

THE LIFE OF A SACRED PROSTITUTE ASTARTE
AND THE EGYPTIAN TEMPLE OF DEATH JOURNEYS

(EXCERPTS FROM “THE SECRET DIARY OF A WHORE”)

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I would like to tell you a story of one of Alex's past lives, when he was a woman, Astarte. At that time, our souls were still one merged being, so we eventually discovered that I had equal access to the memories and sensations of this unique woman as he did. Even though it was his life, I already existed in a spiritual world, bonded to him as a spiritual child who would later become a separate soul. I was learning about physical life in this unique way, observing my soulmate from the other side and assisting him spiritually. His soul had a captivating journey in exploring the intricacies and subtleties of sexual healing practices. On his path to embody the highest truth of the spiritual design of sex work, he was destined to experience two lives in ancient Egypt as a whore, - one in the fate of a sacred prostitute and one as a sexual priestess. Through these profound experiences, he discovered the sacred art of intimacy, recognizing it as a divine pathway to spiritual enlightenment and empowering transformation. These lifetimes imbued us with a deep reverence for the power of sensual connections, seeing it as a means to transcend the mundane and touch the divine.

In one of these lives, he lived as a sacred prostitute and oracle healer Astarte. Throughout the first half of Astarte's life, while she was fulfilling her destiny as a sacred prostitute, she endured complex abuses, which haunted our souls to the present time, and we went through a complex healing journey to address the spiritual wounds. Astarte's mother passed away when she was just seven, and her father, in his grief, wouldn't let her see the body. The little girl was left bewildered as it felt like her mother simply vanished. A year later, Astarte's father also succumbed to illness. But this time, she held his hand in those final moments, witnessing firsthand the profound mystery of death for the first time. In the stillness of the moment she

shared with his lifeless body, she felt a profound emptiness settle within her. It was a moment that captivated her young mind. She couldn't really comprehend how someone could be there one second and gone the next. It sparked a belief in her heart that this was the proof of the existence of the human soul, even if she didn't fully grasp this concept yet. From that day forward, she carried a quiet conviction that there was something beyond the visible, physical world. Astarte's early encounters with loss and the ephemeral nature of life ignited within her a burning desire to understand the unseen forces that govern human existence.

Astarte's world was irrevocably altered when her father passed away. It was the beginning of a new life. She spent the next few hours next to his dead body, and that entire experience felt her essence with unusual and powerful energies. She didn't know what she was experiencing, but she loved being in the presence of a dead person. She eventually said her final goodbyes the same evening and made her way to her grandparents' home. She shared the news about her father's passing, leaving the truth that she spent hours next to him. This house was a sanctuary filled with the echoes of warm memories, and now it would become a new home for Astarte. Grandparents showered her with care, love and affection, striving to provide the nurturing she desperately needed. Years passed, and life continued its relentless march. When Astarte turned sixteen, death appeared in her life again, taking away her grandfather. This time, as she stood by his bedside, she realized that she could consciously talk to his soul and feel his presence on the other side. Her heart was filled with gratitude for this quiet farewell service she could offer to him, and she equally enjoyed staying next to him for a few hours.

The following year brought yet another loss when her grandmother joined him. As they said their final goodbyes, Astarte held her hand tightly. She found herself again intuitively drawn

to the rituals of guiding a soul through the afterlife. Now, she was fully immersed in the complexities of grief, peering into the stillness and emptiness left behind by those she loved. Nobody was rushing or judging her, and she could truly surrender to this experience for the first time. She was learning about the essence of a soul by studying a motionless body. Through these experiences, Astarte accepted her true identity and a deeper understanding of life. She cherished the unique moments spent in conversation with the two corpses she had encountered.

As weeks passed, the burden of loneliness increasingly weighed on Astarte's heart. She had inherited her grandparents' house and savings, which relieved her financial concerns for a considerable time. Although she cherished her solitude, an intense longing for connection and human warmth ate away at her spirit. Compelled by this desire and filled with hope and excitement, she set out into her town in search of a lover. Despite having never experienced physical intimacy with a man and lacking any formal education on the subject, she instinctively knew what to do. Guided by her heart, womb, and instincts, she navigated this sexual encounter to satisfy the new and intense desires that awakened within her.

Her first lover satisfied some of her passions, but Astarte quickly realized their connection wasn't meant to last, and she ended things. Still, a sense of empowerment washed over her. She had dared to trust her passions and pursue her desires. In that moment, she embraced the importance of following her heart, grounded in the belief that the experiences she was craving for, whether joyful or not, were all part of her journey toward finding true, divine love. Her experiences felt right even though she didn't really know what she was doing.

Astarte's second lover wasn't only a decent person and a good lover; he also inspired her to follow the path of her heart. One afternoon, he surprised her with a visit and brought a

basket of food as a heartfelt gesture to express his gratitude for her companionship. Astarte was glad to see him and was thankful for a thoughtful gesture. They spent most of this day exploring her intimate desires. It was the first time Astarte experienced an authentic, intimate connection, even though she wasn't in love with him. This experience shifted everything for Astarte. That evening, Astarte felt an undeniable alignment of her desires and needs as she savoured a delicious dinner made from the fresh produce her lover had gifted her. Nestled on the floor by the flickering fireplace and contemplating her experiences, a wave of serene introspection washed over her.

She saw how she could fulfill her needs through an intimate connection with a man and feel natural in this role. She realized what her heart had been longing to pursue all along. With a small inheritance left from her grandparents, she had enough to support herself for the next few months. She saw it as a path of true empowerment and personal liberation. She desired to create an independent life for herself, so she hoped to save enough for any possible future she would choose for herself. It was as if Nature was whispering to her the encouragement to turn her desires into a profession. Astarte decided it was time to embrace her true calling. Trusting her intuition like never before, she recognized this moment as a pivotal step on the authentic path of her heart. Completely surrendering to her inner truth, she felt a profound clarity and confidence in the choices ahead.

