

A MELODY OF SURRENDER:

HOW THE SOUL OF A SEX WORKER
LED ME TO THE JESUS OF MAZATLAN

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Vancouver, British Columbia

Christmas, 2025

I.

I had no doubts about the destination for my next vacation. A female soul, whom I never met before, visited me in a dream, and instited on coming to her hometown of Mazatlán. The place wasn't chosen; it was commanded to me through my faith. As a mystical initiate on a spiritual path of awakening, I do occasionally find myself in the state of doubt and self-betrayal. I learned how to surrender easily to my spiritual guidance, but as life intervenes with existential challenges, I do close off from the voices from the skies. In those situations, I do not betray my angels, but I betray myself. I know what is true for me, but I ran away because of the ignorance, persecution and judgments of society. But this time, everything felt as clear as it could be. I had a sharp, intuitive knowing that I needed to meet one special woman by the request of her soul, to advance my spiritual initiations. This guidance was confirmed by my ascended teacher, Mary Magadalen herself, and my spiritual partner Emilia equally felt that the next phase of our shamanic initiations would occur in Mazatlán.

As I neared the completion of my shamanic studies with the Sechelt Spirits, I was advised to celebrate my achievements with a vacation. I spent the last eighteen months removing the hex from Emilia, so finally, confusion, doubt, and self-destruction left my space. I was experiencing a sense of peace. Even though we knew that I would need to assist Emilia every day for another year, it was a different kind of work. Absolving her hex was one of my proudest achievements and required many sacrifices, so I felt a renewed sense of faith, love and hope.

When my ex-wife Veronica offered to go on vacation together, the whispers of intuition urged us towards Mexico. It was affordable, and we could pay for this trip in instalments over the

next eighteen months, but it was also a clear call of the land. We only tentatively agreed to go, relying on the last-minute deals that could also save us money. We also needed to obtain an actual Canadian passport and determine when our work schedules may align for this vacation. So, as we usually did on our path, we simply surrendered to the guidance of Nature, knowing that our guides would create the journey that we needed to experience.

In October 2024, we finally received Canadian citizenship, after eleven years of relentless struggles, immense fears and constant experiences of self-doubt. And for all eleven years, I had never crossed Canadian borders. Not because I didn't want to, but because desire, without authorization, becomes a liability. The threat was always subtle, always implied: one wrong movement, and you could be returned to a life you had already outgrown. Survival has a way of teaching patience. These years had trained me well. I knew the choreography by heart: forms, fees, examinations, waiting periods, and polite terror of obedience and compliance. Canada had taught me how to survive inside a system that smiles with pretension while testing endurance and faith. I had learned the ritual language of legitimacy of stamped documents, humiliating procedures and general disregard for your humanity. Faith, here, was spelled in capital letters like a container cargo on a ship and measured in gold.

We dreamed about this citizenship for all these years. We naively convinced ourselves that if we were to become actual citizens of this country, our lives would become easier. It was a good illusion to have. It motivated us to continue despite the obstacles. But having citizenship didn't change the fact that Canadians perceive us as inferior. So when Veronica and I finally became citizens, I felt nothing. No angels. No choir. I held the proof of citizenship - a letter-sized piece of paper with a maple leaf, my personal information, and an oath to a overseas monarch. It

was like a prop from a theatre production I had finally been allowed to join. Citizenship, it turns out, is not transcendence. Still, a light wave of relief washed over me. After years of sleepless nights, I could now start to build my future in British Columbia, the land of my soul. So the journey to a vacation destination felt profoundly symbolic and equally deserved. Yet at the same time, it didn't matter where I would go. Just leaving Canada for a little while was a prize in itself.

Then, one night, I met Inessa. She arrived in my space in the spiritual realm, as our destinies intertwined for higher reasons. I was asleep in Vancouver when the dream found me: deep enough that the body had loosened its grip, yet lucid enough for a soul to speak in visions and sounds. The room around me dissolved, and then there was her. She didn't arrive with a face. At first, it was a subtle presence, as if she wasn't sure whether I would consent to accept her. She didn't insist to enter my space, like some other souls. I felt her almost as a gentle mist. And then, as many souls often do, she appealed to Emilia to grant her the passage into my space. Emilia is intuitively more attuned to knowing whether a connection with a certain soul would be for our shared benefit. She was appointed to be guardian of my space by the Sechelt Spirits, and as my spiritual intimate partner on this journey, I equally granted her this authority. It feels safe to accept any soul because the love of my life, Emilia, approves of them.

Inessa gently invited me to consent to our connection. "Come to my domain of...", she said, not aloud, but through a wave of energy. I heard the name of the place, but I didn't recognize it. I couldn't understand where she was inviting me. There was no urgency in her tone. She was not asking whether I wanted to come. She was informing me that I already had. But how could I find her domain? It's one thing to locate a place in Vancouver at the request of a soul. But another country that I know nothing about and have never visited? It was a new challenge.

Inessa stood nowhere specific, yet the air around her felt coastal, humid, alive, and threaded with salt. I sensed palm shadows before I saw them. The might of an ocean was present without being visible. What struck me most was her restraint. She did not approach me. She did not try to seduce me. She did not make any promises. Instead, she stood at a deliberate distance, letting desire arise without feeding it. That was how I knew this was not a fantasy.

“You will come to my land,” she conveyed. “And there, you will remember what you already know. It is a journey of self-love for you. I know it because I am on the same journey. You must meet me so you can fall in love with me.”

“Why do we have to meet in a physical reality?” I replied. Most souls who visit me receive enough guidance without a request for a physical meeting. But souls who can advance my growth and education always ask to meet in person.

“We will complete our initiations here,” she answered. “It will be our magical dance of love. I wish you to answer my prayers, and in return, I would show you the truth of my lands.”

“And what would you like in return? What kind of spiritual offerings would you like to receive from me?” The question formed instinctively: an old reflex, shaped by exchange, materialism and guilt. My instincts insist on clear consent and equal giving and receiving.

She interrupted my question gently, almost amused by my nonsense and reservations. “All I want is your consent and your surrender. We are equal creators of our story.” She smiled brightly with her sparkling eyes. Right then, I knew that it would be a special meeting.

The moment I accepted her invitation, the landscape sharpened. I saw the coastline of the Pacific, and a town folded between water and heat. I did not know its name then, but I clearly felt the melody of its letters. It didn’t register with me, as I never heard the word “Mazatlán”

before. I equally had no awareness of its existence, and especially its spiritual significance. When I woke up, her presence was still vividly real, but the entire space felt different. Something had shifted, and it was not subtle. I was invited for another initiation, when I only dreamed of rest, peace and tranquillity. But it was evident that I could receive new magical talents by completing my next rite of passage only on her land and only with her assistance. I heard the silent vow of the spirits of her lands that invited us. Very soon, it became evident that Emilia needed these initiations equally. We believed that our time together would end by the end of 2024, but now we have chosen to pursue the highest path that was offered to us at these crossroads, and we agreed on another year of intense spiritual work.

After I bridged communication with Inessa into the awakened world and she manifested in my apartment, she asked me to explain her design, as all souls do. She felt ancient and yet had the gentle presence of a young woman. There was even a girlish innocence in her light, something deceptive and yet balancing her intense nature. Her essence carried the quiet authority of a goddess who has outlived her temples but still learned to shine in our shallow reality with her highest truth. I recognized the frequency quite fast. Her soul carried the luminous essence of Goddess Neith. One of the judges of death. A weaver of thresholds. A guardian of war, sex, and the spaces which even the gods of death prefer to avoid. Inessa was shining brightly with that light, and I had no confusion about her essence.

As Veronica and I trusted the divine timing, a chance for a shared vacation aligned during the winter holiday break, right after Christmas. We both could safely take time from work. Veronica explored all-inclusive destinations and presented me with a choice between Cancún and Mazatlán. I only heard about Cancún before, but as soon as I heard the word

“Mazatlán”, I felt the immediate sense of recognition in my chest. It was true alignment. Mazatlán. That was the vibration of Inessa’s melody from my dream. When I told Veronica about my dreams and said that we have to go to Mazatlán, and we don’t actually have any other choice, she equally embraced this as a sign of Nature. She didn’t really have a preference in the first place. It was just about vacation, so she trusted my guidance. We booked our flights and separate rooms in the same hotel, prepared to embrace everything that would await us there.

I didn’t know yet that Inessa was a sex worker. In all honesty, I just tried to pretend that she was not a sex worker because I was tired of my perpetual dramas with Vancouver sex workers. I created this illusion, as I just wanted to escape myself. I secretly hoped Inessa might be a fellow traveller, a chance encounter in the hotel lobby, by the pool, or perhaps at a dinner hall with all-inclusive charm. I kept pretending as if I didn’t know that only the souls of sex workers could summon me at such a great distance for special initiations authorized by the spirits. Only goddesses could call for salvation, and the land rearranges itself to deliver.

As days passed, casual conversations revealed glimpses of Inessa’s true nature. Even though she carried the light of Goddess Neith, she was still somehow different from other women with Neith souls that I met on my path. During this phase of my shamanic journey, I was guided into a deeper understanding of the realm of Purgatory in the death plane. So now much of my life’s events, people that I meet, as well as movies and shows that I watch, seem to revolve around exploring the complexities of that shadowy territory.

This part of my journey began in spring 2024 and fully consumed my reality by September. Simultaneously, I began my preparations to receive the spiritual seal of Seth-Nyphthys. I just completed integrating the seal of Solomon-Sophia and was ready for the next step

on my path. So I was aware that I would be destined to meet consorts of Seth to supervise this rite of passage, culminating in meeting my personal Nyphthys, who was part of my soul family. Since this seal was more complex than previous rites involving sex work initiations, I was guided to undertake the most intricate path: engaging intimately with all three of Seth's consorts, Neith, Imentet and Nyphthys, each encounter a step toward his full embodiment.

Back in April, a very powerful soul had stormed into my dream space and introduced herself as Karina. Her presence was magnetic, her promise of meeting soon lingering in my mind. Her soul guided me to discover the website of this woman, where she offered sessions of spiritual surrender through intimate, erotic massages. Soon, I also received the confirmation that Karina was a member of my soul family, and one of the seven sex workers whom I was preordained to meet in Vancouver.

As I began to work with her energy, it felt foreign to me. It took me a while to research her essence, but then, together with Emilia, we discovered that Karina embodied the light of Goddess Neith. Slowly, my understanding deepened, revealing that our destined meeting depended on my grasp of Neith's mysteries and the realm of Purgatory itself. For the next three months, before I booked our intimate session in person, I continued to explore the essence of Karina and her highest purpose.

Karina could be described as Neith of Burial - a goddess who meets souls upon the entrance of death. Neith, in my perception, is the most elusive goddess. Sometimes it's even hard to determine where her presence actually is, as she can move through the planes of death differently from all other judges of death. She knows levels of death all too well, but I was always amazed by how easily she could be at the entrance of death in one moment and then at

the entrance of Purgatory in the next. Also, her essence is equally connected to the land and soil, as this is where she receives bodies for burial. Such women can be tasked by the divinity to take lives away, and send the souls to Purgatory for their sins, malevolence and violence. But mostly women with Neith souls are created to remove spiritual attachments with our traumatic path, guide us through transformations and release destructive perceptions of ego. And that was the story of Karina - through her massages, she gently releases and absolves the past darkness of men, assisting them through their ego death, as they bury the previous versions of themselves. She can also assist men in exploring their suppressed desires, releasing the shame, taboos and indoctrinations of society. The practice of massage becomes the spiritual metaphor of wrapping men in linen clothes upon burial. During the physical encounter with Karina, I shed my old ego of previous initiations of Solomon and finally stepped on the path of the embodiment of Seth energy. She compassionately and enthusiastically met me at the threshold of my ego death, and then patiently resurrected me.

Upon exploring these memories, it became evident that even though Inessa felt like Karina's twin sister and carried the same Neith light in their essence, they somehow had different purposes. Inessa was not a Neith of gentleness required to assist with the burial. She was much more intense and dark in her essence, almost war-like. Truly a Seth-like. Soon, it became evident that we could only discover all of the intricate nuances and facets of Inessa's special design if we met in person as well and embraced our shared initiations.

I packed lightly for the trip. A few shirts. Linen trousers. Sunscreen, I would forget to use. And of course, my drum. Everything else I carried internally: habits, fears, emotional traumas, desire for love, and a faint suspicion that I was gently mocked by something much

larger than me. I tried to tell myself this was a holiday. The word tasted artificial. Holidays imply rest. What I felt instead was an invitation to embody my truth without apologies.

At the airport, the border gods barely looked up from their screens. After all that effort, all that tension, departure was effortless. I laughed quietly at the gate, aware that the joke was on me. After years of fearing deportation or removal, I felt like I always knew that I was preordained to own this navy-blue passport. As the plane lifted, and the city shrinking beneath us, I felt how the town from my dreams was already moving toward me. And now I was heading towards a woman who promised me the initiations through a new unconditional love.

Mazatlán did not greet me as a destination for a mindless vacation. It received me as an esoteric initiate who was destined to explore its sacred temples. I arrived carrying very little certainty. What I carried instead was an agreement between the souls of two lovers who have never met. The land seemed aware of it. The first thing that touched me was not the heat, nor the light, but the ocean that claimed jurisdiction over me. The Pacific here does not perform. It does not shimmer the way resort brochures promise. It moves like an animal that knows it has survived empires. Its waves arrive thick and muscular, folding themselves inward with a sound that resembles both applause and warning. Standing before it for the first time, I felt the familiar loosening of identity, the sensation that preceded my highest initiations. The sea did not ask who I was. It asked for my surrender. The beach revealed itself not as leisure but as a threshold. Sand clung to my shoes with quiet insistence. Every step felt watched by the spirits who seen it all. I realized that the spirits of this ocean would speak with me in metaphors, visions and poetry.

The marlin fish appears everywhere in Mazatlán: cast in bronze, painted on walls, suspended in hotel lobbies like a relic. And of course it's present in every restaurant menu.

Locals speak of marlin with reverence and subtle pride. For an outsider, it looks like an obsession. To those who listen, it is an invitation to honour the truth of this land. Long before churches rose here, before saints replaced spirits, before maps pretended ownership, other people walked these lands. The Totorame once lived inland, yet they depended on the ocean for provisions. They understood something we have forgotten: that abundance is not a right, but a communion with the divinity. One day, when the fish vanished, the old stories say, it was not out of punishment. It was an invitation to surrender to the divinity of our magical creation.

