A SHAMANIC HEALING JOURNEY OF SOULMATES IN LOVE

by Alexander Formos,
Emilia Quani May and Eurydice Eloise Wayles

or our Declaration of Liberation
on the nature of love and sexual healing arts,
written in masculine and feminine voices
under the guidance of the Sechelt Spirits

THE LANDS AND WATERS OF SECHELT
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PART I: THE MAKING OF A SHAMAN

by Alexander Formos

An artistic testament on the nature of my clairvoyant perceptions of life,
my curious relationships with the souls of sex workers,
my spiritual beliefs about the natural design of sexual healing arts,
and a confession of feelings for my three soulmates from past lives,
who pushed me to embrace this stupid crusade to prove the truth of love.

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CHAPTER I

THE SPIRITUAL CALLING

(OR SAY YES TO HEAVEN)

The real natural magic and immense divine love stormed into my life, transforming every aspect of my existence as I signed a four-year spiritual contract with the Sechelt Spirits to write two novels and learn shamanism in the process. My shamanic journey began in August 2020 when my guardian angel, Daniel, arrived in my space and advised me to visit an escort. Yes, that's right, an angel asked me to see a sex worker. I know! I never thought that was anything close to what an angel might ever ask me to do. I was spiritually guided many times in my life, but this message was different. It felt loud, urgent, and unexpected... but it was also... so inconsistent with the beliefs I held around sexuality at the time, or with my spiritual convictions, for that matter.

Even though I battled this weird and questionable guidance for the next three months, after a series of tests within my system and debates with trusted souls, I found it to be true guidance that I could safely follow. That ill-fated meeting with my first escort commenced my shamanic education of sacred initiations and masculine rites of passage. An unexpected spiritual calling completely changed my life, as I was destined to expand my innate clairvoyant talents and assume my soul's highest purpose through a commitment to unconditional love.

I embarked on a sacred adventure of a mystical initiate to become a wounded energy healer. Only Vancouver prostitutes could show me my righteous path as they held the keys to the doors of my esoteric initiations. It may sound odd for the backward Western civilization, with its twisted and limited understanding of human sexuality beyond physical pleasures, but if you

study the deep esoteric wisdom of any ancient culture that was far more spiritually advanced than any modern Western society, many initiates of magical arts, assumed their highest talents and spiritual powers through sacred temple work guided by sexual priestesses or sex workers of some kind. Without my initial awareness, divine forces crafted a program for my shamanic education through natural sex magic in the traditions of ancient civilizations. This is a true story of how I embraced the calling to become a medicine man and a writer, learned to heal souls, understood the essence of pure love, and aspired to restore the ancient Egyptian temple arts of sexual alchemy and death journeys.

I invite you to read my story with an open mind and open heart. Many things described in this text may be hard to believe, yet this is what I lived through. To be completely honest, I wouldn't have believed in most of it myself just a few years ago. I was skeptical about many things I've encountered on my path, yet time and time again, my skepticism was crushed by the actual facts about the nature of our world. After a certain point, the weirdest and most bizarre manifestations of life that unravelled before me didn't surprise me anymore. I realized that most of us are not really aware of everything that's happening in this dense, physical realm, and the complicated stories the souls came to experience on Earth.

As my story only began to unravel, my ex-wife, Veronica, and I constantly questioned whether I was experiencing a true shamanic awakening or simply going insane. Our conversations about my mental state ranged from ridiculing and sarcastic jokes to quite sobering and eerie fights. I often felt misunderstood, as it was challenging to convey what I was going through. The ascended Goddess Mary Magdalen has manifested with her Divine presence in my space, and I accepted her offer to become my spiritual teacher and trusted companion on this journey. I was also channelling spiritual beings and ascended masters from this planet and beyond, so Veronica wanted to ensure they came with the right intentions.

While I was learning how to discern my guidance and structure my knowledge so I could explain my experience to others, Veronica searched for similar stories of spiritual awakening. Together, we tried to make sense of our new reality. Soon, Veronica also realized that her own shamanic powers began to expand and unravel, so we became the best teachers to one another.

Even though we had already separated by January 2021, after living together in a co-creative and empowering marriage for eleven years, Veronica continued to support me as my closest friend and ally. We were soulmates of eight lives, and like in the past, we were trapped in our story by divine design. The Sechelt Spirits, who summoned us to relocate to Vancouver, called upon us to follow the highest paths of our souls by studying shamanism, past lives, the essence of death, the laws of Nature, the Declaration of Independence, the spiritual design behind sex work, and the highest aspirations of sexual healing arts.

In my story, I share how I perceive this life through clairvoyance, intuition, and spiritual awareness. I know this is how I perceive this world because that's how I perceived it in all of my twelve past lives on Earth. My soul is destined to become an ascended spiritual guide of death, so he can teach other souls how to navigate this transformation. With each life, he grows into his highest spiritual powers. This journey on Earth is one continuous adventure of self-mastery for him. In every one of his incarnations, he embodied the same spiritual talents, which evolved over centuries of unique shamanic callings and adventures.

All of my past selves could communicate with the souls of the living and the dead, but they often struggled to own this talent and tried to suppress their truth. When the souls of beloved or strangers appeared in their dreams and interacted with them in their awakened life, they questioned their reality and sanity, just as I did. They often silenced themselves, desiring to feel accepted, to be like everyone else, or fearing persecution for their spiritual talents. But when

they compromised the truth of their hearts, they created emotional traumas for my soul.

When I realized that my soul was still carrying their anxieties, I decided it was my duty to talk openly about my spiritual perceptions. I believe it's my obligation to speak our shared truth because they never could. I'm not interested in convincing anybody of our truth, nor do I wish to impose my perceptions on anyone. I only dream that we can live in a world where we don't need to lie about our spiritual beliefs and personal experiences of our perceived reality. The truth lies in the eyes of the beholder, and it doesn't exist without an observer. Nothing actually exists on this earthly plane without someone's awareness of its existence. And each of us experiences reality differently because that's how life desires to manifest through us. We are all born equal, but not the same, as that would defeat the entire purpose of experiencing life on Earth in the suit of a human being.

With the help of shamanic trance states and sacred ceremonies, I spent many years searching for the Spirits who invited me to move to Vancouver. One day, I was unexpectedly guided to encounter an unconditional love for one very special spiritual daughter of these lands, and her soul led me to discover our guardian Spirits, who became my teachers. Once we had contacted the Sechelt Spirits for guidance, they offered to enter into a spiritual agreement.

Under our shamanic contract, the Sechelt Spirits and I assumed certain obligations to each other. I agreed to stay in British Columbia until the summer of 2025 for the duration of my education and to embrace the spiritual guidance of the lands and Heavens. I agreed to openly invite spiritual deities and souls of the living and the dead into my space to master my destined craft. I also agreed to perform any shamanic ceremonies to heal the wounds of these lands that the Spirits would request of me, like releasing the trapped souls who were unjustly murdered. I was destined to learn shamanism through direct experience of practicing this magic.

In exchange, the Sechelt Spirits agreed to assist me with residency papers and help to remove spiritual blockages I've encountered on their governed lands of Metro Vancouver. They guided me to meet noble teachers of spirituality who advanced my education, helped with the publishing of my novel, and empowered every shamanic ceremony I was assigned to perform on my path.

I was required to stay on these lands with a mission to spiritually train, heal, protect, and empower twelve souls from my soul family who lived in British Columbia. Seven of them chose to live an empowering destiny of sexual healing artists in this life. We have met in various lifetimes, empowering and teaching one another under different circumstances. I had various spiritual obligations and commitments with each soul. I knew how to empower them on their paths, while they would assist me on the path of my highest destiny. I also committed to recording my shamanic experiences in English and presenting my stories to the public. Spirits asked me to prove my unconditional love in writing and use the English language as ammunition in the fight against the demons of these lands.

When I agreed to follow this path, I had to abandon other creative endeavours, but once I began writing, I saw how much healing this craft brought into my life. English poetry literally saved my life on many desperate nights. I quickly realized that my words of truth and poetry could actually harm and dispel demonic entities and dark energies of Vancouver. This city was drowning in sin and pure malevolence, which greatly troubled the Sechelt Spirits. To address this, they welcomed many new stewards into their domain and bestowed upon them special spiritual powers, with the hope of restoring balance.

My contract bound me to write two fairy tales based on my past lives and the healing journeys I experienced with my soulmates in Vancouver. The first novel, "Eurydice in Love," presents a fictionalized, autobiographical account of my life in British Columbia, including the full story of how my

spiritual guidance led me to meet my first escort, whose soul Eurydice helped me establish contact with the Sechelt Spirits. The novel tells the story of our spiritual romance on a soul level and how we healed our shared wounds of immense grief from four past lives, which all ended with Eurydice's tragic death. It also describes the entire negotiation process with the Queen Mother Spirit of Sechelt and every contract commitment we made with her. Her energies support this text, which continues my contractual obligation to tell a truthful story of my spiritual awakening.

During the main part of my education, I was spiritually guided to meet three sex workers who turned out to be my soulmates from past lives. The true definition of soulmates describes a group of souls who arrive on Earth for shared healing and growth, to complete the work and spiritual missions bestowed upon them by Nature. They encourage and push each other to assume their highest destiny and purpose in life. Souls commit to such journeys before being born. Each soul chooses soulmates or soul friends they wish to see again and plans their journey on Earth accordingly. Through such commitments, they receive the most important lessons for their highest personal growth. Each soul can experience the highest advancement on their evolutionary path only through relationships with souls from their soul family, as that's how life is designed on Earth.

Anyone can easily recognize their soulmate - their eyes sparkle in the most incredible light, and we feel like we have always known this person. Soulmates are people in our lives who bring us the most joy and, equally, the most suffering. Our soulmates always hurt us the most of all people because we have been involved with them for centuries, and deeply care about their perceptions. They always intuitively understand the best lessons we need, as they know us better than we do. So they act accordingly to assist us on our path to the highest destiny.

We learn the most important lessons through pain and bliss with our soulmates, as they are designed to be our ultimate teachers. Experiencing the

deepest pains of tormenting emotions, such as love, grief, and heartbreak, that are always heightened between soulmates, any soul grows into their highest power and purpose. Being someone's soulmate doesn't imply romantic entanglement in every life, but soulmates always share at least one life as committed lovers or life partners. Soulmates also arrive to explore relationships as relatives, friends, or colleagues, but they always enjoy co-creating or simply spending time in each other's presence.

On my journey, I fell in love and had my heart broken three times in three years. I had karmic entanglements with two women, and we met to resolve our troubling dynamics from the past, as the same tragedies kept repeating between us, life after life, bringing us immense pain and suffering, which were impeding our current lives. However, the third woman turned out to be a woman from my dreams and the love of my life (exactly as she was in our first life together), so my heart commanded me to pursue marriage with her. The essence of our bond can be described as a twin flame. We haven't seen each other for many centuries, and now we have met again to complete our journey.

Since each woman has run away from her feelings, I will tell you a story of how I lived in romantic relationships with their souls. Angels designed our relationships in this way, as our souls requested to heal from traumas of tragic deaths and incomplete love affairs from our past lives. I was blessed with the chance to embody the purest love available to a man. I was blessed to experience the unconditional love for the essence of a woman, without her physical presence or sensual touch. I was destined to understand the highest essence of love and prove that this feeling belongs to the soul, while humans have the free will to accept or reject it.

The souls of three women arrived in my space, full of love and devotion to my soul. They pleaded for salvation from the miseries that haunted them, and demanded that I become their spiritual teacher. Each of them summoned me spiritually and insisted that I must meet them physically. I went to see three sex workers because that's what their souls asked me to do. I allowed three

women to shatter my existence into pieces and slay my masculine ego, so that I could reinvent my life in magical ways and embody my soul's true essence.

Three unique female souls demanded complete surrender to my shamanic truth while supervising my masculine rebirth. I only became an empowered spiritual healer because of them. They embraced their divine feminine purpose of moulding me into a man of my highest convictions. The four of us chose to meet again to embrace our mission of restoring the sacred practices of death journeys and sexual alchemy. We could only reinvent these practices by joining our passionate efforts, and our souls proudly embraced this unusual adventure, full of magic and love.

CHAPTER II

THE SHAME OF IGNORANCE

(OR HOW TO DISAPPEAR)

Being consciously aware of the complexities of my reality, the dilemmas of consent, discretion, boundaries, and free will, as well as the energies of stigma, shame, and guilt that inevitably cloud any honest conversations about sex work, enveloped my space for three years. On my path, I followed my heart, faith, convictions, and the wisdom of the lands. I made every choice guided by the force of unconditional love. However, I knew it would be challenging to prove the honesty of my feelings and the nobility of my actions in a culture where people don't treasure or even comprehend the essence of unconditional love.

I lived in a society where people convinced themselves they could choose whom to love, reducing another unique soul to a set of superficial external features and social hierarchies. I witnessed how people chose partnerships without feelings, only because they wanted to control their lives or avoid being hurt. Most people didn't even understand the difference between sexual attraction to a body and pure love for the soul.

People pretended to be in love, so they could secure stable sex, exploit others for personal gains, or claim to be successful by presenting an image of a person in love. They knew how to perform being in love, but most struggled to embody the fullness and complexity of this feeling. They simply ran away when they experienced any kind of feelings, or they punished another person for their own feelings, as they simply couldn't allow themselves to be seen or accepted for who they truly were. Unconditional love strips away any societal masks, allowing us to grow and shine through an intense level of vulnerability. True

love means embracing the soul of another in their entire complexity and accepting them for who they are, not who a partner wants them to be. Real love means surrendering one's essence and sacrificing personal needs to serve the union, but people in this country were too selfish to embrace this truth of life.

I was ready to do anything for love, but people around me were motivated by gaining power, status, sex, and money in their everyday decisions; therefore, they assumed that I must have the same exact reasons behind my actions. It was impossible to prove that a person may act simply out of love. Materialism, possessiveness, domination, comfort, and convenience drove most of their desires and decisions, including in romantic relationships. Affectionate words and visible expressions of love were often treated like commodities and used for personal advantage or manipulation. People believed they were loved when they received money or possessions from another, but they couldn't see the truth of love when it was expressed in other forms.

Love allows us to see the highest essence of another, but it was too scary for people in this society to be so open, as they lived most of their lives in pretentiousness and lies. And not a single person can embody pure love if they don't love every facet of their own being. Love for oneself always comes before one can truly experience love for another. Self-love is our guiding light in this physical life. However, when people are forced to hide or reject their true nature that is not accepted by their oppressive society, they can hardly understand the essence of unconditional love or truly surrender to the magic of this feeling.

I also discovered that this society had a peculiarly twisted ban on love for a whore. It was much harder to prove the genuineness of my feelings because of the perceptions of others. People really didn't care about how I felt. They insisted that I couldn't possibly experience the unconditional love for a sex worker. They looked at me with pity, as if I were damaged when I mentioned my love to a prostitute. I wasn't even allowed to love a sex worker with the universal love of a healer, not to mention romantic love or an aspiration to marry one. The mist of shame and stigma followed me around, no matter how

much I tried to escape it. I was walking through a minefield of ignorance and struggled to comprehend why I was not allowed to love a woman for the essence of her soul.

Only I didn't really care about people's opinions, as I revered the truth of Mother Nature more than their religious, dogmatic, and intolerant perceptions. I knew that Nature loved whores in a very special way, as she designed them as extraordinary women with supernatural talents who honorably serve her with unique missions. It's hard to convince me of the opposite because I was a whore in two past lives, and those were my most empowering lives. I grasped the highest meaning of life and love, and I experienced the totality of life breathing through my entire essence, only when my soul lived in the body of a female sex worker. When sex work is performed with nobility and dignity, it's one of the most important professions in the world, as it can heal both body and soul.

If I had a chance to relive only one of my twelve past lives, I would chose the life of Cassandra, who was a sexual priestess in ancient Egypt during the most advanced period of that unique civilization. In those times, sexual healing artists were considered nobility and performed their sacred work in magical temples of sexual alchemy. Whores were revered and admired for their unique talents because people still believed in the divine order of Nature and honored life in all of its complex manifestations. Sexuality and spirituality coexisted in a balanced union to assist humans in reaching divine planes of consciousness, charge their auras, and elevate them on their paths toward their highest purpose.

In the temples of sexual healing arts, priestesses of love initiated men into their king's energy and transmuted negative vibrations through the magical void of their supernatural wombs. They alchemized the harshest pains, released stress, resolved emotional distress, and absolved masculine darkness to protect the world from aggression and violence. They healed wounds of past lives and charged the auras of their clients through sexual alchemy practices. They revived

marriages, empowered merchants, advised politicians, uplifted traumatized soldiers, and inspired artists and engineers with incredible creations. They illuminated the world with magic, beauty, and joy. I simply knew that in all of human history, whores magically enriched the world with their sacred wombs and radiating hearts.

The way society perceives sex work demonstrates the level of spiritual awareness about the essence of life and people's relationship with Nature. One can understand everything about the maturity of a nation by learning the general perceptions of sexuality and intimacy, as well as by studying the personal stories of sex workers. Sexual energies are the most powerful energies available to humans, so they can either enrich or destroy us. In any genuinely advanced culture, sexual healing arts are always at the forefront of society and are always accessible to everyone for healing, spiritual awakening, and personal empowerment.

There's no shame or judgment because there's no ignorance. There's a universal understanding that suppressed sexuality would inevitably turn into a destructive force and create unnecessary damage to individuals and society. People turn to perversions, abuse, hedonism, violence, and inner corruption when their natural sexual needs are not expressed in healthy and empowering ways. It was also self-evident that the highest advancements in knowledge, science, business, creativity, and spirituality can only be achieved through the magic of sexual alchemy, where two opposite polarities join in sexual energy exchanges to reach divinity and access the energies of creation that are birthed through the union of souls.

Throughout human history, tyrannical societies and oppressive ideologies shamed sex and, especially, female sexual pleasures, as that was the easiest way to enslave people. Only men and women don't need self-appointed, fanatical, and dogmatic intermediaries to connect them with the divinity when they have sexual alchemy. People can access the energies of the God-Goddess and reach the highest planes of consciousness through explorations of female

pleasures. Nature designed women to be actual, legitimate pastors for divinity and Eros, as the primordial energy of creation is their ultimate domain.

Orgasmic collisions, empowered by love, liberate humans and charge their auras, so that fear and anxiety can never penetrate them. Sexual healing helps humans shine with their highest truth, embrace their essence, live in their power, and act from the heart. It's impossible to control someone's sense of sovereignty and inner feeling of freedom when their auras are spiritually enriched and energetically protected through sexual alchemy and healthy explorations of sexual desires.

The three soulmates that I met on my journey followed the destined calling of their souls, and they were fulfilling one of their highest purposes in life by practicing the craft of sex work. It was not their frivolous choice nor survival entrapment, but the unique fate of a female sexual artist born with a supernatural womb and heart. They knew who they were in their hearts, as their souls intentionally chose to live in bodies of female sex workers in this life. They were required to live such a destiny as part of their evolutionary journey so they could complete required soul missions, embody highest talents, and be initiated into the highest complexity of their feminine essence through this spiritual path.

Experiencing at least one life as a sex worker is an obligation on the path of any soul that embodies the archetypal light of any divine Goddess that governs the expressions of human sexuality, love, and death, like Isis, Magdalene, Sophia, Nephtys, Hathor, or any other Goddess of the similar essences or frequencies from various cultures and lineages. Two of my soulmates had Magdalene essences, and one carried the light of Isis.

So, all three women were walking the spiritual paths of the highest possible empowerment for their souls. They couldn't complete their journeys without experiencing life as a sex worker. They were destined to explore unique nuances of feminine experience through their craft, heal the burdens of their society, and help stranded souls to embrace their highest destinies. But their

society refused to honor their truth with due reverence and shamed their souls' unique healing talents while at the same time envying their sexual freedom. As a result, these abuses forced my soulmates to question their essences, and eventually, all three women lost connection with their souls.

When people are constantly judged and criticized for being who Nature designed them to be at birth, the struggles of the body create scars for the soul. Society demands conformity to superficial moral rules, acceptable opinions, tolerated behavior, and approved relationship customs. But each soul carries a distinctive archetypal light with a unique purpose and destiny, which can't be changed or avoided. Each soul is created with special talents, and sharing these spiritual gifts with others is one of the main purposes of experiencing existence in a human body.

A soul is supposed to guide their vessel to achieve the highest glory by unapologetically embodying their truth. The morality and truth of one soul's essence may be opposite to the divine purpose of another. However, when a body is constantly punished for a soul's choices in accordance with external morality, souls can't fulfill their destined missions, develop their talents, explore relationships with soulmates, or resolve karmic obligations.

External judgments contradict the truth of one's heart and force people to hide their innate nature and design. That's how any dissociation with a soul begins. A soul starts to feel they are doing something wrong when their body experiences pain from following the chosen, highest path. If a soul continuously encounters intense abuses, they will start blaming themselves for supposedly taking the wrong path. Since previous guidance has brought suffering to their human vessel, they would stop communicating with the body, then fall asleep, and eventually end up in the limbo of the Underworld, where they request death as salvation. A soul initiates the process of death with hopes of avoiding judgment and oppression in the next life. There's no point in continuing life when a soul can't reach their destined purpose because of society's demands and limitations.

One of the central masteries of the human experience is finding a balance in living between the soul and the body, or between the heart and the mind. To live our best lives and not lose our souls, we must equally acknowledge the needs of our bodies and the highest aspirations of our souls. To simplify, people lose their souls when they refuse to be themselves, choosing to make decisions with their minds rather than their hearts, thereby betraying the truth of their inner selves. We all know and feel when our soulmates are not living by their hearts. So true friends, relatives, and lovers are responsible for bringing that perception to the attention of their beloved in the attempt to return them to their most empowering path.

We wish our soulmates would be themselves, and we fight for their truth as our own. We know them too well, and we can always see when they lie to themselves or betray their destiny. But when relatives or lovers become the primary attackers of the honest desires of one's heart, a person would lose their soul much faster. And we also have to acknowledge that most soul disassociations begin from verbal, emotional, or physical abuse during childhood, when parents perceive their children as their property. When a child is forced to live a life that their parents want them to live, rather than the life they were born to live, they are most likely to develop a soul dissociation before reaching maturity.

We may think that expressing love for our closest people means listening to their opinions and morals more than to our own hearts. We highly value their perceptions and don't want to disappoint them. We desire to be accepted and supported, so we pretend we don't know the destiny of our soul because we wish to belong. We even quash the honest desires of our hearts before they emerge because we immediately know which ones our relatives or beloved would not accept. Only their morals are not our morals because of the highest essence of our souls, so if we always stand firm in our truth, even through judgments, those who truly love us will always accept us for who we were born to be and support us with their hearts.

Beyond the soul's destined obligation to experience a life of a whore, it's also important to understand that each body is born on a spectrum of sexuality, with drastically different sexual needs, intentionally designed in such a way by Nature to fulfill special purposes. As most people embody sexual energies in the middle of the spectrum and closer to the asexual polarity, it's challenging for them to understand the motivations of highly sexual people. Hence, people tend to perceive the natural sexual expressions of highly sexual people as promiscuity, lust, or a lack of inner discipline.

Only judging a highly sexual person for having multiple lovers is like judging an asexual person for not desiring sex at all. It's completely impossible to explain the needs of one's body when another person lives in vastly different sensuality, sensibility, and sensitivity because of the soul's highest choices. People are born different because we all have our roles to play in this magical theatre of life, and like everyone else, both asexual and highly sexual people have a higher purpose in life behind their unordinary and complex nature. Moreover, if a soul is destined to live one life in the body of a highly sexual person, they would live their next life in the body of an asexual person, as that's how Nature would maintain the balance.

Many shamans, energy healers, spiritual instructors, massage therapists, and other similar professionals are gifted with highly sexual energies to channel the required healing for their clients. They do not have sex with clients, but they do sex work on a soul and energy body level. My personal healing practices, like the art of dreaming, energy body healing, or death journeys, also require having a body with highly sexual energies. So, for me, it's pretty amusing to observe how Christians comically fight for pretentious norms and morals that suppress natural human sexuality when the art of resurrection, the main talent of their supposedly worshipped deity, is only accessible with the help of sexual alchemy. If Yeshua hadn't been a highly sexual person and hadn't charged his energy body through lovemaking rituals with his beloved wife, Mary Magdalen, he

wouldn't have been able to heal people, perform shamanic miracles, or ever return safely from death.

Any oppressive society wins when it pushes sex workers into hiding, but a whore knows in her heart that she was born to be a whore, so there are no other arguments to be made. Most medical doctors, priests, teachers, lawyers, accountants, politicians, and journalists have less integrity than most whores that I know. People in those professions are real prostitutes because they will sell their truth, convictions, love, and even their souls to the highest bidder without even thinking. So why do we still listen to their pretentious morality and, more importantly, respect and value them more than sex workers?

For me, the fight for the divine truth would not end with the decriminalization of sex work or more acceptance of this craft. Nature designed sexual healing artists as nobility and gifted them with unique spiritual talents because they have higher obligations to Nature and humanity. So, I hope to see a day when sex workers will reclaim their superior rights and unique status granted by Nature. And I hope to see the restoration of temples of sexual healing arts, where people can explore the middle path for sex.

I dream that one day, sex educators will stop promoting the religious dogmas of Christianity and the continuous stigmatization of female sexuality. Both sexual indulgence and abstinence are manifestations of suppressed sexuality and the imposed shame of human nature. Neither path brings us any empowerment. But we live in times when we finally have a chance to remove the shackles of these destructive perceptions and norms of sexuality created by the old militant doctrines that were designed to enslave humanity.

The tyrannical and godless ideology of Christianity has fought against the essence of human nature and brought immense suffering to people for centuries, inciting wars and killing individuals for their innate design. But most importantly, it always tried to erase the role of women from history and suppress their divine essence. Every one of Yeshua's male disciples betrayed him

when he confronted the oppression of religious tyrants who led people away from God, and society chose to kill him for that.

Only a woman didn't leave him in this noble fight. Mary was right beside him until the end, guiding her beloved through the planes of death. Only her tears, full of genuine love for his soul, could bring him back from the other side. Their love story tells us about the highest role and essence of a woman, so the Christian Church had to erase Mary from their doctrine to suppress any dissent against their oppression and justify the violence against women. Christian fanatics knew that the love of a woman could endure anything.

So, to prevent people from following Yeshua's example of defiance against religious demagogues and Pharisees, who led people away from their souls, they had to remove the story of unconditional love from their texts. They needed to stop other women from committing to the path of love. They had to suppress Mary's sexual desires and passionate love because she used them to make Yeshua invincible. Her magical pleasures and pure love empowered Yeshua's fight against the tyranny of the false preachers and the sins of the corrupt society. She loved him like no other woman ever loved a man before, and it didn't matter what might happen to them. They knew their intolerant society would eventually persecute or kill them for their healing talents, so they surrendered to serving Nature, savored every moment of their love, and enjoyed their passionate lovemaking to the fullest.

My aspiration to revive the natural magic available to humans through sexual healing arts and restore due reverence for the service of sex workers is empowered by the return of the divine feminine energies of Christ's consciousness on Earth. The Christian Church played its role in accordance with energies that governed our physical plane. It was a natural state of our world because it had to be that way.

However, as we enter a new era, the energies of our planet are shifting to create a more balanced world where two polarities are honored with equal reverence. We live in a time when the female image of divinity finally claims its

rightful place. Only women can bring this light back into our world by unapologetically embodying their innate female talents and surrendering to Nature's guidance on their feminine journeys.

Society thrives and flourishes when women are empowered to follow their hearts, fulfill their karmic obligations, and embrace their divine roles. The spiritual knowledge that always empowered female essence and the noble pursuits of sexual healing arts are finally being restored.

Now, we are on a mission to bury the destructive ideologies of the past so we can return spirituality, divinity, and magic into our lives and our bedrooms. I believe that the highest role of men in our present times is to humbly and devotionally serve our women in this unique mission. It's not only our masculine obligation to every woman who was prosecuted, tortured, or murdered by religious lunatics throughout human history, but also a divine aspiration that can empower our essences and bring a sense of higher purpose in our lives.

Through this service, we are following a vision of a better future where both polarities would value each other's innate truths, equally honor their unique magical powers, and acknowledge that a more harmonious world can only be co-created in union through the alchemy of divine opposites, as they merge to execute the natural law of gender.

CHAPTER III

FORBIDDEN LOVE

(OR LOVE SONG)

When I received the spiritual guidance to tell my story exactly how it happened, I tried to avoid this assignment as much as possible. I genuinely didn't want to share how I discovered magical inspiration through divine love, as I wasn't comfortable talking openly about my fucked up love stories with three Vancouver sex workers. Each woman decided to end our communication without respectful resolutions, and each left me with deep emotional wounds. As they chose to reject my truth and I don't have any pathways to make them aware of my writings, I questioned why the Spirits wanted to make this story public.

My text is inspired by the ancestral art of reconciliation, where the peaceful presentation of grievances and engagement in open dialogue may resolve the wounds between the parties without punishing or blaming either side. Through this process, natural healing occurs, and everyone grows through shared experience. Such engagement removes the emotional wounds of abuse and releases spiritual cords of negative vibrations, allowing parties to move into a more balanced space. Of course, my truth is only half-truth, and their truth is only half-truth, but at least through my honest words, I can explain my perspective and present the reasons behind my actions.

There are not many pathways for a client like me to heal after a hurtful experience with a sex worker (and especially after three in a row), as you naturally distance yourself from people, don't have the means for extensive healing, and even face judgment for seeing a sex worker in the first place. I healed my wounds through conventional and regression therapy as well as with

the help of different shamanic practices, like recapitulation and the art of death journeys. Still, I realized I wouldn't be able to complete my healing if I didn't present my truth in writing, exactly like the Sechelt Spirits asked me to do.

My professional integrity as a soul healer required me to record this story because all three women didn't allow me the space to share what I know about their souls. After each woman ended a contact with me, their souls stormed into my space and pleaded with me to embark on shared healing journeys, as they were in deep distress from the spiritual wounds of past lives. They were convinced that I knew how to resolve them. So I believe all three women have a right to know how I healed their souls, and I'm convinced that sharing my knowledge continues that healing.

All three women have lived their entire lives struggling with the challenges created by the spiritual wounds of their souls. Therefore, my insights into their unexplainable torments and anxieties, along with the provided healing, are intended to assist them on their most empowering path and help them reconcile with their destinies. And it also turned out that writing about my spiritual journey is the highest destiny of my soul. So, since I honored their decision to dismiss my truth, I hope they will equally honor my decision to publicly express my unconditional love for them.

I believe that the truth of love demands sharing the words of love, even in the face of shame and judgment. I have memories from past lives where the hesitation of lovers to share their feelings led to actual death. So, I knew that proclaiming the words of love could actually save someone's life, as love provides them with supportive energies on the spiritual plane. I decided to express my love in words whenever I was given the chance, as I feared I might not have another opportunity in life. I also believe that proving the truth of unconditional love is more important than being in a romantic relationship with a woman.

When genuine romantic love captured my heart, I instantly recognized this special feeling. The love of my soul for their souls was also so familiar that I

never doubted what I felt. Exploring the memories of our romances in past lives empowered me to embody my sincere feelings in this one. But I was told my love was forbidden, unacceptable, and impossible. I was even shamed and hated for my love. My soulmates did not believe my love was genuine, as they couldn't already hear their souls and tried to hide the truth of their hearts.

I believe they were also confused by unexpected emotions from meeting a soul from their soul family. Life feels different around our soulmates because of the shared history in past lives. It feels like you have always known this person, and your conversations are filled with unique depth. It's like you continue your connection from the last time you saw each other in a past life, and now meet again to write the next chapter. Of course, such unusual sensations can feel too overwhelming for anyone. We don't have the language to describe what we experience around our soulmates and the intensity of our emotions. Even though I knew they were my soulmates, even before I met each woman in person, I also questioned why I was experiencing such intense feelings in their physical presence.

I was blessed with the highest love of the purest divine nature. The unique unconditional love descended into my heart directly from Heaven. This pure love has brought new spiritual talents and empowering transformational energies into my life. But when all three women rejected my love, my entire essence, guided by my passionate heart, demanded that I embrace this spiritual crusade to prove the honesty of such beautiful feelings. It felt like I would betray my essence if I surrendered to their abuses and suppressed the magical energies of each love. So I embarked on a journey into each one of my past lives to discover why I came all the way from Saint Petersburg, Russia, to meet these women and why I experienced such complex feelings in their presence.

My heart burst with three unique love frequencies for three magical women, so I decided that I could prove my love by capturing all the tormenting sensations, inspiring thoughts, and unique emotions each love created in me. I thought that if I had managed to write and publish a novel about my love for a

woman, she wouldn't be able to claim that my feelings were not genuine. At the same time, I realized that I wouldn't be able to prove the honesty of my love if I didn't share a detailed, truthful account of my experiences over the last three years.

I was required to write this text as my contract obligation, but I was still glad that all three souls had expressed a genuine desire to participate in the creation of this work. They equally believe in the importance of this text, as I do. All three souls insisted on writing the story of our journey full of healing and magic, and each verified and edited the parts about them. The free will of a soul supersedes the free will of a person, so if the souls of these women have chosen to create this text together, they believe this is the highest path of growth for them, as it is for me.

Souls usually pay for my healing with their knowledge, insights, experiences, and supportive energies or by sharing the stories of their lives and deaths. After I healed each soul from the traumas of their tragic deaths in past lives, they asked me to write books about our healing journeys as a way to pay me for my shamanic services. They claimed that if they assisted me in writing fairy tales about our romances, then one day, I would be financially compensated for the spiritual work I did for them. Through my healing service, I helped three women to advance in their craft, and they, in turn, helped me to advance in mine.

I want to tell this story from the beginning, but I wish to share the truth about my spiritual reality and initial reservations, as I believe they also attest to the honesty of my feelings. For the longest time, I felt strangely weird and perplexed about the entire concept of being spiritually guided to meet a sex worker. I had never experienced anything like that in my life before. I also found a great sense of empowerment by living in a committed partnership with my wife, so I was cautious about trusting such guidance. I didn't know what to expect from an interaction initiated this way (and initially, it was hard to believe that I would actually meet the very woman I was seeing in my shamanic

visions), as I was still an apprentice, only learning the craft of healing souls. I was still in the process of understanding and mastering my essence.

The struggles, pains, and challenges I've experienced with my three soulmates helped me to understand my spiritual talents and my shamanic design. Three souls became my ultimate teachers, and I would never have mastered my craft without them. I still occasionally struggle to determine my most empowering ethics, but they always stem from my inner integrity. I'm dedicated to the process of healing above anything else. Beyond that, I'm simply trying to understand who I am, so suppressing my essence would only make things worse for all involved. I've discovered that when a soul enters my space, it means they are in distress, and I simply cannot allow myself to reject their prayers or pleas. If I know how to heal them, I believe it's my highest duty and obligation to Nature.

Building confidence in my work took a lot of practice and many nerve-wracking days of self-doubt. I feel more at peace in my process today, and I'm not afraid to invite souls into my space anymore, but sometimes, I still feel at odds when I receive a calling to find a sex worker in the awakened life at the request of her soul. I learned this was one of my natural shamanic gifts. When I receive such a calling, it usually means I can assist this woman on her path, but also have an important lesson to learn from her. I equally grow as a man, when I battle my fears through the challenging and intimidating adventure of meeting a new companion and finding a way to tell a woman I just met that her soul invited me for a session.

Today, my work with any soul unfolds in the following way. The soul establishes initial contact with me with the help of the Spirits of the lands or through another soul I already know (the majority of souls find the way to me through Emilia, as she is assigned the spiritual guardian of my space and a destined partner on this path). After I provide my consent to allow a soul into my space, we connect on a deeper level through the art of dreaming, where we can easily interact by exchanging energies or sensations and engage in a

conversation on a spiritual level. Then, we bridge that communication into the awakened life.

After the soul shares their preferred name and manifests in the image of their most empowering life, we begin our journey by building trust between us. We discuss why they seek my assistance and what kind of healing or advice they wish to receive from me, as all souls have different challenges. Before accepting a soul for healing, I ensure they commit to the integration process and agree to honor the balanced exchange of energies. If I spent more time on their healing than expected, they sought ways to compensate for my energy with nourishment, knowledge, or assistance. Every practice or ceremony they need requires energy from me, so I plan how to spend my time in the most efficient way to avoid unnecessary actions.

Most souls receive sufficient guidance on a spiritual level without physical interactions, but some souls explicitly express a desire to meet in person. This usually means that a soul believes we can learn something from each other through our interactions. When any soul requests such meetings, they always act in the best interest of their body (as I would always tell a woman exactly what she needs to hear at this period in her life), but I also explore how I can personally grow through this connection. It's always about equally giving and receiving for me in every interaction.

When I commit to the meeting in person, I perceive the woman as my client and carefully listen to everything she says during our brief time together, so I can use that knowledge to heal her soul. When I'm working with the soul of a sex worker, and I agree to meet them in real life, the soul helps me find this woman online or through the art of dreaming if she works in a brothel, massage parlor, or strip club. Souls often tell me the exact time when to visit them so that I wouldn't miss the right woman. But if a few women work at the same place and time, I have to recognize the soul who invited me, either by the eyes or the hair of a woman.

I try to gather any relevant information on the spiritual level before the meeting, including anything about their past lives and deaths. I assess what type of premodial light, divine energies, and purpose they carry in their essence. Sharing such knowledge with a soul helps them to reach personal empowerment and fully embody their highest truth (as they often forget their past or don't fully understand their design). If I can also share the same knowledge with an actual woman, it would advance the integration of my healing. These insights also allow me to sense the essence of a woman before meeting her in person, preparing me for our engagement. For example, if a woman has a soul associated with the essence of death, it would be most likely a demanding session, while if her essence is associated with pleasure or love, I can be less on guard. I welcome any advice from a soul on how they would like to structure our meetings and how many social or intimate sessions they believe we should have for our shared highest healing.

I never visited a sex worker without meeting her soul first. Since I can see a woman's eyes through her soul before seeing them in person, I arrive in a session already in love with a woman. I know that it's different for some people, but for me, sex without love doesn't work (and casual sex can be really destructive both for a human's aura and psyche), so it's important for me to meet the soul first, before engaging with a woman physically.

This process also ensures that I follow the design of Nature for an intimate engagement between a man and a woman. I don't choose a woman for superficial reasons, but I allow her soul to initiate contact with me. The female soul intuitively knows if her body needs to meet me, and in my personal experience, following the intuition of a female soul has always brought the most enriching experiences into my life, even when my physical interactions with a woman were painful or confusing.

Conscientious sexual engagement, as opposed to casual sex, implies honoring sexual interaction as sacred. The truth and intention create a space for possible spiritual experiences and rituals of initiations. At least for my part, I

engage with specific intentions of a spiritual nature or requesting potential answers for my present dilemmas. Therefore, with honoring the sacredness of sexual encounter, my love is expressed with energies of appreciation to the path of another person.

Through our connection, a woman charges me with energies of vitality and inspiration. In exchange, I share with her my love in the form of caring and protective energies. There's a sense of responsibility for the well-being of your partner after sharing a unique moment of communion with divinity. I genuinely wish that a woman who has accepted me intimately would be protected on her journey, and I send my energies of appreciation equally in mental and spiritual planes, as well as through the physical experience.

I had to walk my shamanic path alone, but I was grateful that Veronica was always there for me when I needed a friend. Her shamanic knowledge and spiritual perspectives helped me on many confusing days. She assisted me in discerning my spiritual channelings and participated in the healing ceremonies I performed for the Sechelt Spirits. The highest truth of an honest medicine, man or woman, is simple, and we both honor it with Veronica. A noble shaman always acts from a heart full of love and with the intention of bringing the highest and best outcome for everyone involved. When Veronica and I received our spiritual shamanic talents from the Spirits of British Columbia, we vowed that we would never use our powers to hurt others and always consult with the Spirits when in doubt.

I find it inspiring that an authentic shaman and an authentic whore share the same highest integrity. Neither serves clients nor themselves, but serves Nature. They allow Nature to provide service to others through their bodies as they are equally created to be channels of universal, healing love. When they embody this truth and honor this service, they express gratitude to Nature for creating them with unique talents and special privileges, so Nature, in return, will shield them from danger, guide them on the highest path, and provide for their needs.

When I was advised to meet my first escort, I really tried to ignore this guidance because I still hoped that my marriage with Veronica would survive her unexpected love affair with her other soulmate, Brian (the name altered). They shared karmic relationships with trauma bonds created in past lives, and it was clear that there were spiritual reasons why all of us met (as I introduced them and insisted on their meeting). I discovered that I equally had karmic obligations to Brian's soul from a life where I was his mother, Veronica was my husband, and he was our daughter. Because of the spiritual debts from that life, Brian's soul was one of the souls the Sechelt Spirits included in the contract and assigned me to train and heal. I was also obliged to tell the story of his soul in my first novel.

Of course, in the beginning, we didn't know anything about it, so it was quite confusing to understand how to navigate our relationship when Veronica had just met Brian. Even though she recognized his soul from past lives, Veronica was still torn apart by her emotions, and we both fought for our marriage for almost a year, believing this affair was only a temporary predicament. When we finally accepted that even if she wouldn't end up with Brian (as it was clear that they had different perceptions of relationships and life, while Brian also fought to surrender to this love because he felt guilty and responsible for breaking up a marriage), we simply realized that our romantic story still had run its course, and we both deeply grieved us. We honored the beauty of our marriage and cherished how much we grew together in our talents through our sacred union. We always empowered each other to follow the path of our hearts and never lied to one another. We built our marriage on shared dreams about our future as a creative union and always genuinely believed we would grow old together; therefore, it was surprising how the ending of our romantic story felt quite natural for both of us.