Astarte was born to be a whore, and now life was presenting her with an opportunity to embrace this calling. She was following the path of her heart, and she was completely aware of that. She embodied her truth without really thinking about possible perceptions of others. Astarte didn't hesitate to make decisions about her future. She spent the next few days strategizing and

analyzing her options. How could she present this service in an empowering way and own her story, even if all neighbours would eventually find out? But Astarte's choice was quite simple. She believed she could explore sexual pleasures and provide for herself just by following the desires of her heart. After an affair with her second lover, Astarte realized she craved exploring different men. It wasn't that her two lovers were particularly bad; she enjoyed her time with them in her own way. She just desired to experience pleasure with different partners. She couldn't fully explain that feeling to herself, but she knew it was her heart's honest desire. There was something Astarte couldn't understand about herself, and she felt that sex work would allow her to explore all facets of her being.

I should mention that Astarte still carried wounds of abandonment. These scars were hidden but felt deeply. During her quiet meditation over the next few days, she realized that the thought of building a relationship with anyone felt too daunting. She craved the exploration of her desires but also enjoyed living alone. A self-proclaimed hermit, she revelled in her independence and was comfortable in that essence. Still, she felt like both her parents and grandparents had left her, and she was somewhat angry at them because they were all gone. Not a single one of her relatives wanted to be with her. So, part of Astarte genuinely believed that any man would simply die if he decided to live with her as a romantic partner. She felt like she was bringing death by being herself. That part lived in a subtle fear that people would betray and abandon again.

Soon, Astarte's house transformed into a spiritual sanctuary for weary souls seeking her unique, magical and sensual healing. Within her walls, men found solace and true joy, cradled in Astarte's warm embraces that spoke of comfort and understanding. She embodied her passionate

and empowering essence, which her clients could feel. Despite the occasional disappointment in connection, she gracefully navigated the complexities of each visitor. She could always find something in the client that made him attractive to her. She perceived some of her attractions as physical, but she also experienced the attraction of spiritual and energetic levels. It was natural for Astarte to tune into the frequency of her clients. She saw the reflections of her essence in these men, and she enjoyed this game of exploration of her deepest essence. While not every man captured her heart, Astarte unearthed precious moments and cherished memories within each encounter, turning them into some form of inspiring energy or a valuable lesson.

Astarte spent about a year gradually weaving herself into her new reality, discovering routines that uplifted her spirit and helped her find a balance in her work. As she learned to navigate the nuances of her business, she found herself thriving with a steady stream of clients, often booking appointments weeks in advance. For the first time, she could craft the life she had always envisioned for herself. She relished the simple joy of not worrying about food or clothes. Her savings, tucked away in a secret spot beneath the living room floor - a hiding place her grandmother had fashioned - served as a comforting reminder of her journey toward independence and a promise of any future she would desire to build for herself one day.

As Astarte fully embraced her journey and found a deep appreciation for her newly discovered, exciting path, another calling began to stir in her heart. It was a desire pulsing with an intensity akin to her yearning for sexual pleasures when she decided to seek a connection with her first lover. However, this feeling felt strange and unconventional, even for someone as open-minded as Astarte, leading her to question herself for days and weeks. Yet, this desire never faded; it lingered in her heart, demanding attention. Astarte had to admit to herself that she was

drawn to spend time with any dead person. She desired to explore a spiritual connection with the souls of people who passed on, an engagement that transcended the boundaries of life and death.

When Astarte accepted the truth of her heart, this idea ignited an inspirational spark within her, blending her desires for passion and connection in ways she had never imagined before. The decision to pursue this passion felt right; she couldn't doubt it anymore. Something in her essence craved to see a dead person and connect with their soul through the transition of death. Astarte realized that she needed to find a way to act upon it. She went to the cemetery to inquire about possible jobs, and to her surprise, she was quickly hired to assist with burial preparations.

New excitement and anticipation coursed through her veins as she looked forward to forging connections, albeit unusual, with the corpses during her night shifts. A new excitement and anticipation. The pleasant feelings she experienced in the presence of her dead relatives returned to her heart. Embracing her peculiar second profession, Astarte became undoubtedly the strangest and most slandered woman in her town, as her neighbours were well aware of her unconventional life choices. Astarte didn't seek their understanding; she simply wanted to embrace her authentic self. Nobody could understand this woman, but Astarte loved her reputation. She was not like anyone else and enjoyed being misunderstood. It was a badge of honour for her. She lived her life following her heart. She didn't lie to anybody; she wasn't ever mean or cruel to others, and she believed that she illuminated the world with the joy of love, making it a better place every single day. Astarte's life became a vibrant odyssey of interwoven stories of the dead and the living, revealing to her our Nature's secrets about love and grief, all while she sought to discover her highest purpose.

Astarte led a fulfilling life, boldly forging her path with grace and authenticity. She was guided by her female intuition and the destiny of her soul. Her spiritual gifts blossomed each day with new powers. Astarte's professions brought her immense joy, enriching her life with a sense of purpose and belonging. There were seasons in Astarte's life when she indulged in passionate romance with her lovers, savouring the intimacy and sensual connections that ignited her spirit. During other times, she engaged with the wisdom of those who had passed, finding inspiration in their stories. Both facets of her existence infused her life with many complex emotions.

Six years went by, and Astarte began sensing that her life as a sacred prostitute had come to an end. It was a feeling she had never experienced before, so naturally, she questioned her intuition. On the physical level, she felt somewhat drained and exhausted. Her job was not bringing her the same pleasures as before, as it turned into a repetitive and unfulfilling routine that she almost couldn't escape. She also felt tired of men, but they continued knocking on her door. Astarte simply couldn't say no to her clients because she had a safe and stable income and a comforting sense of the only possible reality she built for herself. She had allowed herself to become a bit too self-absorbed, neglecting the needs of her spirit between sessions. She slowly started to suppress the voice of her heart. She didn't want to think about what else she could do for a living. The money she received from the cemetery was mostly symbolic, as she believed she was serving her community in this way. She liked that she could choose how many nights in a month she was willing to spend at the cemetery, and she didn't want to spend more time there either. Astarte thought that her tiredness was only temporary. She brushed off the whispers of her heart that pleaded for her to stop seeing her clients, as her destined time to serve Nature with this craft was reaching its end. She could almost feel this truth through the wisdom of her soul.