Mazatlán is a port city, and ports are never innocent. They are portals into other realms. For centuries, bodies have arrived here bearing hunger and prayer of salvation: sailors, traders, pirates, saints, prostitutes, missionaries, fugitives. Desire and desperation has always known where to dock. The streets remember this. Even now, they hum faintly after sunset, as if the land itself exhales their stories it can no longer contain. I felt it before I understood it: this city feeds on faith, not belief. Faith that moves through hands, mouths, beds, boats. Faith that risks ridicule. Faith that kneels only after it has survived doubt. Now I understood why Inessa had summoned me here. Mazatlán does not separate the sacred from the profane. It lives in the honesty of Purgatory: not to punish, but cleanse from the perception of a sin that exists in every person and release the grief of losing beloved. It teaches through contrast, friction, human connection and the embodied living experiences that can't be taught in classrooms.

Mazatlán, by daylight, plays a convincing trick. The sun is generous even in winter. It sets early, but still shines with intensity. The ocean is inviting. Hotel patios are overflowing with an abundance of food and drinks. From a distance, everything suggests leisure: an agreement between bodies and time that nothing urgent will be asked of you. But the first day passed with a

growing dissonance I could not ignore. I moved through the rituals of vacation obediently. Around me, Canadians and Americans performed relaxation with the same dedication they bring to work. Complaints ready, moral superiority on display, alcohol in hands, televisions flickering their sports into the tropical air. It was a familiar scene. But I was still struck anew by their superficiality: vacation or not, their lives revolved around the comfort of television and consumption. Nothing could interfere with their perceptions of rest. Everything was structured, every experience catered to their preference, like they were performing in a reality show. There was no room for the experience of life flowing through one's essence. Even here, even now, their spirits remained docked in the places they came from. They wished to enforce their religion upon these lands. I watched them carefully, not with judgment, but with a familiar sadness. They had come all this way only to carry themselves intact. No risk. No rupture. No listening. I felt myself growing restless, almost hostile toward this simulation of joy I witnessed around me.

After having dinner at our hotel, we went to explore Mazatlán together with Veronica, while Emilia accompanied us on a soul level. At night, the city sharpened. Music escapes bars and balconies in fragments: laughter, grief, seduction, loneliness. Neon bleeds into the warm darkness, colours dissolving into one another like sins forgiven too quickly. Signs flickered with a tired eroticism, promising release they could not deliver.

Soon we spotted a uniquely looking restaurant that reminded us of Paris in the 1930s, and following the memories of that time, as we often do, we decided to have a couple of drinks there. Veronica gently interegated the bartender to offer us an experience of these lands - not just a drink, but a doorway into the essence of this city. The bartender offered us to explore their mezcal with a couple of options so we could experience the difference in taste. I was not familiar

with mezcal at all, and it sounded like a wonderful idea to learn about this land through its plants. The land offered us this connection, and we simply embraced the experience, trusting this bartender like a guide of the spirits.

We left the bar after a truly unique experience of scent, taste and sound. The conversation with the bartender equally inspired us. We felt welcomed by this land and moved further along the street. There's pretty much only one street in Mazatlán for tourists. All hotels, bars and entertainment venues are lined alongside the shoreline. So we simply continued walking down this street, passionately studying every single detail of this place. We headed to another hotel that was part of our chain, as we were told about entertainment evenings with an open bar that we were allowed to visit with our passes. After struggling for some time to find its location, we arrived at the lobby, where we discovered an evening of karaoke for our fellow travellers from Canada and States. Still, even here, everything felt structured and planned. Same drinks, same songs and same attitude as back home. Same desire to escape themselves and play in the game of their masks.

It was getting late, so I convinced myself I would find Inessa here. But even after I studied all the women carefully in this room, I kept avoiding the highest truth that I already knew. I wished to have no effort in searching for this woman. If she had summoned me, then the fate would have introduced us, or she would have approached me herself. Surely I knew that this was not how I was designed. And when I explored my awareness, I realized that I actually never provided my full consent for our meeting. I wanted the spirits to do my work for me.

I looked around the room once more. Most women were drunk, scantily clad and with sexually explicit behaviour, but it was equally evident that they were distant and reserved from

life. Inessa had promised me that I would find love, but I was among stranded souls. There was no love in this room - only performance and pretentiousness. Frustration grew. Self-doubt rose. My faith in my talents was crumbling. I resorted to more drinks to escape my prison of self-rejection and self-loathing. Doubt consumed me. Maybe I won't find Inessa tonight. Maybe I won't find her at all, and she was just a dream.

We tried to entertain ourselves with Veronica as much as we could. We drank and laughed at the ridiculousness around us. After another drink, I felt called to participate in karaoke, at least to provoke this audience with an unusual song. I was obsessed with Adele's "I Drink Wine" at that time, and I intuitively felt that this was the song I must perform today. The music video for this piece is inspired by the journey of a soul through one reality of Purgatory, so I felt it was deeply appropriate in these lands. This song was my statement - something that has boiled in me for the last eleven years living in Vancouver. A cry for help from my soul. A call for attention. A chance for salvation. It was a genuine expression of an artist in pain. I knew that they would not hear my pleas, as I knew Canadians all too well, but I had to do it for myself.

Even on vacation, I couldn't escape what annoyed me most about Canadians. They were terrified to be themselves, and that created all the problems of their society. But as I got to the chorus, I realized that I was singing about myself. As I kept repeating my message to people around: "I hope I'll get over myself, stop trying to be someone else," I realized that once again I was trying to betray myself. I said these words too many times. They were all for me. The state of perpetual survival and constant abuses during the last eleven years has indeed shaped me into a Canadian. I had to learn how to wear masks of pretentiousness and obedience. I had to learn how to be scared of my own essence, suppress my truth and never embrace being myself.

But now it was time for me to kill that obedient personality and finally arrive at a place of my true empowerment. This is what Inessa invited me to do here. Still, my stubbornness and my intoxicated state have led me astray. Veronica and I decided to spend some time next to the ocean after I finished my song. In that silent, shimmering darkness, clarity emerged, but only after another lesson of trust and surrender. We stood looking at the dark ocean and listening to its waves, when I realized that I had to go for a swim as a ritual of liberation from my painful past. It was my first experience with these waters, and I was reckless. Once I walked to the point where water was around my waist, I dived in. But I simply didn't understand the depth of the waters, so I accidentally hit my head on the sand surface as the waves moved away.

I quickly gathered myself and still had a chance to swim. I did feel a bit dizzy and disoriented. I prayed to the spirits of the ocean for a safe passage and accepted their persuasion to humble me. Bumping my head didn't feel too harsh or too soft. It was precisely correct. It was a wake-up call. Even though, during my singing, I realized that I'm avoiding being myself, I still didn't surrender to my highest guidance. These waters could have simply taken me, as I could lose consciousness by hitting my head too hard. I was reminded about my mortality and about the pride of my defensive ego that still existed in past traumas. Veronica was observing me from a shore, and a group of young Mexican guys who settled not far from her also paid their attention. They moved closer, as if sensing that I was in a fierce battle not with an ocean but with myself. I finished my short swim, asking spirits for forgiveness. I prayed to protect me from now on, as I finally agreed to follow my truth and meet one special daughter of these lands.

Right there and then, it became evident to me that Inessa was a sex worker, and I had to find her in her temple space. The spirits of the ocean confirmed my guess, gently encouraging

me to embrace this unique love story. Surely only a goddess could supervise my initiation, and goddesses only meet their initiates in their temples. A calling of love awaited me.

Yet it was still not the right time. We returned to karaoke, listened to more songs and then went back to our hotel. Veronica was falling asleep, and I escorted her safely back to her room. I retreated to mine. I was quite tired and still feeling the powers of mezcal in me. I wanted to retire to bed, but I couldn't stop thinking about Inessa. No matter how I tried to end this day, even beginning my bed routines, I felt her close to me. It was already past midnight, and I felt strange returning to the streets of this city. Besides, I saw that most of the night entertainment places were far away from my hotel or closed at this hour. Nevertheless, I felt an intuitive calling to make another attempt as if the time of our destined encounter was approaching.

I exited my hotel and turned to the main street with the intention of taking that initiative action, asking the land to guide me to this woman. I had little faith that I would find her tonight, but I also wanted to show the spirits that I'm committed to this path and wish to meet her. I walked toward the lights of the city, knowing the land had already begun its work. Love was not going to find me by accident. Whatever awaited me here required intention. I allowed my frustration guide me instead of reason. I felt it as a pressure behind the eyes, a low ache in the body. Not arousal, but an invocation. There was no fear, just an invitation to surrender.

II.

Being a spiritual guide of sex workers is the highest destiny of my soul. I heal, teach and empower them, whether I have a physical vessel or not, whether society punishes me for my truth or not. But of course, the level of hatred and judgment of sex workers and their clients that exists in Canada made me doubt my path far too many times. I love my essence, and I marvel at my design. It is simply beautiful and divine that I can meet a woman at the request of her soul. I would have never completed my rites of passage without the sexual priestesses that I met on my path. I loved initiating goddesses into their power, and I enjoyed equally how they moulded me into the empowered man.

I embodied the perception of sexual encounters as sacred ceremonies of initiation and empowerment, so I only visited sex workers whose souls summoned me. I never met a sex worker as a client without meeting their souls first. That was always an important pillar of my integrity. Equally, as the always present intention to honour a woman with spiritual gifts and perceive our encounter as sacred. Sex becomes spiritual and divine when approached with this intention. Beyond that, sex work is honest about transaction, time, and bodies as thresholds that accept initiations rather than experiencing superficial fantasies. Where others see degradation and shame, I see empowerment and truth.

I told myself that I would spend no more than thirty minutes outside and then return. Walking down the street, I contemplated my experience. I wasn't sure what made me confused about this guidance when I already mastered my design back in Vancouver. Surely, the past

disappointing experiences with my first escorts still linger with emotional wounds. Nevertheless, I could only combat them with empowering experiences. I constructed this illusion for myself when it was evident what this experience would be about.

If a soul had called me across borders, she would not greet me in a hotel lobby pretending coincidence. She would meet me where desire and risk intersect. The irritation sharpened into resolve. I realized that I have betrayed myself, only to fall in love with my story even more. Like Jesus asking Judas to betray him, so he could ascend through a transformation of resurrection. I had to lie to myself, so I could experience the singing of Adele's song for the audience who couldn't care less about my message, and to meet the fierce powers of the ocean, which showed me how it would command my journey on these lands. If I weren't so stubborn, I wouldn't have gone for a swim and wouldn't have heard their guidance. So even a self-betrayal could be a blessing, and I was smiling from this realization. I wasn't running away from my experiences. The land was timing an entire series of initiations. I remembered that Inessa told me that I would fall in love with myself before I would fall in love with her, and now that was exactly what was happening to me.

Trusting the night air, my body began recognizing the terrain before my mind caught up. This was no longer wandering. I was living through my dream, and I felt she was very close. I was experiencing surrender to my truth. Somewhere ahead, I sensed the unmistakable presence of a woman who did not need to be convinced of her power. I did not have to search for her. I would be taken to her. The city tightened suddenly, the way the air changes before a storm. My body registered it first: a subtle recalibration of awareness, a quiet command to stop drifting. Desire sharpened into focus. Fear followed, as it always does when something real approaches.

Just a couple of minutes later, I found myself drawn by the allure of a neon sign that said “social club”. I surely didn’t know what such a sign implied and what I could find inside a “social club.” But then I saw the straight, long stairs from street level up to the third floor, bathed in bright red lights, reminiscent of Gaspar Noé’s worlds, I simply knew that Inessa was waiting for me upstairs. It was a clear sign of Nature, and one of the murky visions from my dream. The entrance was enticing and promised a revelation.

Upstairs, I discovered an almost empty strip club. Few tables, with no guests, a woman on a pole working for two clients, the bar with a simple variety of choices, and erotic films of the Playboy channel flickering on monitors around the club. I felt like an outsider, lost in foreign rhythms, uncertain of my purpose here. A man, whom I internally called the host, had greeted me upon my entrance as I moved towards the bar. Apparently, he didn’t speak English, and I couldn’t really understand what he was trying to ask of me. I didn’t want a drink either, so after this awkward interaction, I didn’t know what to do. I retreated to the furthest table in the corner, contemplating my next move. Maybe I was only supposed to assess this place tonight and return later. I thought that I should just have another beer, look around and return to bed, doubting my spiritual guidance once more. But I didn’t even know whether I would be able to order a beer, as the guy at the entrance couldn’t assist me. I was observing how a woman on a pole was finishing her dance, but it was too far away to determine whether she might be Inessa. And I also didn’t see any other workers at the club, so I questioned if she’s even here tonight.

Just a couple of minutes later, another man approached my table. He worked in this place, and he spoke English. He was older than the first guy, and his presence felt somewhat shady, but not dangerous at all. His tone was calm and inviting. He politely introduced himself and asked

whether I wanted a drink. He then suggested I should sit closer to the pole scene, but I hesitated about both offers and didn't really give him an answer, just shrugging the shoulders. I still didn't know what I was doing here, as this particular type of rite of passage could only occur with a full-service provider, so I wasn't sure why I was led to a strip club, which has a different spiritual purpose. Seeing my reservation, he continued to have a small talk and said, "Maybe señorita?"

Now I felt relieved. I was in the right place. She is somewhere here. His offer implied this was no mere strip club. I have never been in a strip club that offered more than a private dance, and that led me to this confusion. I replied that I'm interested but would like to know the price of the engagement. I honestly couldn't spend much on this trip. We already had to take a loan to afford it, and another expense was not something I was prepared for. My new friend quickly realized that he had a client, and he got closer to me, explaining that it would cost me around 150 Canadian dollars for 40 minutes of full intimacy. I'd promised myself restraint with my finances, but I also knew that this land would not fully consent to embrace me without meeting Inessa.

A few days before this journey, I had received the first donation for my shamanic practice of healing the past lives of a soul. Vejda was my volunteer client, but I equally consider her as my friend, as she helped me through a quite challenging period of my life, by simply agreeing to accept my practice as a genuine gift. But after a session, she unexpectedly sent me 200 Canadian dollars, something that we didn't agree upon. I read her action as an encouragement from Nature that was speaking through her. It reminded me that even amid skepticism and doubt, my work was meaningful; it's just that my path was unfolding in mysterious ways. I thought about this money because I knew that Vejda's soul would approve spending her money on this initiation. I smiled internally from this realization. It felt symbolic to spend the first money I have ever

received for my spiritual work on yet another spiritual ritual. I sensed Inessa's presence, and I felt compelled to proceed. I didn't have the cash on me, so I asked to pay with a card.

