

THE LIFE OF A SACRED PROSTITUTE ASTARTE
AND AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE OF DEATH JOURNEYS
(EXCERPTS FROM “THE SECRET DIARY OF A WHORE”)

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

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

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

Astarte's world was irrevocably altered when her father passed away. It was the beginning of a new life. As she said her goodbyes the same evening, she made her way to her grandparents' home, a sanctuary filled with the echoes of her childhood. After the sobering burial, Astarte embraced a new path, moving in with them as the sale of her parent's house heralded an unexpected chapter in her life. As days turned into months, the warmth of her grandparents' love began to soothe her heart, helping her to heal. They showered her with care and affection, striving to provide the nurturing she desperately needed. However, life continued its relentless march, and when Astarte turned sixteen, death appeared in her life again, taking away her grandfather. This time, as she stood by his bedside, she realized that she could consciously talk to a departed soul, and her heart was filled with gratitude for this quiet farewell service she could offer to him.

The following year brought yet another heart-wrenching loss when her grandmother joined him. As she was saying her goodbyes, Astarte held her hand tightly. She found herself again intuitively drawn to the rituals of guiding a soul through the afterlife. Now, she was fully immersed in the complexities of grief, peering into the stillness and emptiness left behind by

those she loved. She was learning about the essence of one's soul by studying a motionless body. Through these experiences, Astarte carved out her new identity in a world forever changed. She cherished the unique moments spent in conversation with the two corpses she had encountered.

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

Her first lover satisfied some of her passions, but Astarte quickly realized their connection wasn't meant to last, and she ended things. Still, a sense of empowerment washed over her. She had dared to trust her passions and pursue her desires, no matter how a connection would play out. In that moment, she embraced the importance of following her heart, grounded in the belief that the experiences she sought—whether joyful or not—were all part of her journey toward finding true love. Her experiences felt right even though she didn't really know what she was doing.

Astarte's second lover wasn't only a decent person and a good lover; he inspired her to follow the path of her heart. One afternoon, he surprised her with a visit and brought a basket of food as a heartfelt gesture to express his gratitude for her companionship. Astarte was glad to see him and was thankful for a thoughtful gesture. They spent most of this day exploring her

intimate desires. It was the first time Astarte experienced an authentic, intimate connection even though she wasn't in love with him. This experience shifted everything for Astarte. That evening, Astarte felt an undeniable alignment of her desires and needs as she savored a delicious dinner made from the fresh produce her lover had gifted her. Nestled on the floor by the flickering fireplace and contemplating her experiences, a wave of serene introspection washed over her.

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

Astarte was born to be a whore, and now life was presenting her with an opportunity to embrace this calling. She was following the path of her heart, and she was completely aware of that. She embodied her truth without really thinking about possible perceptions of others. Astarte didn't hesitate to make decisions about her future. She spent the next few days strategizing and analyzing her options. How could she present this service in an empowering way and own her story, even if all neighbors would eventually find out? But Astarte's choice was quite simple. She believed she could explore sexual pleasures and provide for herself just by following the desires

of her heart. After an affair with her second lover, Astarte realized she craved exploring different men. It wasn't that her two lovers were particularly bad; she enjoyed her time with them in her own way. She just desired to experience pleasure with different partners. She couldn't fully explain that feeling to herself, but she knew it was her heart's honest desire. There was something Astarte couldn't understand about herself, and she felt that sex work would allow her to explore all facets of her being.

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

Soon, Astarte's house transformed into a spiritual sanctuary for weary souls seeking her unique magical and sensual healing. Within her walls, men found solace and true joy, cradled in Astarte's warm embraces that spoke of comfort and understanding. She embodied her passionate and empowering essence, which her clients could feel. Despite the occasional disappointment in connection, she gracefully navigated the complexities of each visitor. She could always find something in the client that made him attractive to her. She perceived some of her attractions as

physical, but she also experienced the attraction of spiritual and energetic levels. It was natural for Astarte to tune into the frequency of her clients. She saw the reflections of her essence in these men, and she enjoyed this game of exploration of her deepest essence. While not every man captured her heart, Astarte unearthed precious moments and cherished memories within each encounter, turning them into some form of inspiring energy or a valuable lesson.

