so it’s a little complicated to bring them any time earlier.”

“It’s not a problem at all Regina.” Spoke Sheryl.

“Now I’m a little curious Sheryl, why were you asking about the basement?” Any ghost we aren’t aware of?” Asked Regina sarcastically.

“No nothing really, just that you can tell that the noise came from below and actually is hard to tell that the house has a basement as it isn’t visible from outside, you know like regular basements windows. I’m wondering if it has some purpose to have been built that way?”

“What? What do you mean Sheryl?”

“Nothing, I’m sorry just talking to myself ha-ha. I’m really looking forward to meeting you guys next week, would Friday be good?” Asked Sheryl excitedly.

“Excellent Sheryl! So, we are set for next Friday. Have an amazing day and hope to see you then.” Answered Regina excited as well.

“Perfect! Such a pleasure to meet you both and have a marvelous day as well. I do believe we are going to become really good neighbors.”

“So, do we Sheryl. Have a good one.” Expressed Regina.

I went back home feeling really excited about my new neighbors and actually looking forward to hang out with them, all of a sudden, the stone wasn’t on my priority list but to meet these girls and feeling like we already have a little connection, seems pretty cool but I contained my excitement and waited for next Friday as we agreed.

I guess at some point with Leann I kind of developed a relationship and it felt great, we never had sex or anything close to it but I can definitely say that we cared and loved each other at least as really good friends, we fought, we talked and make amends to each other so we complemented our differences and made things work.

The week went by, I went pretty comfy and cute in a dress I just had bought. It almost felt like a date but with good friends. I got there and knocked the door.

“Hi Sheryl, wow you look fantastic and really cute in that dress.”

“Thank you, Claudia, you look great too. Hope I’m not too early.” Spoke Sheryl.

“Please come in, Regina shouldn’t take long, she went out for some wine. No worries we just finished cooking you are just on time.”

“Thank you, Claudia, you guys have definitely made an amazing job in the house. Quite minimalistic which is my favorite style.” Uttered Sheryl.

“Thank you Sheryl, that’s very nice of you. You should see the basement, it’s my newly remodeled office, I’m an architect so it has the perfect space for my planes and my computer as well.” Expressed Claudia excitedly.

Chapter 13

I was a little startled about Claudia talking about the basement but wasn’t sure about asking her, what did she found there?

“Are you ok Sheryl?” She asked.

“Yes, I’m sorry, I was thinking about doing some remodeling myself back home.”

“Oh, I see, would you like some snacks before wine or would you wait for it?” Spoke Claudia.

“I’m good, water would be great. I’ll definitely have wine when Regina gets back and yes bring those chips, please.” Uttered Sheryl.

“We have done some changes in the kitchen as well, want to come and see it?”

“Sure Claudia” I said, but I was a little hesitant because, I knew right there, was the door to the basement. Claudia kept talking about the kitchen while I was staring at the door of the basement just thinking, is it really the same place I went before? She isn’t aware of the things I witness being there.

“Are you sure you’re ok Sheryl? You seem a little distracted, I’m boring you with these stupid explanations, I’m sorry, architect sin! Part of my job is giving details to the extend to my customers so you understand you weren’t going to be an exception.” Uttered Claudia shyly.

“Don’t worry Claudia, is all good. I just been a little uneasy since my best friend passed away and honestly seen you guys together had brought me some kind of relief, that at least we had each other. Somehow, I blame myself for her death but I understand some things are just out of our hands.” Expressed Sheryl.

“I’m glad you understand the fact that things like that are just not in our control, all you can do is support people around you, be the best version of you to them and to yourself.” Uttered Claudia confidently.

Claudia grabbed my hand while saying, “I know it might sound cliché but the truth is time is the only healer and hopefully we can become friends if you are ok with it of course.”

I sighed while gazing at her and said, “It’s more than a pleasure to have someone to at least talk to”. We stared at each other for a bit to end up laughing at our mellowness.

In our awkward moment, Regina got back and said, “Hi girls, what was going on? I hope I didn’t interrupt anything you both seemed pretty intimate.”

“Not at all Regina” I said. “We were actually talking about remodeling and somehow, I started remembering my best friend that passed away”.

“It’s ok Sheryl, I completely understand and honestly, I was just joking so no worries. I’m sorry about your loss but think about your new neighbors and soon good friends!”

“Aww thanks Regina, it means a lot to me. Hopefully someday we will have a long talk about Leann.”

“That’s a beautiful name Sheryl, feel free to talk about her anytime you want and to share whatever you feel its ok or makes you feel better, trust me that’s the best way to heal and to move on after losing someone. I lost my mom long ago and I had no one to rely on but myself, my dad wasn’t present that much but things were tough for him too.”

“Thank you for sharing that Regina I know its intimate and it’s something you won’t share with anybody. I think that I can be honest with you both, I do want to talk about something with you girls and for some reason I feel I can trust you.”

“Sounds good Sheryl, you can be as open as you want to be, don’t feel pressured to talk about things you don’t want out.”

“Ok” I said, I was glancing between Claudia and Regina very hesitant to speak.

“The truth is I been to this house before, something dragged my attention to this place and I have paid so many visits and I had to get back because I found a way to bring my friend back.”

“What do you mean Sheryl? Bring Leann back? You said she was dead.”

“I really don’t know; do you girls believe in astral-projecting?”

“We do Sheryl but, we have stopped being involved into spiritism and things related, we were actually part of a cult were astral-projecting was used for evil purposes. It was more like a coven, have you heard about the order of Hecate?” Spoke Claudia

“Wait a minute, so you both were witches?” Asked Sheryl.

“We were part of a coven with other friends, it was merely curiosity and innocence at first but it got pretty dark specially from our non-friends anymore. We kind of fell into that but at least we could leave it on time before anybody could get hurt.”

“I wouldn’t have imagined that, so that was the name of it, the order of Hecate?” Asked Sheryl interested.

“Yes, that’s correct, do you know about her, Sheryl?” Asked Claudia.

“Nope never heard before but I’m excited to hear about it” I sort of lied; I was actually worried that these girls were also into the occult. I wondered if they were sent to that house, to me is somehow a magnet for dark forces: a safe, a prison or a portal to other realms. I’m starting to believe my recently acquired powers, the red pyramidal stone and Jeremy’s head must be attracting these forces toward me, all these people suddenly involved into the occult . . . coincidence?

“She is known as the Triple Goddess since she represents the Maiden, Mother and Crone which are the three stages of a woman; the Maiden a virginal state of being unawake and enchanted, the Mother where fertility, fecundity takes place and last but not least the Crone where profound wisdom of the occult and death become the center piece.” Expressed Claudia knowingly.

I was a little shocked and this made me think about the Backward Trinity, it has been a three imagery since the beginning, I was wondering if this could be probably my way to beat the Trinity for good. Probably summoning Hecate?

“Are you ok Sheryl? Claudia asked.”

“I am I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt. Is just that these three imageries have been in the middle of everything since I started this journey with Leann and I been thinking that this might be my chance to sort things out.”

“What do you mean Sheryl?” Regina asked.

“It all started when I decided to read something in a book, I had with me since years ago. I been trying a lot of things related to witchcraft but nothing never worked, at least not till I tried with a book I had called Memento Mori, somehow, I set myself to get ready to die and now I understand that I may have offered myself to three entities. The Backward Trinity.

Do you guys know anything about them?” Asked Sheryl.

“No, we don’t and honestly talking, we haven’t done anything related to demons. And I say demons because for a name like that, it just means they’re mocking the Trinity. So, it seems you made a deal with them and you haven’t offered what they asked right?” Asked Claudia.

“That is correct and that’s part of the reason why I feel so guilty for Leann’s death, she helped me through this process and to get rid of them but it has been an endless nightmare, even my aunt was consorting with them and I believe she used Leann’s appearance to lure me into providing her information.”

“We are no experts in the matter Sheryl, but we believe that Hecate could help you with this situation. Just to put you in advice, once you make a trade with her, your worship must be exclusively to her, she is good in all her nature but she will punish traitors, people she has helped and haven’t been thankful to her. She might even bring Leann back as this is one of her strongest qualities, a hag in necromancy.” Expressed Claudia.

I was hesitant to tell the girls that I actually covenanted with Lilith too, but the truth is how I do get rid of Lilith and get in a deal with Hecate? I still have Lilith’s powers, would Hecate fight with Lilith? She is a goddess after all and Lilith is a regular woman with some leftover dominance over certain creatures and spirits, I will be just a treacherous bitch but at least I could help Leann and hopefully I will finally give Lilith’s powers back.

I might not need her anymore but I will have to worship Hecate from now on. I’m just hoping is a fair trade of entities.

“Hey girls, is getting really late, do you mind if I leave? We can hang out some other day this same week if you like.”

“Sounds perfect Sheryl, although we just met, we feel we can build a great friendship with you, just knock on the door, we are the majority of time here if you want to get back anytime.” Spoke Regina.

“Thank you both girls for everything and such a great talk, night night."

“Night night Sheryl.”

I went back home with renewed hopes, I realize that I wasn’t alone anymore in this and the girls actually guided me to Hecate, the truth is I’m dithering a little about summoning her. She seems very different to other entities, more intimidating I’ll say and I would really like to know more about her before proceeding to request her help.

Something got to my mind while thinking about her, the book with the faded H.

Would it be related to her somehow? But the book has no name, no print date, no label or anything to trace its source, so it would be a great idea to bring it to the girls next time I visit them.

Doing a retrospective thinking, I do recall the book with the faded H was the one that brought me to Lilith! Why would the same book provide information about two different entities specially having that H, or maybe they aren’t that different? Furthermore, a coven is basically an entourage of women just like the one that Lilith had while being a powerful demoness.

There must be some connection between Lilith and Hecate I’m guessing. Well, another question for my new friends.

I guess on my next visit I can go straight and tell them about the basement and hopefully I can get them to help me get the stone, assuming everything is still there.

A few days later I went to get some groceries and bought a couple of white wine bottles as I know now that the girls like wine, got back home left the bags, picked up both Soul Demonica and the faded H book. I was ready to leave when someone nocked on the door which kind of unsettled me, it was late at night.

I went to open the door and there was nobody there so I shut it, turned around and someone nocked the door again but this time I heard a growling sound coming from the other side of the door, it sounded like a wolf or some kind of animal, that wasn’t something good at all.

The nocking sound became a scratching noise on the door followed by a deafening noise, something was trying to enter my house and I was completely sure there weren’t any animals like that near that area.

The Ouija board I had hidden as Leann advised not to use, was setup in the table I use for my tarot cards along with three black candles, between the growling sound and whatever had placed that Ouija board there, I was scared to death and cornered but I was determined to release myself from that situation.

I tried to pray to scare away whatever force was there but it seemed the more I tried to remember my prayers from my childhood the more I kept forgetting the words. A woman’s lament followed, all the scratching and howling now was reduced to a wailing old woman that switched to a rumbling laugh.

I didn’t know what to do, in that moment I felt I was dealing with something quite different to any other entity I already had witnessed before and I thought, *how I’m I going to get myself out of this?* The prayers weren’t working and the Soul Demonica was below the board so instead of just standing there waiting like a prey, I pulled the curtain to a side to see what was there, it was dark as never before and something was standing outside.

I couldn’t see its face but it didn’t seem human, it was more like an animal standing in two paws and two long arms one with human fingers and the other with three claws.

I heard a strong tapping on the door like somebody was violently tapping its fingers on it, I was so unsettled and nervous and felt that my head was going to explode, something was trying to push me out of the house by force. I felt like entities were tearing me apart, my head being wanted by something outside my house and my body by whatever was showing itself as black candles.

I found myself trapped inside my home, and an ominous creature lurked outside. With a forceful kick, the beast shattered the door, barging in with terrifying strength. Fear consumed me, and I desperately tried to close my eyes, hoping to escape this dreadful reality. Realizing there was nowhere to run and no spell left to protect me, I braced myself for the inevitable end.

The creature's claws tightened around my neck, threatening to sever my head from my body. I felt their deadly grip digging deep into my skin, and I knew my fate was sealed. My heart raced, and with a sense of acceptance, I prepared for the final moments. However, just as the creature's grip tightened, I jolted awake, relieved that it had all been a terrifying nightmare.

That was quite a nightmare and, in some way, it felt it was an ultimatum from these entities. However, I’m still wondering when did I go to bed? Last thing I remember was coming back from groceries . . .

I went downstairs to get a glass of water but I was feeling a little dizzy, I thought I had stepped firmly but before I realize it, I tripped and fell off the stairs hitting my head and falling unconscious. After a few minutes I woke up with a huge pain in my back, at least I had no visible injuries but a scratch in my forehead. I should have probably called an ambulance or have gone to the hospital but I just went back to bed, I was awfully tired.

I woke up from a very unpleasant dream and feeling worse the next day, I preferred to stay home, I could visit the girls another day but I was missing them. I basically stayed all day in bed trying to let my body get rid of this weariness and trying to research the more I could about Hecate.

And the girls were telling the truth, just as they said she represents the three phases in a woman’s life, and all this information was in the book with the faded H. I was relieved that the way to summon her was just calling out her name through a beautiful prayer, I was warming up to the idea of doing it and I knew I could bring Leann back but what was I going to owe after? I think that was something not even the girls would know.

I started to feel better after a couple of days of chilling out, relaxing and meditating, I might be pushing myself too hard, I want things done and I feel I’m running out of time so it’s an unconscious constant pressure I put on myself.

A new day had come and it was great I was feeling amazingly good and finally ready to pay a visit to the girls, I picked up the books and left to their house.

On my way to their house, I could hear footsteps approaching me but there wasn’t anyone behind me, I kept going and walking, trying to ignore whatever was behind or beside me, there was something or someone walking by my side or behind me. I could even say it was in front of me, I took a makeup mirror I had inside my bag because I felt brave enough to face it, I placed the mirror toward my shoulder and I saw one of my old enemies.

Nothing to do with the Trinity, but one messy, upset and deceiving adversary, no wonder he is a king to his kind. I saw trough the mirror his sigil on the crown he is wearing which I never noticed before, King Paimon lurking around. I just rushed to the girl’s house pounding on the door and yelling their names, Claudia! Regina! Please open the door!

“Claudia took a little long but opened the door and said, I’m sorry Sheryl we were on the basement and we couldn’t hear you. Are you ok? Your hands are trembling.”

“I been harassed Claudia, something it’s trying to kill me, something is following me and it’s getting intense.” Uttered Sheryl worriedly.

Claudia said, “please come in, we need to talk; Regina and I had just found something and we are just shocked. Would you like a glass of water to calm you or maybe wine?”

“I’ll be fine Claudia, thanks. What did u find I asked?”

“The basement Sheryl, something happened. My studio isn’t there anymore, is like somebody broke in and took everything including the paint on the walls! It’s a whole gray space, I don’t understand.” Claudia spoked confused.

“I was hesitant to ask you about the basement at first and I knew something would happen.”

“What do you mean Sheryl?”

“I’m sorry I haven’t been that honest with you both but I didn’t want to make myself look like a home invader; I did enter your house but it was before you guys moved in.” Uttered Sheryl shamedly.

“Wait what? So, you just broke in the house? How do we know it wasn’t you who did this?

Honestly Sheryl, we thought we could trust you but seems you been doing weirder stuff than just helping Leann.” Regina commented with a hint of skepticism.

“I know it looks odd Regina but I had to do it. I didn’t take anything believe me! That place is something I have never seen before; it changes all the time.

Before you guys moved in, here used to be a cult, I discovered that because they were doing meetings and weird stuff specially in the evening and I did witness them bringing things in the house till one day they just left. A bunch of people wearing a long hood at evening? Sometimes they never got back from the house . . . so I had to go and see what was going on there, they were my closest neighbors so I was really concerned about my own safety.

That’s when I decided to break in, after overthinking it many times and I don’t regret doing it, however despite I had the most bizarre experiences in there I was able to know about Leann and the way to get her back.” Expressed Sheryl.

“Well, it seems we have tons of talking to do, did you call the police at least?”

“No, I didn’t Claudia, I wasn’t sure they would do something about it.”

“So, you broke in because you were afraid something was going on there and you thought you could resolve it somehow? I mean Sheryl, what if those guys would have been waiting for you and harm you?”

“I know Claudia and I’m grateful for your concern but to be honest I feel I been born to be in danger for putting it in some manner, since my birth to be exact.

Offered by my own aunt Agatha to a demoness called Lilith, my mom never knew about it till it was too late.” Uttered Sheryl.

While I talked, I did notice that the girls looked at each other when I mentioned Lilith’s name, that was strange and it made me stop talking.

“Are you ok Sheryl? Regina asked.”

Yes, I am, can I ask you both something?

"Of course, Sheryl," Claudia replied, her voice slightly trembling.

“It appears you know Lilith pretty well or have dealt with her at some point by the look of your faces when I said her name. Do you have something to tell me about her?”

Is the first time I see them both so unsettled and faltering to talk. “Are you girls, ok?”

“Yes, we are Sheryl but the truth is we know her and we belonged to her entourage many, many, many years ago.” Expressed Regina.

“Well of course it makes sense you both were witches, but how did you managed to escape? so far as I know she got rid of her entourage but only one woman survived so, how did you do it?” Spoke Sheryl.

“It was one of the first missions with her, we were being tested to see how far we could resist without calling for her help. There was a variety of enemies, demons, wizards, dark angels even other witches, not all of them willing to kill us for no reason but provoked by Lilith to harm us so we had to defend ourselves and many of the other women weren’t that powerful.

All this was done with the supposed intention of making us as strong as her but it was obvious that it never really mattered to her if we died or not.

We thought of her at first as an admirable leader but in time we figure out that she just wanted to be worshiped and never cared about her entourage although some of those women were willing to die for her for pure adoration, some others even traded their new born babies for power but not even those sacrifices were enough for her.

We believed in her because in that time we were young, unexperienced and naïve self-made witches but she taught us real witchcraft from a different perspective, coming from a demoness supporting witches was good enough for us. But that masquerade didn’t last long and she revealed her true nature later.

Fortunately, in our moment of greater need while using our last energies to avoid one of her missions, we were willing to hide. Little did we knew that behind the bushes we were was our real savior and leader. A little statue with three female faces seemed to have been placed there just for us to find it.

We knew about Hecate from our early studies in witchcraft but weren’t brave enough to call on a goddess, what we didn’t know in the moment is that by grabbing the statue we would summon her.

We were somewhere else after that, we learnt after that Hecate holds the keys to many realms and we were just in the right moment at the right time, saved by being in the perimeter’s border hidden behind the bushes.” Expressed Claudia confidently.

“Wow! I have no words girls, so you both now, belong to her in some way? I mean at least you got rid of Lilith’s slavery but what is Hecate taking from you? What is her price to pay?” Asked Sheryl.

“Nothing more than worship, love and devotion to her. She is a jealous goddess Sheryl but she is faithful and provides power and protection to those in need.

It’s just incredible and our lives have changed from that moment on, we have been in really dangerous situations and with no explanation we have always dodged the bullet, that is the reason we believe she could help you out with Leann and the Trinity as well.” Uttered Regina.

“Well, I won’t lie, you guys are doing a great effort convincing me the more we talk about her, I may give it a try though but how should I call on her?” Asked Sheryl.

“That’s probably the reason why we had to meet, we still have the statue with us Sheryl. So, no worries, we will bring it to you so you can expose your wishes to her personally and make the deal. You won’t regret it, trust us.” Expressed Regina confidently.

“Sounds good so far girls so, I guess I’m in!”

“Perfect Sheryl, just let us know when you’re going to be home. We haven’t gone a single time to your house so it’s a great time to pay you a visit.”

“That’s amazing girls, I’m so grateful for having you both as such great supporters and friends. Let’s make it happen, next Saturday?”

“There’s no better day Sheryl, we might bring you a surprise so be ready.”

I left their home relieved and willing to call on Hecate, that might be my ticket out of this misery I’m living.

I stayed home almost all day waiting for Regina and Claudia to come to my place but they actually never made it. I was a little worried, probably something bad happened so I decided to get to their house and check on them.