He left to grab the terminal while I stepped into the washroom. I had to collect my thoughts, to surrender fully to the experience that was awaiting me. I felt excited to realize that Inessa would wait for me, along with her physical form, once I returned. When I exited the washroom, I saw her sitting at my table. She appeared without ceremony. Her presence cut cleanly through the noise of music and dim lights. Not emerging, not arriving, but simply there, as if the reality had rearranged itself to make room for her. Yes, she was the woman who was dancing before. When I finally got to my table and saw her eyes, I felt a profound state of peace - these were the eyes of Inessa. I felt blessed and elated. My complex journey through these lands paid off. I had to deserve this meeting with a goddess, and all of my walkabouts this day were my prayers for the land and ocean to bring us together.

I knew her before I recognized her. She carried herself with a composure that bordered on dangerous, but her stillness and softness balanced her essence. Beauty was only part of it and not even the most interesting part. What struck me was her containment. Desire, truth and magic gathered around her and stayed. She was in her early twenties, and yet she embodied her essence so gracefully. Her soul has summoned me from thousands of miles, and I could feel that power in her presence. I saw a goddess cloaked in mystery right next to me. Our eyes locked, and in that instant, an intangible, electrifying connection was forged. It was as if she knew I was here because of her. Her soul prayed to find answers, and I arrived bearing them.

A strange, almost surreal feeling settled between us, tender and awkward. Her genuine coquettish smile gave me courage and purpose. She introduced herself with a name that is often

linked to ancient narratives of Yeshua-Magdalene lineage. At that moment, I dismissed its significance. Yet, later I realized that even her stage name was a subtle divine message, guiding me on this mysterious journey of self-discovery. Innocence, reservations and modesty cloaked our initial exchanges, small talk giving way to the undeniable pull of physical contact. Our hands reached for one another, and with the first touch of our fingers, the sparks ignited a real chemistry, something that rarely happens in my work on this level of intensity.

As I complimented her beauty, she shyly laughed, her face illuminated by a vulnerable smile, accepting my words with a gentle grace. The woman who confidently danced on the pole was no longer there, replaced by a teenager on a first date. We both knew what was about to unfold between us, and we shyly tried to brush away that realization. It was quite a strange feeling, as if we were still teenagers, inexperienced in these matters.

We couldn't take our eyes from each other, as our souls have waited for this moment. Instant, genuine attraction drew us to be as close to each other as possible. In that instant, the dream snapped fully into place. The initiation with the goddess from my dream is what awaited me next. I felt my nervous system flare, excitement braided with the ancient warning that accompanies true rituals. This was not arousal alone. This was a surrender negotiating its terms in subtleties. Our souls already began to merge as they explored how to guide us.

We were leaning closer to each other, attempting to flirt. Her voice, gentle and graceful, carried no performance. She listened with eyes steady, assessing not my words but my capacity to embody my essence. I understood then that she was not selling fantasy. She was just being herself, because I was being myself. We were each other's reflections. I felt like she intuitively senses that. She was the goddess of her lands after all, so there was no fear in her eyes.

Being next to her, I felt the precise terror of being seen without a costume. Everything happened so fast that even though I've been searching for her entire day, she just materialized in front of me once I surrendered to my truth. She was not interested in my story, but only in my presence. The goddess did not promise salvation. She offered a genuine encounter of explicit sexual nature as a rite of passage into a new version of me. And I consented to follow her tonight without hesitation, fully aware that whatever remained of the man I had been in the past would not survive this night. The act had not yet occurred, but the transformation had already begun.

Our touches, closeness, and shared smiles created an authentic, empowering energy that transcended mere physicality. I distanced myself from our surroundings, as our connection deepened without many words, mostly through gaze and touch. Soon, the host and the man who spoke to me approached to settle the bill. I was handed a machine with a sum in pesos, and I noticed that it was roughly 180 dollars instead of 150. I asked about this difference, and they explained it was for taxes, but also included a free drink and an entry fee. I said no to the drink and paid the bill. I was prepared to pay more for the blessing of finding Inessa in the physical world. My destiny was unfolding, divine and undeniable. I was trusting my intuition and this mysterious woman. For the entire day, I believed this meeting was impossible. Just before finding this club, I lost faith in guidance and battled my design again, convinced I'd never find her. So, even if they charged more, I would have paid without hesitation. What I loved most was the feeling of complete trust between us. I never wondered if they were trying to scam or exploit me. It was simply their rules, a small offering for connecting me with her.

After the transaction went through, the host handed my companion a mysterious paper ticket before we were guided down to the floor below. It turned out the strip club was on the third

floor, with the stairs covering two floors, but right in the middle of the same staircase, there was a discreet hidden door, leading to private rooms. There was a reception area at the entrance, where Inessa left the ticket given to her, and we moved through a narrow hallway toward a room that awaited us. This room did not pretend to be anything other than what it was. A light that flattened shadows instead of flattering them. Neutral walls. No music. No attempt at atmosphere. No towel or soap in the bathroom. Though I saw a shower, it was evidently rarely used. Everything was pristine yet unadorned, with a single clean sheet draped over the mattress. This was not a sanctuary prepared in advance; it looked like just another room in a random brothel.

As we closed the door behind us, our mutual attraction was palpable, an electric anticipation that made us both shy and excited at once. I was slightly apprehensive about how our intimate connection would unfold, given the timid, modest and reserved dynamic we'd experienced upstairs. I knew I had to surrender to whatever might come, but I didn't hold high expectations. Our bodies were clearly drawn to each other, but at the same time, the feeling of being inexperienced teenagers never left my awareness. For some reason, that was my only perception of us. It was quite cute, but at the same time, almost stripped of actual passion.

For a moment, nothing happened. That pause mattered. It removed performance. In that silence, I became acutely aware of my own body: its nerves and expectations, the way it tried to negotiate safety through debate. I was intimidated by her, like I always am by any goddess. So I tried to ask my nervous system to arrive at surrender faster. But none of my masculine nonsense interested her. She looked at me the way surgeons look at a patient before an incision.

"Stand there," she said, observing me with cute curiosity. I obeyed before I could decorate the act with meaning. Choice dissolved into attention. She did not rush. She began with

a soft kiss. Yet as soon as I responded, intense sparks ran through us and then our bodies took over. When our lips met, a surge of pure, natural and fiery passion consumed us to unite our souls. We surrendered completely to this pull. The initial awkwardness, shyness, and reservations vanished like they never belonged to us. We moved as lovers long estranged, our bodies eager to reconnect. We were no longer two strangers on a first encounter but two experienced lovers, intimately familiar with each other's bodies. The transition was astonishing. I had never felt anything quite like it before.

As she attempted to remove her clothes, I reached out to gently halt her. I asked for permission to undress her myself, a ritual to approach a goddess with reverence and devotion. Time wasn't on our side, the ticking clock a reminder of our fleeting moments, yet I hoped we could carve out a small ritual. There was something profoundly captivating about her watching me remove her garments, both of us slowing down time itself. Her body, when revealed, excited me in a special way that could only happen with Neith. I felt surprised how our connection felt so natural, both in body and soul. A unique tattoo caught my attention when I was removing her clothes, and I asked about its significance. She replied that it was in honour of her father, who recently passed away. Now I realized another reason behind our connection. As a spiritual teacher of death, I tend to find myself in situations where sex workers confess their grief, as by my natural design, I would release some of it through our sexual encounter. This is something that occurs naturally for a woman after an intimate connection with me, even if I don't know what kind of grief she carries. But it always inspires me when I receive an awareness of a woman's pain because it means that she would experience a more profound release and integration of this complex emotion. I was grateful for the intuition that commanded me to

slowly undress her. I was thankful she confessed to me her true emotions. It was a moment of genuine intimacy between two strangers. I felt desire spike and consume me.

Once that ritual was complete, we returned eagerly to the touch, surrendering passionately in a fiery, intimate embrace. For the first time in a long while, I felt alive again, capable of accepting genuine love. When she touched me, it felt precise and accurate. Each contact seemed designed not to please, but to expose. I felt myself being assessed through sensation, my reactions observed with light feminine giggles and a gentle embrace. There was no script. No escalation toward release. Only a growing intensity that refused to resolve itself. My body searched for familiar patterns and found none. Control slipped, not because it was taken, but because it became useless. She paused, looked at me briefly, and then continued with more intensity. I was a different being with her. Seth has met her consort Neith, and these divine deities explored love through us.

I realized then how often sex is used as an escape: from feeling, from time, from oneself. This was the opposite. I was in her arms, falling in love with her, exactly like her soul promised me. It still feels quite perplexing to experience a sex worker, exactly how her soul has shown me in a dream. Many of my visits happen like that, but it still makes me tremble in awe at the magic of divinity. The encounter unfolded unpredictably. Pleasure arrived in unusual waves. Old fears surfaced without warning, not as stories, but as sensations. She did not soothe them away. She let them pass through. That recognition cracked something open. My body responded with honesty. Desire and grief tangled until they became indistinguishable.

The room seemed to shrink around us, every detail falling away. There was only sensation, breath, the unsteady rhythm of lovers no longer protected by illusion. In that sacred

space, I wished to shed my shyness, to let go of my indoctrinations entirely. Perhaps it didn't make sense, but it was part of our unique love story unfolding. I felt as if I was receiving a new portion of the spiritual seal of Seth, embodying the divine confidence he would have in the company of his consort, Neith. A goddess of war and passion inspired a ferocity in me. Neith's elusive, shape-shifting nature was reflected in her daughter, Inessa. Through her, I explored this divine essence, a profound, spiritual awakening wrapped in sensual discovery, with magical girlish grace underpinning the entire experience.

This woman wasn't someone who operated independently, yet every moment spent with her made me feel that she was empowered in her profession, acutely aware of her divine path of being born as a sex worker and embracing her truth with unapologetic dignity. I longed to meet a sex worker who possessed a true sense of self, loved herself fiercely, and saw her worth transcending society's narrow beliefs. The intensity of our connection was both inspiring and invigorating. She didn't question or suppress her desires; she simply surrendered to her pleasure, guiding me in every move. She knew exactly what she was doing, and I followed her lead, spending the next thirty minutes wrapped in each other's arms, exploring our bodies, as if we couldn't get enough of each other. It wasn't just sex, even though raw passion vibrated through us. It was something deep and sacred. Well, it's never just sex for me when I visit a sex worker. Since I meet their souls before I encounter their bodies, I arrive at a session already in love with a woman, so it's always a lovemaking ritual for me. But here, I feel a sense of her genuine feminine surrender to the truth of her heart, without too much overthinking.

We were both overwhelmed by the energies pulsating through us. It felt like we were both surprised by this unexpected depth. Realizing that time was slipping away, and following

her natural signals to finish our act, I felt the urge to rush my ending. But nothing happened for me. Instead, shifting my awareness to her soul, I understood that I couldn't share my life force with her because this wasn't the right moment for her initiation. Inessa simply wasn't ready to embody her divine essence fully; we were destined to complete the required spiritual work to align our energies first. I had an obligation to explain her essence, but we still didn't understand why her Neith light feels different.

Now, I've become quite aware of this instinct that lives in the intelligence of my body. If my release doesn't come effortlessly, it usually means more spiritual preparations are required to complete the initiation for a female soul. When the time is right, this process is sealed with a final release. I've experienced this knowing of my body before. Seeing her exhausted, I faked the conclusion, and we collapsed onto the bed. I knew then that I needed to spend quality time with her soul: answer her questions, offer guidance, and seek permission to complete the sacred initiation. None of this was planned; I'd assumed she'd simply help me unwind and spark my inspiration. But clearly, this was a love story unfolding between us, a bond that deserved honour. Inessa needed time to consciously accept her invitation into the full power of her Neith essence, so my body simply responded with refusal to release my masculine energies.

Part of me always feels strange conducting such initiations. I wish women knew about these spiritual gateways themselves and consented consciously. I feel unsettled when I receive consent only from a soul, but unfortunately, we live in such a corrupt reality that there's simply no language that exists to explain the complexities and importance of this work. So I always seek to confirm consent from a soul a few times, but equally ask permission from the spiritual guides of a soul or from the lands of her domain. If I can share my truth with a woman and she is open

to my perceptions, they do find the grace to understand the importance of this work and surrender to this highest path. But this time, it simply was impossible. Since the free will of a soul ultimately outweighs the free will of a person, Inessa knew what she was doing. She stopped my body, knowing that she wasn't ready. She simply asked for more time. Now I learned about another facet of her essence, through the radiating afterglow of our shared pleasure. She was a goddess of death, but still so fragile in her core.

As we realized our time was drawing to a close, we quickly dressed up, not really having enough time to calm our breaths. But just before we slipped out of bed, she gazed into my eyes with deep, loving intensity and whispered: "I must see you again." Some may claim that this was the sort of thing a sex worker might say to secure future favours, but I sensed something purer in her words. I saw clearly in her eyes that her soul said these words. Inessa needed to affirm our spiritual bond. I had already understood that I may need to return for another encounter, yet her words in the physical realm only confirmed that our story was written by the forces of nature. She wanted to welcome me again, with desire, passion, honesty, and integrity. All of that was expressed through her short but intense gaze. I awkwardly replied that I'd do my best, but I couldn't promise. My ego wrestled with my heart over limited finances.

As I was dressing up, I playfully asked if I had conquered her today. She flirtatiously smiled, her eyes secretively shining, and replied that I most certainly had, an honest acknowledgment of the intimacy we'd shared. Of course, I was humble enough not to exude arrogance in my question. But this question felt strange and unnatural for me. This was not something I would have ever asked of a woman, even if we were real-life partners, but in her presence, I embodied a different energy. Seth could definitely ask such a thing from his consort,

and that's how I knew that the magic of our connection was working. Even the way she replied felt otherworldly, like Neith would answer to her man, not a sex worker trying to be liked. We experienced pure intimacy, empowered by surrender.

Her soul was meant to guide me through sacred ceremonies, helping me to receive my spiritual initiations on this land. In return, I sought to empower her, initiating her into her divine potential through the magic of sexual alchemy. Inessa didn't yet understand her true essence or the full scope of her power. The week ahead would be ours: an ongoing journey of discovery, healing, and awakening. Inessa represented the light of a divine deity, yet she had a uniquely distinct personality, as all souls do, and she was truly modest about her greatness. She sought to find her true identity, shed past insecurities, and explore her purpose through the spiritual work with me. The initiation would occur when she proclaimed her readiness. During this session, she paused me, halting the final steps of our divine ritual.