As she later discovered, Nature had designed sacred prostitutes to have a limited time in this profession, but at that period of her life, Astarte didn't have that awareness. She became somewhat arrogant and self-centred as she didn't take care of herself enough between the sessions. She was almost living in a state of suspended control and didn't pay that much attention to the repetitive callings of Nature to transition into the next stage of her life. She had a higher destiny, but she kept refusing to accept this fact. In some ways, the voices of the societal critics and constant gossip behind her back also drained her energies, and she almost forgot who she really was. Somehow, she just slipped into a reality where she accepted playing small. Deep inside, she yearned for empowered greatness, but now that feeling was lost.

The thought of pursuing a different path felt overwhelming. In the quiet moments of reflection, Astarte convinced herself that her exhaustion was merely a fleeting phase. With each passing day, she lived in a haze, disconnected from the repetitive nudges of Nature that beckoned her toward a new life filled with promise. Little did she know that the journey ahead would challenge everything she thought she knew about herself, her purpose, and the extraordinary life that awaited her beyond the constraints of her present reality.

Astarte wasn't enjoying her reality anymore and, therefore, couldn't balance the energies of the world with her talents as a sexual healer, so Nature decided to intervene. She was no longer serving herself, her clients, or Nature in an empowering way. A returning client came for a session to perform the role of a messenger from Nature. Every little annoyance in her life seemed to set her off that day. Astarte was irritated and agitated on that day as she was approaching her cycle, so she rudely and temperamentally raised her voice at him when he was trying to ask her about her emotions as he was dressing up to leave. For some reason, every little

thing about her experiences on that day triggered Astarte. She snapped at him for no reason. In a moment of heated exchange, he struck her in the stomach, and she fell on the floor. This aggressive reaction left her stunned. This man felt disrespected, but with his actions, he was actually delivering a message from Nature to Astarte without consciously realizing this. He withdrew right away, shocked by his own aggression, as he watched Astarte curling from pain on the floor. He didn't want to be the person he became that day. He was scared that he could do something like this. He had never seen this side of him before. He retreated, apologized awkwardly, took his things, and ran away.

Lost in her whirlwind of anger and hurt, Astarte realized that she had carelessly invited this chaos into her life. She intentionally offended his dignity while constructing her response and genuinely didn't want to show him any respect. Astarte felt like she was deliberately inviting trouble because nothing that man did that day could justify why she treated him unfairly during their time together. Her entire essence didn't want to continue this work, which manifested in everything she did that day. Nothing justified her cruel treatment of this client; everything within her urged her to avoid this drama. Her essence screamed for a change, yet here she was, entangled in a dance of self-sabotage and emotional entrapment. Burned out and overwhelmed, she hadn't listened to the whispers of her intuition. Each action that day echoed her internal struggles, manifesting the essence of her limited perceptions of physical reality.

Lying helpless on the floor, Astarte felt with her entire being that she deserved this. She didn't want to accept this truth of life. Her ego fought vehemently against the idea that she was anything less than a victim in this situation. But deep inside herself, she knew the real truth. She was acting irrationally and didn't listen to her intuition. A wave of despair washed over her.

Confusion, shame, and anger filled her heart. She needed to start thinking about her exit strategy, and it was absolutely clear to her on that day. But even though Astarte clearly understood the message from Nature that requested her to stop her practice, she only took a couple of weeks of rest and then returned to work. She convinced herself that this was what Nature asked of her. The distress of searching for another profession felt quite unappealing to Astarte, and she believed she had time to save more for this future transition. Life continued to dance around her, yet she was stuck between ambition and survival, longing for the clarity that felt elusive whenever she contemplated change. Destiny was guiding Astarte to claim the highest path of her soul, but she refused to accept what life had prepared for her. She stubbornly turned away from life, trapped in her own fears. Nature had to intervene again and redirect Astarte to assume her destiny.

Another returning client knocked on Astarte's door a few weeks later. She hadn't seen this man in a while, and right from the first glance, Astarte felt something strange about him. He was different from what she remembered, and she felt somewhat scared in his presence. She sensed his energies and didn't feel safe around him. Astarte didn't think too much about her intuition again. She invited him into the bedroom on the second floor of her house. She convinced herself that she was simply nervous or stressed. But as the client awkwardly climbed on top of her, grunting and puffing, while Astarte tried to surrender to the experience as much as she could, the energy in the bedroom suddenly changed. The otherworldly demonic presence entered their space, and even though Astarte couldn't see it, she experienced an eerie sensation that she couldn't explain.

Suddenly, the eyes of this man changed, and she saw the presence of a demon inside him. Now, it was clear to Astarte that some entity was possessing this man, and that's why he felt

different. He had corrupted his heart and lost connection with his soul, so an evil spirit controlled his body. Amplified by the spiritual energies created through sexual interaction, this demon felt empowered. Everything about this man suddenly changed - his expressions, movements, and even his voice. As in a raging impulse, he grabbed Astarte by the neck, trying to strangle her; the act of sex turned into rape. His thrusts intensified with each new moment, and Astarte was entrapped. He was penetrating her entire essence on all subtle spiritual levels.

As Astarte was suffocating, she could clearly see a demon in the eyes of this man, who demanded her blood. She didn't really know what to do, as she realized that this man would not stop until she was dead. He was not in control anymore. This demon sensed the spiritual weakness of Astarte and decided to claim her life force for himself. Astarte didn't know how she could fight this, so she decided to surrender. She thought that maybe her time had come. She was never afraid of death, so she was always prepared to leave this physical plane. Besides, she didn't really enjoy her life at that time. She knew she had to make tough choices, but kept avoiding them. The truth was, she hadn't enjoyed her life for some time. Decisions loomed like shadows, and despite knowing she had to confront them, she had consistently avoided them. The thought crossed her mind that if she died now, she would escape the daunting journey of self-discovery that she feared.