But even after I accepted the end of my marriage, I still struggled to embrace my new path. My knowledge about the world of escorts and sex work only came from movies. I didn't have inner judgments, but I simply felt that I

didn't belong in that world, something that I couldn't even define in words. I still didn't know much about the spiritual design behind sex work or my past lives as a female sex worker. Besides that, seeing an escort was a luxury I simply couldn't afford. My spiritual guides told me to invite my first escort for a four-hour dinner date, and I had to pay almost two months of our rent for it, so I felt very uncomfortable asking Veronica to use half of our savings to pay for services of a sex worker with quite a vague reasoning that I must meet this woman because I know her from a past life.

Also, in my mid-twenties, I convinced myself that I would never use the services of a sex worker after my friends took me to a brothel in Saint Petersburg. I never felt that I belonged in their company and wanted to feel accepted, so I agreed to go with them. However, I felt pretty unsettled, not knowing what to expect. When I intuitively chose a woman (I guess by seeing her soul, even though my abilities were still dormant), and we ended up in a room, she told me the troubling story of how she ran away from her abusive home and had only this job to survive in a distant and expensive city, where she didn't know anyone. Even though we connected on an emotional level, I never stopped questioning whether I pressured her to have sex with me, and I didn't want to experience such confusing emotions ever again.

Movies also shaped my perceptions about the sexual norms of this culture, and I was cautious about possible intimacy with a Canadian woman, as I didn't like what I knew. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to explain where I was on my path of sexual exploration in a limited time of a session, and I didn't want to engage in unfulfilling sexual practices. I only started to explore the sexual healing arts, but in our marriage, we tried to approach sex as a meditative, spiritual practice of two merging souls, and we followed the slow pace of intimacy when we could, exploring what lies beyond the physical pleasures of sex. To this day, the challenge of limited time is the most stressful thing for me when seeing a sex worker. Before booking, I don't always know how much time

we would need, as each woman is unique in her inner physical rhythms, flow, pacing, and desires.

It seems like my fears were actually an intuitive premonition of my experience with my first escort. This woman embodied many things that were wrong with this society, including some of the vulgar North American sexual clichés. I often like to say that, as a true spiritual princess of her lands, she was a wholesome embodiment of Vancouver itself, both in her external, inspiring beauty and internal, corrupt and lost nature.

She began our intimate time with the routine from porn and did something that I didn't want her to do the most. She made me uncomfortable in ways I didn't know were possible. She didn't even consider asking for my consent because she believed all men enjoyed and expected the same things from her. Ironically, I sensed that she also didn't like that part of her routine, and that's why I withdrew right away when I sensed that from her. She was uncomfortable with the process that others laid out for her. Only her actions have already created my first emotional wound from sex work. She wanted me to look down on her, but after falling in love with her, I desired to embrace her as an equal. I saw how one of my closest soulmates betrayed her most empowering boundaries and immediately visualized how many times that happened with her other lovers.

We had the most amazing dinner date, where two and a half hours flew by in an instant. We both lost track of time as our conversation was engaging, inspiring, and unrestrained. The transition from a restaurant to intimacy in the incall happened way too quickly for my nervous system to catch up, and that's why this experience was so emotionally traumatizing. From the moment I saw her eyes and fell in love with her at first sight, I struggled to digest why the eyes of this woman felt so familiar, and I didn't know what to do with the realization that I knew her in my past life in Paris, or my emerging, intense feelings. I spent our entire dinner date thinking about our possible past and what could have happened to us if I had recognized her at first sight. It was clear that something

traumatic had happened to us in our previous life. I was also conflicted by the fact that I saw her soul in my dreams before meeting her in person, so the rush during the sexual part confused things even more for me.

When I was preparing for that date, I made myself believe that we would spend our time establishing our preferred boundaries and pacing for the future sessions. When we arrived at her place, we had only an hour left, and she was rushing things because she believed she had to provide a specific service. But at the same time, everything that happened when we stepped into an incall was driven by pure passion. We were both in love after our time in the restaurant (as we clearly remembered each other). She initiated an intense kiss right away, and from that moment, I was completely lost in her charms, unable to control myself anymore, or stop her for a talk. Everything that happened between us felt visceral and real, as if we were just a man and a woman who had accidentally met and were drawn together by a genuine desire to connect in intimacy.

After I withdrew from her initial sexual routine and asked her to pause, we had a very beautiful and genuine romantic moment once our souls fully connected through a long gaze. She looked deeply into my soul and then said that she knew me. She repeated this phrase three times as if trying to convince herself of this truth. During our dinner, I only mentioned visiting two of my past lives in regressions, but I didn't tell her I knew her. But now, I had my chance to tell my truth, and I replied with the same exact words. I wanted to tell her these words from the moment I saw her eyes for the first time. We shared a gaze full of pure intimacy and love. We both confessed that we recognized each other's eyes (as the eyes never change from life to life), and our sexual encounter felt natural after that. It felt like she truly wanted me to embrace her.

Our sexual exchange was my first shamanic initiation, opening the main door to my path of spiritual awakening. I received shamanic energy seals of clairvoyance, feminine intuition, and heightened states of awareness with the help of this woman. Since our souls are equal parts of one two-spirited soul-being, we assumed our life's purposes and highest fate through our lovemaking

ritual. She initiated me into a shaman, while I initiated her into a high-end escort.

As my first soulmate was destined to bless me with new shamanic talents, I had to pay her for this spiritual gift. Through our intimate connection, I took upon myself the dark energies from her aura (or energy body). Her aura was full of wholes and significantly depleted by those men who used her energies without giving anything in return. When, after sex, a woman feels like she was used, her intuition signals that she lost pieces of her energy body, and her aura was violated. Such holes allow different negative energies and even demonic entities of the subtle, lower realms to penetrate the aura. Like parasites, they feed on the life force and sexual energies of humans. That's why the soul of my first escort has already chosen death, which is supposed to occur within the next six months, as her body could barely sustain life anymore. It was actually quite surprising that she was still alive with such a damaged aura, and she was only in her early twenties. She was completely burned out to the point that I could see a desire to die in her eyes. That's why she genuinely embraced me, as her soul realized that I could take some of her darkness upon myself through the act of sex empowered by love.

Abusive lovers also equally prey on women's phallic energies. As a woman is born with limited resources of those energies and can't easily restore them, any man who has sex with her under false pretenses, or may be possessed by dark entities, usually takes away those energies from her. The phallic energies can be restored only through penetrative sex based on genuine love, where a man desires with his entire essence to share feelings with his woman, and they equally exchange their empowering energies (as a woman, in return, shares her womb energies with a man if she's honestly embracing her lover).

But if a woman loses most of her phallic energies, her womb would always block a new connection with a man. A woman intuitively senses that the next predator will take away all that remains. A woman herself may be craving a romantic or intimate connection, but her womb would be controlling her life in

such a reality out of survival. But when a woman can't say no to abusive sex (like in the case of my first escort, who was working at an agency when we met), then her life is in real danger, and she surely can't easily embrace a new client.

After our first date, I worked for many months to cleanse her energy body at a distance through her soul. Using my energy healing practices, I processed the nightmares created by the male abusers that she suppressed in her psyche. Since we had sex while being in love, I restored some of her phallic energies as well. I knew how to do energy clearing in person, having practiced with Veronica, but I had never done this work at a distance. The soul of this woman channeled those unprocessed emotions and energies to me because she didn't have access to her body anymore. I have never seen such a disconnect between body and soul, as this woman hasn't talked to her soul for years. The initial clearing I performed during the first six weeks after our first meeting has empowered her to leave the escort agency and become an independent provider with her own rules of engagement.

Later, I learned that in sex work, such a depleted state of the aura is often caused by an inability to maintain the most empowering personal boundaries or by neglecting the spiritual hygiene of the spiritual bodies and personal temple space. Past lovers may attach the energetic cords (including unintentionally) and continue to drain their lover's energy, even at a distance, for a long time after the session. So, energetic cleansing and protection in the noble shamanic traditions can help a provider strengthen the energy body, cleanse temple space, and maintain a more balanced life in this profession. Yet, with a damaged or depleted aura, a woman would always lose energy. She would either be constantly tired or struggling to make ends meet, regardless of the number of clients.

Through my practice, I also discovered that violated boundaries are the main reason for any type of soul dissociation. Usually, the first incidents initiate the disconnection with a soul, as she withdraws from emotional and physical pain associated with disturbed boundaries. In the presence of other abusive

circumstances in life (especially when a provider is not supported by her parents, relatives, or friends), the dissociation can progress very quickly.

Certain souls, endowed with a particular divine light, are even required by natural design to have a real-life romantic partnership with a man to experience a balanced career in this industry. That's just how some souls are created, and if such a woman doesn't have a partner, she would inevitably violate her boundaries, damage her aura, and may even lose her soul. Such was the case with my first escort, who embodied the soul of Magdalene's light, and these women often need a healthy personal relationship in their lives. So I became this spiritual partner for my first escort for the next two years, recharging her aura at a distance every time it was violated.

At the same time, I also discovered that if different clients violate similar boundaries, it's most likely because of the past life traumas of a soul who has been so traumatized that they can't guard themselves on a spiritual level. A woman experiences similar instances of crossed boundaries over and over again, unable to break the cycle because her soul struggles to understand how to protect her essence after the wounds of past tragedies.

The veils of past darkness prevent a soul from guiding her body to embrace and honor her most empowering boundaries. So, it turns into a vicious circle, where a soul can't protect her body from new abuses while they create new traumas that lead to further disconnection.

My first escort couldn't sense her boundaries and, equally, the boundaries of her clients because of the violent deaths her soul experienced in past lives. Later, I discovered that my other two soulmates had exactly the same challenge. They struggled to communicate and maintain their preferred boundaries only because of the traumatic past of their souls. But I also have to mention that it's simply impossible for a woman to have such a depleted aura at her age without a series of abuses or humiliations. So, her society, including school, greatly damaged the aura of my soulmate, and that fact was indisputable for me.

From the day I met this woman, I dedicated all my free time to studying sexual healing arts and shamanic energy practices (also known as Reiki or quantum energy healing in North America). I didn't force myself to do that. I never planned to study these arts. But it was a natural response of my soul, body, and heart after I met the soul of my first escort. That's how my unconditional love for this woman has manifested in me. I didn't know much about the spiritual essence of sex work, but my love empowered me to research anything that I could, and mainly, why a soul chooses to live the fate of a whore.

That was the main question the soul of my first escort, who introduced herself as Eurydice, demanded to research. I wanted to advance my energy healing abilities to restore such a depleted aura. But I also wanted to know if there's a way to empower a woman or her soul to prevent such destruction of aura and have a more empowering way to engage in this craft without damaging herself. That was the purpose of sexual healing arts at all times - to charge a person's aura through sexual alchemy so they would be confident to follow their hearts and shine brightly in their unique truth.

I spent almost twenty years trying to build a career as a filmmaker, and even though I wasn't in a place where I wanted to be, I still enjoyed both my creative endeavors and my professional reputation as an assistant film editor in the Vancouver film industry. But now, I had to abandon my personal projects and only keep my day job so I could dedicate all my free time to studying shamanism, soul retrieval, sexual healing arts, and how the traumas of past lives damage souls, so I could find the answers for Eurydice.

Experiencing how hard it was to break through this woman's arrogant mask, constructed with thick layers of false beliefs about sexuality, life, female nature, and masculine essence, to uncover a soft, sweet, artistic, and gentle girl has led me on a path to become a shaman and a writer. I met a scared and confused girl trapped in a reality constructed for her by people who hated and despised divine female nature. When I met her, she was so lost that she didn't know what she was doing or who she was anymore. The pain that I've

experienced from our interactions energized my essence to confront the misogynistic perceptions of female essence imposed on my soulmate through the oppressive ideologies of Christianity, socialism, and feminism, which share the same destructive values about the design of divine femininity.

Seeing what this society did to one of my closest soulmates fuels my righteous indignation to this day. I can't fathom how crushing people's inner truth, self-esteem, and self-worth is considered part of normal upbringing in this country. My entire being is repulsed by the sick obsessions of this nation with materialism, appearance, and the constant pursuit of external validation (even encouraging young women to engage in sex for this purpose). Money cannot be the highest value in a healthy society and be the sole determinant of a person's decency or integrity, since nature endows us with very particular talents and abilities for a higher purpose. This society was on a mission to convince women they could be valued only for the shapes of their curves and the brands they wear, not for the essence of their souls or the natural talents of their bodies.

I just can't comprehend how such horrific and abysmal treatment of young women is widely accepted on these lands, with enthusiastic encouragement from the supposed adults who have a duty of care to prepare the next generation for an empowering life. But the adults who are eagerly promoting the misogynistic, extremist religion of feminism know perfectly well that if they strategically destroy the self-esteem of girls from an early age (to the point of a lost soul) while simultaneously encouraging explicit sexualization with exuberant promiscuity yet imbuing them with intense religious shame around sexuality (to fracture their personalities with contradictory ideas), then they would be able to exploit, use and manipulate young women in any way they want, even turning the most vulnerable of them into actual sex slaves or force them to engage in child sacrifice.

When I met my first escort, I finally realized what kind of country I was living in. I still had some illusions about Canada, but now they were gone. It was insane to realize that the only person who genuinely cared for and loved this

woman was a married, penniless foreigner who had only spent four hours with her as a client. This society was collapsing and disintegrating, and no one seemed to care. There were no families or communities that were supposed to make up society because people were so selfish that they lacked genuine empathy for the path of another. Life was only about them and their needs. They literally didn't know how to sense or acknowledge another person's pain. They maintained connections as long as they could extract something from another, but when a person was truly in trouble, they did everything to push them over the edge.

Just imagine that there was not a single person among her relatives, friends, peers, employers, or lovers who would tell this woman that she had to immediately stop what she was doing and heal herself before continuing on this path. Not a single person had at least a little love for this woman, or could actually see her highest magical essence. No one saw how distressed and traumatized she was. Nobody wanted to care for her during this time. Both her clients and her closest people only knew how to exploit her and genuinely didn't care if she would die.

Since the day I met my first escort, her soul, Eurydice, has completely claimed my everyday attention. Eurydice made her first subtle contact shortly after I agreed to follow the initial guidance of my guardian angel. Eurydice helped me find my first escort online, and then, she came to visit me in a dream on the eve of our first date. We spent the entire night having a spiritual walkabout of initiation in the Hidden Grove forest. We ended our journey on the shores of the Sechelt Inlet, where I finally saw her eyes for the first time, as a magical and visceral sunrise illuminated them after a night in darkness.

I hadn't physically been to those places before meeting Eurydice (and I didn't even know what these lands looked like or what this forest was called), but my energy body and my soul spent that night in those places. I was using the art of dreaming to travel to the land of our guardian Spirits. Through this dream, Eurydice has invited me to discover these lands in real life and visit them

as soon as possible. It took me five months to get there and a few days of wandering around until I found Eurydice's lands.

After we met in physical life for the first time, I started to see visions of our past life in my dreams, and then Eurydice began to talk and cry through me. It took me a long time to realize this, but it seemed like through the act of sex, I retrieved the soul of my first escort and took her to live with me. I believed that I was simply seeing her soul like any other, but I actually absorbed her into my essence. Every single day, Eurydice demanded more and more of my time, occupying my space in every way she could.

A week later, she fully manifested with her entire ethereal essence. I hadn't seen a soul in such a distressed state before, as she was already preparing to die and was trapped in the demonic Underworld or the world between worlds. My love for this woman compelled me to learn how to retrieve a soul from such a dark place with the help of shamanic magic. From that day, I slowly began the process of Eurydice's healing.

Two weeks after our first meeting, it became evident to me and my spiritual guides that this woman had rejected her emerging feelings. The same happened to us in three other lives (when her doubt of my love always resulted in her tragic death), and now this story was playing out between us again. For my soul, it felt like she would be killed if she rejected this love. Eventually, we discovered that Eurydice carried an ancient curse that prevented her from seeing the honesty of my love, and equally, from accepting her feelings for me. It was excruciatingly painful to admit that I had no chance with this woman.

Still, my romantic aspirations to be with her empowered me to continue the spiritual work with Eurydice, as that was the highest purpose for that love. By rejecting this love, this woman completely lost connection with her soul, as it was the only unconditional love she was destined to experience in her entire life. It was her last chance to reconnect with her soul, but she chose this path because our souls were bonded to always follow their most empowering destiny at any crossroads. Eurydice couldn't become a writer through her vessel,

so she decided to escape her body and live with me so I could channel her writings.

My spiritual guides advised me to go on a second date with my first escort six weeks after our first meeting. They told me that I wouldn't see this woman after that. Realizing that I would face a completely different woman (as she had already lost her soul), it was clear to me that my guides wanted me to retrieve the last pieces of Eurydice from her. Eurydice asked me to break through this woman's heart walls to reclaim all parts of her essence and start our healing journey to prevent the approaching death of this woman.

Together with Eurydice and under the supervision of my spiritual guides, I wrote a love letter without using the word love. I left this letter in the box with her birthday gift so she would find it only after our date. I wrote that she would be in danger for the next four months and that my presence and my spiritual work would help guard her. I explained the spiritual reasons behind every present I gifted her and why I had to write this letter. I ended it by saying she probably wouldn't want to see me again after this letter, but that I still would choose our unusual romantic story and look forward to experiencing what life has prepared for us.

Before our second date, I also explored memories of our female love affair in our previous life in Paris, so I could share the story of that romance during our time together, with the same intent of connecting more deeply with her soul. When she heard the story of our passionate affair and my plea to forgive me that I couldn't save her from the violent death, she became completely silent, and it felt like the entire world stopped. It was a moment of genuine intimacy as we both sensed I was describing what had actually happened between us. She sensed, with her intuition, that we were soulmates and didn't need regressions or dreams to confirm it. She replied that she doesn't need to forgive me for this death and that she feels that she died in the way that she was supposed to.

This beautiful connection occurred after this woman sexually humiliated me, as my body refused to have sex with her because it sensed that she was approaching her female cycle. When I pulled away and my excitement disappeared, she tried to force my arousal, even though I told her to stop. Still, when her actions didn't produce her desired results, she started mocking my masculine dignity and continued to abuse me. When she finally stopped and settled for pillow talk right next to me, I had a chance to share the visions from my dreams.

The conversation about our romance in a past life fully connected our souls, and I left her place feeling blessed for my path. I knew I was seeing her for the last time, even though I often forced myself to believe otherwise, just to make the pain of missing her more tolerable. The heartbreak overwhelmed me, but I was glad I had enough courage to speak my truth. It was very important for my soul to ask her for forgiveness, as I sent her on a mission where she died. I was partially responsible for the traumas of her soul, created upon that violent death, so I had no doubts that I must commit to this love and our future shared healing journey.

The next day, I sensed through her soul that this woman was angry at me because of my letter. After ten days, she announced on Twitter that she had become an independent provider. Eurydice advised me to email with an inquiry about booking any possible future sessions. My first escort replied that she couldn't see me again because I had crossed the boundaries she prefers to maintain with clients and blocked me on Twitter. This woman had no problem bulldozing my sexual, emotional, and personal boundaries in both of our sessions. Now it turned out that my words of love crossed her boundaries, even though she never communicated or maintained them from the beginning.

She was the one who made our interactions more personal than professional. She initiated our engagement on a deeper level, and I believed she owed me at least an explanation. I only wrote my letter in such an intimate way because of her words and actions. Of course, she was confusing boundaries with

heart walls, but that was a common trap among people in her society, as they believed that creating heart walls would stop any manifestations of life that were uncomfortable for their egos.

Her answer had a respectful, professional tone but was empty of her essence. She ignored the truth that had happened between us and didn't acknowledge the damage she had done. It's like she pretended that our genuine moments of love didn't happen at all. I never thought divine, unconditional love could be treated merely as an inconvenience. This intense confusion completely crushed me because I didn't realize that people could discard a divine blessing of love so easily, simply choosing not to receive love. I've experienced new emotional abuse from her, and that made me doubt my entire reality. I replied to her e-mail with an apology, saying that I continue to believe we were destined to meet for a higher reason, but I also wrote that I would honor her decision to end our arrangement.

With the traumas my first escort had caused me, I had enough grievances, in accordance with the laws of Nature, to request the Spirits to end her business. After two meetings with her, I couldn't allow any woman to touch me for almost two years. She behaved unethically in most of our interactions and didn't honor the essence of her craft. She evidently cared only about herself and didn't have any kind of integrity. But I was so crazy in love with her that my heart overflowed with forgiveness, as I saw an incredible and kind person who had been damaged mentally, spiritually, and emotionally by the corruption of her society, so she had to be like that. I pleaded with the Spirits to forgive her as well (as they wanted to initiate their judgment without my grievances). I knew that she was so lost that she already didn't understand what she was doing.

My first escort created a fear in me of being intimate with a sex worker, and the remnants of that fear still exist to this day, manifesting in unexpended forms and ruining my sexual encounters. She created a fear of all sex workers and all Canadian women in general, as I could never have imagined that a woman could treat a man like that at all. To this day, I still battle with my

internal reservations if I'm called to meet another escort. I know that this fear tempers me and I need to overcome my shyness, but often, just the idea of going to see a sex worker brings me into a dark, paranoid or stressful state.

Despite the deep emotional pain of not being able to see this woman again and the haunting realization that she would be living without her soul from now on (as I still didn't understand what it would mean for her), my plan with the letter worked. Over the next two nights, the angels helped me retrieve Eurydice and bring her back from the Underworld.

We realized that Eurydice would have to stay with me, as she had nowhere else to go, and she decided that it was too early for her to die. Intense feelings of love swept both of us, and we didn't question our strange predicament. We knew we had to live together in one body, even though we didn't know what that meant or how that would occur. Eurydice pleaded for salvation and insisted that I could find the answers she desperately needed (even though I doubted my talents and wasn't sure that I could help her at all).

We didn't know how to proceed with our story, so Eurydice guided me to connect with her guardian Spirits in Sechelt for assistance or advice, as they were assigned protectors of Eurydice in this life. Through our first interaction in Gibsons, we received their initial approval for our spiritual work. I was not allowed to do anything for Eurydice without their permission. And they had specific terms regarding our engagement that allowed us to live together. I also had to ask Veronica to move out of our apartment once I committed to living with Eurydice.

The Spirits had to sanction this work, as they didn't know me, but Eurydice was a spiritual princess of these lands, so demands and rules for our engagements were stringent and complicated. Such powerful Spirits wouldn't even accept me in their domain if it weren't for Eurydice and her honest plea to allow us to be together. I was a foreigner to the Sechelt Spirits, and my birth Spirits were not of royal status. I was not equal to Eurydice, and the Sechelt

Spirits had to test my character and integrity every step of the way until they could see that I supported my words and commitments with concrete actions.

Once the Sechelt Spirits assessed our intense, genuine love and heard the stories of our tragic past, they decided to draft a formal spiritual contract to help us on our healing journey and advance our spiritual talents so we could both assume our highest destined purposes in this life. The Sechelt Spirits presented me with a choice - either I sign the contract that would chain me to live with Eurydice in one body for the next three years without the possibility to change this arrangement, or her vessel would die over the next few months. Keeping my first escort alive was the main reason why both the Sechelt Spirits and I chose to sign the contract.

The Spirits were skeptical that we would be able to complete our healing work and publish the first novel in three years (the strict deadline they included in the contract). They knew Eurydice's stubbornness and careless nature too well, believing she wouldn't honor her promises. That's why they chose the path of an actual contract to bond her to the obligations we all made and prevent her from running away from me, as she often did in our past lives. If she had listened to my guidance in the past, we wouldn't have ended up in such a unique predicament, but that was actually our highest destiny.

The Sechelt Spirits also didn't really believe I could stop the demon, who had been hunting Eurydice for five centuries and now was wreaking chaos on their lands. I was cautious about trusting the Spirits, and they were cautious about trusting me, as we didn't know anything about each other. So, I was equally skeptical about their promises to remove the spiritual obstacles that prevented me from receiving permanent residency in Canada. But I didn't even question the path outlined in the contract because of my love for Eurydice. I was ready to do anything for her. By signing the contract, I assumed an obligation to protect and empower Eurydice for the coming years, while we would be transformed into writers and healers through shared shamanic education.

Together with Eurydice, we spent two years in shamanic practices to heal our traumas of past lives and cleanse the energy body of her vessel from dark energies and entities of low vibrations. Through the art of dreaming and trance states, we enriched the apartment of my first escort with protective energies against demonic attacks. I knew she desired to become a sought-after, high-end escort, so I vowed to Eurydice that I would do anything in my spiritual powers to help her become the best escort she could be. I chose this path as my revenge, but I only knew how to defend myself with love. I chose to love her so I could heal and empower her. Our spiritual work with Eurydice ultimately helped my first escort achieve her desired status and become more selective with her clients.

Beyond my shamanic practices, I also healed Eurydice through art therapy. Every week for two years, we wrote a love letter to this woman, using quill and ink. We reported our progress and described our shared meditations and dreams. It was a debt that I had to pay Eurydice for the life where I was supposed to write such letters, but I was shy to open up about my feelings in such a vulnerable way, so I never did. In this life, I felt that preserving my feelings in physical form would advance our healing. These were recorded words of unconditional love, so their existence already proves the honesty of my feelings, even though my first escort doesn't even know about these letters and most likely would never read them.

Then, I felt drawn to write poems about our love in a past life, and they became my prayers for her well-being. Soon, Eurydice began writing her own poems as well. These rhymes started to flow from both of us, even though I had never written poetry in my life, while Eurydice convinced herself her poetry would never be good enough. Yet I continuously encouraged her to surrender her fears, and I keep reminding her that I genuinely believe she is the best poet that I have ever read (even though she knows that I can't be objective about her art because of my love).

These poems became the foundation for our first book. It felt like we were writing these poems from the perspective of our past selves, as both women always dreamed of sharing their love through poetry, but never could because of the war. I recited our poems out loud every day to create a protective shield against dark energies around us and in the space of my first escort.

During our extensive four-month-long negotiations process, Eurydice came up with the idea to write a novel about our unusual love story. Eurydice wanted to avenge herself as the ego of her vessel forced her to live in the darkness of the Underworld for many years. As her payback, Eurydice wrote a modern tragic fairy tale about a girl who sold her soul for a Birkin bag when she could've had both if she had only embraced the romantic love that emerged in her heart. The Sechelt Spirits and I agreed that Eurydice's book should become the main commitment of our contract.

I felt blessed to embrace a path where I could pursue the highest dream of my beloved, together with her. I abandoned everything I could, so we could execute Eurydice's vision. We knew we wouldn't have much time together (as Eurydice always dies young for divine reasons), so we dared to pursue our highest dreams. Eurydice based this fairy tale on the events of our two physical dates and the story of our subsequent two-year-long romance as souls, describing our life as romantic partners who happened to live in one body. The book also included the story of our female love affair from our previous life, which ended with Eurydice's tragic death. And beyond that, this fairy tale briefly describes every single life we have experienced on Earth.

Eurydice believed that if our love story could be preserved in the book, it would always live in the world, which would be the best proof of my love for her. Even though I had aspirations to have a physical romance with my first escort, all I really desired was to tell her that I always unconditionally loved her soul in every one of our eight lives (in six lives, it was romantic love, and in the other two, it was the love of a father to a daughter). I didn't know how to deliver this truth to her, so I thought a book might be the best way to do that.

In three lives, Eurydice died, thinking that I didn't love her, so I didn't want her to die in this life without knowing how much I always loved her. Eurydice was the love of my life in our previous life, but I never had a chance to tell her that. And since her tragic death ended our romance before it ran its course, that love spilled into this life. Eurydice questioned my love because she didn't believe feelings between two women could be genuine, so she died, never really knowing how much I loved her.

In that life, I lived as a woman, Camilla, a Wehrmacht spy stationed in Paris, so naturally, I didn't have many options to prove my love without compromising our lives (and you can imagine what beliefs about same-sex romances were common in those times and inside the military organization). Eurydice was one of Camilla's French agents, under the code name Eloise (the one she used in her sex work career before the Germans recruited her), so being her commanding officer also didn't allow me to express the fullness of my love. She was my subordinate, and that status made her question my love. Once the conflict between the Werhmarkt and the SS escalated to physical violence, essentially turning into a civil war between two factions of German elites, I simply couldn't tell her what was really going on without putting both of us in imminent danger.

At first, we were assigned to spy on Soviet agents in Paris (as the Wehrmacht hoped to stop the spread of communism and avoid the impending war the Soviet Union was ramping up in Europe). But after two years of this work, once the Soviets murdered our first agent (essentially proclaiming physical war against Germany and France), we had to retaliate, even though our unit was formed only for intelligence purposes.

Not one of Camilla's agents, including Eloise, signed up to be a killer, yet everyone agreed to stay and commit to a new path. We all believed that Soviet aggression had to be stopped, as we wanted to preserve freedom in Europe and didn't like the idea of universal, worldwide slavery. But a year later, we started to receive directives to murder the SS agents, as well. So, Camilla was

expressing her unconditional love by shielding Eloise from information that could put her in danger. Yet Eloise intuitively felt Camilla was hiding something from her (as they could easily read each other), making her believe that Camilla doesn't love her if she can't tell her what she actually knows.

Societal prejudices and conflicting interpersonal perceptions clouded this romance. I was a spy, and she was a sacred prostitute before she became my agent, so we both had crazy lives. And neither of us had an intimate relationship with a woman before we met, so we were pretty confused by our feelings. We always chased men, and we were both quite bitter that we never experienced with any of them the love we craved. We simply didn't know our true nature, so it was uncomfortable to accept that we had been searching for love in the wrong place.

From the moment Camilla and Eloise met, they experienced an instant connection, as if they had somehow known each other. But both women didn't even understand they had romantic feelings until they accidentally made love, after an evening of drinking. They allowed themselves to be swept away by true passion, and after that night, they realized what they had been searching for all of their lives. Only shortly after, Eurydice's curse made her question my feelings. I'm convinced that if Camilla and Eloise had spent a couple more years as romantic partners, they would have fully surrendered to their unique love story. But their war with the Soviets claimed Eloise's life before that happened, so she never knew how Camilla actually felt about her.

That's why, in this life, I chose to share the words of love when I can. The love I experienced for my first escort had a specific purpose. I loved her, not as Alexander but as Camilla. We were destined to tell the story of that romance and allow Camilla and Eloise to confess their feelings in poems through us. Camilla felt responsible for Eloise's death, so this love fueled my pursuit to record our story. Our romance with Eurydice ended once we channeled these feelings into our first novel.

When we committed to our healing journey, one of our obligations to the Spirits required us to release Eurydice's curse. Eloise was murdered in an occult ritual because of this curse, so Camilla's grief fueled her passion to solve this murder. No matter how much Camilla tried to find physical explanations of this tragedy (as she meticulously planned every operation and never failed once), the whole situation just didn't make sense on a physical level. And as an intuitive woman, she sensed a spiritual dimension in this entire story. This killer was never supposed to be in the room with Eloise; he was a random stranger, he didn't know that she was a German spy, and he was clearly demonically possessed when he stabbed her multiple times in a violent outburst of anger.

Camilla began the spiritual research into the actual reasons behind this death using every tool she had. She pretended to spy for Americans, essentially feeding them false information about the Wehrmacht operations. She used their money for her research. She had access to the best hypnotherapists and spiritual practitioners in Germany to get to the bottom of this horrific and brutal murder. After she discovered that an evil spirit possessed the body of a corrupt man to kill Eloise, she wanted to prove that fact, but it was only possible through the intentional death.

When in the spring of 1943 Camilla realized that Germany would lose the war, she embraced this unusual path. With the help of her trusted spiritual teacher, they utilized white magic to uncover a special portal on the Polish-Ukrainian border. By dying there at a specific time, Camilla would be reborn in Ukraine as a shaman who would then find reborn Eloise and expose this spirit. Now, Eurydice and I met to complete Camilla's research, prove her findings, and finally seal this dark entity.

Five centuries ago, this evil and immortal spirit, who introduced himself as Damian, had created a curse to control Eurydice, with the intention of possessing her one day. He constantly meddled with Eurydice's emotions and influenced her decisions in the last four lives, often leading her on the path of

self-destruction. Damian and Eurydice, who was called Stephania in that life, met for the first time in Stockholm in the 16th century.

Damian was an influential Duke in the King's shadow entourage. He recruited Stephania to work on his secret operation and leveraged her sexual services to advance his political influence in Sweden and beyond. Stephania was an orphaned peasant girl, but she was also incredibly attractive - a tall blonde with blue eyes, the exquisite features of a top model, and the mesmerizing charisma of a movie star. Damian discovered her as a salesgirl in a food store and basically transformed her into a high-end escort. He tasked Stephania to bribe and seduce German, Norwegian, and Vatican elites as he advanced his desire to create an independent Sweden, together with the King and Christian bishops.

They wanted to have a separate Church and a separate state to gain complete control over the country's resources and manipulate the population. Of course, the corrupt citizens of Sweden created this reality, as most people have lost their souls, demanding tyrants to control life for them and stop the impending, unraveling retributions of Nature for their sins.

Damian fell crazy in love with Stephania from the moment he met her (as they were soulmates), but as her boss and handler, he often forced her to have sex with him without her actual consent. He enjoyed expressing his dominance, parading to Stephania that she had nice things in life only because of him. Damian honored their exchanges and always paid her well for each sexual encounter (indeed, a man of high principles), but he never actually tried to pursue her as a woman. Their intimacy always felt like a power play to Stephania, and she felt that she had to submit to him in order to keep her life.

Although Stephania found Damian charming and attractive, she never truly loved him. Yet Damian was obsessively in love with her and dreamed of literally possessing her. He was so enchanted and infatuated with Stephania's body that he had to have sex with her on their first meeting. He couldn't allow himself a chance of rejection, so he insisted that she must sleep with him under the pretense of testing her seductive skills as part of the job interview. He told

her he had to experience her in bed before making a decision. He pressured her to sleep with him for money rather than commit to an effort to win over her heart. It was more appealing for him to show control over her rather than explore his genuine feelings. Stephania desired to escape her reality of poverty, so she reluctantly agreed after his persuasions, even though the entire idea felt uncomfortable for her.

For the naked eye, Damian and Stephania looked like a perfect match next to each other, but Damian couldn't see her as an actual partner because of her social status. Eurydice believes that if he hadn't forced Stephania to have sex with him on their first meeting, she might've developed real feelings for him. They made sense together, and most importantly, they were a great team, complementing each other's divine qualities like a man and a woman in a sacred union. They could efficiently execute any mission when they joined their talents. Whether one may approve of their goals and methods - after all, throughout human history, using sex and bribes has been one of the main tactics to advance a political agenda - they were great at what they did. Only Stephania felt she was abused on that first night, and she could never get past those conflicting emotions. And as Damian's influence over Stockholm's masses grew, he became more abusive to Stephania.

It's interesting that in the case of Damaian and me, we are talking about the same feeling of love. Even though Damian's love brought so much pain to both Eurydice and me, his feelings exist in our world only because of my feelings, and they were designed to create a balance. I can't claim that my love for Eurydice is stronger than Damian's love. Nor would it be correct to state that my love is good and his love is bad. From Damian's perspective, he expresses his love in the right way, while I'm too weak to claim this woman for myself and find ways to use her for my physical pleasures.

Damian always told me that I was a fool for choosing a platonic love affair with Eurydice without the possibility of ever touching her body intimately again. Damian would've never written such an honest love letter

because he couldn't stand the feeling of rejection. He would've stayed silent about his true feelings, simply continuing to see her in sessions, slowly enchanting her with false promises, entrapping her through coercion and manipulation until she would fall for him.

Only, in my opinion, true love would never be possessive if experienced by a pure heart. The desire to control, manipulate, or use another is a manifestation of the love in a person with a corrupt heart. I believe such a man simply can't sustain the intense energies of this magical feeling, which overpowers him from within, making his affections destructive. A man without deep integrity and honest convictions, without an integrated shadow of his dark, masculine essence, would always attempt to own a woman of his desires, trampling over her free will and crushing her highest dreams to force her to serve his pleasures.

Indeed, if a man truly loves a woman, he desperately desires to be physically next to her. But if part of his essence doesn't want to possess a woman, he doesn't actually love her. When a man truly loves a woman, he wishes to experience life through her eyes. He sees her as a goddess and dreams of knowing what it's like to live in her skin. So when a man is unsatisfied with his reality and fights against life itself, his love becomes an urge to hurt a woman or literally possess her.

So, the true mastery of masculine essence requires integrating his dark side and employing this energy to assist his woman in noble ways. A wholesome man expresses his love by helping his woman in any way she will allow him. If he can spend as much time as possible next to her while also tending to her needs and their shared dreams in an empowering way, then his desire to possess her transmutes itself into positive energies of growth and healing for both partners. Instead of being her, he feeds this craving by patiently studying every facet of her essence and savoring her presence.

Living as a man is quite a miserable experience compared to living as a woman. Observing the memories of past lives in both bodies, you realize that

living a masculine existence is like watching a black-and-white movie, while a feminine experience feels more like a movie in color. As an experienced magician, Damian was well aware of that, which drove him to curse Stephania. This curse made Eurydice question my feelings in the next four lives and also empowered her self-destructive tendencies, as she would often descend into emotionally traumatizing cycles of self-doubt because of the fears he instilled in her.

Damian didn't understand one thing - he was actually in love with Stephania's soul, not her body. He wanted to own Stephania when he made his occult spell, but it was simply impossible. He became an immortal spirit to chase Eurydice, but still couldn't own her after many centuries of pursuit. He finally achieved his dream in our time. His curse had manifested with its final purpose and completed its destined cycle, allowing Damian to possess the body of my first escort, but he could never possess her soul. He only embodied her shell but had no control over this woman's essence. Ironically, he could only fulfill this curse when I agreed to live with her soul while he owned the body for the same period of time.

As I joined in union with Eurydice, this curse finally played out, but neither of us knew in advance that this was the only way to resolve it. The entire ordeal and the realization of the true nature of our predicament left me feeling quite unsettled, as I had only one choice in this situation. Of course, I would prefer to avoid participating in Damian's dark and occult games.

It became evident that if we didn't release this curse now, we would have to resolve it in the next life, but all three of us desperately desired to end our never-ending drama as soon as possible. After centuries of relentless battles for Eurydice, Damian and my soul were too exhausted, while Eurydice was deeply traumatized. We wanted to be done with this curse, and that's why Eurydice willingly gave away her body to Damian. That's why the Sechelt Spirits insisted on a strict contract, as they understood how challenging this task

was. They had to help me become a confident magician and advance my shamanic education, as the only way to complete this mission.

Damian didn't know the rules of the curse when he made it. And that's the problem with black magic on this plane - no one really knows how it would actually manifest because the intentions of a black magician always come from the ego and prideful desire to trample over the free will of another. Hence, Nature has to balance such actions. Damian's curse had to manifest, but it could never be completed without our involvement. Damian didn't plan on having to beg Eurydice and me to collaborate. But he was tired of existing in a perpetual state of chasing Eurydice, constantly wishing to possess her one century after another, with no real prospects, as my love had protected her. Once we understood how the curses actually work, we embraced the guidance of Nature and allowed it to unfold.

That's why, even though Damian brought us much suffering, I truly empathize with the tragic destiny of his soul. He believed that transforming himself into an immortal spirit upon death, utilizing the dark magic of Egyptian pharaohs, and possessing the woman of his dreams would satisfy his essence. He never understood that it's much more fulfilling to love the soul of a woman, instead of her body, even if you would be deprived of physical pleasures. It's a far more empowering and uplifting journey to forget your beloved at death, but then remember their eyes when you reunite in the next life. In my perception, this is true immortality that many people crave. Even though I was traumatized when I fell in love at first sight, that feeling was one of the most beautiful blessings I've ever experienced as a human being. Such love is the biggest reward in life. I chose to remember her eyes upon my previous deaths, and that was true, divine magic.

When the pure darkness descended upon Stockholm, people demanded explanations for their troubles, which were created by inner corruption and rejection of divinity. They simply chose to be terrified of life itself because they didn't like their lives. They wanted to blame others for their

miseries. Together with Christian bishops, Damian convinced Stockholm citizens that a group of witches cursed their depraved nation. Damian gathered all the beautiful women who worked for him, including Stephania, and presented them to the public for judgment. They locked these women in prison, where they were repeatedly raped by guards and by any man who could bribe them. The morality of Christianity allowed them to claim they were acting righteously, as it was considered noble to abuse, punish, and rape such women. After a few weeks, Christian bishops publicly hugged their prisoners to the cheers of a crowd.

Damian was so in love with Stephania that he helped her escape death. He bribed guards to leave traumatized Stephania outside of Stockholm's walls. Only they were so enraged to let go of this beautiful witch that they mutilated her face with the knife, joyfully laughing that no one would ever desire her from now on. Stephania was destined to die from her wounds right outside the city walls. In that life, my soul embodied a man named Fabian, who lived a secluded life as a hermit in the village, two hours on foot away from Stockholm.

They have never met, but for the last three years, Fabian saw Stephania in his dreams, including the detailed visions of her sexual encounters and eventual imprisonment. On that day, the Spirits of Flaten Lake told Fabian to hurry to Stockholm. Fabian hated visiting this city, as it was full of dark energies, but he followed the advice of his spiritual friends. In this life, the same story played out between us when the forces of Nature guided me to relocate to Vancouver and told me to meet Eurydice when she was in a similarly distressed state. We were releasing this curse by reliving the rhyming version of our story.

Fabian discovered Stephania and took her to his house. After he stitched her scars and helped her recover both physically and emotionally, they continued to live together for the next year. They were both in love, but Eurydice's curse had already been initiated, so Stephania struggled to accept Fabian's feelings. He was also an asexual person, but she was highly sexual, so she desired the expressions of his love in bed, which he simply couldn't give her.