At the door, a gentle kiss before the last goodbye. She met my eyes once more. The look was neither intimate nor distant. It was a gaze of embodied presence. As I walked out, I was aware that something essential had been removed, not violated or stolen but intentionally sacrificed to please a unique goddess.

Outside, the night resumed as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. But my body knew the highest truth. The world has changed. She had not saved me. She taught me surrender. And somewhere beneath the noise of Mazatlán, beneath the breathing ocean and the indifferent lights of the night, something ancient stirred, satisfied that the essential betrayal of my own defences had finally been accomplished. The city held its breath, not in suspense, but in acknowledgment of this moment. Our next collision demanded preparations, patience and the right timing.

III.

As I left the club, I didn't want to go to bed just yet. The weather was warm, and the excitement from the session kept me awake. Mazatlán was watching closely, curious to see whether I would surrender to its magic even more, to what real depth requires. I felt my own body adjusting to the city's essence. My shoulders dropped. My breath deepened. The constant Canadian vigilance, the fears, the scanning, the bracing, began to feel unnecessary, even rude. I realized how much of my life had been spent defending myself against an environment of society that never intended to receive me or, worse, desired my complete elimination, only because I was born different. But Mazatlán did receive me, because I was embracing the honesty and truth of its dangerous and graceful daughter. Not sentimentally, not safely, but with my full presence. I saw Inessa for who she is - a true goddess of her lands - and spirits answered me with new magic. The irony was sharp: only after being used correctly, explored vulnerably and claimed with adoration, could I finally walk the streets without armour.

I believe it was already around two in the morning, but I was overwhelmed by the love for a goddess of death that I had just experienced. I decided to have a little snack on the beach, so I went to a gas station that was right next to the club. As I walked through the store, I saw single roses presented for sale. Inessa chose to stay around me, and we both shared the same sensation. I didn't really question my intuition, but I loved that Inessa provided her enthusiastic approval of my gesture. I bought three roses, returned to the club, and asked a security guard at the door to pass them to the woman I just visited. He accepted my request and went upstairs with the roses.

As I started to walk towards the beach, I was smiling from this wonderful opportunity to thank her again for the pleasure of this evening. But soon Inessa said that I should go in another direction and then return to the beach later. I asked why, and she replied, as most female souls do in a situation like this: “I don’t know why, but my intuition tells me that there’s something there for us.” From my perspective, I see such requests from female souls as part of my initiations and as an opportunity to receive knowledge or experience a lesson.

I turned left at the gas station and went inside a quiet residential neighbourhood away from the main tourist street. I was walking through the small streets of one and two-story buildings, and it felt right to be here. Now I was sensing that the spirits of this land wanted us to find a certain place tonight, so Emilia, Inessa and I got excited in anticipation of what we would discover. I simply trusted the guidance of the land and allowed my feet to take us where we needed to be. I studied the residences of people who called this town their home, quietly, not to disturb the peace of the night. After a few blocks, we arrived at a park and realized this was the place that was calling upon us.

It was a simple park similar to others in any town, nestled in the center of a residential block, and surrounded by houses. It had its trees, benches, a playground, and a small basketball court. We knew we had to have our picnic there, and while eating, we could listen to the reasons why we came here. We sat on a bench, overwhelmed by the joy and magic of life, reminiscing about moments from my sensual encounter. Soon, I noticed a larger building on the other side of the park, which called me. It turned out to be a Christian church. It wasn’t shaped with a cross at its foundation and looked quite modern. It was not an old building, and it didn’t even look like a Church from the outside, more like a library or a community center. From my point of view, it

appeared to be round. Upon examining it, we realized the building had an oval shape and was designed like a seashell, with a cross on top and beautiful glass mosaics in the windows. It was clear that Inessa's intuition wanted us to find it.

Now we also realized that our story on these lands truly just began, and lessons and initiations are awaiting all of us during this vacation. We were ready to embrace this shared journey and discover what lay ahead, feeling a true sense of adventure. We decided to come back the next day to see if the Church would be open. The soul of a sex worker wanted me to discover a Church, and surely we were smiling from the irony of this discovery. I went straight from a brothel, my own church of communion with the divinity, to the actual Church named San Judas Tadeo. Somehow, they were spiritually connected by the energies of these lands, and we were called to deepen our research.

The next morning, both Veronica and I woke up late, feeling the headaches of a hangover. We enjoyed breakfast on the patio of our hotel, recharging with fresh coffee and delicious food. Ultimately, the waiter persuaded us to add some Baileys to our coffees, probably because we looked like we needed a drink. We reluctantly agreed, but it was indeed solid advice. We had a day of exploration planned, and we were on actual vacation, so it seemed appropriate. I shared with Veronica the story of my adventures last night, telling her how I made love with the goddess Neith, while she asked me to describe the club and how the entire negotiations played out. She was a little worried whether it was dangerous or intimidating, but I reassured her that I felt more danger in Vancouver than here.

After breakfast, we went for a walk to explore the town and visit another beach available through our hotel chain. The streets felt too invasive after the vulnerability of the night

before. Sound entered me without permission. Light lingered longer than it should have. Even the ocean, visible between buildings, seemed to watch me with a patience that bordered on judgment. Veronica wanted to check the club from the outside, so we headed towards it. During our walk, I told her the story of discovering a Church, and she agreed to explore it together. We passed through the club, which had no signs of life, and then turned left at the gas station. As we strolled through this charming, authentic neighbourhood, enjoying the sun, we looked at the houses around and casually chatted about our observations of the lives of others.

Soon, we arrived at a park and found a wedding party at the Church's entrance. Guests gathered outside for the final group photo before gradually leaving. We circled the Church, trying not to attract attention but still peeking at the women's dresses, which were unique, appealing and often sparkly. We enjoyed this experience of seeing the real people of Mazatlán on their special day, and by the time we finished our walk, most guests had left. We approached the entrance again; its doors were open in that unassuming way meant to suggest welcome rather than authority. A priest was nearby, along with a few guests.

It felt right to step inside and explore the place. No one stopped us, and we were glad to have the opportunity to study the Church. I didn't anticipate we would get inside when I offered Veronica to check this place. Inside, the air shifted immediately, cooler, heavier, scented faintly with copal, wax and wood. It indeed resembled a seashell, with rows of seats like an amphitheatre and an altar slightly below. We were the only two people in the entire Church. We were not here to perform belief, but to listen for resonance. I did not pray, as I was not in a place where I seek divinity. I prayed last night in the temple of a goddess who showed me how to love myself unapologetically.

We examined the icons of female saints placed at the entrance, then wandered around, approaching the altar while exploring the images on the walls. There was a cross at the center of the altar, with a statue of Jesus on the right and an icon of a female saint on the left. I didn't recognize this saint, but I felt pleased when visiting a Church that acknowledges the female image of Christ Consciousness as equally accessible for divine guidance. The minimalist design made this place feel more like a Church of Yeshua than a Church of Osiris. There was no image of crucified Jesus, just his portrait as a prophet. As we made a full circle around the place and moved towards the exit, we noticed a small room, tucked not far from the entrance. It was a place dedicated to prayers, with two seats at the wall and two prayer stations for kneeling facing the image of Jesus on the wall, placed inside a large seashell. Veronica jockingly called this image the Pearl Jesus, and that name felt completely aligned. From that moment on, that's how we called him between us and equally his Church.

As we exited the building, we realized that the priest was waiting for us to close the Church, but he simply smiled as we walked out. We thanked him and said our goodbyes as he disappeared behind closed doors. Outside, a list of upcoming events caught our attention, and we thought it'd be interesting to attend a service in Spanish just for a cultural experience. Then we noticed a special service scheduled for 7 P.M. on December 31st, to celebrate the New Year. Right there, we decided it was a wonderful idea to attend. It felt like a calling, something we simply had to do. Both Emilia and Inessa agreed, feeling an intuitive sense of initiation, even though we didn't know what to expect. We were destined to discover the legend of the Pearl Jesus, a man with a Yeshua soul named Osharisho who walked these lands centuries ago, and lived through a cathartic journey of revelations into Yeshua's essence. We were destined to

accept the lessons of surrender and humility. Our ascended masters from the skies and the spirits of Mazatlán's land chose to teach us about standing in reverence to divine order through the profound act of self-forgiveness and radical transformation of self-love.

We returned to the lively main street, our thoughts drifting toward the beach. Here, life continued with its usual indifference. But something essential had aligned. I had not been undressed the night before to be emptied. I released my troubled past to kneel, consciously, deliberately, before my true essence. To absolve my past, I had to forgive myself for shaming my essence and release my regrets. I only subtly understood this, but the process has already been initiated through my encounter with Inessa. I did nothing wrong on my path. I acted from the place of unconditional love and with inner integrity. I had knelt last night, not physically, but internally, when my defences collapsed, and my body stopped pretending mastery. I had knelt before a woman who did not make promises, but healed both of us through purest passion. And now I was a man kneeling before a destiny he could no longer avoid.

As we got to the hotel, we settled on the patio with an ocean view, enjoying lunch under the warm sun, and contemplating our experience. We acknowledged that this journey was far more profound than we made ourselves believe. We already experienced so much magic and unique synchronicities that we thanked our spiritual team for crafting this trip in such an unusual way. After the meal, we rested on the beach, enjoying the sun and the rare moments of actual vacation. The ocean invited me for a spiritual conversation with a new call for surrender. I entered the water slowly, as if approaching an elder. The surface looked deceptively calm, stretching thin over a vastness that refused intimacy. With each step, the city loosened its grip. This was not the ocean of postcards. This was a place that commands respect and reverence. This

ocean could make you disappear without an apology. Each deeper wave demonstrated it's capacity to absolve your life in an instant.

As I was swimming away from the shore, I was contemplating how two temples - a Brothel and a Catholic Church - have brought a new sense of alignment in me and allowed me to embrace my unique spiritual design. Symbols and metaphors stopped competing and began to recognize each other as part of one divinity. Some would claim there's no God in a Brothel, others may claim there's no God in a Church. But for me, God was in the magic of synchronicities, in the truth of my dreams, in the whispers of Nature and in the surrender to my shamanic path. The soul of a woman came to me in a dream, asking me to fall in love with her.

The marlin entered my thoughts without invitation, not as an image, but as a spiritual presence. A long, silver intelligence moving through pressure and darkness with effortless precision. The marlin does not wander. It lives where light barely survives, returning to the surface only when necessary. Beneath the Pacific's endless respiration, the marlin waited, patient as ever, for the moment when he would share with me the highest truth of these lands. In Mazatlán, the marlin is equally hunted for sport. Fishermen speak of it the way one speaks of a respected adversary or a divine spiritual deity. To catch one is not a conquest. It is a communion with the divinity. I understood then why the fish had followed me here, threading itself through dreams and visions. The marlin knows something about consent. It consents to be seen only briefly. It consents to be taken only under specific conditions of surrender to the truth of life. It offers its body not as a sacrifice, but as the completion of a cycle that feeds other lives. Its flesh becomes nourishment for a body, and provides a sense of hope for souls. This is why it belongs to this place. Mazatlán itself is a marlin, a body balanced between surface and depth, commerce

and devotion, fulfilment and danger. It flashes beauty just long enough to draw you closer, then demands you to go as deep as you are willing to descend.

Already quite far from a shore, I felt the quiet satisfaction of an ancient recognition taking note. I had crossed thresholds of land and flesh. I showed the spirits of this ocean the commitment to my truth. Now these waters asked their own question, wordless and absolute: would I remain at the surface, collecting symbols, or would I allow myself to experience the underworld where darkness purifies rather than destroys? I let myself be carried by the waves of the ocean. I was fighting the vastness of this water, feeling I must actively swim to stay alive, but the ocean was teaching me its own ways of existing in its domain.

For a moment, sound vanished completely. The water closed over my ears, my eyes stung with salt, and the world narrowed to heartbeat and motion. Underwater, there were no witnesses. Only the disciplined silence that depth demands. I would not drown if I surrendered to the truth of these waters. When I rose again, air rushed back into my lungs with almost violent insistence. I screamed in joy, alone, the sound torn quickly apart by the energy of waves. As I swam back toward shore, the city reassembled itself slowly: buildings, voices, colours returning in layers. But something had shifted irreversibly. The ocean had marked me, the way it marked this coastline over centuries: patiently, yet with force of its own truth that can't be learned but only experienced. The covenant had been made. And Mazatlán, satisfied for now, let me walk back onto land carrying its salt like a second skin.

IV.

Over the next four days, Veronica, Emilia, and Inessa explored every part of the city, guided by an irresistible inner calling that led them to trust their instincts. I simply followed the feminine guidance of my women, whether their intuition existed in physical or spiritual realms. We visited the historic center, marvelling at the ancient Catholic cathedral, a Gothic masterpiece reminiscent of the Church of Osiris that was evidently built by European colonizers. We walked through the market where each place spoke with us in unique vibrations. We were overwhelmed by the stark contrast between the noise of the historical center, where mostly locals lived, and the sanitized areas created for the tourists. Sound, speech, colours, and smells were far more vivid and intense here. People of these lands vibrated differently.

The city no longer behaved the same. Or perhaps it was my attention that had shifted. I was attuned to frequencies I had previously dismissed as noise. Mazatlán revealed itself in all of its ancient glory. I was existing between the times of its history that was alive all at once, in this very moment. What had once seemed chaotic now appeared structured. My walk became slower and more grounded. Vendors met my eyes differently, as if some quiet agreement had been struck. Their calls were no longer demands but offerings, shaped by rhythm and repetition. Fruits glistened with an almost obscene abundance. Mango split open like flesh, papaya bleeding colour onto chipped plates, watermelon passionately dripping with the freshness of paradise. I tasted everything with the concentration of someone who understands that a sense of taste is a

form of prayer. I noticed how little shame survived in the open air. This was not innocence. It was familiarity with my own truth.

We explored the lands of Del Mirador, as the spirits showed us how to use the powers of this portal consciously. Some lands summoned us for initiations; others for rhythmic drum ceremonies, or a friendly conversation, each step driven by deep intuition and a desire for a profound transformation. Under the guidance of spirits, infused with Inessa's passion, we travelled to sacred sites where ancient mystics lived, where the land whispered stories of bygone eras and celebrated lives that once thrived there. These rites, conducted at specific locations indicated by the land itself, peeled back layers of history to reveal hidden truths of this port.