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

As Astarte fully embraced her journey and found a deep appreciation for her newly discovered, exciting path, another calling began to stir in her heart. It was a desire pulsing with an intensity akin to her yearning for sexual pleasures when she decided to seek connection with her first lover. However, this feeling felt strange and unconventional, even for someone as open-minded as Astarte, leading her to question herself for days and weeks. Yet, this desire never faded; it lingered in her heart, demanding attention. Astarte had to admit to herself that she was drawn to spend time with any dead person. She desired to explore a spiritual connection with the souls of people who passed on, an engagement that transcended the boundaries of life and death.

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

New excitement and anticipation filled her life, and now she could look forward to exploring new connections with corpses during her night shifts at the cemetery. The pleasant feelings she experienced in the presence of her dead relatives returned to her heart. She became undoubtedly the strangest woman in her town, as most of her neighbors were aware of both of her unusual professions. Nobody could understand this woman, but Astarte loved her reputation. She was not like anyone else and enjoyed being misunderstood. It was a badge of honor for her. She lived her life following her heart. She didn't lie to anybody; she wasn't ever mean or cruel to others, and she believed that she illuminated the world with the joy of love, making it a better place every single day.

One day, Astarte found herself at the cemetery inquiring about job opportunities, and to her surprise, she was quickly hired to assist with burial preparations. A new excitement and anticipation coursed through her veins as she looked forward to forging connections, albeit unusual, with the departed during her night shifts. Embracing her peculiar second profession, Astarte became undoubtedly the most slandered woman in her town, as her neighbors were well aware of her unconventional life choices. While many couldn't comprehend her, she was perfectly content with their confusion. Astarte didn't seek their understanding; she simply wanted

to embrace her authentic self. She lived according to her heart's desires, never once lying or being unkind to others. Astarte believed she illuminated the world in her own unique manner, shedding light on the beauty of her unconventional passions. Astarte's journey became a vibrant tapestry of interwoven stories of the dead and the living, revealing to her our Nature's secrets about love and grief, all while she sought to discover her highest purpose.

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

Six years went by, and Astarte began sensing that her life as a sacred prostitute had come to an end. It was a feeling she had never experienced before, so naturally, she questioned her intuition. On the physical level, she felt somewhat drained and exhausted. Her job was not bringing her the same pleasures as before, as it turned into a repetitive and unfulfilling routine that she almost couldn't escape. She also felt tired of men, but they continued knocking on her door. Astarte simply couldn't say no to her clients because she had a safe and stable income and a comforting sense of the only possible reality she built for herself. She had allowed herself to become a bit too self-absorbed, neglecting the needs of her spirit between sessions.

She slowly began to avoid listening to the voice of her heart. She didn't want to think about what else she could do for a living. The money she received from the cemetery was mostly symbolic, as she believed she was serving her community in this way. She liked that she could choose how many nights in a month she was willing to spend at the cemetery, and she didn't want to spend more time there either. Astarte thought that her tiredness was only temporary. She brushed off the whispers of her heart that pleaded for her to stop seeing her clients, as her destined time to serve Nature with this craft was reaching its end. She could almost feel this truth through the wisdom of her soul.

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

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

everything she thought she knew about herself, her purpose, and the extraordinary life that awaited her beyond the constraints of her present reality.

Astarte wasn't enjoying her reality anymore and, therefore, couldn't balance the energies of the world with her talents as a sexual healer, so Nature decided to intervene. She was no longer serving herself, her clients, or Nature in an empowering way. A returning client came for a session to perform the role of a messenger from Nature. Every little annoyance in her life seemed to set her off that day. Astarte was irritated and agitated on that day as she was approaching her cycle, so she rudely and temperamentally raised her voice at him when he was trying to ask her about her emotions as he was dressing up to leave. For some reason, every little thing about her experiences on that day triggered Astarte. She snapped at him for no reason. In a moment of heated exchange, he struck her in the stomach, a reaction that left her stunned. Lost in her whirlwind of anger and hurt, Astarte realized that she had carelessly invited this chaos into her life. She intentionally offended his dignity while constructing her response and genuinely didn't want to show him any respect. Astarte felt like she was deliberately inviting trouble because nothing that man did that day could justify why she treated him unfairly during their time together. Her entire essence didn't want to continue this work, which manifested in everything she did that day.