What had brought Astarte joy and pleasure before now felt mundane or destructive. Grasping for air, she contemplated what it would feel like to leave this Earth. Yet, in those brief moments between life and death, her natural survival impulses kicked in, and suddenly something clicked inside her. Her entire body began moving from side to side, trying to ease the pressure and somehow push this man away while she thrust her fingernails into his face. But her

actions didn't yield any results, and she only exhausted herself. It felt like this man was holding her both from inside and outside, with his penis and his hands. But at that moment, as Astarte commanded herself that she wanted to live, her wise pussy instinctively locked this man inside of her. No matter how much he tried to pull out his penis or even attempt to thrust, he couldn't do it, and now he was screaming in agony from the pain he never endured before. Astarte trapped him inside of her, squeezing him so tight that he began loosening the grip on her neck. Using his shock and confusion, Astarte began relentlessly poking his eyes. She was winning over, as she found a powerful inner strength to roll over and flip this man on his back. She held him in ways he had never experienced before or even thought were possible.

Astarte was a badass bitch, and I felt very proud of her when she showed me this memory of hers. Astarte's fierce spirit left me in awe during our channelling sessions as she recounted this remarkable memory. It was an experience to remember, and I felt blessed that I could witness how she handled this situation. She was a woman with unique and supernatural strengths in many areas of life, and now she shone with yet another incredible facet. She masterfully used the talents of her body to get out of this messy situation. She was intuitively tapping into special supernatural powers of defending oneself that are granted by Nature to all authentic whores. In my perception of that interaction, I felt like she was fighting for all whores that couldn't. This was another example of her brilliance, a woman who constantly redefined her power and place in the world, the woman who never settles for someone else's truth.

Once this man was on his back, Astarte began punching him in the face as hard as she could, enjoying the misery he was enduring. Then, she was able to grab a vase from the bedside table and hit him on the head. Astarte raised the vase for another hit, but she paused rather than

strike out of anger. This was not just about revenge; it was about making a choice, a statement of her own. She decided to offer a choice to her client. He could leave right now, or she would murder him. She told him that with her eyes and with her entire presence. The strength to fight demons only comes from within us. We can only win over them when we transmute our fear into courage and show them that we are not afraid to fight back. Suddenly, she saw how this demon was ready to surrender as this man raised his hands, begging for mercy. He returned to his senses and pleaded for salvation. Astarte released him from entrapment, and he swiftly collected his clothes. Desperation etched across his face as he ran away from her house, as if confused about what had just happened to him. He clearly had amnesia about this entire experience, as if he was hypnotized from the moment he entered Astarte's residence. Astarte watched him go, a mix of confusion and relief flooding her senses. In that moment, she knew she had not only fought back; she had taken the first step toward reclaiming her freedom and identity, leaving the past behind and stepping boldly into her future.

As she collapsed on the bed, exhausted and feeling the excruciating pains in her beaten body, Astarte found herself somehow revelling in the moment. The shocking trauma of this entire ordeal has finally awakened her from the state of dull existence, and she realized it was time to change her life. She fully understood the message from Nature. She wasn't just defending herself; she was reclaiming her power. She could feel her heart racing, her spirit rising. The pain of abuse, the sense of being violated in ways she could never imagine possible, suddenly started to fade away as this experience destroyed her last self-limiting beliefs. She continued to pretend to be a maiden while life was trying to initiate her into the queen she was destined to be. Now Astarte was finally hearing her intuition loud and clear.

The whispers of Nature wrapped around her like a comforting embrace, revealing that her time as a sacred whore had come to an end. She knew she needed to seek a new purpose, but didn't know what to do or how even to approach this task. There was something that she needed to discover about herself, and Nature was pushing her in that direction. Astarte was quite stubborn and convinced she had figured out everything about her essence, but it was far from the truth. She was much more than she made herself believe. As with many similar shocking or traumatizing experiences that humans endure in their lives, Astarte was initiated into a higher state of her natural spiritual powers, and her female intuition and psychic abilities have opened up in new ways. She was destined to become an oracle and finally grasped the truth about her unique essence. Suddenly, she was seeing the spiritual world more vividly and sensing the reality in a uniquely empowered way. The pain of the assault and violation was washing away as she discovered this new perception of our reality. Through the violence of cruelty and madness, of pain and fear, she recognized the truth: she was far more complex and remarkable than she had ever allowed herself to believe. Embracing this newfound awareness, she sensed that the path ahead was hers to carve, filled with possibilities yet to be discovered.

She spent the next few weeks avoiding people as much as she could, contemplating her possible options. Confused and stranded, she decided to seek advice in the temple of psychic oracles. She wanted to know what she was destined to do and hoped that wise women would guide her in the right direction. Only people who worked in the temple were drunk on their supernatural powers and completely forgot the highest aspirations of their humble service. Their arrogance was palpable, and Astarte sensed the disdain in their gazes, feeling belittled rather than supported. To complicate matters, the main oracle's cryptic guidance left her more puzzled than

enlightened. It simply didn't make sense to Astarte. She was told she would be a high priestess of oracle visions in her temple in the distant land, but would die from suicide shortly after assuming her role as the head of this temple.

Astarte stormed out of the temple, fury pulsing through her veins. She knew herself all too well and felt so powerful at that stage of her life that she knew she would never be so weak as to kill herself. After her experience, she was convinced that she would also never allow anyone to kill her. She finally wanted to live and face life in all its glory. She knew that suicide was simply impossible, and that made her enraged with this oracle woman. Astarte felt that everything she said was a lie. This guidance simply did not resonate with her heart. She also didn't like the idea of being a psychic reader for others, as she was convinced she didn't have such powers. The mantle of the oracle felt like a heavy weight she didn't want to bear. She had always believed she lacked the powers everyone presumed she possessed, and the thought of advising and coaching others felt like a prison.