Things weren’t looking good, the main door was slightly open and the door lock was damaged so definitely somebody had broken in, I almost called the cops to report it but I wanted to know first-hand if the girls were ok.

I pushed the door a little and I saw Regina and Claudia hugging each other and crying and noticing I opened the door Claudia yelled at me;

“What did you bring to our house!? We were attacked by a dark long figure, that thing reeked of rotten meat and death!” Uttered Regina.

OH no, my worst fear I thought, *that must be Paimon! He found his way to them*. I don’t even know what to tell the girls.

“Are you going to say something Sheryl! This is unbelievable! We almost got killed!” Expressed Claudia menacingly.

*I’m so tired of being sorry but shit! What can I do? What should I say?* Sheryl thought.

“Claudia, Regina please I know giving any kind of apology won’t be enough for what you had suffered, it was my fault, I didn’t tell you about Paimon, I never summoned him he just got in the middle, I’m guessing because he knew I’m a rising Demonica. According to him my head is of a high worth and might grant him more powers, I’m just sorry.

Fuck I’m sorry I never meant to get you in this shit too! Just like I did to Leann, I should have offered my head long ago and get done with all this nightmare! Please forgive me, it was never my intention to hurt you guys.” Uttered Sheryl profusely.

“We can understand demons can be deceptive and tricky but he couldn’t have just gotten in the middle! You must have done something to call on him! You might not remember.” Expressed Claudia enraged.

“I just don’t know what to say guys, have you lost something? Did he take something from your house?”

“We don’t know Sheryl; we were busy trying to stay alive. You can go and check if there is something missing but I doubt it, he went straight to us and he actually hurt our necks.”

“What do you mean Regina?” *Shit! he marked them,* I thought.

“He had some kind of dagger floating in the air beside him but it felt like he attacked us simultaneously so I’m guessing he had two daggers, I don’t know. He was pretty quick and seemed to shapeshift into different things. It’s a very dangerous and powerful demon Sheryl. Have you been attacked by him before?” Asked Regina.

Jesus! More and more truth to tell! My mind was going to explode in that moment.

“He attacked me long ago with three daggers and the attack is not simple, it’s meant to cut your head, that’s the reason of the daggers to do a clean cut of the head of the victim in three steps.” Expressed Sheryl.

“What the fuck Sheryl? I mean really, WHAT THE FUCK?”

“He won’t stop till he gets at least a head, we know that demon, how did you got involved with a demon of that hierarchy? He is a king of hell Sheryl!” Spoke Regina.

“I know all that, girls, Leann was the one while researching on him actually discovered which demon he was, it was a whole riddle. So, I’m thinking every person that gets between him and me, might be getting in danger. I hope you guys haven’t sealed your destiny by offering me your help.” Spoke Sheryl concerned.

“Well considering is your head what he really wants maybe you should focus on providing that? Please stop coming here, all you have brought to us is trouble.” Uttered Claudia noticeable upset.

“Claudia, Regina please I didn’t mean this at all. I truly feel sorry but I’m willing to help you back.”

“Claudia please listen, we might need to stick together in this. It’s late to step back now and we cannot leave Sheryl to face this on her own, we have to consider she is alone and we should support each other. Just like us she was naïve and fell in this trap just like we did for Lilith.” Expressed Regina trying to falter Claudia’s hate.

Claudia was undoubtedly irritated and unwilling to accept Regina’s words but at the end she was compassionate enough to say; “Just to let you know the reason I changed my mind is because Regina made a point, and I was the one willing from the start to build a friendship with you, but I won’t be able to put our lives at stake once more, we both had been through a lot and it has been a real pain in the ass to detach ourselves from the past. I guess at some point I feel empathetic with your situation so as Regina said we will be together in this.”

“I cannot be more thankful for having you both in my life, I know it’s a lot to digest and I can’t stop blaming myself for being so reckless but with your help I could finally set myself free and you both as well.”

“You should take Hecate’s statue Sheryl” said Regina.

“Where is it?” I asked.

“It’s in a small altar in our room, please take good care of it.” Spoke Regina.

I went to their room but I saw no altar and no trace of the statue.

“Are you sure is here Regina? I don’t see any altar.” Uttered Sheryl.

Regina rushed to the room looking everywhere and said, “OH no this is not good, Paimon must have taken it while attacking us, he could have done it in a second, it’s a quick adversary. I’m sorry Sheryl, I’m afraid we won’t be able to help you with Hecate.”

I was devastated, this was my chance to finally figure out all this mess, furthermore, save Leann.

“Its ok Regina, I knew at the end I was going to fight for myself by my own means but at least Paimon won’t bother you anymore, I hope.”

“Probably he tried to frighten us to prevent you from getting the statue, he is a clever enemy Sheryl, you really need to be prepared to face him and of course you need a head,” said Claudia.

“I have a head Claudia, its Leann’s nephew’s head, Jeremy.”

“Why I’m I not surprised? Said Claudia while rolling her eyes. Where the hell did you get that? Do you exhume bodies for your benefit too?”

“Ok this is enough; I’m trying to be honest with you both so back off Claudia! I’m suffering too, dealing with a lot of shit and still trying to figure out a way out.” Expressed Sheryl overwhelmed.

Chapter 14

“First of all, I want to say I didn’t take that head, Leann took it from her nephew’s tomb during astral-projecting.” Uttered Sheryl.

Both Claudia and Regina were stunned, a little after they asked; “Leann actually grabbed the head out of the tomb? What kind of hag was her? Definitely a powerful one.”

Well, she told me she was a priestess and knew about other spiritual practices so yeah, I will say she was powerful, besides she acquired different powers with that head as it was part of a pact.

“A priestess, that’s interesting,” said Regina. “Being a priestess and still pushing to get more power? She had big plans then. Many witches do this to achieve reshaping, as it is a way of impersonating other beings without getting caught.”

I was a little upset about what Regina said, *is she implying that Leann did that for the sole purpose of deceiving me? No way, that is not Leann, in any case could have been to trick her enemies and help me,* I thought.

“Maybe she was hiding stuff from you Sheryl, probably to protect you from other things.”

“I really don’t know and I don’t think I will Regina but its ok, she was my friend and all she showed me while being alive was more than I could have asked for. She was supportive, reliable and was there when I needed her the most.” Expressed Sheryl.

“I understand Sheryl, I’m just trying to help you figure out stuff that you might have overlooked, you have been through so many mishaps while trying to sort things on your own that there might be a slight chance that she could have misled you into a trap. A powerful witch capable of interfering physically with another object like just picking up a head from a tomb, could be capable of something so insidious that you just couldn’t have seen it coming.” Expressed Regina worriedly.

I was trying to stay loyal to my friendship with Leann but part of what Regina was saying had some sense and I really don’t know at which point was I talking to Agatha or Leann. Was Leann as powerful as Agatha? I’m not sure but there’s a chance. On the other hand, if my head was of so much worth for Paimon or for other entities, could Leann have had any interest on it as well?

Because she discovered trough Paimon I was a Demonica . . . so I don’t know what to think.

“I’m sorry Sheryl I’m not trying to confuse you in any way but I’m talking from experience with one of the witches from the coven we were part of.

One of the women that offered their newborn to Lilith, became so powerful very close to Lilith’s level and tried to trick her, her punishment was to be locked in an interdimensional prison where she can be summoned through a mirror. She still tries to pick anyone thirsty for a pact which she has no intention to fulfil but just to trade places with her victim and be free again.” Uttered Regina.

I wondered if deep down Leann was capable of doing something like that woman from the coven. Would she be willing to trade something for more power? I just don’t know. “I think I have a lot to think about and to reconsider.” Spoke Sheryl concerned.

“We really want the best for you Sheryl but you might need to rethink thoroughly in your priorities being the first one your own well-being. Come visit us whenever you need and feel more comfortable talking.”

“Yes, I will probably get back around soon. Thank you, girls for all this information.” Expressed Sheryl.

I left the house displeased and with mixed feelings toward Regina and Claudia but also a bit about Leann as well, I don’t want to go to my deepest thoughts but at some point, I felt betrayed or played and I may not know the whole truth.

I’m also thinking I just met these girls; how can I be so sure about what they are saying? I met Leann 6 years ago and we had our fights, dark moments, hate-love relationship but also in all that time she never opened up about her spiritual part until the very last moment when I decided to seek her help so it kind of makes me have doubts.

I got home thinking about contacting Leann again, I had to ask her and see If I could get some guidance. Somehow the girls made me feel uncertain just like I was before meeting them and I’m not sure to get back to their place, nevertheless I still need to get the stone, that fucking stone that I’m not even sure it’s going to work.

I went to my room for a nap, I laid down there just overthinking and trying to figure out what to do when I saw something right at the feet of my bed, behind one of the curtains of the room, I had left the window open so I was scared to see what was behind it. But I stood up and pulled the curtain, Hecate’s statue! How did this get here? Man, I was worried now I had no option but to make the deal even if I wanted it or not as the girls said.

What should I do now? I really wanted the girls to help me summoning her but I guess is up to me now. Shit, shit, shit! I’m not ready for this but I’ll have to do it anyway.

I went to grab the statue and all of a sudden, I saw a woman’s face in the mirror I had next to the window, a gorgeous long-haired woman but it could be seen on the sides of her face, other two faces so it was true, the triple goddess.

She stared at me for a bit like studying me thoroughly and then she started saying things. It was like when I was communicating with Leann through the mind, no words, there wasn’t lip movement but like a direct connection with her, completely psychic.

In my mind I got the words, *lies, deceit, astray* but I didn’t understand at the moment then she put the words *Lilith’s coven*. It couldn’t be clearer; *she was talking about Regina and Claudia but weren’t they worshipers of her?* I thought.

After some time, she made clear all those words; “*don’t be fooled by my fake flock, they still remain servants of Lilith and they wish intensely to get back to her.”*

I was startled, those girls were good at playing the good Samaritan but deep down they were true wolves.

I’m grateful for the knowledge you are providing me Hecate, please be my guide from now on, shield me from my enemies and give me truth over swindlers. I knew in that moment I had sealed a deal with her but it felt nothing hazardous to me, it was like requesting a favor from an old friend. Not anything close to how the girls portrayed her at all. Nonetheless, in the back of my mind, an incessant thought occurred: *this encounter flowed so smoothly that I truly felt she manipulated me, I was dragged into this already, it was too late to step back even if possible.* I wondered why I accepted her help so easily, I don’t truly know her yet, perhaps she isn’t who she says she is.

This was something so different so unexpected and pleasing at the same time, I think she saw in my face how grateful I was but inside I had recurrent doubts. I might have been fighting this powerful submission she had me in and possibly that had made her set another thought in my mind; “*true faith has nothing to do with sacrifices, self-punishment, self-slavery, is just free will and happiness to worship without no consequences but true faith only.”*

I thought, *what a goddess*, I could feel how power reeked from her words, I have never witnessed or met any entity like her. She shows through her words; wisdom, kindness, love, definitely a trade that won’t cost you a limp or your life. Whatever doubt I had against her had vanished, her power was mesmerizing and had made me succumb to her will completely.

There was the moment I was waiting for, to ask her how to save Leann.

Powerful Hecate I’m aware of your power of resurrection, is there any possibility to bring my friend back?

But in that moment the faces switched, the face that already talked to me was looking toward somewhere else, now staring at me was the face of an old woman and now her hair was all white, she seemed upset and quite serious.

It must be that each face comprehends a different aspect of Hecate as the girls said and it made sense, I must have talked to the Mother’s face but now I’m guessing this one could be the Crone.

She asked in a very demanding and raspy voice;

*“Resurrection comes with the price of worship to me and to me only, if you break the deal, you won’t only seal your friend’s fate but yours as well.”*

“Understood and accepted” I replied to Hecate.

She shrinks her face while her eyes went white so I assumed the deal was done. After that she just vanished from the mirror, I guess I was just waiting for something to happen but nothing happened. At least not that I could tell.

I’m feeling quite defensive toward Regina and Claudia, they are now just enemies, clearly my head has a price and they are probably behind any consorting with Lilith as Hecate said. I’m wondering what to do in the matters of Leann, the red pyramidal shaped stone and now whatever Hecate could have done as I was expecting Leann back physically, but I guess I’ll have to wait for a sign.

I heard someone knocking on my main door, I went to see who was there and nothing. I checked everywhere around the entrance so I went back in to find, Claudia and Regina inside my house, I thought, *this is weird and when did they enter?*

“What are you doing here?” they seemed mad and most likely ready to fight.

“We know you took the statue! You are a liar and a thief!”

“I didn’t steal it, it just appeared to me I swear.” Uttered Sheryl.

“We will take the statue it is ours, we earned it!”

Regina went upstairs in quite an anger while Claudia and I stayed downstairs.

“I don’t know how are you doing these things but you won’t go any further if you don’t change who you are, you haven’t done any more than proving you deserve this fate.” Those were Claudia’s words that actually pretty wounded me.

“Many things happening are just out of my control, I will have the chance to prove my innocence about this anytime soon but for now I would like you both to leave my home, please.” Uttered Sheryl overwhelmed.

But while Regina was coming downstairs with the statue, it looked like something just pushed her downs the stairs, Claudia was horrified, Regina hit the floor unconscious but it could be seen she was still breathing. I was petrified while Claudia just yelled at me; “what is wrong with you? aren’t you going to help her? Please call an ambulance” she said.

I really don’t understand what happened to me in that moment, was it the impression of her on the floor bleeding and looking almost dead? I would have rushed there if it was Leann but now, I just feel completely unworried and quite coldhearted toward them. Could I have unconsciously made her trip? Do I have that power?

Everything happened so fast, the ambulance, the paramedics getting there, picking Regina up and Claudia crying desperately and I was just gazing with a straight face, I felt like something took over my body, completely out of myself. They all left while some minutes later I just “got back”, I wonder if I was astral-projecting during that time because I just regained control over myself.

I didn’t want to hinder rushing to the hospital in the ambulance with them so I got into my car and followed them, I got there and asked for Regina but while getting to her room I notice through the window something standing next to her bed, but I couldn’t see clearly what it was. I entered the room but it was gone.

“What are you doing here?” Claudia asked.

“Get the hell out of here! You got no right to be here, at least you could have helped her while she was on the floor. Besides, that fall was really odd, I bet you owe to a lot of entities and that could have been provoked by any of them including yourself, clearly you have no control over anything around you.”

Claudia was releasing her anger uncontrollably and I couldn’t do more than just feel guilty, but the truth is that any of my enemies could have manipulated things around to split us, specially Paimon but what about the Trinity, the flock, Lilith and according to Hecate these girls are against me too. I just couldn’t not care, I felt responsible for that happening to them I was the one that approached them in the first place so I though it should be my duty to help them out.

With a piercing anger in her eyes, Claudia locked her gaze on me and spoke.

“Motionless, you stood there like nothing was happening and you didn’t even react! I was calling out your name and you didn’t even respond.”

“I got nothing more than apologies Claudia but you need to understand it wasn’t my fault, I was with you when she fell and I have never used my powers to harm anyone even after what you guys implied about Leann. I got no reprisal against you but be aware that as you guys were going to help me, probably my enemies were preventing it from happening, I don’t know but I feel like I will achieve a lot with Hecate and they are aware of her powers, she is quite different to Lilith.” Spoke Sheryl.

Claudia hesitated at first but decided to speak;

“I want to apologize to you as well Sheryl, I feel we both have been too rough on you and we shouldn’t have reacted the way we did but to be honest our lives were quite tranquil and safe before we met you. A lot of things have been going on at our house that we haven’t told you about. Regina and I as well having the most horrific nightmares and waking up the next day feeling restless and angry and it’s also getting in the middle of our relationship.

I felt I could protect Regina and myself from anything, but now I feel so prone to anything like we had lost something, a protection if you will.”

I was speechless for a moment and all I could say was; “I’m sorry for placing you both in this storm but at least I made the pact with Hecate, Claudia, she said that her price for bringing back Leann was exclusive worship to her like you said.”

“Well, I’m glad at least you will be able to help Leann,” said Claudia.

“There’s only one thing Claudia, it seems that Hecate sealed the deal with me but how do I know it actually worked?”

“Just be patient Sheryl, she might not deliver things in the precise moment you want them to happen. This is very common so don’t desperate, sometimes she takes longer but you will be surprised of what she offers on behalf of the time you have waited.” Uttered Claudia confidently.

I was definitely more relaxed after listening to Claudia but I was also worried about Regina.

“Do you think I should get Hecate to heal Regina?” I asked Claudia.

“That’s up to you Sheryl, I would be pleased and so thankful.”

“I did recall one thing that Hecate told me about you girls, honestly, I’m a little confused. You told me Claudia that you guys had the statue long ago and you had to have it to worship her.”

“Yes, that is true, why?”

“She said that you guys were still consorting with Lilith and were trying desperately to get back to her entourage, I didn’t know what to think in the moment. Why would she have said that?”

“Well, that’s pretty weird Sheryl, as you know I told you before we were part of Lilith’s entourage, we were enslaved by her but we managed to hide and were saved by Hecate. Are you sure you summoned her?” Asked Claudia worriedly.

“Oh my God not again, did I call on something else? I’m an idiot!”

“Ok Sheryl, calm down. You said you found her statue in your room, right? How that happened exactly?”

“Well, I was in bed trying to take a nap and thinking about you girls and overthinking, when I saw at the feet of my bed something being covered by the curtain, I left the window open so I’m guessing that’s how it got . . . I mean I know it’s a statue but somebody could have come in and left it there?”

“Well, I have no idea Sheryl, do you have any neighbor close that could have broken in?”

“So far you girls and no other neighbor close enough.”

“That’s true, who could have done it? I’m just hoping Hecate just showed up to you, I mean the real one . . . I’m curious about something though, how did the statue look exactly?” Asked Claudia.

“Well, I saw it had three different faces and it seemed each face has a personality as to what I witness when I saw her.” Uttered Sheryl.

“Ok that sounds like our statue, but you said you actually saw her? Because we never did.”

I was starting to worry while I described Hecate to Claudia.

“I’m guessing you are one of the very few fortunate people who could see her Sheryl, I haven’t heard of anyone being able to do that so I think you are truly special.” Concluded Claudia.

I felt a little relieved but I still haven’t gotten an answer on why Hecate implied the girls’ betrayal, however I decided to stick with them and see what comes along the way. Probably the girls are hiding something else as I did before so truth may be revealed at the end.

I have always thought that is good to have friends close but your enemies even closer, I don’t know how things may turn so ill rather have them both as allies and hopefully earn enough confidence from them to tell me the truth.

Chapter 15

I realized later, when I’d had time to process the interaction, Claudia didn’t seem very happy about the fact that I could see Hecate, in fact, she kind of did a fake grin while saying I was special. I don’t want to be judgmental maybe she is just too focused on Regina’s recovery and probably all those things happening between them haven’t changed them for good.

I went home after that long talk with Claudia, I really hope they can get to fix their issues and their relationship isn’t affected negatively. However, there might be stuff from the past lurking around that I’m not aware of and some guilt is been placed unfairly on me, I don’t know how I know that but something is helping me keep track of stuff around me.

Gladly after a whole week in the hospital, Regina was released and was ordered strict rest and the least effort possible while being home for a whole month. That was hard for Regina, she is always running around, getting stuff, cleaning and setting the house while Claudia stays pretty busy with her architect work.

I decided to visit them as there’s a chance, I can help out Regina since Claudia has very limited time to take full care of her and I might even run the errands, all these thoughts while I got to their place but I guess something else had different plans.

*There were three claw marks on the main door, so it’s been the Trinity,* I thought, although the attack described by the girls was done by the long dark figure with the daggers so I wasn’t sure what was going on. I knocked on the door and Claudia opened up; “hi Sheryl, how you been? Please come in.”

I entered the house and I told her what I saw. She replied;

“Are you sure Sheryl? Because I went out this morning to put the trash out and I didn’t see any marks.” Replied Claudia.

I went back outside and there was nothing on the door . . . nothing! is like someone just wiped it off right before I got out but there were deep marks on the door, it wasn’t something that could be erased that quick not even scratched.