Nothing justified her cruel treatment of him; everything within her urged her to avoid this drama. Her essence screamed for a change, yet here she was, entangled in a dance of self-sabotage and emotional entrapment. Each action that day echoed her internal struggles, manifesting the essence of her limited perceptions of physical reality. This man felt disrespected, but with his actions, he was actually delivering a message from Nature to Astarte without

consciously realizing this. He withdrew right away, shocked by his own aggression, as he watched Astarte curling from pain on the floor. He didn't want to be the person he became that day. He was scared that he could do something like this. He had never seen this side of him before. He retreated, apologized awkwardly, took his things, and ran away.

Lying helpless on the floor, Astarte felt with her entire being that she deserved this. She didn't want to accept this truth of life. Her ego fought vehemently against the idea that she was anything less than a victim in this situation. Burned out and overwhelmed, she hadn't listened to the whispers of her intuition. But deep inside herself, she knew the real truth. She was acting irrationally and didn't listen to her intuition. A wave of despair washed over her. Confusion, shame, and anger clawing at her heart. She was burned out and had to take care of herself. She needed to start thinking about her exit strategy, and it was absolutely clear to her on that day. But even though Astarte clearly understood the message from Nature that requested her to stop her practice, she only took a couple of weeks of rest and then returned to work. The daunting prospect of searching for a new career felt suffocating. She convinced herself that this was what Nature asked of her. The distress of searching for another profession felt quite unappealing to Astarte, and she believed she had time to save more for this future transition. Life continued to dance around her, yet she was stuck, weaving between ambition and survival, longing for the clarity that felt elusive whenever she contemplated change.

Destiny was guiding Astarte to claim the highest path of her soul, but she refused to see what life had prepared for her. Yet, she stubbornly turned away from the lessons life had laid before her, trapped in her own fears. Nature had to intervene again and redirect Astarte to assume her destiny. Another returning client knocked on Astarte's door. She hadn't seen this man in a

while, and right from the first glance, Astarte felt something strange about him. He was different from what she remembered, and she felt somewhat scared in his presence for some reason. She sensed his energies and didn't feel safe around him. Astarte didn't think too much about her intuition again. She invited him into the bedroom on the second floor of her house, where she tried to make herself as comfortable as possible.

She convinced herself that she was simply nervous or stressed. But as the client awkwardly climbed on top of her, grunting and puffing, while Astarte tried to surrender to the experience as much as she could, the energy in the bedroom suddenly changed. The otherwordly demonic presence entered their space, and even though Astarte couldn't see it, she experienced an eerie sensation that she couldn't explain. Suddenly, the eyes of this man changed, and she saw the presence of a demon inside of him. Now, it was clear to Astarte that some entity was possessing this man, and that's why he felt different. He had corrupted his heart and lost connection with his soul, so an evil spirit controlled his body. Amplified by the spiritual energies created through sexual interaction, this demon felt empowered. Everything about this man suddenly changed - his expressions, movements, and even his voice. As in a raging impulse, he grabbed Astarte by the neck, trying to strangle her; the act of sex turned into rape. His thrusts intensified with each new moment, and Astarte was entrapped. He was penetrating not only her body but her entire essence on all subtle spiritual levels.

As Astarte was suffocating, she could clearly see a demon in the eyes of this man, who demanded her blood. She didn't really know what to do, as she realized that this man would not stop until she died. He was not in control of this situation anymore. This demon sensed the spiritual weakness of Astarte and decided to claim her life force for himself. Still, Astarte didn't

know how to fight, so she decided to surrender. She thought that maybe her time had come, and perhaps she should simply die. She was never afraid of death, so she was always prepared to leave this physical plane. Besides, she didn't really enjoy her life at that time. She knew she had to make tough choices but kept avoiding them. The truth was, she hadn't enjoyed her life for a long time. Decisions loomed like shadows, and despite knowing she had to confront them, she had consistently shied away. The thought crossed her mind that if she died now, she would escape the daunting journey of self-discovery that she feared. A part of her felt ensnared in the reality she had meticulously crafted.