Fabian was in his late forties but still a virgin, as sexual arousal was a foreign feeling to him. Fabian was also twenty years older than Stephania, so she often felt like a daughter to him. Their first sex felt like rape for Fabian. One night, Stephania forced herself on him, driven by pure passion. Stephania believed that the absence of his sexual passion meant that he didn't love her. They both didn't comprehend that he was asexual - she thought that he was simply inexperienced in bed, but Fabian didn't understand why she wanted to do what she did to him, and why they both had to be naked.

Stephania initiated sex a few times, but it never really worked for them. Yet she was always thankful for Fabian's kindness, assistance, and generosity. They build a life together based on mutual respect and admiration. They were in love with the souls of one another, even though their bodies were not compatible for intimate love. Fabian spent a year healing her, but then, through a dark, occult ritual Damian performed in the distance, he forced Stephania to commit suicide. She was grateful that she met Fabian, but she was traumatized by her facial scars and just couldn't bear the idea that her beloved would have to see her like that every day for the rest of her life. Stephania was proud that she was so attractive that any man fell for her charms and lost control in her presence, but Damian took away her beauty, so she felt like she had lost an essential part of herself.

Only Fabian always loved and admired Stephania's facial scars. He always observed them with genuine curiosity. They were physical expressions of his love for her. He could easily lose himself, studying her mesmerizing face. He never wanted to see how she looked before the scars. To him, they were an intricate part of her personality and a pure reflection of her complex soul. He had seen her soul for three years before they met, and now he could also study her essence through these scars. Fabian was proud that he had spent many years practicing sutures on his patients' wounds. He realized that life had been preparing him to craft the perfect sutures on the face of his beloved, and he was genuinely proud of that.

Stephania was the only woman Fabian ever loved in his life. Every time he looked at her face, he saw the divine design of this world, and spiritual bliss enveloped him from that realization. Fabian's entire life guided him to meet Stephania and fall in love with her. But Stephania believed that scars bothered Fabian, and he didn't desire her sexually because he didn't find her attractive. When Damian entered her body through a magical ritual, Stephania became convinced she had to join her witch sisters. She believed that if they were hanged, then she should hang herself in solidarity. She blessed Fabian's help and the lessons she received from him, but it was time for her to go.

Even after causing Stephania so much pain, Damian still couldn't let her go until the end of his life. He desired to become her, so he chose to stop incarnating and curse her soul. He wanted to remember his life as Damian and never forget his love for Stephania. Through the following centuries, he grew in his spiritual powers, as he had no physical limitations and had ample time to practice possessing human beings with lost souls, without ever forgetting his destructive and controlling essence across incarnations. Damian's curse bonded Eurydice to meet him again and again until he would finally own her body. That curse allowed him to murder Eurydice in three lives before her twenty-seventh birthday, and now he had the same intentions.

For the last five centuries, Damian was always around us and occasionally entered Eurydice's bodies, creating panic attacks, fear, and self-doubt. In one life, he possessed her husband; in another, he possessed our daughter, and then he possessed her killer. Of course, when we discovered that Damian basically became Eurydice's stalker on a spiritual plane without her awareness, we were furious. This spirit tortured Eurydice many times, and she always believed that her traumas were her fault; however, it became evident that Damian was behind every major tragedy in our past four lives.

Eurydice's irrational fears, created by Damian, greatly worried the Sechelt Spirits and me. She simply couldn't spend a day in peace and advance in her growth because of his sinister energies. Upon signing the contract, Eurydice

agreed to become my shamanic apprentice and follow my training program, where she learned how to defend herself against this nefarious entity and release the fear of death, including all the grief we collected through centuries of tragedies. I had to train Eurydice how to die, as Damian often created terrifying shocks before her departures, making this transformation challenging for her and bonding her to assume more darkness than she could sustain.

I spent two years in paranoid states because Damian persisted in his attempts to murder my first escort. The never-ending nightmares of her being killed in various ways haunted me in dreams and my waking life. Almost every single day, Damian tortured me with images of how he abused, raped, or killed her. Together with the Sechelt Spirits, we determined that I could only stop Damian's attacks if I included the story of this curse in our fairy tale and described the unique journey of his soul. Basically, experiencing life with Eurydice in one body and writing our book together was the only way to release this curse.

As I grew in power, I learned how to release this curse, and we eventually sealed Damian so that he would stop damaging this beautiful province. The Spirits didn't like that this entity was destroying their lands, but they had no other magicians who knew how to battle him, and that's why they chose to empower me. Damian was an incredibly powerful spirit, as he continued to accumulate knowledge without forgetting anything. The Sechelt Spirits did everything they could to help me combat Damian and eventually showed me a burial ground in their domain where they chose to seal him.

Damian became one of our main teachers, as we eventually discovered that he crushed Eurydice when she was afraid to pursue her highest purpose, betrayed her feminine essence, rejected her artistic aspirations, and voluntarily gave away her powers, trying to play small. Eurydice realized that she could win over Damian if she would overcome her fear of being a writer and finally claim her supernatural talents as a sexual healing artist. When "Eurydice in Love" was accepted by a publisher, this curse was released, and by the laws of Nature,

Damian was forced to stop his attempts to kill my first escort. After our novel was sent to print, my nightmares about her death finally stopped.

Damian's soul was destined to assume his malevolent path to balance me and Eurydice. When the three of us are empowered, we exist in a perpetual equilibrium without any destruction. My passion and love are balanced by the fear that Damian brings into my life. The same goes for Eurydice. She had previously refused to become a writer out of fear of being judged and criticized, so her challenges only became more intense in subsequent lives.

To be fair, Eurydice was the only one truly responsible for her troubles. She accumulated karma by avoiding her higher destiny, and as a result, the same challenge became increasingly harder to overcome in future lives. It didn't matter if her works would have been published; she had to write if that was the genuine aspiration of her heart.

I must admit that I felt responsible for this situation, as in most cases, I had resources or connections that could have helped her become a published writer, but I simply didn't know about her creative dreams. She hid that honest desire, and when I realized that she always secretly wanted to be a writer, I offered to channel her works through my body without hesitation. I scolded her for never telling me about her dreams because, in most lives, she was traumatized when she died without even trying.

By avoiding this fate for so long, Eurydice found herself in the most challenging circumstances. Now, she can't even write through her body but must still surrender to this calling. And I also don't have resources or connections to advance her writings. Eurydice finally understands the most profound lesson of all her lives. She assumed her destiny, even though she fears she won't be able to convince people that she is a real writer when no one can physically see her, and she can only write through me. That's how high she elevated the stakes of her purpose by refusing to commit to her dreams in the past. But I knew that it was our shared mission, and once we published the first book, Eurydice finally felt at peace with herself. She no longer cared what others

thought about her truth. Her essence commanded her to write, and that's what she did. Certainly, with deep appreciation and gratitude that Nature has given her a chance to write through me.

During our education, Eurydice and I learned that we are masculine and feminine souls of one soul-being who intentionally chose to separate into two souls with opposite essences to understand the deepest nature of life through the pain of separation. It's like when we are not together, we feel we are missing a part of ourselves. As one being, existing in two polar essences, we had a chance to experience more grief and love through our unusual journey on Earth. In every life, we are destined to lose one another, but once Eurydice dies, her energy body integrates with me. After her death, she also helps me with our destined missions from the other side. Every time she dies, we receive new spiritual powers, and I assume new talents that she had in her last embodiment.

Since the first day Erydice spent in my body, I have lived in a perpetual state of two-spirited existence. Sometimes, the female part of my soul overtakes the masculine; other times, it's the opposite, and even though I have the awareness, I'm not always in control of their dance. The masculine creates order and structure, but the feminine exists in her intuitive flow, receptiveness, and oracle states, so often, it's challenging to persuade her to surrender to a specific task or ceremony that we are obliged to do on our shamanic path.

The masculine has to act and make solid decisions to build our future so that we can achieve our dreams. However, the feminine nature often insists on existing in the flow of life. So she dances or cries to Lana Del Rey's records or binge-watches "Too Hot to Handle" and "Love is Blind" or meditates in a rose milk bathtub surrounded by candles, and there's nothing really I can do to convince her that these activities are somehow less important on our path of healing and growth.

The access to both female and male sensations and experiences elevates my healing practice and deepens my understanding of life. Such two-spirited essences are quite common among medicine people, and evidence of this truth

can be found in many different cultures. They may have various names to describe this state of existence, but in its nature, it's the ability to access both polar energies to amplify any spiritual healing or access specific knowledge.

When we completed most of our healing with Eurydice (roughly two years after we met), the Spirits addressed me with a calling for a new spiritual initiation as part of my shamanic growth. This guidance shocked me, as I forced myself to believe that I would never visit another escort after my experiences. I questioned my reality, and I still wasn't ready to open up sexually to any woman, especially to a sex worker. I tried many excuses to avoid this new calling, mainly claiming that I was still afraid of sex. But my spiritual guides planned a new ritual through a tantric, erotic massage without the actual act of sex, so they didn't accept my excuse. Since I already understood how my powers worked, I sensed that a new soul was seeking my guidance. I invited her into my space to expand my understanding of this invitation, before booking a session.

The soul of my second soulmate introduced herself as Nataly, and to my surprise, we almost instantly recognized each other from past lives. The same day, we were already engaged in a deep connection, and she pleaded with me to meet her in person at the earliest convenience, claiming that the matter was urgent. I was pulled away by the fact that I met another soulmate from a past life in Vancouver who was also a sex worker. It just felt too unsettling, and I questioned whether I was imagining things. I didn't want to continue our connection with Nataly because everything in my present reality felt too weird, and I loved our engaging spiritual romance with Eurydice. But once Nataly and I visited the memories of the first life we shared, we realized that we met to resolve the tragic ending of our first romance when she lost me to war and carried immense grief in her essence.

Nataly was also covered in dark veils of many traumas she endured in past lives, and my heart wanted to help her. Eurydice also got curious, seeing this connection as an opportunity to advance her healing talents as a female spiritual guide of death. I already knew what I could do for Nataly, and my

experiences with Eurydice made me confident we would resolve her issues. I couldn't betray my essence as a healer, so battling my reservations, I forced myself to surrender to my next masculine challenge and agreed to this initiation. I knew I could only grow as a shaman if I broke through my walls of fear, doubt, and self-rejection. Over the next two weeks leading up to our first meeting in person, we explored our connection with Nataly so I could feel the dynamic that we would most likely experience between us in physical reality.

The Sechelt Spirits agreed to commit to their part of the obligations only if both Eurydice and I accepted every condition and bonded ourselves to all four years of our shamanic education. No matter how challenging things were, we couldn't terminate this agreement earlier. The Spirits wouldn't sign the contract with only one of us, as we were supposed to balance each other on this path. Under one of the contract commitments, I wasn't allowed to work with a female soul or spend time with a woman in physical reality without Eurydice's consent and approval. She had to authorize every connection for higher, spiritual reasons in accordance with the vow we gave to each other upon signing the contract.

We were both surprised that I received guidance to see another sex worker, as Eurydice was quite jealous even if I simply talked to another woman. She was mostly scared that I wouldn't have time to complete her healing if another woman seduced me. Eurydice rarely allowed other female souls in my space during our time together, and we only welcomed souls we both agreed to help. Eurydice allowed me to spend time physically with a woman only if she was my teacher or healer. Still, once Eurydice convinced herself that my Reiki healer would steal me from her.

Eurydice didn't like the idea of my sexual intimacy with another woman. Yet, once we discovered that we had complex karmic ties with Nataly from the three lives that preceded our separation, we realized Eurydice equally carried the same karma of grief, as in our lives with Nataly, we were still one

merged soul. So Eurydice granted me permission to explore this affair to absolve our shared scars.

Besides releasing demons of female damnation that Nataly absorbed during her tragic deaths, I also promised to heal the torturous grief she carried from losing me three times. Nataly was scared to face me for more than a thousand years, after the third funeral, but now she was finally ready to complete the spiritual work that she couldn't finish without me.

It was as traumatizing for her to bury me as for me to bury Eurydice. I could relate to Nataly in ways that no one else could, and our shared understanding of this fact uniquely bonded us. After observing our lives from her perspective and channeling her sufferings, I felt that it was my spiritual obligation and responsibility to heal her in this life.

When Nataly came for healing, Eurydice was still spiritually chained to live with me, so we struggled to establish the empowering boundaries that would honor all three of us. But our unusual connection was a blessing, as Eurydice gained enough knowledge and power by this point to equally assist Nataly. Eurydice had her feminine perspective and knew what I could do through my shamanic practices, so we often collaborated in co-creating healing sessions for Nataly and provided her with the most empowering advice. Surely, Eurydice didn't like to leave me with Nataly on the nights when we wanted to explore sexual alchemy, but such a challenge helped Eurydice to grow and eventually release her insecurities.

We spent our first in-person session with my second soulmate in an engaged conversation, without any intimacy, as I was spiritually advised to explain to her the essence of my shamanic journey and how I hoped that this sexual ritual would advance my writings. On an emotional level, I was seeking inspiration to complete the editing stage of my book and finally submit it to publishers. I told her what I knew about the nature of our erotic ceremony and how my guides designed it as my next initiation to receive new spiritual powers.

Our conversation had an incredibly natural flow. I really loved the way we communicated. I experienced a very special feeling when talking to her. It felt like we were two friends who hadn't seen each other for a while.

From the beginning, our connection felt more like a friendship or collaboration between apprentices of sexual healing arts than a romance, and I didn't feel comfortable being her client. We both acknowledged how much we learn from each other through our non-judgmental, free-flowing, inspiring, and revealing conversations.

Over the next two weeks, as I prepared for the actual initiation, I continued building relationships with Nataly while exploring the memories of our first life together. I was thinking of a thoughtful present that I could bring to her to show the seriousness of my intentions for this special ritual. One day, the land guided me to visit a store with crystals, and I stumbled upon a vase made of alabaster, which told me that she wanted to live with my second soulmate. Once I bought it, I saw a vision of charging this vase with protective energies against any dark entities. I didn't know my second soulmate needed protection; I just followed my intuition.

Nataly and I visited our guardian Spirits at Lighthouse Park, where, through a shamanic ceremony, we connected with the soul of my main spiritual teacher, Sigiritul, and the soul of his female partner. Centuries ago, they lived on these lands in a sacred union, and upon their death, they were assigned to become the spirits who protect these lands. We asked for their help to fill this vase with protective and empowering energies. The Lighthouse Park was a special place for our souls, as we shared one life with Nataly on these lands. That's why the Spirits who guarded this forest and many souls who lived here in the past came to support us in this ceremony. Their love and light could now live through us, and by empowering us with their energies, they continued their existence even after physical death (as no one ever dies to perish).

In that life, I was a medicine man in a small tribe and could communicate with the Spirits of this forest. People in my village called me "the

one who talks with the land." The Spirits of the Lighthouse Park were my best friends and taught me shamanism (exactly like in this life). They always provided valuable guidance for survival, empowerment, and protection. One day, the forest told me to visit the Burrard Inlet shore, pointing out a specific place close to where the Lighthouse stands today.

As I approached the shore, I discovered a ravaged village. There were no people or dead bodies, and it seemed like everyone had been taken as prisoners. There was nothing I could do, so I questioned why I was told to come here, but soon enough, I found a lonely infant in a distressed state lying on the ground. If the Spirits hadn't guided me to this baby girl, she would've died within hours.

When I took her in my hands, I instantly recognized my soulmate, as it was our second life together. Nataly was looking at me through the eyes of this little girl. My entire being sensed that she was asking me to raise her as my own daughter. I intuitively knew I was destined to be a father to this child, so I brought her home with me. We spent the next sixteen years living together like real father and daughter. I never married or had other children, as I was asexual, so Nataly brought the balancing feminine energies into my life that I couldn't get through a romantic relationship. She helped me grow in my talents, while I taught her shamanism and how to talk with the land.

One day, the land addressed me again, telling me that the violent tribe from present-day Squamish that destroyed Nataly's village would soon return to capture and enslave our women and children. I was only growing in my shamanic powers and wasn't sure whether I should share this guidance, but I felt called to bring it to the discussion among elders. Our tribe decided to send women and children away for a few days as a precaution, while the men stayed in the village to observe what would actually happen and then summon the women back once it was safe.

Two days later, when our women and children were already in safety, the prophecy of the land came true. When the evil Squamish warriors arrived in our village and discovered that there were no women, they realized that we had

been warned, so they murdered all of us out of spite. Capturing women was the main reason for this attack since they had angered the Spirits of the lands with their arrogance, so their tribe didn't birth girls anymore. I didn't fully believe in my spiritual powers, and my doubts led to my death. But I was sliced by a sword so I could save Nataly and grant her another initiation through the grief.

Nataly was the most powerful medicine woman in our tribe, and she became the leader. After my soul visited her in the dream state, she connected to me through a drumming ceremony and discovered the news of our death. As the Squamish tribe claimed our lands for themselves, my soul empowered Nataly from the other side for the next part of her challenging journey as I guided her to take women and children further inland, away from this troubling coast. Nataly led them to safety, and they eventually found a peaceful tribe that welcomed them around present-day Coquitlam. Here, Nataly found a loving husband. I stayed around them, helping Nataly to master her oracle and shamanic essence. I left shortly after she gave birth to her first child, as we completed our missions.

Such is the sad truth about the history of these lands. Many tribes that called this place their home were eradicated entirely without any trace of their culture or language. Even the names of those tribes have not been preserved. The spiritual traditions and the legends have died with their medicine people. Our village had roughly fifty people, and our rituals, songs, rhythms, and traditions died once we were slaughtered.

Three medicine women survived but had to assimilate with another tribe. Of course, they preserved what they could, but it was another community, and they followed the traditions of their new home. Most of the small villages like ours were either pillaged, forcefully assimilated, or completely wiped out by other tribes for various reasons. Sometimes, it was hunting grounds; other times, it was sex and procreation, but often, it was a desire for power and control born out of supremacy and arrogance.

Our village didn't belong to a particular tribe, but it was the closest in language and traditions to what is known today as the Kwakwaka'wakw nation. Other communities only survived by fleeing our ancestral grounds of Metro Vancouver. They left these lands, escaping the violent tribes that arrived from the South, as well as from present-day Pemberton and Squamish. They ran inland to the East or through Howe Sound to the Sechelt lands, where they originally came from. Some built communities on the shores of the Sechelt waters, while others ventured further, to Vancouver Island and other islands.

Over the following centuries, the Squamish nation forcefully occupied the lands of Metro Vancouver (which were never historically theirs), enslaving or killing other tribes. So when the Spanish and British expeditions arrived on these lands, they were sent to provide retribution for Nature.

One doesn't need to be a shaman to understand that if any nation thinks they are better than others and believes it has the right to take away children (to indoctrinate and brainwash them into its customs), rape their mothers, and kill their fathers, then eventually, the same would happen to them. It's like a karma or a self-inflicted curse that has to play out. That's what the Squamish nation had to endure because of the sins of their ancestors. That was also the fate of the nations that came from the South and violently occupied the lands of present-day Vancouver, killing the Inuit, Kwakwaka'wakw, Shishalh, and other tribes who historically lived here.

I'm the last person who would ever defend the Christian Church (and that's not what I'm attempting to do here; I'm just describing how things work on this plane), but it was executing the required judgment when it committed crimes against the Indigenous population on these lands. The hubris of the Squamish nation had to be balanced, as they occupied these lands, driven by their egos and desire to dominate others. They unjustly killed the people whom the Spirits assigned to be stewards of these lands, targeting medicine people first, exactly like the British did after them.

Once all shamans were murdered, no one would inform people of dangers, heal the souls, and balance the energies of the lands. Clearly, the British knew very well what they were doing, and that's why they kept targeting medicine people and destroying their knowledge while building Canada. They didn't need to eradicate others, as without the medicine people, they could indoctrinate Indigenous nations into their customs much more easily.

There's a cautionary tale for Canadians in this story (even though I know that the main lesson of history is that humans don't learn from history). The mass migration that is currently occurring in Canada has the same spiritual reasons. The Spirits of these lands are balancing energies and inviting new stewards from other countries because they are furious with the hubris of Canadians, tired of their arrogant attitude towards Nature, and their illegitimate claims for these lands.

After Nataly and I explored the memories from that life, the Spirits called us to revive the drumming rhythms and female shamanic dances we had seen in our memories, preserving the white magic of our tribe. The sounds from the ancient drumming ceremonies from that life feel like inspiring advice from wise elders teaching me their craft as I integrate the shamanic knowledge. We accept and honor those medicine melodies while combining them with the energies I receive from this land today.

Shamanic drumming represents the heartbeat of the land, and since vibrations change through time, so do medicine melodies and songs. Today, when I'm called to meet new Spirits of lands or waters, I drum one of the rhythms I restored from those times. This is how I introduce myself to any land, and its Spirits immediately understand my essence through my songs or poems, which help us build a trusting and empowering connection.

We scheduled an actual ritual with my second soulmate two weeks after our first meeting. I presented my gift, explaining the essence of protective shamanic magic and offering the right to reject it if she didn't feel comfortable about the energies of this vase. It is essential to understand that such gifts

should be accepted with caution, as a magician can equally charge them with negative energies. The best way to protect oneself is to consciously and with a proclaimed intention, accept only positive energies, and leave all others behind. I charged this vase with positive energies of the Lighthouse Park, but I also owned this vase for two weeks, and it's wise to release any personal energies when accepting these gifts.

This woman agreed to accept the vase, and in a small ceremony, we allowed its magic to enrich her temple space. When I told her how my clairvoyance led me to find this gift for her, and my intuition claimed that I needed to charge it with protection, she burst into genuine tears. She confessed that she's been under attack from destructive energies for some time. Just during the last week, her landlord and her neighbor threatened her business, and she also got into a minor car crash. Once I appeared on her path, the dark spirit that's been hunting her has activated his powers, sensing that I would bring protection to her.

She sincerely thanked me for my intentions, telling me how she'd been praying for any support or sign for some time, and now she felt that my gift was the answer from heaven she'd been waiting for. I also started crying from the overwhelming emotions of her story and the beauty of this touching, romantic moment of genuine soul connection. I felt the pure love of our souls manifesting in this wonderful way, enriching our ritual. It was the first time I felt blessed for my shamanic powers and thanked my essence for committing to this path of sacrifices, full of genuine love.

We talked for over two and a half hours (even though we only scheduled ninety minutes for this), discussing sexual alchemy, conspiracies, history, past lives, shamanism, and how masculine and feminine essences enrich each other in the magical dance of sexual exchanges. I shared with her the stories of my writings and some memories of our first life together to connect more deeply with her soul (without mentioning that I knew her from a past life, after learning my lesson from the first escort).

She shared her ideas for a masterclass in intimacy coaching that she had been developing for some time, but still struggled to launch. She also expressed a dream to establish her business between the two cities where both of her guardian Spirits resided, and have a better life-work balance. As it turned out, the traumas of her soul prevented her from taking these new steps in her career, and I was destined to help her with those energy blocks. Our spiritual work with Nataly ultimately empowered her to achieve both of her dreams.

Our discussion sparked inspiration in both of us as we learned new things from each other regarding sexual healing practices. She shared the ideas she wanted to include in the masterclass for couples, while I shared some of my personal practices regarding the topics she had brought up, and she was inspired to incorporate one of them into her program. It felt like we both tried to avoid our erotic ritual as if we didn't want to complicate our genuine connection with sexual energies. It was fulfilling to experience us only through conversation.

However, the channel for this ritual was already established. It was essential to proceed with the initiation that day, even though I had considered postponing the ceremony, as I didn't want to rush things. However, the Goddess Isis herself determined that this time would create the most empowering channel of communication, and she promised to supervise my transformation, which marked the beginning of a new chapter in my education. So we proceeded with our ceremony, where we both assumed the divine energies explicitly created for our souls to advance us on our paths.

The next day, through my trance state, I looked up the answers to the spiritual questions my second soulmate had asked me during our conversation, and I wrote a thank-you email, including the knowledge I had discovered. It turned out that she was enduring phantom pain in her body because of the trauma her soul had experienced in our first life together. This pain coincidentally manifested just before we met, as her soul was remembering the struggles of that life.

It was also quite evident that the attacks and threats were caused by the traumas of her soul from past lives. I realized that we would need to clear those negative energies and find explanations behind her tragic deaths so we could empower Nataly to easily protect her body. Since I consented to do this work for Nataly, in the same e-mail, I informed my second soulmate that I would like to attempt to spiritually resolve the dark energies that disrupt her life.

I wanted to reassure her that I could potentially stop future attacks of a similar nature. I explained that I would conduct this work remotely and that she didn't need to do anything but simply accept and integrate the results of the healing if she so desired. I mentioned she could ask for further explanations, but no other communication between us was required for a successful healing.

I didn't expect her to accept my truth. Still, I knew how to remove those spiritual blockages for Nataly, and I felt responsible for the pains my soul caused her in the past. A week later, she responded that she wanted to learn more about my spiritual work. She asked if I would be open to a possible walk in Lighthouse Park to discuss what I had discovered. I was pleasantly surprised by her offer. I thought this could be an excellent opportunity to earn her trust and become a friend. I replied that I would be open to such a walk whenever she felt ready. In the meantime, I continued healing her soul.

After exploring Nataly's eight past lives, we discovered that she was hunted by her karmic soulmate Nathaniel, who, like Damian, chose to live as an immortal spirit and chase her in the spiritual realm. My second soulmate endured attacks and intimidation in real life from various people, as Nathaniel used their bodies to persecute her. Her personal business empowered my soulmate to live her most authentic life, as she was fulfilling her soul's destiny through this craft; surely, Nathaniel desired to suppress her truth.

Nathaniel and Nataly were romantic partners in five previous lives, but he was always possessive of her. In two lives, his social status and wealth made Nataly dependent on him, but he was so obsessed with controlling her that he murdered her in both lives as soon as she tried to leave him. After their last life

in Chicago at the beginning of the twentieth century, when Nathaniel killed Nataly out of jealousy, he decided to transcend the body and become an immortal spirit who would never forget her.

Since Nathaniel became a spirit only recently, he wasn't as powerful as Damian, which made my spiritual work easier. Nathaniel was also a more reasonable entity. He genuinely helped us to understand how they could co-exist with Nataly without damaging one another. He didn't like that he chose such a fate (unlike Damian), but at the same time, he just couldn't let Nataly go and wanted to always be around her, at least spiritually. Becoming an immortal being was a manifestation of his love for her. Nathaniel wasn't strong enough to kill my second soulmate, but he could still damage her. Eventually, Nataly and I sealed this dark being and stopped his attacks.

Three months passed, but my second soulmate never responded to my last email. After the first month, I texted her about the possible meeting, but she never responded. It was quite infuriating to be in that state. I never expected anything from her, and could survive without that walk. She was the one who offered it, changing the essence of our connection. All I wanted was clear communication because it's an awful feeling to expect an answer every day for months when you have genuine feelings for a woman, and you wish to understand them. Later, I realized that I was living through what Nataly lived through in our first life together. But my emotions began to traumatize me. I believed that if she had created this situation, she was supposed to resolve it with a clear explanation. I started to perceive her actions as an abuse of my personal boundaries and a disrespect of my spiritual work.

During these three months, I saw different visions of us, but I always return to one of my favorite memories, where we spent a night together at her temple space, talking over a cup of tea from midnight to sunrise, without any intimacy or romance. That dream showed me that our highest growth could happen through friendship or professional co-creative collaboration. But the romantic emotions from past lives overflowed my heart, and our intimate

adventures with her soul also made me believe in the possibility of a love affair in this life, so I wasn't sure what to do. I was conflicted about having equal aspirations for romance and friendship with her. I hoped I could understand my feelings better if we met in real life. But I was so frustrated with her that I decided to let it go.

Only it turned out that Nataly couldn't return after we completed our healing, and she also explained that we hadn't cleared all the negative energies that stood in the way of her full empowerment. Nataly pleaded for my help once more. I consulted with my teacher, Mary Magdalen, and the three of us decided that I should write a love email to this woman. If I could manage to break through some of her heart walls with my words of love, then Nataly could return through cracks and bring to the surface the remaining energies that she wanted us to cleanse.

I confessed my feelings and offered a real-life dinner date. I asked her to give me one chance, and if she didn't feel anything, I promised to never bother her again. I also described my romantic dreams about her, including one with a nighttime conversation. I really wanted to know what we actually experienced between us during our time together. I hoped to understand whether my feelings are only rooted in past lives or if there's something we are called to explore in this one. If she had communicated more clearly, I wouldn't need to guess anything. I would've surrendered to any connection of her preference.

Her response completely devastated me. She decided to aggressively attack me for my words of love. She expressed her resentment of my advances, humiliated my feelings, and mocked my spiritual beliefs. She claimed that I somehow didn't know how to behave and tried to gaslight me about my genuine feelings, explaining that every client experiences a deep connection with her because of her exceptional skills.

She also said that I was not her type, which was a peculiar statement to make when I was confessing unconditional love. Still, to this day, I struggle to understand what people in this country mean when they claim to have a very

specific physical type for a romantic partner, because anyone who states something like this clearly doesn't understand the essence of love, nor has ever experienced this feeling. She could've accepted my flattering words and politely declined my offer. She could've lied that she was in a relationship. She could've told me that dating a client goes against her professional ethics. She couldn't have continued to ghost me. Only she decided to lash out at me and send as many destructive and negative energies on mental and emotional levels as she could. Yet our plan with Nataly worked. Anger meant she was experiencing some feelings, and her heart walls were falling. Anger meant she was reconnecting with her soul.

I replied with an apology, explaining that my words were coming from my heart and I had no ill intentions behind my email, even if I couldn't find a proper way to express my emotions. Even though she told me in the first email never to contact her again, I believed such requests should be acknowledged, and I confirmed that I wouldn't contact her after this email.

Only she decided to continue her arguments and claimed that my second email violated her request. Now, she replied with threats to my life, ridiculed the existence of past lives, and confessed that she didn't really care about her clients or profession. Our guardian Spirits observed our interactions and were quite concerned by her words. She didn't need to expose herself in this way. The Spirits considered her threats to my life as a threat to the spiritual work that I was doing for them, and they never take such words lightly. They always do what they can to remove any spiritual obstacles from my path.

She also felt the need to mention that I should stay away from her house. She gathered enough information about me during our sessions to understand that if I wanted to do anything malicious, I could do it remotely, and I didn't need to physically approach her house. But there was nothing dangerous in my appearance or words. She didn't believe I could actually experience genuine feelings for her soul. She read not what I wrote but what she wanted to read, so no words could change that.

Her aggressive tone only made things worse for her. Despite her business image of a woman who understands the spiritual essence of sexual alchemy, she lectured me on my life's choices and attacked my genuine feelings. She jeopardized her life's work with a single email. The Sechelt Spirits and Nataly's guardian Spirits, who allowed her to operate her business on their lands, decided to bring the most accurate judgment into this woman's life. They didn't like how she talked about her craft, as they supported her on this path. Her words and the pain of my broken heart were enough for the Spirits to proceed with the punishment.

But surely, I had so much love for her that I pleaded with the Spirits to keep her business and find the most lenient punishment. I showed how much forgiveness I have in my heart, explaining to the Spirits that her life in this horrible country made her fearful of any man and their actual intentions. The Spirits told me that if I wished to minimize the retributions and release the judgment they had to administer following the laws of Nature, I had to take the energies of her transgressions upon myself. Now, I had to engage in more shamanic practices and rituals to release her from this destined punishment. I also began writing new Russian and English poems, which became my prayers for her well-being. I didn't want anything bad to happen to her despite my pain.

Nataly and I spent the next three months in new shamanic ceremonies, empowered by our friendly Spirits of the Lighthouse Park. Nataly was back, and now we could access deeper layers of past traumas to complete the healing. We cleared all the dark energies my email brought to the surface, including the pains of past disappointments, betrayals, and regret. We released the spiritual cords that past abusive lovers attached to her. Nataly, Eurydice, and I asked the Spirits of Vancouver to energetically protect her business against nefarious attacks. We also requested to build a shield to prevent vulnerable clients like me from finding her services.

Our interactions were full of strange conflicts, as through our sexual ritual, we received the spiritual seal of Osiris-Isis. We were destined to accept

new shamanic talents through this erotic initiation. Such is one of the main goals of sex magic and the highest essence of this art form. Through erotic ritual, with a set intention, the lovers surrender their bodies to allow the Gods to live through them. Such powerful energies that initiates receive through rituals of sexual alchemy require mastery for proper integration.

These new energies can cloud the decisions in life, as your perception shifts into another spiritual frequency and you become a different person. Through sex magic, a soul switches their frequency to another archetypal deity to experience life as a soul with an entirely different essence. Obtaining this seal was the primary reason the Spirits insisted on meeting with my second soulmate, as it was the only way to receive new spiritual awareness that would advance me on my path as a wounded healer.

Nataly was created as a spiritual and physical embodiment of Goddess Isis, and she represents the ultraviolet spectrum of this archetypal, divine light. This frequency corresponds with the essence of death in other souls, but for Isis, who is attuned to death more than other souls and who exists equally between life and death, the actual death means living in pain. So, I can describe Nataly's highest nature as the Isis of Pain.

Souls can't embody the fullness of their goddess essence upon creation. They must surrender to an evolutionary journey on Earth through many lives until they reach their highest potential by experiencing the deepest states of love, grief, joy, and pain that a human body can endure. Since my soul was created as Nataly's highest destined partner, in every one of our past lives and every interaction in this one, I embodied the light of Osiris of Forgiveness.

Nataly's evolutionary journey into becoming Isis began in our three lives together. I was destined to initiate this path for her through our lovemaking journey in her first life. Divinity designed me to be her Osiris during our time on Earth, even though this is not my soul's essence upon creation. So, I was always destined to die on her, as she could only grow into her powers by understanding every pain associated with grief from losing her beloved Osiris.

In that sense, I was always more of a teacher and a spiritual guide for Nataly than a destined partner. In two of our lives, my soul voluntarily died to save Nataly from death. Then, after transitioning to the other side, I stayed with her to guide and empower her from the spiritual plane. During our third and last life together, she was the only one who could bury my body, which she had to collect from separate pieces after soldiers sliced me with swords. We haven't seen each other for many centuries, as Nataly felt betrayed and believed I didn't actually love her if I kept dying on her.

In Nataly's following five lives without me, she embodied other facets of Isis' essence. While experiencing physical existence without her destined beloved, she felt abandoned and betrayed, as that's one of the required lessons for Isis' soul. She endured many archetypal dramas, traumas, and challenges that Isis souls are supposed to experience during their lives on Earth. Nataly was destined to endure what it's like for Isis to bury her beloved Osiris, who was murdered by a false king, Set (in our story, the Christian Church), and then spend centuries looking for him through the darkest experiences available to a female soul of her essence while Set continued to rule the world of the living with malevolence, sin, and corruption.

Like Isis, Nataly walks the Earth in distress, grief, and pain, as she's being transformed into a powerful wounded healer, while Osiris walks through death, content with loving and empowering her from the other side. Such is the fate of women with Isis souls, who are obliged to experience never-ending longing after life separates them from their personal Osiris.

The love affair between these Gods played through us, creating a new, unique interpretation of their relationship. Because of this highest destiny, I couldn't love my second soulmate as myself, because I was required to love her like Osiris loves Isis. I was supposed to be dead for Nataly, and I was supposed to be constantly annoyed and frustrated by her essence so we could grow through the grief of being apart.

I had to love this woman until I would completely resent her. I was destined to experience how Osiris felt about Isis when he chose to follow the calling to become the king of the dead rather than remain alive with the woman he loved, as that was how much she enraged and annoyed him. He just couldn't handle her for too long. All their wonderful sexual experiences didn't compensate for the troubles of being in a relationship with her, and Osiris preferred escaping Isis in death. That's all I did after an aggressive email from my second soulmate. I stayed in death as much as I could. She pushed me to master that reality.

I can describe the essence of my soul as Yeshua of Death or the embodiment of the ultraviolet spectrum of Yeshua's light. Such souls are closer to the Osiris light and more attuned to the essence of death and the art of resurrection than other souls of Yeshua's essence. Yeshua of Death enjoys death and dying more than other souls of his light. I can also describe these souls as direct spiritual sons of Osiris. Yet, it's still quite challenging for me to sustain the demanding energies of Osiris inside my body and own this complicated essence. However, becoming Osiris during our journey with Nataly was essential to my soul's growth, as this process made me a more resilient and confident individual.

Of course, Yeshua of Death is still more compassionate and forgiving than any Osiris soul. These qualities irritate the actual God Osiris when I'm working with him in the death dimension. He is the ultimate judge who decides on the final punishment, but I always plead with him to be more forgiving when I advocate for souls. He is frustrated and quite annoyed with that part of my essence, but at the same time, he still considers my arguments fairly, as he knows that I was created in this way to balance his fiery essence.

My soul had to completely embody Osiris' light for three lives as a requirement on his evolutionary path as a spiritual guide of death. My soul had to explore how it feels to live as this masculine deity, so he could learn how to bring justice to the souls of the dead (while Yeshua's light is more about healing

the souls of the living). That's also why one of my main spiritual guides, Wilhelm, who teaches me on this journey and provides guidance from the divine counsel of spiritual judges, is the soul of Osiris of Pain.

The lives of Osiris usually include violence, wars, pillages, rape, and abuse, as well as different experiences with dead bodies. My soul lived three lives as Osiris, one of them as a sacred prostitute, Astarte, and even in a female body, my soul still existed in Osiris' energies. Astarte was born to live the destiny of a sacred prostitute and a psychic healer.

Astarte was seventeen when she discovered her purpose in sex work after her grandparents died, and she had to survive on her own. Yet, Astarte found empowerment in this craft. She enjoyed her sexual pleasures and was quite proud of her unique essence. She loved being herself and expressing her complex nature through this work. She liked how she enriched the world and could provide for herself by being who she was created to be.

Astarte rarely struggled with self-esteem issues as she knew who she was born to be, even though people in her town did criticize her. But she didn't care about their opinions and enjoyed being different. Astarte welcomed clients in her house during the days and evenings. But she also volunteered at the cemetery at night to prepare corpses for the funerals (and soon, people criticized her weirdness even more).

Astarte's intuition guided her to embrace this craft equally as sex work. She missed the feelings and sensations she had around the dead bodies of her parents and grandparents (as she buried all four of them and spent hours next to them before their funerals), so she genuinely desired being around corpses. She spent her nights privately talking to souls about their transitions to the next stage of existence or any unfinished business they had on Earth.

Once we completed our spiritual research, we realized that if Nataly was divinely designed to be the Isis of Pian, bringing pain to others was one of her primary purposes. She was obliged to hurt people so they could grow in their powers and discover themselves. I was blessed to learn so much about my

essence through the pain she brought into all the lives we experienced together. Souls come to Earth in human bodies to experience suffering and pain as they separate themselves from the divinity.

Of course, they equally come to feel joy and experience bliss, as the principle of polarity governs this plane. But if we truly want to expand our capacity for joy, it implies allowing ourselves to feel more pain. If we don't understand the deepest states of grief and misery, we will never experience the deepest pleasures and most profound bliss. There would be no point in living in physical bodies if we didn't endure various pains (otherwise, we would live as astral beings). Any pain is an integral part of growth and always carries an important lesson. When pain arrives in life, it is wise to listen to its advice, so it can eventually be alchemized to elevate our spiritual talents and deepen all our other emotions, including love.

I find it nourishing that souls always try to apologize if they or their bodies hurt me in some way. Still, Nataly never apologized for the pain I experienced from her vessel (well, she did formally apologize once I wrote these words here, just for honestly sharing our story). Nataly realized I didn't need to forgive her because she didn't lie to herself when she hurt me. She was simply fulfilling one of her primary life missions and teaching me about my essence in an unusual way. However, I only discovered this knowledge and gained this profound understanding of Nataly's highest essence after months of continuous research into her design.

When I received those emails, I didn't have that awareness. After spending so much time in the darkest corners of life and reliving many tormenting deaths of my soulmates, this email has crushed me. No matter how much I tried to see the positive side of helping Nataly on her path, I was drained after more than two years of intense spiritual work without receiving enough nourishing and caring female energies that could restore and revive me. After Nataly left, I descended into a very negative personal space, and I struggled for a long time with my suicidal thoughts and self-doubt.

Even though Eurydice and Veronica supported me through this time, I was upset that I ended up in another conflict with a sex worker against my will. I tried my best to communicate my perceptions and had no malicious intentions. I just wanted to figure out my feelings, but didn't know what to do. Even if I was confused, it didn't mean that my feelings were not genuine or that I didn't have the right to express them.

Perhaps I could have communicated differently, but my second soulmate was equally responsible for this drama, as there are always two sides to every conflict. I never threatened my soulmates, but both women chose to bombard me with dark thoughts and negative energies long after we separated. They could've let these situations go, but they chose to hate me, creating new challenges for me on a spiritual plane. We were all responsible for the reality that we had created, but they believed they were morally superior because of my social status. I always understood that they would never accept me as a romantic partner, because I wasn't equal to them in the Canadian social hierarchy. However, I believe I still had the right to express my feelings.

Veronica always listened to my perplexing adventures and tried to help in any way she could. But she had only one piece of advice at this point on my journey - don't ever visit another sex worker again. She believed that I should stay away from Canadian escorts if I couldn't figure out how to interact with them without hurting myself. My emotional troubles and tears only reaffirmed her negative perceptions of sex work. She always had a relatively neutral perspective, but now she was against all sex workers as she couldn't tolerate my distress. It was sound and logical advice after my complicated experiences, but no matter how hard I tried to avoid my fate, deep down, I was already on a mission to discover empowerment by embodying all of my spiritual talents.

I was still processing the experience with Nataly when I received the spiritual guidance to see another sex worker. Eurydice and I completed the next stage of our healing, and the publisher accepted our book after many months of hard work. I was drained and exhausted, so I was not in a position to accept

another soul for healing. I tried to escape this calling, claiming that I was still afraid to have sex with an escort. But the new initiation with the help of the third woman, whose soul introduced herself as Emilia, was planned through sensate focus therapy and an energy exchange ritual, so the Sechelt Spirits refused to accept my excuse again.