“I think you must be under a lot of stress Sheryl and somehow, I feel responsible, well we both. I speak on behalf of Regina I know it has afflicted her too.”

“No, it’s ok Claudia, probably I need better rest and to be honest I haven’t slept that good lately, especially after Regina’s fall.

How is she by the way?” Asked Sheryl.

“Go to her room, she might be sleeping but just check before entering through the door crack, I always like to give her some privacy while I do stuff around the house it gets pretty noisy.” Said Claudia.

I went upstairs praying that she was awake so we could finally speak after her long recovery.

Just as Claudia said I checked through her door crack and I saw something similar to what I saw in the hospital, something staring at her while she was sleeping. Not the dark long figure but a silhouette that looked human, another entity for sure.

I didn’t want to wake her up but I didn’t want that thing to hurt her so I pushed the door slightly but whatever it was, looked toward me like saying “I know you are there” and after that it went straight to her neck, Regina woke up grabbing her own neck in pain, I saw the silhouette pushing her wounds deeper while she kept bleeding and, in that moment, I went to help her.

“What are you doing Sheryl? Are you trying to kill me?”

“No, I saw something trying to hurt you, I saw it was a shadow or something!”

Right in that moment Claudia got there.

“What is going on girls? are you ok Regina? What happened Sheryl?”

I felt so bad and I was so desperate to let them know it wasn’t my fault but the truth is Regina never got to see the silhouette, she was laying on her side facing the wall.

“I thought I saw something Claudia, I’ll better get going.” I was upset but not with them, whatever was lurking around was trying to divide us and making us fight for any reason.

“Sheryl, wait! Please understand we aren’t going through our best moments right now and I really want to get better, we both need you too.”

“Claudia, I really didn’t see what was grabbing my neck and it’s unfair to blame Sheryl.

“I think from now we better stick together and look for each other’s back, let’s make the work harder for our enemies.” Uttered Sheryl.

Regina and Claudia looked very willing and happy with what I had said, however Hecate’s words were like a hammer in my head, I had mixed feelings but I really wanted to know the girls better and hopefully resolve our trust issues. Maybe in the meantime we could forge a more honest friendship.

“Girls have you gone to the basement lately? Do you mind if I?” Asked Sheryl.

“Not after the accident but suit yourself, just be careful though. I been thinking about shutting down that part of the house or I don’t know maybe use it for something else. My studio isn’t there anymore remember? I had to replace everything I had there at least I always had kept my work backed up.” Expressed Claudia.

“Well, I’m just curious Claudia, it is indeed a strange place.” Uttered Sheryl.

Thinking to myself, that’s true the place is always changing, nonetheless I still want to check it out to get the stone. I’m starting to believe that this Hecate thing wasn’t something good to do in the first place because Leann would have told me at least something about her and she never mentioned her at all so just in case I should get the stone hoping is still “down there” besides I’m still waiting for Leann’s return.

So far Hecate’s resurrection power hasn’t had any effect and I’m starting to get anxious about the done deal, however its late to back off.

Of course, I will not tell the girls about my theory specially since Hecate seems very important to them so I’ll try to remain quiet and be the best friend I possibly can.

I made it to the kitchen and there it was, the door to the basement exactly as I remember it, unlocked as it was the first time I got there. I opened that door just hoping I could find that damned stone and just forget about that place for good but I knew things weren’t going to be that easy.

I went downstairs on the same long staircase that led to the basement and it was true what Claudia said, there wasn’t anything there, no remodeling at all, no paint or any of the things she had but I went further down because that’s how I found the hidden church last time. I went at least two stories below to find a room quite similar to where Leann had showed me she was, I was just wishing I didn’t find that church anymore or I’ll have to face the flock and most likely I won’t be able to escape this time.

And there was the gray wall I found the first time and no sign of the stone, then something got to my head, last time I was trying to escape when the place changed right at that moment, like it was the trigger to make it work, I placed my hands on the wall and from it emerged like a secret chamber that made me recall the place where I found Jeremy’s head, it was deep and I was meant to crawl to get in so I did it just like the first time.

I crawled in, till I got to the real room and there it was; the red pyramidal stone and below it the gargoyle like creature I faced before, my first thought was, *there must be another riddle to solve in order to get that fucking stone and I wasn’t leaving without it.*

Surprisingly this time the creature seemed dormant so I approached the stone but once I tried to grab it, I noticed it wasn’t possible I was being deceived by the place, the creature and the stone were just an illusion and I heard a noise coming from behind my back.

“Sheryl, you made it!” Leann’s voice emerging from the shadows.

I couldn’t believe my eyes, Leann! I went straight to hug her. I grabbed her with such strength that I almost hurt her; it was great to know that she wasn’t dead.

“I’m glad to see you Sheryl but you must know that my life had been spared with the condition of staying in this prison.” Spoke Leann.

“So, this place is a prison? But it changes constantly, is there a chance you could escape?” Expressed Sheryl.

“Do you remember I made a pact many years ago Sheryl?”

“Of course, Jeremy’s head. But what does it have to do with this place Leann?”

“The loophole where he was locked up was this same place, so as you can remember this isn’t my first time here. Jeremy was trapped here but managed to find an ally, *our ally!* As a conduit to escape, all that power that we provided him with, all the supposed weakening after “facing the demons” just a façade to make his way out.”

“My little fucker nephew wasn’t an ignorant at all, he perfectly knew what he was doing, he didn’t do shit for us but managed to use our own powers to release himself of the deal he setup with the Trinity.”

“I’m not sure if there is a way for me to leave this place, I already know of your encounters with the two sphynxes so don’t worry. You been wild Sheryl, struggled to survive in every single occasion and lived to tell.”

I was so upset from not being able to get Leann out of there but also what’s the purpose of getting that stupid stone?

“I haven’t told you Leann but I made a pact with . . . Hecate, to bring you back. If that damn stone isn’t making the job, then Hecate might, no?

No? Leann?”

This isn’t possible she was gone!

I kept on calling her but I got no response. I wonder if that wasn’t her either, probably the place was deceiving me again but that hug really made me believe it was her. I was hesitant of running away knowing now that the place will throw any kind of trick to keep me there, I was ready to leave when a portal showed up on the floor, of course I wanted to check out the portal . . . through it could be seen a blinding red colored light, the red pyramidal stone maybe.

Probably that’s another illusion or its actually where the stone is, I was already there so I just went downstairs, I could feel how the temperature changed to warmer while that same heat could be felt in the walls and I kept going till I made it to a pit, a pit that seemed to fuel the fire that was burning, that was the blinding red light it was like staring at the sun, so powerful and dangerous.

From that same fire a voice came through and said; “*this is the power they all look for, that strength, that limitless power of destruction is the drive for all of them to hunt you down, only a Demonica can unlock it, and use it to her will.”*

After that I could see Hecate´s face coming out of the flames, this was another face I’m assuming it was the Maiden, in fact it looked young and naive just like I was feeling at that moment.

I asked her, “why are you showing me this?”

*“It all be revealed in time, for now you shouldn’t be here.”*

With her hands she blew flames all over me and I was back at the entrance of the girls’ house, that was totally odd but for some reason I felt relieved, less worried, and recharged, she definitely took something off of my shoulder and that made me trust her more.

Standing in the entrance of their house I was trying to decide what to do, I went ahead and knocked on the door, what could go wrong? I though.

Regina opened up.

“Hello, how can I help you?”

I was mystified but before she could notice, I lied and said, “Oh I’m sorry I must have the wrong address!”

“Sure, no problem have a good one,” she spoke.

The only explanation I could find to this was that Hecate wiped out her memory. She seemed as nice as the first time I met them but what about Claudia?

I went home after that, I just needed to process what had happen but my house was different, things were placed differently it almost felt like it wasn’t my house. I noticed my books weren’t there so I ran upstairs to see if Hecate’s statue was there, it was not, before I could go back downstairs, out of nowhere the sphynx I saw below the stone, was facing me, how did it get there in the first place? I was so thunderstruck that I passed out.

When I woke up, I was back at the girls’ basement! I couldn’t understand what was going on. Seems I spent all this time inside this loophole and it made me think I had been rescued by Hecate. I had definitely been deceived by the basement in a quite insidious and perfect way that I thought I was free, it felt so real.

I tried to escape again just heading up, but right on the staircase was the sphynx again, just staring and staring at me, licking its snout and definitely looking for a second round.

Sex, that’s what I could see in its eyes, nonetheless that reckless action allowed me to run away last time, but I had to be strong, it was a manipulative and mind controlling creature. What was meant to be a moment of pleasure had been sucking out my powers, making me weak and making me believe, that was the right way to approach that situation. Even Lilith’s words came to my mind, fight them! Stop fucking them!

Then I remembered, I had beaten a king of hell, there might be a slight chance I could try the same attack, I tried to focus my energy on my hands, those were my weapons when I fought against him. Indeed, it took me a couple of minutes but I could see the distress in the creature’s eyes when my hands started to pour a blue fire! The same fire that allowed me to win my first fight.

I placed my hands in front of the creature while the blue fire burned it down to ashes! It was gone, that blasted useless sphynx earned its end and in fact I regained strength and more power I knew I had lost. However, I still needed to find a way out of there and get the stone.

In the heat of the moment I thought, *what if I try to find the church and just burned it down with all the flock in it*. Instead of leaving, I headed further down while I felt someone walking behind me and said, “no! leave this place now!”

A woman’s voice similar to Leann’s, but I couldn’t fall in that trick again.

“I won’t be falling in your game again; you’re not Leann and I will take the stone with me!” Expressed Sheryl defiantly.

Chapter 16

Turning around I found out it was the other sphynx but it had evolved into a human like creature, its face still had animal features though, and from its chest, I saw a red burning light and all I could think of was, it must be the red pyramidal stone, the creature had managed to absorb the stone’s powers.

I started to frame the creature using my hands, keeping a safe distance and trying to bring back my blue flames, I was determined to burn this bitch down to the ground as well.

Amazingly after hitting the creature the first time, I could see that somehow the stone provided some kind of shield to it, that was going to be a problem and now I was prone to be counterattacked, in fact the sphynx had set a smarter attack that I didn’t see coming.

I could feel a strong foreign strength forcing my hands against my head while I tried to endure it as much as I could but being so focused on outpowering that force, without even noticing it I was bringing back my blue flames, the creature had managed to control my only weapon and now I had to think on something quick before blowing my own head off.

Fortunately, after shooting myself with the blue fire, I notice it had no effect on me and then the sphynx tried to escape back upstairs, however once it turned its back at me, this was my last chance to beat it, I shoot again at it, straight to its back, seemed like it was its weak spot, in a matter of seconds it became something similar to flakes and after that I could see the shinning stone just falling on the floor.

I picked it up from the floor and while I grab it, I could feel how it entered my chest providing me of an indescribable power, a while after, a portal heading me out of there was shown to me like I just earned my way out. This time the portal brought me back straight to my room while I crossed it, a noticeable difference to the other portals I had crossed before was that I could set the place I wanted to go to, quite a powerful stone.

Just like I earned my Demonica level last time after winning that fight with Paimon, I had accomplished something that hopefully could set my rank a little higher; *The red pyramidal stone.*

I’m guessing I was the only one that could actually afford to get the stone, that place was a prison that any entity would have avoided no matter how much power they could have gotten from the stone. I’m quite proud of myself that at least I didn’t make any stupid deal that could have locked me up while releasing who knows what from that place.

I was thinking on how to get the most of the powers acquired from the stone, I need to try to get Leann back but then I remembered that in order to release her I had to lure someone to take her place in that prison, I would have forced Jeremy in a heartbeat but he had escaped in a marvelous way.

I need to find a victim but also, I need to made sure it deserves to be there, but who?

Well, I have more power now than before and I want to start doing things right, starting with Lilith. I guess it’s time to give her powers back, at least now I have the powers from the stone, I will finally get done with our deal and possibly earn an ally.

I summoned her not even needing any kind of sigil or incantation, I just thought of her and in a snap, there she was.

*“Demonica, we haven’t talk in a longtime, I just hope this isn’t another beg for help.”*

“Not at all Lilith, in fact I have summoned you to give back what’s rightfully yours, your powers had served me well.” Sheryl replied.

*“Well, that was unexpected, how come you’re not needing my powers anymore?”*

“I earned a powerful stone from an adversary after a fight so I decided I could manage without your powers and intervention. I am profoundly thankful though and probably I couldn’t have made it this far without your help.” Spoke Sheryl.

*“I see, you don’t need me anymore so you’re just dumping me. Fair enough, I don’t expect any empathy from you, just like my old entourage, deceitful and interested.”* Uttered the demoness.

I didn’t know what to say but I kind of felt bad and she actually seemed sad, so I approached her attempting to hug her or trying to provide some comfort, at the end she actually supported me not only with powers but also with some good advice.

Strangely she accepted it and placed her hands around me, however I felt that hug was taking too long so I tried to release myself by stepping back a little but she wasn’t letting go off of me, all of the sudden she started taking her powers back, I could feel them coming out of me and during that process I noticed other intentions too, she started making very tender movements on my back with her fingers and to be honest I didn’t have any suspicion that she was interested in me, nonetheless, it felt really great and I let myself go without resisting.

There was a moment when I started to falter so I tried to push her away with some strength while I told her I wasn’t feeling ok but she kept draining me up, till the point I had no energy left to push her away anymore, it was just her and my body stranded by her own arms completely prone to her will. I couldn’t think of anything else but my own death and I said, this is it, I will die in your arms.

To what she said; “*Not so fast Demonica, you still have work to do*. Y*ou need your powers and this is an intervention, I’ll take what its mine but I’ll leave the stone’s powers intact*. *You have a dangerous weakness*. *Why do you crave sex? It seems you take every single chance.”*

Oh my God, she was studying me and she was right! In every opportunity sex or any kind of arousing was present I couldn’t stop myself from enjoying it.

*“You already were tempted before and fell for it; how come you couldn’t resist? I merely rubbed my fingers on your back and it sent you straight to nirvana.”*

“I guess I’m weak Lilith, how I’m supposed to fight my own physical needs? It just happens and it’s like I can’t think clearly in that precise moment.” Uttered Sheryl.

*“Exactly, and that’s the reason why demons can obtain what they want. They don’t even have to push you to do anything, you just flow with any kind of stimulation whether is a male or female demon.”*

“Well, I guess I have developed a bisexual preference while figuring out myself but trust me Lilith, is something I don’t look for and it has helped me out of certain situations.”

*“I understand your outcome but the problem is sex with any demon isn’t good for a Demonica. Is an open valve to waste power and for other entities to steal your capabilities as you become vulnerable due to the chemical reactions on your body during arousing.”*

*“However, there might be something I could help you with, it may not be what you expected but in hell there are certain demons that can quench your thirst for sex while they remain your servants.”*

*“These are different demons; they provide sexual satisfaction but aren’t allowed to acquire your powers due to their low hierarchical position. They are called succubus and incubus and are in charge of luring regular humans into sexual practices while masquerading other beings, hiding their real appearance as it isn’t very pleasing, nonetheless, for a Demonica they become merely sexual objects.”* Expressed the demoness.

“I got to say Lilith, it is very tempting but I don’t feel comfortable making another deal just for sex?” Uttered Sheryl.

*“As I said these demons are different, they are your servants, you just got to pick them and decide which one are you going to stick up. There are tons of those just don’t go crazy choosing more than you can take or you will get lost in lust and could even wish to stay in hell with them.”*

“Ok, you convinced me, I want to check that out but how do I contact them? Sigils or incantations?” Asked Sheryl.

*“You already have the power of the stone, setting a place to go to shouldn’t be a problem anymore so make it to the second circle in hell where they are, my question will be, would you prefer a male or a female demon?”* Uttered the demoness sarcastically.

“Why is it relevant Lilith?

Lilith?”

Vanished! As usual.

Anyway, I’ll pay a visit to that place and see what I can get, however I’m a little hesitant due to the sphinxes, there must be more in hell so I don’t know what to expect but at least I’m not emptyhanded, my recently acquired powers from the stone should be enough, I hope.

I can’t get out of my head the fact that Lilith was so interested in my sexual preferences, also why was she testing me? It all seems very weird, makes me believe she has a quite defined sexual preference as well and makes me think about her entourage . . . I’m wondering if for some reason she forced the women in the group to perform any kind of foreplay? That could have been the real reason for them to leave, they may have admired her but I don’t think till the point of fucking.

I had enough with Lilith so far so I needed to move on, at least I got nothing to do with her anymore and I need to refocus on Leann again.

A new day had come so I went back to the girl’s house, fortunately everything was as I left it last time, Regina was back in good shape and Claudia was working on a new project so it seemed what happened in the basement somehow was erased from their memories.

I wanted to start fresh in many ways and one of them was to be honest with them so I sat down and told them about the stone and the things I had to go through, however I wasn’t ready for what they had to say.

Regina and Claudia seemed to have been on the highest spots in the entourage with Lilith, in fact they were in charge of setting up the battles, strategies and also lavish and wild parties in which they had to perform certain shameful things for the demoness, all this while being strangers to each other.

So I was right, Lilith had clear her sex preference, she even forced Claudia and Regina to have sex with her trading it for power but in an uncommon way, Lilith’s power reeked from her hands so while she masturbated the girls, she was dumping a load of energy through their parts and according to them, whenever a woman was willing to allow Lilith’s fingers inside her, Lilith was capable of manipulating their thoughts and even making them slaves of her self-pleasure that was no longer exchanged for power.

When they made it out of the entourage after trying it innumerable times, it set Lilith in an unmeasurable hatred against them because she relied on them, they were the leaders of the group, her favorites, her default sexual partners and slaves as well but what clearly fed-up Lilith the most was that her favorite women fell in love with each other leaving her on the side.

I bet for Lilith this was something unbearable but if she wanted them back, she had to fight an adversary that she knew was too much for her to handle.

Hecate, being a goddess outpowered Lilith in any sense, besides Claudia and Regina were now her followers in a form of payment from being rescued.

I do feel bad about Lilith, it doesn’t matter how the girls want to call it but she was betrayed and no wonder why she is against them, however something that Hecate said stayed on my mind, Regina and Claudia are still consorting with Lilith to find a way to get back to her probably they actually have feelings for her, I feel Lilith developed certain feelings toward them as well, nonetheless, there was some kind of slavery, mistreatment involved so I’m not sure the girls are telling me the whole truth, probably something shameful that they prefer not to tell me.

I told Regina and Claudia I needed to go to the basement to what they said; “sure, go ahead but be aware of the things in there.”

They just left the house which I found strange, when they usually stay there while I’m going down just in case anything happens, however they must be busy with their love triangle and I was worried about Leann, I still have nothing from Hecate despite the deal we had.

I went down that staircase, I thought if I encounter another sphynx, it would be easier to kill, let’s see if what they told me about the stone is true, if Hecate isn’t bringing back, I’ll definitely try with the resurrection power of the stone, also I need a replacement for in there . . .

I kept going down and to my surprise I found the Soul Demonica book sitting on top of an altar quite similar to where the stone was, not in my house where I left it, I felt it was odd but I went to grab it and started going through its pages, I was thunderstruck, my commands were replaced with other things, the book had written stuff that I didn’t put in there, it could be easily read; “*summoning the sphynxes, befriend the Demonica, keep her in the loop, start her sexual awakening, lure her into the inner circles of hell . . .”*

And many other things, basically everything that has been happening or that is going to happen had been previously written by someone on the book but who?

Claudia and Regina of course! I thought if I need a victim to trade places for Leann, now I got two! These deceiving bitches have been doing all this on my behalf as Hecate said consorting with Lilith! I shouldn’t have given her powers back but it was late for that.

But when I went further on in the book, Regina and Claudia were standing there with a malevolent grin that later started to become a snout! They were sphynxes!

“You are liars, you’re not even human, how did you do this?” Yelled Sheryl in distress.

*“Lilith provided us of more power thanks to you Demonica, you surrender her powers back so we can shapeshift at will and stay in that shape as long as we want. We will escort you to the second circle in hell, there you will perform as Lilith wishes!”*

I put myself in this position thanks to Lilith and now I had to succumb to the sphynxes to go and deliver more power than what I already have given.