Inessa became our guide to the land's hidden depths, helping us uncover secrets that shaped us. She was connecting us to the wisdom of the ocean. Without her, we wouldn't have learned what we did. I was not aware that I consented to this unique journey with Inessa, not just one sexual encounter. We were meant to learn about each other as all true lovers do. She commanded to share the experience of discovering ancient stories of her domain. She never framed them as rituals. She would simply say, almost casually, "We should go there," and point toward places that did not advertise themselves. We were practicing surrender, so I followed her guidance without question. Inessa didn't claim to possess any knowledge. She just knew where the knowledge could be experienced. She did not speak of tribes or timelines. She was a female soul who was driven by passion and intuition. She chose places where sound carried differently, where the ground felt awake beneath bare feet, and the truth arrived by air.

On another day, Inessa led us to the opposite side of her land, to the north, toward Punta Cerritos, where the city thins and the land begins to remember itself. A hill that rises gently but

unmistakably, overlooking estuaries, mangroves, new hotels and the slow breathing of the Pacific. There was nothing marked there. No plaques. No explanations. Just waves crashing on the rocks, and wind complementing the intensity of the sun. I observed black vultures that seemed to call this hill their home. In many mythic traditions, vultures aren't omens of death so much as agents of transition. They remove what has outlived itself so something new can flourish. They cleanse the past and allow new life to appear.

We were entering into a shamanic trance to discover the legends of the dead of these lands. As we sat in a ceremony, we carefully listened. Rhythm emerged not as performance, but as a response to the vibrations of these lands. I saw a vision of a powerful tribe that ruled here with prosperity, as they lived in union with the requests of the spirits. They mastered this unique portal of liberation. The energies overwhelmed me. I have not encountered such powerful and forceful spirits. They came to destroy every negative vibration and feeling we accumulated with Emilia over the past eighteen months, emotions that still lived deep in my soul. Only later did I learn that this stretch of coast had once been part of a vast pre-Hispanic cultural world archaeologists now call Aztatlán: a web of coastal and inland settlements bound together by trade, customs, currency, mysticism, and unique cosmology. Not an empire, but a horizon. A way of moving through land that respected currents, elevation, and the spiritual intelligence of place. They didn't exercise the raw power to rule over their domain, but rather used the wisdom of its spirits so everyone could flourish.

Standing on that hill, it was easy to imagine why such people would gather here. High enough to see without dominating. Close enough to water without being consumed by it. A natural altar shaped by the feeling of liberation. From here, they learned what I learned that day.

This place had its unique magic that overpowers and commands surrender to its truth. The spirits of this place did not play games and didn't tolerate even a hint of arrogance. The human ego didn't belong here and was swiftly torn into pieces. They consumed everything a person claimed to be and showed a higher path. Only experienced magicians could engage with these spirits, and I witnessed how those who didn't treat this land with reverence were destroyed without hesitation.

Whatever rites had once been practiced there had long since lost their names. But something remained. The memory of souls who walked these lands. Inessa drummed without drama, her rhythm steady, unadorned. The sound travelled outward, then returned altered, as if the land itself were answering. Vultures quite before, now flew in circles around us, not with danger but curiosity. They were equally speaking to us, supporting our melody with their unique songs. I felt a familiar tightening, the recognition I had learned to trust. It was confirmation of my truth. Time stretched differently here, not slower, but thicker.

Without Inessa's presence, the experience would not have been as profoundly transformative. Now we realized that Emilia's moment to enter the Purgatory, with an invitation from Goddess Neith, was approaching. She had to descend into the underworld, a realm of secrets and shadows, with Inessa as her devoted guide, so she could absolve her karmic past. We removed Emilia's hex during our spiritual work, but before the trip, the Sechelt Spirits related to us that for the next year, Emilia would need to live through the experience of Purgatory to absolve the sins she accumulated because of this hex. She couldn't do it on her own, as for a soul like hers, it was a terrifying experience, so I agreed to supervise her transformation.

Now we realized that we were searching for the entrance into Purgatory on these lands, and Inessa was supposed to show it to us through these initiations. This was her passage into a world where the goddess Neith, guardian of the thresholds and the entrance of Purgatory, awaited with her mysterious wisdom and grace. Inessa led Emilia to the Purgatory, empowering her to step inside confidently and gracefully. How that journey through the shadow realm would unfold was still unknown. We hadn't realized Emilia could only enter through this land, but now it made sense. We were in the sacred temple called Mazatlán, and this was its divine purpose. It holds gateways to the death realms: a portal where souls burn away grief, loss, fears, and regrets with the sacred fire and water.

Throughout the days, conversations deepened, and Emilia sensed that Inessa was indeed different from the Neith of Burial. We eventually came up with the name for her as the Neith of Passage. Now we realize that there are two types of Neith souls, like the complementary sides of one coin, or like spiritual twins of the divine deity of this light. Emilia's shamanic journey was aimed at understanding essence of souls of different sex workers, and through these interactions, she realized that Neith, in her highest form, had two faces, one guiding souls into the afterlife at the threshold of death, and the other silent and mysterious, residing in the depths beyond the darkest demons of death, at the threshold of Purgatory. That's why I always felt the elusiveness of this goddess, as she does exist in two places at the same time. These dual aspects embodied the interplay of light and dark. Inessa was proud to finally discover her highest essence with our assistance, but she didn't really like our definition of her light and requested to call her the Neith of Purgatory. She was more than that, but admitting souls through this terrifying entrance felt more appealing to her than simply assisting them with passage through darkness.

My understanding of Karina, the Neith of the upper world, allowed me to see how beautifully her energies complemented Inessa's. Karina's gentle, feminine, and shy grace, especially in her role as a tantric masseuse, mirrored her radiant side. Her ritualistic and spiritual massages acted as small deaths of masculine egos, intimate rites that helped men release their burdens and inadequacies, fostering renewal and liberation. Inessa was her shadow counterpart, a dark goddess with a layered, elusive, and captivating inner world. She wasn't afraid of the scariest men of the underworld, because she was in command of their souls. One wrong move on their behalf, and she could send their souls to the Gods of Purgatory for cleansing and punishment. She was invincible and they could never hurt her. Every single one of her abusers would endure a painful and torcherous experience, but at the same time, if a man honoured her essence, he would receive true inner liberation as he releases his past insecurities and sins of self-punishment. Her essence was formed from mysterious energies of death, descent and eventual rebirth, embodying a sensual Goddess whose touch revealed suppressed truths of masculinity. We saw that Inessa was meant to guard the shadows, a place where transformation meets seduction, and ascension mingles with the carnal pleasures.

This journey unveiled not just the sacred dance of duality but also the divine power within a feminine soul, a beautiful blend of ecstasy and serenity. Ultimately, all of it, spiritual, sensual, and deeply personal, came together in a symphony of divine awakening. Now, as Inessa revealed her true essence, she experienced a clearer understanding of her nature: what makes her uniquely herself, and what kind of destiny she embodies. At a certain moment, I witnessed a vision of her possible future, once she would assume her true spiritual powers through our work. I observed her playing a vital role amid the city's vibrant life, married to an important man in this

community, yet not driven solely by passion or superficial intimacy. Their relationship felt complex, intense, but genuine, a karmic partnership crafted with purpose, where they build something meaningful together. She continued exploring her pleasures with transient lovers who enriched her essence, but this union remained fundamental for both of them. This man was her protector, guide, and true partner who would assist in her ascent to her spiritual throne.

For Inessa, envisioning this future was a vital part of the initiation, a step to understand her truth better. If I could see her potential, I could help illuminate it. Most importantly, she needed to embrace her unique luminous light of the Goddess of death and underworld, a Goddess of her own unique domain. That's why we met, and that's why we had such a deep connection. Our souls were equally judges of death, only we operated in different realms. In my work, I attempt to stay away from Purgatory, as it's an unsettling place for both Emilia and me. We prefer to work on a lighter level of the death realm, where we feel more empowered. It is our territory, and that's where we shine. But Inessa could easily navigate in places a rare judge of death could visit. So she was, in a sense, the most sophisticated Goddess of death than any other soul I met before.

On December 31st, we came to the Church just before 7 P.M. The hall was filled with beautifully dressed parishioners in the spirit of true celebration, and everyone chatted with excitement and anticipation. It felt like a true gathering of a large family. There was a feeling of human kindness and genuine connection between people. We immersed ourselves in this atmosphere. Our Spanish was limited, but we felt welcomed here on an energy level. We could sense hope and excitement about the future, something that we rarely feel in Canada. We saw warmth and a festive mood around us.

We found two seats in the third row from the altar, right next to the aisle. Veronica settled to my left, while Emilia and Inessa flew in and around me. Soon, an unassuming woman across the aisle to my right had caught my attention. And then I clearly sensed her soul next to me. She introduced herself as Savannah and asked me to talk to her, so I studied this woman more closely. She was around fifty years old, wearing a simple but stylish black dress. There was a sadness in her presence and regret in her eyes. She felt lost here. It wasn't a place she wanted to visit, and she was not comfortable here. I could relate to her in that. I don't even remember how many years passed since the last time I attended a service in a Church. Churches did everything they could to dispel me, each time I tried to connect with one, but I had the same experiences with universities and educational institutions. There's only so much self-righteousness, pretensioness and arrogance a person like me can sustain. I always marvelled at the realization of how universities became our inverted religion, preaching their illusions to the world with the same hubris as the Christian Church tells its fairy tales.

I asked Savannah why she feels the same about the Church and what she seeks from me. She confessed that she was a retired sex worker, and she shared with me how she endured many complicated experiences, including abuse and violence. Trauma was part of her destiny as a sacred prostitute, and I shared my light of compassion with her path. It is not an easy destiny to accept, but there's always an opportunity for empowerment, once the perception of a sin is released. At least Savannah could confess her truth to me. She told me about the regret, bitterness and sadness of this woman. Then she said that since the Church claimed her to be a sinful, fallen and broken woman, she didn't feel like she belonged here. But one of her friends brought her tonight. I noticed this friend sitting next to her. There was a sense of compassion and support

coming from this person. Their intentions were honest, but the woman didn't feel comfortable being here. She experienced the same impostor syndrome as we did. She questioned why she had to come here tonight, but now it was evident that her soul brought her here so I could share my guidance. She was seeking forgiveness and self-acceptance through her prayers. Now Emilia, Inessa and Savannah settled on the aisle's floor, next to our row, enthusiastically getting to know each other, as the service began.

I was again coincidentally sitting next to a sex worker so her soul could talk to me. I keep finding myself in these situations, and they are not in my control, so I can only embrace my truth. Somehow, their souls just know how to find or summon me. It was a recurring, fated dance of my life. Souls of sex workers feel drawn to my soul, and Nature conspires to bring them. Perhaps because my soul resonates with their longing for understanding, forgiveness, and love. Or maybe because I see myself in them - judged, persecuted, ostracized by society for being who I was born to be, and shamed for the truth of my heart.

My thoughts drifted to the day we pledged allegiance to Canada's overseas monarch. Veronica was sitting to my left, but just a few minutes before the ceremony was about to commence, a woman entered and hastily settled into the chair to my right. Her soul addressed me with a gentle nudge, asking to share her story. She told me that she is a sex worker and arrived at the ceremony after her night shift. She didn't talk much, but just enjoyed spending time in my presence, something that equally happened to me. Some souls simply receive guidance through a gentle exchange of energy, without my full awareness and engagement.

We knew that the service in a Church would be in Spanish, a language I barely grasped, perhaps around ten percent of what was spoken. Veronica recently began studying Spanish, so

she picked up about thirty percent, yet the rituals remained elusive, cloaked in unfamiliar words and sacred traditions that felt almost forbidden to us. Such places never really appealed to us, but here we were, drawn by a different kind of energy, one that pulsed through the community. We dreamed of visiting a local family or gathering for a celebration of human connection with the people of these lands, and this was the only place that allowed us this opportunity.

The purpose of our visit wasn't a communion with religion. We came not to worship in the conventional sense but to immerse ourselves in the primal, vibrating heartbeat of this place, to taste its essence through its people. Understanding a place through the intimacy of shared stories, through the genuine interactions that reveal what lives beneath the surface. This is a kind of magic we were searching for. Here, amidst their communal trance, we found ourselves entangled in a web of energy, whispering its secrets through religious rituals.

The service itself was an act of sacred seduction. The scent of copal from the priest's chalice filled the air as the smoke curled around us, wrapping us in its sensual haze. Then came the words, spoken in rhythms, from whispers to intense proclamations. Then commands of engagement - at certain moments, people would stand up in union, listening to invitations from the priest. Standing as one, they repeated the prayers of the priest, calling forth spirits through biblical verses, which the congregation echoed in gentle harmony that stirred something deep within. Then everyone would sit down. After another series of prayers, everyone stood again, and that dance continued throughout the service, inviting deeper states of awareness. As bodies moved, standing and sitting, the repetitious incantations induced a hypnotic journey, lulling us into a trance where reality blurred, and borders dissolved, as if we crossed into another realm.

The service was nearing its end, and we were wearied by the trance, immersed in incantations and texts that only partially registered in our minds. Suddenly, for us, as we didn't understand Spanish, most of the parishioners stood on their knees on a wooden board placed at the bottom of the bench before them. Apparently, during the final words, the priest presented his invitation for this kind of prayer. We hesitated, unsure how to respond. Veronica leaned in close to my ear: "I will never kneel before anyone, let alone before Jesus, who never existed." I gently smiled at her honourable honesty and replied that we were outsiders, neither part of this faith nor committed followers, so whether we knelt or not was of no consequence. Freed from obligation, we could follow whatever our desires dictated. I whispered to her what I always told her during the last sixteen years of knowing each other: follow the truth of her heart, speak freely in her feminine voice, something that so many women refuse to do. I always enjoyed Veronica's truth and inner sense of sovereignty, so I loved it when she openly spoke her mind.

Of course, I agreed with her wholeheartedly. We shared the same commitment to faith and divinity during our marriage and after we separated. My true parents, the Mother and Father who created this world, would never want me bowing before any idol. And especially under the command of a person whose true intentions we could never know. They wanted me to stand in my power, to listen to the longing within. And the heart always knows what's right in this moment. For Veronica and me, there was no debate. A twinge of discomfort flickered within, as if I were an outsider peering into a sacred moment not meant for my eyes. A quiet voice of propriety urged me to turn away, to respect their private ritual. Interestingly, the woman to my right also abstained from kneeling, so she shared our silent defiance. When I looked around, about twenty percent of people remained seated, their bodies gently aligned with ours, non-

conformists in a sea of devotion. Clearly, there were guests in this spiritual enclave, unfamiliar with the unspoken rules. I surrendered to savour the defiance of my women who refused to act in obedience to the command of a man with questionable authority.