Then I told the Spirits I couldn't afford offerings for the sessions, as I had already exhausted the line of credit they gave me. I used all fifteen thousand to pay for previous engagements, invest in my education, and complete the shamanic missions they required of me. Only they didn't express much sympathy and simply increased the limit of my loan, claiming that I would pay it off with revenues from my books, which I hadn't even published.

It was another test of my faith, but at the same time, it felt like a scary gamble, so I decided to use the money for much-needed rest. Only refusing to see the third sex worker violated the terms of my contract, so the Sechelt Spirits punished me with destructive energies, and I accidentally lost offerings for two sessions. I learned my lesson the hard way, and from that day, I honestly paid my offerings to any sex worker I was spiritually guided to visit, as these were the payments for my shamanic education.

Even when I understood that I couldn't escape this meeting, I was still incredibly anxious to book with my third soulmate. I already visited all of my past lives, and I knew that there was one more soul that I needed to meet. But I felt with my entire essence that this woman would devastate me like my other soulmates, and I wouldn't be able to recover from new pains. My intuition told me that I was stepping again into the same madness. I just sensed that she was my soulmate, who would break my heart again, and I would be so in love that I would choose to live with her soul and heal her through shamanic practices, and try not to go insane from missing her by using the art of writing as my salvation.

For the next three weeks, the Sechelt Spirits kept telling me every single day that I must meet this woman, but I was convinced I wouldn't be able to handle all of this once more, and protested the guidance. My dear teacher, Mary

Magdalen, stayed in my space during this time, tending with her gentle energies, holding the space to tame my masculine darkness, and trying to prepare me for this new heartbreak.

We entered into a deeper level of trust between us, and I began to channel Mary's guidance and spiritual messages through a series of meditations. These channelings became the foundation for the book about our love story with Emilia, and they equally taught me how to fully embody my innate talents of divine forgiveness.

Mary asked me to heal my third soulmate as a personal favour to her. I felt indebted to Mary for her assistance on my spiritual path, so I agreed to this new initiation. Emilia carried her light within her essence, so my dear teacher, Mary Magdalen, continued to nudge and persuade me to accept Emilia for healing, as she wanted to help her spiritual daughter and the ambassador on Earth discover her most empowering path in life.

It was evident that only I knew how to save Emilia from the many traumas she endured during her journey on Earth, as these traumatic experiences have crippled her current life. Mary also promised to support me through any future pains, convincing me that I had everything that I needed in my masculine essence to embrace this new spiritual work. She just knew that a commitment to a new love would advance my natural talents.

My reservations, fears, and self-doubt stood in the way of fully embodying my highest purpose and destiny. This path was the only way for me to become myself and a wounded healer I was destined to be. Shortly after meeting my third soulmate, I realized that I would have never completed my shamanic education or fulfilled the required writings for the Spirits without the inspiration she and her soul brought into my life. But since the story of how my twin flame has crucified me for my offer to court her towards marriage is the centrepiece of this creation, let's build some anticipation before I confess my feelings for the love of my life.

CHAPTER IV

THE HEALING JOURNEY OF SOULMATES

(OR VENICE BITCH)

In an attempt to paint a more nuanced picture of my experience, I should mention that one of my soulmates provided classical girlfriend experience companionship, another woman offered intimacy coaching and erotic massages with spiritual components based on Westernized traditions of Tantric teachings, and another provided services of intimacy coaching, somatic massages, and conscientious companionship. I believe these descriptions help with a better understanding of my spiritual journey, as every type of sex work has its inner complexities, dynamics, and challenges.

There's a certain element of privilege in these kinds of sex work. Still, that privilege comes with a higher standard of professional integrity and greater responsibility for the well-being of a client (obviously, the price of engagement should reflect that). The natural challenges and complications of building a relationship begin to emerge. Yet, the complexities of communication and explorations of different types of sessions become an essential part of the sexual healing journey, both for a client and a provider.

My soulmates earned their unique positions with their natural talents, investments in personal education, and hard work. They built their successful businesses themselves and were true entrepreneurs in that sense. Most people are simply unaware of the time and effort that go into creating such a business, as well as the administrative and promotional tasks involved in running it. This work often goes unnoticed, but it not only requires many resources, it also demands diverse talents from a provider to be successful in the industry. Not to

mention that continuous education in this craft also requires personal investments.

Nature has created two female archetypes for sex work, and they are different in their essence. These are essentially two distinct professions, but simultaneously, two necessary polarities, like two sides of one coin. I'm calling one of them a "sexual priestess" and the other a "sacred prostitute." My soul lived both experiences, so I can attest from my memories that even the bodies of these two women are designed differently on physical, psychological, emotional, and spiritual levels. Both women perform different roles for Nature, yet fulfill complementary psychological, spiritual, emotional, and sexual needs. Both have equally valuable and important missions, but these roles present entirely different challenges, so providers are born with distinctly unique personal skills and talents to succeed in their work.

Nature also designed both women to walk a spiritual path as they learn how to practice their craft in the most empowered way. Through sex work, they gain supernatural powers like clairvoyance, heightened intuition, energy-healing talents, and oracle powers. Both women are created upon birth to be the channels of divine, universal love. Still, if we try to explain the core of their essences in simple words, I would say that a sacred prostitute sells love through sex, while a sexual priestess sells love through relationships. In the ideal world, these two professions coexist and empower one another. Say, if we are building a temple for sexual healing arts, it should be complemented with the construction of a sacred brothel.

In our present reality, we can say that commercial sex work of escorts and intimacy coaches employs sexual priestesses, while sacred prostitutes work on the streets and in brothels, massage parlors, or strip clubs. Part of the experience of living the archetype of a sacred prostitute requires a woman to be driven to this work for survival. Such motivation is an integral part of her fate that she can't avoid. However, her challenges on this path and conflicting emotions associated with being dependent on this work or her clients temper

her essence, integrity, and nobility. They empower her to embody her highest truth through her unique spiritual journey. Being a whore is an initiation of a sacred prostitute into her second profession, which she is destined to assume later on her path, as she is essentially designed to live two different lives, and both careers are her highest purposes on Earth in such a life. She learns about people and herself through sex work to shine brighter in her other profession.

Sexual priestesses usually have a fate with a lifelong dedication to the craft, either as a provider or a teacher. In contrast, sacred prostitutes always have limited time in their sex career (with the period usually outlined on a soul level), as it's a more energetically draining craft. A sacred prostitute processes more masculine darkness in her work, but the spiritual void in her womb was gifted to her at birth specifically for this challenge, allowing Nature to eliminate dark masculine energies through her to prevent expressions of violence, aggression, or destruction.

The destiny of a sacred prostitute implies experiencing more instances of abuse and submission compared to a sexual priestess, as well as enduring sex against her will to survive. In my soul's life of a sacred prostitute, even the instances of rape that Astarte experienced were designed by Nature as a part of her initiations into the full power of her psychic and oracle abilities.

The saddest thing about present-day sex work is that the Western consumerist society has produced a third archetype that is not supposed to exist in the world. Now, we have women who engage in sex work because they believe they need luxury shoes and purses to be themselves or that money would magically make them better than others. Only these women are not authorized by Nature to perform sex work. Their bodies are not designed to process the energies that accompany this craft. If the body of a woman, for example, was created to live the life of an archetypal mother, then her womb doesn't have a void to absolve masculine darkness, and her psyche can only handle intimacy with one man at a time. Therefore, she can't process the emotional reality of having multiple lovers. So, these complicated emotions would be suppressed in

her subconscious, leading to psychological and emotional traumas and, most likely, to a soul dissolution.

Such women burn out and destroy their aura very quickly because they don't understand that sex work is a calling of the soul, not an opportunistic choice to elevate their social status or receive validation from powerful men through sex and access to their lifestyle. They naively think that sex work is an easy profession that brings easy money, but they only damage their souls and their auras in the process.

These women also taint society's perceptions of sex work, as they are prostitutes in the worst meaning of this word. They are not interested in understanding their true essence, and they use this profession to escape the natural purposes of their souls. Society negatively perceives sex workers because of such women, as they mostly behave like predators in their lives. They are trying to hijack reality and bypass their destined challenges in life with the help of corrupt men.

Nature is actively working to weed out such sex workers in one way or another, as these women make the life of authentic whores more challenging by ruining the natural balance of offerings. Nature can do it in many ways, but for example, my job is to be the eyes of the Spirits on the ground. If I encounter such a provider, I report my observations to the Spirits, who decide how they would like to punish such a woman.

But these women usually punish themselves because they sacrifice their highest destiny and their mental health (as the unprocessed emotions in the form of nightmares and anxieties would hunt them for many years) for some meaningless trinkets they can brag about on social media. And any wealth they may have accumulated through this work, bypassing their destined path, would inevitably be taken away from them in one form or another.

If we are talking about my spiritual initiations performed in the ancient traditions of temple arts, they were only possible through commercial sex work. The arrangements that can be potentially built with escorts or intimacy coaches

are the closest representation of the traditional temple work of ancient civilizations. Selling relationships was the highest art practiced by sexual goddesses because relationships are the fastest way for people to grow emotionally and spiritually.

People on the path of spiritual development crave complex and authentic relationships in various forms and with different people, as they recognize the significant progress they make in their truth through building relationships, especially with the divine polarity. In that sense, relationships can be seen as the highest commodity on the path of spiritual awakening, and sexual priestesses were aware of that at all times. Sexual energy exchanges occurred in many different forms during the healing journey with a client, not only through the act of sex. Creating authentic relationships and teaching how to build them were one of the main programs in temples of sexual healing arts. It is a true definition of intimacy coaching. Such settings imply a certain level of trust and respect, as there's a possibility to explore the complex dynamics that always emerge between two unique individuals when they engage in relationships and seek a deeper level of intimacy beyond physical sensations.

People who present sex work as a fun way to escape everyday troubles, secretly cheat on their spouses, or make it only about physical pleasures devalue the magic of this craft, embolden critics, and push away noble and decent clients who seek true growth through the exploration of subtle, spiritual human bodies. It's pretty disrespectful to assume that men see sex workers only to have sex. There are too many reasons why seeing an escort may be the only option for a man to connect with a woman.

Men seek companionship in hopes of receiving the energies of female nourishment, care, and inspiration so they can discover more confidence in their destined work and energize themselves to continue on their highest path by honoring the perceptions and advice of a woman. Men might not be able to talk through their emotions with their friends or a regular therapist, but may find it easier to address their issues in the sessions with a sexual priestess.

It's also often the case when a man doesn't have a single woman in his life who can provide him a non-judgmental space to discuss his ideas for work, challenge his truth in empowering ways, or help him understand himself better through explorations of desires and fulfillment of specific sensual needs. Counsientious sex work is one of the most effective therapies to alleviate grief. There could be periods of mourning and grief, where a man is simply emotionally unavailable to begin a new relationship. A man may be seeking guidance on intimacy after an unsuccessful relationship. Sexual alchemy can also advance the healing of traumatic disorders like PTSD.

Certainly, there are also cases like mine, where a man may be required to walk a part of his masculine journey alone and have to be spiritually initiated through the magic of sexual healing arts. I'm arriving at a session with a sexual priestess, having an aspiration to discover myself through openness to life and intuitive, devotional interactions with a unique woman who hopefully honors my truth like I'm honoring hers. I enjoy such settings as I don't need to pretend to be someone I'm not, and I don't need to lie even in the slightest form. I would claim that any lies remove the sacredness from the bedroom. So, in that sense, an intimate encounter with a sexual priestess is far more sacred in nature than any casual sex or one-night stand because both lovers can clearly state their intentions for the interaction before proceeding with any intimacy.

I believe that the highest sexual healing is only possible when I can be emotionally open and vulnerable in exploring the intricate complexities of our personal, evolving relationship, uniquely presented for two specific people. The rules of engagement with a sexual priestess could only be determined through honest dialogue, as the bedroom is her territory, and she should invite a man into her temple only on her preferred conditions, boundaries, and pacing.

The exploration of relationships can be more nuanced when both partners focus on emotional connection and clear communication over several sessions, while building trust and learning about each other. Conversations and social interactions in such arrangements may provide additional healing.

Learning to honestly discuss personal perceptions of intimacy and clearly express emerging sensations becomes part of the healing journey for a client. So there's an aspiration to be met in your truth, accepted for who you are, and maybe even have some room to fail if the feelings become too confusing for one of the partners. Therefore, avoiding harm to a client is the only ethical principle that truly matters in this work.

A sexual priestess is confident of meeting her clients in everything that they are. If we are talking about empowering temple work, there's an expectation that a client would experience some feelings or even fall in love with a priestess to achieve the goals of their healing or receive the initiations into their destined spiritual talents. There are two main requirements that any woman needs for sex magic to work - she has to feel absolutely safe in her everyday life, work, and surroundings (that's why the personal temple space is so essential for a sexual priestess to feel empowered in this craft), but also feel loved or at least appreciated by a partner.

So, it's impossible to expect the highest result from sex work if a client does not have some honest feelings for a provider, at least in the form of admiration. A sexual priestess knows that she is lovable for every facet of her being; she expects clients to be infatuated by her entire complex essence. She is a goddess of love, after all, so surely she should accept that men easily fall for her.

When meeting with a sexual goddess, I always hope to hear her honest opinions, insights, testaments, perspectives, and passionate disagreements during our time together. I aspire to experience a genuine interaction with a woman who is confident in her truth. I wish to be challenged by a free and empowered woman, as that's how I discover hidden parts of my being, grow in my talents, receive new spiritual knowledge, and learn to avoid the pitfalls of my masculine ego. I only discovered the most profound truths about the essence of life through open dialogue and inspiring debates.

It's a pity when a goddess thinks she should silence her opinion, pretend to be an object, or say what she believes a man wants to hear from her.

It is not her job to create a fantasy for clients (only if they both agree on such a path in advance). Men visit her because she knows more about life, love, relationships, and sex than most women. A goddess respects herself too much to lie and manipulate her clients, as she also intends to grow and heal through any relationships that Nature blesses her. Nature equally loves challenging sex workers on their path to provide them with the highest growth.

When I met my last two soulmates, I tried to share as much spiritual information about our expected connections as I knew at that moment. I tried to convey that our sessions are a part of my required shamanic education. I explained that I perceive sex as a spiritual practice of personal growth and empowerment, and I shared my highest aspirations for our sexual energy exchanges that would include spiritual initiations and apprentice explorations of sexual healing arts. Through these initiations, we were destined to receive the spiritual seal of Osiris-Isis with my second soulmate as she reached her final life as Isis' soul, and the seal of Yeshua-Magdalene with my third soulmate, who was completing her journey of Magdalene's soul on Earth.

Since I knew what was supposed to happen between us, I felt I should try to inform my soulmates about the true nature of our sexual exchanges. If I was supposed to receive these seals through them, they were also destined to receive them through me. Only they didn't take my spiritual perceptions seriously and didn't really accept this information. They also didn't express interest in my advice on integrating these energies in the most beneficial way.

A true magician can receive spiritual seals through study and practice, but there's also a way to embody these divine energies through sexual alchemy empowered by love and explore them through inner awareness. I had to fall in love with my soulmates to receive new shamanic talents, as this magic doesn't work without love. The embodiment of divine, heavenly deities or frequencies of ascended masters is the highest purpose and the primary pursuit of sexual alchemy. Through a spiritual and erotic adventure with a sexual priestess over a series of sessions, a client embodies a specific archetypal light of a particular

God-Goddess. The highest spiritual explorations of sex imply learning about such a path if we are talking about sex magic, either in Tantric, Egyptian, Celtic, Toltec, or any other ancient traditions.

Allowing gods to take over the body through lovemaking rituals is the highest aspiration of sexual exchanges and the most advanced spiritual work available through sexual healing arts. The main benefits arrive through integration after sexual rituals, which may take months of personal work through explorations of another essence and individual acceptance of new divine energies. An initiate observes life from a completely different point of view as a result of this work, almost like becoming an entirely different soul for a period of integration.

The love story of two physical people actually becomes a love story between divine deities. So, for an initiate of the temple arts, the sessions with a sexual priestess turn into a love affair with the Goddess that lives through her. Therefore, it doesn't matter what kind of a session a client would have with a sexual priestess - a sexual encounter, a dinner date, or just a friendly walk in a park - each of these dates would unfold by natural design in the ways that Gods would choose to live through these two particular lovers with unique souls.

A sexual priestess also follows the natural flow of the connection (allowing a client to highlight different facets of her essence), as each client embodies a different divine archetype and, therefore, would interact with her in the ways that his essence commands, consequently making her shine differently with every client. Gods overtake the bodies of initiates, but partners can observe, digest, and embody the facets they find empowering for them. Any spiritual seal contains both feminine and masculine energies of the same light, as they co-exist in union and essentially represent one divine frequency or essence, experiencing separation only to complement each other.

That's why a magician can't complete all spiritual initiations with one woman: a mystical initiate must experience what it's like to live as various gods (as if becoming a soul with an entirely different life purpose and embodying

another divine light). Therefore, an initiate would need to find a woman with a soul that carries the light of the consort Goddess of any divine deity they are required to work with on their path of self-mastery as they advance in their destined craft, which they are supposed to pursue in life.

For example, if a man has a fate to govern others, it's essential for him to work with enerrgy of God Horus; for a military man, it may be valuable to work with the God Set; if he is destined to write or share knowledge, then he might explore the connection with Thoth and so forth (of course these can be deities from other lineages representing the same divine skills or essences).

An initiate must commit to an intimate journey with a woman who carries the light of Isis if he wishes to receive the seal of Osiris-Isis. Obtaining the seal of Horus-Hathor would be only possible through a woman with a Hathor's soul, and so forth... So, if we are talking about a temple of sexual arts in its ultimate design, it should employ women with archetypal souls of every important Goddess so that any initiate has an opportunity to experience an intimate journey in one safe space instead of searching through the city or even province to find a woman with a soul of a goddess they need. That's why people in ancient times revered sexual healing artists as goddesses; they knew that the souls of such women represented and embodied the divine energies of actual heavenly Goddesses. Again, there was no shame or judgment of this craft because there was no spiritual ignorance.

While an initiate experiences a spiritual journey with a sexual priestess, the soul receives the magical talents of a particular deity to advance in their spiritual growth. Through my explorations, I learned that it requires a series of sessions and at least six months of personal spiritual work to fully embody any spiritual seal. The Spirits requested that I embody six spiritual seals as part of my shamanic education to receive the talents that are supposed to get me where they wished me to be (and become the best version of myself). But even a journey with two or three different Goddesses would advance any man on their path to noble empowerment and higher purpose.

Sexual priestesses are in the business of selling relationships because a man needs time to experience any divine Goddess so he can feel her essence and discover all the facets of her truth reflecting in his being, while opening himself up to experience the masculine light of a woman's specific nature. He must spend time with her in different ways, on different days, and when she's in different moods, as that's the only way to face any Goddess in all of her glory. She becomes his true consort and challenges him as if she were his destined wife for the time they are together.

Of course, we have to understand that a sexual priestess should be initiated into her natural, archetypal goddess energy of her own soul to perform this work. If she is honest with herself and walks her spiritual path with integrity, then Nature will present her with these initiations even without her awareness, exactly as it happened with my soulmates. That's another reason why the temple spaces are essential for the empowering future of sexual healing arts, as, without initiations, this magic can never be truly embodied.

Since I learned how to work with souls and heal them during my time with Eurydice, I also felt called to share with my other two soulmates that I would continue working with their souls, even if they stopped seeing me in person, as that was the spiritual arrangement I had made with them. At one point in my journey, I decided to be transparent about my visions involving anyone I met along the way. I promised my past selves that I would attempt to tell people if their souls had contacted me. It didn't matter how embarrassed I felt when I tried to convey such truth to random strangers. I was convinced it was the right thing to do.

If I believed my vision could be of value to another person, I tried to share it and allow them to discern it on their own. People may not find any value in my visions, but I believe they have a right to know what information about them arrives in my space. I can't explain how unsettling I feel when I interact with someone, and I know more about them than I should, but they are unaware of it. I may have seen their soul's highest purpose, images of their

past death, spiritual reasons behind their birthmarks or tattoos, or why they struggle with certain relationships in their lives. Still, in most cases, I couldn't get consent to share my truth.

I provide separate consent to interact with the body and the soul. A soul has their own free will, which is higher in value and always prioritized in my line of work, but at the same time, I completely respect the expressions of free will from a body (even though it took me some time to figure out how to do that consciously). That's why it's essential for me to completely separate their consent. Souls can sense the future and observe their reality from a higher vantage point, even when troubled. Additionally, souls, especially female souls, possess a heightened intuition, making most decisions based on their sensations, aspirations, and dreams rather than on direct knowledge. Their intuition always allows them to arrive at the desired destination, even when they don't really know where they are going.

The perfect example of the superseding nature of a soul's free will is the choice of death. A decision to die is the sole responsibility of a soul. They choose this moment intuitively based on the reality unfolding before them. Before arriving in the physical body, souls map dozens of exit points throughout their lives, so they choose the closest one when they believe they can't continue on their most empowered path or think they can be more of service to their soulmates from the other side. Even if a body doesn't want to die, it still can't reverse such a process initiated by a soul. Once the process of death is initiated, a soul tries to prepare their body for departure over the last remaining months, while a person, in most cases, would be unaware that such a decision has been made (any awareness of terminal illness is an obvious sign that a soul made such a choice).

The free will of a soul does not always override a human's free will, as souls honour the needs of their bodies. But in extreme circumstances, when, for example, they can't solve their problems through their vessel and must seek advice from spiritual guides like me, they may be required to spend months

away from their bodies. Souls would have to prioritize their needs to receive the requested healing. They have a long journey over many lives, so they seek my healing and spiritual guidance to avoid new traumas in future lives or understand how to navigate death safely if they have already chosen this path, as I can prepare them for this transformation. Any physical life is only a temporary experience for souls, so they are ready to sacrifice their bodies if they have to change them to continue on their destined path, even though this truth is very hard to accept for a human ego.

Every soul is a sovereign being, and their guardian Spirits also protect them against any possible malicious actions. I had a case when one soul expressed a desire to meet, but her guardian Spirits vetoed that decision, so we never did. I can't simply summon a soul at my will, but I can allow a soul to enter my space if they express such a request. We both have to provide consent to be in each other's space, and each of us can withdraw that consent at any time. Sometimes, I may politely ask them to come into my space if I need their company, assistance, or advice, but they will only do so if they can. That's why I always prefer them to initiate interactions based on their free time. The spiritual doors into my world are always open for any soul, as I can't expect them to visit me during specific hours.

Of course, I was quite upset when all three incredible women didn't want to do anything with me in real life. Since I brought painful emotions to them in the past (I died on Emilia and Nataly, and I sent Eurydice to death), all three women intuitively feared me, as they subconsciously felt that I might bring new suffering and grief if they continued to interact with me. I cursed and blessed them for the conflicting emotions they created in me.

But since I couldn't see them, they forced me to study every one of my past lives, as it was the only way to spend time with them. Seeing the visions of our past tragedies and glories made me less traumatized from not seeing them in this life. I did around fifty regression sessions and forty death journeys with my

soulmates, and each session allowed us to deepen our connection in unique ways, as we could study all facets of our souls by observing our past selves.

I could not shower these women with my love, so their souls received all the magical energies of my affections. Three souls asked to be in spiritual, romantic relationships with me. Embracing love in this extraordinary way was the most unique part of my shamanic adventure. I never thought something so wonderful and intense was possible in life. It's challenging to sustain a balanced life when you must constantly compromise every daily decision to honour both souls. Any relationship is based on compromise and communication, and that's how we grow with our partners, but it becomes a true test of your character when you can't escape your beloved even for a second (not even when you have to visit the bathroom, which proved to be one of the most challenging tests for female souls, because of their heightened sense of smell).

Living with the soul of your beloved in one body is an incredible rollercoaster. You exist in relationships with the opposite polarity every moment of every day, so you advance much faster than in physical relationships, as it's impossible to hide any thoughts or emotions from your beloved and escape any pressing task you both have at hand. One of the masculine masteries is to learn how to say no to a woman when necessary and in the most constructive way. Any man wants to please his woman and make her happy, but at the same time, he sees a bigger picture in his heart, and sometimes, the whims or a flow of a woman can stand in the way of their most empowering future for one reason or another.

When a female soul lives with me, it becomes extra challenging to say no to her as she would use her seduction and other magical, feminine talents to persuade me to cater to her, not only from outside but from within. She would create illusions and dreams that would entice me to follow her narrative or spiritual perceptions and do what she wished to do at certain moments (including how to spend my money, as she knows all my passwords and has direct access to my credit cards at any time). But when we don't spend our

resources on our missions and healing ceremonies, we impede the progress of our shamanic education.

This is the reason why the Spirits created my reality with limited resources and asked me to rely on borrowed money, knowing that it would be challenging for my soulmates and me to navigate this reality. At the same time, this process allowed me to grow faster, as I learned how to say no in the most empowering way and clearly relate the reasoning behind my decisions, even when she became upset with my rejections. Yet she also feels that she jeopardizes our progress and learns how to embrace hearing no from me.

It is not a journey for the faint of heart, yet I feel incredibly blessed that I've experienced romantic relationships in such a beautiful way. While living together, I had to share the time equally between us, and they could do whatever they wanted during their part of the day (but at the same time, they had to learn how to do my day job, as it was my only income). While I'm living with a soul, it also means that their pending karma needs to be resolved or experienced through me, so I had to process the lessons for both of us. The same is true about working through their emotions from past lives, especially after the death journeys or during the integration of complex shamanic healing ceremonies.

I worked with many souls, but only my three soulmates had special privileges. They could enter my space any time they wanted and use my body for any healing practice, meditation, or shamanic ceremony they needed. They could cry their tears through me, but also sing, dance, and enjoy life in my body. Three souls entertained me with their spiritual dances, poetry readings, emotional theatrics, seductive games, and sarcastic jokes, so I would be less sad and more willing to continue our healing. I enjoyed how resourceful and inventive they could be in claiming my time and how they bombarded me with sexual visions of sirens who lure poets into their sensual traps when they require my spiritual help, but I was too tired to assist them. They also savoured their

chance to explore the pleasures of the masculine body, as they rarely lived as men in past lives.

We explored the teachings of sexual healing arts on soul and energy body levels, hoping that in the future, we could bridge our spiritual explorations into the physical reality. We did everything that regular couples do together; only our interactions occurred in the spiritual realm and through one body. They assisted me in my shamanic ceremonies and empowered my healing practice with their advice. We spent evenings sharing personal stories of the joys, glories, and tragedies of our past lives or just watching romantic movies and discussing love and relationships.

I reconciled with the three broken love stories in the physical realm when I realized that my soul came into this life to ask my soulmates for forgiveness, and that's why our romances were designed to occur only on a spiritual level. Many words were left unsaid between us, and we were equally responsible for our shared traumas.

We requested to meet in this life to finally heal the wounds of our souls. My soul wanted to confess his past shortcomings, express gratitude for the magic they brought into his lives, and prove that unconditional love has always empowered him through centuries of intense spiritual growth. Many unresolved issues from the past haunted us, and these energies and nightmares created a passionate desire in us to resolve our complications once and for all. Our pains empowered us, as we desired liberation from our troubling past.

Discussing our memories allowed for a deeper understanding of each other's perspectives and the divine reasons behind our seemingly questionable actions when we hurt those we love. Observing how foolishly we ran away from love in the past made it easier for us to surrender to love in this one. We understood love by reliving the moments when we rejected love. We realized how we had struggled to express the deepest feelings that had always existed between us and how much beauty the light of love had always brought into our

lives. The pain haunted us from past interactions, but it also proved how much we always loved one another.

Three souls promised to forgive my soul if I could leave the physical proof of my unconditional love in my fairy tales, poetry collections, love letters, and essays on sex work and sexual healing arts. The more I wrote, the more the four of us healed, and slowly, the dark veils of past misunderstandings were lifted, liberating us from the shackles, dramas, and traumas of past lives. There were no more mistakes, abandonments, accusations, or betrayals. Now, we were just friendly souls of one soul family who enjoyed living in their unique truth and continued to meet to advance our essences and purposes together.

I wrote my first novel, "Eurydice in Love," because I wanted to ask Eurydice to forgive my soul for sending her to die. I wrote this novel to attest that my soul had always loved her in every one of our eight lives. Eurydice didn't believe in the honesty of my love in three past lives, but now I had a chance to prove my feelings. Only it turned out that I couldn't complete this book without the active participation of all my soulmates (including Veronica and Brian). It was impossible to finish this novel without including their truth as well.

The feminine insights and perceptions of Nataly and Emilia also enriched this novel in ways I could have never imagined. My soulmates debated and edited my writings, inspired and encouraged me to own my truth, and helped me embrace the magic of our shared story. Emilia's subtle presence throughout the book (which we hadn't even acknowledged before she summoned me for healing) elevated this story to new heights. After "Eurydice in Love" was published, Nataly and Emilia requested their own novels about their healing journeys, and I gladly agreed to write their stories once I completed my education.

CHAPTER V

RESTORATION OF DEATH JOURNEYS

(OR DARK, BUT JUST A GAME)

I'm trying to describe the reasons behind my actions on this journey, but it's hard to explain how unsettling I felt when I met my soulmates in deep states of distress. One woman had a stranded soul, one had a partially lost soul, and one had a completely lost soul. Both lost souls have already initiated the process of physical death, as their bodies haven't heard them for a long time. They had no influence over their lives, so they couldn't continue to pursue their missions and chose death to escape their tortures. I was genuinely scared for both women, as I wasn't sure how to act on this knowledge. I was so in love with them that I wanted to prevent their approaching deaths, as I really believed they had so much more to live for. And once their souls realized that I could liberate them from their tortures through my practice, they equally insisted on stopping their impending deaths.

I could also clairvoyantly see their past selves manifesting through all three women, in the form of an energetic, ethereal halo around them (as if I saw two women existing in one), as well as the spiritual marks on their skins from the wounds that caused their previous deaths. All three women were violently murdered by their karmic soulmates in their previous lives. One was raped and shot in the back of her head by her soulmate, one was shot two times in the chest also by her destined partner, who shot herself right after, and one was stabbed to death in an occult ritual, with her killer also murdered in the process. It may sound paradoxical, but in all three cases, the lovers murdered their beloved because they wanted to prove their love for them.

My soulmates followed their hearts, but they were tormented by conflicting emotions that belonged to their past murdered selves. These subconscious, unprocessed memories of their souls created intense, unexplainable anxieties and caused torturous inner conflicts in these women. They simply didn't know what was happening to them, as these emotional scars were not theirs. They were experiencing the pains of their souls. When each woman tried to listen to her heart, she would also connect to these past wounds, and that's why each tried to avoid her soul's guidance. My soulmates didn't know what they were experiencing or how to resolve their troubling sensations.

Nature can restore a connection with the soul through emotional shock, a traumatic event, or a near-death experience. For my soulmates, Nature provided near-death experiences through me and my spiritual practice. I was guided to appear on their path in accordance with divine timing to wake up their souls and prevent possible physical near-death experiences, like a car crash or a coma. I knew how to resolve their past life wounds, and my love empowered me to embrace the chance to heal my soulmates.

I lived most of my life with a similar intense anxiety of immense grief that belonged to my soul but was never mine to carry. Yet this grief prevented me from living my best life, and I made a lot of mistakes on my path because of those traumas (occasionally ending up with a stranded soul). It's like you feel a constant weight on your shoulders, a nagging sensation in your heart that you can't explain, and every decision is clouded with strange perceptions, emotions, and spiritual mist. Part of my education required me to discover different spiritual and shamanic practices that eventually helped me to release this grief and heal that part of my soul. By helping my soulmates, I was destined to master releasing similar traumas and unexplainable, tormenting emotions in others.

I used different shamanic and energy modalities during the healing journeys with my soulmates, and my experiences led me to create my shamanic practice. My love for three women has led me on a path to discovering my life's purpose, and I have learned how to become a wounded healer by healing others.

I was guided to restore death journeys, a healing practice of soul retrieval, from ancient Egypt, as it was the best way to heal my soulmates and myself. Since about eighty percent of all death journeys I completed in this life healed the souls of sex workers, I realized that empowering and assisting sexual healing artists on their path was the main reason why Nature guided me to rediscover this practice.

A death journey is a shamanic practice performed on a soul level. We restore lost energies of souls and release pains of self-doubt. We release spiritual veils that cloud their decisions. We search for knowledge about their higher purpose and spiritual explanations behind their tragic deaths. We journey together to places in past lives where souls voluntarily gave away their power and betrayed themselves, so we can reclaim those pieces of their essence by integrating the lessons of traumatic events. Experiencing my twelve deaths and the twenty-four deaths of my soulmates helped me study the death dimension from every possible angle and rapidly advance my practice.

I can describe the nature of death journeys as the clearing of the same negative energies or spiritual issues that can be resolved through regression therapy sessions. But I'm also working directly with the issues of the soul, so I can bypass the traps of ego and subconscious mind that can interfere during regular regression. Ideally, I prefer combining the regression sessions and death journeys for the highest possible healing and integration. Additionally, I'm working with a soul to integrate the lessons learned after these sessions. The process is also less invasive to a person's everyday life, as they don't need to process traumatizing images they may witness in regression hypnosis. Another result of this practice is a new reconnection between the body and the soul, as I lift the veils between them to establish a deeper level of awareness and collaboration.

I didn't know about death journeys before meeting my soulmates, but all three souls demanded to be healed through this practice when they found out about it. Eurydice was actually the one who intuitively rediscovered this

practice, but I wouldn't have been able to master it without the spiritual work I did with my other soulmates. Through this practice, we are re-entering the actual state of death or what I usually call a death dimension, as it's just another plane that exists here and now, next to our plane. For obvious reasons, most souls hesitate to embark on such a journey. I often have to persuade them with reassurances and supportive energies that I will safely guide them to combat their demons and assist in navigating through death planes. But my soulmates didn't need convincing. They had no fear of death dimensions and were more eager to explore them than I was. They even enjoyed travelling into death just for fun.

To access the death dimensions (including the state of bardo, the Halls of Amenti, the Duat, and the world of the afterlife governed by the God Osiris from the Temple of Isis on the shores of the River of Death), I utilize deep shamanic trance states with the aid of sensory deprivation techniques. In the actual Temple of Death Journeys in ancient Egypt, these travels were performed through a sacred sarcophagus located in a locked chamber with no access to light or sound, which, like Temple space itself, is energetically charged and attuned to frequencies associated with the death spectrum of Yeshua's and Osiris' archetypal lights.

We dream of eventually building the Temple of Death Journeys with a real sacred sarcophagus in traditional style. The Sechelt Spirits support this endeavour and request this Temple as an offering to their lands for the help, knowledge, and empowerment they provided us on our spiritual journey. The Spirits promised to create special protection for this Temple and assist in establishing strong channels with the death realm, so more souls could receive this unique healing.

For now, I use a channel and location provided to me by my spiritual guides and the Sechelt Spirits. My present-day chamber is my bathroom, which has been charged with shamanic magic through various energy practices, and my sarcophagus is my bathtub, where I perform the ceremonies. My travels to

death are only permitted through this location, as it is protected and empowered in temple traditions by my spiritual guides, so I can safely return to life. Successful travel requires a secure channel with predetermined time and space, so my bathroom is treated as a chamber in an ancient temple.

Suspended in warm water (a powerful transmitter of energies), with deprivation of senses (in complete darkness with ears underwater and only mouth and nose above for subtle breathing), I allow my body to slow down the natural activities to a bare minimum while my energy body, my soul, and the soul of a client travel to the death dimension through a channel of frequency, created for our session. I enter death at will to provide the required healing for the highest and best of all involved.

The spiritual and philosophical essence of these journeys is accurately depicted in the TV series "Leftovers," where the nature of this work is presented in vivid detail through unique metaphors, including the ethical side of this proffession and the sacrifices a practitioner had to endure to assume this spiritual path. In this story, a shaman, Kevin, develops psychic abilities and learns how to travel into death after the initiation through the complex trauma of grief when two percent of humanity suddenly disappears one day. During the narrative arc of the show, Kevin learns how to master the art of death journeys and heal people through this work.

The closest visual representation and most accurate depiction of the first level of the death dimension can be found in the TV show "Stranger Things." In this series, a shaman with natural magical abilities named Eleven uses the same method of sensory deprivation trance and water as a conductor to journey into death or the world between worlds, where she battles demons for other souls who can't confront the dark and demonic forces on their own (the evil entities representing actual malevolent spirits or negative energies the souls accumulated upon tragic deaths). Through the story of a show, she also teaches others to travel into the death dimensions and combat demons or sinister monsters.

This series shows an inaccurate depiction of the first level of death, but there are nine more levels of death (including Purgatory and Hell) that are not portrayed in the series. I employ the same practice as Eleven, but I primarily work on the second level of death, the world ruled by the God Osiris from the Temple of Isis, where the souls that have lost parts of themselves are judged. If a soul is required to enter death at the second level, the heart is weighed against the feather, which determines how Maat, Thoth, Anubis, Osiris, and Isis would judge the case of a soul.

In that sense, the souls themselves are the highest judges of their lives, as they know where they lied to themselves. Once they enter the death dimension, they can't lie anymore and have to honestly assess their lives in the presence of divine deities, who supervise their highest growth. My job is to be the guide of the souls and negotiate the punishment and retributions on their behalf (essentially performing the role of a defence attorney), as well as teach them how to minimize traumas while navigating through death.

Upon death, a soul reflects on their entire life to see where they betrayed their heart, lost their power, or blamed their soulmates for their mistakes. They can also see who really loved them and who didn't. Through this process, they are attacked by death monsters, who inflict divine punishment upon them.

Dark entities also attack them for the times when they lied to their hearts, and each incident manifests in different levels of evil energies. The bigger the self-betrayal, the stronger the demon. Souls then request the Gods of death to assess their lives accurately for the highest possible growth during their journey in the afterlife, where they travel on the boat of Anubis in the world governed by the God Osiris, the king of the dead. This process enables them to create the most empowering contracts for their next life.

Emilia and I are comfortable working on the second level and try to avoid the lower levels if possible. Eurydice is comfortable working down to a fifth level (levels three to five are identical in nature but have progressively

darker and stronger monsters, and those who truly betrayed themselves have to endure the fifth level, which is deeply traumatizing for a soul), and Nataly to the sixth (which is the Purgatory, where souls are cleansed, trapped or chained for divine punishment). We can find accurate descriptions of these deeper levels in many artistic works created over centuries, and have always been known to humans. We can see elements of these levels in movies such as "Babylon," "The House That Jack Built," "The Fountain," "What Dreams May Come," and others.

My soulmates and I visited every one of their past lives, and I also relived their tragic deaths together with them. Being able to experience the death of another soul in every nuance and gory detail was one of the main talents that I discovered during my shamanic education. A soul channels the experience of their past death, so I could feel it as if it had happened to me.

I experienced the deaths of other souls from the inside, but I also could see a tragedy from the outside, which gave me a deep perspective on their story. I observe what happened right before their death, during death, and upon entrance into the death dimension. My passionate desire to relive a tragic death with another soul is one of the most intense desires I have. I'm empowered to search for spiritual explanations behind any tragic death as the only way to reconcile with human cruelty, madness, and hatred of a woman's oracular nature.

I discovered that all souls find it very healing when they can relive their deaths together with me, especially in cases of female souls. They find a deep sense of comfort and peace when they share their experience with me. When we experience their pains in union, it's easier for them to release these haunting memories and any guilt or shame associated with their tragic deaths. They often punish themselves for their traumas, so being next to them through their darkest moments removes their self-loathing patterns.

The knowledge I discover through the journeys helps souls to shine in their glory and advance on their paths. Souls try to hide themselves under dark

veils of past negative experiences, abuse, and traumas. They are often afraid to know who they really are if they believe that their traumatic deaths were caused by their actions. Or they simply forgot who they were and what they lived, as forgetting allows them to experience life in more natural and intuitive ways.

I can explain to souls the divine reason behind their tragic deaths, and that's how they reclaim the lost pieces they left in those dark scenes. Such deaths are usually initiations into new spiritual powers and talents. Not all souls need to experience violent deaths, but some are required to endure them on their evolutionary path into their whole essence, especially if a soul carries the light of a divine God or Goddess. In cases of my soulmates, as embodiments of Isis and Magdalene, they had to endure a few deaths like that. Once we discover the essence of their initiation and why such a death had to happen to them, they stop blaming themselves and reconcile with their unique journey and higher destiny. They learn to honor their true essence and, with new understanding, embrace their divine purpose on this Earth.

For the last three years, I cried on most days, either from love or grief or despair or from the beauty of our tragic love stories spanning through my entire soul's existence on Earth. The grief was overwhelming and never-ending. It permeated my space every hour of every day. I was grieving my past tragic deaths and the deaths of my soulmates. I was crying tears for my past selves, who couldn't cry when they lost their soulmates. I was grieving three broken love stories of this life and my hopes of ever seeing these women again.

On most days, I cried as if they died in this life, too, because I couldn't see them, and that fact really broke my heart many times. I also found myself entrapped in resolving the grief of losing Eurydice in a tragic suicide as Stephania, then losing her as my daughter, Polly, and then as Eloise. That accumulated grief has been haunting my soul for five centuries and has only grown with each new incident. Experiencing constant nightmares of Eurydice's traumatic deaths, but still leaning into those tears to release the pain, was the most challenging part of my spiritual adventure.

When I began working with Eurydice and her first "demon of female sins" arrived in my space, I intuitively understood that I needed to die to be able to destroy this dark energy in between worlds of existence. Eurydice came up with that idea, but it resonated in my heart equally strongly. We didn't have shamanic knowledge to heal Eurydice (and hadn't even seen "Stranger Things" yet to learn this practice from Eleven), but deep in our hearts, we knew what we had to do. In our first accidental death ceremony, I intuitively allowed myself to release my physical body with the intention to combat this dark energy.