I was upset but I couldn’t do anything else than go with them, I even tried to attack them but shortly I noticed Lilith had provided them with some kind of shielding similar to what the stone gave to the sphynx I killed before, they knew I would try anything to release myself so they tied my hands up while they made me open a portal to the inner parts of hell.

The basement wasn’t even at a quarter of the heat that could be felt here, firepits similar to the one where I saw Hecate were all around, the road to the circles of hell is rocky, isn’t easy to get to, for some unknown reason the sphynxes told me at some point of the road I was meant to crawl to get where I was needed but we were far from that.

I started to feel exhausted and almost ready to faint but we made it to a dark pit; the only one fireless and next to it an inscription on a rock that read; “*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.”* I thought *I recall those words from the Memento Mori book, what were they?* I was pushing myself to remember their meaning but the sphynxes were pressuring me to enter.

OH no I do remember; “*Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.”* To what I yelled; I don’t belong here, I’m a Demonica! I’m bigger than this, I summon the keeper of this gate!

I don’t know where did those words came from but the sphynxes looked petrified after I said them, the knot that tied my hands unraveled by itself and the sphynxes stepped back from me like I was some kind of threat, I just couldn’t understand what was going on but seemed like something was going to happen.

From the same fireless pit something was crawling its way up, the sphynxes were noticeably scared but I wasn’t backing up, I made it to hell and I wasn’t willing to rot in there. I was getting ready, whatever was coming up wasn’t pleased by my decision of not entering there so I was ready to fight.

I could feel a strong presence getting close to the entrance of the pit, another sphynx bigger than the other two came out of the pit, it was pointing with one of its claws the pit, and all of the sudden my hands were tied up again, it was clear I had no option than to enter.

This creature had clearly a higher rank than the other two, it had what looked like an armor with something I had seen before, the three claw marks, with the same claws it was piercing my arm while pushing me into the pit, I had to crawl in handtied which made it way harder to move, I was basically moving like a worm till I got to a main room.

In the walls of the room could be seen through frescoes imagery of a man, a woman and a serpent, each fresco piece was portraying a different scenario where the serpent lured the woman to follow her offering a book, leaving the man behind.

The serpent seemed to talk to the woman, picking up the snake and placing it next to her like she was carrying a puppy. Something twisted was going on between them, the next portray showed the serpent making its way into the woman’s parts using its tail.

While I witness that, I noticed I was naked as well, strangely I was looking so similar to the woman on the wall, from behind me I could hear something slithering toward me.

*“You are ready and fresh to perform your duties, Demonica.”*

That’s what I heard after being brought in front of an altar, in fact I felt like I just took a shower so I was actually fresh and smelled like fresh flowers, from one moment to another I felt so sleepy and shut my eyes for a bit.

I opened up my eyes to find myself laying on top of the altar like being offered, my hands weren’t tied anymore but something was keeping me there. I wasn’t being held by anything; however, I couldn’t move and, in that moment, a big snake with a woman’s face approached me, checking me thoroughly while moving its big tail in excitement till the point that it started dropping a transparent liquid.

I wanted desperately to free myself as I was quite conscious of what was going to happen but while I fought against that restraining strength, and staring at the snake in such an anger, I saw that the ceiling on top of me was starting to become my own reflection like it was a mirror, oddly in my reflection I wasn’t mad, I was actually looking pleased even seduced like it wasn’t myself.

I could see how I rubbed my hands over my body in the reflection but wasn’t able to move a muscle but my eyes. The snake took a look at the ceiling while my reflection started to lick it lips trying to arouse it, I couldn't keep my eyes from widening more in frustration while my reflection spread its legs, that was the go for the serpent, it hopped on me rubbing its cold skin all over my body, that was the start of a long odyssey of unfathomable pain.

Some parts of my body were starting to bleed due to the strong rubbing from its tough skin and all of the sudden I couldn’t see the tail anymore, the serpent forced my legs open pushing its body between them, I just felt something very sticky and wet rubbing my parts.

I couldn’t feel more vulnerable and scared, I was praying to whatever was around to help me, it was hell so other entities or spirits could be around to make the snake go away but it was useless, the tail went deep in me but it didn’t feel bad at the start, it was already lubricated by the transparent liquid but I knew it would get worse.

The snake was pushing it deeper while my vagina wasn’t able to stretch anymore, its lubrication wasn’t enough, neither to relieve me from the pain, the snake was too thick for me to handle, it was just tearing me apart. It kept going for what seemed like days and then I felt something else got into the room, I managed to turn my head to the side to see a flock of people, in fact all of them women to what I thought, *finally this is the end of my suffering!*

But the women weren’t there to help me, they made the serpent retrieve its tail out of me like for checking it, I could see my blood blended with the creature’s discharge while I took a rest from the soreness. The women just nodded like in agreement with the snake and not long after, the serpent went back in me.

I felt so powerless in that moment, there was nothing that I could do, I couldn’t help but think, where is the god damned power I got from the stone? Now that I need it!

There must be something to stop this! Right in that moment of need my first though was Hecate, I saw her before so I tried to focus on her image with all my strength. I guess she helped me when I noticed my hands were free to move and right on that moment, the blue fire emanated profusely from them like never before so it was clear that somehow Hecate could have multiplied my power, the serpent knew it was its end, I grabbed its head trying to pull it out of me but it took a while to overpower it, it was a tough adversary.

Finally, after releasing myself from, it, I threw it on the floor but it wasn’t weakening despite my strong fire, on the contrary, the snake was ready to retaliate but suddenly the flock of women reappeared and seemed bewildered like that wasn’t supposed to happen, but I wasn’t backing up, they weren’t allies and I was going to burn all those bitches to the ground, the snake included.

Almost ready to attack them, I noticed a red shining light coming from my chest and the blue fire coming from my hands was starting to turn red as well, the serpent tried to hide behind the women as now it seemed endangered by my upgraded power, oddly the flock just turned their back on the snake, backing off and leaving me room to destroy the vulnerable animal.

Indeed, being a tough adversary after shooting it repeatedly, the snake started to peel off many layers of skin, withering in the process to what the women said;

“We are just servants of Lilith; we are trapped here and were meant to help the snake possess you to provide a vessel for the demoness, please help us, we weren’t allowed to interfere.”

The women were clearly threatened by my power and were willing to accept anything I asked them to do in order to escape that shithole, I had a great idea on the right moment.

“From now on all of you will become my entourage, you will succumb to my every command and turn your back on Lilith, I promise you all a better life starting to release you from this place.” Spoke Sheryl confidently.

All of them didn’t hesitate to agree but one in particular seemed defiant toward me and asked.

“How are you supposed to release us from here? You might have killed a powerful gate keeper but it doesn’t mean you have the power to get us out of here! You aren’t that special!”

But I was determined to shut her mouth in a heartbeat, from the same floor where we were standing, I opened up a portal to my house and then spoke.

“There you have it, an exit right here on hell, are you coming or not?”

All of them came with me but she was adamant on her ideas and said;

“I was a leader here, the demoness chose me to carry these women to a new beginning, a new entourage for Lilith with me as her right hand, I won’t allow you to do this!”

She tried to attack me but instead of fighting back, I decided I will tie her up, forcing her to come with me and my new entourage, I’m definitely having a purpose for her.

While we crossed the portal a thought came to my mind; *I’m doing exactly what Lilith had done in the past, I’m I becoming her somehow?* But the truth is I just wanted to release them from there, they were prisoners, nonetheless, the defiant woman will try to eliminate me in the minute I put my guard down so I knew she will serve me well in a visit I have to pay.

After we got to my house I said; “you are all free to go except you, I got a mission for you and it will be a fair exchange, she looked confused, anyway I owe her no explanation, she will only have to fulfill her new purpose.”

While we gathered on my room I changed my mind and told the women, “I have no interest in having an entourage, go wherever you want to go, do as you please, but don’t fall again in the traps of Lilith, she won’t give you nothing and if she does it will come with a high price, you were merely slaves for her and whenever you won’t agree with her conditions, she will get rid of you without having to get her hands dirty.”

The women looked at me in awe and wondering what was going to be their fate, one of them came forward and said; “if you don’t intend to have followers, at least count on me to help you in a moment of need to which the other women joined her in agreement and said they will do as well.”

I got to say I was pleased to get that support but still wasn’t that convinced as they didn’t help me defeat the snake but I knew that was my fight and at least they didn’t get in the middle of my battle and somehow offered me the spot to kill it. I still wonder what will Lilith do to them, she was betrayed but at least was deserved.

I knew I took the right decision; they were loyal and were willing to commit to me if I wanted to but instead of making them my slaves or my flock, I decided to offer them the best gift; free will, protection, specially from Lilith. At least I can count on them if I ever need them and I’m clearly empowered with my red fire so I do believe I can face Lilith, fire with equal fire.

Chapter 17

I was hesitant though of letting the chance go, of having an entourage of my own, a group of women willing to fight, as I still have enemies but I don’t want to follow Lilith’s steps, I have to show them I’m better than her.

I think they saw my regret and asked; “why don’t you teach us? You seem to have good intentions and to us would be really good to have a mentor. Lilith was nowhere close to that, why don’t give it a try? you may become a great leader!”

I can’t believe what they were doing, they were supporting me and that was something I was looking for desperately, someone I could rely on, and right on that moment Leann came to mind to what I said;

“I didn’t mean to be evil on this decision but the truth is, I brought the defiant woman to trade her for my friend Leann”, while I told that, the woman was there with the rest dangerously angered and yelling at me;

“I will rather burn in hell or follow Lilith than a lame loser like you! you are not ready to lead anyone, you let the demoness drag you to hell to fulfill your urges of sex! You are not special; you are just a horny lesbian! Yes! she told me what she discovered from you; it doesn’t matter how powerful you think you are; your pussy is in control!”

I felt like shit in that moment, she was exposing and shaming me but one of the women slapped her face while saying; “shut your filthy mouth and respect her! thanks to her you have your freedom! Bow to her! We all owe her big time!”

The women were definitely on my side and that was the moment I knew I had to trade her, what an ungrateful and offensive woman, however I still have a sense of empathy toward her because I knew she will suffer in that prison but I guess the women knew I wasn’t that convinced of trading her to what they said;

“You’re making the right decision, she was meant to die for Lilith anyway, she wanted it so badly because she believes blindly on the demoness’s words, this is your chance of bringing back your friend.”

I didn’t force them to become my entourage but they were clearly willing to follow me and actually helped me in one tough decision to what I said; “I’m grateful for your support, I need you to come with me to the prison where my friend is and bring the defiant woman.”

These women were like soldiers ready to battle, I was thunderstruck, they brought the defiant woman one of them on each side while the woman was just yelling insults toward me but that was her fate and I was willing to offer her, enough of insulting and taking shit, Leann deserved to be freed from there.

Using my new upgraded powers, I just opened up a portal to where my supposed friends Claudia and Regina where living; the basement, which was to me another circle of hell disguised as a basement.

We got there after going below almost two stories, I guided them to the room where Leann was and I actually called her. She just appeared there while saying;

“I knew it Sheryl! I knew you will do it! Is she the person you will trade for me?”

“Yes, and how I’m I supposed to do this?” I spoke.

Leann placed her hands on my chest like calling the powers of the red stone and then said; “*scambio alchemico”*

I could see how she started to fade from where she was, taking the place of the defiant woman while she rejoiced in such a distorted laugh that it looked evil. She spoke those words in Italian, signifying a profound exchange had occurred, a distortion of fate I had agreed to.

“Are you ok Leann?” I asked, the defiant woman looked afraid and said; “you don’t know what you are releasing, that isn’t your friend anymore! This basement is another circle of hell!”

I got scared, I have never seen Leann behave like that, she was showing signs of madness all over, she was released but didn’t look like her anymore, she looked evil, it’s like I freed something that wasn’t meant to be freed but all of a sudden, she went back to how I remembered her.

But now, in the fiery depths of the prison where now the defiant woman will remain, laments could be heard, the eerie noise of an unseen creature drew nearer, its unsettling presence closing in behind the vulnerable woman. I felt I had made a terrible mistake, her body will be now what mine was, a feast for the hungry demons, a regular woman with no defense.

On the other hand, Leann showed a sinister face of satisfaction and even spoke without a hint of remorse:

“Thank you Sheryl, you are definitely a great friend and seems you have an entourage, that is awesome! Let’s get the hell out of here!”

Honestly, I was worried, it’s like a different version of her like demonic or just a side I have never seen of her, but at least I had her back, that was the plan behind all this.

After thanking them for being there for me, they had nowhere to live so I guided them to the only place I could think of, Leann’s old house, at least as a temporary place.

I brought Leann back with me to my house and she just seemed normal, nonetheless, what I saw in that basement wasn’t her at all.

She looked at me so differently, so willing to do other stuff we haven’t done before, I guess I was willing to do anything, I missed her badly and I had my weird and wild experiences so I wasn’t reluctant to anything. She went straight and placed her right hand below my pants and started to rub her fingers in that inverted triangle before my privates.

I have never enjoyed anything similar to this, not with her, she is my friend but the truth is, whatever she wanted to do I will just follow, I have never felt horny toward her but right now that was just the right moment to compel to any wish she wanted to fulfill.

She was rubbing my parts while saying, “are you open to this? I haven’t gotten to where I really want to go, you allowed other beings inside you, would you mind if I try to do it with my barehand? I’ll be gentle, I know you been hurt but you are made for this and can take the suffering like a champion. I have never said it before but I really wanted to try your pussy.”

I was in shock but fuck it! I spread my legs open, all of the sudden I wanted her just deep in me to what she said; “I will possess you anytime I want, you are just willing and that’s the perfect vessel.”

I recalled what the flock told me, a vessel for Lilith! hell no! I stopped her.

“I’m sorry Leann I won’t be a vessel for Lilith, if you want anything from me, I’m willing to but Lilith is out of the equation, that fucking bitch! She even exposed my likes for girls! that wasn’t part of the plan, well not that I thought of.”

“Mm, so are you a lesbian?” Leann asked.

“Well, I had my experiences with the sphinxes.” Sheryl spoke.

“OH, that’s true, the sphinxes, but you liked it right? Didn’t you?” Asked Leann.

“I got to say that I enjoyed that but I wasn’t ready for it, I feel wounded though.”

“But wounded in a good way, no?” Asked Leann insistently.

I really didn’t understand what Leann was trying to do but I kind of try to follow her lead.

“I’m wounded because I was raped, I had no option but to succumb to whatever those sphinxes wanted, that was my ticket to get the fuck out!” Expressed Sheryl.

“Mm, really? It seems to me you enjoyed it till the very end.” Uttered Leann sarcastically.

Honestly, I was trying to get some empathy from Leann but I wasn’t getting any.

She said after gathering her thoughts;

“A Demonica is basically made for her own pleasure, she can lure anyone to her will and have the ability to offer humans and some spirits a pretty juicy deal that will be paid in plain sexual pleasure toward herself so basically, you’re a vessel for yourself not Lilith.”

All of the sudden I felt my hopes of being a great leader were dumped in the trash, I told Leann, I freed these women, I had the chance to have my own entourage and I turned it down because I want them to have a life of their own, not to please me. At least I felt better knowing I’m no vessel for Lilith.

“Please Sheryl, don’t be so naïve, do you really think these women will help you in a time of need, you are old enough and enough experienced to know they won’t do shit for you, you have me, use me, I’m a priestess remember?”

So, I was focused on use whatever I had, I’m already in a circle of hell surrounded by enemies, this Leann wasn’t the Leann I met before but whatever, I loved this Leann, willing to go for anything.

She was the Leann I secretly wanted, just willing to kiss, to arouse me because the truth is I hadn’t had the nerve to kiss her even if I had the chance, it was all researching and shit but now, it was just perfect, she will follow me to hell again if I asked her.

I was exaggeratedly pleased, I told her; “let’s get rid of Lilith, the flock and specially the trinity, that’s my wish.”

She said; “you have all the power you need, fulfill your fate and become who you really want to become, you don’t show it but you want power desperately and to bestow power among other beings, this is your chance powerful Demonica.”

This was definitely a different Leann, she was just worshiping me, she was so far my best supporter, I wanted her to please me and be my right hand.

I knew I could be cruel but also merciful when I need to and I know many human souls would turn to me whenever I promise a different life, but that will be my Achilles heel, I know I will regret dropping those souls to hell when the deal is done.

“Why so much regret?” Leann asked. “You are finally balanced correctly; good, bad and nasty.”

I said, I’m not used to do this, I’m not used to be a leader. I barely know how to be a Demonica and yes, I got the nasty part.

At that very moment, Lilith materialized before me, wearing a sinister grin, and uttered:

*“You took my foreshadowed new entourage and made it yours, what other power do you need? You lured them to your side. You prove your worth.”*

*“You have a circle of hell open to your will, not even in my best times I had that chance. We got no business anymore and your Leann is back so, enjoy your time.”*

I thought this closing will come with some kind of argument or fight from her part but she preferred to vanish back to wherever she came from.

Lilith was right though, Leann is by my side, I just found out I love her and I want her by my side. That’s the main reason behind all this. I think I love her.

“Mm nothing like a confessed lesbian, it’s even better,” Leann spoke. Probably referring to being “my Leann” as Lilith uttered.

I just couldn’t understand what was behind being a lesbian, I just loved Leann no matter what but she seemed to have other plans.

“I’m sorry Sheryl but I don’t know if you know that Lilith will provide other powers whenever you accept having sex with her. Remember she was the first woman, the first to enjoy another female.”

“Allow me to catch you up with history, Eve could have been the first lesbian but she wasn’t ready to accept it, she neglected Adam for a good reason, she wanted another pussy, and there’s were Lilith intervened.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at Leann, it was funny as hell!

She just asked, “why are you laughing? Do you really think I spent most of my time in that fucking cell for nothing? I actually researched and found out the truth.”

That actually erased my laugh and I asked her; Leann what is my destiny, what is my true fate?

She just laughed at me and said;

“You are already condemned to hell; you can lure people to your deals but the truth is you will never get rid of the future that was already set by your aunt Agatha.”

“That wasn’t your fault, you were a baby when your mom left you being taken care of your aunt, she vessel you right there when your mom couldn’t protect you and you can’t change it, maybe this is the vessel you were told about.”

*This is a wild, unapologetic Leann, willing to make anything happen,* I thought; she knows hell pretty well and has been dealing with that hellhole for long enough to know.

She spoke; “things have changed Sheryl, you own the title Demonica, you have achieved shit that no other Demonica has done before so use it! Use it to your advantage!”

“Even if you have a place in hell, you still can choose who is going to take your place in there, you are no longer the Sheryl I met before, you are quite close to a demoness’s status so make hell rumble! That is your fate!”

To me it was just too much to handle, I didn’t want all those things, all those responsibilities but she remained adamant on making me aware of that and being quite pushy to make me succumb to that status.

At some point I even thought, *maybe she is trying to get something for herself and I honestly was pleased for her to get it, she is my girl-friend and I was willing to fulfill her wishes.* I truly didn’t know what I was getting into, I completely forgot she was an experienced priestess, a powerful witch that knows how to deal with the spiritual world.

I didn’t suspect that Leann being in that cell, in that prison for so long would make her change to what she is now, a reckless and relentless woman, so far to the gentle and caring Leann I met before but this was my wish, I have her now in flesh and bones, what else can I ask for?

But she was flipping constantly to this being she showed before in the basement, wicked and wanting me to perform things and also bringing back Lilith to topic, looking like she really need to push me through it and somehow it looked like she owes Lilith.

She was out of control, she was showing signs of a wild woman, I was ok with the sex part but the fate, the power and all that I represented, seemed of a higher worth for her.

“Sheryl, my sweet Sheryl, she said,” while grabbing me by the waist.

“Why is it so hard to accept your destiny, you are a queen my dear! You had been offered the power to conquer, to bestow, to possess, why don’t you use it?”

“Leann, I don’t know! You have been here in the past, you know I didn’t want this but I went through it because I had your support but now, I’m just lost, I just need my life to be back to normal, not this crazy commanding position I’m at.”