The climax of the ritual was the communion. The priest and his two assistants offered the body of Christ at three sections of the altar. I believe it was the first time in Veronica's life approaching this act. She was baptized in Orthodox tradition, so she was unfamiliar with this ritual. She questioned whether she has the right to participate and whether it would be worth it, given our genuine rejection of Christianity as a spiritual and moral doctrine. But we were talking to the land today, and we were in communion with the Pearl Jesus, a unique spiritual guide of this place, so we followed his rules, not the rules of the institution.

I advised Veronica to embrace this experience as a magical opportunity for connection with the land. I offered to approach it with a specific intention - to see the bread as embodying psychedelic mushrooms, which would become the plant teachers of these lands for today. We were asking the spirits for higher guidance and to deepen the understanding of our own story.

The main magic of life is intention. The land's magic can manifest without mind-altering substances, simply through conscious experience, attuned awareness and focused intention. In that moment, as we accepted the body of Christ, we invited higher knowledge, a connection to the spirits of these lands, seduced by the promise of a true revelation. We wanted to unravel. We wanted to surrender. We desired to discover what was missing on our path. With this purpose in mind, we took our turn and accepted this communion from the land.

V.

As we walked back to our seats, I felt a calling, gentle but insistent, from the Pearl Jesus himself, beckoning me to visit him in the quietness of his sacred chamber. I told Veronica that I would meet her back at our seats and rushed to meet the Jesus of Mazatlán. He invited me to share the story of who he truly was, to experience his legend and essence. It was a moment of sincere longing, like he was summoning me to reveal something essential, and beyond the reach of ordinary, something that was fiercely desired by my heart. I approached a prayer station. I stood on my knees, not in front of a Christian depiction of Jesus, but in a reverse to Nature, as this land would tell me the story of the ascended soul who protects and empowers this Church. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to surrender to a shamanic trance. The preparations of the previous hour made it easy, and just a few seconds in, I was transported back in time.

That was when I saw him. Not as a distant, divine figure, but as the soul of Yeshua incarnated as a man, who introduced himself as Osharisho. Our friend, the Pearl Jesus of Mazatlán. Not on the altar, not elevated or reigning. Not in sufferings on a cross from the hands of hypocrites. I saw him as a healer of his village, arrested in the act of kneeling like I was right now. He was praying on the shore as the ocean was his Church. He was not the Yeshua of certainty. This was Yeshua, who had already betrayed himself. The moment when he recognized his own power, but doubted the right and authority to wield it. The moment when the desire for truth collided with the terror of uncertain consequences. I understood then why the posture mattered. Kneeling was not submission to God. It was submission to the laws of Nature. But mainly it was humbleness in front of oneself, to forgive personal shame, doubt, self-rejection and

self-loathing. This Jesus was not asking to save people on the cross. He was asking whether he could survive becoming what others needed him to be. He wasn't dreaming of becoming a saviour. But he knew that his people needed one, and there was no one else but him.

Osharisho existed in a strange balance - on his knees in surrender, but luminous with doubt. The synchronicity was almost cruel. He did not radiate purity. He radiated consent. Consent to be misunderstood. Consent to be judged. Consent to be used as a symbol, a sacrament, and a weapon of divinity. Consent to feel betrayed by himself and then by others.

I expressed my gratitude to Osharisho for being welcomed here. I asked him to share his story. He vowed to reveal how he became the divine protector of souls during the course of this evening. His voice was soothing, layered with promises of the legends of walking this land as a man, chosen by higher powers to be a prophet, a saviour, and a guardian of the weak. His energy bloomed inside of me, a seductive force tied to the land, manifesting in the very stones of the Church where his presence lingered. Full of forgiveness, tender and fierce, Osharisho stayed as an ascended spiritual guide for all future inhabitants of these lands, guarding the sacred ground where he once lived and loved.

When I inquired what higher powers are channelled through this sacred space, Jesus-Osharisho told me that this Church was a sanctuary of transformation, a clandestine place of salvation where true forgiveness can be discovered. Yeshua souls carry the energy of forgiveness into our world, but Osharisho claimed that this specific place was designed to be a divine channel of self-forgiveness. It was created by the land itself, exuding the spirit of his essence, his tribe, and the eternal truth of self-love, using the vehicle of the Catholic Church. Spending time on this piece of land, in the gentle hum of divine energy, people could more easily connect to the

frequency of mercy and reconcile with their unique life's journey to release regrets. The sin for Jesus has always been not the act itself, but a perception of a person of that act. That's how any decision is judged upon death. To sin means punish and shame yourself for the truth of your heart. As a judge of death, Yeshua's souls would never judge a person for doing something, but rather allow them grace to escape self-punishment. Everyone deserved salvation, but it could only be received through self-forgiveness. So if any person would simply spend time in this Church, on the land of Osharisho, and contemplate on their past, they could liberate hidden resentments, releasing burdens long carried and absolve grief of self-betrayal.

When I returned from this trance and stood up, my legs trembled slightly. I had crossed another threshold on my shamanic path without moving an inch. I did accept Christ Consciousness inside of me some time ago, but this was something completely different. As I returned to my seat, I knew why another sex worker ended up sitting next to me. I finally had answers for Savannah. Her aura tangled with confusion and longing. Her time in the profession have been long gone, but she was still lost in a haze of unspoken pain, seemingly unsure why she experienced her life in the way that she did and cursing herself for her life choices because they ostracized her from society. I sensed her turmoil, an inner storm that refused to settle. I explained to Savannah that she discovered me through a silent prayer from within, a plea for forgiveness, a desire to surrender to the energy that heals and renews.

I realized that she was finally ready for self-forgiveness, so the land brought her today to this Church. Not only would sitting here naturally release her regret, but Savannah found me as well. I told her that everything she'd experienced during the service - revelations, emotional storms and fears - were actual gift, meant to guide her toward forgiving herself. She wanted to

embrace her unique truth without shame. It always breaks my heart to see another woman who lived in her truth and never betrayed herself, but was constantly punished by the ignorance of cruel people. She was not a bad woman, because she was born to be a sex worker, but this very religion made her perceive herself as such. That's why the resentment and resistance were written on her face. The same very people who were festive and joyful right now had stoned her throughout her life and would equally stone her again, if they discovered who she was.

In her mind, she only came here at the request of her friend. But on a soul level, the nightmares, disappointments, and inner judgments she carried all surfaced during this ceremony to reveal that there was no sin, only life's lessons. I emphasized to Savannah that the importance was to embody love to herself, to honour her complex story, and to know that she is protected by the mighty spiritual forces, if they brought her here today.

As the priest made his closing words, I closed my eyes as I gently spoke with Savannah about the false perception of sin that often clouds our true nature: the shame imposed from outside, not born from within. Many actions we regret are merely steps on our journey, meant to teach, mold and empower us. They are callings of our heart's honest desires. We are not walking mistakes expecting to be punished; we are evolving souls on a path of ascension. Forgiving oneself, I told her, is the most beautiful act of surrender, an act of self-love. Justice belongs to the divine; our task is to accept, to forgive, to release. Faith in the divinity that exists above the Church remains the foundation of everything.

In this sacred space, I equally found my truth. The importance of forgiving my past and my own wounds. It was intoxicating to receive this divine wisdom from Yeshua himself, incarnate in this earthly form. Ultimately, I became a vessel for his message, offering Savannah

the words that Jesus would have spoken if she addressed him with her concerns. Her prayers had been answered. I was sharing the light of the Pearl Jesus with this unique soul, and both Inessa and Emilia froze in awe, witnessing the serenely beautiful nature of our serendipitous journey through these lands. They were witnesses to these moments, my apostles of feminine truth. Their own essences shone in a new light from this communion, equally accepting the subtle message of self-forgiveness, longing to be embraced every single day.

Pleased with the entire journey and rituals, we exited the Church with Veronica, expecting that our deepest intentions - to experience a moment of transformation, liberation, and purification - would somehow manifest in this reality. It was amusing how little we had planned; we just allowed Nature to create a journey of empowerment for us. We decided, quite spontaneously, to spend the next couple of hours in the same karaoke bar where New Year's tunes echoed through the night, accompanied by an all-inclusive drinks and dinner. We settled for an entertainment, and this time there were plenty of Mexican tourists who checked into the hotel just before the holiday, so we immersed ourselves in another cultural experience, embracing and studying with curiosity every song they chose to perform.

As the evening unfolded, I felt a gentle download of the entire story of Osharisho, an intimate tale he whispered to me, revealing who he was and what transpired in this earthly realm. I embraced this divine narrative with gratitude, marvelling at how this story resonated with us. It reinforced the enchanting truth: when we trust life and listen to our hearts, life flows effortlessly through us, bringing a true sense of magic. When we allow divine energy to pulse through us, god can be experienced everywhere. Of course, I equally revelled in my unique story, smiling at the enchanting coincidence that a sex worker's soul had led me to Jesus this night.

We knew that there would be fireworks at our hotel, so in a couple of hours we headed back, arriving just before eleven. The quiet lobby offered a peaceful silence. We sank onto a plush couch, contemplating our night. By now, we had crossed into another dimension, where everything became clearer. As we discussed our experience of this night, Veronica's questions and witty complaints about Jesus and Christian faith emerged again. We had these conversations too many times. We both believed that Christianity was created to enslave people by coercing them to surrender their free will to the authority above. And we also believed that most of the problems in our society have roots in the Christian doctrine of oppression and tyranny over the last many centuries. We knew that people are born different, with unique talents and gifts, with a different number of past lives, so the claims of the Church that we are all the same and must obey the same morality felt truly disturbing and terrifying to us.

Veronica challenged again the act of kneeling, as she was shocked by the unified conformity of people, who did it all together in an instant, after a command from the priest. She always believed in life & liberty, so this scene truly shocked her. She kept going back to that memory, trying to understand what she saw. She questioned again whether bowing before a divine force was appropriate, especially when so many priests misuse their powers for darkness and the submission of others. We've wrestled with these theological debates for many years. Exhausted but persistent, we wanted to understand the divine within ourselves, knowing that these dialogues reveal more about our souls than about religion itself. As I carry the soul of Yeshua of Death, Veronica has the soul of Yeshua of Doubt. Our perspectives always spark intense debates, as we exist on opposite sides of Yeshua's light. But it means that the real truth of Yeshua's essence exists somewhere in the middle of our perceptions and is only accessible

through dialogue, where concessions are made, and empowering definitions are discovered. We still, to this day, often forget to give grace to each other's truths, but at the same time, even if we fight, we know how to repair ourselves and then distill the essence from what has transpired. In the end, this is not just about gathering knowledge but about feeling the divine pulse within us as we attempt to understand our place in this sacred, sensual dance of life.

Of course, Yeshua of Doubt would always question everything, even if he had his unwavering beliefs, and that was Veronica. She even questioned whether she truly had the soul of Yeshua of Doubt, challenging the very image and idea of Jesus, which had become her highest purpose in this role. Her soul's most incredible mission was fulfilled when she ridiculed, mocked, or questioned the existence of Jesus himself. Yeshua of Doubt is the ultimate embodiment of Judas in this sense. Now, of course, we marvelled at another magical rhyme, as Veronica had discovered Jesus in the Church of San Judas. I always sensed that Veronica would find her way to the Christ essence within herself, not through religion, dogma, bible, or prayer, but through lived experiences that would open a more profound understanding of the divine light that exists in her heart. Her journey was mine as well, a process of embracing my own soul. I knew Veronica would come to this realization; I simply didn't know how.

Then she again posed one of the unanswerable questions that I ever heard from her: why does the Church portray Jesus so hot and sexy, always tanned, with long, flowing hair and captivating blue eyes? She constantly mocked this obvious eroticization of Jesus promoted by the Church and the entertainment industry. It was sarcasm that hinted at her disdain of the submissive nature of this religion, yet beneath it, I sensed her genuine curiosity - a longing to understand why his images are always irresistibly seductive. I never took this question seriously.

It just became our inside joke, and we couldn't stop laughing at it. Though deep inside, I always knew she actually wanted to find an answer to this question. The self-evident truth was that such representations attract more followers and offerings, turning the divine deity into a captivating, sensual figure to appeal to men and women. Basically, the Christian Church claimed that only a sexy man like Jesus is capable of saving any sinner, the perfect fantasy incarnated in human form. So the Church desired to present Jesus as a perfect, impeccable man. We also discussed how many modern portraits attributed to Jesus were, in truth, inspired by the image of Cesare Borgia, a theory Veronica loved the most. She believed that the depiction of Jesus as handsome and sexy was no accident, a deliberate choice to portray the son of a Pope as irresistibly attractive and seductive to immortalize his image using the resources of the Church.

All our past questions and discussions about Jesus came to the surface. Sitting on a plush sofa in the lobby of our hotel, I found myself gazing at a striking Merlin sculpture directly in front of us, its form reminiscent of a holy relic, an icon of a divine deity. There were actually two large, real-size marlin replicas hanging above both entrances, right across from each other and visible to us. Our hotel also had an exquisite display stand with prizes awarded in the sport of marlin fishing, collected over the years. From the first day we arrived in Mazatlán, Veronica was curious about the almost religious obsession with the Merlin fish. She wanted to know why it carried such significance, almost as if it were a saint. She asked me that question a few times. Now, as if guided by divine timing, Veronica was ready to receive the answers about the sexiness of Jesus and the significance of Merlin. It turned out that the story of Osharisho would reveal these truths. As we were sitting in Church facing a portrait of Jesus, now we were facing an image of a marlin looking at us from the wall, as I shared the story of the Yeshua of Mazatlán.

VI.

Centuries ago, one tribe thrived on these lands, hidden within lush forests, away from the ocean's embrace. Yet, the water was their sacred source of life, its bounty fueling their spirits and bodies. They fished to sustain themselves. Elbow-sized or smaller species, flung onto their boats in nets or harpooned from the shore, in a dance of desire and survival. But darkness came, and with it a desperate sense of scarcity as the fish one day simply disappeared. The tribe's hope waned, and they questioned the divinity, feeling abandoned by higher powers.

Among them was Osharisho, a humble craftsman, a man of wood and stone, whose hands shaped the tribe's dwellings but who never knew the secrets of the ocean. Despite his many talents, he was not a fisherman. Every attempt was an agonizing reminder of his outsider status, and he simply gave up in this pursuit. Other men treated him with distance and reservations. They simply couldn't understand how a man couldn't learn how to fish. For them, it was a simple skill that any man could master.