The way the temple's priests had treated her had only stoked the flames of her rage, bubbling just beneath the surface. On her way out, a dark wish crept into her mind—a vision of the temple reduced to ashes, with everyone inside perishing in the flames. Her wish was honest and sincere. It was a genuine grievance sent from her heart to the Spirits of her lands. She confessed how she truly felt without hiding her truth. This desire was raw and tinged with despair, an honest reflection of her newly discovered empowering essence. But even in that moment of deep anger, part of her yearned for something more than vengeance. Despite the darkness of the oracle's words, she channelled her frustration into a quest for self-discovery, determined to carve out her own fate beyond the oracle's prophecy. She realized that her story

was not predetermined and that she held the power to shape her own destiny, guided not by the voices of the past but by the courage within her heart.

These oracles clearly had corrupt hearts and did not act based on the best interests of their clients, so Astarte was destined to be one of the witnesses of their malevolence and report it to Nature. In Astarte's life, Alex's soul was still exploring existence as an embodiment of the god Osiris, so Astarte's perceptions created judgments on a spiritual level. And somehow, she intuitively felt the powerful energies that her thoughts created. She desired such a fate for this place and was not ashamed of feeling this way.

A couple of weeks later, an army of foreigners arrived at the doorstep of their city and fulfilled Astarte's wish. The oracle temple was burned to the ground, and everyone inside was killed. This army, driven by chaos, swept through the city, ravaging, looting, and leaving devastation in its wake; some citizens were forced to flee, while others faced a tragic fate they couldn't escape. Astarte joined some citizens who found shelter in the secret underground mazes and chambers of the temple spaces. The army took what they could and left the city. But once the citizens felt it was safe to leave, they were ambushed and captured by a few remaining soldiers on their way out. They beat and raped Astarte, as all other women who were with her, but they spared their lives. As night descended on the city, Astarte woke up on the street in the destroyed city after losing her consciousness. She was covered in bruises and had intense pain in her lower body. As the sounds of the departing army faded into the distance, Astarte gathered herself and slowly headed towards her home.

Her heart ached for the familiar warmth of home, but she found it partially destroyed. She couldn't stay here any longer, just this night, as the only place of shelter that she knew. She

was scared that she might have lost everything, but as she reached into the secret space under the living room floor, she discovered her treasure box intact. Astarte rejoiced that her wealth was saved. With tears of relief streaming down her face, Astarte realized that her past wasn't entirely redeemed; its remnants still lay within her reach, but the dawn of a new life had clearly emerged on the horizon.

The next day, she packed some provisions and clothes and left the city for distant lands. Leaving her family's home felt both liberating and terrifying. With no set destination in mind, Astarte made a quiet promise to herself - to surrender fully to the whispers of Nature. It was time to embrace the unknown, to discover what lay beyond the limited perceptions she imposed upon herself. She didn't know where she was going, but she finally decided to trust in the guidance of Nature. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, feeling the earth beneath her feet. With a heart wide open and a spirit eager for adventure, she let her feet guide her, trusting that they would lead her to her true destiny, wherever that might be. Each step was a dance toward possibility, a journey to reclaim her lost self and redefine her fate. She felt like she had nothing to lose, so she might as well allow life to guide her. She listened to her intuition like never before. New assaults, abuses, and pains made her stronger, but they equally opened her innate spiritual abilities, which she was scared to see. She couldn't continue to betray herself and compromise her essence any longer. She trusted that her feet would take her where she needed to be.

One day, she arrived in a vibrant and prosperous town with lush gardens and charming houses lining the streets; this town embodied the essence of harmony that Astarte had long craved. It looked drastically different from her city, which Astarte always found quite ugly. Unlike her city, where the fading beauty reeked of neglect and disappointment, this place

sparkled with life and warmth. She realized that the corrupt citizens of her hometown invited this destruction when the majority had betrayed their hearts. They invited decay and sin into their lives, creating a place where arrogance and cruelty masqueraded as normalcy. She interacted with many people through her work, so she was aware of how rotten most of the residents were. Living there had always felt like a struggle, and each passing year only deepened her discontent as she watched it spiral further away from what she believed in. But stepping into this newfound town was like finding a breath of fresh air. Here, the citizens still cherished the laws of Nature, fostering a community rooted in authenticity and warmth. It was a place where people embraced their truths, so the whole town radiated uplifting energies that filled her heart with hope and inspiration. Astarte realized she had stumbled upon the sanctuary she had been yearning for—a place where she could shed her past and embrace a future filled with possibility.

Astarte decided to spend some time here and think about her next steps. As she wandered through the streets, she discovered a stunning oracle temple nestled not far from the gateway of this community. Surrounded by the wondrous garden, its immaculate facade felt inviting. At this point, she didn't trust any outside spiritual guidance anymore, but she was tired from her journey. Something inexplicable drew her closer to the temple, an unshakeable pull that whispered promises of wisdom and solace. This place felt more comforting than the temple in her city, so she hoped she might receive better advice about her future. She still hoped to find the clarity she desperately needed.

As Astarte approached the high priestess with the request to look into her future, this old oracle woman was ready to answer questions about Astarte's fate without even consulting the spiritual beings or pulling divination cards. The high priestess recognized Astarte's soul as soon

as she gazed into her eyes. She related that she has been receiving guidance about Astarte for a few years now, revealing that Astarte was destined to inherit this sacred temple. The revelation sent waves of shock through Astarte. She was surprised by this news and couldn't believe what she was hearing. She was in the unknown lands with a person she never met, but she was expected and warmly welcomed here. Astarte couldn't believe that she found her answers so easily and that her journey to find a new home was over. Not only that, but she was also destined to assume the role of the high priestess of this magical temple.

Astarte didn't even know that she had a talent for oracle visions, and she certainly couldn't believe someone would just gift her an entire temple. But the high priestess confirmed this guidance on many occasions, and she had no doubts that Astarte could be the best successor. The high priestess still didn't know about Astarte's spiritual talents, but she was convinced they would make her an empowered oracle. Astarte struggled to fully accept what was happening to her, but this truth felt right in her heart.