Leann looked very embarrassed and shameful toward my answer and said; “I can’t understand you, all of the sudden you want it all and now that you have it, you just want to destroy it? It doesn’t make any sense to me but ill support your lame decision.”

I felt like an asshole but suddenly I realized she might have reason, “the truth is Leann, we can reign this realm ourselves, using our acquired powers and becoming the queens we are meant to be, and yes that’s what I want, I want you by my side!”

In that moment the flock of women showed up at my doorstep, all of a sudden implying that they could take care of Leann and me, being warriors and being our defense against enemies.

I told Leann, “we still have to get rid of our old enemies; the trinity, the flock.”

“Don’t worry Sheryl, I got this under control, anything that comes in between will be dealt by our protectors, our dark angels, thanks to you, those women, I wouldn’t trust.”

I must say Leann made me hesitate about the women, I preferred to keep them out of the house to avoid trouble between them, they refused to leave despite having closed the door, that was strange but also made me wonder why they stayed.

I saw Leann summoning those dark angels and honestly what I witness wasn’t very pleasing; this was like opening a portal to nasty beings, welcoming them to our world, to our dimension. I asked Leann, “are you fucking nuts? What are you doing?”

“Pleaseeeeee, Sheryl, let it be! You got nothing to fear, now it’s all under control.”

This was confusing to me, I couldn’t see any further than white energy waves coming from the portal she opened up, in that moment, the trinity showed up. The trinity after so much time.

I told Leann, “I really hope you know what you are doing,” I haven’t figured out how to get rid of them, however they haven’t showed up till now. Leann recited some kind of prayer while she gave them something similar to a book and a box covered in a skin-colored leather.

It looked like an offering I’m guessing in hopes of releasing me from the deal with them, I trusted Leann, she always knew what to do. I could see they were pleased as they accepted the strange box while returning back to the portal they came, nonetheless while turning their backs to me, they picked out what was in the box while I witness horrified how Leann shapeshifted! Reshaping randomly between; Agatha, Lilith and even myself!

I asked her; “who are you? where is Leann?”

Whatever that was, wasn’t responding, her body was starting to looked crooked from blending between so much shapes, that thing wasn’t Leann anymore, it turned its head all the way back without moving its body, I was petrified and scared but found the strength to get back my red fire!

While the creature looked at me, its jaw fell, its skin was starting to look dead-like, it was horrible and frustrating to look at it especially since it still had Leann’s clothes.

I set my hands in front of it while calling out my red fire but right in that moment it shapeshifted back to Leann! “don’t shoot me please! I beg you!” Leann spoke.

“I knew you weren’t the same, your behavior, your uncontrollable search for power, that wickedness I haven’t witness from you before. What happened to you in there? You are way far to the Leann I used to know.”

With an inhuman speed and incredible strength, she lifted me up in the air while saying;

“You have to held accountable for all you have done in the past.”

I asked; “I release you from that hellhole! Don’t I deserve something more than just punishment? What about our plans together?”

She looked possessed by something while shedding some tears but kept quiet and carrying me in the air, a few moments later, the dark long figure I encountered many times in the past showed up, but it wasn’t just that, it went from just being long and dark to become a huge animal, like a camel! I just thought, *this is not good, I know exactly who that is.*

While I stared at the display of skills on reshaping to whatever it chose, the animal seemed like waiting for something and using some kind of magic, the animal made me ride it. Through thought interchange, quite similar to the one with Hecate, the animal made clear it belonged to me now while interrupting Leann’s attack.

Right on that moment, Leann returned to herself looking puzzled and asked me; “what are you doing? Where did that camel come from?” But rapidly she acknowledged what the camel represented.

“Sheryl, I understand now, the camel is another element of power probably another rank you just earned, just like the red stone, take a look at it.”

The animal looked tamed and quite obedient but it also seemed to be wearing some kind of shield that wasn’t visible but could be perceived.

Bringing back Leann didn’t seem like the best choice to me anymore, she brought something wicked with her and it takes over her sometimes.

“What did you offer the trinity Leann? It was in that moment when you flipped to that weird thing, shapeless, specifically when you gave them the box, what was in there?

Leann was clearly hesitant but at least she found the will to say;

“I had been possessed many times in that prison Sheryl, I had to face many evil spirits, your aunt Agatha and even Lilith. I guess I was punished by my own sins, I even have to face Jeremy and he was laughing at me probably knowing it was going to be my fate to be there.”

“When I gave the trinity the box, it contained my head . . .”

I was completely shocked but I encouraged Leann to keep talking.

“I offered my head when I was in there, it was part of the deal I have been offered to lure you in that basement but it worked Sheryl, I found a way to regrow my own head just like you could have. Remember what Paimon said? it was true, you can regrow your own head. Part of the trade of the box I gave the trinity was to be able to transform into something else but, through a reshaping spell which hurts like hell when I perform it and I still don’t know how to control but seems useful in battles.”

To me it was all nonsense but Leann was profusely trying to explain herself but I had enough. I wasn’t liking this Leann very much; she was plain wild and out of control.

I don’t need any more deals with all these crazy ass entities, the price is high and I’m just tired of owing them shit. I earned the powers of the red pyramidal stone by myself; I worked my ass off to acquire those powers in order to give Lilith back hers.

“I was grateful toward her Leann; I gave her powers back; do you know how she ended our deal? She said I had an urge for sex, that was my weakness and I had to look for sex demons to release some steam, all this theatre to lure me into one of the circles of hell and for what? To be raped and used by a snake, a huge ass snake! If it wasn’t by Hecate, I wouldn’t have escaped besides I was meant to be possessed by the same Lilith, that treacherous bitch is dying to get back to her throne.

So, no more deals Leann, I’m sorry but the more you acquired from those demons, the worse things will get.”

Leann didn’t seem very pleased with my words and spoke;

“I’m grateful for what you did, for releasing me but maybe this path isn’t meant for the both of us. You have become soft Sheryl, I think you need to grow thick skin to be able to be a Demonica, at least a real one not this cringey and all regretful person you are now.”

I was irritated toward her but I cannot hold who doesn’t want to be by my side. I gathered some strength and told her, “well that’s fine, if you don’t feel like staying with me despite what I did for you, go ahead, clearly, we don’t mean to each other the same.”

Then she just left my house! Left! Like she wasn’t anyone special to me.

I was a little heartbroken because I really thought that things will flow for us from now but honestly that person or thing that left my house wasn’t her anymore, the real Leann wouldn’t have left like that and I wasn’t going to push things, she was gone for good and by her own choice.

My entourage must have stayed outside the house for what seemed hours, all this time while I been trying to get to an agreement with Leann. I saw them after Leann cracked the door open in her outburst, patiently waiting out probably trying to warn me of her. One of them went ahead and spoke;

“That wasn’t Leann, Sheryl. The moment her head was taken, there is no turning back, she will never be the same, indeed you can regrow it and shapeshift it at will but you already lost your essence, your true self and that cannot be redone.

We knew all that happened in there, including the offering but she was your friend and you were excited about bringing her back so we didn’t want to change your mind, we are meant to please you.”

I had mixed feelings because I didn’t know about this, I just freed Leann thinking I will get back the same person that entered there but not this thing that was simulating her. Also, my entourage, the women I released from that shithole knew about this, but why I’m I surprised? they betrayed Lilith in a snap, it was clear they will do the same to me.

But things weren’t going to stay like that for long.

Chapter 18

Leann went back to my house a few days later.

“I’ll be truly honest with you Sheryl, remember I was locked down there with malevolent spirits and even demons, I had to find my own way of defending myself or my stay in there would have become worse. Paimon visited me while I was there and I just wondered why? I have never dealt with a king of hell before, he said the price of your head has been increasing the more you beat enemies and earn new powers.”

“I have failed you Sheryl as a friend but it was worth it, I know I’m not the same person anymore but is because, besides offering my head, I also offered . . . yours, not for the trinity but Paimon. The one I gave the trinity was mine, after it I had a hard time trying to keep my own shape, that’s why I kept shifting shapes after giving them the box. Basically, I killed two birds with one stone, we been the birds of course.”

“What are you saying? Nobody has chopped my head off; I was awake the whole time. You are just making out things Leann!”

“No, I’m not Sheryl, you were in a trance in the second circle of hell, right on the altar, I had access to where you were and I did it, I severed your head while you were asleep, a clean cut, it took you a very few moments to regrow it and you looked as stunning and beautiful as you were but improved all over.”

“That’s the reason why you could beat the snake and manage to lure the flock of women out of there, besides Lilith override her deal with you with no confrontation or argument. You lost a couple of enemies, the strongest ones and gained an entourage of your own. Your fire is no longer blue but red as the flames of hell itself. Paimon in return of your head, made you stronger and wiser, rewarding you with his camel.

I was out of myself when I severed your head but it paid off Sheryl, you owe nothing to that powerful demon or the backward trinity, if it makes you feel better remember I was the first one to offer my head, I helped us both, do you get it now?”

“Well, I’m a little disappointed in myself, I really thought I earned those powers, the red stone and burning the snake, seeing my blue flames going red, I actually owe it to you Leann.”

“No, you shouldn’t feel disappointed Sheryl and you owe me nothing, you earned the powers of the stone, you beat Paimon, the sphynxes, Lilith, the trinity, I just helped you and myself.”

I trusted Leann and honestly, she did it right, she did for me what I wasn’t sure in the beginning, offering my head wasn’t that bad after all, seemed like a win-win situation for everybody.

“So, what are we supposed to do now Leann, there are no more enemies? We owe nothing to none of those entities?”

“Nop, nothing at all Sheryl. Do you see what’s in front of us? Our future, finally our chance to be together. The opportunity that we even neglected in the past that now is setting in front of our noses, let’s make it happen Sheryl, you and me.”

I was honestly bedazzled and glad to be in that moment with Leann but in the back of my mind, it all seemed so perfect, things just went away like that? basically she snapped her fingers and all bad things disappeared? But I wasn’t in a place to judge her, she always knew what to do and her plans always worked so far, so why not giving a chance for our happiness?

Leann and I have been living together ever since, we haven’t seen a single enemy coming back like in the past, now there was nothing of that at all and I was glad, for the first time I could just stop looking out for things, going to places, trying to save Leann, now it was just going back to basics, to normal life.

I was ready to do a cleanup of all the books I had, just keeping the Soul Demonica and the Memento Mori just in case anything can come around. Strangely I started to find big ants all over the house, everywhere, the kitchen, the living room even in the bed and also a smell, similar to . . . rotting meat.

Leann and I looked at each other just knowing that our battle with the demons wasn’t close to be done, Leann went searching for the bad smell as she implied it smelled stronger in the living room so she kept looking for the source of the smell.

I was still cleaning the bed, getting rid of the huge ants when Leann yelled at me from the living room; “Sheryl, you need to come down, we have a problem.”

I went down and while grabbing Leann’s hand, we were bewildered by the box that was sitting on top of the table, with the big ants coming from it.

That box looked exactly as the one Leann gave the trinity, to me it didn’t seem like they were pleased after all. Why return it?

Leann was clearly keeping something from me and I confronted her.

“What is going on? It looks like you are hiding something and it’s a shame that we will start our relationship this way. Would you please Leann?”

Things will go on spiral because she wasn’t as honest as she said she was. When was I going to stop being mad at her? she didn’t stop lying.

“The head I put on the box for the trinity wasn’t mine, I transformed it to look like me but I use one of the sphynxes head instead, I’m sorry Sheryl.”

“Why don’t you just stop lying Leann? why did you said it was your head? And you got the nerve to chop mine!!”

“Because I had the chance Sheryl, I wasn’t ready to chop my own head off and I recall I told you I didn’t trust Paimon on that, so I decided to do a test with one of the sphynxes, making it look like my head and it seemed it worked for a while.”

“Well, I think that the spell you put on it just faded, and now they are letting us know that we still OWE them a fucking head!! so we haven’t finished Leann.”

“Is there a chance I can slice my head again? Can I regrow it again? I’m aware I will not be the same person but what the hell, I don’t care anymore as long as we get rid of them.”

“That’s the problem Sheryl, that’s a one-time thing. If you severe it again, you will just die.”

“Really? How can I trust you on that?”

“I just know Sheryl, in hell things are pretty visible, there is no chance to hide anything, it’s just like the place sets anything out-front, there is no way of hiding anything. I saw my powers worked on the sphynxes head and it remained looking like mine while I put it on the box, after that I have no idea what happened.”

I guess Leann was as lost as I was but I was determined to give an end to this. I knew the trinity won’t stop till they get what they want, they have been pretty persistent in the past.

We just went ahead and opened up the box, it was like opening a garbage tank that sat below the sun for at least a month, just stinky as hell. The head just stared at us, I truly believe that is way scarier to be stared from an eyeless head than a head with eyes, it was just rolling inside our soul like knowing the things we wish and how we feel, it felt like we were been stripped from everything.

The head, still showing some skin from the sphynx and levitating on the air said on a demonic tone;

*“We have been deceived, we gave trust and despite our trust you have committed treason toward us, toward hell itself, behold the pandemonium!!”*

The head just fell off, destroying itself in the process.

Leann and I felt like we enraged the whole hell and we will most likely pay for it. Now it was truly the both of us against hell. I was hoping Lilith and Paimon weren’t part of this vengeance, that would make this even worse but then I remembered, my entourage! We can use them as support, we could use them as our warriors against the trinity, I could feel there was a war coming and our enemies weren’t going to be as beatable as they were before.

I reunited my entourage with Leann by my side, trying to set a strategy on how things will go from now on, however, it’s a shame I cannot trust her blindly. I’m upset toward her, if my head cannot be severed again it doesn’t only mean I will die, I already lost a chance to survive as well in case I fight with an enemy, but that ship has sailed already and my anger won’t resolve it, she just took that chance away from me.

Something I really hated about Leann is the lack of remorse when she says sorry, it feels so empty like not really meant to be an apology but more like a cordial thing to do.

I decided I had to set a different strategy with my flock but without Leann being present. I didn’t have to push her to leave the house though. All of a sudden, she developed a routine where she left somewhere and returned in a couple of hours, I started to question her about her whereabouts as they were constant and she never brought anything back, so it wasn’t grocery shopping, it wasn’t clothes or anything for herself, she just left and got back a couple hours later emptyhanded.

I couldn’t figure out what it was but I wasn’t in the bandwidth to deal with her in that moment, I just hoped it wasn’t something that could set more distance between us.

Whatever she was doing was definitely not meant for my advantage or to help me defeat the trinity, my flock of women were aware that things between us weren’t good and I opened up to them, told them Leann had sliced my head without even sacrificing herself as she implied before and that I basically owe everything to Paimon.

These women were supportive and they gave me more in return than what Leann was providing me, they offered themselves to spy on Leann and I was afraid of finding out what she was doing, I was still rooting for the old Leann to come up someway but that wasn’t going to happen, she didn’t slice her head so something else was in her, something demonic devoured her sweetness in that prison where she was and made her become this careless and evil being that she is now.

The flock told me they split and followed Leann one night to a cemetery and were witness to a ceremony where she was the main person in there, I knew for sure she was a priestess but actually never have heard of what she did during a séance or session before, so I was hoping she was taking care of things on her own, of course I would have loved to be part of it but I guess that was something private for her.

The women told me she was using some kind of chant to attract spirits and said that the place started to have a smell of rotten meat just like the one we had back home, they said she was canalizing each one of those entities into her, in a way of acquiring more power so I believe she was getting ready to fight the trinity through her own ways, still giving her the benefit of the doubt.

I just wondered why she was so secretive about that; I already knew all she did in the past because she told me herself so this was something without sense to me. Why hide her new sessions from me?

All I could think of was that she was being manipulated by something making her look for the wrong support, but why? She is plain smart on setting up a strategy herself, now is just like she doesn’t know what to do anymore. On the other hand, she has me! Why not include me in whatever she is planning to do, I couldn’t do more than wait and see how far she gets.

My entourage were loyal to me and were willing to sacrifice themselves if it was necessary, nonetheless, I didn’t expect Leann would send an entity to do the dirty job, most likely she will fight if she had to. From the whole flock of women, only one came back to me.

She said; “we were discovered, we identified her but when we decided to leave trying to stay hidden, our feet weren’t touching the floor anymore and we didn’t even realize it, it felt like she wanted us to witness something.

In that moment, she brought something from a portal she opened over one of the tombs of the cemetery, a creature so grotesque that it really scared us but we weren’t allowed to run, we still were levitating, then we heard Leann said; “take them!”

“We were just there, standing on air, waiting for the creature to kill us. I saw with my own eyes how the creature slayed all the flock, I was dead scared and was willing to do anything to scape.”

“I was running out of time and fortunately between the bushes I was, I found a little statue with three faces, I don’t know what I did but I managed to touch it. I could still see how the other women were ripped from their lives and then it was my time, however the horrible creature overlooked me and I couldn’t do more than cover myself with my hands, it kept looking and looking like knowing I was there but couldn’t see me, I was shocked but glad when that thing left, leaving me alive.” Expressed the only survivor of the flock.

I was devastated, all those women that did nothing wrong, being fervent servants to me were deprived from their lives due to Leann’s cowardice to face me. In that moment I kind of realize that I might be the reason why she is not open to talk about her new seances, I believe I have become a threat to her, however I wouldn’t hurt her even if I had the chance.

I tried to keep the woman that survived the attack near me, she was clearly vulnerable and I had to keep her away from Leann or she will get rid of her, hopefully she doesn’t know she survived.

On the other hand, Hecate’s statue is still around so it seems it appears and vanishes whenever is needed, I was glad, if it hadn't been for Hecate she might have died there with the others.

I visited that cemetery Leann had gone to find, to my horrendous surprise that there were the sigils of the trinity on the same grave she previously used to open the portal, she was consorting with them, definitely plotting my demise soon, so my strategy with my flock wasn’t going to be useful anymore, not with only one woman, I just can’t afford to send her again to spy on Leann, is just an easy target.

I decided to take matters on the issue on my own, I waited for Leann one night on that cemetery, I was going to confront her no matter what happened.

She came from somewhere wearing one of her gowns for seances, oddly stained in blood that wasn’t hers to what I said; “I came here because I need answers or you aren’t coming here or anywhere anymore.”

At the moment I felt I wasn’t very cautions, I know Leann sometimes is taken over by some spirits during her ceremonies but I was upset and to be honest I couldn’t care less, not now with almost all my entourage gone thanks to her recklessness.

She looked at me the same way as the day I went with the women to release her from that hellhole; defiant, arrogant, completely possessed by something, even glad to know I knew her wicked intentions.

I told her I knew about the assassination of my flock thanks to my new powers, which was obviously a lie but to her was like being bathed in cold water, she looked shocked as she thought I was actually keeping that from her but I was just pushing her, I was playing with her mind to see what would she do in hopes of making her crack soon.

But she was adamant and quite stubborn, she was nowhere close to the old Leann.

I told her, I will leave now but just to let you know, I will avenge my entourage, they didn’t die in vain and I have the power to bring them back so whatever you are keeping a secret, will be eventually revealed by them so I’m hoping you aren’t responsible for those lost lives.

She was completely carefree, eventually that spirit that was inside of her, just released her and she came back to how she was for short periods of time, going back and forth.

After getting back to her normal self, I could briefly gaze at a regretting face, she was aware of her demeanor but it was clear that she had no control over it.

“The mission might need to be finished, the trinity or Paimon must be responsible for this, my body don’t belong to me anymore, that deal I made with that demon has compromised my body and soul. I’m of no use for you Sheryl” Uttered Leann.

With a cold expression on my face, I just told her “Why don’t you try to figure out that on your own since it seems I’m of no help either for you”

I had built up a grudge against her and left feeling quite unease and worried because deep down I still cared about her, I wasn’t going to just get rid of her, I was determined to release her from that and hopefully keep up with our lives. But that prison where she was definitely damaged her and made her prone to other entities.

Late at night after coming back home, I heard a noise coming from upstairs. The Soul Demonica book had been used and returned by someone and left open on my bed, where it showed a woman clearly severing her own head, the book was basically portraying how I was going to offer my own head, it made no sense to me, Leann had already done that.