What had brought Astarte joy and pleasure now felt mundane or destructive. Grasping for air, she contemplated what it would feel like to leave this Earth. Yet, in those brief moments between life and death, her body's natural survival impulses kicked in, and suddenly something clicked inside her. Her entire body began moving from side to side, trying to ease the pressure and somehow push this man away while she thrust her fingernails into his face. But her actions didn't yield any results, and she only exhausted herself further. It felt like this man was holding her both from inside and outside, with his penis and his hands. But at that moment, as Astarte commanded herself that she wanted to live, her wise pussy locked this man inside of her. No matter how much he tried to pull out his penis, he couldn't do it, and now he was screaming in agony from the pain he never endured before. Astarte trapped him inside of her, and all of her being squeezed him so tight that out of pain he began loosening the grip on her neck.

Using his shock and confusion, Astarte began relentlessly poking his eyes. She was winning over, as she found a powerful inner strength to roll over and flip this man on his back. She held him in ways he had never experienced before or even thought were possible. Astarte

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

Once this man was on his back, Astarte began punching him in the face as hard as she could, enjoying the misery he was enduring. Then, she was able to grab a vase from the bedside table and hit him on the head. Astarte raised the vase for another hit, but she paused rather than strike out of anger. This was not just about revenge; it was about making a choice, a statement of her own. She decided to offer a choice to her client. He could leave right now, or she would murder him. She told him that with her eyes and with her entire presence. The strength to fight demons only comes from within us. We can only win over them when we transmute our fear into courage and show them that we are not afraid to fight back. Suddenly, she saw how this demon was ready to surrender as this man raised his hands, begging for mercy. He returned to his senses and pleaded for salvation. Astarte released him from entrapment, and he swiftly collected his clothes. Desperation etched across his face as he ran away from her house as if confused about what had just happened to him. He clearly had an amnesia about this entire experience, as if he

was hypnotized from the moment he entered Astarte's residence. Astarte watched him go, a mix of confusion and relief flooding her senses. In that moment, she knew she had not only fought back; she had taken the first step toward reclaiming her freedom and identity, leaving the past behind and stepping boldly into her future.

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

The whispers of Nature wrapped around her like a comforting embrace, revealing that her time as a sacred whore had come to an end. She knew she needed to seek a new purpose but didn't know what to do or how even to approach this task. There was something that she needed to discover about herself, and Nature was pushing her in that direction. Astarte was quite stubborn and convinced she had figured out everything about her essence, but it was far from the truth. She was much more than she made herself to believe. As with many similar shocking or traumatizing experiences that humans endure in their lives, Astarte was initiated into a higher state of her natural spiritual powers, and her female intuition and psychic abilities have opened up in new ways. She was destined to become an oracle and finally grasped the truth about her

unique essence. Suddenly, she was seeing the spiritual world more vividly and sensed the reality in a uniquely empowered way. The pain of the assault and violation was washing away as she discovered this new perception of our reality. Through the violence of cruelty and madness, of pain and fear, she recognized the truth—she was far more complex and remarkable than she had ever allowed herself to believe. Embracing this newfound awareness, she sensed that the path ahead was hers to carve, filled with possibilities yet to be discovered.

She spent the next few weeks avoiding people altogether as much as she could, contemplating her possible options. Confused and stranded, she decided to seek advice in the temple of psychic oracles. She wanted to know what she was destined to do and hoped that wise women would guide her in the right direction. Only people who worked in the temple were drunk on their supernatural powers and completely forgot the highest aspirations of their humble service. Their arrogance was palpable, and Astarte sensed the disdain in their gazes, feeling belittled rather than supported. To complicate matters, the main oracle's cryptic guidance left her more puzzled than enlightened. It simply didn't make sense to Astarte. She was told she would be a high priestess of oracle visions in her temple in the distant land but would die from suicide shortly after assuming her role as the head of this temple.