The high priestess seemed trustworthy, open, and honest, so Astarte surrendered to her new path. Suddenly, a sense of peace and immense courage appeared inside of her. She felt like everything happening to her was supposed to happen to her, despite how wild her entire journey felt and how many times she cursed herself for following her intuition. At times, she allowed the words of shame and judgment of people to enter her heart. She never lied to herself, but the perceptions of others made her doubt that she was living her most empowering life. But now she received a gift from Nature that confirmed her truth. She stood with a woman she had never met, yet the air buzzed with a sense of purpose. Astarte was meant to be here. The thought that she was to become the high priestess, the bearer of oracle visions, sent her head spinning. How could

she, who had never even recognized her own gifts, be chosen for such a profound responsibility? It felt surreal that the divine beings would bestow upon her an entire temple as if she were being offered a crown she had never sought or believed she deserved.

Despite the whirlwind of emotions, excitement, fear, and disbelief, Astarte began to feel a flicker of acceptance within her. There was something undeniably trustworthy in the high priestess's grand and honest presence. A wave of serenity enveloped Astarte. She discovered immense courage rising within her, a feeling that every experience she had endured thus far was part of a larger story of fate that led her to this moment. Yes, her journey felt wild and unpredictable, but it was exactly as it was meant to be.

Astarte was assigned a room in the temple, and the high priestess began teaching her the craft of spiritual channelings and psychic readings. Astarte learned how to master clairvoyant and oracle visions, which she rarely used before and even tried to suppress at times. She didn't know about her natural talents, but under the guidance of this wise teacher, she realized what kind of potential she was hiding from herself. Astarte was a gifted shaman, a medicine woman who could heal the souls of people, but she was always shy about uncovering her true nature. Now, she was flourishing and blooming every single day, and the high priestess was surprised at how fast Astarte advanced. Through the mastery of her high sexual energies and conscious integration of her past traumatic experiences of sexual assaults, Astarte developed deep psychic abilities and mastered the art of dreaming. She became a medium and an oracle who channelled guidance from spirits. She also learned how to consciously contact the souls of the living and dead to provide them with healing. Her journey was as much about self-discovery as it was about her newfound abilities, an empowering tale of a woman claiming her rightful place in the world.

As her spiritual abilities fully unravelled, the high priestess felt that it would be valuable to introduce Astarte to the practice of death journeys and the art of resurrection. Astarte had always found solace in caring for the deceased, but little did she know that she was created to be a perfect candidate to become a practitioner of this ancient Egyptian shamanic healing practice of soul retrieval. Death journeys allowed practitioners to cleanse the traumatic experiences of souls from past lives and rewrite the karmic contracts that bound them to new painful experiences or karmic relationships.

Since most people couldn't master the intricacies of death journeys, the high priestess initially harboured doubts about Astarte's potential. Still, she had to leave Astarte in charge of the temple, so she had to explain everything to her about this place. So one day, the high priestess invited Astarte to a secret chamber room in the temple's basement, with a magical sarcophagus for death journeys in the middle of it. What began as a mere curiosity quickly blossomed into a profound spiritual transformation for Astarte; she discovered an innate ability for this healing method. The realization that Astarte was completely natural in death journeys and the art of resurrection surprised even the high priestess. Yet, it was clear that every experience and challenge had prepared her to awaken her true power as a master of resurrection. As Astarte delved deeper into this ancient practice, she discovered her highest purpose and began to heal from her own past wounds.

Slowly but surely, Astarte was building confidence in this craft. She was thirsty for knowledge, and the practice of death journeys became the most empowering part of her training. She learned how to travel through the death dimensions at will and return safely. She spent many days existing in the death realm and avoiding physical life. Being dead felt more appealing to

Astarte. Days turned into weeks as she immersed herself in the death realm, drawn to its tranquillity and clarity, far more appealing than the chaos of physical life. In death, she discovered a world devoid of pretense. It was a sanctuary where truth reigned, and for Astarte, that was liberating; she relished the absence of games and masks people wore in the living world. She really liked that it was impossible to lie in the death dimension. "I enjoy death because there's no bullshit there," she often remarked to me during our channelling sessions, embracing a reality where everything was clear and obvious. And I, who was just learning the practice of death journeys, could truly relate to that. This was the main appeal for Alex and me when we first began to master this craft. Astarte has become our main teacher of this practice.

As time passed, Astarte found herself eager to share this transformative experience with others, preparing to welcome clients seeking healing through her unique guidance. Divine forces created a perfect woman to be in charge of this temple, as Astarte was absolutely natural in her powers in every healing offered in this place. She was an empress ready to assume her righteous throne. Astarte received control over the temple upon the death of the high priestess and assumed her position of power.

Many citizens looked for her assistance in their everyday struggles. Astarte also became renowned for her skilled burial preparations, earning the trust of the city's wealthiest families, who valued her unique touch in honouring their beloved upon departure. With renewed appreciation, Astarte returned to one of her cherished callings, spiritually conversing with the departed, a task she approached with newfound mindfulness and love. Now, she had a new spiritual awareness and a deeper understanding of her talents. Each encounter felt sacred and ritualistic in nature; she listened to the souls of the dead, guiding them gently through the

transition of the afterlife, through the dark realms of the worlds between lives, helping them to avoid demons of the underworld on their journey into the next stage of their existence. Astarte was comfortable in her role and loved the status of a sought-after energy healer.

Astarte never invited another man into her womb space until her death. She was performing sacred missions through sex work, but the last few penetrations were not consensual, and her womb didn't want to take any more chances. She felt that her sexual energies were depleted, and even though the energy work she learned in the temple had restored Astarte's vitality, she felt sexually closed off from the world. Emotional and sexual traumas lingered within her, making every moment of peace feel fleeting and elusive. Memories of the pain she endured from the soldiers and abusive clients intertwined with her new experiences, so she still struggled to find peace with her past. Though she found the strength to heal during her education, certain shadows of her past clung tightly, begging for release, and there were still aspects of her past that she suppressed.

Astarte didn't like tending to the wounds of her womb, and she equally often struggled to accept her feminine cycles. As she was embracing a new shift in her life, her cycles became more painful than before, as too many new energies moved through her body. There were times when Astarte cursed Nature for the days of bleeding, as she felt her cycles on a much deeper level after performing death journeys. On these days, she would exit the death dimension, go to the garden, where she stood in silence, letting the bleeding flow down through her legs into the soil. She was experiencing herself in a new form. She didn't care about how she was supposed to look. But at times, she would curse the divinity for creating a woman this way. Still, she fully immerses herself in this pain, making it her personal ritual of self-acceptance.