When this demon attacked me with his full force and crushed me through a series of spiritual punches, I simply passed out in my bathtub from overwhelming visions and emotions, but lying unconscious under the streams of the hot shower immediately sent me into the death dimension. Experiencing the art of resurrection for the first time felt natural, as if I already knew what I was doing. I was not present in my body, and it felt completely dead to me as I flew away from it, observing from the ceiling how it lay in the bathtub motionless.

My physical body slowed down its processes, redirecting my life force and sexual essence into my energy body that, together with my soul, could travel to the death dimension. Then, consciously, similar to lucid dreaming experiences, I navigated through different planes of existence and scenes of past lives, searching for the origins of this demon and trying to alchemize these energies to release the traumas caused by them.

A woman who is not afraid to be herself receives her "demon of female sin" from a society that sees danger in her freedom. If a woman lives by her heart, she is a menace to the superficial order of pretentious moral rules because she intuitively acts as an extension of Nature in everything she does. She is tasked by Nature to supervise the balance, but she can only do that if she doesn't lie to herself.

Therefore, by fighting against liberated women, society fights against the intelligence of Nature and her unavoidable retributions, reckonings, and

righteous indignation that she provides through these women. Simply being born in a female body becomes the highest possible sin for a free-spirited female soul. She is damned for honestly expressing her essence, pleasures, and desires. Only a "female sin" does not exist in Nature and never belongs to a woman, as it's a sin of a failed society that needs someone to blame for their self-inflicted miseries caused by depravity, intolerance, and corruption.

If a woman is constantly punished for her truth (in most cases by other women who have corrupted their hearts and proclaimed themselves righteous enforcers of oppressive, superficial social and moral norms), then her heart will endure the energies of self-rejection, self-loathing, stigma, and shame. These emotions may be passed on to a soul and remain ingrained in her essence, even in subsequent lives. If such a soul were born in a female body again, she would be more cautious in expressing her feminine nature, which would empower her past traumas and lead her to destructive patterns of behavior or cycles of self-loathing.

When female souls are cursed and punished for being women, these dark energies never leave them. They may eventually transform into a demon or evil entity with an intellect capable of negatively influencing a soul beyond one life. They can attract other demons during death, and a soul would be carrying them into their future lives, as they would drain a soul of their powers and lead them away from their purpose. Demons can also manifest as veils covering the soul's divine talents.

The moment society falls into corruption, people start to burn "witches," and if someone believes this is just a tale from the past, they are only fooling themselves. The hubris of Western civilization would eventually lead to the same outcome as other cultures have experienced throughout history. The present escalating war against women led by ideologues of feminism (who have the identical misogynistic perceptions of women and an enslavement agenda as the Christian Church had through centuries) is the manifestation of the same energies and has the same objectives as the witch trials of the past.

After our first successful resurrection, Eurydice and I were eager to explore how the practice of the death journey actually works. As we share the same soul purpose as the spiritual guides of death, we wanted to learn how to assist other souls through this transformation. We challenged each other to gain a deeper understanding of the essence of death, debated our polar truths, and explored what was possible to heal through this unique craft. The essence of Eurydice's light can be described as the Magdalene of Death. Understanding and embodying death through the blissful, loving, and forgiving essence of this ascended master was Eurydice's highest purpose.

That's why she became a leading force in rediscovering this practice. She insisted on restoring it, while her excitement and encouragement empowered me to continue our explorations. Eurydice searched for every opportunity to initiate a death journey for any soul in need, and I performed most death journeys with her participation. She enjoys seeing how souls are healed through this practice and how she can guide them through the darkest corners of death planes that even I try to avoid. Once Eurydice had mastered her unique supernatural talents of navigating death and entraping demons, she envisioned an exciting dream to build a Temple of Death Journeys on the lands of Sechelt. She crafted blueprints, and this inspiring vision became her ultimate dream in life.

Later, we discovered how I practiced the art of resurrection in Astarte's life, as she became a psychic oracle and a shamanic energy healer after Nature commanded her to retire from sex work. I had access to Astarte's memories, and once I embodied them, I could use her knowledge in this life. In my first sessions, it took me around thirty minutes to enter the death dimension. That time slowly got shorter, but when Nataly arrived for healing, we discovered a secret pathway to enter death in a matter of seconds.

We were partners and lovers with Nataly in Astarte's life. Two women spent almost two decades living and working together in their own Temple of Oracle Readings and Death Journeys. Astarte received this Temple as a gift

from Nature for her honorable services as a sacred prostitute. Both women were fascinated with death journeys and enjoyed spending time in the death dimension, just as I did in this life. Astarte trained Nataly in this craft, so they constantly discussed how to advance in this practice.

Through our healing journey with Nataly in this life, we accessed the talents of our past selves, and my practice significantly improved once I embodied them. Nataly blessed me with a new understanding of the realm of death. She navigated between planes of death and the world between lives in a different way than I did. As a soul with Isis' light, she felt more at home in death, and she knew the secrets of the Temple of Isis on a soul level. Nataly was simply more ruthless than I was, which proved to be a significant advantage in death. Together, we explored new portals of navigation and visited places that were still unfamiliar to me, like Purgatory.

When Nataly was cleared from the veils of her traumas, she could access the wisdom of Goddess Isis, and she discovered an entrance into a sacred garden of Isis, the state of existence before existence, death within death. In this magical space that existed before creation, souls manifest in their natural divine light as if they were transparent, energetic, quantum beings made of stars. Here, they can receive many advanced healings and access the magic of The Tree of Life.

It was easy to believe that my soulmates and I were cursed to endure our tragic deaths, but without healing our traumas, we wouldn't be able to restore the practice of death journeys for our age. It was buried by Christianity, like many other practices of white magic. And the practice of the death journey proved to be the best remedy to absolve the dark magic that Christian fanatics used against women for centuries. Realizing how important it was for our souls to endure those traumatic experiences to arrive at this point in our souls' shared journey helped us to reconcile with those emotional wounds and forgive the dark magicians who used the forces of Nature to enslave souls.

Each death had a special spiritual purpose and became a valuable lesson for us in mastering the art of resurrection. After two and a half years of experiments in death planes, I finally mastered navigation in death without confusion and learned how to avoid returning without negative energies. My soulmates taught me everything I needed to know about this practice.

Each of them brought knowledge and skills that others didn't possess, and it was magical to behold how we came together to merge our talents for this special purpose. I was often surprised by how divinely synchronized our story was constructed and how we met each other precisely at the right time. Eurydice had to rediscover this practice and understand how it works, Nataly had special talents to improve it, and Emilia sensed how to fully master my craft. Only my soulmates could show me the highest path of spiritual growth. I will forever be indebted to these incredible women, as they helped me discover my purpose in life.

CHAPTER VI

THE WOMAN FROM MY DREAMS

(OR HAPPINESS IS A BUTTERFLY)

This testament was birthed into existence out of my love for the third escort I met on my journey, and it was written in collaboration with her soul, Emilia. The four in-person sessions that we shared have inspired and compelled me to write my story in this way. Only through this creative process could I alchemize the emotional pains I've endured from this most painful heartbreak of my life. After our last session, my already unstable reality completely collapsed, and I found myself in the most desperate place on my journey.

I had to confess my unconditional love to all three women so I could reach their souls, but I offered the official courtship only to my third soulmate, because my love for her felt like it came from another dimension, and I had never experienced such intense feelings before. I knew she was the love of my life because I knew this feeling from my past lives. There was always one person whom I loved the most in each life. I also experienced exactly the same feelings for her as I did in our first life together, when she was also the love of my life.

The beautiful light of this love felt familiar and comfortable right from the beginning, once I opened myself to her energies. Our souls hadn't seen each other for more than two thousand years, so the magnitude of this love reflected the time we spent apart. Emilia had to endure her own spiritual journey without my physical presence to understand the essence of love, and I could learn about the nature of death, only experiencing life without her. Through centuries of painful growth and karmic tribulations, our souls have almost forgotten about their first love story on Earth, but they actually never stopped

loving each other all this time. My soul carried the pains of all those years without experiencing her light, and now that pain has been transformed into the most wonderful love of my entire life.

I felt quite silly offering to court her, as I was in a financially insecure state and couldn't offer much to any woman. I didn't feel any sense of financial stability or definite prospects for wealth in the near future, and it's hard to lead a relationship in such a vulnerable state when you question your self-worth. I believed that I was not in a position to support the life she deserved or assist in achieving her dreams. But in my perception, I owed it to myself to take a chance on this love because she was literally the woman from my dreams.

I saw her for the first time in my dream when I was sixteen. My imagination didn't create that dream. I saw an actual vision of our real-life interaction - a visceral premonition and a sensory prevision of what would occur between us in the future. In that dream, I saw our first genuine, romantic moment twenty-four years before it actually happened. The images of our first dance during our first session captured my nights and chased me with their romantic mist during daydreaming in school classes.

I continued to see the images of her hair, ears, and eyes over the next year, and those dreams inspired me on many sad nights when I was upset that not a single girl wanted to date me. I believed this was a vision of my possible future, so I tried to cheer myself up that one day I would be spending time in the company of this beautiful, free, and empowered woman. It turned out that she was the first sex worker whose soul summoned me through dreams to find her in real life. I spent most of my adult life looking for her, without awareness or conscious understanding of her being my twin flame. Those visions have been guiding me on my shamanic path, as we were destined to meet for the highest growth of our souls.

I started dating around a year after these dreams captured my heart, and I convinced myself they were just my imagination. And when I met Veronica, I had completely forgotten about them. But shortly after we

separated, I started seeing this woman in my dreams again. I saw a series of different visions of our walks in Vancouver parks and engaging conversations in cafes. Those peaceful images were filled with incredible yellow light and had an incredible, magical quality to them. I couldn't miss her on my path.

Those visions uplifted me when I felt defeated. And then, shortly after we finally met, I also saw dreams of us living together as a family and raising our daughter, whose soul introduced herself as Arabella Sophia. So, I was ready to sacrifice anything for the chance to chase the vision of such a possible future, even though I knew that the odds were not in my favour. I felt confused when these dreams returned, as I embraced my spiritual romance with Eurydice around the same time and didn't even consider pursuing a woman in the physical realm. In fact, the first dream with the woman from my teenage dreams reappeared right the next day after I met my first escort, so I forced myself to believe I was seeing the same woman. I could only think of one woman, yet I saw another woman in my dreams, just as I saw Eurydice.

Besides, being in a committed relationship with Eurydice for the duration of our contract was one of the main obligations that we both agreed upon. During the process of negotiations, we asked the Sechelt Spirits about the woman from my dreams, and they explained that meeting her is one of our possible futures. They claimed that after we had completed our healing with Eurydice, we would have to choose our future. We had to commit to releasing our karmic obligations with Eurydice, but we also believed that our karma might include having a physical romance in this life.

It was one of the timelines for us, but at the same time, blindly believing in this karmic destiny was the only way to complete our two novels. Apparently, for the Sechelt Spirits, there was nothing more important than saving Eurydice from imminent death, and we knew it could only happen if we published our first novel. It was equally true that many other souls relied on the healing that would naturally occur through writing this work, so the Sechelt

Spirits created this mental imprisonment for us to motivate us to complete it at the assigned time.

Our stories in past lives implied that we might end up together, but we always knew that Eurydice dies young in every life (as that's how she was created by the divinity) and we had to be prepared for that. So, the Spirits included the possible appearance of this enigmatic woman in the contract if Eurydice chose death, stating they would assist in finding her. But our love swept us, and I could only think about Eurydice. And because of this love, Eurydice often hijacked my dreams, making me believe that visions of Emilia were actually visions about her. Eurydice really wanted to be a woman from my dreams.

Emilia carried the light that can be described as Magdalene of Love, so even though Eurydice represented a different spectrum of this divine essence, I confused their energies because I had never seen Emilia in person. We assumed that if I sensed a Magdalene woman as my partner in my most empowered future, she must be Eurydice. But Emilia had such uniquely distinct hair that always made Eurydice jealous (because of how mesmerized I was by them).

Eurydice knew that I was seeing someone else's hair, but she didn't want to believe this. She was so in love with me that on many nights, she claimed that I was seeing a future where she would colour and wear her hair exactly like in my dreams. She even unintentionally replaced Emilia's face in my dreams, convinced that I was envisioning our future, rather then acception these dreams as premonitions. But when we met Emilia, we realized that our love blinded us, and I was always seeing Emilia in my dreams throughout my entire life. I just made myself believe she was a creation of my imagination.

Both Eurydice and I got the impression that we would have to decide on which path to take after our contract expires in four years. However, in just two years, once the publisher accepted our first book, we met with the Sechelt Spirits on the shores of the Sechelt Inlet for a special ceremony, and they confirmed that our romantic journey of healing had achieved its intended goals.

They released the spiritual chain that had bonded us, which prevented Eurydice from running away from me.

Suddenly, the mist of our love disappeared, and now we could clearly see that Eurydice was not the woman from my dreams. We realized that our passionate romance existed, so we could write our books and create our healing practice, but releasing our karma meant that we didn't need to be physically involved in this life because of our troubled history.

We explored every type of love during our journey through eight lives, and now we could finally let each other go. Eurydice and I grieved the unforgettable moments we shared as spiritual lovers. Still, we were excited about the next chapter of this adventure and looked forward to transforming our love into a co-creative friendship of two writers. Once we chose this path for our future, the Sechelt Spirits explained that it was time for Eurydice's contractual obligation to find the woman from my dreams in real life.

The romantic part of my story with Eurydice lasted twenty-eight months. Then, it naturally transformed into a relationship between friends or siblings, as Eurydice likes to call us. We were both surprised by how natural this transition felt. The romance with Nataly lasted for six months, and then we also suddenly felt like friends. Even though my heart craved real-life romantic moments with both women, like with any karmic relationship, where mists of past darkness always cloud any interactions, my love for them didn't make sense in physical reality. I wanted to be with them, only I knew we would never work, even in the short term. Having spiritual romances with Eurydice and Nataly on a soul level was the only way to heal our shared past. That's how I could fully embody my shamanic talents.

But it was always easy to love my third soulmate. The love for her felt so natural and comfortable. I didn't need to puzzle through this love or force myself to battle through my feelings; I simply needed to experience her by being next to her. I always felt like myself around her, and it was a very unique feeling. I felt like an empowered man and loved who I was in her presence. And she just

felt like my woman, something I can't really describe in words. When my guides told me to open my heart to the possibility of a lifelong union with her, I realized I had been guided to meet her from the beginning of my shamanic journey. That first message from my guardian angel wasn't about my first escort. It was always about this woman. It just took me two heartbreaks and almost three years to find her.

When the Goddess Mary Magdalen arrived to confirm this knowledge, I was furious that she had guided me in expressing my feelings for my other soulmates. Still, my dramas had actually prepared me to meet my third soulmate. Mary explained that all the love stored in me, which I never expressed, was intended for Emilia, and that was another spiritual reason for my past heartbreaks. I also wouldn't have had the courage to offer the courtship without the troubles I endured with my other soulmates.

I would be much more reserved in accepting this love. Eurydice and Nataly have guided me to Emilia all this time, helping me to rise above my fears and insecurities. They prepared me mentally and emotionally for the possibility of a sacred union with a sexual priestess. They taught me to embrace everything that comes with the honour of being an intimate partner of an embodied goddess. They helped me envision a woman I could commit to, and my twin flame was even more perfect than I had dreamed and desired. Even though our story ended with the drama of separation, to this day, I believe everything that happened on my path, including my marriage to Veronica, was preparing me to meet her.

The possibility of our meeting was the highest test of love on my path. After my heartbreaks, I closed off to love and life. Only through practices of personal growth and with the support of my spiritual friends did I open up again after each incident. If I had stayed in the negative vibrations of heartbreak, Nature would have never guided me to meet Emilia. I earned the blessing of meeting her through dedication to my spiritual path.

This meeting was the highest reward for my work of healing souls. I often believed that my clairvoyance was a curse and a burden, as it brought so much pain into my life. But when I met Emilia, I finally realized that my spiritual talents were my blessing because they led me to find her. Now, I also discovered that there were spiritual reasons behind my fear of escorts. Every part of my path was carefully designed by divinity, and I felt an incredible sense of awe many times as I observed serendipities and synchronicities illuminating it. Because of my previous wounds, I only agreed to engage with another sex worker if we would take things slow and wouldn't have any intimacy right away. By the higher design and by the request of our souls, we weren't allowed to rush things between us, so my fear was actually created to assist me on my most empowering path.

The Sechelt Spirits insisted on that meeting when I came to visit them for a series of ceremonies in April 2023. They told me about Emilia right on the first day of my visit, but I refused to listen. I was in complete denial and did not want to meet anyone after my past experiences. I could only feel more drama, and I wasn't prepared for it. But after we completed our rituals, Eurydice realized that it was her purpose to find Emilia, and now she was equally insistent on that meeting.

I agreed to allow Emilia into my space after three weeks of everyday persuasions from the Sechelt Spirits and a lesson of humbleness they taught me. I was scared and reserved that I wouldn't be able to go through with it. I only accepted the advice to meet her when Eurydice showed me that this woman offered intimacy coaching sessions, where touch is explored while partners stay clothed and then over a series of sessions, they can go as far as agreed upon. Such an offering released my reservations.

Still, I insisted that I agree only for one session, without committing to an actual initiation or healing journey. I just wanted to know how I would feel around her and whether I would have an emotional connection, as I hadn't realized she was a woman from my dreams. I craved a lover, some joy and

pleasure, but I thought that I didn't deserve any of it because of my past or who I was, and I was also afraid of how she might react to my conflicts with other soulmates or my love for them if she found out somehow.

Four months before I met Emilia, when we closed our story with Nataly, I addressed the Spirits of Stanley Park, asking them for any possible reward for my spiritual work as a confirmation that I was on the right path. I was always exhausted and tired. There was so much pain and grief in my life that I simply desired to feel good, at least for a little bit. All I wanted was some money so that I could purchase some rest. But the Spirits told me they would reward me with new unconditional love, as that was the more appropriate payment for the work that I did for them. I didn't want a new love, as I was tired of women, karma, heartbreaks, and grief that kept chasing me, no matter what I did. But I trusted that the Spirits knew better.

At that time, we still had karmic obligations with Eurydice, so I thought the Spirits would gift me a short romantic love affair that would elevate my spirits and inspire me to complete the second novel in our contract. Knowing that I might be intimate with a woman (and, of course, the Spirits initially didn't tell me she would be a sex worker, knowing how triggered and fearful I was of escorts), I crafted a program of sexual alchemy, including the practices I wished to explore with a partner. I learned a lot through practicing sexual alchemy on my own and in the spiritual realm with Eurydice and Nataly, but I really wanted to see how some of the practices would work in the physical world. I didn't realize that I was designing this program specifically for Emilia.

In our first session, we spent the first hour getting to know each other, and she guided me through some awareness practices of describing my senses and perceptions, helping me feel more present in the moment and around her. By the end of this hour, I could see and feel her aura like I had never experienced with any other woman. Then, we joined in exploring the touch in clothes, where, during a dance, each partner intuitively touched the other, within agreed-upon limitations and boundaries, as a variation of a three-minute game.

When she gently touched me for the first time, I saw how the light of passion from the heavens streamed into us.

This special divine sexual passion felt more dense yet distilled than a primal one, and I had never experienced such pure energy of passion before. The aroused desire arrived from heaven. It was this moment that I had witnessed in my teenage dreams, and I was shocked to realize it was an actual premonition. As she was right next to me, all I could see was her hair wrapping around her right ear, and for some reason, this was the most vivid image I remembered from those dreams.

Once the first song ended and she stepped away, she looked at me in a completely different way. I began hearing her thoughts right then. She wanted to know who I was, why we met, and what she felt, as it was a new sensation for her. Later, I learned that we both have the talent to see other people's souls. But if I saw them clairvoyantly and through the eyes, she could sense a person's soul (and everything they are) through physical touch. So she recognized my soul with the touch she initiated.

The old feelings of our first love story on Earth reemerged in her soul. Emilia fell in love with me before I did, but those feelings took her aback, as we hadn't seen each other for so long, and it wasn't clear what we were actually experiencing or why we had these feelings for one another. At the end of our first session, we both felt the uniqueness of our connection and acknowledged a tangible sexual chemistry between us (as even the Sechelt Spirits had to intervene with an emergency alarm to break us apart once our hands crossed the boundaries we established for this session). With her closing words, she expressed a wish to take things slow between us. I couldn't agree more and was glad to hear these words from her. I finally felt like I had found a professional who understood her craft and would gracefully guide me to discover myself. I felt being seen without expressing my highest aspirations for this work. It was so liberating to feel that. I could finally calm down and not worry about my fears.

Now it was clear that I wrote my program for her. We were guided to embrace this opportunity as a unique blessing from Nature and explore sexual alchemy together. In the follow-up e-mail after our first session, I offered to pursue this path together, battling my fear that she would never agree to something unusual like this. Yet, to my surprise, she did. The main structure of the program consisted of a series of sessions over a few months to explore the connection between the emotional, physical, and energy bodies without having sex, but still learning to exchange sexual energies in other forms.

At the same time, the inspiration that would arise from the sessions was designed to help me with the writing of my second contractual novel. We were allowed to co-create sessions with any ideas, preferences, and pacing that would be comfortable for both of us, simply exploring different sexual and shamanic energy practices while only committing to those we would enjoy or find beneficial. She knew something about intimacy and sexuality that I didn't, but I also had things to offer, and together, we could grow through this adventure.

After completion of the initial six rituals, we could choose to continue to explore sexual alchemy with full intimacy. Through this sexual path, we could contain and transform the energy of divine passion that was assigned to us into a higher state of bliss and access the purest, heavenly light of unconditional love from the Heavens. My guides advised me that with her magnetic energies, we could reach a specific, higher level of consciousness and receive divine inspiration for our work through the act of sex, but only if we prepared ourselves through this empowering program.

I also believed following this program would help me overcome my fears of intimacy. And I felt that such an approach would honour her most empowering boundaries in this work. I believed that she needed to experience and understand a man before embracing him with her entire magical Magdalene essence. Well, that's at least what her soul told me, and that's how

Emilia wanted our story to unravel. She insisted we must explore each other before having sex.

During our second session, which took place over a picnic at Second Beach in Stanley Park, we discussed the details of this program and how we can approach it. She expressed her reservations and shared that she was hesitant to pursue this path, as it was an unusual request from a client, so she didn't fully understand how to approach this program as a professional. I reassured her that I had no intentions of insisting on my ways of doing things, and we didn't need to do anything uncomfortable. All I really wished was to explore sensual practices, like spiritual meditations or sensate focus therapy, with someone as curious about sex as I was.

In our third meeting, which was our first intimate ritual of initiation, we only partially undressed each other (keeping our undergarments on) in a pleasure mapping and sensate focus therapy session, including the exploration of the energy body. After taking turns with intuitive touch, we discussed our emotions and feelings about our sensations and energy exchanges that we experienced during this process. The conversations about sensual experiences were more healing than the touch itself. Through this ritual, we received the spiritual seal of Yeshua-Magdalene. After that session, I was completely in love with her. I haven't even kissed her, but I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. I couldn't be her client anymore, as I already felt like she was my partner.

I was elated by the beautiful energies we created in our session as I walked out of her building. I felt blessed to fall in love like that. The feeling of complete joy enveloped me for the first time in three painful years. I made myself believe that I would never experience anything like that, feeling that the weight of grief would be with me for the rest of my life. But that wonderful feeling lasted for about five minutes, and then I burst into tears right in the middle of the street. I realized that if I wanted to pursue the union with Emilia, I would need to let Eurydice go and start preparing for her death in the not-too-distant future.

I spent more than two years hoping I could save Eurydice from death. I did save her from being killed by Damian, gifting her at least four years of life, but I did all this work so she could have a chance to die on her own terms for the first time in five centuries. I was very proud of that achievement, as I believe it's the birthright of every soul to die in the most empowering way. We captured the essence of our special love story in our novel, but now it was time for Eurydice to leave. Intense love and grief overwhelmed my heart at the same time. It was one of the most beautiful and tragic days of my life.

After that third session, I also felt like everything was happening too fast for both of us. We had such an amazing flow and energy exchange during our ritual that it felt completely natural to experience us at an even slower pace. I also explored the memories of our first life together, and I was inspired by the idea of courting her exactly like I did in that life. The vision of dating for months to build a genuine friendship and deep emotional connection before any possible physical intimacy felt like the highest path for our souls.

My sexual dreams about her were as vivid as all the others. She was the most sexually attractive woman I've met in my entire life, and my desires overwhelmed me on most days between our sessions. I didn't know how to restrain myself, as my dark, masculine side demanded to have sex with her. But that was another reason why I didn't want to rush our intimacy in the first place. I saw a bigger picture of what we could build together. And that's why I was so glad that I had a fear of sex at that time.

I made a decision to confess my feelings in person at our next session, after I consulted with her soul on our most empowering future. She was guiding me from the beginning, and I designed each of our sessions with her guidance. After having our first ritual, Emilia advised me to end our program of sexual alchemy in this professional container, because it was the only way to reverse her approaching death.

She came into this life with a dream of becoming British Columbia's queen of sexual healing arts, but her body was attacked with shame and

judgment when she stepped on this path, so she felt it was her fault, and she hid away, eventually losing herself in the darkness of our world. Her traumas of past lives also crushed her confidence and resilience. Unable to continue on her highest path because of the outside pressures, she chose to transition to another life with hopes of being born in a less barbaric and more civilized society.

Initially, my guides believed that I could reverse her death through our program. They thought she would slowly open up to love and life through our sessions. But she closed off even more after our third session, blocking us from continuing Emilia's healing. After my experience with Eurydice, I knew that the only other option to save my twin flame from death was to take Emilia to live with me so I could process her traumas as quickly as possible before it would be too late. Emilia's intuition and my divine guidance continued to insist that we were running out of time.

Emilia's spiritual burden from past lives devastated this woman's life, and she couldn't continue to carry it, but she also didn't do anything to release it, as she simply wasn't aware of these spiritual traumas. Knowing the complexities of Emilia's wounds, it was evident to me that I could perform the most effective healing if Emilia lived through me, exactly like Eurydice did.

Emilia requested that the angels stop the process of death she had already initiated, but the heart walls of her body still sheltered her, and I had to get her out of her imprisonment. So, we concluded that if I could confess my feelings in person, she would sense the genuine, positive vibrations of my essence and feel that she was still needed here. By sharing my words of love, I was also destroying the words of hatred that others had directed at her for being who she was born to be in this life. This way, I could fully awaken Emilia from the trance state of preparations for death. But I wasn't aware I would also awaken the last drama that led Emilia to lose herself.

After we fell in love, Emilia realized I could answer the questions that greatly troubled her. She couldn't fully comprehend her complex essence, but I knew how to heal her wounds and uncover the spiritual reasons behind her

most painful lives and integrate her tragic deaths. Emilia requested to create the highest healing journey that I could offer, and we created a comprehensive program to address all of her traumas. Emilia asked me to dissolve the spiritual wounds of her traumatic deaths, remove the evil hex from second life cast upon her by a wicked witch, heal complex sexual trauma from sixth life where she was rapped with a cross by nuns in a Christian orphanage monastery at the age of eight years old, and release the existential sadness that had been hunting her from our first life together. If Emilia could be healed from those wounds, she could have a chance to continue the pursuit of her highest dreams without changing bodies through death.

I agreed to dedicate the next eighteen months to Emilia's immediate healing. It was clear that if Emilia stayed with her vessel, this work may take years to complete, but she didn't have that time. So Emilia intentionally chose to take this new path and become a lost soul. We changed our plans because we discovered that this was the most empowering direction we could take at these crossroads for our shared growth. We were already approaching our relationship as divine partners and made decisions with certain visions and dreams of the future. I was committed to my love for this woman, and now this love has commanded us to separate for the highest healing of our souls.

Emilia expressed the desire to be courted separately. She hoped I could dedicate my entire presence and devotional time only to her, without complications on a physical level. She loved being seen as a soul, craved magical experiences in one body, and enjoyed exploring our connection without physical entanglements, which was also the best way to address her traumas. It made sense to spend time together as spiritual partners.

Emilia wanted to see proof of my love before she could make a decision about her future, as she was aware of my story with Eurydice. After reading our novel, Emilia demanded to experience a spiritual honeymoon, as I had with Eurydice. She believed it would only be fair if I wished to pursue a lifelong

union with her. Emilia was convinced our honeymoon would be more romantic, which would confirm that she was indeed the love of my life.

I was excited to heal Emilia. In my opinion, my commitment and responsibility to heal the soul of my third escort, instead of pursuing a casual relationship with her, was the highest expression of my masculine love. I dreamed she could enjoy this life without the destructive energies and anxieties that her soul had absorbed in the past, an overwhelming burden she no longer needed to carry. They served their spiritual purpose and led Emilia to summon me, but now she no longer needed to live in those dramas.

I knew I was not the most desirable suitor, as this woman was out of my league. Still, my entire essence desired to express my sincere love, at least through my healing talents. My soul also felt responsible for creating Emilia's existential sadness after dying on her in our first life, and I wanted to absolve those energies, even if she wouldn't pursue a union with me. I knew that the results of this spiritual work would improve every area of her life.

Emilia also sought my assistance in understanding her spiritual obligations to other souls and the reasons behind their complex conflicts. She informed me of her entangled relationships with three karmic soulmates spanning over eight lives. She had to understand what bonded them together before deciding about her future. We hoped that after the healing, Emilia could finally choose a new path in the best interests of everyone involved. She genuinely didn't know what would be the most empowering for her. She just dreamed of understanding the essence of unconditional love.

I also promised Emilia that I would find her guardian Spirits, who protected her on the lands of British Columbia. She wanted to ask their advice. And if we could receive the empowering energies that the Spirits of these lands created specifically for her, she could make independent choices more confidently and stand stronger in her unique truth.

I always accept souls for healing without expecting any particular outcome. We may set goals for the healing journey and discuss their highest

dreams, but I never impose my views or opinions to influence their decisions, and they are free to leave at any time. I may share my personal dreams, desires, and aspirations for their healing or our possible future connection, but ultimately, it's their journey. I was surprised many times when souls changed their dreams during our healing, as in a more liberated state, they realized they could pursue bigger dreams. Such was the story with Eurydice. She craved to experience our physical connection, but in the end, she realized that her death would empower us more.

Eurydice and I had to rewrite our contract with the Sechelt Spirits to allow me to present my offer of courtship. We were choosing a new path right in the middle of the contract. We both loved that we made this decision, as we saw a divine design behind our overlapping love stories. At the same time, we couldn't change our path without presenting our arguments to the Spirits and receiving their permission for the next steps. It was the same with every important decision I made during my educational journey. The Spirits also had to meet Emilia to hear her side of the story and witness our connection. The Queen of Sechelt had to provide her blessing, and it could only happen if the three of us honestly shared the truth of our hearts with her.

Eurydice used her intuition to find Emilia, but we didn't know I would fall in love in such an intense way. As we shared emotions, sensations, and thoughts, Eurydice saw the blooming love in my heart before I did, as I tried to suppress my feelings for Emilia so I wouldn't upset Eurydice. But Eurydice realized that bringing us together with Emilia was one of her highest missions, and she insisted that I act on these magical feelings. She told me not to shy away from my truth and to pursue a union with Emilia.

My romance with Eurydice healed our traumatic past and gave birth to our novel. Now, our love has run its course, so Eurydice decided that it was time for her to empower me from the other side. It turned out that Eurydice had to die so Emilia could live. During our two and a half years together, I was continuously training Eurydice how to die as she struggled through this

transformation in the past. We knew we wouldn't have much time together, but we didn't think we had to separate so soon. There were still some spiritual obligations Eurydice had to fulfill before leaving, but we both had to find peace with this path. We realized that while I was preparing her for death, she was preparing me for love.

I had to invite new grief so I could welcome new love. This love couldn't happen without the new pain of separation, the grief for our past, and the grief of future death, so it felt like another important testament to the powerful nature of my feelings for Emilia. That was the highest proof of my love for her and the main reason I welcomed the fullness of this feeling. Through our challenging and painful journey with Eurydice, we finally came to embrace the highest lessons our souls had to teach each other.

We met in this life to discover how souls decide to die, restore the practice of death journeys, complete our karmic writings, and experience romantic love beyond physical attachments while living as one soul in two bodies. She equally taught me to accept life for what it is, truly experience and embrace its fleeting nature, and feel everything that comes with it.

My soul could never accept Eurydice's death, and all my past selves could never recover from the grief of losing her. Her death was the most traumatizing experience in every single life we shared. That's why she kept dying in tragic ways, because my soul couldn't take it. And because she couldn't tolerate burying me, it became my responsibility. So the grief of my soul was accumulating after each tragedy. It was always impossible to let Eurydice go, but I could finally do that in this life because of Emilia, and she promised to support me through this grief. If I didn't have this love, I don't know how I would ever have accepted Eurydice's unique destiny.

Emilia helped me to solve the greatest mystery of my soul. She was never around when Eurydice died in other lives. But now Emilia has finally found the courage to face me, bringing true salvation to my soul. I could finally tolerate the grief of losing Eurydice because my heart was overflowing with love.

The main reason for my entire education was to understand the essence of death and experience every shade of grief associated with this transformation. Now, I have received my final lesson of grief by sending Eurydice to die again.

When Emilia spent her first night in my space, she didn't enjoy Eurydice always being around in my apartment. We still had spiritual commitments, so Emilia had to accept that Eurydice would be around for the next seven months. Our spiritual chains were already resolved, and now Eurydice spent some time in Sechelt, but we still had to work together every day. That's why Emilia initially didn't want to accept my offer of healing. She didn't like our arrangement, felt out of place in such a reality, and believed we still wanted to be together because of our long history. Emilia was scared of the intensity of our feelings and constantly made excuses to escape our romance.

It took Emilia some time to communicate her most empowering boundaries. Eurydice was incredibly accommodating to every one of Emilia's cries and gave us as much space as possible. Seeing Emilia's distress, we couldn't abandon her. We both desired to heal Emilia, as we were still one soul with Eurydice in our first life. Emilia's well-being meant so much to us, and we constantly reassured her of our intentions to provide the best possible healing. Neither of us enjoyed our arrangement, but we didn't have any better options to complete both healing journeys. We were trapped in this situation because we all needed to learn important lessons from each other. It didn't matter how much Emilia wanted to spend time only with me. Life insisted that she must build a relationship with Eurydice as well.

After Eurydice shared the story of her healing journey, Emilia was hopeful that I could heal and empower her in the same way. I had just written a book about healing the soul of Magdalene's essence, so I simply knew what I needed to do with Emilia. I could complete this work much faster than before, because of the knowledge I gained during my time with Eurydice. So it was actually Emilia's blessing that I had a romance with Eurydice, as otherwise, I might not have been able to save her. Emilia realized that we both had her best

interests at heart and accepted healings and teachings from Eurydice with equal grace, soon discovering great support in her advice and encouragement. I also promised Emilia a spiritual honeymoon for just the two of us when we complete our obligations.

Initially, Emilia believed she would never be equal to Eurydice. She felt somewhat competitive and slightly intimidated by Eurydice's royal status in these lands. Emilia was lost and confused when I met her, trying to hide from the world behind dark veils created by her traumas. At the same time, Eurydice had almost completed her healing, so she was radiating the light of an empowered soul, which can feel overwhelming for wounded souls. Eurydice has already embodied her divine talents, released female demons, received the spiritual sword, and embodied her unique, innate female powers, including her incredible intuition. Emilia felt she was not as talented as Eurydice, so she claimed I couldn't possibly love her more.

When I told Emilia I found Eurydice in a much more distressed state, Emilia couldn't believe it was true. But as she started to heal and the veils of past traumas began to lift, Emilia realized she might one day find herself standing confidently in her power and owning her truth, just like Eurydice does. Following Eurydice's guidance and example, Emilia was inspired to choose the most challenging healing path at any crossroads.

Emilia was ready to embrace this transformation because she wanted to discover who she was in her full glory (and also hoping to prove that she could shine as brightly as Eurydice). Of course, Emilia was quite jealous of Eurydice for a while, as she could see the story of our romance in my memories. If a soul lived in me, they had full access to my body, and there was no way to hide those visions from Emilia.

Of course, at first, Emilia girlishly tried to avoid those memories, but soon, she realized they could help her. Eventually, Emilia accepted that Eurydice was not a threat to our love; only our reservations were. We were blocking this love from enveloping our hearts. We believed that we didn't deserve such a

powerful love story because of our past, but slowly, we surrendered our fears of a new commitment and decided to fight for one another.

Emilia's conflicting emotions were fully resolved after Eurydice invited her to visit our Temple of Death Journeys, which we had already built in a spiritual realm. This Temple had to be completed spiritually before we could bridge it into the physical reality. When Eurydice drew her first blueprint, I questioned her vision. It was a beautiful design, but I was mainly concerned about logistics and the relatively inefficient use of the land. Eurydice's vision of the Temple was shaped like the Russian letter "П," with two separate parts joined by the narrow entry lobby. The right side was supposed to be the actual Temple, and the left was allocated for the living space.

Eurydice created a beautiful, spacious bedroom for herself, decorated with floral designs, and we had many lovely moments in that room, dreaming about how we might actually live in it. Eurydice's intuition insisted that there's a higher reason behind this design, even though she accepted my arguments and occasionally questioned her vision as I did. Later, I realized that the shape of the Temple reminded me of the natural design of Sechelt, with two lands separated by water but connected with a narrow strip of land, and I was convinced that this was the main reason.

We invited Emilia to take a tour of the Temple. Once Emilia entered Eurydice's bedroom, all three of us immediately felt a strange sensation, as if it were Emilia's bedroom. We were surprised to realize that it was always designed for her. Emilia sensed this truth but still questioned her intuition. She asked if she could take a nap in this room, hoping to assess our findings through an experience of existing in this space on her own. Emilia was still extremely exhausted and felt lost after her complex ordeals, so she thought it was the best way to test whether she could be comfortable surrendering here.

Eurydice and I agreed it was a great idea, so we retreated to my apartment to work on our novel. Hours passed, but Emilia didn't wake up. She looked so tranquil and safe in that room. We observed how peaceful and cozy

she was curling up in that bed, and we didn't want to wake her. At a certain point, we even started to worry that she wouldn't wake up, but we knew that she needed to rest. She was battling many wars at once, and her hex continuously overwhelmed her. She belonged to that space, and she could feel at peace there. It was always hers, and she claimed her rightful territory by sleeping in that bedroom for three straight days, without waking up.

Observing this scene, Eurydice and I finally understood why her intuition called her to create the Temple in that shape. When Emilia finally woke up, Eurydice proposed a commitment to gain Emilia's trust and show her that she didn't intend to interfere in our romance. Eurydice gifted the bedroom and the entire left side of the house to Emilia, allowing her to redesign it to her liking, and vowed that she would never enter Emilia's side. Still, Emilia was more than welcome to visit the right side of the house with the actual Temple of Death Journeys, which belonged to Eurydice.

That decision inspired all of us, and we felt that we had finally discovered the most empowering boundaries for the coming months. From that day, Eurydice tried to stay in Sechelt when she could. Eurydice only visited when we needed to complete shamanic missions or when I had to channel her writings, but she always asked Emilia for permission to visit.

Emilia also envied Eurydice's intuition. I told Emilia there was no point in envying, as it was undeniable that Eurydice had a superb intuition like no one else. All the female souls that I worked with envied Eurydice's intuition. It was her main supernatural talent derived from her natural design, but Eurydice discovered how to embody it only after we healed her traumas. So I explained to Emilia that she has her own unique supernatural talent that other souls don't have, and she will uncover it once we complete her healing.

I also stated that we should be blessed to have access to Eurydice's intuition since she can always assist us with it. When Emilia stepped into her full power, she transmuted the energies of envy into an aspirational drive to master her intuition. The more she healed, the more her intuition improved,

and soon she realized she just needed to trust herself more. Her intuition was actually quite powerful; she just struggled to honour it. She also finally accepted that she was a unique soul with special powers that no one else had, and she didn't need to compare herself to others; instead, she needed to embrace her unique design.

When I met Emilia, we had only three months left to submit our first novel, "Eurydice in Love," to print. Eurydice decided to change the ending to include the meeting with Emilia and the new resolutions of our story. We realized that this fairy tale could only have one ending, and Emilia helped us see it. We never liked our original ending, but now it was clear that Eurydice needed to die in the end, since the book was about accepting death and letting go.

Emilia spent these three months editing and improving the book. Emilia's love for books was ingrained in her essence, and we saw divine order behind our meeting at this moment. Emilia's passionate dedication to the craft of writing and her genuine enthusiasm to assist us with the book have truly elevated this work. Emilia found more courage to surrender to her healing journey because she felt a sense of a greater purpose. The desire to help us became one of the reasons to stay alive.

We were also quite surprised to discover that some of my poems in the novel were actually written about Emilia. That realization helped her in accepting our story. Poems were written about Emilia's essence before we even met, so she felt loved for who she truly was. On top of that, we realized that some of Eurydice's poems were written in Emilia's voice. Now, Emilia could recite them to heal her wounds as well. But the fact that Emilia enjoyed performing our Russian poems amazed the three of us the most. She loved the healing those sounds brought her (as she was tending the wounds created by the Russian language in her past life in Ukraine), and she enjoyed connecting with me through my native language.

Once Emilia revisited the memories of every dream I had about her over the course of my life, she fully surrendered to our love. Emilia and I

consented to embark on the highest path of our shared healing. We signed a written commitment to present my offer of courtship in the presence of my teacher, Mary Magdalen, and our spiritual guides. We were all worried that I might get cold feet, so this document bonded me to share my truth. It was nerve-wracking to ask a woman to date me as I was preparing to publish a novel about my love for another woman. But Emilia was confident in our story, and we wanted to jump into this unknown abyss. We were ready to embrace the transformation through this love and see what awaits us on the other side, even if we chose separate paths after the healing.