Yet, in the quiet desperation of scarcity, Osharisho sensed a different calling, an awakening deep within his soul, a whisper from the land herself. He felt no fear, only a fiery anticipation as his heart started to vibrate with the promise of transformation. The suffering of others ignited in him an understanding that he was more than he thought he was; within his spirit burned a divine spark, waiting to be kindled by the trials he faced. The earth, the divine feminine energy that sustains all life, spoke through him, as his destiny was intertwined with the spiritual quest for enlightenment and rebirth. Osharisho's journey was not merely about finding fish for his people but about awakening the sacred flame within, so he could embody the divine light of

Yeshua. As he embraced this sacred mission, his life became a sensual pilgrimage, a dance between the earthly and divine, all infused with an undercurrent of profound spiritual love that celebrated the play of life's mysteries. Osharisho felt a calm need to surrender to this intuitive calling, recognizing what had been missing from his life. His search for deeper truths became a spiritual meditation, a prayer that stirred his soul while he yearned to bring solace to his tribe. He couldn't tolerate the sufferings of his people, but he only had his prayer.

As time flowed, the community's despair wove through their villagers like a restless tide, their faith waning, hopes flickering like dying embers. Yet within him, a spark of divine purpose continued to burn bright. Instead of irritation, Osharisho's acceptance of their suffering deepened his inner exploration, drawing him closer to the world of angels. He felt a calling to leave his tribe for a while, entering a personal darkness of vulnerability, a sacred space where pain became a gateway to enlightenment. He believed there was a deeper meaning behind their collective agony, a truth awaiting revelation within him. Though he felt insignificant among his people, an unshakable knowledge resided within him: he was destined for something greater. So he went for a pilgrimage across his lands, where no one ever lived. He had to distance himself, to fast and pray, driven by inner knowing that this journey would bring the answers.

In this silence of the desert, Osharisho knelt in tears, pleading with higher powers for answers, seeking guidance, and yearning for a sign. Many days later came the vision, illuminated by angels and guides from above. A celestial being approached Osharisho, explaining that he is summoned to lead a boat, crewed with other fishermen under his command. He saw a vision of a large fish, immense and luminous, symbolic of knowledge and abundance, but also capable of nourishing his entire tribe. Though the meaning eluded him as he never seen such a fish in his

entire life, his faith in the divine message remained steadfast. He knew others would doubt, scoffing at his unearthly conviction, dismissing him as a crazy madman chasing impossible dreams. Yet, in this sacred solitude, Osharisho understood that his purpose transcended mere fishing or survival. It was about following the whisper of his soul, trusting the divine guidance, and embracing his inner truth. Success, he realized, was not in tangible catch but in the awakening of inner wisdom. An awakening that would set him and his tribe free.

Osharisho perceived himself as just an ordinary carpenter, but now the land asked him to embrace his true destiny as a medicine man of his tribe. He was born to be a shaman, a conduit between the material and spiritual worlds, a guide inspired by subtle voices of spirits. He finally accepted his fate, and through a transformation of self-love, he assumed this higher calling. His quest wasn't solely to feed or save his people but to find his personal liberation through spiritual rebirth. He believed that by willingly accepting to carry the pain of his people, he could be reborn into the man he was destined to be.

When the angels revealed his path, Osharisho recognized that the true purpose of this crisis was for him to discover himself. His heart knew, beyond doubt, that these divine messages were genuine. He paid attention to the whispers of the heavens, to the soothing vibrations of the earth beneath him, and in the dance with these sounds, he could discover himself. To truly embrace this belief, he must surrender to every challenge laid before him, no matter the odds. This test was not merely about fishing skills but about awakening as a man who has conquered his deepest fears. Osharisho had to know if the voice of heaven truly guides him towards inner empowerment. His faith is passionate, so he feels compelled to prove it. Not to others, but to himself. His faith manifests in action, rooted in love and noble courage.

When, after weeks in solitude, he returned to his tribe, he shared the nature of his visions. Some shrug, disbelieving, uncomfortable, challenging his words. They hoped for certainty, for quick salvation, but he offers only faith. Most couldn't accept visions of future abundance from a man who can't fish. To skeptics, his words seemed mad, impossible, almost sacrilegious. And most couldn't believe in the existence of such a fish that could feed the entire tribe. No one has seen such a fish before. Despite their doubt, he persists with his passionate faith as Nature delivers the word of divinity through him. He insists that higher powers have promised him the bounty that will feed everyone. With no choices left, desperate and exhausted, people finally agreed to trust his conviction. They grant him sail, and with fellow fishermen, they venture into the unknown, yearning for that divine catch, even if his methods seem insane.

Days stretch into weeks, and the boat doesn't return, swallowed by the endless ocean. Faith wavers, and doubt seeps in, until he hears the final whisper, a voice softly telling him that his perseverance, love, and unwavering belief will bear fruit. Before surrendering to despair, he holds his ground, listening closely to this sacred lesson unfolding before him. Osharisho is on his knees in front of the boat, reciting his prayers. All men gathered on the other side of the boat, scared of him and planning the return without his knowing. He kneels in reverence to Nature, but mainly he kneels before himself, in front of his unique design. No one comprehends his design, even him, and yet somehow life trained him to be himself without apologies. On his knees, he pleads for guidance, even as others turn away in exhaustion. Their doubts weigh heavily; their patience wears thin. They betrayed him. He is alone on his knees. He knows deep in his soul that every moment of suffering carries divine purpose. A lesson of trust and patience, even when the world crumbles. Within him flickers the knowledge that everything occurs for a special reason.

His poetic incantations were directed at the skies. And when his fellow fishermen finally decide to turn back, they catch sight of Merlin, an otherworldly creature of these sacred waters. No one has seen such a fish before, a divine marvel, and they are astonished by this unravelling. They lost faith, but his visions were true. Only now, they begin to doubt they could succeed in capturing this fish. But as faith returned, the Nature itself guided them through the process. They attach the coquered Marlin to their line and begin their travel to land.

When they arrived on the shore, people saw them as divine providence, an arrival of hope that renewed their faith. They saw the appearance of a man who died and was resurrected. They saw a transformed Osharisho, almost a stranger to them. They listen to him with newfound reverence. They realize he is truly a prophet, a vessel of unique truth. They felt as if divinity had touched them. Witnessing the miracle of the fish, they discovered faith in life's mysterious flow. They recognized that their journey was a testament to a man who listened to the angelical voices, trusting that love and faith could lead to miracles.

Yes, they were deeply grateful that all of the fishermen had returned alive. But what captivated them most was the way he looked at them when he first stepped ashore. When the women gazed at him, he appeared undeniably alluring, yet it was more than just physical, sexual attraction. His appearance had transformed during the voyage: his long, thick hair now streaked with sun-kissed highlights, his tanned skin glowing softly, and his shiny beard enhancing his erotic charm. However, it wasn't his external beauty that drew the women in; it was something deeper. All women saw a man in his power, fully embodied in his faith, as if he carried an energy they never sensed before. At that moment, I telepathically shared this vision with Veronica, and she saw how Osharisho looked at that moment on the beach.

A luminous, bright, yellow halo of energy encircled Osharisho, symbolizing his divine realization and inner awakening. His aura was enriched through his masculine initiations, and most people were blinded by it. Despite the suffering he caused, he forgave himself for guiding others in search of illusions, for leading them astray and then finding forgiveness within himself that this journey had to be this way. Through this acceptance, he embodied the spirit of Christ Consciousness, loving with unconditional compassion, forgiving regrets, and absolving pain with hope. This man had genuinely transformed; his glow was proof of his self-acceptance and integration of his divine masculine purpose.

It wasn't his physical allure that was truly seductive, something Veronica and I hadn't understood before. As Veronica watched Osharisho, she realized that as an artist herself, she would also depict him as irresistibly sexually attractive to convey the profound energy he radiated as a divine masculine man in his righteous power. This wasn't about indulging passions or sex, but about a more profound need: women seeking companionship with someone empowered, reliable and wise, a man who held answers to their questions. They didn't desire to sleep with him, but they were looking for closeness and spiritual intimacy. They somehow felt that he was embodying that, and they felt safe around him. This was the truth of their feminine intuition and instinct. He had journeyed through challenging terrains and sustained his faith. Now, just with his presence, he offered reassurance and a promise of salvation.

And of course, there was also one special woman in this story, his personal Magdalene woman. She was secretly in love with him, even before he confessed his visions to the tribe. She couldn't stop thinking about him, but was too afraid of rejection, so she never found the strength to confess her feelings. Still, she was the only woman waiting ashore who

believed in him when others doubted. She cried her tears, hoping he would return to her, so she could finally surrender to her truth and confess her feelings. She was doubting her love, as he was doubting his faith. She blamed herself for losing him, as when she feared rejection, life took him away from her. She hadn't told anyone of her feelings and faith in his success. She kept her devotion secret until that evening, when he returned, and they found themselves alone by the campfire. She looked at him with quiet certainty and thought, "If I love him, everything will fall into place. My love is honest and pure; it means he loves me equally. I don't even need to tell him about my love. He already knows."

Watching him return with a fish, she realized that her love for him was real. She never confessed her feelings because she questioned them herself. She kept her feelings silent, but now, sitting next to him under the stars, she knew her love was always real. She was the one who was fighting this love. She finally chose to fully open her heart to him, trusting with her every vulnerability and insecurity that their love was divinely guided. Their bond deepened with her genuine dream to become passionate lovers who would create a family together. She showed her heart to the Nature, she continued to pray for his return, and now she didn't have to confess her feelings, as they both knew love had arrived in their lives.

The fish did more than nourish people; it symbolized new beginnings. Women learned to craft tools from marlin's bones, transforming their everyday reality. This unexpected miracle shattered their old perceptions of what was possible. In the moment of divine awe, they instinctively fell to their knees before Osharisho, sensing the sacredness of what had happened. It was an instinctive act of reverence and self-forgiveness, a silent prayer to themselves for having doubted, for fearing the unknown, for not trusting Nature with the process of life. No one

commanded them; this desire arose naturally within their hearts. Tears welled up as they acknowledged how their fears could lead to starvation and death, but his unwavering belief had saved them. They wanted to proclaim him as their saviour, because he continued to believe on their behalf, to offer their appreciation, and perhaps, in some way, to find the grace to forgive themselves. In their hearts, they received the divine gift of Nature, an affirmation that salvation begins with self-love and surrender.

When I finished sharing the story, Veronica started to cry, tears filled with a raw intensity. It was a cathartic moment of highest truth. Those genuine tears, shimmering with love, truth, and liberation, touched something deep within us. I found myself crying too, moved by the realization that she was experiencing the same awakening I had before. I understood her feelings perfectly, as if we were both standing on the same spiritual shore, gazing at the same truth. All the Christian stories about Jesus couldn't evoke such a profound understanding of his essence in Veronica. Only this story, seemingly having nothing in common with Jesus from the Gospels, yet fundamentally the same tale of faith, self-love and forgiveness, unlocked the higher truth of inner liberation in Veronica. In her intimate, feminine way, she immersed herself in that reality, feeling present on the shore, and experiencing the purity of that awakening firsthand.

Through the tears, Veronica confessed that she now understood why people in the Church chose to kneel, and she asked for forgiveness. She was forgiving herself for condemning them because now she realized that they were actually kneeling before themselves. The image of Jesus on the wall was merely a mirror, an invitation to look inward. It was their farewell ritual to the past year, with a genuine release of their sins they wished to leave behind: self-righteousness,

hubris, regrets, grudges, jealousy, betrayal, envy, greed and pride. An act of humility in front of their souls, with graceful and kind acceptance of the flawed human nature.

When we've shed all tears, we moved to the shore, waiting for midnight to see the fireworks. As the truth settled within her, Veronica's heart opened with a sincere impulse to pray on her knees. Veronica declared that she must kneel because she condemned people in the Church. I equally realized I judged their actions too and followed her example. I witnessed people praying to a Christian deity, and I couldn't accept that. But as we shared our reflections, we saw that this was more than a religious ritual; it was a divine opportunity for genuine repentance and self-forgiveness in the spirit of Osharisho, an acknowledgment that our egos often dwell in pain, blocking us from discovering true sense of magic. Every time pride or disappointment stirs within us, we are given the chance to kneel, to forgive ourselves, and to embrace our inner light.

Veronica wept softly, knowing she must kneel, because she discovered that divine light within herself. She understood the core lesson of Christ Consciousness, that salvation begins from within, once we stop doubting our hearts. We finished this year, with a silent prayer to ourselves in the presence of Nature, honouring the holy spirit around us. We completely accepted and embodied the lessons of this journey. We had only two days left, but we knew that we received what we came here to receive. We had connected deeply with the land, with its stories and energies, but most importantly, we experienced the essence of Jesus not as a figure of manipulation, but as a symbol of inner awakening.

As midnight approached, other hotel guests arrived at the shore. As sparks of fireworks illuminated the skies, we completely surrendered to our experience. Even the fireworks

were timed perfectly to punctuate our prayer with bright confirmation in the skies. After the show, we discussed how Osharisho's legend felt like a rebellious break from traditional Christian dogma, and yet only through this unique and authentic story could we grasp all of the nuances and complexities of Yeshua's light.

And then Veronica, with her heart full of gratitude for arriving at this place of inner knowing, looked at me and said, "I think you should visit Inessa again." Of course, I knew that since the first day, but I still debated whether I could afford it. The price for another session felt significant, almost sacred in essence, and the new expense deepened my anxiety. Veronica, sensing my turmoil, reached out with words of trust. She told me not to worry, that I should trust life, and I would find a way to pay off my debt, that this was a rare chance that I couldn't miss. She told me to trust my heart, something we always say to each other. I sensed she knew it was a divine calling I had to heed.

Veronica confirmed how she feels that Inessa's energy was inspiring and vital for me at this moment of my journey. I spent the previous days surrendering to this initiation, accepting that I had no other choice, and that it's my masculine responsibility to see this through. We marvelled at higher forces orchestrating our journey - from Inessa summoning us to Mazatlán, long before we bought the tickets, to the experiences on these lands that became portals of transformation. We sat quietly, immersed in our unique, divine experience, forever grateful for this extraordinary trip. It was a true rebirth for both of us, and the land marked us with these unique initiations.

VII.

