**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?