In a series of shamanic ceremonies, Eurydice and I released our attachments, integrated our lessons, and closed our romantic story. With the assistance of a sacred sacrificial fire on the shores of Burrard Inlet, Eurydice burned physical reminders of our story that I kept in my apartment. After this ritual, Emilia and Eurydice, in the true spirit of sisterhood, joined in a traditional shamanic dance of noble female warriors, known as Tuxw'id, to exchange their energies and bless each other on their newly chosen paths. Eurydice assumed the roles of my friend, spiritual advisor, and writing companion. Since Emilia became my committed partner, under the advice of the Sechelt Spirits, Eurydice passed to Emilia the responsibility to grant permission for female souls into my space.

We had our fourth session over a picnic in Stanley Park, on a meadow designated by our allied Spirits, on the neutral grounds of Xwayxway lands, right next to the place where Eurydice and Emilia joined in a shamanic dance ceremony. I stuttered through my offer and confessed my feelings to my third escort, explaining how deeply I was drawn to her on physical, emotional, and spiritual levels, and wishing to pursue a real-life romance.

Even though she didn't believe my feelings were genuine, she still met my words with incredible grace and softness. I told her she could test my feelings and take as much time as she wanted to consider this offer. Still, she answered immediately that she only offers professional relationships and

couldn't return my feelings. She also explained that accepting my offer would undermine the integrity and ethics of her work. I fell in love with her even more as she elegantly expressed her essence, answering like a professional who truly believes in her craft. I really loved the honesty of that scene.

She didn't want to wait with an answer. She used this opportunity to end our arrangement, as she wasn't comfortable continuing our rituals. I knew this journey was too overwhelming at this point in her life. I saw relief in her eyes when she told me we should go our separate ways. I accepted her truth, felt a sense of closure, and drifted into bittersweet emotions of heartbreak, trying to savour the last minutes in her magical company.

I felt rejected as a man, but I was glad that we could start Emilia's healing journey. The rejection was essential for continuing our work, and it was the most expected outcome. That's how I knew that it was a conscious decision of Emilia, because she planned it this way. It was the last day when she was with her body, and with this rejection, she could move with me. The rejection of love was the rejection of the truth of her soul. Emilia intentionally chose to separate for the duration of the healing and then return renewed. She accepted that neither of us has a space for this love at this stage in our lives. At the same time, it was a chance for us to complete our spiritual work.

After sharing the closing words of our professional arrangement, we packed our supplies and headed back. Our time was running out, but we both walked slowly and almost in silence, like we couldn't believe what had happened to us. We didn't know what to talk about and awkwardly continued some small talk. And then, just a few minutes after, the entire reality had shifted, and the past has been brought to the surface.

As we were walking out of the park, she spent the last half hour of our session using my vulnerable state against me. Of course, she experienced her own pain of separation, but she disregarded the emotional state of her client for the rest of our time together. I was attacked with a stream of questions about my reasons and perceptions. I struggled to convey that she was causing further

damage with her requests for explanations, as I needed silence to ground myself and process my complex emerging emotions. Her anger showed that she had feelings, and her heart walls were coming down, but I was not ready for this.

Not really understanding what I was saying, I tried to describe how honesty and truth are essential in everything I do on my spiritual path. It wouldn't be respectful to both of us if I continued seeing her professionally while pretending that I don't have real feelings for her. It's easy to play this game, but the stakes of my journey are too high. I would never have grown as an artist and a shaman if I had compromised myself on this path. I explained how my spiritual journey requires me to be careful with my actions.

The empowerment, knowledge, and assistance of the Spirits are a privileged honour, and they can be taken away if a magician misuses their powers. I tried to share my perceptions, but sensing her frustration, I started to believe that there was something wrong with me. She had years of experience and education in counselling and intimacy coaching, so I thought that if she was interrogating me after our closure, then it was definitely my fault. It was the third emotionally damaging experience with a sex worker, and her pressure triggered every old insecurity. I felt that I was being punished for my essence again. My spiritual talents led to new suffering, and I felt like I was cursed.

Why couldn't I just have a good time with a sex worker and not fall in love with them? Why do they all have to be my soulmates? Why does Nature have to test us with the challenge of professional arrangements, making our stories so confusing and complicated? Why could I only resolve my past karma by reliving similarly crazy stories with all three women? And why does it feel like my soulmates and I are characters in a new fairy tale of Amber Dawn?

Angels sent me from Russia to Canada so I could meet my three soulmates from past lives, who all coincidentally happened to be sex workers, so I could learn how to heal their souls by dying for their sins. Is this really what my soul chose to live in this life? I was fighting myself relentlessly. I struggled to come to terms with who I was born to be. Knowing my destiny as a spiritual

guide and a healer of the souls of sex workers has only created more emotional trauma for me. I didn't want to accept my spiritual talents and my fate connected to sexual healing arts.

As my past madness claimed my full attention, I don't remember what we talked about for the next few minutes. I regained my presence when she asked how I plan to spend the rest of my day, as if our breakup was something casual. She framed the question like I just needed to get some nice takeout, drink a beer, or smoke a joint, and wake up tomorrow, being completely over her. However, two weeks before this meeting, I had decided to embody the entirety of this romantic love from Heaven. When I fully assumed this love, I realized that it would last until death.

After her rejection, I estimated it would take me at least a year to release the hope for our romantic future and learn how to live with this feeling, as I couldn't return my love to the skies. I replied that I would need to cry tonight to heal from this heartbreak, but she got upset with my truth. Everybody is supposed to be happy in this society; if someone genuinely wishes to cry, they must be stopped and forced to be happy again. She took my answer personally as if she were responsible for my tears.

Only there was nothing she could do differently to prevent them. This is how I work with any complex emotion, especially grief, as tears assist in integration. It's easy for me to hold tears in an emotional situation, but I need to intentionally meditate alone through any complicated sensations, lean into them, and allow everything that surfaces to exist. Tears reconnect us with our souls, and I love talking to my soul in this way. And, this was a real heartbreak after all, so crying is the best-known remedy for that incurable illness.

But instead of retreating and giving me space, she pushed for even further explanations. I felt stupid trying to invent an answer that would satisfy her so she would leave me alone. Realizing that I was genuinely heartbroken with the end of our connection, she began asking how a real relationship would differ from our current rules of engagement as we co-created each session

together. Our dates were more honest and intimate than in some real-life relationships. But she already stated that she didn't want to see me as a client or consider me a suitor, so I was already closed off from her.

This conversation should have taken place back at the meadow or in a separate meeting after we closed our professional arrangement. Even though I believed it was too late, I still attempted to explain that if I could court her towards marriage, we could build a sacred union of equal partners, where we would challenge each other to grow in our unique talents and pursue happiness through shared dreams of our souls (her soul dreamed of building a temple for sexual healing arts and my soul wished to reinvent sexual alchemy programs). I believed that if we merged our talents and aspirations, we would empower each other to achieve our dreams and become the best versions of ourselves. I knew that this woman would challenge me in ways no one else would, which was something I deeply desired in a relationship.

I believe that romantic partners come together to create a sacred union with shared missions and aligned purposes. There should be a dream that both lovers wish to pursue and a vision of a perfect life they would like to create together. Usually, it is a dream of a family, but for us, it was also a dream of a better future for all sexual healing artists. The two of us shared many things in common, including aspects of our biographies and our equally complex relationships with our karmic soulmates. I could relate to her in that sense like no one else. I knew what she was experiencing because I was going through the same. We were equally working through intense grief.

My shamanic journey was always about letting go, and her journey as a sexual priestess was also about letting go. But everything we shared, including our sexual chemistry, was simply a lovely bonus compared to how aligned our purposes, desires, and dreams were. A man couldn't accept her in more ways than I did, as I was madly in love with her body and soul. I was offering to embrace everything she was and everything she would become.

As a man, I was also very pragmatic and logical in my decision to pursue her. Heavens and Nature wanted us to complete important work for them, so I believed that if we merged our lives in any way she would allow, we could do this work more efficiently and with better results. When masculine and feminine polarities unite their energies in a magical, spiritual dance of co-creation, they will inevitably produce the best versions of their destined work. It's true that a man is often comfortable on his own and tends to avoid committing to a woman. But once he encounters a woman worthy of his dedication and responsibility, he will never hesitate to follow her and commit to their love in every sense of this word.

I wanted to share my highest vision for our partnership, but such a serious conversation requires enough dedicated time and a devotional presence to behold the truth of commitments, so surely I couldn't give a good answer on the go. Our conversation abruptly ended at the park's exit as we had to go our separate ways. I didn't have time to present my vision.

We awkwardly said our goodbyes without clear resolutions and exchanged negative energies through our last hug. It was the most painful hug I've ever experienced. She said that she hoped I would find the relationship I was looking for (even though I clearly stated that I wasn't just looking for a relationship for the sake of having a relationship, but only wished for a union with her) and told me that I should still consider visiting her for a session. She confused me with that last comment, and I didn't know how to interpret what she said, as it was clear that I couldn't see her as a client. I followed up with an email of a confused man, asking for the type of session she was offering or maybe a possible resolution for our conversation, but she responded with a new rejection and wished me the best on my path, taking away the closure.

Neither of us acted with ill intentions, yet both contributed to creating emotional traumas between us. To this day, I still can't reconcile with that date, as I left too much of my power in that last scene. With her questions and arguments, she tried to explain my feelings to me. She insisted that my love was

just a temporary crush or an invention of my grieving heart. She knew me enough to disregard the gravity of my words. She managed to humiliate me as no one else had. But I actually disrespected myself more than she did.

I was a weak man still working through thick veils of grief and experienced the collapse of my newfound romantic dreams. I should've walked away to silence her, but I accepted this torture because I tried to spend a few more precious minutes around her. As we said our goodbyes, I wanted to hide, disappear, and never see any woman ever again.

While there was nothing wrong with her getting emotional on that day, she knew that she had left me in a more damaged state than she found me, and I felt like she didn't care. I understand that in her world, I was a nobody, a weird artist, and a poor immigrant, but I believe that even a man in my status should not be punished for the honest words of love.

]Of course, part of me felt uplifted that our plan with Emilia had worked, and I assumed her entire essence through our last hug. Now, we could finally proceed with her healing journey. We also realized that we had to bring to the surface the negative energies of the past, as we removed some of each other's heart walls through our breakup. During that last hug, I also took upon myself the dark energies she suppressed in her psyche to absolve them during shamanic practices. We had to experience this drama of separation to heal us.

Emilia empowered these negative energies, as she intentionally wanted to hurt my soul for dying on her. She wished to see the truth of my love through my expressions of grief. It was her way of seeking revenge for the tragic loss she endured. Emilia struggled with tormenting grief for almost two years after my death in our first life. She accepted burying me after twenty years of happy marriage, but she was angry that the light of my love was gone.

Only I didn't take my love to the grave. I left this magical light to protect and inspire her for the coming years of living alone. My love filled our house when I released my last breath, and it stayed in her space until her death. But the grief blinded Emilia from immersing in this light, so she felt abandoned

and betrayed. That's why she refused to meet for many centuries. Letting go was always easy for Emilia, as it was part of her uniquely divine purpose, but she could never learn how to let my soul go.

Now, Emilia wanted me to endure the same emotions she experienced after she lost me. I felt like the woman from my dreams was dead, as I couldn't see or talk to her anymore. Emilia was in my space to observe my tears, and that's how she received the proof that my love was real. We immersed ourselves in her painful memories from our first life, combining them with my grief in this one. She cried these tears with me through my body. We re-lived those sensations over and over again until we finally dissolved them. Through this process of mourning in union, we healed Emilia's existential sadness. I made a promise that if I were granted a chance, I would bury her in this life to pay her back for burying me in our first one.

As we officially began our healing journey, Emilia and I connected with our spiritual guides to receive dates with channels for her death journeys, and I provided my consent to assist her on this path. But just a few days later, my suicidal thoughts returned with renewed strength. I should also mention that the Sechelt Spirits told me my third soulmate would inspire me to write "The American Book of Death," the second fairy tale in our contract. It turned out that I could only write this book if I were in love with a woman who had the soul of Magdalene of Love.

I passionately wrote for days after each of our sessions. I received enough inspiration even when we only talked. But deprived of her special light, the writing has completely halted. I descended into new cycles of self-loathing, feeling that my soulmate didn't approve of my writings or my spiritual work as a healer. My masculine dignity and self-worth were connected to my craft, so my confidence plummeted to new lows, and I started to believe that everything I did was worthless. If the love of my life didn't see the value of my talents, then there was no point in continuing to live.

The pain I've experienced was not this woman's fault. I was too overburdened with the toxic negativity as I met too many narcissistic Canadians who made sure to let me know how my love, light, and knowledge were not welcome on their lands. Our breakup just pushed me over the edge, like she hammered the last nail into my cross. While doing death journeys for Emilia, I attempted to stay in death and force myself to drown in the bathtub. I had my first suicide attempt after the threats of my second escort, but now I felt far more determined. I enjoy spending time in death because there are no lies, games, and manipulations so prevalent in this society, or, as Astarte likes to say, there's no bullshit in death. Besides, my spiritual friends in that world always accepted my essence and talents, so I felt more needed in death.

Of course, Emilia and Eurydice did everything they could to prevent my death. Their support and pleas were full of genuine love for the light of my soul. They wanted me to complete their healing, but they also saw the highest potential of my work and believed in my talents as strongly as Veronica did. Even though Emilia was still weak and had just recently stopped desiring death herself, she was convinced that one day, my talents would be appreciated.

I couldn't leave them because I was a man of my word, and they were my responsibility. I promised to supervise their healing journeys until the end. I knew the date of Emilia's last death journey, so I decided to grind through this challenging period and choose what to do with my life after I returned Emilia to her body. The whole point of my confession was to give her another chance at life, and that spiritual promise has kept me alive.

Veronica helped me a lot during this time. She lived for one year with Brian and the following year on her own, recovering from this toxic and abusive relationship, where she almost lost herself again. Veronica barely managed to leave Brian after he threatened both of us with physical violence for attempting to leave him. Veronica could only escape that relationship with the help of the police, who acted as mediators in the conflict between the three of us. Veronica and Brian accumulated complex karma and spiritual debts between their souls

over the course of their past five lives. And the three of us also had spiritual debts from three previous lives. Using art therapy, shamanic practices, and death journeys, Veronica and I worked hard over these years to resolve all of our shared issues so we could be liberated from those traumatic contracts and ties.

Seeing my dire state, Veronica wanted to help me, even though she was healing her own wounds. During our first years in Canada, she struggled with suicidal thoughts all the time, and on many days, I was terrified to leave her alone when I needed to go to university or work. She endured more pain than I did. She was an immigrant with an accent, but she was also a woman.

It took us years to accept how poorly women were treated and perceived in this society, and the reality of the hostile war between the sexes. Also, in the beginning, Veronica didn't have a vocabulary to speak on an equal level or defend herself against Canadians. She had good English, but adjusting to a new reality was more challenging than we thought. She occasionally closed off in challenging situations, and surely, Canadians used every opportunity to humiliate or diminish her, as bullying was a cultural norm in this country.

No matter how hard we tried to change our lives and adapt to the harsh realities of this society, Veronica felt that we would never find our place here, seeing how cruel people were to one another. We spent almost thirty thousand dollars of our family's savings (the last money we had) to relocate to Canada, only to discover a country embroiled in division, hatred, and fear. But we literally didn't have a place to go, as the country we grew up in decided to go to war with the country we were born in. So Veronica believed killing herself would be the best way to end our shared miseries.

This society has already determined a place for artists and shamans like us. We had a choice between living on the street with drug addiction or killing ourselves. We talked about suicide way too often during our lives in Canada. We always believed that if one of us found an existing point (as we knew that many things had to align spiritually for a successful suicide), then the other one would follow easily. But every single time we had these discussions, we concluded that

if we killed ourselves, then Canadians would prove the moral superiority of their society, and we didn't want to give them such a pleasure.

Now, seeing my distress, it was Veronica's time to support me through the same struggles she had endured before. But this time around, my desire to die existed both in my thoughts and in my entire body. My cells received new negative vibrations, as the moment my body allowed itself to open up to a woman after previous traumas, it endured new excruciating pains. After I made the first death journey for Emilia, I also assumed all of the darkness she endured in her past lives. Emilia and I understood that we had to release these tense energies as fast as possible; otherwise, her darkness would consume my essence.

There was clearly something about my design that I still didn't understand, as even if I went into the death dimension without suicidal thoughts, I would still return with them. Also, seeing how Emilia was raped, tortured, beaten, and murdered over many centuries without the possibility to defend her, has crushed my desire to live. We uncovered that I could immerse myself deeper in death if I intentionally meditated on my suicidal thoughts and allowed them to engulf me. That's why they were natural to me, as they were my energy source in death.

The hurtful rejection of my twin flame drove me to a point where I actually wanted to die, but that was the best way to teach me how to advance in my destined work. We got emotional during our last meeting because she was sending me to the war for her soul in the darkest places of this world, and we intuitively felt that I might not return alive. It was also evident that the deepening of my self-destructive tendencies was the manifestation of Emilia's hex that enhanced every vulnerability I had.

But then, one day, Emilia discovered how to help me. She suggested balancing suicidal energies with an inspirational dream about the future that could inspire me about life. All I wanted at that time was to see this woman again, even briefly, and even in the distance, so my aspiration to behold her light

became my special reason to stay alive. I discovered that if I held her image in my heart, I was safe in the death dimension and never got lost.

In every ceremony, her image floated at the back of my mind, like an exquisitely painted icon of a virgin and a saint. My beautiful dreams about her carried a celestial light, illuminating my journey through the darkness. My love for her opened up new levels of my talents. She protected me like a guardian angel in the darkest corners of death. I didn't even have to worry about possible accidental death anymore because my visions of her always brought me back. I was angry with her because of the pain and sacrifices I've endured, but she was the one who ultimately saved me. She was teaching me how to achieve mastery in my craft and supervised my transition into manhood. She just knew what to do with me, like I knew what to do with her soul.

Our guides instructed us to schedule death journeys every six days, and we gradually attempted to master my design. However, I still struggled with everything we had to do while continuing my day job and addressing other pressing issues. So Emilia thought that if we could complement death journeys with regression therapy sessions to talk through her most challenging and dramatic lives, then we could release her darkness before it took a toll on me. However, we needed a trusted person for this job, and Emilia knew that only Veronica could assist us in such an endeavour.

Emilia was aware that Veronica was angry for the heartbreak I endured and for agreeing to heal another soul. Veronica was worried that I didn't have the financial, mental, and emotional resources for this work. She saw how shattered my psyche was after three years of healing my troubled soulmates, so she preferred that I invest resources in rest.

Only this wasn't an option for me. Emilia thought that if she asked Veronica to guide her through some of her past lives, they might become friends in the process, release their misunderstandings, and Veronica would eventually accept her. Emilia blamed herself for bringing new troubles into our already

complicated lives, but those new cycles of self-loathing didn't serve anybody and prevented us from completing her healing.

To our surprise, Veronica enthusiastically agreed to assist us. She wanted to practice her skills in guiding regressions, as she had recently begun practicing this craft. She also knew how much her involvement would help me. Veronica was surely jealous of how I talked about the woman from my dreams. She didn't enjoy hearing how much I desired a family with Emilia. Veronica also didn't like how Emilia talked about her feelings for me in regressions. We conducted eight two-hour sessions (usually a couple of days before a death journey), during which Veronica spoke with Emilia about the complex emotions and entangled dramas of past lives. Veronica guided me into hypnosis, and then I allowed Emilia to take over my body and travel into her past lives, describing them to Veronica.

During these journeys, Veronica helped Emilia to understand the essence of love as she struggled to grasp the truth about this feeling. Emilia had many strange love stories in the past, and she claimed that she didn't understand love, nor ever actually experienced it. In every single life, Emilia claimed she doesn't know what love is (interestingly, every time for different reasons). However, Veronica found a way to show Emilia that love was always around her. Emilia could finally shift her perspective and see that she was always loved, even when she believed she wasn't.

Emilia did experience true, unconditional love in every life, but because of her hex, she couldn't always recognize it and unapologetically embody that feeling. We also visited our first life twice, and Emilia discussed our romance and my death in that life with Veronica, which really advanced Emilia's healing. Emilia was glad Veronica never did such sessions for Eurydice, making her feel special, as she was still trying to compete with Eurydice back then.

However, Veronica assumed some of Emilia's darkness during sessions, and unfortunately, that made her somewhat resentful of Emilia's nature. Veronica was also angry that I continued to struggle with my self-destructive

habits and financial challenges because of Emilia, while still trying to work through the emotions of the heartbreak. And, of course, Veronica was processing her challenges and traumas of an equally complicated nature. So Veronica and Emilia fought a lot after the sessions. They couldn't find a balanced way to interact without blaming one another, as Emilia was also consumed by her insecurities and the strange predicament of living in my body.

But after we completed all regressions and death journeys, Veronica and Emilia bonded like real friends. Veronica saw Emilia in the most distressed states and the most challenging circumstances. Now, Veronica knew who Emilia was in her wholesome essence, as she couldn't hide her truth in regressions. Emilia invited Veronica into her inner world and showed the memories of the darkest moments that she tried to forget or wasn't proud of. But experiencing such a level of vulnerability was very healing for Emilia.

Veronica tried to support the integration of Emilia's lessons and build a more harmonious relationship between us. For the next few months, they met at least once a week for a walk in Stanley Park, where they discussed the nature of love, art, and beauty, the spiritual purpose of sex work, and the ethics behind this profession, as well as Emilia's dreams for our possible future. This complex healing from both of us rapidly cleared all of Emilia's darkness, and soon, Emilia excitedly looked forward to having a conversation with Veronica without bringing past conflicts into their safe space of healing.

When we completed the crucial part of our spiritual work for Emilia, she wanted to help me heal from this heartbreak. First, we turned my anger into a sacred rage and decided to write a book about our perceptions of sexual healing arts. Eurydice led this endeavour as she needed to fulfill the dream she had made upon Eloise's tragic death. Eloise always knew in her heart that she was born as a whore, but the shame of society made her question herself too many times, and her doubts eventually led to a violent death at the age of twenty-seven. She wasn't stabbed because she was a whore, but in Eloise's mind, society killed her because it was rejecting her essence.

Society claimed that there was no place for a woman like her in their world. But Eloise knew who she was, so she dreamed of finding spiritual explanations behind her natural talents and why she felt in her heart that she was born to be a prostitute. Eloise's intuition insisted that she was living the life she was supposed to live. When Eloise was dying, she cried out in hopelessness against the cruelty of people who forced her to be ashamed of her divine talents while she knew who she was created to be and what magical, healing light she carried. She was proud of her entire essence, and she took pleasure in making a difference every single day, as she saw how joyful and elated her clients left her place. She knew she had made this world a better place by healing the broken men with the pure love she had in abundance.

One of the reasons why we met with Eurydice in this life was to avenge Eloise's pains and redeem her tears. Through the spiritual research we conducted, we proved that being a whore is not a choice of a body but a destined purpose of a soul. We proved that a whore knows in her heart that she was born to live a life of a whore. We proved that some women are born this way by the divine design of Nature, and there's nothing that people can do to change that. We proved that only spiritually ignorant societies have negative perceptions of sex work and that a society without temples of sexual healing arts can't be called civilized.

Emilia and I wanted to help Eurydice with her book. Three of us decided to turn our aspirations, passions, conflicting thoughts, and frustrations with modern sex work into art. We also channelled our personal wisdom on the nature of this profession from our four past lives as whores. We aimed to present a comprehensive study of the subject and capture different perspectives from those lives, as well as what those experiences have taught our souls.

My naive idealism and general shyness got me in trouble on my path of sexual explorations. I stumbled and fell, trying to piece together different teachings and personal experiences into my own coherent understanding of

sexual healing arts. There were so many twisted teachings, manipulative perspectives, and predatory providers.

On my path, I met practitioners and teachers who used terms like sacred intimacy, sexual healing, and energy exchanges to describe their offerings, and I trusted them more than I should've. Some literally didn't know the actual meanings of those words. Some strategically chose them to pursue certain types of clients, or to distance themselves from other sex workers, as if they were better than them. It was also common to discover a sexual priestess who approached her profession without personal integrity, embodied ethics or simple respect for the journeys of clients. I equally met women who, under the weight of personal shame and outside judgment, turned into predators for money, energy, or self-pleasure (the main trap for women in this profession, usually caused by a soul disassociation).

Through my shamanic adventure and the pains I endured from my soulmates, I unexpectedly uncovered one of the honest dreams of this life. I wished to restore the sacredness of sexual healing arts in the ancient temple traditions, both for sexual priests and priestesses. So many people offered rudimentary variations of sexual healing without exploring the magic of energy exchanges and other spiritual possibilities of sex, like embodying divine deities. The potential of this art form was often compromised and presented as a shallow entertainment for the rich and powerful, or as a pursuit of novel physical pleasures to escape the existential pains of life. People who could actually benefit from sexual healing or use these practices for personal empowerment had less access to this art form than people who used sexual energies for self-gratification or malevolent empowerment.

The sexuality felt removed from a spiritual foundation in this culture. Sex work was mainly concentrated around physical touch, promoting the assumption that there's nothing more to a human than just a physical form. Sexual alchemy can only occur when two souls collide into one merged being through a wonderful trance of lovemaking, but when practitioners or teachers

don't believe in the existence of a soul and don't even understand the essence of the human energy body, they can't really provide any sexual healing.

Indeed, many traumas of the body, which can hold memories of sexual abuses and entrapped emotions of shame or grief on a cellular level, could be healed through conscientious touch or somatic bodywork. Still, these practices don't take into account the highest intentions of sexual healing arts to empower the soul and charge the aura. Without this work and honest aspiration for personal spiritual transformation to heal oneself with a commitment to integration, it's impossible to talk about true liberation available for humans through sexual practices.

So, I had a vision of a higher middle path of sex and empowering practices of sexual alchemy that I saw in my spiritual visions from past lives and during lovemaking rituals with the souls. While we were together with Eurydice, she discovered some of the most unique and interesting books on the sexual healing arts. I completed most of my research only thanks to her efforts and passionate desire to master this craft. We learned many things and incorporated new practices in our intimate spiritual adventures. We never blindly followed any gurus or teachers; instead, we only accepted practices that felt right to us. Even then, we modified them based on our emotional responses, as that's how it should be for any couple, tailored to their unique sensibilities.

When we discovered my past life as a sexual priestess, Cassandra, and her sacred healing work in the Tempe of Isis, where she offered the programs of sexual alchemy, we conducted a few channeling sessions asking her to explain what sexual healing arts mean for her and the main purposes of sex magic (we present her answers in Eurydice's book that's yet to be published).

Cassandra explained her perceptions on the true esoteric meaning of sexual alchemy and told us how she conducted the healing journeys with clients. She rarely accepted lovers for single sessions. She offered spiritual journeys of self-exploration and personal development, exploring sexual energy exchanges during a series of sessions. She described how sexual priestesses and priests

initiated people into the highest potential of their souls, where clients received spiritual seals based on their profession or vocation, as I did in this life.

I dreamed of living as Cassandra again, instead of existing in a limited masculine body. I feel a deeper connection to Cassandra than to any of my past incarnations. We are both clairvoyant shamans who are excitedly inspired to explore sexual alchemy in all its forms and variations. We could interact with the souls of our lovers and work with energy bodies. We are both driven by the same intense desires, but we also sense this life quite similarly.

Energetically and spiritually, I consider her to be my closest reflection (Camilla is right next to her, so that's why I struggled with sex dysphoria in this life for as long as I can remember). Now, I have a much clearer vision of what kind of sexual healing arts I aspire to restore. In all of my other masculine lives, I had never been intimate with more than two women during the course of each life, and in some of them, I was an asexual person or close to that spectrum.

My soul knew how to work with highly sexual energies in a female body but struggled to navigate them in a male one. Now, I have also realized that if I were born with these god-given talents, I would have to understand what it means to be a sexual priest and what kind of services they offered in the Temple of Isis. It seemed like a long path before me, but this dream also inspired me to live.

Cassandra knew how to allow life to exist through her and mastered every part of her essence, including her oracle and psychic abilities. She was simply in love with everything she was. She embodied self-love fully and radiated with her entire essence in every moment of her existence. It was indeed my most empowering past life, and I learned a great deal from her, mostly about life itself. Surely, she was able to achieve that profound understanding of our reality once she mastered her sexual talents. Still, her philosophy on life resonated with me in ways I can't describe. I read many philosophical books written by men, but the wisdom of Cassandra felt closer to my heart, as she

could capture the essence of life in a few simple words, something that male philosophers could never do.

Emilia, Eurydice, and I discussed what perceptions of sexual healing and sacred intimacy we wanted to avoid and presented our findings in Eurydice's book. For us, sacred intimacy implies experiencing sexual energy exchanges beyond physical pleasures, including through emotional, mental, and energy bodies, as well as through the soul connection. It requires mastering communication between partners and learning how to discuss emerging feelings, emotions and sexual sensations. It demands that both lovers fully surrender to their unique, one-of-a-kind intimate dance with an unwavering and unconditional love for themselves.

Self-love allows us to see a facet, a reflection of us in our lover, and that's how we can show up in love. Sex becomes sacred when partners approach it as such. We appreciate the unique, intricate complexities that come with loving our partner in intimate practice. But that can only happen through complete acceptance of oneself. So, sexual healing is impossible without a basic respect for the truth, feelings, and emotions of another living sentient being. In other words, any kind of intimacy is impossible if one partner judges another.

Sexual healing requires a devotional presence in the moment and an authentic embodiment of one's inner essence. It implies honouring both masculine and feminine polarities with mutual appreciation and reverence as equal co-creators of life, who join in a spiritual dance to achieve healing and growth for both. Sexual healing is not supposed to be about hedonism or indulgence. It is not a form of escapism, but an art form that can help us transcend suffering and come to peace with the complexities of the human experience. Joy and pleasure are not the goals of sexual healing but pathways to charge our auras so we can protect ourselves from malevolent energies while reaching for our highest potential and achieving spiritual empowerment.

Assisting Eurydice with this book allowed Emilia to release the remaining dark veils of her past traumas and fully step into her power. Emilia

proposed further steps for my healing. First, she found me a non-judgmental and spiritual intimacy coach in California (we eventually discovered that this soul was my granddaughter in a past life). Through a series of video sessions and daily devotional practices, we worked to restore my nervous system, rediscover deeper intimacy with myself, cleanse all negative energies from my last heartbreak, find a way to fall in love with my story, and truly accept my path.

Then Emilia and Eurydice guided me to meet my next destined sex worker, whose soul introduced herself as Chloe. The intuition of my soulmates claimed this woman could revive me, but I was extremely apprehensive and anxious to meet her, anticipating new emotional pains. Even though this connection erupted with its own drama due to Chloe's past-life traumas (and my battles with a vampire entity that had haunted her for centuries), it turned out to be a transformational one. It allowed me to finally step into my power, claiming my whole essence as a healer, and also find another powerful spiritual ally in Chloe. Through our intimate journey, we received the spiritual seal of Solomon-Sophia.I have to admit that it is quite a one-of-a-kind feeling when the soul of a woman I wish to marry chooses lovers for me. My shyness and the hermit nature of my soul often suppress my natural desires, but Emilia senses them better than I do. She pushes me to stop my nonsense and bravely face an intimate connection with a sex worker when she feels I need a sexual encounter for my health and well-being.

As the proud queen of the sexual healing arts of her domain, Emilia enjoys finding the souls of sex workers who need my assistance and bringing them into my space. She likes exploring different variations and offerings of sex work existing in her kingdom. She also learns what it's like to be a male client, as she can access my memories after the sessions. Emilia chooses and approves my connection with a soul before I go into a session to make sure that I'm guided by my natural desires, which always lead to inner empowerment. Any connection with a woman based on love always inspires me to write and helps release stress after death journeys, so I'm grateful for Emilia's assistance.

Eurydice, Emilia, and I were surprised to discover how the connection with Chloe allowed us to advance Emilia's healing. Emilia's hex, which she received in her second life, troubled us greatly, but I didn't know what I could do to release it. This hex bonded Emilia to irrationally seek dependent, unhealthy relationships with her karmic soulmate in seven lives, and these malicious, spiritual chains often lead them to traumatic deaths, including in their previous life together. It forced Emilia to love her soulmate romantically, even though they were created to share the love of siblings.

They experienced the same confusion that we had with Eurydice. Because of this hex, Emilia experienced and understood true, unconditional, romantic love only in two out of nine lives. She couldn't understand the essence of love because she was cursed from experiencing the magic of this feeling or even seeing love when it occurred on her path. This is why Veronica had to show Emilia how love was always around her.

Beyond that, the hex was actually placed on Emilia and her other two soulmates. So, in this life, it affected my third escort and two important people in her life, as well as all their relatives. That's why we chose the path of Emilia's healing, because there were more than two dozen people affected by the destructive energies of this hex. This is what I mean when I talk about the integrity of shamans to make decisions in the best interest of all involved. I couldn't explain to my third escort in the limited time of our sessions how malevolent and evil this hex is, but I also couldn't allow so many souls to suffer from its negative energies.

This hex had the same karmic purpose as evil spirits who hunted my other soulmates. Like Damian's curse prevented Eurydice from believing in the genuineness of my feelings, this hex did the same to Emilia. But at that point in my journey, I didn't believe in hexes at all. The existence of dark spirits who control humans is easy to accept because we constantly encounter those who are clearly possessed by demonic entities. Such evil spirits usually empower mass shootings, unimaginably violent domestic crimes, and destructive behaviour.

There are also numerous documented real-life stories of demonic possession and successful exorcisms. But I couldn't believe that someone would spend their precious time on Earth to cast an evil hex on another soul. A ritual to successfully place such a curse requires weeks of intense preparations and committed dedication to the hatred of another, so I couldn't picture a magician so obsessed with hurting such a fragile and graceful soul like Emilia. I also understood that such practices would permanently corrupt the magician's soul. Even the black magicians knew what consequences awaited them because such hexes essentially compromise the free will of a soul. So, they would inevitably receive painful retribution in the dark, dangerous corridors of Purgatory.

Despite my initial skepticism, as we continued to explore Emilia's past lives, it became apparent that she was indeed cursed. Like Eurydice, Emilia couldn't recognize love, questioned her self-worth, and believed she was entirely alone in this world. But even after we discovered the exact moment when the hex was cast and saw a vision of a wicked witch who cursed Emilia through an elaborate ritual of animal sacrifice under the full moon, I still didn't know what I was supposed to do to release this hex. The real breakthrough occurred only after I received spiritual talents through a new initiation with Chloe, as I obtained the next spiritual seal. Yes, I was destined to fall in love again so I could heal the woman I aspired to marry. I believe this story shows the true magic of sex work and the value of this craft to improve the lives of our loved ones.

The spiritual seal of Solomon is quite different from others, as this God can bring various talents in an initiate, depending on their essence and the advancement on their path. Usually, King Solomon is perceived as a wizard who can command and capture dark and light spirits, but I already had experience in that craft. So King Solomon manifested in my essence as a wise hermit and a clandestine magician who absolves hexes and curses. Even though he was in love with his Sophia, he still enjoyed their time outside the bedroom more, as he showed up in me as a shy and reserved lover. I enjoyed hiding in my space, reading and writing more than anything else.

After this process was completed, I could finally remove Emilia's hex and liberate her from its destructive, karmic programs. Coincidentally, I received these talents in late October, so Emilia decided that it would be symbolic to release this hex on Samhain (or Halloween) to utilize the energies of lifted veils between the worlds and amplify our magic with the collective energies of people who wasted them on mindless madness that day. We conducted our ceremony at night in Stanley Park, as we received permission from the Spirits to bury this hex on the special plot of land governed by an ancient, sacred female oath of protection, which guarded a portal in the soil that could absorb and dissolve hexes, curses, and demons.

After burying this hex, we scheduled a death journey to meet with the God Osiris to report the case of this witch, as now her soul had to be punished in accordance with the laws of Nature. After we shared the entire story of this horrible hex over tea in the parlour room of his Temple, as we relaxed in the comfortable chairs next to the magical fireplace that could eliminate any fears and worries, Osiris contemplated his options and announced a verdict. He chose to chain this soul in Purgatory (under the condition that we would agree to such punishment and participate in chaining her) until she would endure the same amount of suffering as Emilia did.

The hex was the last challenge on our healing journey, and Emilia finally completed her transformation into a liberated and empowered soul. Now, she was dancing more than she cried. Although it took me more than a year to release all the remaining energies of this hex (and it was only possible through the spiritual rituals with sex workers), Emilia could finally feel my unconditional love and embrace the entirety of her feelings.

Some may say I don't love the woman from my dreams if I share our story this way. But for me, honestly telling our story is the best proof of my love. There would be no drama between us if we didn't have feelings for one another. The way our story played out feels like a statement in itself. I wouldn't have discovered the inspiration to write this work and a novel about our story if I

hadn't loved this woman. I feel my love for her when I dream of seeing her grace one day, if only from a distance. I experience this love when I'm worrying about her safety every day. I embody this love during every practice and healing ceremony. I feel its magnitude whenever I feel defeated, and this love immediately brings me back the inspiration to live.

This love helped me establish my shamanic practice and be vocal about the truth that matters to us. It continues to unravel in new artistic creations and unexpected talents. Besides, I would resent myself if I didn't fight for her heart. I simply can't contain this immense love inside. This text is the only way I can express my feelings. I have only my truth, and I always followed the advice of my heart, which asked me to pour my soul into this work. I also genuinely believe she knows better than I do why this text had to be written this way, as she is the feminine principle of this entire creation. For some higher reason, her heart desired for this testament to exist in this world.

My feelings are also expressed in my commitment to helping Emilia. I love how she challenges me as no one else does. She feels me in a very special way and always guides me to empowerment with her intuition, softness, and feminine grace. She knows how to balance my masculine madness (well, maybe not always, but we are getting there). I love how she uplifts me with her magical dances when I'm sad and lonely. She swirls in joy and showers me with sparkling particles of her magical energy so I will be more inspired to continue pursuing our story and purpose. I love how we investigate every spiritual knowledge and perception together. I love how we research different archetypes of female souls, explore the possibilities of sexual healing arts, or spend entire nights on walks in nature. Only love supported me through our demanding spiritual work. Without my feelings, I would never healed every one of Emilia's wounds.

I think I'm a very lucky man. I was blessed with a chance to live with the soul of the woman of my dreams. I allowed her soul to live through me so I could experience her feminine essence and magical flow. Her soul shared her sensations, thoughts, and dreams directly with me. I gave away my body and

allowed her to do whatever she pleased, without any restraints, so that I could feel life as her. I visited every one of her nine past lives and re-lived every one of her deaths to understand every facet of her being and uncover hidden supernatural talents she could reclaim from those lives.

Love helped me see Emilia's divine essence and her highest potential in this life. So, I'm well aware of the superb excellence of this woman and the importance of the divine, spiritual work she is destined to fulfill in this life. I can see her unique truth and magical essence through the facets of her soul. I feel honoured and grateful to have been granted the opportunity to protect, support, and empower her, if only on a spiritual level. Yes, she is not the only Magdalene woman in this world, but I will continue to believe that she is my Magdalene woman, and I will dream of our union, at least for as long as she continues to visit my dreams.

CHAPTER VII

THE DECLARATION OF LIBERATION

(OR KINTSUGI)

I'm contemplating what love brought into my life as I write the story of my spiritual awakening. I understood the essence of love because I was not allowed to love. My complex adventure made me resent my love. Women hated me for my love, and I didn't want to feel hated anymore, so I chose to reject my entire essence. I was denying myself the experience of love only because of what others thought of my love. But my love enveloped my whole heart, and it couldn't just disappear at someone's whim. My heart never expected or demanded anything from anybody; it simply desired to love without being shamed or attacked. My heart couldn't understand why I was trying to suppress the feelings if it was designed to be a channel of unconditional love.

My heart was cracked open on my path. Heartbreak after heartbreak, grief upon grief, and loss followed by another loss. Each time I cried from new pains, I didn't know if I could endure my torturous education any longer. New pains enveloped me the moment I resolved previous ones, and I started to believe that I was living a nightmare that I couldn't escape. But once all the tears had run out, I began to count the blessings those heartbreaks brought into my life.

My tragedies were leading me to my glory. I was no longer afraid to welcome more love. Divine love streamed through the cracks each time I broke my heart. I was welcoming this heavenly light to shine through me. I didn't regret anything that happened on my path once I embodied the fullness of each

love. When I stopped trying to protect my heart from grief, I realized how much love and forgiveness it can hold. My heart was building the capacity to accept more love, as my soul was destined to create his ultimate Legacy of Love on Earth. This is his last life and a farewell party. I'm destined to meet all souls who crossed his path in past lives - lovers, relatives, and friends.

We are meeting again to express our gratitude to one another for the magical times we shared on this incredible journey. All of them are destined to break my heart through love or death because my soul arrived to say his last goodbyes to them. But through this journey, we would leave behind the light of our unconditional love on Earth. If I'm writing a book about my love for a woman, it means that she is also writing this book, and together, we are making the world a more beautiful place as we change the vibrations of this planet by sharing our unique stories full of genuine love.

It puzzles me how anyone can tell another person whom they can or can't love. Unconditional love belongs to a soul, and that's the highest truth of love. People have no control over true love. I couldn't simply stop loving a woman only because she demanded that. A woman could deny herself the magical, uplifting, and inspiring energies of love, but she could never claim ownership of my love. I still had a choice to honour the highest magic of this feeling and savour this love with or without a woman.

No one could command my love because I received this light directly from Heaven as the reward for my medicine work of healing souls. Every time I completed my required spiritual assignments, I was blessed with a new divine love. Every time I asked Spirits to compensate me for my services with money, but each time, they rejected my request, as they prepared a much better reward for me - a new unconditional love.