The next morning, I found myself caught in thoughts about Inessa, and I planned our meeting for the late evening. I made the same walk - from the hotel to the now familiar club. Approaching the entrance around midnight, I recognized the security guard from the night before, but next to him, I also saw the host who greeted me upon entrance upstairs and organized our encounter with Inessa. When I attempted entry, they told me the club was closed for the night, and no one was dancing. I did experience a loss of faith for a moment, trying to convince myself that my guidance wasn't real and that we are not meant to happen again. But then I saw it as just a challenge, a test of my spiritual convictions. If I'm here right now, then the land brought me here at the right time. Both guys didn't speak much English, so I pulled out my phone, typing in Google Translate, "I came today to see...(adding Inessa's stage name)."

The host didn't say a word, but right away gestured to follow him upstairs. We entered the space on the second floor, and he asked me to wait at the reception on the couch while he went upstairs. I was alone, hoping I would see her again. A familiar tightening of the field. The quiet alert that announces proximity to transformation. My body responded before memory intervened. The space was empty, almost sacred in its silence, until they returned. Our eyes met again. She was surprised to see me, mostly because she was convinced I would never show up again. She braided her hair and now looked completely different. Yet she was unchanged in her completeness. The same containment. The same refusal to perform.

The host left again to get the card terminal, and she sat right next to me on the couch. In the next moment, we were attuned again to each other's frequencies. Short reservation. She

studied me differently now. Not assessing, but simply experiencing me in her newfound form. She wasn't aware of the shift that had been happening to her soul, but her entire essence felt expanded and renewed. It wasn't just the new hairstyle. It was a different radiance of her being, even though I equally felt that she thought this day was over and there would be no more work today. I felt some reluctance, like I came at the wrong time.

Yet this hesitation stayed only for a short while. She was getting closer to me as I whispered into her ear, my compliments about her new look and same mesmerizing nature. As we got really close to each other, and our hands touched, she opened to my presence. We spoke little. Words felt radiant. But the flirting, smiles and touches appeared like magic. Nothing needed to be proven. She knew why I was here, and I could see in her eyes how she internally agreed to surrender to experience us again. She summoned me for another encounter when consent was delivered by her soul. Otherwise, I would never arrive here. My heart was alive with joy that she is here today, exactly like my vision promised. That evening marked a threshold, a transition from innocence to awakening. Neith felt the call to remain tender, to stay a girl at the heart, yet ready to ascend into her divine power.

When I asked if she would accept me today, she answered with a radiant enthusiasm, her soul shining through shy, tentative smiles. I had the same feeling from our initial interaction and acknowledgement of each other, as the first time at the table upstairs. Somehow, outside of the bedroom, we were just two inexperienced teenagers, curious but scared of our first intimacy. Our interaction echoed the innocence on the brink of realization: hesitation, uncertainty, yet a palpable and evident desire. There was this unique innocence in the essence of this Goddess, which I only understood through my interactions with Inessa. She was a queen of Purgatory,

where the scariest beings of our world existed, and yet her strength to combat them was not in force, but in girlish cuteness and feminine grace. I told her how cute it is to observe our shyness, and she responded with a smile in her eyes and gentle touches of my hand, reaffirming that she knows exactly what I was talking about. Though I sensed no sexual urgency, what we shared was a deeper, spiritual intimacy, an uncharted journey into trust and vulnerability.

As the host returned, he saw us right next to each other, me leaving to kiss her ear and her touching my hand. He was visibly startled by the chemistry between us, as if he had inadvertently wandered into a private moment, a room where lovers were already unveiling their souls to each other, caught in a fleeting glimpse of intimacy. He asked her in Spanish whether I wanted to buy a drink or just time with her, and she translated it for me. When I assertively replied, "I'm only here for sex," she giggled with acceptance and understanding and translated back to him. This time, I paid twenty dollars less, and we went to the room for another forty-minute encounter.

The room we entered was similar to the first, yet entirely different, as it was illuminated by our past experiences and the evident energy connection. I felt the echo of my earlier undoing hover briefly, then dissolve. She moved toward me with clear intent and visible passion. The shift was subtle but decisive. Authority no longer flowed in a single direction. Desire had matured into something reciprocal and grounding. When she touched me, it was still precise, but now it carried invitation alongside command. I responded without performance.

We spent the first five minutes in the state between states - we were trying to approach each other with subtle touches, but still immersed in that previous shyness. Then, after the first couple of soft kisses, the same magic happened. Suddenly, we were transformed into different

beings, and fiery passion of the skies enveloped us, catching us off guard. The same intense fire broke out. What was subtle, now became actively intentional; what was driven by reservation was not driven by passionate desire. I was once again surprised by this switch that neither of us controlled. It was how Neith and Seth wanted to live through us, and we simply observed their dance, as if we were looking at their lovemaking from outside. The next half hour, we spent exactly like our first time - exploring each other with rawness and intensity.

There was no collapse this time. The destabilization had already done its work. What emerged instead was presence, uneven, but humanly honest. My body met hers, fully aware of its own essence. We undressed one another without ceremony, without haste. Skin met skin not to discover, but to confirm the reality of our new perceptions. Our work on a soul level shifted us to accept this engagement for what it is. Weeks of work in an intimacy coaching container usually produce this kind of result. The land and my guides assisted in mastering my design to approach these spiritual initiations from the spiritual perspective, and that's how I learned my craft.

The erotic charge did not spike; it deepened, settling into the dense warmth that follows trust. What unfolded between us resisted narrative. Movement, flow, friction, breath, the quiet exertion of bodies negotiating pleasure without abandoning awareness. Our lovemaking moved in waves of her ocean, sweeping both of us into intense passion, then releasing into softness so we could gaze with depth we hadn't experienced the first time. I surrendered, leaving my mundane concerns and old fears outside of her temple space. At moments, inevitability surged, those flashes where confusion feels indistinguishable from fate. At others, deliberate choice asserted itself, grounding the encounter in consent renewed again and again. The two impulses no longer competed. They completed each other.

I thought briefly of Yeshua, not the triumphant figure suspended above consequence, but the kneeling man of reverence, who allows life to flow through him. The one who accepts his truth, knowing it will cost him stability, safety, and reputation. But the one who steps forward anyway, as he follows the honesty of his heart. This was not a sacrifice. This was an active presence. His masculine action was in surrender to the feminine flow.

When the release came, it arrived effortlessly. We were both ready to receive the energy it implied. It marked the completion of our initiations. A circuit that had been forming since the first dream, through borders, and the first unravelling of the city around me. I finally learned to trust the intelligence of my second masculine brain, the inner wisdom of my body of a sexual priest. This was the first time when I fully accepted my design, releasing the pressures of external shame, judgement and rejection.

At one point, I wondered how I managed to hold back so long, how I could restrain the culmination of desire, but somehow, with her, it unfolded naturally. I also realized that this was that inner surrender to myself. At a certain moment, I got myself thinking that our time was nearing the end, but I still didn't feel the need for a release. My inner mental process was part of the intention. I was caught up in the magic of our erotic dance, but now I had to return internally for the higher reason why I was here. So I asked her soul and myself again if we are ready. I felt the embodiment of the consent. I needed to release my life force, so we could complete the sacred ritual we shared.

After sealing our love ritual, we collapsed onto the bed, exhausted and fulfilled. We remained in an embrace for a while, smiling at these evident signs of passion. Two entangled, sovereign bodies sharing temporary alignment and the actual state of intimate union of opposites.

No myth was spoken aloud, but we experienced divine deities of Seth and Neith, sharing their love through us. When it was time to leave, I felt no rupture, just an empowering gratitude to the magic of this woman and to the blessings of my spiritual talents. Had I not surrendered to the higher guidance, it would have been just another superficial vacation.

My affection for this woman was uniquely distinct, and yet something quite familiar from my other interactions with women when their souls summon me. I see their inner light, and that makes me easily fall in love with their essence. I developed my process of conscientious and empowering engagement. After I consent to the request of a soul to meet in the physical world, unconditional love comes naturally and effortlessly because I've experienced their highest light in all of its female complexity. Yet, the spark of sexual chemistry often feels separate, and it's not always present in my connections. It never takes away from my experience of unconditional love for every sex worker I was intimate with, but it certainly indicates a suggestion from Nature that this chemistry is a spiritual gift, meant for a higher meaning and purpose.

When I encounter this physical chemistry, this natural passion that is not rooted in divinity, not lust, I treat it as a confirmation of the significance of the encounter. And this is how it was with Inessa. The chemistry and sparkle felt like being received from the skies, so I would actually embody all of my lessons and receive the spiritual seal of the next initiation. With her, that chemistry was extraordinary, a rare and awakening symphony of bodies and souls in perfect harmony. This dance of energies, impossible to predict or control, speaks to the profound complexity of the spiritual plane, where unseen forces rule over our desires and projections. Bodies communicate in their own sacred language, and my training has tuned me to this subtle dialogue. It's mesmerizing to observe how two souls can vibrate in their own unique rhythm,

creating a connection that can't be replicated. It is not about the mental perceptions or specific touch or the performative gymnastics or sexual knowledge. It is a dance of energies, accessible only when the truth exists, even if it's not spoken.

As we were dressing up, we were gazing at each other and exchanging unambiguous smiles. We parted with embraces and kisses, and I left this unique place, not knowing whether I would ever see this woman again. I said my words of appreciation and expressed my truth to the best of my abilities, but she never received the understanding of how much she influenced, inspired and moulded me. She didn't realize how important this meeting was for me.

Mazatlán received me once more, the same streets, the same vendors, the same ocean breathing at the edge of everything. I enjoyed experiencing this place at night. I felt fully immersed in it. Only occasional people crossed my path. But overall, I felt how this wonderful place was only mine to experience. Yet I moved through it differently. Desire in my heart remained, but it no longer sought completion through rupture. I realized at that moment that this was not a story about sex, or gods, or travel. It was a story about surrender and genuine consent, given to land, to the body and the soul, to the power of universal, divine love that was channelled through us to illuminate the world.

Inspired and liberated, I headed to the beach for a picnic. In complete darkness and physically alone, I kneeled in reverence to express my gratitude to the spirits of the oceans through my prayers and poetry. They have told me where to find Inessa, and after completing our initiations, they welcomed me with new energies of surrender to my story. I listened to the sounds and inner wisdom of the ocean. Only this ocean could empower our journey with Inessa. I sat in silence with Inessa and Emilia next to me, as we reflected on this sacred journey. I felt

Inessa's unique energy and the undeniable importance of this short love story. Inessa was different - more independent, confident and graceful. She didn't really trust her intuition when we met, but now I was experiencing her newly found liberated form. My love for her essence spoke directly through our lovemaking ritual, igniting a fire that transcended mere flesh. The spark between us was initiated by my masculine essence, as I consciously consented to the journey with her soul and acted in the world to discover her physically. And when she received this spark during our time together, her feminine essence was ignited to become magnetic, transporting us into higher planes of consciousness. I had no question that I spent my time in the presence of a profoundly significant woman, and I secretly wished she would unlock every success her heart desired. I was praying for that to happen.

The marlin continued its dance under the surface, as I experienced the new depth of my own being. Here, the covenant completes itself. It was a threshold willingly crossed with assertiveness of a man who doesn't lie to himself, and therefore no longer living in fear of his own design. This journey was not about salvation, but about the quiet embrace of the inner authority of a person who has learned how to kneel, how to rise, and how to return from the underworld without illusions.

My education was empowered only by the spiritual beings, so I was often confused on my path, as I didn't have a physical teacher. But now it all made sense. It has to be this way because I was retrieving the ancient knowledge from my lives in ancient Egypt, and any modern teacher would have confused me even further. But through my connection with Inessa, I finally learned how to master my design and stop being ashamed of who I was born to be. Every intimate connection with a woman was never driven by lust or promiscuity, but by the forces of

Nature that lived through me to perform initiations for the benefit of both parties. Each woman was stepping into the higher power of her soul, but I was equally embracing the fullness of my complexity and design with their help.

A day later, we boarded a plane back to Vancouver. Over the coming weeks, Inessa arrived at my apartment to uncover the mysteries of her two past lives, as she requested to clear the karmic wounds created there. Each session of my practice of death journeys requires serious intention and plenty of energy, so souls are always cautious to request these sessions. They know it's a big ask. They often have to persuade me in different ways to receive my consent. For me, the practice of death journeys feels more intimate than sex because souls can't hide their truth in the death realm, and I demand from them to be completely transparent, open and genuine with me about the events that transpired in past lives. I expect them to share every single trauma, as that's the only way to heal them. But also through this experience, I can study the intricate nuances of their design, so they can embody their truth more effortlessly.

Understanding the complexities of their unique light and how a divine goddess lives through them is the foundation of my practice. Now observing two past lives of Inessa allowed me to deepen the understanding of the Goddess Neith and her special purpose on this plane. Women with Neith souls can be born as divine killers, as Nature crafts a destiny for them, where they would be called to illuminate the evil and malevolent people from the face of the Earth, sending their souls to Purgatory. Such was one of the past lives of Inessa, and through our work, we released the confusion and shame that she accumulated. The woman in that past life, constantly ended up in situations where she would accidentally murdered someone, and the guilt had created deep anxieties in her, even though she felt in her heart that she did nothing wrong.

Yet no matter how much she tried to fight her design, she eventually understood her essence and released the regrets. We absolved all of the demons accumulated at the entrance of death, and now Inessa was shining even brighter. The veils of the past were removed, and she finally accepted her unique journey on this Earth. During these sessions, I explored the missing pieces of her true self that she left in the traumatic moments of the past, returning these fragments to her. She was feeling whole again, illuminating the depths of her spirit. She witnessed herself from a new perspective with my unconditional love and encouraging guidance. A special connection blossomed, one that allowed us both to grow in our talents and spiritual awakening.

When I completed this work, and Inessa was ready to leave, I confessed again that she had stolen a piece of my heart, but I was grateful she did it. I shared the truth of my heart with the daughter of Mazatlán, so I equally I gave it to that incredible land, which taught me so much. Inessa assisted me in finally accepting my essence and walking forward, carrying my design with honest pride and reverence for who Nature created me to be. We completed our journey with joy and forgiveness, keeping the memories of our love story in my heart and on these pages. I could finally embody the work of a sexual priest of the ancient temples. They usually started the work with the soul by healing past lives, explaining the design of their clients, and only later moving towards intimacy of sexual alchemy, culminating with a final initiation. We changed the order with Inessa, but at the same time, that's how she wanted this to happen.

This text would have never come into existence without the magic that I've experienced in Mazatlán, so I would like to acknowledge the participation of the spirits of the ocean and the land in creating this work. I would also like to thank Inessa Sarah Hades, Emilia Quani May and Veronica Formos for assisting me in shaping this work of art.