Right after this meditation, she returned to the death dimension until the new bleeding would call her to return to physical life. Her entire relationship with femininity entered a new phase as she embraced her new spiritual talents. Astarte no longer craved sexual pleasures, but soon, she found a way to build a more harmonious relationship with her body, eventually learning how to use her scars and spiritual thorns for deeper healing. She was unravelling as a wounded healer into her full power, and her past traumas became a source of healing for others, guiding them through their own darkness into the light of understanding and connection.

A few years passed, and one day, a woman named Nefret came to the temple seeking spiritual guidance. When Astarte caught a glimpse of her eyes, she felt an undeniable spark of a soul connection. Their souls were intertwined across time, igniting a bond that transcended mere acquaintance. Astarte never experienced such feelings with anyone else in her life. It was clearly love at first sight, even though she didn't acknowledge that at first. Still, when she recognized her soulmate, she shared this insight with Nefret. These two souls recognized each other from two previous lives they shared, so both Astarte and Nefret immediately felt an intense connection. Soon after, the two women became inseparable. Astarte saw great potential in Nefret, and the two women spent every moment they could together. Nefret eventually moved into the temple and began training under Astarte's guidance.

Nefret learned to develop and master her psychic and clairvoyant abilities. She was trained to provide spiritual answers and guidance for her clients. Having previously practiced the sexual healing arts, she now invited both men and women to participate in different healing rituals in this new space. But to Astarte's pleasant surprise, they quickly discovered that Nefret could also perform the death journeys. Both women were ignited with passion and excitement as

Astarte began training Nefret in this practice. They enjoyed challenging each other to become the best practitioners they could be. They helped each other explore the strongest possibilities of death journeys, exchanging visions and knowledge of death dimensions. As Nefret grew in her abilities, she became even more masterful and dedicated to this practice than Astarte. Both women felt an overwhelming sense of kinship, realizing they were destined to share this life of healers. Each day was a dance of discovery: Nefret, eager to harness her increasing psychic abilities, and Astarte, a nurturing mentor, watched her flourish like a rare flower breaking through the earth after a long winter. Together, they explored the intricacies of their craft, exchanging insights and visions and pushing the boundaries of what they thought was possible. Through laughter and tears, Nefret and Astarte forged a path of spiritual enlightenment and a profound sisterhood that would mark their lives forever.

Even though both women were drawn to become the masters of their talents, they also developed romantic feelings for one another. Only Astarte was hesitant about inviting Nefret into her heart and equally into the bedroom. Yet one night, the magical feelings of love between these soulmates overwhelmed two women, and they found themselves sharing a night in a passionate lovemaking ritual. The warmth of new emotions inspired Nefret to help Astarte confront and recover from her past sexual traumas. Having recognized these wounds from her extensive sexual healing practice, Nefret was careful, ensuring she gracefully offered Astarte the space she needed, never wanting to rush their physical intimacy but letting their bond deepen organically. She knew how to liberate Astarte from the burdens of her past, yet she wanted her to arrive at that understanding at her own pace. Nefret only acted when she felt welcomed. However, even though Astarte was glad to connect to her pleasures once again, she still felt somewhat violated

after their first night together. Astarte didn't appreciate Nefret's assertiveness that night; she was grateful that Nefret took the lead, allowing her to experience the beautiful sensations created by her sensual touch. It was Astarte who had a masculine soul in this relationship, but after her past experiences, she was glad that Nefret was initiating their intimacy.

Observing Astarte's reluctance to embrace sexual passions with another woman, Nefret compelled Astarte to surrender despite her protests, spending the entire night exploring Astarte's body and guiding her to discover new depths of her unique pleasures. Nefret was a masterful sexual healer, so even though her methods felt unconventional, they did heal Astarte and made her an even more powerful oracle. Over time, when Astarte fully surrendered to her feelings, the two women became true lovers and partners in a sacred union, sharing many nights in joyful, intimate dances.

Astarte finally embraced an erotic affair with another woman and felt blessed by this gift of love. It became an awakening journey, where Astarte learned to revel in the beautiful sensations of Nefret's sexual healing practices, reclaiming her body and nourishing her soul. With each experience, Astarte felt blessed by the gifts of love and the transformative power that their lovemaking was bringing them, forging bonds that transcended mere physicality. In the company of Nefret, Astarte realized that her journey was about celebrating the complexities of womanhood, the beauty of genuine intimacy, and the joy of living authentically.

After almost two decades of living and working together, the two women had to say their goodbyes. One day, Nefret fell in love with a widowed male client, and soon after, they discovered a past-life connection between their souls. She realized her fate was to marry him and become a stepmother to his two children. After the wedding, she moved to live with her husband

and retired from temple practices. Even though Astarte saw how much Nefret loved this man, the old wounds of abandonment and rejection resurfaced in her. Everyone who Astarte ever loved had left her, and she could never accept this reality with genuine humbleness and reverence. She couldn't shake the feeling of betrayal from her soulmate's decision, often grappling with the tumultuous emotions of anger, disappointment and grief. Astarte felt betrayed by her soulmate and struggled to find peace with that emotion. Once vibrant and filled with shared moments of magic, the temple felt achingly empty. As Astarte navigated her solitude without her cherished partner by her side, the pain of loss became a constant companion; she longed for the days when their lives were intertwined and the sacred space they cultivated together. She felt alone without her magical lover, as she deeply cherished the spiritual work they performed together. Reality felt like a tidal wave crashing over her; everyone seemed to drift away from her heart, and she found it impossible to embrace this truth with the humility it demanded.