I shut the book and when I opened it up again, those images were gone. That was something I didn’t like very much about the book; it was incredibly foreshadowing but at least I have clarity over the future. Sadly, I think, Paimon might have managed to possess Leann or the trinity, I just can’t tell, however I still have a soldier by my side, the last survivor of my entourage.

Tanya was the name of the last woman to survive the attack from the creature on the cemetery, I had the pleasure to know her better and selfishly to me, I had developed feelings toward her. I just set Leann’s feelings on the side and I felt guilty about it.

Tanya became my right hand, while Leann just became a stranger to me. I got to say Tanya released something in me, a power based purely on feelings, something that didn’t have to be acquired during a battle or sacrificing anything, it was just an inner strength that you manage to bring up when the time is right.

I was blindsided by the Leann I brought back from hell, besides she sliced my head, why I stayed the same? Why I didn’t change?

Tanya was aware of my feelings and intentions with Leann but she never showed a sign of jealousy, on the contrary, she was extremely supportive and caring, just making me fall more for her.

A day came when while we were going through the situation with Leann, Tanya mentioned something that unsettled me to the core, she said; “when a Demonica is created, is a complex relationship with the closest people that surrounds her during her early years, while she matures and learns her path to dominance, she had to develop certain feelings toward a special friend which is basically her own executioner.”

“That person will become the closest to the Demonica while grooming her to become her best version just to be delivered to a specific circle of hell and reign it. It completely depends on the Demonica’s sin preference.”

I was thunderstruck, Lilith was the one that mentioned the second circle, which is basically the place for anyone controlled by their hormones, me obviously.

I told Tanya, the “problem” with me is that I have been told by Lilith, my problem is basically that I’m horny and that would keep me from becoming a great Demonica. I think is bullshit though, but she kind of helped me out on that saying I had to visit the second circle of hell, which I’m pretty clear is my space now, seems I can reign it and fuck at the same time.

Tanya just laughed and said; “you are meant to be great, just accept it, you are a non-conventional Demonica, that’s it! Your will is your driven, you aren’t meant to take orders from anyone. You are meant to make the orders.”

I couldn’t be more pleased with Tanya’s words; I just asked her; will you follow me?

She said; “I will, no matter what, I’m your only entourage if you want to call me that and also all you want at the same time, that’s what a princess of hell is meant for.”

Wow, that was too much for me, princess of hell, nah!

But she was right, she told me all the other circles of hell are dominated by a certain kind of leader, in case of being a female, is called a Demonica, an heir of Lilith to be certain.

Sadly, the more time I spent with Tanya, the less I saw Leann coming back home. Probably she knew I was changing my heart about her and decided to step aside from whatever was forming between Tanya and me.

From all the women of the entourage, Tanya seemed to have learnt a lot from Lilith and was willing to teach me, I guess at the end in that hellhole happens enough things to catch some knowledge. I did notice that she could spent most of her time telling me stories about her experiences being in that cell, extensive stories that sometimes took all day, it was entertaining though but the more I spent with her, the more I forgot about Leann and I wasn’t liking that.

We used to sit on the table for our talks, but there was a day that I just stood up in the middle of the conversation to tell her that I was tired and needed a rest, she seemed unpleased but left a bit soon. I went upstairs just trying to figure out what could we do to help Leann but when I checked the window, Tanya was staring at my house with a complete unemotional face and then vanished in a matter of seconds.

I ran downstairs to check on her, she wasn’t where I saw her, she just didn’t get back after that and I started to worry, I didn’t kick her out but she felt offended or something, I just couldn’t deal with that right now.

The following week not having a single visit from Tanya, Leann reappeared looking worried and said, “we must talk.”

Leann spoke; “Sheryl, whatever I had in me, I found a way to confront it and got it out of me, that’s the reason I could get back, something was keeping me away from you and for some reason also away from the house. I have stopped switching between shapes and now I can set my energy into only one being and transform into it, it’s like I just mastered it and also allows me to stay hidden in dangerous situations.”

“But not all is good, the woman of your entourage that survived the attack of the creature I released, well whatever used me to release it, I saw her going back to the same cemetery I used to go and she had with her the box that was sitting on top of the dining table.”

“I’m not lying Sheryl, she grabbed the sphynx head that was in the box which is impossible, we saw the head explode while falling on the table after talking! But she was grabbing it and placing it on the right side of her head! Demonic tentacles came out and attached the head to the neck, that isn’t even a woman Sheryl.”

“I just don’t know what to think but to me it’s another demon claiming for a head, I think is closely related to the trinity but I’m not sure Sheryl, there were so many entities where I was that probably one of those latched itself to her or me.”

“I once saw the trinity becoming a three-headed creature Leann, but it was a spirit, this seems to me that she was finding her way out of that hellhole masquerading one of the women, Tanya or that’s what she implies. It seems this is now becoming physical, probably needing my head as the third one to achieve its true form, I believe I might be the vessel I been told before but for the trinity not Lilith.

Honestly, I wasn’t very convinced by Leann but I had nobody else now and Tanya could get back any minute so I guess I could use some extra help in case anything happens.

Despite the trust Leann has been trying to rebuilt, I still need to keep an eye on her and I’m glad to know that somehow, she fixed herself, no more switching behaviors or shapes which was more than I could ask for, she even looked more like herself the more she stayed with me. I felt bad because of this change, I set my feelings for her apart and replaced it with Tanya’s. But the way things were moving between us made me set that distance, I tried to discuss it with her but she declined to talk about it.

Chapter 19

“Sheryl, I know you don’t trust me and I have to deal with that but from now on I won’t put your life at risk anymore, I can start being a good friend at least.”

I got to say I couldn’t expect anything more than that from Leann, we just hugged and continued as friends, as we were since the beginning. It wasn’t healthy for me to keep feelings for her or for Tanya, everything could just suddenly change in any minute and she felt the same way.

Each of us just continued with our lives, living together like roommates, I was just hoping Leann wasn’t hurt but she never showed any discomfort about what happened with Tanya so I decided to do the same, set aside feelings and try to deal with our own issues.

A week later, Leann wasn’t home and I was having a big headache that wouldn’t go away with anything, there was no pill, no nap, nothing was releasing me from that thing and I was starting to feel trapped in my own house so I decided to go out for a walk.

In my annoyance I was putting the blame on the trinity and somehow wishing them to go fuck somebody else, they had a head and a book, I saw they left being pleased with what Leann gave to them.

But also, something wasn’t right, the trinity never asked for a head, why did Leann offer them that? It seems this is more work of Paimon than the trinity but also, she offered my head to him which made him go away, so why isn’t the trinity pleased with the sphynx’s head? They might be behind something else.

Thoughts were clustering on my head and my headache just went worse and worse, I walked back home but something was preventing me to enter my house, from my back I could hear;

“You need to be freshened up Demonica,” *that was Tanya’s voice,* I thought.

She grabbed me from behind and we started descending right there were we were standing, we went deep into the earth using no portal at all, while my headache suddenly went away, she had taken me back to the second circle of hell and said I was required there.

I was wondering what was going on, why I started feeling like I belonged to that place? It was easy for me to stop having feelings for Leann, especially after Tanya. It was more like I wanted to be alone and wanted to know myself better.

My house wasn’t a place I felt safe anymore and honestly from what I have done in hell, I have achieved respect and rank over many entities, something I hadn’t back home. There was a big chance that I was starting to assimilate my role in hell.

Tanya took me to a throne, covered in the same leather-like fabric I have seen before covering the coffer where I found Jeremy’s head. I asked her, what do I have to do here?

Tanya spoke;

“Start releasing yourself from the mortal world, you are meant to reign this realm and now you deserve to be freshened up.”

I was trying to look at her but she turned around quickly and said; “I’ll be back shortly, my queen.”

She had never called me a queen but I wasn’t resisting it, I was just accepting what has been offered to me, this constant pleasure I was showered with, was something I wasn’t willing to let go but clearly, I had to stay in hell to be able to enjoy the fruit of my labor.

Tanya spoke;

“Here is your book, at any time you can gather your entourage and set the rules for your kingdom. But now, allow me to fulfill your wishes and please you, my queen.”

She looked so gorgeous, she was different to how she looked before, I was mesmerized by her beauty and the caressing that she started to give to my feet.

For the first time I was being treated as a queen, I stopped being just a regular young woman and I could feel myself changing, embracing this kingdom of darkness.

Tanya started massaging my legs, every single touch from her just sent me straight to nirvana, admiring her beauty I recalled what Leann told me, she saw at the cemetery and I asked Tanya: “what was she doing there? and who was she?” to what she answered;

“Let me unveil that mirror so you can see with your own eyes, the truth in everything.”

She pulled a cloth covering a mirror, exactly as the one I had back in my room, I was in shock but that made me realize it has been my portal to many places, it was in fact my mirror but here in hell, it showed a completely different image of myself, I was completely naked, a lot of scars very well healed all over my body and wearing a crown that reminded me of the one wore by Paimon.

Tanya was standing behind me so when I moved to the side, the mirror exposed her true colors, her true form, a horrendous succubus hidden behind the shape of a gorgeous woman but bowing to me in respect and somehow feeling ashamed of showing itself.

“So that’s what you really are, a female demon waiting to be commanded a task.”

I could tell she was feeling down but I managed to bring her hopes back up, I was an empathetic leader and I couldn’t care less about the looks of my entourage.

It wasn’t my first time seeing a female demon but at least I wasn’t been attacked like the previous times, completely prone to their will and abuse.

“So, what I’m I supposed to order you to do? OH I forgot; Fresh me up now.”

Those words were like music to her ears, she started to arouse me in the most fascinating and soothing way possible, for a moment I completely forgot how she looked like but I was her queen, I asked for the mirror to be covered again and told her that it will be only used to unveil enemies or an unknown entity that could come around.

The caressing, the attention, was all part of this ritual that we made a routine of. This time it was different to my previous sexual experiences, I was in command, I set the time to be pleased, no more rudeness during sex, just pleasure unmeasured while she enjoyed herself at the same time.

We got done with our time for fun and now it was time to work, so I guess this was time to know who can I recruit to be my follower.

I asked Tanya, “how many succubi are in this circle of hell?”

She replied, “there are tons available, incubus and succubus as well, it’s up to you to decide which ones can join your entourage. Be aware that the incubus, the *male demons* can be more challenging to tame as they are accustomed to be in charge during their sexual explorations.” “Mostly they attack regular women during their sleep so for a Demonica should be different, I do believe they will be more respectful toward your position in here.”

I was more confident with her by my side so we departed together to the inner parts of the second circle of hell. We started entering a maze which walls were covered in flames but it wasn’t hazardous in any way to us, we kept going in, somehow the incubus has developed an appetite for . . . themselves, probably in the absence of human victims.

The more we entered the maze we could see some of them, touching each other and some even having sex between them, from Tanya’s face I could tell that she hadn’t seen anything like it and she was clearly conniving but it wasn’t in her place to judge, at the end, just as her they were all sex demons.

“Let’s keep going,” she spoke.

We finally made it to a part where some of them were just standing in a long line, waiting eternally for someone to lead them to be worthy and useful.

I asked, “Whom of you wishes to belong to an entourage and to be finally offered a worthy existence?”

Many of them turn to me while other were hesitant and didn’t even want to listen.

They asked; “Who is this leader you are talking about? We have been doing our job by ourselves so far and nobody has complained.”

“I’m a Demonica, I reign this circle of hell, as a leader I wish to have a flock of warriors, male or female to whom those selected will be offered my wisdom and protection against any enemy.”

They just laughed at me, a mocking laugh that upset me to the core. I was down to show my power and to make them respect me. Without even having to make a real effort, I formed a circle of fire surrounding them and my hands were gushing that red fire that lately has been so powerful, scaring and killing my enemies.

The look on their faces was all I needed, I started to shorten the circle of red fire, the more I did it the more of them that surrender, not all of them were willing to cooperate or to be commanded by a woman so many just stood up there to death, burning to ashes while the red fire did its job. I could only take five of those male demons with me, at least twenty died by choice.

I was worried, this was for sure a domain I had to earn in order to acquire more incubus. They were stubborn, narcissistic and full of themselves as they could take any form to seduce women, this was definitely a battle I had to win to get them on my side.

But that was going to be my first strategy, alongside with Tanya and my five new chosen male demons, we were going to strike down the whole circle, it was time for a revolution in a space that has been mostly dominated by males, not so different to the outside world.

Within all that has been happening recently, I noticed I had become more dominant and careless just like a male demon, more and more changes that at some point made me unrecognizable to myself and it was that place, that lustful and dark energy was making its way in me. I wasn’t very satisfied because it was changing my nature but in order to make things work in hell, I needed to be tougher and even relentless.

I did feel some remorse about killing those male demons but I just thought it would be harder to make them succumb to my will so in my selfishness I decided murder was the road to go.

Tanya was having something in her mind, she said;

“There might be a different way to approach this situation with the incubus, why don’t you shapeshift to a male version of yourself? It could be easier to lure them to your side, don’t you think my queen?”

“Well, that sounded great but I don’t have that power, not that I know, I have never used it.” Uttered Sheryl.

“You should be able to do it, have you tried before?” Tanya asked.

Of course! If Paimon has my head I can shapeshift to any other form, well thanks to Leann for chopping it for him. Leann, Leann . . . she is always coming to my mind but I guess we should probably stay in different paths, I wonder if we will ever be together again someday?

Tanya saw a little bit of sadness in my face but she said there might a chance for that to happen, it may take some time as everything is so recent and fresh and I still need to find my flock, my entourage before proceeding with anything else.

I set aside those feelings for Leann; they could doom my dominance here so ill better not get emotional. Keeping my head up I told Tanya; “I’ll proceed with your idea, I’ll rather try that than just kill any other potential follower.”

Something I got in mind after embracing Tanya’s idea, was the fact that becoming a male demon could even lure the remaining demons that were lost in lust, having sex between themselves whatsoever to come and join me, would be a nice opportunity for them to redeem themselves and become worthy of belonging to a herd of warriors instead of just stray souls.

This was something I have never tried before, changing my complete appearance was far to cross my mind. Wanting to be witness of my own transformation I decided I will stand in front of my mirror, I was going to go through the pain, as I knew its effects from staring at Agatha’s horrifying and distressing reshaping.

Tanya spoke; “this is a great idea, something you might not know is you can use the mirror to simulate the shape you want to achieve.”

That was even better, then I won’t have to go over the obnoxious but necessary process, I was convinced there were plenty of interesting facts about myself I still don’t acknowledge but surely Tanya will bring me to do so.

The time came and being back in my human skin leathered throne, I approached the mirror and unveiled it, I started to simulate my transformation from head to toe, trying to resemble the demons that were in the waving flame walls of the maze. Those demons had fallen into their own satisfaction probably due to their marvelous and well-built appearance; they were nowhere close to the guys I have seen while being back in the outside world.

Dazzling bodies; muscular, lean and of an outstanding height, oddly quite different to the other male demons that were waiting in line further in the maze, who were non very pleasant to the eye, however some of them willing to become more than just stray good looks like my five new followers.

Having completed a whole new male outstanding identity in the mirror, I decided it was time to embrace the physical transformation, probably knowing that it might be the last time I’ll be looking like myself, surely switching shapes and personalities just like it happened to Leann, until I gain complete control of that power.

The dreadful process began, deforming my bones. I really had no idea what I was getting into, I yelled so hard for so long that I lost my voice. I saw myself in the mirror, I was so deformed that even part of my skin was hanging from my bones and I could barely stand on my feet till my body started to assimilate the male shape I had chosen.

Tanya was witnessing the whole transformation while cheering me up to keep going, clearly afflicted by my suffering but supportive till the very last moment, as she trusted it would be successful and she was right.

While staring at the mirror I could only gaze at my new appearance, a hunk of a male, a demon so attractive that the only way to notice it was myself, was my thunderstruck reaction. *That wasn’t me! How did I manage to accomplish something so energy draining?* I thought, I saw how it nearly ate alive my aunt Agatha, right on that moment the red pyramidal shaped stone made its appearance right on my now masculine and toned chest, it was shielding my pectoral muscles, I was feeling invincible and incredibly powerful.

“The reshaping has been completely successful my queen,” Tanya spoke.

Let’s get to the plan Tanya and bring our new flock, they must meet their new leader and what I’m planning to achieve with my new look.

The five incubi made their way to where I was, I was facing backward to them, with a threatening voice one of them said;

“You better get the fuck out! This is not your place to be, this is our leader’s domain! Get your filthy ass out of here or face the consequences!”

Clearly the rest of them joined him, I enjoyed the whole moment knowing that I had chosen the right male demons to be by my side. I spoke in my new male voice; “What a loyal and entitled group of warriors you are, fiercely defending your leader and willing to get rid of the enemy.”

“I knew I had made the right choice by selecting you to be part of my entourage.”

I turned around and while looking at them directly I spoke, “Meet your leader in the resemble of the lustful demons from the maze, I’m your Demonica in a male version.”

They had no words whatsoever, just listened to me in awe then profusely trying to apologize after the stinging words they had agreed to follow.

The defiant demon that threatened me, kneeled before me and I just said; “Stand up! There is no reason for you to be on your knees, you are definitely the kind of right hand I need in my entourage, keep that menacing attitude toward our enemy and you will be rewarded gracefully!”

He looked absolutely pleased and knew he had done right, he was defending his queen, king for now.

I had my own little army against any crazy enemy; in case the trinity, Paimon or Lilith itself could try anything stupid, I know I can count on them.

Many days went by after I felt confident enough to keep my new appearance in front of the male demons I’m trying to lure to my side. I was feeling completely in control of this reshaping power and I told Tanya; “Bring the incubi, it’s time to pay a visit to the uncontrolled part of this circle of hell.”

Even Tanya was so shocked at my new appearance, I asked, “Can you believe this?”

“I really can’t but my eyes aren’t deceiving me,” she spoke.

“Your entourage is here and we are ready to go whenever you decide, my queen.”

We were headed to the waving flame walls once again, in there my incubi were noticeable disgusted by what their eyes perceived, those male demons were unsatiable, their skin was almost torn from rubbing against each other, a sex hunger as eternal as the flames that run along the walls.

My male demons were respectful to me enough to not leave but just tilt their heads down to avoid staring at the other demons. I told them, “Choose not to see if you like, it’s my duty now to reroute these incubi to their true mission and under my wing.”

My flock nodded in agreement of my words, waited and protected me in case I had to fight any of these wild demons.

My words weren’t of any matter to the wild crowd, my new appearance made the whole work, being bedazzled by it, they approached me and started to ask, “Who was I?” “Where did I have come from?” They had never seen me before, in their eyes could be seen the starving to try my body, I pay no attention to any question, it was my moment to set things straight with them.

“You are going to stop these lustful acts between yourselves and will become the demons you are meant to be, you were created to arouse women in their sleep not to enjoy yourselves in this madness, in this crazy orgy, completely losing the sight of your true nature.” Demanded Sheryl.

They spoke, “what do we gain from joining you?” “We don’t need a boss or a commander but someone that offers us motive or something different, someone like a king of hell for example, nonetheless, we know nothing more than this realm and . . . you look oddly familiar.”

I didn’t want to think about him but Paimon came straight to my mind on that moment, and not only that, the fact that they might have recognized my previous appearance would have teared apart my plan.

But that wasn’t the case, I was adamant into convincing them to join me and I will make them swallow my façade so I decided to put a test on them.

Chapter 20

I offered them a night of pleasure with me, as long as they dive into the outside world and choose a woman to fulfil her most wild wishes, putting aside their likes for their own kind specially for other male demons, even hell has its own rules and as good leader I was willing to follow them, however the pleasure offer was just a bait.

They stood apart from each other and suddenly it wasn’t as much of them as I thought they were, now I could count fifteen of them which was enough to me for now. I released them into the world, through a portal which strangely opened up in the same cemetery where Leann had performed her seances, however now it was time to tease them with some male human souls but fortunately they went straight to the mission I had setup, each of them choosing a woman to please.

All of them came back to the circle of hell where I released them from, except for one, he seemed to be more defiant than the rest, he stayed longer in the outside world but I had no time to waste just for him, I told Tanya and my five male demons to keep guard of the ones that had made it back so I could look for the missing demon.