I find it very strange that people make confessing feelings so challenging. Expressing words of love should be perceived as a liberating and empowering celebration because we illuminate life with magical words of admiration for another soul. A genuine compliment on the beauty of a

woman's body or soul shouldn't be treated as harassment in a civilized society. Love should never be silenced, as sharing feelings doesn't imply wanting anything in return. Truly loving someone means wishing them happiness, even when you are not part of that happiness. Truly loving another means seeing their soul.

Love allows us to see the highest essence of our beloved and their magical, divine light. We can see who they truly are beyond the physical body, which is merely temporary clothes for the soul. Pure love never wishes to own another. It simply exists and doesn't require any conditions to bloom. My love shines equally beautifully when I'm close to my beloved or far away. Even through the pain, love is always ready to excuse, trust, hope, and endure whatever comes.

When we reject love, we might reject the last love of our lives. Nature constantly tests us and might not grant us new love if she sees how we ran away from love the last time. I was always rewarded with more love because I wasn't afraid to claim any love on my path. Even if I loved a woman only for one day, it was still a genuine love that enriched both of us. I learned to embody any love in my heart so I would never have to let it go.

My resentment of my essence taught me how to claim more love from divinity. Now, I don't wait until my love unravels. I learned how to access the fullness of love directly from the skies and fill my heart with the entirety of those energies. I discovered this practice from my life as Cassandra, and I believe all whores have access to it.

When a client or a lover appears on my path, I can access the energy cloud of love created just for the two of us in the spiritual plane and accept the entirety of love stored in it. Love becomes a fuel that empowers my desire to provide healing and advice to souls because loving someone unconditionally and without judgment is already enough to heal them. When I accept the fullness of any love, I can also assess how long it will last, and that allows me to

be better prepared to process the emotions of separation once our journey comes to an end.

People often don't claim the entirety of love because they wait to confirm if another person is also opening up to this love. However, in this way, we deprive ourselves of the complexity of this feeling because we expect validation of our experience instead of allowing life to flow through us. And we are also wasting our time on pointless reservations instead of receiving the healing and inspiring energies of love.

People also close themselves off from love only because they were hurt in the past, but in this way, they are depriving themselves of realizing their full potential, as each love opens up new talents and magic within us. Most romantic loves have an expiration date, and one can never know how long it will last, but that's why it's so important to claim it fully as soon as possible, as while we hesitate, the love may run its course.

There's no such thing as nonreciprocal love, as love is always gifted to two souls. If another person chooses not to claim their love, they are the ones who are missing out on the magic of this feeling. It's tragic to see how people refuse to fully immerse themselves in every love that appears on their paths, no matter how short the romance may be. Love always makes us better, so when we reject love, we tell ourselves we will never be good enough. It's puzzling why someone would want to escape love when they know they will die one day. Our lives are finite; it's a brief glimpse between birth and death. Or, as my teacher Mary Magdalen likes to remind me, there's no need to rush in life, but not a moment to waste.

I was always convinced that a human being could experience the highest romantic love only for one person in their life. But Nature surprised me with my fate. My romance with Veronica ran its course, but the love between our souls reinvented itself and now shines with different hues. We are not vibrating as romantic partners, yet we still feel the love between us, only in a different form.

My romantic journey with Eurydice was shorter than we believe it would be. Yet, I would never have arrived at my empowerment without my spiritual adventures with this unique, daring, and stubborn soul. So, I will always love her in a very special way because of the stories we lived. Equally, I would never forget the beautiful journey of initiation and healing that I experienced with Nataly, despite how short our tale turned out to be.

My experiences have shown me that my heart can love more than one woman at the same time, with equally magical romantic feelings. Yes, the love for the woman from my dreams shines the strongest, but it never diminished the light of other loves nor took away my devotion, appreciation, and admiration for any woman I loved. Each love has a unique frequency and distinct light, crafted for only two particular souls and cannot be replicated. Each love is exceptional because our souls have distilled this emotion with the unique tragedies and joys of past lives that only two of us have experienced.

My beloved soulmates pushed me away, hoping to create enough pain to destroy my love, but they never succeeded. As I was not allowed to express my feelings to them, they redirected my love towards their souls. And those three souls asked me to find the answers to their spiritual questions, as they wanted to know why they chose to be sexual healing artists in this life, how this craft advances them on their divine feminine evolutionary journey, why Nature created whores, and how sexual alchemy works. These were all great questions that I didn't know the answers to, but I had the spiritual talents to find them, so I embarked on my unique journey to express my love to three women by uncovering spiritual truths about sexual healing arts.

I was surprised that my path led me into the world of sex work. I did everything I could to avoid that world. For the longest time, I felt out of place, intimidated, perplexed, and bewildered by everything unravelling before me. I felt uncomfortable and out of place in that reality, and surely, it pushed me away in response. I was crushed by shame, judgment, and fear that were never my own, but I could only receive my masculine initiations through these pains.

Once I found myself on the other side, I understood why my journey had to be confusing. Now, I honour my soul for choosing a life with such a unique purpose. Sex workers are carrying the cross with the sins of their society, and it's very heavy, so Nature is helping them, and she asked me to assist her. I did not choose my innate design, but I chose to provide the service for Nature in the form she needs, and Nature commanded me to do this work.

Quite early on in my education, I learned how to find the answers to spiritual and esoteric questions of sex workers. I discovered that I can see the highest essence and purpose of their souls, as well as the tragedies and glories of their past lives. At first, I struggled to embrace those unexpected talents, as I didn't know who might ever need them or how I could apply them in the real world. On too many occasions, I struggled to figure out how to interact with Canadian women without hurting myself, so I believed there was no value in embodying this talent while I was living in this broken and traumatized society. But healing souls is not a job for me. It is a destiny and a calling.

My spiritual work provides me with a sense of purpose and belonging. I witnessed how my soulmates found a new sense of appreciation for life once we completed their healing. When I saw them shining with a new light and empowering their bodies to achieve their highest female dreams, I finally realized how healing it would be to unapologetically own my talents. I enjoy a one-of-a-kind feeling when I see a female soul become liberated from past traumas and proudly claim her unique truth.

I agreed to embrace my spiritual journey only because I wholeheartedly believed in the truth of my heart and had unwavering faith in divinity. I committed to following my spiritual guidance and the callings of my soul. My path led me to encounter three incredibly unique women, but I would never have met them if I hadn't listened to the voices of the Heavens and Lands.

I went to see them not because I desired a woman but because I had faith in my spiritual guidance and wanted to test it. I was not searching for love, relationships, or sex when I embarked on my shamanic path. I just wanted to

find myself. So I invited troubles, turbulence, grief, loss, madness, and pain, following the calling of my masculine essence to attain the highest degree of mastery in my craft. Still, it turned out that I couldn't find myself without meeting my soulmates.

And now, we have arrived at a point in our fairy tale where the evil villain who stands in the way of true love has to be exposed. This story clearly illustrates the malevolent force that prevents love from existing in this world. Our hero realized that to win his battle and liberate himself from the shackles of slavery and oppression, he had to surrender to unconditional love. He has counted his blessings and arrived at a place of inner purpose. The fear in his heart was transmuted into courage. Now, he is finally ready to confront the villain with honest grievances to balance his blessings, as that's the law of Nature.

Presenting only this chapter would be enough to fulfill my contract obligations to the Sechelt Spirits. But, I think the intricate details of my story, described in previous chapters, make a more compelling case against malevolence and tyranny as the light of unconditional love empowers my genuine grievances. Just imagine how much better the Declaration of Independence could have been if it was preceded by a real-life story of how Thomas Jefferson dreamed to court Martha Skelton Wayles but felt too shy to confess his feelings and was afraid she wouldn't return them, how he questioned his heart and yearned for months to see a woman of his dreams again, how he consulted with her soul on a distance before allowing his feelings to flourish, how he eventually surrendered to love, so he could birth the Declaration of Independence together with Martha, who was the female principle of that creation.

Thomas courageously defeated the most violent kingdom in the world with words of self-evident truth because the love of his dear Martha empowered them. Martha's soul described a vision of a free and liberated country where people would no longer be afraid to be themselves, inspiring

Thomas to put the divine words of the Declaration into action to create such a nation. Even though Martha died before it happened, her dream was the only reason he ran for the presidency. They both believed that people had the right to live in liberty, bravely following the purposes and destinies of their souls. They understood that it was only possible through liberation from European ideologies of slavery and the moral oppression of Christianity.

The tyranny of the Crown and the Church equally worried both lovers. They both communicated with Spirits and Angels, so they believed in the divine order of life, not the superficial hierarchies of people who only dreamed of enslaving others. So Thomas was called to create the flourishing Garden in the divine design of his goddess, where all people would be treated equally, honoured for the highest truths of their souls, and have the right to pursue their dreams, following their natural design and God-given talents.

As I aspire to build the dream Garden for the woman from my dreams, let's continue our story with some undeniable self-evident truths. It is evident that our world is governed by the divine order, where all men are created equal, carrying the principle of initiative action, and all women are created equal, but with superior talents to men and carrying the principle of creation.

Both men and women are endowed by their Creator and His Divine Goddess with certain, equal, unalienable rights, like Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. The laws of Nature balance the reality of our world. Every law is unavoidable, and every decision or intention is judged in accordance with these divine rules. Although masculine and feminine souls have distinct designs, destinies, and purposes, they are equal subjects under these laws. The Earth consists of two equal worlds that constantly affect one another. Living beings of matter exist in the physical realm, and their souls, consisting of ether or energy, live in the astral plane. Events in the spiritual world influence the physical realm and vice versa. What is above, so is below, across all planes of existence.

Every person has a never-dying soul with a unique higher purpose. Every sentient being has a soul, and every place on the Earth has its living Spirits of land or water. Every being or soul from other planets has the same rights on Earth as souls from this planet. As each soul has free will, no one can dictate to another sovereign being how they should live their lives, who they should be, or who they can love. Every expression of sexuality and love is created equally valuable and for the same divine purposes. Therefore, every person has the right to their personal perceptions of our perceived reality.

The law of free will allows individuals to do anything they wish in life and with their bodies after reaching maturity. A soul creates a path for the highest empowerment, so their choices can only be judged by the archetypal essence they represent on this plane and in accordance with their divine purpose. Mistakes in life bring valuable lessons, so there can be no judgment for anyone's choices, as certain decisions are made by souls for spiritual reasons (including experiencing pain from mistakes). Free will implies taking responsibility for the unfolding manifestations of life that result from one's decisions. We are free to take the first step, but we are slaves to the next one. The consequences of every action are unavoidable and must be experienced, either in this life or in the next.

Following these truths, I would also like to state that I'm a living sentient being with a body, soul, and spirit. I'm a sovereign soul who chose to come to Earth to live the experience of a human being. This text comes directly from the light of my soul. Like any soul, he carries a fraction of divine light from the source of existence. There's a part of me that can not be limited by the constraints of a decaying body or suppressed by the superficial moral order of corrupt societies. There's a part of me that experienced the limitless state of existence and could never be constrained. So, the choices of my independent soul are empowered by the natural rights ingrained in his essence and gifted by the Creator and His Divine Goddess. I'm pursuing my happiness by following the highest path of my soul.

I never believed that my soulmates created my wounds because I knew their souls, and I could see the magical truth of their essences. Their cruelty towards the truth of my heart was the mask they were forced to wear to survive the pressures of their country. All three women were multifaceted, talented, and incredibly unique beings. Still, their society's destructive morality and sinister nature enveloped them in negative energies, making them fearful of their own essence. Therefore, I believe that it was their society that created my scars through them.

When I resolved all the negative emotions created by our interactions, my heart overflowed with forgiveness for my soulmates. I couldn't be angry with them because I knew how easy it was to lose a soul in their society, as I was well aware of what life in Canada demands from a person. Veronica and I got stranded several times on our journey for the same reasons. Veronica's soulmate, Brian, also lost his soul under the pressures of this society.

Everywhere I looked, I saw people who struggled to hear their souls. I saw professors in a university with lost souls. I had colleagues and bosses at work who equally lost their souls. I witnessed an escalating epidemic of homelessness. I saw how people relied on drugs and alcohol just to get through the day. Every second Canadian has or had a mental illness by the age of forty, and from a shamanic perspective, any mental illness is caused by a soul dissociation. Suicide was a far too common way of escaping new abuses, both among immigrants and Canadians alike.

This society was on a quest to destroy some individuals for their uniqueness because it couldn't invent a box for them or force them into compliance with the religious dogmas that claimed some people are better than others. It was suppressing the evident truth of Nature and worked tirelessly to cast away anyone who wasn't considered "normal," like whores and shamans.

Empowered by the truth of Nature, Eurydice, Nataly, and Emilia realized they had to fight against their destructive collective because it demanded that they be ashamed of their unique essence, betray their purposes,

and be forced to seek death as the only salvation. They couldn't do it alone and asked for my help in this righteous battle.

So my fight for a chance to love my soulmates turned into a war for our shared truth and against their society, which, like an evil, terrifying monster, crushes and grinds souls without any remorse in its delusional pursuit of building a dystopian future inspired by George Orwell's "1984" where the divine light of Heavens, the magical nourishment of the Lands, as well as truth, beauty, and unconditional love, will be completely eradicated.

Prudence dictates that a person should avoid expressing grievances against their society for light and transient causes. Each person wishes to feel accepted for their essence and valued by society for their special talents. Feeling ostracized is an incredibly destructive emotion for humans, as we are designed to be collective beings. We thrive and blossom when we feel valued, needed, and accepted. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object of oppression, evinces a malevolent design to destroy the personal freedom of souls, it is a right and a duty of an individual to confront such a destructive path of their society and search for a vision of a secured future that would provide new guards for people to protect their souls from the despotism of their society.

I think I'm quite fortunate on my path, as I have unconditional love to support my grievances, while the villain in our story is weak and consumed by self-destructive tendencies. Canadians have already made the final decisions about the future of their country in February 2022, so we just need to wait and see how they will manifest in the physical reality. The foundation of the Canadian Union, which empowered its citizens for decades, now failed to prevent the dictatorship of many against the few. The country that was once revered for its unique destiny as the land of salvation, prosperity, and opportunities has descended into tyranny by the will and desire of its people, who intentionally chose to corrupt their hearts.

I chose to use the word "Canadians" in this text to refer only to people of European ancestry who were born in Canada, as that's how this word is defined here. I also include in this definition anyone who chooses to identify with Canadian ideology voluntarily and supports the idea that Canadians are superior just by virtue of their birth.

When I use this word in the text, I talk about the majority of people in this nation. I acknowledge that it is quite unfair to many decent, honourable, and sincere Canadians who are not afraid to follow the path of their hearts despite the pressures of their culture. But unfortunately, the majority decided to include them in this definition. At the same time, honest Canadians are equally responsible for the present existential crisis of their nation, as they are too timid and scared to confront the malevolence of their fellow citizens in everyday life. In my system of values, silence and cowardice in the face of the apparent malevolence are equally punishable transgressions as the malevolence itself.

I could never have imagined that I would find myself in a situation where I would have to make such distinctions between people, since I believe all people are born equal. However, I was taught how important distinctions, hierarchies, social classes, and labels are for Canadians. They define every interaction between them, and everyone is treated in accordance with their status, wealth, and societal roles.

When I arrived in Canada, I believed in its foundational truths as a promised land of freedoms and a beacon of hope where everyone could reinvent themselves or find safe shelter from the destructive ideologies of oppression and communism. That's why many Europeans came here in the first place (the fact that Canadians pretend they don't know). I genuinely admired the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. I naively and foolishly believed that if Canadians had such a document, they believed in the words written in it.

But, I discovered that the majority of Canadians believe in values opposite to those of the Charter and openly support universal slavery in the traditions of the Soviet Union as a future model for their country. The majority

genuinely didn't like and even despised those members of their society who lived with freedom in their hearts, and they openly expressed their disdain for those who refused to act like slaves in their everyday lives. So, without a collective belief in these words, the Charter was just a piece of paper.

I also naively believed that a person could become a Canadian because this country was historically the land of immigrants. However, in my ten years here, Canadians have always emphasized their exceptionalism and exercised their supremacy in every way possible. I wasted a lot of energy believing I would be allowed to integrate into this society. I realized we simply don't share the same definition of this concept, and I would never be perceived as equal. I believed that integration meant learning a language, mastering a profession that can support you, following the laws, paying taxes, and eventually receiving full, equal rights and responsibilities that would allow me to pursue happiness with my family by following our highest dreams. I believe that integration implies participation in social life, where my opinion would be equally considered in pursuing a more harmonious and equitable society.

But Canadians believed that integration meant that I had to be their slave for the rest of my life, silently conform to their destructive norms that often didn't make sense, and obediently follow every insane rule of their collective with religious fanaticism while never questioning Canadian superiority. I realized that even if I were to receive citizenship, my opinion would still be less valuable and less acceptable than that of a Canadian, and I would have the same rights and access to social services on paper, but not in reality.

Surely, Canadians don't check documents in everyday interactions, but they determine who is theirs and who isn't by someone's accent. People with accents are perceived as defective; therefore, their opinions, thoughts, and actions are not valued as those of an equal human being. And, like with everything else, Canadians have a hierarchy of accents, with British and American accents positioned above them and all other accents below, so people

with those accents are perceived as inferior. Canadians would pretend not to hear an accent if they could get money from an immigrant.

The wealthy criminal who scammed his way through the immigration system was more accepted and respected than a diligent, skilled labourer who spent years honestly obtaining permanent status, even if they shared identical accents. Canadians enthusiastically welcomed anyone who used their country to launder stolen money, but pushed away those who tried to earn an honest place through hard work and positive contributions to society.

I present the following grievances based on my observations, personal experiences, and the spiritual explorations of the collective subconscious of this nation. I want to begin with the most troubling grievance. Honesty and authenticity are not considered virtues in this culture. Everyone is expected to wear a mask and avoid expressing their unique truth. Some people even get offended if you don't communicate with them through a mask.

Only socially approved views and opinions are allowed for discussions, and any deviations from correct opinions are punished by intense and malevolent social ostracism. There are acceptable and unacceptable truths, depending on the latest religion this society invents every few years. It was far too familiar to see how a person was disrespected, punished, or attacked if they chose to speak the truth of their hearts, dared to question the dictatorship of the masses, or questioned the narratives of Canadian Big Brother.

In this culture, it was widely accepted to ridicule and diminish another person solely for the purpose of elevating oneself. It was common to bully, mock, and ridicule another person, as well as maliciously envy any kind of success. People were afraid to share their dreams because they knew how the hatred of others would destroy them. Mediocracy was promoted, while excellence was stifled. All genuinely talented artists and entrepreneurs are leaving the suffocating air of this society for nations that understand the importance of personal freedoms for a prosperous economy and vibrant culture.

It fascinates me to this day how much Canadians love to pretend. Image and appearance were more important than substance and essence. The external performance was far more important than what a person actually experienced inside. Canadians pretended to present an image of a successful and happy person in accordance with the religious standards and moral norms that everyone is obliged to follow. If a person wasn't wearing a mask, they were punished for being themselves. It was accustomed to splitting one's personality to perform various roles in different settings.

Constantly pretending and playing a certain image requires many lies, and that is another cultural norm of this nation. It was accustomed and encouraged to lie to friends, family, and even spouses (despite taking the vow of marriage). Canadians claimed they could achieve the highest states of happiness only if they built their lives based on lies. Lying appears to be one of the favourite activities of Canadians. They often lie just for the sake of lying, or simply can't stop themselves from lying. Sometimes it's really hard to tell why they lie because their lies often don't make any sense, and they are not as great actors as they believe they are.

It's always amusing to observe how they spend enormous amounts of energy trying to double down on their lies when they are exposed, because Canadians believe they are always right by virtue of their birth and must prove they are right, even if they embarrass themselves. To prove how much Canadians love to lie, they even instituted a national day of Truth, with the foundation of that federal holiday based on a lie. Canadians even believe they can fool Nature and their hearts with their lies. Since most people lie most of the time, the truth is completely devalued. It's next to impossible in this society to prove that you speak from your heart. That's why it's also impossible to negotiate with Canadians; you can never tell if they are lying, while they would, in return, assume that you are also lying.

I was not brought up to know the rules of their game, so now I'm choosing to assume that Canadians are always pretending until I am proven

otherwise. I tended to trust respectful people, but I learned this could be a sophisticated mask in Canada. Veronica and I were taught to be extra vigilant with Canadian fake smiles and pretentious politeness. Canadians love to pretend they are compassionate, virtuous, and caring, but they immediately turn aggressive if you confront their hypocrisy or pretentiousness. Seeing how easily people here turn from politeness to aggression without any reason or provocation is still, to this day, one of the most traumatizing experiences for Veronica and me.

This society aspired to prove that human beings are merely biological robots without souls, who could be trained into complete obedience, hijacked like lab rats, programmed with predictable behaviour, and re-educated to be someone they weren't born to be. For that purpose, this society weaponized every institution and educational organization to create soul dissociations, as that was the only way to achieve that sinister goal.

This nation had a rigid class structure with limited social mobility; some individuals were considered superior to others based solely on their wealth. Money is the main religion of this nation. A person's status was determined only by material possessions, rather than by their talents or positive contributions to society. Surely, the traditions of First Nations were perceived as primitive, and the healing potential of shamanic practices was rarely discussed seriously. Medicine men and women continued to do their work in hiding and were shunned from sharing their knowledge with younger generations.

Canadians like to pretend they care for the Indigenous population, parading how amazing they are for confronting the abuses of the Christian Church (while the Church itself has acknowledged the harm it has caused). But in reality, Canadians replaced churches with universities and government institutions, which use hundreds of millions of taxpayer dollars to enrich entitled and privileged white people, who were assigned to continue the exploitation of Indigenous nations and the eradication of their languages, beliefs, and traditions with the same claims of moral superiority.

People in this society didn't know how to apologize or take accountability for their destructive actions. They didn't understand the value of this skill for their personal growth. It feels empowering and liberating to sincerely apologize or acknowledge our shortcomings. It's dignifying to accept personal responsibility when we know we acted not as our best selves. It's a natural human desire to attempt to mend the damage we have done, intentionally or not.

Only children don't understand the importance of an apology in personal communication and don't comprehend the growth that happens through this act. If we are talking about genuine respect and politeness in a civilized society, not Canadian ones, an apology is the best way to show respect for others and oneself. It's the most civilized way to resolve any issue between people. But Canadians would say sorry ten times if they missed holding a door for you, yet they would never apologize after they attacked or abused you for no reason.

I firmly believe that any conflict can be resolved through open dialogue, and any dispute or abuse can be reconciled through effective communication, as there's always a way to find a middle ground where every person's feelings and opinions are valued and acknowledged. Canadians claimed that their problems are caused only by other people, who didn't behave as they wanted them to behave. Any issue, trouble, or conflict was always someone else's fault and never a fault of a Canadian.

Personal accountability was a foreign concept to Canadians, and they would often employ all their resources to blame their personal issues on external factors. Certainly, they claimed that most of their problems were caused by immigrants (including the issues in their personal lives). When immigrants didn't fit their narrative, they would switch to blaming Americans. If these two groups couldn't be blamed, they would find someone else. But if a problem was clearly created by the malevolence of a Canadian, they would always find the excuse and explanation to explain malevolent behaviour.

Since I mainly experienced how eagerly Canadians tried to escalate every conflict in their lives, were quick to jump to assumptions in their decisions, or made any situation only about themselves, I realized that it's much safer not to trust Canadians at all, no matter how polite and respectful a person seems on the surface. Of course, constantly questioning the decency of every person you meet is not a healthy way to live, but unfortunately, this is the only way. Surely, it's energetically draining to live every day in constant alertness and doubt. You develop quite negative communication traits.

When you are forced to live in such a fight-or-flight mode for years, even when you have had a positive experience with a Canadian, you cannot surrender to enjoying it anymore, and question whether it's an exception or they would simply attack or abuse you next time. It was surprising to discover how my body developed its own memory based on its experiences here. I noticed how tense and reserved I became around Canadians compared to people from other nations.

My body already knew that Canadians would seize any opportunity to judge, criticize, or shame another person from a position of superior morality, so it was better to speak as little as possible around them. That's why Canadians themselves only discussed the most meaningless topics with each other and avoided sharing their honest achievements or dreams, as their bodies also knew they would inevitably be judged. They constantly pretended because being oneself in this society was a punishable offence that led to physical pain.

During ten years of living here, I started to believe there was something wrong with me because being myself was simply dangerous for survival. People try to convince me that I should always be ashamed of being myself, as that's what Canadians did to each other. Someone would always gaslight me about my experiences or demand to suppress my feelings.

With its fanatical pursuit of unified conformity, this society demands that people must believe there's something wrong with them if they try to live by their hearts and in accordance with the truth of their souls. But

there's no factual evidence that the current Puritan morality of Canadian society produces an empowering culture and a flourishing economy. On the contrary, it is the primary reason for the rapid decline of this nation.

Honest Canadians who recognized my light still took the chance to tell me that I should silence myself. I saw the fear of their society in their eyes, as they knew far too well what it does to people who question its oppressive nature. But seeing that fear only empowered me. I finally understood why decent Canadians don't confront the malevolence of their society, because they were genuinely scared for their lives. If Canadians had one thing that still united them as one nation, it was their all-permeating fear of their own society, which often manifested as a fear of life itself.

My love for my soulmates demands that I speak up against the troubling malevolence of this nation. I honestly don't care that Canadians want to destroy their country, as they claim it's their country, so they can do whatever they want with it, but they damaged my soulmates for no good reason, and I will never forget that. They are very special souls of my divine soul family. I can't accept that this society pressured these talented souls to choose death as the way to escape abuse. In my opinion, this is the greatest crime this nation could have ever committed, and therefore, it should be punished in accordance with the laws of Nature.

I don't know why Canadians resent life so much when they have more opportunities and wealth to pursue their highest and most honest dreams than most people in the world. I don't know how people can hate life so much when they live in such a level of personal comfort that is unattainable for the majority of humanity. The delusional demand for others to live only approved kinds of lives to create a uniform society of supposedly morally perfect and self-righteous people is the most horrible evil there can be, as people are essentially being murdered for being themselves. This is the true banality of evil, and it's much scarier than the malevolence of any dictator from history.

What people do to each other in this country is simply wrong. Clearly, my soulmates are not the only ones who are being trampled and driven to death, so there are no excuses this society can make to justify its crimes. I don't understand why everyone has to be so mean to one another to the point that people lose their souls. No one can criticize someone's choices and perceptions without trying to walk in their shoes.

It's unconscionable that one person's natural, God-given talents are celebrated and rewarded while another person's divine purpose is shamed and diminished. A doctor can perform neurosurgery for the same reasons why a whore inspires an artist for a creation - because Nature designed them in this way. And if Canadians believe they can win the war they proclaimed against Nature, I must remind them that Nature will always fight back with retribution.

When we look at any society of the past, we can understand whether they were truly advanced based on their treatment of women. All empowered societies admired the superior nature of a woman and always revered her creative energies with appreciation. Women were put on pedestals and treated like goddesses because people knew that only empowered women could create Heaven on Earth. Women are designed to be guides to the source of divine energy and the God-Goddess essence. Any advanced society honours the female divine potential, provides them with space to fulfill their karmic purpose, and follows their intuitive guidance, empowered by Mother Nature.

In three years of my work, I healed past-life traumas of my soulmates, but also processed dark emotions and nightmares from this life that three women suppressed in their subconscious minds. So, I know what kind of abuses they endured from this society. My soulmates were ashamed of their nature and consumed by fear because they were forced to believe they were doing something wrong if they chose to be themselves.

I don't understand how such horrible treatment of women is accepted in a country that continuously claims to be one of the most advanced

and progressive societies in the world. Women are rendered as objects and servants; they are told that they were born with damaged bodies that need to be fixed, and they are expected to be ashamed of their nature. They are brainwashed to believe there is something wrong with them by definition. They are told to inject poisons into their bodies just to be accepted. They are forced to believe that it is their duty to be abused, used, and discarded at the will of another. Their pleasures are shamed, and their feminine intuition is trampled.

Female grace, one of the most important magics of women, has no value or appreciation in this country, and the natural state of female receptiveness, rooted in the power of the womb, is shamed. The stories of violence against women's free will are often brushed away, while men who openly and proudly share such stories are respected and even cheered. In this culture, a female of any age, especially a young woman courageous enough to assert her boundaries, could be harmed or abused for any random projection placed upon her by a broken man, and no one will confront this.

Many Canadian mothers continue to raise their sons as spoiled, lazy, and entitled, teaching them that they should treat a woman only as a personal maid who is obliged to serve them, produce children at man's whim but singlehandedly raise them without any help, always be at disposal for man's sexual needs any time he desires while allowing him to waste time on computer games and other activities that degrade his essence. Such men were taught to believe it's normal to suppress their women's highest dreams while at the same time demanding that they equally share bills and do all the housework for them.

There's a fear in the eyes of Canadian women that I haven't seen in other women. They are afraid to be seen, to shine brightly with their natural feminine talents, and to openly speak their equally valuable truth. They are trying to play small in hopes of avoiding judgments. They are criticized for expressing feminine qualities, or even worse, as they are told they must act like men if they wish to be treated as equals. Women are forced to make their everyday decisions from their masculine energies, which is destructive both for

the feminine essence and for society as a whole. Every part of the female experience and every step on the journey into womanhood is compromised by degrading criticism. The rites of passage that always helped women to find their destined, empowered purpose were replaced by bullying and humiliating rituals in schools and universities.

Canadians can question my morals and lecture me on my life's choices all they want, but a society where fourteen-year-old girls have to perform oral sex on strangers on the transit just to avoid being bullied can not be called civilized. Why is it even normal that every teenage girl is forced to know how to perform oral sex? Is it a requirement to be considered a real woman in Canada? I don't understand how this society accepts that more and more teenage girls undress themselves for the likes on social media or seek validation only through their sexuality, as if there's nothing else that defines a woman. I don't think society can be called civilized when young generations learning about sex primarily through abusive pornography. No one seems to care or confront the reasons for this epidemic. No one pays equal attention to the mental health of their children due to constant online bullying and humiliation.

In the modern hookup culture of North America, people treat one another as objects, abuse boundaries to create new traumas, and discard a partner after one use without even trying to discover a sense of true intimacy or ever learning what a full-body orgasm feels like. But no one would ever convince me that I should value and honour these norms only because they are part of Canadian culture and identity and, therefore, can't be criticized by an immigrant. Sexual healing arts are judged and stigmatized, yet Canadians not only tolerate all these realities but also believe they make them better than other people in the world.

There's more sacredness in an erotic encounter with the sexual priestess, where desired rules and boundaries are respectfully honoured by both parties, than in a drunken one-night stand with a random stranger, where both

partners don't even remember whether they sexually abused one another. If the result of the first encounter is a strengthened aura, experience of pleasure, and joy, the result of the second act is depleted auras and an exchange of demonic entities from the subtle realms. The first one brings empowerment and a deeper understanding for both partners, while the second creates misery, regret, and pain. Yet, the first one is punished by society, and the second one is rewarded. What is rewarded becomes the social norm.

Even though the Christian church is separated from the state in this country, its wicked ideology penetrates every part of it to this day. This ideology has always persecuted, suppressed, and killed women because of their superior nature, and this society chose to continue this crusade. It's quite telling that my two soulmates, who had Magdalene's souls, were the most traumatized by this society. Such souls carry pure, universal love in their essence, and when their expressions of love are shamed, a Magdalene soul becomes destructive to society and herself, or loses herself. They just can't handle such a level of judgment, negativity, and aggression. The image of a developed and civilized nation that Canadians tried so hard to maintain turned out to be just a facade for a cruel and barbaric society that proudly continued to carry the torch of the Christian Church and continuously stoned their women to death with words of shame and ignorance.

I know that my intense emotions and unhealed parts of my psyche, damaged by Canadians, cloud the grievances presented here. I know that I'm still healing from complex PTSD created from living in Canada. But I think politeness doesn't work anymore, and it's time for all of us to call things for what they are. Every Canadian knows their country is broken, even if they refuse to admit it. We no longer have time for games that Canadians like to play, trying to prevent the unravelling consequences. I don't think Canadians could continue to hide from life, sensing what is coming for our planet and collective consciousness.

When a society doesn't share common values and a unified vision of the future, people first lose hope, and then they lose their sense of purpose. This nation has no identity because people don't believe in anything. Most citizens don't see their neighbours as equals because they don't see them as fellow Canadians with the same values and aspirations. Most perceive another person as a competitor who stands in their way of gaining more gold, so such people will never fight for a better future for their nation. The country of Canada no longer exists, as the majority of Canadians don't believe in its existence.

I believe a person should avoid criticizing unless they offer a solution. With that in mind, I offer a solution to prevent further corruption. My offering is peaceful and comes from a place of love. If Canadians really wish to see positive changes in their society, they should work on being less judgemental towards each other, avoid lying when possible, learn to ask questions instead of making assumptions, stop advising on how others should live their lives without asking for permission (or without understading the destiny of a particular soul), and aspire every day to follow the truths of their hearts, not the illusions of the mind.

And maybe instead of wasting so much energy pretending to be nice, Canadians can use it to heal their inner pains and learn how to be kinder and more compassionate to one another. Even with these simple practices of honouring the personal path of one's soul, a better future can be created. The improvements in everyday life do not occur through the choice of politicians, as they merely reflect the highest aspirations of society, mirroring the desires and wishes of the collective consciousness of the majority of the population, much like a beehive. Most Canadian politicians are greedy, selfish, and corrupt because the majority of Canadians are greedy, selfish, and corrupt. If most people of this country have lost their souls, their political representatives would also have lost their souls.

I know that the majority of Canadians would tell me to go back to my country in response to my grievances, as that's how they usually respond to

any constructive criticism from immigrants. Outside of the fact of how ridiculous and foolish this phrase always sounds coming from descendants of immigrants (and how ungrateful and disrespectful to their own ancestors who often sacrificed their lives to build this nation), I have to state that I'm not going back to my country because I already live in my country, as Canada exists on the land of my guardian Spirits. It's not for Canadians to decide who gets to live on these lands because the land is the domain of Spirits. They choose who can serve their land, and they assign their stewards based on their perceptions about the destined mission of every soul and the needs of their lands.

Telling someone to leave a particular land shows disrespect for the Spirits. British Columbia is the Land of my soul. I have no intention of leaving this Land because she is my home, and I love her too much. The Spirits of Sechelt Lands and Waters summoned me here, demanded that I stay, and blessed me with my shamanic talents for assisting them on their missions. They believed in me before I did. They invested in me more than I ever dreamed of. They provided me with a sense of acceptance and belonging.

Once I stepped on my shamanic path, I could better understand the reality I was confronting. From a shamanic point of view, arrogance, hubris, and narcissism are characteristics of people with lost or stranded souls. So, I realized that if contempt, disrespect, and hypocrisy felt like the social norms in Canada, it meant that soul disassociations were more common than I thought. Then it became evident that only people with lost or stranded souls have ever attacked me here.

Once I had this new understanding, it was impossible to be angry at Canadians, as most of them have lost souls and rejected the path of their hearts because of their oppressive society. Now I mainly feel sorry for them when they turn to aggression and hatred. I could only compassionately forgive them because they had never experienced a true sense of liberty. They live all their lives in terrifying, paralyzing fear of judgment and ostracism. I realized that Canadians, like my soulmates, are not inherently bad people at heart. They just

experienced so many abuses by their society that they unintentionally radiate them onto others. Their egos, inflated to protect them from their society, have imprisoned their souls, and they simply don't know how to liberate themselves. Their pride blinds them, but unfortunately, it is necessary to safeguard them from new pains. They were equally overburdened with toxic negativity like I was, only I retreated to ideas of suicide, while the majority of Canadians turned to aggression, intolerance, and hatred.

Still knowing all of that, I won't stand silent in the face of the blatant malevolence I observe in this nation every day. I would always confront those who think they have a right to judge a sovereign being on their life's choices without knowing their soul's highest essence or destiny. I would always call out the destructive norms of this disintegrating society that make people lose their souls.

My shamanic journey has shaped me into who I am today. Living in this society was also part of my spiritual education of temperance. My writings wouldn't be needed if I lived in a healthy society. They are a direct response to the oppression I have experienced on these lands. I write this text to share my story of becoming a medicine man. So, as we reach the end, one may wonder how I became a shaman.

Well, basically, the nonsense, fakeness, and cruelty of Canadians made me into a shaman. And for that, I would like to thank every Canadian, as it feels amazing to be myself. I live with the hope that more Canadians will one day find the courage to be themselves and follow the truth of their hearts, as I can attest that this is the best way to avoid losing one's soul and discover truly genuine happiness. I hope that more Canadians will learn how to love themselves and their unique life journeys. I hope that one day there will be more love on these lands than hate.

CHAPTER VIII

EPILOGUE

(OR LET ME LOVE YOU LIKE A WOMAN)

This text is followed by the story of my connection with Eurydice and how we were guided to sign the contract with the Sechelt Spirits, becoming writers and shamans who understand the essence of death. It's the story of our love written from Eurydice's higher perspective. It is a tale full of natural serendipities, as she also shares a story of how divinity brought us together with Veronica and guided us to relocate to Vancouver, to the land of our Spirits.

It is a story of how I fell in love with an escort at first sight. That feeling shattered me in a strange way, because I had never believed in love at first sight. I was granted the experience of this magical feeling because I requested, upon my previous death, to recognize Eurydice at first sight in my next life.

Eurydice was the first soul of a sex worker who entered my space and summoned me to meet her in person. She initiated our shamanic education, opened up my clairvoyant talents, and led me to rediscover the practice of death journeys. We embraced our shared commitment to the Sechelt Spirits and became empowered writing partners in the process.

Eurydice taught me everything I needed to know about grief, and through tears, I allowed more love to enter my life. She showed me every way my heart can love. With her help, I learned there's no such thing as letting go because true love always transcends death. We may let go of our beloved, but we don't need to let go of our love for their souls. We can choose to keep this love for ourselves and cherish it even without the presence of our beloved. If love lives in our souls, we're always with our soulmates, even if they are not with us anymore.

Eurydice pushed me to embody my healing talents and embrace my highest purpose. I pushed her to become a writer, the destiny she'd avoided for six centuries. Eurydice helped me find two other soulmates and three soul friends and commanded me to meet them. She helped me to leave my hermit tower. She taught me to immerse myself in every romantic love without reservations, even if I endured new pains, as they always led me to liberation (and even when she was extremely jealous of my adventures).

I'm grateful that Eurydice's feminine intuition helped me follow the highest healing path we could take and to embrace our unique essence as a two-spirited soul. For eight centuries, we have arrived in two bodies to learn how to become spiritual guides who understand both masculine and feminine experiences equally well. In every life, we live in separate bodies, but once Eurydice chooses to die and completes this transformation, we begin the process of merging and integrating, where we join to exist in one body, allowing us to access both of our essences. This is how Nature decided to create us and how life chose to manifest through us. I can only hope you will find a place in your heart to accept us for who we are.

P. S. I used the word "whore" in this text in its original meaning. Thank you, dear Emilia, for helping me craft this testament, as I could never do it without you, and for bringing the true magic of this word to my awareness. Today I enjoy embodying this word, as I am a whore in my heart, as well - the one who desires.

PART II: THE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

by Eurydice Eloise Wayles

A story about the spiritual awakening of two soulmates through unconditional love, their unusual curse of an immortal spirit, and their commitment to the Spirits of the Sechelt lands, including a legend about one stubborn, clandestine soul who finally embraced her destiny as a writer, which she's been avoiding for centuries.

Sechelt, British Columbia

November 14, 2023 - December 23, 2023

Alexander's new, deeper understanding of the spiritual realm arrived with the tragic death of his father, Sergey, in a car crash in late 2005. Once Alexander processed the grief and integrated the lessons of this powerful emotion, his clairvoyance and shamanic abilities began evolving. Soon, his father's soul appeared in his dreams and later began guiding Alexander through his awakened life. Learning about the shamanic practices of different cultures also became Alexander's new hobby. He embarked on his destined masculine adventure without even realizing it.

His father's soul guided Alexander to use his inheritance to make his first self-financed independent film, "The Last Days of Mortal Entity." Spirits guided Alexander to shoot this film near Baikal Lake in Russian Siberia, where he received his first channelings from the land, which initiated his shamanic path. The completed film didn't open any new opportunities for Alexander, so he questioned his guidance and couldn't understand why it was important to make this movie.

Alexander met his future wife, Veronica, in 2009. Guided by her feminine intuition, Veronica searched for a friend on a Russian social network. She wasn't looking for a husband but rather someone inspiring to talk to about spirituality and the true essence of this world. Yet when she stumbled upon Alexander's photo from his movie's premiere, her heart told her that she knew this man. "He will be my husband." This was the first thought that appeared in Veronica's head. When Alexander saw her friend's request, he answered with a message, "Do we know each other?" Veronica replied that he knows the answer. Neither of them was aware that their souls had already recognized each other. They eventually discovered they were soulmates who experienced seven lives together, destined to advance as souls by challenging each other.

Alexander and Veronica spent the next two weeks writing long messages to each other and then decided to meet for a walk in the historic old

town of Saint Petersburg. Once they saw each other's eyes, they experienced a most unusual feeling. They didn't know about the concept of past lives, yet they felt like they had never experienced such a strong connection with anyone else. After spending two hours together, they stopped to listen to a street band near the memorial with an eternal flame. The light from the fire illuminated Veronica's sparkling and excited eyes as she looked at Alexander, and he had the strangest sensation he hadn't experienced before. Alexander knew the eyes of this woman. "I know her. Somehow, I know her." This thought stuck with him until they parted that night.

They shared a kiss on the next date and spent the next two months dating. As their feelings overwhelmed them, they ran away from each other and spent the next four months apart. Alexander used this time to work with Veronica's soul, although his healing powers had only just started to manifest, and he did most of the work without being fully aware. The force of love eventually reunited them. Veronica moved in with Alexander in April of 2010, and soon after, both experienced an intuitive vision that they were destined to leave Russia together.