Astarte and Nefret's bond was profound, a rare intimacy that Astarte had never experienced with anyone else on her journey. They grew so close together that Astarte couldn't easily move on from their love story. She felt a deep sense of connection with Nefret, something she had never felt with anyone else, and now this person has also left her. Astarte realized that Nefret was the love of her life, and she felt called to share this truth, even though she knew it wouldn't change anything. Still, despite her reservations, she had a deep intuitive feeling that Nefret should know how much she actually loved her. Though Astarte cherished the moments when Nefret visited the temple with her husband and children, some frustration and grief have always stayed with her, despite confessing her feelings and sharing new, unique moments of their connection that transformed into friendship.

Even though Astarte never stopped missing Nefret, she found peace and empowerment in helping others. She dedicated herself fully to answering the prayers of souls who sought her guidance. Astarte spent the next few years fully devoting herself to serving others until an ill-fated day when she was murdered in the temple by the same army that destroyed her hometown. She was destined to repeat the fate of the oracles of the temple that she destroyed with her judgment. And since Astarte experienced this life in the energies of the God Osiris, she was also destined to be cut into pieces, like in the legend. The invading army acted in the image of the God Seth, who was destined to kill Osiris and take him away from his Isis. In our story, Nefret's soul carried the light of the Goddess Isis, so she was destined to bury her beloved soulmate Astarte. Now, Astarte received her revenge after being abandoned, as Nefret suffered greatly through this grief. Astarte abandoned Nefret, bringing her the same pain that Nefret caused her.

When the tragic news of Astarte's murder reached Nefret, she realized that she hadn't loved anyone more than Astarte. This loss felt like violence against her very soul; it traumatized her in ways she couldn't comprehend. This daunting feeling and the death of her beloved deeply traumatized her in ways that she never thought were possible. Even though everything that happened to them was divinely designed, Nefret struggled to come to terms with the immense grief she experienced upon Astarte's departure. She didn't expect that it would completely destroy her life and her sense of self. She could never have anticipated how much emotional damage this death would cause her. Unprepared for the depths of her sorrow, each memory, each shared moment, became a haunting reminder of what she lost.

Nefret believed they had experienced the fullness of their love, so she was truly confused as to why this grief was so intense. She was aware of the tragic death of her soulmate in

two past lives, but in those stories, she never had to bury the body of her beloved. But in this life, following the natural design and their divine legend, Nefret, as Isis, had to bury her Osiris, after collecting the pieces of his body. They were destined to spend the future apart, and that was the only way they could achieve that. The previous two lives only initiated them into their story, but now they arrived at the culmination of this connection.

Even though Nefret felt the presence of Astarte's soul in the temple and in the garden when she came for visits, she still couldn't forget the images of the dead Astarte, as they traumatized her psyche in ways she could have never anticipated. She always felt at peace with the presence of death, but now she felt completely different, like she wasn't herself. But burying her soulmate crushed the spirit of Nefret, and she could never recover from that experience. She couldn't fully understand the complexity of feelings she experienced through this process, but this was precisely what she had to go through on her evolutionary journey into becoming the wholesome embodiment of the goddess Isis. As Nefret physically buried Astarte, she felt her spirit crumble. The weight of her soulmate's absence became a burden too significant to bear. Caught in a whirlwind of emotions, Nefret wrestled with feelings she couldn't fully comprehend, grief, betrayal, love, and the slow, painful process of coming back to life. Yet, this turmoil was her path to transformation. Through these excruciating experiences, she would emerge stronger and evolve into the compassionate, resilient goddess that was her destiny to embody.

Even with her wonderful, caring, and loving husband, Nefret couldn't forget the magical times they spent together with Astarte, as their life was filled with profound love and deep spiritual purpose. Nefret was so upset and heartbroken from this experience that she requested to avoid meeting this soul in the future, knowing she wouldn't be able to experience such

traumatizing sensations again if she needed to bury her soulmate again. Astarte died on Nefret because she was being initiated into the Isis essence of her soul. And following their unique interpretation of this legend, these two soulmates had to part ways for a few lives, as these particular Osiris and Isis were destined to experience separation for centuries. Nefret had to experience several lives on her own, always feeling the subtle pain of separation from her soulmate, searching for the tormenting body of Osiris in every life, while he was destined to assume his throne in the death dimension as a God of divine judgment. He had to be on the distance from her, and that's how these two souls initiated this journey, with the burial of Astarte's tormented body. Rejected but still yearning, she would tirelessly seek the echoes of her soulmate who once understood her like no other. With each new life, she'd navigate the complexities of love and loss in her journey to uncover the truth behind their entwined fates and their ancient romance.

Of course, these two soulmates were destined to complete their love story of Isis and Osiris, so they were bound to reunite once their personal stories of growth away from each other would reach their assigned goals. Nefret and Astarte met again only centuries later, in 2022. Both soulmates were ready to assume the entirety of their soul talents and embody the truth of these gods. Through engaging in a series of healing death journeys together that healed the wounds of abandonment, rejection, and separation between them, and after completing new initiations under the guidance of the Goddess Isis herself, both soulmates stepped into the fullness of their personal power. Both souls, having grown through trials and tribulations, were now ready to embrace the gifts of the highest divine nature and propel each other to assume their true destiny.

They intertwined their lives through a series of healing ceremonies and shamanic rituals, while passionately exploring the knowledge of sexual healing arts and restoring the practice of death journeys. Under the nurturing guidance of the Goddess Isis, they bravely traversed new initiations, empowering themselves and unlocking the depth of their personal strength. Their partnership blossomed, illuminating the path to self-discovery and personal liberation. It was a journey of reclamation of their true identities as they recognized their ancient love story and explored their unresolved feelings through a unique, intimate connection on a soul level. Even though their love story only lasted a few months, it was enough to embody every talent they were supposed to and culminate their journey of Isis and Osiris. That's how their souls chose to experience their connection, as the most empowering way of healing the pains of past lives. The highest promise of their love story has created new writings that captured their unique journey and advanced our healing practices. This romance has occurred only on a spiritual plane, but that's how it was designed by the Nature to advance these souls to assume their rightful thrones in this life. And of course, without the memories and knowledge from the lives of Astarte and Nefret, that would be simply impossible. Restoring the wisdom of these two women was one of the most important parts of our shared shamanic journey, and I also advanced in my craft with the help of these two women.