While I left the circle of hell using the same portal, I opened up for them, I heard a woman crying in her sleep, it was a familiar voice so I tried desperately to find where it came from and of course I would have done it for any other woman, they weren’t meant to be hurt just pleased.

She kept screaming in pain during a sleep paralysis infused by one of the incubi I had send, this was horrific and it wasn’t part of the test, after looking thoroughly I noticed the painful noises came straight from my old house, I could only think of one person . . .

After entering the house, in the bedroom where I used to sleep, there was Leann, laying in the bed completely motionless just being able to cry while the huge incubus harassed her sexually and totally against her will.

I couldn’t feel more hatred, it was a cruel act and I was going to punish him, specially seen Leann in that awful vulnerable position, was eating me alive.

I demanded; “Release her, you’re coming back to where you belong and it’s not my entourage!”

But the demon was reluctant and kept her into that paralysis for quite long while I kept yelling at him to release her but I had enough, he wasn’t following simple orders. I raised up my hands and without him even realizing his end, I fried him up to ashes and Leann was finally freed.

She just stood up from the bed quite scared since she hasn’t seen who I really was but at the same time a little curious about who had saved her from that horrible experience. I just left letting her know, that wasn’t something that will ever happen again.

I turned around and she asked, “Who are you? why did you save me?”

I left with a smile on my face and just told her, “You know me pretty well and I will show you my real self in time, for now this is all, sleep well Leann.”

Waving my hand at her, I set her into a deep sleep and then left her to rest just making sure she wasn’t going to be harassed anymore.

It was time to get back to my circle of hell, I had to deal with the rest of the wild demons that at least didn’t hurt any women during their test and followed instructions.

While crossing the portal back, I saw the backward trinity staring at me from another dimension, clearly keeping an eye on me but from a far distance where I can’t hurt them. Probably the fact that I own now red fire from hell, might be something they don’t want to mess with, but I forgot something . . . they don’t know who I am, so that must be even more intimidating to them, I didn’t look at all like them. I was a strong and menacing incubus and they might have seen while I killed the stubborn demon.

Being back into the circle of hell, the rest of the untamed demons just bowed to me. I was a little shocked, Tanya had made them see my encounter with the adamant demon through my mirror and they all have witnessed how I destroyed him, fortunately they also saw the mercy I had toward him despite his pitiful act against Leann.

They asked; “With all due respect, who is that human that you decide to spare? Would have you done the same for another soul?”

“Absolutely! I responded, this is the reason for this circle of hell, is hormonal driven non-self-control what is behind it, not rape, not deliberate sexual harassment or punishment unless the human that receives allows and asks for it, for that is the other circles who I am not responsible for.”

The flock were pleased by my answer and decided to join me alongside with the demons that weren’t that good looking. That made me realize I had to get rid of this façade soon or I’ll be shamefully exposed.

Everything was going smoothly and peacefully developing in my new acquired kingdom, all my new entourage had managed to overcome their differences and became a solid herd of warriors, probably now was the time to summon the trinity and see what are they after.

It was time to be honest with my flock, they must now, know the truth about my appearance, all this happening while I stood up in front of my mirror to find Leann doing some chanting to enter hell.

OH no, this wasn’t part of the plan, why is she trying to get back in hell?

Fortunately, she made it back to the basement where I once met Claudia and Regina, for some reason she wasn’t allowed in this circle of hell, I’m guessing she doesn’t have the urges for sex I had according to Lilith so is a non-sexual driven person. What worried me the most was the fact that she was imprisoned in there so it made no sense to me for her to get back, so I decided with my new appearance I should pay a visit there.

Tanya saw my intentions of helping her and asked me; “What are you doing? She is not your responsibility anymore and she might not be able to come out.”

Tanya looked a little upset and then spoke, “I’m sorry my queen, it wasn’t my intention to disrespect you judging your decision, I might have let my own emotions come through.”

“OH, I see Tanya and its ok, maybe you’re right. I should probably leave the past where it is”, but the truth is I was going to at least check on her without Tanya knowing, no matter what had happened between us she was still important to me, however for Tanya it may have looked like I still had feelings for Leann.

Now I had to find a way to make this happen without Tanya knowing and it was a complicated situation. She was always by my side but I had an idea to distract her for at least a couple of hours. She was quite obedient toward my orders, so anything I asked her for would be done without questioning.

“Tanya, I assigned something for you, you will go in a special mission with our new flock of incubi, there is a bigger part of this circle of hell that I don’t know and I will like to acknowledge it and who better than yourself to help me with it, also I’m a little curious and intrigued about the other circles of hell so take your time in there and bring me the information I need.”

“But you will be here on your own, my queen, I wouldn’t recommend that,” she spoke.

“I’ll be fine Tanya; I’ll keep a couple of the incubi here just in case.”

Tanya looked a little worried about me, but never hesitated in going to her first assignment on her own, probably knowing she will be of higher worth to me but that didn’t matter in that moment, I needed to find out about my friend, now with Tanya gone and just two male demons conveniently placed outside of my chamber, I set the plan to visit Leann.

I went ahead and uncovered the mirror, I was starting to fade, I didn’t look as good and strong as when I shapeshifted to be a male demon a week or so ago, so that was something dangerous.

If I got attacked during my visit to the basement, I won’t be able to fight back and now I had no entourage to rely on. The fact that shooting the red fire, while being shapeshifted at the same time, might have taken a higher toll on me than I know. I was starting to witness that not only my power had diminished but as a consequence my acquired appearance was starting to fade, it was changing me deeply.

I tried to look through the mirror to see, if I could find Leann before actually going in there, but there was no trace of her and that was distressing me badly. I decided I’ll do something I haven’t done in a while, hopefully I would make it back or not.

I astral projected myself in the basement, but once I saw myself out of my body, my physical body despite being the powerful incubus I had shapeshifted to, fainted and that wasn’t something that ever happened before not even in my female form, I always remained conscious so I had to make this quick. I saw Leann in the basement facing the wall and I went to grab her and she just disappeared but, I was wrong, she tele transported herself behind me and all I could see were her hands on my shoulder while she kept her face hidden, this was mortifying as I saw how her hands turned black and her nails became just long claws.

*That wasn’t Leann, what did I follow?* I thought. Trying to stand still and not making any suspicious movement, I focused on getting back to my body, I tried as strongly as I could but there was no answer, my body was not receptive to my spirit, I must find a way to get back.

I have kept my eyes closed trying to avoid visual contact with whatever was behind me, but as there wasn’t anything I could do, I opened them to discover myself in front of the mirror with a succubus, not like any other I have seen before, it had a red face with catlike eyes but it didn’t seem dangerous, it was like contemplating me through the mirror.

I asked; “What do you want? Are you trapped here?”

Through thought interchange the female demon said, she had been locked down there and had been trying to attract any powerful entity, to release her in hopes of paying back the favor serving its savior.

I just spoke; “I need to get back to my body and I’m growing weak, I won’t be able to make it by myself, help me back in it and you will be rewarded.”

This thought interchange was oddly intense, I could just feel it, she didn’t have to say or express anything, she was attracted to my male body and I just couldn’t help but think that she will be another one to be fooled by my appearance, nevertheless that wasn’t the appropriate time to reveal that, not in the position I was in.

She went to check on my dormant body through the mirror, making it wake up in the process, allowing me back in it and of course coming with me as we agreed. This succubus had shown a power I haven’t seen yet on any of my flock so it was definitely a good asset to have. She clearly had some power in her despite being trapped there.

We made it back to my chamber and we stayed alone enough to meet better, my herd wasn’t close to finish their mission so it was a good time to catch up with this mysterious female demon. Something that caught my attention was the fact that her cat-like eyes were so mesmerizing and hypnotic, that at some point I got lost in them that I wasn’t paying attention to her words anymore.

I decided to stop talking with her but remained by her side, she tilts her head maybe trying to be apologetic, to what I said, “I got something to confess to you, and to some of my followers and I can’t extend this anymore, I’m feeling weird and somehow like I’m not myself anymore specially in this . . . male appearance.”

She stood up in awe and asked; “Who are you? aren’t you a male demon?”

“No, I’m not, I’m sorry this was something I couldn’t have done before or you wouldn’t have helped me but don’t worry I promise you will be pleased of staying.”

She looked upset and somehow betrayed, but there was nothing I could do now and I just couldn’t understand why? At least she was free from the hellhole, we did a fair trade.

Just an instant later, Tanya and the whole new herd were coming back from the other circles of hell. I was sure in that moment, I had weakened enough as without noticing it, I started to shapeshift to my old self, everybody but Tanya was in complete shock, I wasn’t in control of that power anymore, it hurt like hell but at least was quicker to transform back.

The incubi were deranged, and were ready to strike me down but still in my chest, the red fire from the stone was shining bright, setting back any thought of attack they could have been trying to come up with. I just said, “This is the real me, I’m a Demonica, I’m a leader of this circle of hell and no matter what you think, I’ll be staying here for quite long so better accept me or face the same consequences as the other stray demons. That includes you, cat-woman.”

She was the first one to accept but with a challenging attitude toward me, even after being released from there. I just told her, “A priority in this work relationship is going to be a change of that shitty attitude of yours, you should be grateful but instead you’re bitching and feeling so entitled to challenge me.

Don’t you think as females we should be more open and supportive toward ourselves? You seem to be powerful, you helped me out of that shithole, why not merge into a powerful coven or entourage? I don’t know anymore, but something that works for us not against us.”

She seemed to be more receptive after those words and I believe with Tanya, things will flow better between us.

Concerning the incubi, they were feeling different toward me, seemed like this whole female movement was something too overwhelming for them. I asked, “Why those faces? Why is it so hard to have a woman as a leader?”

“We had a powerful demoness in the past as a leader, she was cruel, sexually insatiable and ready to discard any male demon that couldn’t satisfy her anymore, that’s when she turned to succubus and things went out of control.” “All of the sudden female demons started dominating this realm, even other circles of hell, dethroning even kings of hell to bestow the power to one single demoness, Lilith.” Uttered one of the incubi.

I knew I was going to hear way more of Lilith than I thought. I replied to him, “I will let you know something, I decided this is my kingdom, as life itself has brought me all over here. I have been dragged by my own family, regular humans, to this circle of hell which I had no intention in the past to reign, but so far is the only option I have and I’m planning to make it work.

I have become a bitch, a ruthless leader but so far everything has worked and trust me Lilith won’t stand on my way anymore, the reason? I made a deal with her in the past, she offered me her powers and using them I was willing to acquire a stone that now is part of me and it’s all I need to destroy my enemies. I’m planning to erase her, if necessary, she had played me and fooled me in the past, so no more disrespect to me, especially from her.”

The male demon seemed not so convinced, after seen me weak during my shapeshifting and said, “I mean no disrespect, but Lilith is an old but really wise and deceitful adversary to have.” “As part of your entourage I would recommend improve on your shapeshifting power, it could become a powerful weapon when running out of resources to fight her.”

Those words were hard to hear, all of the sudden I felt like I was back in the outside world feeling powerless and alone. The whole flock had seen me weak, and that was something that worried me. I’m supposed to impose strength and endurance, and my problem is that my feelings get in the middle, I really hated this part of me that still makes me feel vulnerable, somehow setting apart the “powerful” Demonica and switching it back to a naïve young woman.

Tanya got close to me in that moment of self-collapse and said, “you aren’t going through anything normal; a leader has to go through the rough path to become who is meant to be.” “I saw your face when you changed back to your appearance, you looked ashamed for the first time and that doesn’t make you weak, it makes you an honest leader not just a dictator like Lilith was.” “Showing weakness means nothing more than inner strength, in many battles has been the technique used by many to overcome their enemies.”

Tanya seemed to have always the best words for me, a lot like Leann, but that was something that the male demons weren’t comfortable with, nonetheless they never said a word to me against about my decisions. Only one of them, had a tenacious grip to his own beliefs but that was something I qualified as good to have, especially in someone as right hand, however I already have that, Tanya.

There were enough things happening here in my circle of hell, that I just wanted to release myself from at least for a bit, I told my entourage to go and be vigilant to my chamber including Tanya, she was always close to me.

She spoke after the other demons left; “I hope I’m not bothering you, my queen. You seem to be overwhelmed by my presence.”

“I just need some time to myself Tanya and I really hope you understand, this is a lot to process and I’m still figuring out how to handle this herd of incubi, they aren’t like you, they are still stuck in their old ways and I have seen that the tough one could probably lure them back to where they were, besides that cat-like succubus might become a problem later, I feel she could turn her back to me in any minute and I have to be ready for that.”

Tanya wasn’t very pleased on letting me go by myself but at the end she did.

Chapter 21

I wanted to know what has happened to Leann, I will have time to take care of matters of hell later. I was intrigued about life outside of this realm, in here time moves differently and I just can’t keep track of it, so while everybody was gone, I decided to check my old house and see what is going on in there.

Using the same mirror that witnessed my transformation, I stood up in front of it ready to leave hell for a while and hopefully get back with better leadership ideas, however this time the mirror wasn’t in my room, it has been placed where I fought Paimon for the first time, where I once was marked by him and his daggers, my living room where it all started. Fortunately, I had recovered my strength and power from the shapeshifting so I was ready to fight in case he shows up, right on that moment, the mirror shattered in a million pieces, I felt somehow intimidated by a presence I couldn’t see.

I spoke, “I know this place from the past! Show yourself and face me again! I will burn your ass to ashes!”

Nothing, not a sound, only the red light from the stone in my chest was shading some light around me, although it, I could still feel surrounded and threatened by an invisible strength and that kept going for a while, probably in hopes of debilitate me, that prolonged stretch of energy from the stone was taking a toll on itself, all of a sudden, the stone started to falter in that overwhelming darkness, without the power of the stone I was doomed for good.

I was still there just waiting and waiting, being prone to be attacked by anything, I moved around carefully to see what could I find in there that could serve me as a weapon, I stepped on something what seemed to be a knife, it was very sharp as I soon noticed, I was wet on my feet from a thick liquid, I could just assume it was my own blood.

I did all I could to try to reach out to any of my entourage, with my mind but it was useless, however in my desperation to get out of there or scape somehow, I remembered, I must have my blue fire, I was born with that, I had to find a way to bring it back but how?

In the overwhelming dark hole, I was, I saw a couple of eyes in the distance which started to approach me, I grabbed the sharpened knife with a strong grip, I was going to fight whatever that was but before I could do anything, the eyes were actually cat-like eyes, I thought, *it must be the female demoness I helped release* and then her red face light up with her hypnotic eyes.

She spoke, “I hope you forgive me, I brought you here in hopes of make amends, I do prefer to be in a place of complete darkness as light can hurt my eyes, sorry to shut down the light from your stone, I wasn’t aware of that power.”

“Well, it would be nice if I could see you to speak. Why all of a sudden you are so sensitive to light? The place I rescued you from had dimmed light at least.”

She laughed and kept walking around me, it was becoming unsettling to only see her red face and those cat eyes, I was starting to feel the same threatening presence, so I decided to rethink on this, something wasn’t right and at some point, the light from the red stone was starting to flicker back on, like pushing through the darkness.

“Well, I find curious, that all of the sudden you can’t stand light and now you just managed to shut off the light of my stone? I don’t think you are, who you say you are.”

“I’m sorry Demonica, I’m just very shy and honestly, I’m not comfy being seen by anybody, as you could see before, I don’t have a very pleasant aspect to show off like the other demons, I’m just a monstruous succubus.”

“You got nothing to worry about, especially your appearance means nothing to me. On the other hand, you seemed powerful enough to release yourself from where you were locked, did you really needed someone to release you or you just made that up?”

A deafening silence after that.

Those cat-like eyes turned to deep and black holes, while her red face started to shift to a huge caped being, I couldn’t see anything after, but there was something being dragged on the floor, a piece of rope or leather.

In a matter of seconds, the light from the red stone lighted up as strong as it could, allowing me to see who was in front of me, being sure it was a foe, I stab it as fast as I could, now being visible, the huge long cape had nobody in it, it was just hanging on the air, just like the supposed knife that was really a dagger, most likely belonging to Paimon.

At least now the power of the stone was shielding me, but still something was standing in front of me and I just didn’t know what to do, the dagger was still were I put it, what was I supposed to do with it? I decided it was better to keep it with me, I pulled it back from where I stabbed. Through the hole pierced by the dagger, could be seen a river, bodies hanging from trees on the shore, not human but more like deformed and demonic creatures that seemed to have been punished and killed.

With the stone I started to illuminate the long cape, it was like a portal, whoever spoke to me just place it there. With my own hands, I teared apart the hole and made enough room for me to enter, from behind of me I heard Tanya yell; “Stop! Do not enter there, you have been lured to see that, seems you have been attacked by a king of hell.”

“No but I’m ok Tanya, I spoke. Something or someone just spoke to me, at first it looked like the cat-eyed demoness I brought to the flock, but it changed to this strange caped portal.”

“No, I’m sorry my queen, it seems you have been cheated by a powerful ruler of hell, most likely from any of the other circles of hell. They must be aware of your presence and will try to get rid of you in a snap, remember all these realms are ruled by male demons.”

“But I saw something Tanya, a river and dead demonic bodies hanging from trees. What is it?”

“That must be the river Styx, this could be a representation of your own mind, that river is meant to be a frontier between the living world and the underworld.” “As you are in a battle between your old self and this new self, that cape might represent the veil that you broke into to become a Demonica.” “Those dead bodies, probably the demons you had to kill, the ones that didn’t accept you.”

It all made sense after Tanya’s explanation, it was my own mind playing tricks on me. It seemed very realistic though, but truth is I remorse the deaths of those who refused me but selfishly got killed by my own tyranny.

The whole cape was gone, there was nothing there, no dagger, no portal, all just a product of my imagination. I stopped trying to get back to the outside world, that wasn’t going to happen not any soon at least, my efforts aren’t compensated and is a waste of energy.

Tanya left and the mirror was back where it always had been, unbroken, at least I can check on things around my old house through it, however, what about Leann? I was supposed to check on her but it seems this place won’t let me go no matter how hard I try.

I had an entourage but I was still feeling alone sometimes, Tanya was very good to me but Leann had been trying to get here, and it worried me that she could get hurt by those wild demons again and this time won’t be only harassment, especially knowing I wasn’t a permanent threat as a male demon.

“Demonica, I have been told you saw me?” The cat-eye demoness asked.

“I thought I did; I’m having some mixed feelings and things I need to resolve but I’m taking care of that.”

“I see, maybe you need a new refreshment.” She spoke.

“I know that first hand from Tanya, don’t worry.” She seemed a little annoyed and spoke.

“I can do better than her you know, she is just a servant but me, I can be your sexual full-time satisfier, I know my looks aren’t that good but I can shapeshift at will.”

“Mm, interesting you never told me that.” I spoke.

“You never asked, well it is known between the other demons I’m not very fond of belonging to your flock, but I think this might be a fresh start, let’s start with the right foot, what do you think?”

“Ok, let’s do that then. Show me what you can do.”

“Thanks for your permission, that is all I need, be aware I will make you feel like living in a dream, another reality if you like.” She spoke.

I didn’t understand what was the permission for but soon I will.

The whole chamber became a gorgeous wide garden, a lot of life around, birds, the sound of running water from a near river and from behind a tree, a long-haired Leann, completely naked just showed up. It could have been a very well built-up product of my imagination, but it seemed like Eden’s Garden to me.

Leann approached me and planted a deep and long-lasting kiss, she made me see that I was naked as well and while we kissed, from the same tree she showed up, a snake came down with the face of Tanya just staring at us in anger, Leann spoke; “we will have to leave your refreshment session for another time, someone has broken into our connection.”

While we split, I saw who I though was Leann, becoming the cat-eyed demoness. She was definitely greater at this than Tanya, and now it looks like I will have an argument with her.

In fact, after the upgraded refreshment session, Tanya wanted to speak to me, evidently, she got some claiming to do, and I wasn’t going to prevent her from doing it, she’s been really good to me.

“I thought my role in this entourage was to please you but clearly you have a replacement for me.” Tanya spoke.