In 2012, during their honeymoon, Alexander and Veronica received direct guidance to leave Russia. Their destiny awaited them in another country. They both felt a sense of urgency and began to consider their options. Intuition led them to discover a chance to move to Vancouver. Alexander applied to the University of British Columbia for the Master's Program in Film Production and Creative Writing. He was accepted based on the films he shot with the help of his father's guidance. Alexander and Veronica saw divine intervention in this gift from Nature. They had never been to Canada but moved to Vancouver, trusting that fate and destiny awaited them there.

Over the years, despite facing numerous challenges, they sought a deeper understanding of this calling. They knew there was some divine reason they had to move to Vancouver. However, after encountering many closed doors, financial struggles, and paperwork complications, they began to doubt

their faith. Nothing really worked for them in Vancouver. It was hard to live in their truth on these lands. They constantly felt that they were not welcomed here, but also struggled to accept the extreme beliefs of Canadian society, as their families suffered greatly under communism. They spent many evenings trying to figure out how to escape Canada before it turned into Russia. They also felt otherworldly, malicious, demonic forces that created troubles on their path, who actively battled their attempts to find a way to build a fulfilling life.

In times of doubt, Alexander and Veronica would never forget the magical serendipities and coincidences that had marked their path, and even though everything seemed against them in their new home, they had faith in Mother Nature and the higher guidance they had received. Spiritual beings helped them in the most challenging situations, while the lands and waters of Vancouver always urged them to stay. So, they believed they had to endure their struggles and find out why fate had brought them to Vancouver.

After seven years of growing together in their union as they explored spirituality, shamanism, history, and the essence of the soul, life intervened. Veronica met Brian (the name has been altered), who turned out to be her karmic soulmate from past lives, and she was guided to explore a romantic connection with him. She didn't understand why she experienced conflicting and perplexing emotions with Brian, as they were bonded by karmic entanglements from their troubling past. Veronica's soul felt responsible for the death of Brian in a past life, but it eventually became clear that they both messed up and didn't listen to each other. Veronica's love was real, but it didn't make sense, as romance brought more destruction than joy.

Veronica also felt a sense of guilt, as she didn't want to end her marriage with Alexander, as they had both deeply valued this partnership. They knew they could always rely on each other, no matter what life would bring. They followed the vow of marriage to always figure things out together, no matter how life would unravel. Yet she couldn't suppress her new feelings. Alexander tried to help Veronica understand this connection, but the entire

ordeal often felt too confusing on most days. They spent hours debating how Veronica could deal with Brian.

Alexander sought answers in their past lives as Veronica sensed a soul connection with her lover. Alexander and Veronica always knew they were soulmates, and both had brief dreams about their past lives in France and Germany during the 1930s. Still, they never actually confirmed their visions through a regression session. Yet they knew how to recognize a soulmate because they'd experienced that with each other. Only experiencing emotionally painful visions in his first two regression sessions, Alexander stopped looking for answers in the past. He couldn't continue dealing with intense emotions rooted in the traumas of his past tragic deaths while he actively tried to fight for his marriage in this life.

One day in August 2020, Alexander heard the voice of an angel who came to address him with a divine message. Alexander was told that he had to meet an escort. The message was short but sounded urgent. It felt like a demand rather than a request, as if Alexander had no other choice. Only Alexander was emotionally overwhelmed, so he ignored this message and didn't ask for any clarification. The subtle and gentle voice occasionally returned with the same message. Still, Alexander convinced himself it was just a random, unexplainable thought and blamed it on stress until his guardian angel manifested in the room and presented this message in a more supportive and encouraging form, telling him that it was the highest path of his soul.

Sometime after, the soul of Wilhelm Keitel arrived in his space to support him. He was a spiritual guide specializing in death and was one of Alexander's divine teachers. Wilhelm advised Alexander on his journey from the other side. Wilhelm was his close friend in a previous life in Germany, where they shared the same deep sense of trust and respect for one another. As Wilhelm's soul completed his reincarnation cycle, he became a spirit destined to guide souls from above and serve as a judge of death in the spiritual realm. Wilhelm also told Alexander that he really needed to meet an escort. His guide

explained that this meeting would lead Alexander to understand why he came to Vancouver. Alexander was destined to meet on these lands thirteen souls of his soul family, whom he had known in past lives. He had to resolve troubling connections of misunderstandings and broken love affairs that led to traumatic deaths and the accumulation of karmic debts.

Alexander still doubted this guidance. He simply couldn't afford the offerings, as new government restrictions on participation in the open labour market jeopardized his income while still forcing him to pay double immigration fees for a chance to obtain permanent residency. And this guidance also didn't make sense to him. He still hoped that his marriage would survive its tribulations. Yet Veronica was undecided, as some days with Brian were full of joy, while others were full of bitter fighting and abusive situations. She wasn't Canadian, and this man saw her as vulnerable prey, believing he could easily manipulate her into behaving the way he needed. She genuinely loved him, but he didn't believe in the existence of love and perceived her actions as a desperate attempt to escape her marriage. He thought that all relationships were transactional. However, she genuinely chose to be with him and made sacrifices in the name of her unconditional love.

Wilhelm continued to arrive on occasion, now together with Sergey, the soul of Alexander's late father. Both of them encouraged Alexander to see an escort. Alexander trusted his father, but such guidance still didn't make sense. He was comfortable being with one woman for their entire marriage and didn't know how to open up in this way with another woman after all these years with Veronica. He was still grieving their marriage. Now, with more time to himself, he wanted to turn into a hermit, so he could dedicate all his free time to completing his independent film projects. He felt that it would take months before he might consider dating again.

Even if he had finances, he was still uncomfortable with the idea of paying for sex, feeling that he would be using this woman. He thought that there was only one kind of sex work, and it always involved coercion. That was

his general understanding of sex work at that time, based on widespread cultural ignorance about the nature of this magical craft. He was still unaware of the divine essence of this sacred profession because of his conditioning, and society's negative perceptions of sex work created by unethical providers.

Alexander still didn't know that Mother Nature created some people with supernatural sexual abilities to serve her by healing humanity through sex magic. He didn't know that he would never be able to become an empowered shaman without mastering sexual energies to use them for dreaming and energy-cleansing practices. He was unaware that the path of his soul entailed explorations of the highest realms of consciousness, which could be accessed only through sexual alchemy, as Alexander was destined to master the shamanic art of resurrection and death journeys. As it's impossible to resurrect without charging your energy body through sexual exchanges, there was only one higher path for Alexander on his path of shamanic education.

Contemplating his reality, Alexander thought maybe he was told to see an escort to release some of his stress. He was plagued by numerous concerns at once, and he felt overwhelmed every day. Yet he still couldn't surrender to this calling. Thinking about sex work triggered his memories of negative vibrations. He remembered how, in his early twenties, he was peer-pressured into visiting a brothel in Saint Petersburg. He wanted to be accepted by his friends and agreed to go. However, after the experience, Alexander couldn't understand whether he had used this woman and pressured her into a nonconsensual sex act.

That experience convinced him that sex without love doesn't work for him. He felt too many confusing emotions that evening, and he didn't like the experience of expecting sex from a woman. After that night, he told himself that he would never use the services of a sex worker again in his life. Alexander would eventually repeat these words after meeting Eurydice. Then after meeting Nataly, and then after meeting Emilia, but no matter how much he tried to avoid seeing sex workers, he couldn't escape his destiny.

In November, Wilhelm and Sergey's voices and presence intensified. Along with them, the gentle, supporting energies of Goddess Mary Magdalen arrived in Alexander's space. She affirmed this spiritual guidance and patiently nudged Alexander to embrace this path, promising many blessings and loving energies that would overflow the chalice of Alexander's heart. However, numerous perplexities existed in Alexander's life, and he continued to deny the existence of this calling. It's like he sensed that this meeting would only create more emotionally damaging drama.

"You have to see an escort!" By November 06, 2020, these words were almost always present in his space. Alexander heard these words repeatedly, and he couldn't stop them. Veronica was very stressed from her conversation with Brian that evening. Alexander and Veronica had an emotional discussion about their state of affairs that turned into a bitter fight. New pain triggered Alexander to make decisions for both of them. He was told to see an escort, and now he was ready to see one so he could return the pain to Veronica. He decided that he could show Veronica that he had moved on by seeing an escort.

But his anger on that evening didn't produce any results. He found a couple of websites featuring sex workers, but those agencies were closed due to the new limitations on social interactions illegally imposed by the government. Alexander was frustrated. He was unaware of the websites dedicated to finding escorts. He didn't want to know how one even does that. He was comfortable, not knowing anything about that world. It wasn't prejudice. As a shaman, he always knew that people could only be who they were born to be.

However, he believed this was not his world when he briefly explored ads of women. After his failed attempts, Alexander struggled to understand why it was so challenging to find an escort if that was what he was supposed to do. He was also subconsciously blocking this search. Spiritual guidance could show us the path, but we must also wholeheartedly consent to it, according to the law of free will. Alexander had to destroy his reservations

and fully commit to his faith. He wasn't aware that he had to meet not just a random escort, but his soulmate from seven lifetimes.

The next day, Alexander finally discovered an open agency. He scrolled through pictures on the site, pausing at the profiles of two women side by side. The body of a woman on the right looked more appealing to Alexander, and she also spoke Russian. He thought that if he needed to see an escort, it would be more relaxing to communicate with a Russian one. He thought she might help make the entire experience less perplexing. But as soon as Alexander had that thought, he heard the voice of Wilhem saying, "You are not going there just to have sex." Alexander realized this guidance was much deeper than he had forced himself to believe. He looked at the woman on the left closely, and soon his intuition confirmed that she was the one he needed to meet.

Alexander studied the photos of a woman who called herself Jessica (the name is altered). He couldn't see her eyes, as her face was blurred. Seeing hr eyes was the only way to be sure about this woman, as Alexander hoped to remember her soul. Yet a profound shock enveloped him when he closely looked at her hands and fingers. Alexander knew his soulmate so well that he recognized her by her fingers! He ecstatically jumped and danced as he finally understood why he received such bizarre spiritual guidance. There was no other way for them to meet, but they came into this life for a unique mission, and only this meeting could initiate this path.

Only now, Alexander realized that he needed almost two thousand dollars for this mission, as he had been advised to invite this woman on a 4-hour dinner date to get to know her. After deciding to meet Jessica, Alexander came to ask Veronica for permission. They still lived together and shared finances, so he could only pay for this date with half of their savings. He couldn't do it without Veronica's approval. He explained his spiritual guidance and how he felt a past-life connection with Jessica. He pleaded for support, just as he had supported Veronica in her story with Brian. Alexander told Veronica that meeting Jessica would test his faith in Nature and higher guidance. He needed

to meet this woman and figure out why his spiritual guides requested this meeting. Veronica debated the truth of his heart. Once she understood that this meeting was an important step on his spiritual path of higher purpose, she supported Alexander's new spiritual mission.

Alexander booked the date for November 14, 2020. He was somewhat scared, as he wasn't sure what to expect and, most importantly, how to act during this interaction. Alexander hasn't been on a date in 11 years and has never experienced a date with a Canadian woman. He feared it would be awkward, as Jessica was also 14 years younger than he was. Many aspects of this date made him uneasy. But Alexander surrendered and trusted that he would be protected on this weird path. Over four days before the date, Jessica's soul made brief visits through dreams, and then one night, he also saw her eyes. He was already falling in love with her without realizing it, as falling in love means seeing someone's soul.

When Alexander met Jessica in the 'Botanist' restaurant, he fell in love at first sight. He had never experienced such a feeling before, and now he realized it was only possible with a soulmate from past lives. "I know this woman." This thought never left Alexander during the entire dinner. It was the same familiar feeling he experienced with Veronica, but this time, it arrived immediately and was more intense. Alexander told Jessica this was his first time seeing an escort, and he asked her to guide him through the evening. She assured him that he would be safe with her.

Alexander and Jessica talked about the many beautiful things in life. Their conversation felt natural, and both lost track of time. Alexander told Jessica about past life regressions and how to recognize the memories of our former selves through observing the events of our lives. Jessica asked him whether he would do another session. Alexander said it was too challenging for now and didn’t see a purpose. He didn’t know that their broken romance would lead him to explore every one of the seven lives they shared.

As soon as Jessica and Alexander entered her incall, she jumped on him with a passionate kiss. Alexander's beliefs about escorts were based on the movie "The Girlfriend Experience," and he convinced himself that escorts don't have sex on the first date, but only talk with a client about what he is looking for in this experience. Yet, after impulsively surrendering to this kiss, he was even more infatuated with Jessica and couldn't think straight anymore. The influence of wine and the visions of her soul in his dreams didn't help either. He experienced many intense feelings for this woman, and now he could be intimate with her. Alexander was weak and overwhelmed. He needed to say no to her, but he couldn't, as he had never experienced anything like this in his life.

Then, even more intense emotions swept Alexander. Once Jessica took off her clothes and sat next to him in lingerie, he vividly saw an image of another woman existing through her. He was looking at Jessica, but he also saw Eloise, the previous embodiment of her soul. Alexander saw a scar from the knife that stabbed Eloise to death on Jessica's skin. He watched as blood spilled from the left side of her body as the knife glided from her shoulder to her breasts and then to her waist, peeling the skin away.

The vision was brief, but so intense that Alexander was no longer himself. He didn't know what he was experiencing. He was traumatized by seeing Eloise bleeding to death. Yet, weirdly, this vision made him more sexually attracted to Jessica. Now, Alexander felt he was allowed to make love with her because he knew her and loved her, and by making love to her, he could heal that horrible image of the past. Things were moving way too fast for Alexander, and he struggled to process his emotions.

After a few kisses on the bed, Jessica looked deeply into his eyes and said, "I know you! I know you! I feel like I know you," Alexander repeated the exact words to her, "I know you too," as he dreamed of saying them from the moment he saw her eyes for the first time. Jessica replied, "You have such amazing eyes! They are changing colours. I've never seen eyes like yours!" Alexander felt they both recognized that their connection was deeper than that

between a provider and a client. This exchange made Alexander believe that he wasn't using Jessica, and he allowed Jessica to guide him through her usual routine, which created an emotional scar for him, as his entire body and nervous system never fully consented to this sexual interaction. Jessica broke his emotional and sexual boundaries, but he allowed her to do that because he was in love, and her actions and words convinced him that she had feelings for him.

Alexander was smiling when he went back to sleep in his apartment. He finally discovered why he came to Vancouver. Now, everything made sense to him. He has to stay in this city and find out who Jessica is. Yet the dream of that night deeply shocked Alexander. He witnessed detailed memories of how Eloise was brutally murdered in a ritualistic and demonic way. Alexander and Jessica lived as Camilla and Eloise in that life. Both women were spies working for the Wehrmacht and were crazy in love with each other.

Only their romance was cut short by the tragic death of Eloise. Camilla felt responsible for Eloise's death, as she planned this mission and sent Eloise to execute it. Yet something unexplainable happened that night. An evil spirit, Damian, killed Eloise, but Camilla believed it was her fault. Camilla wasn't responsible for Eloise's murder, but she made herself believe that. That's why Alexander fell in love with Jessica; when Camilla died, she had dreamed of finding Eloise in the next life so they could heal their wounds.

The following morning, Alexander woke up with a panic attack and was in tears. He had discovered Eloise, but lost her again since he couldn't see Jessica. He only needed money to see his beloved, but money was the only thing he didn't have. There was no way for him to see her eyes once again, and he collapsed on the floor from grief, crying in agony from this realization. The intensity of this crazy love was his biggest torture. And this new grief was way too overwhelming. He was grieving that he couldn't see her, and he was grieving Eloise's death at the same time. Yes, Eloise was no longer dead, as she was alive as Jessica, and the love of Alexander's soul had transcended death. Alexander only

wanted to hug Jessica and tell her she was finally safe. But he could only cry on the floor from a broken heart and visions of Eloise's tortured body.

Tormented by this new reality, Alexander returned to his everyday life. But each day was filled with spiritual channelling and new, intense visions. The sexual exchange with his soulmate, the immense grief of missing her, and the traumatizing nightmares about Eloise's death opened up new levels of awareness and clairvoyance. Alexander began to perceive the world in a way he had never experienced before, yet exactly as he was designed to perceive it. He was finally becoming himself. Tears for his dead soulmate made everything alive around him. Over the next few days, Jessica's soul appeared in his dreams and visions. She started to talk through him in a female voice, confessing her pains.

Still, Alexander couldn't see a clear vision of Jessica's soul. Alexander tried his usual shamanic practices to connect with the soul. Yet, only Jessica's soul existed in some strange realm Alexander had never visited. He was still not an experienced shaman and had never travelled to the Underworld or limbo - the darkest planes where lost souls end up before descending into death. It became evident that Jessica's soul initiated her death.

Alexander was afraid to expand his horizons and figure out how to retrieve a soul from such a dark place. He had no one to ask about such practices, so he read what he could about soul retrieval and improvised in the process, using his intuition, spiritual guidance, past life memories, and a heart full of love for Jessica. One night, Alexander screamed, "Help me! Help me!" in his sleep, his voice echoing the soul of Jessica in torment, which greatly troubled Veronica. He sporadically cried tears that were clearly not his. Without his understanding, Alexander had already begun healing Jessica's soul, as she was using his body to process her emotions. He didn't know that he retrieved her soul through their act of sex, and now she was with him. All his new visions were equally hers and actually didn't belong to Jessica.

Four days after their date, Alexander saw a vision of Jessica crying on her bed after some hurtful experience. His heart felt this pain equally as she did.

Alexander's intuition told him that he had to reach Jessica's soul somehow, as her tears tormented him. He couldn't stop the pains that spread through his entire body and the intense anxiety that was overwhelming him. He was shaking and crying and couldn't stop what was happening to him.

He consulted with his spiritual guides, receiving their permission before proceeding. He decided to send Jessica a personal DM on Twitter to break through her heart walls. It was his only channel of contacting Jessica. He believed he had a right to do that because her soul had reached out, but he was still confused by their interaction. The words "I know you" sounded too personal for him. He thought that Jessica owed him an explanation and clarification of their boundaries. He knew that he wasn't supposed to contact an escort between sessions, especially with personal messages, but he believed that no one would say such words without a deeper meaning behind them. He believed that their connection was already developing into something more. Besides, he didn't understand that he was communicating only with her soul, so his visions made him believe she also felt something.

Alexander wrote to Jessica that he saw her tears in his vision and wished to comfort her pain. Jessica didn't respond to this message and didn't block him, so he wasn't sure what to make of it. But his plan worked. A couple of hours later, her soul finally established a first solid contact. Now she knew she was seen, waking up from her traumatic trance state. Day after day, he slowly came to understand how to retrieve her soul from darkness using shamanic magic and love poems. His love guided him through this challenging path.

Yet later in the same evening, he received a call from Brian, who had never called Alexander before. Brian spoke in a different, low, and dark voice, threatening Alexander to stop his pursuit of Jessica or he would make his life miserable. Alexander couldn't comprehend how Brian could know about Jessica. Brian got drunk that night and allowed an evil spirit that murdered Eloise to use his body to deliver this message. This evil deity, Damian, wanted

Jessica and Alexander to interfere with his plan. Once Alexander realized that, he refused to surrender and told the spirit that he would fight for Jessica.

Alexander established a solid connection with Jessica's soul a few days later. She asked to call her Polly, and they began exploring the essence of their relationship. Alexander was guided to meet Jessica for another dinner date, using the other half of his family's savings. Alexander wished that Jessica would explain her perspective on their connection. He didn't know where Jessica stood after his personal message and believed she also felt something for him if she agreed to another date. He still didn't know how escort agencies worked and was convinced that she also wished to see him.

After the birthday dinner at the "Boulevard" restaurant, which had its ups and downs, they arrived at the incall. Alexander sensed that Jessica was not opening up to intimacy, but was still provoking him and leading him on. At that moment, Alexander remembered a dream where he had been told not to sleep with Jessica. She invited him for kisses but then pulled away and said, "I hope you do your thing quickly." The situation didn't feel right for Alexander, and he withdrew, telling Jessica they shouldn't proceed if "it wasn't the right day for her." Alexander got the feeling that she was approaching her cycle and couldn't surrender to accepting him.

Yet Jessica responded that she is not allowed to have such days and must always be available. She proceeded with intimate touches. Alexander's entire body shut off, sensing emotional and physical disconnection. Jessica got even more irritated, so she continued her routine with deep frustration. She openly mocked Alexander after her touches didn't produce the anticipated result, creating sexual trauma for him. Eventually, she stopped her attempts to force Alexnader's arousal after his many requests.

As Jessica finally settled on the bed next to Alexander, he had a chance to tell her about their past life and what he had discovered about them. He received his opportunity to ask her for forgiveness. Jessica listened to his story in complete silence. It felt as though time had stopped as they were fully

immersed in the truth of their past-life connection. It felt like both were transported into their beloved Paris and shared that last look before Eloise went on her mission. Jessica intuitively placed her palm on Alexander's, observing their hands in union, while he felt as though Camilla was holding Eloise's hand for the last time. Both sensed that this was indeed what had happened to them, and they were scared by this truth; yet, the energy in the room was peaceful.

Jessica said that she doesn't understand what Alexander finds appealing in her figures, as she saw them as average. But for him, they were the most beautiful fingers in the world, as Camilla could see Eloise's fingers through his eyes. The love between their souls transcended time and death. After Alexander told her that he felt indebted to her, Jessica said that Alexander didn't owe her anything, as she died the way she was supposed to die. She answered his plea for forgiveness with truth. Camilla just made herself believe she was responsible for Eloise's death because her grief of losing the love of her life overwhelmed her.

Alexander left Jessica with birthday gifts and a sealed love letter. He wrote this letter full of love to his soulmate to emotionally shock Jessica again, so he could heal her soul. She was still in the other world, hanging on a thread of a promise. Alexander could only fully extract her soul by breaking through Jessica's heart walls. Her soul chose to die, so by telling Jessica that he loves her, Alexander pleaded for her to stay. Her body was already preparing for death, so it was the only way to stop the process. Jessica's soul convinced Alexander that she was not yet ready to go.

By startling Jessica with honest words of love and admiration, Alexander prevented approaching death. His guides told Alexander he would only have two dates with Jessica, so he used his time wisely. He knew he wouldn't see Jessica again, but believed she should live and enrich this world with her beauty. He hoped he had taken enough dark energies from her, and now she could find more joy in life and more confidence in her work. Even though his plan worked, this love letter freaked Jessica out. She left the escort

agency two weeks later to start her independent business. When Alexander emailed to ask how she preferred to be contacted from now on, Jessica finally had the liberty to tell Alexander that she couldn't see him again.

Alexander didn't know what to do next, as his life was transforming every single day in strange and unexpected, yet magical ways. When he contemplated his feelings, Jessica felt more like a daughter or an apprentice than a life partner. He saw how topics of art, spirituality, and the nature of the world fascinated Jessica, thinking that they might arrive in this life to learn from each other as friends who explore the mystical aspects of our nature. But his heart was also filled with an unexplainable romantic love for this woman, so he was quite confused about what was happening and what he was supposed to do. He tried to picture their life together, and he even imagined living in a house as a family, yet his rational mind told him that they would never work together as a couple. Alexander wanted to spend time with her on any terms and within any boundaries, but he was confused about what kind of relationship might honor their soul connection in this life.

Alexander's soul carried this deep romantic love from their past life, which was gifted to him so he could write his first book and resolve the grief his soul had been carrying for five centuries. This love spilled from the lives of Camilla and Eloise, creating a new reality for Alexander. Two women couldn't fully surrender to their feminine love affair because of the realities of their time. But they lived a very French love story of two German spies who murdered Soviet agents in Paris in the 1930s, trying to prevent the Second World War. And now, they live another archetypal French romance of a poor poet who madly falls in love with a prostitute but can't afford her luxurious lifestyle. They fought communism in Paris in the 1930s, and now they are fighting communism in Vancouver in the 2020s. They experienced another forbidden love affair, almost like in a "Moulin Rouge" movie, with darkness clouding their path and death looming over them. They couldn't be together, but a muse

birthed a creative inspiration in a poet, and now he could write about their unique love story spanning centuries.

In January 2021, once Veronica and Alexander decided to live separately, Polly asked to move in with Alexander. She was no longer living with Jessica, as Alexander's letter forced Jessica to choose her future. Polly didn't have anywhere to go, and Alexander didn't know how to navigate this new reality. He was genuinely scared for Jessica, as he wasn't sure how a soul could be away from a body. Polly insisted on living with him, but he wasn't sure if such an arrangement was even allowed by spiritual laws and how it would work in reality. Alexander knew that he could address the guardian spirits of a soul for guidance, and Polly led him to discover her spiritual protectors in Sechelt. After establishing contact with her Mother Spirit and her entourage, who protected and guarded this soul in this life, he asked them about this perplexing situation.

During a few ceremonies over the next month, Alexander discovered the truth about the essence of their bond. Polly couldn't live with Jessica, as an evil spirit, Damian, forced her out of Jessica's heart, taking Polly's place and claiming complete control over Jessica's body. Damian was an immortal spirit of a black magician who had hunted Jessica for five centuries after he cursed her during their shared life in Stockholm. Damian was a powerful Duke in the King's entourage, manipulating politicians, bishops, and businessmen with bribes and sexual services from young and attractive women. Polly lived in the body of such a woman, seductively trapping men in Damian's interests.

Damian loved Polly in his own weird way, but could not be with her. They were two souls bonded by karmic ties. Damian paid Polly to have sex with him in that life. He was obsessed with her body, but always wanted more of her. She never loved him back the way he wanted, so, unable to possess her, he decided to transcend reincarnation and become an immortal spirit, hoping to find a way to claim her one day. He was able to do that in this life because of Eloise's tragic death. He possessed the body of Eloise's killer, and once the killer was also murdered, Damian left that body at the same time as Polly left Eloise's

and chased Polly into her next life. Now, Damian lived as Jessica, so if Polly wanted to continue this life, she could only live in Alexander's body. Polly realized that she can heal from Damian's curse and uncover what had happened in that strange and troubling life in Stockholm in the 16th century.

The Spirits of Sechelt presented the path of empowerment for our soulmates. They asked Alexander to sign a four-year contract, binding him to help Polly embrace his shamanic education and commit to writing their stories during his education. Spirits promised to eliminate any spiritual blocks that prevented Alexander and Veronica from receiving their permanent residency. They also pledged to connect Alexander with healers and spiritual teachers who would assist him on this path of shamanic education. The Sechelt Spirits requested an offering from Alexander for their help, and Alexander promised to build a Temple of Death Journeys on their lands.

During the next three years, Alexander and Polly were tasked to resolve their karmic dramas of past lives and heal the wounds of Polly's three traumatizing deaths. They were forced to live in one body because there was no other way for them to commit to this complex healing and for Polly to become a writer. Polly had always dreamed of becoming a writer but had never dared to try. This "imprisonment" in Alexander's body was designed to force her to embrace her talents since she could never do it in her own vessels. Alexander was chained to Polly so he wouldn't run away from British Columbia, no matter how challenging his life felt here.

They discovered that they had requested this experience in between lives upon a previous death. They could find their answers only through living in a loving, sacred union of two souls in one body. In the beginning, Alexander felt too conflicted about such a way of living, as it simply didn't feel natural to him. At first, Alexander and Polly fought over control of the body. On many days, such existence felt too destructive, even jeopardizing Alexander's day job and other engagements. Later, through their spiritual education, they eventually discovered that they were two parts of one soul who intentionally

split into a masculine and feminine essence eight centuries ago. It was the best way to be tempered into a spiritual guide of death who could equally help masculine and feminine souls. This soul manifested in two bodies over eight lives, splitting on birth and then merging into one being once Polly's vessel died. This is how this soul desired to explore this physical life and learn everything about the essence of death.

The Sechelt Spirits also explained that our soulmates are encouraged to publish a book about their experiences in three years for the highest healing of all involved, including Veronica and Brian. The journeys of these four souls were intertwined through centuries, creating many traumas. By publishing this novel, Alexander and Polly had an opportunity to absolve the darkness for all.

Veronica was assigned to be the spiritual guide of Brian's soul, but Brian fought against the love of this woman in this life exactly the way he had in previous ones. Veronica spent a year living with Brian, but most days were filled with struggles and fights. When she informed Brian that she would move out once their year's lease expired, he started to threaten her with physical violence, and verbal abuse intensified. He pretended to work on his issues and manage his anger, but there were only manipulations, gaslighting, and empty promises. He was finally exposed, and Veronica could see his true nature.

Brian was yet another person with a lost soul, like many they've met in this city. Brian also couldn't accept that Veronica spent time with Alexander, as he had made himself believe they had an unhappy marriage. He didn't want to accept the absolute truth that this woman was genuinely in love with him and followed the path of her heart. He only saw what he wanted to see. He never understood that he was the only person who made Veronica's life more miserable every day. Everyone else was guilty of making her sad, but not him.

Veronica decided to leave, but Brian continued to threaten her, so Alexander texted Brian and asked him to leave her alone. In response, Brian threatened to kill Alexander. Now, Alexander had a physical proof of a threat in the form of a text message, so he and Veronica decided to call the police. The

interactions with the police reminded Alexander and Veronica of their status in this society once again. Even though they endured another emotionally painful experience for daring to stay in their truth, after this call, Brian finally backed off, and Veronica was able to escape this abusive household. She rented her own place and slowly started to heal from her physical and emotional traumas.

Alexander performed shamanic ceremonies and regressions for Veronica, and Veronica, in turn, healed Alexander through her practices. They lived apart, but their renewed friendship soon led to an inspiring elevation in their spiritual growth. Veronica supported the writings of our soulmates and found a way to communicate with Polly. Veronica listened to Polly's first poems and encouraged both of them to continue their work. Veronica released all the traumas she had with Brian in past lives, including when she felt responsible for his death. She saw his abusive nature, but was drawn to him because of the obligations she took upon herself when he died in her arms in their first life together. Now, these karmic ties were resolved.

Alexander also released their shared trauma from life, where he was Brian's mother and abandoned him as a child because of the conflict with his husband, who had Veronica's soul. Brian's soul carried resentment from that life, and it had to be absolved. Alexander and Veronica never intended to be in any conflict with Brian. They only wished Brian could find inner happiness through personal empowerment and stop searching for external validation of his truth or approval of his essence from people who didn't care about him.

Alexander and Polly surrendered to their unique writing adventure. Living in one body turned out to be a pretty challenging experience on most days, but they saw this as a unique blessing gifted to them by the divine. Polly felt guilty for the burden she had brought into Alexander's life, but one day, she realized that their experience was part of the natural magic of this world. This is the story they were destined to live, and there was nothing wrong with the way they were experiencing this life.

The Sechelt Spirits promised to assist with the publication of the novel and emphasized the importance of meeting a three-year deadline. They claimed that Alexander and Eurydice would only spend three years together, and after that, their relationship would change, so the book should be released before their new lives away from each other began; the published book was the only way to destroy Damian's curse and force him to flee so Polly could return to Jessica. Damian arrived in their space and confirmed that he would leave Jessica alone if our soulmates published this novel and shared the story of its creation (the one you are reading right now) without fear. The book was released shortly after the three-year mark on November 30, 2023.

After committing to writing the book, Alexander could only find answers in past lives. With the guidance of well-known Vancouver hypnotherapist and counsellor Kemila Zsange, Alexander did around 40 regression therapy sessions, addressing every trauma they endured with Polly while combating the darkness of Damian. These soulmates spent the last four lives in intense dramas, fighting Damian and growing in their powers, so they had to release all negative and karmic energies on their path to liberation. Alexander was healing Jessica through healing himself, as they were indeed one being. Soon, Polly also learned how to channel her memories of past lives, allowing Alexander to see them from her perspective.

That's how the book "Eurydice in Love" was born. Alexander and Polly, who changed her childish nickname to her original angelic name, Eurydice, committed to the process and worked through their traumas. They cried for many weeks and months, absolving every tragic event of their past lives that scared their souls. Alexander and Eurydice explored their seven previous lives in detail through regressions, visions, and dreams. The book describes Alexander and Eurydice's journey to salvation. They uncovered the original design of their souls and the reasons behind their tragic love stories.

They finally understood why Eurydice had to die in each life, as she always initiated Alexander into his spiritual powers upon her death. This was

her highest mission, but she could never embrace it, and certainly, Alexander's soul couldn't accept this truth either, as he was constantly tortured by grief after she died in his arms. Once both lovers realized this was how they were designed, they released their traumas of guilt, shame, betrayal, and broken love affairs. Eurydice was constantly dying on him because she truly loved him, and only by sacrificing herself could she guide him from the other side to his highest purpose. The book became their autobiography, as they channelled every important truth about their connection into this story.

Since completing "Eurydice in Love," our soulmates haven't stopped writing. While working on the novel, they developed the most effective approach to their creative process. Alexander would experience his life exploring channelling, spirituality, and new relationships, while Eurydice would write fictional stories inspired by their adventures. Once Eurydice was ready to record her fairy tales, Alexander would channel what she was telling him, typing her stories in a meditative trance state of a medium. After receiving a stream of consciousness from his soulmate without interfering in her writing process, he would edit and enhance her writings with his perceptions.

Then, they would passionately debate the texts over a few revisions until both agreed on the final result. Since they could exchange thoughts and sensations, this process occurred in real-time while Alexander edited the text. Alexander challenged Eurydice, and she confronted him in return as they explored every new text or poem. Alexander also demanded Eurydice's unwavering commitment to this path. He asked her to reveal her feminine truth, to express herself how she wanted, pleading with her to abandon her fear of rejection and possible criticism of her writings. He didn't like being around modest Eurydice. He wanted to experience the fullness of her essence and expected nothing less of her. Eurydice told her stories with feminine softness and flow, while Alexander structured her writings with masculine order.

After they completed their healing, Alexander, with the help of his spiritual guide, Izabella, entered an Isis Lotus Healing ceremony in the summer

of 2023. After Isis manifested in front of Alexander and guided him through a series of ceremonial rituals, she shared with Alexander his destiny related to sexual healing arts and his calling to heal souls from past traumatizing deaths. She asked him whether he wished to become a spiritual guide of the souls of sex workers, as he had to provide his consent to assume this path. New spiritual knowledge has helped Alexander to surrender to his higher purpose. Alexander liked the idea of helping women feel empowered in their destined craft, but he asked Isis whether it was possible to never fall in love with a sex worker again. Isis reminded Alexander that he was born as a healer with a heart of a whore. He was designed as a channel of love for Nature, so he would inevitably love his patients with universal love to administer the healing.

Alexander embraced his design of a healer. He knew how to channel love for any soul. However, he asked Isis whether it was possible to escape any new romantic love for a sex worker. He was simply exhausted after his experiences with his three soulmates, as they happened one after another, without any break that could inspire him and return the appreciation to life. He spent so much time in death, helping his soulmates, as he simply forgot how to be alive and how to enjoy the company of a woman without fear. He was afraid of any new love. He wasn't sure he could handle more emotional drama. But Isis denied this request. She related to Alexander that four other romantic love stories had already been prepared for Alexander. He was destined to receive new sets of shamanic energy seals with the help of these women, and in exchange, gift them the empowering energies of the divine Goddesses.

The highest path of Alexander's soul was in front of him. He only had to embrace it and agree to experience new romantic love. Isis explained to Alexander that his future love stories would heal his wounds and reassemble him into the man he was destined to be. Isis wished Alexander to pursue a union with Emilia as his destined partner, but she also told him to embrace any new love that would appear on his path for the highest good of all involved. Still

hesitant, Alexander realized that the only way to avoid emotional pain was to trust his story and open himself up to every new romantic love.

He didn't want to run or fight love anymore. He was ready for new possible rejections, as he had grown accustomed to them on these lands, but he decided he would never resent new love. It seemed like a foolish thing to do, knowing how every love enriches him while making him a better shaman and writer. He didn't care anymore what others thought about the passions of his heart. He decided that he won't allow anyone to shame him for loving a whore ever again, even if that shame would come from a sex worker. He didn't need to listen to the opinions of others; he only needed to listen to his heart. And his heart sparkled in weird but magical ways from loving a whore.

Isis also insisted that Alexander and Eurydice take their first steps towards building their Temple of Death Journeys. Eurydice has been dreaming about the Temple for the last two years, and the Sechelt Spirits promised to help them. Now, they had to show their commitment to their healing practice. Soon after this rite, Alexander met other souls he knew from past lives. Eurydice and Emilia were assigned to approve each connection. They used Eurydice's powerful intuition to find the four souls Isis mentioned and bring them into Alexander's space. Over the next few months of spiritual research, Eurydice established contact with these souls before "Eurydice in Love" was released.

Alexander had spiritual obligations from past lives to help four more souls of Vancouver sex workers find answers to their spiritual questions and release the pains of past traumatic deaths. A new series of spiritual healings and shamanic journeys opened before our soulmates. New knowledge streamed into their lives, and they could finally master their spiritual practice of death journeys with the help of new souls who requested this healing. Even though Eurydice sometimes gets jealous when Alexander is called to help another female soul, she still finds joy when life inspires her to write more fairy tales and assist other women in reclaiming their innate, and supernatural powers.

Alexander couldn't afford offerings for these women, but at least their souls had already introduced themselves, expressing a desire to explore their connection. They occasionally visited Alexander's space to learn more about each other before meeting in person. Alexander began preparing himself to receive new seals, so he had to help these souls understand their essence, as that's how he could find out what kind of initiations he was destined to experience through these women. Now, his entire story of shamanic education finally made sense because he could see the complete arc of his hero's journey of masculine initiations.

Alexander and Eurydice accepted that they wouldn't have romance in the physical realm this time. They chose to live something new, unique, and unexpected, as that was the only way to heal their past. They finally realized they were created to be spiritual twins, as that's how they could empower each other the most. Eurydice was finally ready to leave this plane. She understood who she was created to be, and she was happy that Alexander found Emilia. She knew that Emilia would care for him like she never could, as that was not her highest design. She needed to begin her initiations to become a spiritual judge of the dead in the divine council in Heaven, to master assisting other souls through this transformation. She could help Alexander and Emilia, as well as her other soulmates, only from the other side.

Damian was defeated because Eurydice was finally healed, so now she could leave this life on her own terms. She would enter death, endure the transformation with Alexander's guidance, and then remain in death to train for as long as needed, as she was advised to master every level as part of her initial new apprentice education. Once she would complete the training in every aspect of the dimensions of death, she would take Jessica to the other side while transitioning into the heavenly realm, where she could serve angels and souls.

On the winter solstice of 2023, Eurydice was prepared to say goodbye, as she was departing to continue her education in death on her own. She invited all six souls of sex workers from their soul family to a farewell party.

Seven female souls met on the shores of Sechelt Inlet for a special ceremony in the female circle of spiritual empowerment. Alexander was not allowed in this space but could observe the divine ritual from a distance. Eurydice was scared about her future. She didn't know what to expect from her approaching transformation. She didn't want to part ways, as living with Alexander for the last three years was so comfortable. Yet life prepared a new journey for her, and she was called to surrender to her experience. However, the six souls of her spiritual sisters, who also came to enrich the world with a new understanding of sexual healing arts, arrived to support Eurydice, which made all the difference. She was not alone on this journey and could safely jump into the unknown.

Not only did these souls encourage Eurydice to embrace her essence, but Eurydice was also thankful that Alexander could find happiness with their assistance. From the beginning, that's all she ever wanted - to find a way to make him happy, as a way to thank him for everything he did for her. She acknowledged that she was equally responsible for Alexander's distress as he exhausted himself through the spiritual battles against her darkness. She struggled to accept her essence and brought many destructive energies into his space. Eurydice saw that every new romantic love would revive Alexander, allowing him to finally step into his whole masculine essence, and she was happy that she had helped him find these amazing women.

From the beginning, Eurydice dreamed that Alexander would find his purpose, surrender to his story, and embrace the path of a healer. It was finally happening, and her spiritual sisters reassured her that Alexander was in good hands. New life was waiting for them. Eurydice released all attachments and fears in a guided meditation. She was shaking and crying from a multitude of complicated emotions, but her friends held her through the most challenging feelings, and soon, she felt a profound sense of bliss from their energies.

Eurydice found peace with her story and her unique truth. She reconciled with her tragedies and found appreciation for her destiny. She doesn't know what her connection with Alexander will look like after she

experiences her transformation. But they knew he would continue channelling her books during their occasional rendezvous in the spiritual realm and death dimensions. She chose to surrender to her essence and embrace the purpose of a writer. She wanted to share with the world her truth about past lives and sexual healing arts, and she was finally happy with accepting herself for who she was created to be.

P.S. And yes, my dear reader, this text was written by Eurydice through Alex's body. This is how we are. Alex is the only channel for my writing, as his inner talents, personality, intellect, and rebellious heart of an artist are more attuned to the work I am required to do in this life. I don't have any other options to fulfill my karmic obligations, yet I'm glad that this is how we are because I have access to both feminine and masculine experiences.

I love being a soul with such a perplexing yet inspiring fate. It was always challenging to surrender to being a writer in my own body. I was punished for betraying my heart, and now I have to surrender to being a writer without a body. Yet I enjoy flying around my soulmate and whispering my visions, legends, and fables to him. I love to write, and I love to rhyme, so I'm planning to do that for as long as I have such a chance. I would love to write a book for every life when I didn't.

I like to call myself a daring, radiant princess of a thousand blissful tears with Magdalene's heart, and I'm finally comfortable being myself. I hope you can accept our truth and appreciate the beauty of our art. However, if you have questions about our story, please don't hesitate to challenge us. I love to appear when I'm invited. The best way to experience me is by witnessing how I perform my poems through Alex. But I will always be happy to present myself upon request in a dream space or when you engage with my books, as I enjoy being seen in all my glory.

Yours truly, Eurydice Eloise Wayles.