“Look Tanya, honestly, I was still confused about what happened with the cat-eye demoness and she just appeared to talk to me and wanted to prove she could do her duty as good as you, well she said she will do it better, and it was amazing but I’m not replacing you, Tanya.”

“I don’t think you mean that, clearly, she has other powers I don’t possess, but its ok I won’t get in the middle and you are the leader anyway.”

Tanya left without even letting me respond, I just thought this was passive-aggressive talking and I wasn’t going to spend any time on that.

While Tanya didn’t come as often as she used to do, the cat-eye demoness was somehow trying to get closer, but her looks seemed to get in the middle of her confidence and she just stayed hidden and came to me strictly when I summoned her. What a confusing relationship with these two succubi, one is powerful but lacks confidence and the other one feels worthless despite playing well her role.

I decided that in order to make things work here, they need to start working together but not to please me, they were going on a mission and it was meant to be done by the two of them. I send them to check on Leann, seems like I lost the ability to move between the outside world and this realm, oddly I did it perfectly while shapeshifted to a male demon, I must be fading still.

Gracefully, they set their differences away and carry on the mission. With the help of the cat-eye demoness, Tanya and her, changed their appearance. Tanya opened up the portal to the outside world and while crossing the portal, they saw the trinity trying to divert them to their realm probably knowing they were working with me. They said, even with their powers combined it was a strong pull from that realm, nonetheless they released themselves making it to the outside world.

They looked everywhere for Leann, but there was no trace of her, not my house, not her old house, I just worried she might be dead.

The cat-eye demoness and Tanya stayed longer on the outside, as they now have to figure out how to get back to the circle of hell, without being sucked into the trinity’s realm. The male demons are aware they are outside, so I was going to figure out something on my own too.

I recalled that while being a male demon, I was able to do more. However, if I shapeshift, I have to be very careful, the trinity on the other hand, will try to approach me as they know nothing about me, besides I don’t know if I can keep up with the male appearance for long enough to deceive them.

While standing in front of the mirror, I saw Leann drawing a symbol in it. She couldn’t see me so I just stared while she finished a sigil, a three faced woman that resembled of Hecate’s statue. She must be seeking resources to enter hell or something, a few minutes later, a heat so intense was behind me, like a pit of fire was placed on my back.

*“You don’t seem fit for your throne,* Hecate spoke.

*Your friend is desperately trying to reach you, she has been harassed mercilessly by some succubus from your circle, and the protection you offered to her has been weakened by your uncontrolled shapeshifting and fire shooting.*

*I’m aware you have even killed demons that haven’t accepted you as their leader, a very similar behavior to Lilith’s.”*

*“Help your friend, she can definitely serve you better to rule than on your own. On the other hand, those succubi you have as part of your flock aren’t on your side, they will betray you immediately after getting offered a higher rank by any other superior demon, even from other circles of hell.”*

Hecate’s presence was so overwhelming and powerful, that I had no words and no answer after her speak. I was being patronized by a goddess, so I better get myself together and stick with Leann instead of those two sexual pleasers.

After the tough words from Hecate, Leann made it to my circle of hell crossing the portal through the mirror. We just looked at each other in sadness and awe at the same time, we haven’t been this apart since we parted ways, after what happened with Tanya.

And who knows maybe after having tried so many times, we could finally get to where we want together.

I sat down with Leann, and told her everything that has been happening and the things I have been doing so far. She looked amazed at knowing I was becoming something so different to who I used to be, not necessarily good, however things that made me stronger and tougher. Leann seemed worried about me despite my confidence in all I was telling her.

“I told you something about Tanya, remember?” Leann asked.

“How have you missed that? Besides, how come you want to belong to this place? This was Lilith’s realm.”

“I managed on my own how to defend myself Leann, it hasn’t been easy but at least rewarding. I have beaten a huge snake, I have beaten many sphynxes and gathered my own entourage, why not give myself the chance to reign in here? You told me in the past I could be huge in here.”

“Sheryl, remember that Leann wasn’t the same as me now, I was most likely possessed still and surely another entity spoke to you to lure you into this realm, to make yourself believe you belong here.”

Leann kept trying to convince me of leaving but I had worked hard to become a queen here. She said, “let’s ask for Hecate’s help, drop everything Sheryl and let’s get the fuck out of here!”

It was tempting, I didn’t have to deal with any demon anymore but just a few minutes later, Tanya opened up a portal back to the circle of hell where Leann and I were talking, carrying on her chest the three claw marks and covered in blood, in her real form.

“We fought the trinity my queen! But they killed the cat-eye demoness, I tried to save her but they hurt me and leave me with this huge mark.”

Leann looked at me in disagreement to Tanya’s words, in a whispering tone she implied Tanya was staging the whole thing but I told Leann to follow her lead and see what she is after.

Tanya on the other hand, seemed not pleased of Leann being there with me.

She asked, “is that your friend? Leann, right?”

Clearly Tanya had no intention to welcome Leann in there, she was jealous enough from the cat-eye demoness and Leann herself. That was my main reason to believe she might have killed the cat-eye demoness.

Leann asked her, “how did you manage to survive the attack of a gate keeper? Even being possessed in that cemetery, I still remember the things I had summoned despite I had no control over myself. That grotesque and powerful keeper can erase even a sex demon like you.”

“I found Hecate’s statue where I was hiding,” Tanya spoke. “She saved me, somehow, she made me invisible to that creature, I just came back to my queen and told her what had happened.”

Leann spoke: “It seems like bullshit to me, you had no witness, nobody else to support your words but yourself, furthermore you have the power to shapeshift as Sheryl said, you could have changed your appearance conveniently, to make yourself look like this obedient woman, you could have even made yourself look like the fucking bushes you were hiding into! Hecate’s statue is fucking bullshit! I know you are hiding something and I will uncover it!”

Tanya was being cornered by Leann, for the first time in a long time, old Leann was back!

I was just in the middle trying to figure out what to do, on one side Tanya looking at me trying to see if I was going to defend her and Leann clearly upset, as I was having a conflict of affection and interest between them.

I thought Tanya will start a fight with Leann, but instead she just left, showing a sad look in her face and getting back to the maze where the other male demons were.

“I have failed you in the past Sheryl but this is my chance to redeem myself to you, I believe Tanya is behind something and I won’t stop till I find what it is, I mean think about it. She is a demoness with a shapeshifting power, not just a sex demoness.”

Leann was right I had to be more cautious about Tanya, so I decided I’ll stick up with Leann and find a way to release myself from here.

Fortunately as Leann was staying with me in the chamber, Tanya didn’t come as often probably to provide us some privacy as she was aware of my past with Leann. Tanya always respected boundaries and more than being a sex demoness, I still could see the woman inside her.

A day came when, the flock of incubi I had recruited for my entourage went to my chamber saying that a whole group of male demons were approaching the circle knowing I had another woman with me. They probably were assuming that the past was going to be recreated and they will be once more enslaved by Lilith, me in this case.

I told Leann to wait in the chamber, and left two powerful incubi keeping guard of the entrance, something I had learned, to take matters in the spot. I went where the incubi told me to go and I could see a whole herd of demonic creatures, trying to get into the circle of hell I was commanding and suddenly they became sulfur. The incubi that escorted me there, where no longer with me, then I knew that Leann could be in danger and I was far from her.

I headed back to the chamber to check on Leann but once I turned around, Tanya showed herself in her beauty façade telling me; “she is not meant for you, you and I belong together my queen.”

“You made all this up to separate me from her! She knows something about you, something you are fiercely trying to hide from me. You better not hurt her or I promise you, I will dump you back to where you belong!”

Tanya looked irritated but didn’t say a word.

I went straight to check on Leann, at least the incubi looking over the entrance were real not like the others made up by Tanya. She was becoming more powerful, showing more powers that I wasn’t aware of.

Since then, I been keeping the incubi in the entrance, I just don’t trust Tanya anymore. She knows I have weakened and I’m not sure if somehow, she is taking over my powers.

“Why don’t we try to use the mirror and get back Sheryl,” Leann spoke.

“This place is not safe, I wouldn’t even trust those guards “male demons” you have in the entrance, they are still, demons you know . . .”

I have tried to leave this place Leann, but I guess by my weakened state, I’m no longer able to leave and I fear that’s something Tanya is aware of; I wish I could know what’s she after.

That was something I probably shouldn’t have told Leann; I know for sure she will find the way to get that truth out of Tanya and I won’t be able to stop it.

Chapter 22

“What is going on with you? you look weakened by the minute,” Leann spoke.

“The shapeshifting, the red fire shooting from my hands. I went back to my true form but I feel I have started to falter and my powers aren’t coming back completely.” Uttered Sheryl.

“You shouldn’t be on your own anymore then, I’m going to take care of you from now on.” Leann spoke.

“I’m just hoping those incubi in the entrance won’t become an issue later, we must likely have to get rid of them first to leave this place, don’t you think?” Leann asked.

“No Leann, don’t worry about them, believe me they’re loyal to me. I would prefer to have them there in case Tanya or anything else gets back, they can become useful later.”

“I will trust you Sheryl but you need to start cutting the cord with these entities, you clearly don’t belong here, more than weakened, you look sick and I’m pretty sure is this place, this obscure energy is draining you the longer you stay. On the other hand, those demons might be plotting against you, probably consorting with higher rank demons, this is hell Sheryl, don’t forget that.”

I hated to admit it but she was right, whatever plan we had we need to put it to motion and honestly, I was becoming weaker and weaker, that I had to sit on my skin leathered throne. In that moment without being stopped by my incubi, Lilith breaks in the chamber and with a defiant attitude says:

*“A queen not fit for her throne; you should have stayed in the outside world. You are rotting slowly and there’s no magic this time that can save you. Not from me.”*

Leann yelled at her; “Leave this place! Now!” Leann even started a praying in what seemed to be Latin, something that wasn’t for the likes of Lilith.

With clear disgust, Lilith stormed out the place leaving us alone and knocking down the guard incubi I had in the entrance. Fortunately, after recovering themselves, the guards came in to check on us, to see the place in complete mess.

The guards looked at Leann, probably wondering who was that woman and what was she doing here? Thinking it was another enemy disguised, they went ahead and tried to attack Leann. I gathered the few energies I had left, I stood up and yelled at them, “Back off now! She is not a foe! Do not allow anyone else in, that is your sole purpose here, don’t fail me again.

They nodded in agreement but I knew they were no match for the power of Lilith, she could storm the place again anytime soon.

Tanya was still lurking around, still angered, being aware she was not welcome anymore, that was probably a time-ticking bomb ready to blow. I was expecting anything from her at this point, she could have even opened up a portal, skipping the guards but fortunately she didn’t.

Leann said, “Let’s try to use the mirror the same way I did, can you try opening a portal? I already tried to use Hecate’s same symbol, to cross back out but it’s not working, probably due to the dark energy here Sheryl.”

“I tried before Leann but I’m not strong enough anymore.”

“What about the red stone? Do you still have it?”

“It’s in me Leann, when I defeated one of the sphynxes, I grabbed it and it went straight to my chest becoming part of me.”

“That is so strange, haven’t heard of stones doing that, have you tried to get it out of you? with a spell or something?”

“Not yet.” Sheryl spoke.

“Well, I still remember when you freed me from the prison, I exchanged my place with the defiant woman, using the power of the red stone, however I’m afraid of trying to use it now, seems your life is intertwined with the remains of the stone.” “I should check the other circles of hell, there must be something to detach your body from the stone, seems like it is the root of your constant draining, perhaps it replenishes itself with your vital energy every time you use it, I just don’t know .” Leann spoke.

I was just sitting on the throne listening to Leann, while I told one of the guards; “Go with her and protect her at all costs”, while I kept the other incubus with me, as I won’t be able to fight in this deplorable state.

Leann left with the guard by her side, while the other one stood up in front of the entrance blocking it. From the throne I could only stare at the mirror, that was my only window to whoever could help us leave this place, with great effort, I approached the mirror to look at my body and my face, I was in complete shock, I had aged at least ten years.

I decided to try and get the red stone out of me, but the more I push it out, the more it hurt and I felt like I was just plucking out my own vital energy.

Trying to get the stone out of me wasn’t an option, I could only wait for Leann to get back, hoping that the incubi guard will take care of her.

Tanya just prowling outside like a wolf. If I wanted the truth to be shown it had to be trough the mirror, but I already know what she is, it doesn’t make any sense to see her again through it, however how can I find what she is up to?

I was starting to get impatient and Leann was taking longer than what I expected, who knows where she is and I can’t even help her. Trying to be useful, using very little of my energy I stood up in front of the mirror and managing to get something from the red stone, I pictured the outside of that circle, in there I could see my biggest fear coming to light. I saw Tanya from behind becoming something different to the sex demon she was supposed to be, on the side of her neck what looked like a head, was notably rotting and bleeding a fetid liquid that didn’t seem like blood.

But before I could get back to my throne I noticed, I was bleeding also a fetid liquid that only could be seen through the mirror, my mouth and the right part of my head had a strange color as if I was starting to decompose. I had to stop this now before it kills me, I just hoped Leann finds something quick, however without noticing it I still had a weapon left, below my throne there was the dagger I had used to stab on the portal.

All of a sudden, Leann break in the chamber in pain, the incubus guard coming behind her clearly being controlled by someone, I thought, *that must be Lilith’s work* but I was wrong, the incubi gazed at me while I tried to help Leann. The guard was long gone, it shifted from that to the real enemy, Tanya.

I couldn’t attack Tanya directly, so instead, I placed a big kiss in Leann’s lips to make her unaware of my left hand gripping the dagger as strong as I could, just hoping she would get closer enough to use it, nonetheless Tanya’s reflection on the mirror was all I needed to know, I yelled; *Xophur, Bothet, Artoon! Reveal yourselves!*

I completely disarmed Tanya, this time the mirror showed me exactly what she was; she had the three claws as fingers, half wing, and part of her body was covered in holes, those were the features of the Trinity in a whole body, I couldn’t be more certain.

Right on that moment, she shifted from the supposed Tanya to the demon I saw once long ago, a three headed serpent, however with a rotten head on the left and the spot available on the right side for another head, only Xophur’s head was showing, for some reason Bothet and Artoon’s heads were missing.

With a rumbling voice Xophur said;

*“This is it Demonica, my brothers will acquire what they are missing!*

*Your head and your friend’s head will be our final offer!*

*Unless . . . you possess the elements missing.”*

“Don’t do it Sheryl! Remember there are no more chances once we lose our heads, we already did that with awful consequences, we can’t regrow them!” Leann spoke.

In that moment, Xophur did something oddly different to other times I faced him, a chanting in a weird tongue that made Leann’s ears bleed, it started to falter Leann to the point she was looking older and sicker, that ancient praying was plucking her life in a matter of seconds and I couldn’t feel anything, I was already drained, only my useless body was left.

*“The accursed missing elements, how could I even try to obtain them like this?* Sheryl thought.

I reached out for the only strength that has come through in the lowest moment of need, only relying on my mind I prayed; “Powerful Hecate, please release us from this villain, protect us from the dreadful and the merciless death our adversary is placing on us” but to my surprise, I got no answer from her, it was only Leann and me laying on the floor, completely prone to the attack of the powerful trinity.

I hugged Leann the strongest I could, and we kissed again, this time it was like a last kiss, it felt this was going to be the last time we could ever kiss.

From the ashes like the Phoenix, the red pyramidal shaped stone, shined bright like a diamond in my chest, it went from being dormant to become this supernova, even the Trinity was threatened and I knew this was the moment to use that power.

The red stone nourished me in power, I was back in shape and there was nothing stopping me, I stood up and placed my both hands toward the trinity, the red fire that dropped out of my hands was so impressive, it was like lava coming out of my hands! Red as the fire of hell we were in!

I shoot those motherfuckers for as long as I could remember, they were destroyed in a matter of minutes and without me noticing it, the mirror was behind them so it was pulverized few seconds later.

Leann just looked at me regaining some energy and saying; “You got nothing else to prove, you have the will and the self-power to command here Sheryl, no wonder these demons bowed to your will, not even I had achieved anything like this in the past.” “You are clearly made for here but be aware that I don’t belong here, in anyway it seems is a blessing and a course at the same time, but this is something that was meant for you, not for me.”

“You are a fucking leader!” Leann spoke.

It was true, I had managed on my own to get rid of my enemies, Lilith surely knows what happened so she won’t be bothering for now, at last the Trinity won’t be around anymore and the only flock I had to worry about was my own! I won’t lie, I was for the first time, the queen of hell and it felt amazing!

The only bad thing here was, I had no other servant left for sex and I’m a horny fucking lesbian and truth to be told I was tired of this, I wanted to spent the rest of my life with someone I could rely on.

I told Leann, “I love you enough to let you go and live a life outside of here, this shit is chaotic.”

Hell is fucking chaos, there is no nice part about it. On the other hand, that is what real love is about, leave the person you love to follow their own steps, far from that, you can’t control what can come in between. You got to let it flow.

Good thing was Leann was older than me and she had lived enough things with me to be willing and able to say; “Let’s stick together here as well as in the outside world. I can keep up with things on the outside and you can take matters on things here, in your own circle of hell, powerful Demonica!”

I just gazed at her and said; “Don’t you ever dare to treat me like that, you aren’t a servant, you are my friend and confident. If I’m your Demonica, I want you to be my Demonica as well, we are at the same level.

Seems like someone wasn’t very pleased by this display of affection, while we sealed a big ass kiss between us, Lilith that was never that far, appeared right in front of us, glancing and glancing like trying to see if there was something out there for her.

She might have been a powerful demoness, but she was a slave for sex as well. Using the same power from the stone, I managed to bring the real Tanya from the world of the dead back to life. I have seen the Styx River, so I had the power to bring her back to her last mission on earth.

Lilith couldn’t be more pleased; the real Tanya was a gorgeous woman. The admiration and gratitude overwhelmed her that I knew from gazing at her face, she was fulfilled as she never had before, nobody in all these years had offered her something like I just did.

Pleasure unmeasured, not battle bullshit, no more murdering, no more fighting for what’s meant to be yours, a revolution was taking place in hell.

After being this pleased, Lilith spoke;

*“I have no intentions of bring any worries but be aware that the rest of the circles of hell won’t be pleased with your decision, remember love was meant for humans, it has never been a thing for demons, we are probably the less deserving entities to that.”*

“I don’t care Lilith; I got the help I needed from you when I needed it. You were a bitch sometimes to me, but that made me realize my own strength and most of the times I had to find in my inner-self the power I thought I lack, a power I thought came from somewhere else.”

In that moment, Lilith just disappeared with Tanya, part of a kingdom was changing and there wasn’t anyone stopping it, for now. I wasn’t forcing anyone to my will anymore, this was free will to whoever wants to love whoever it wants, and that even included my incubi.

The other circles of hell were aware of my power, there was no one ready to fight, no one was willing to destroy what has been made, the rest of the kings of hell were satisfied on their own realms, they were aware I wasn’t taking anything from them, that wasn’t my intention at all.

I was satisfied from all that I had achieved, I didn’t need an entourage anymore so I decided those women that died for me looking out for Leann, deserved a second chance in life, the whole flock that got killed by the grotesque creature, summoned by the then possessed Leann, were brought back with the power of the red stone.

Leann saw me doing all these good deeds with the power of the red stone, I knew I had everything I ever wanted. Things seemed to be under my control now and I felt I could leave hell for some time with Leann until any other thing came along the way.

For some reason before leaving the circle of hell we were in, a skin-leathered coffer appeared besides the throne, similar to the one I had found before. I knew things with this realm are far to be done, that coffer foreshadowed issues for the future, but I was willing to take the risk and get back if needed, but for now nobody will interfere with Leann and I, at least I have time to be finally happy with Leann by my side.

While we left the second circle of hell through a portal I opened up, out of nowhere, another different mirror resembling my old one, was facing me and Leann; while she looked perfectly normal in the reflection, I saw myself naked on it, oddly as I saw myself when I was faltered; bleeding from my head, my mouth and my privates, right before the mirror shattered into millions of pieces while we crossed back to the outside world.

Definitely a bad omen coming or the proof of a war I had won.