Astarte stormed out of the temple, fury pulsing through her veins. She knew herself all too well and felt so powerful at that stage of her life that she knew she would never be so weak as to kill herself. After her experience, she was convinced that she would also never allow anyone to kill her. She finally wanted to live and face life in all its glory. She knew that suicide was simply impossible, and that made her enraged with this oracle woman. Astarte felt that everything she said was a lie. This guidance simply did not resonate with her heart. She also

didn't like the idea of being a psychic reader for others, as she was convinced she didn't have such powers. The mantle of the oracle felt like a heavy weight she didn't want to bear. She had always believed she lacked the powers everyone presumed she possessed, and the thought of advising and coaching others felt like a prison.

The way the temple's priests had treated her had only stoked the flames of her rage, bubbling just beneath the surface. On her way out, a dark wish crept into her mind—a vision of the temple reduced to ashes, with everyone inside perishing in the flames. Her wish was honest and sincere. It was a genuine grievance sent from her heart to the Spirits of her lands. She confessed how she truly felt without hiding her truth. This desire was raw and tinged with despair, an honest reflection of her newly discovered empowering essence. But even in that moment of deep anger, part of her yearned for something more than vengeance. Despite the darkness of the oracle's words, she channeled her frustration into a quest for self-discovery, determined to carve out her own fate beyond the oracle's prophecy. She realized that her story was not predetermined and that she held the power to shape her own destiny, guided not by the voices of the past but by the courage within her heart.

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

A couple of weeks later, an army of foreigners arrived at the doorstep of their city and fulfilled Astarte's wish. The oracle temple was burned to the ground, and everyone inside was killed. This army ravaged and looted the city, forcing some to flee and killing those who couldn't. This army, driven by chaos, swept through the town, leaving devastation in their wake; some citizens were forced to flee while others faced a tragic fate they couldn't escape. Astarte and other citizens tried to hide in the secret underground mazes and chambers of different temple spaces, seeking refuge from the turmoil above. But their hope was short-lived; once they felt it was safe to leave, they were ambushed and captured. Soldiers beat, robbed, and raped Astarte, leaving her covered in bruises on the streets of the destroyed city.

Soon after, as this hostile army took what they could, they left this town, and people attempted to restore their lives. As the sounds of the departing army faded into the distance, Astarte stood in the remnants of her life, the air thick with uncertainty. Her heart ached for the familiar warmth of home, now tinged with the echoes of destruction. Astarte returned to her house, only to find it partially destroyed. She retrieved a treasure box with savings from under the living room floor. Astarte rejoiced that her wealth was saved. With tears of relief streaming down her face, Astarte realized that her past wasn't entirely redeemed; its remnants still lay within her reach, but the dawn of a new life had clearly emerged on the horizon. She packed some provisions and clothes and left the city for distant lands. Leaving her town and her family's home felt liberating and terrifying. With no set destination in mind, Astarte made a quiet promise to herself—to surrender fully to the whispers of Nature. It was time to embrace the unknown, to discover what lay beyond the limited perceptions she imposed upon herself. She didn't know where she was going, but she finally decided to surrender to the guidance of Nature completely.

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes momentarily, feeling the earth beneath her feet. With a heart wide open and a spirit eager for adventure, she let her feet guide her, trusting that they would lead her to her true destiny, wherever that might be. Each step was a dance toward possibility, a journey to reclaim her lost self and redefine her fate. She felt like she had nothing to lose, so she might as well try to find her highest destiny, whatever that may be. She listened to her inner guidance like never before. New assaults, abuses, and pains only made her stronger, and now she only followed her unique intuition. She knew she couldn't continue to betray herself and compromise her essence any longer. She simply trusted that her feet would take her where she needed to be.

One day, she arrived in a vibrant and prosperous town with lush gardens and charming houses lining up the streets; this town embodied the essence of harmony that Astarte had long craved. It looked drastically different to her city, which Astarte always found quite ugly. Unlike her hometown, where the fading beauty reeked neglect and disappointment, this place sparkled with life and warmth. She realized that the corrupt citizens of her hometown invited this destruction when the majority had betrayed their hearts. Invited decay into their lives, where arrogance and cruelty masqueraded as normalcy. She interacted with many people through her work, so she was aware of how rotten most of the residents were. Living there had always felt like a struggle, and each passing year only deepened her discontent as she watched it spiral further away from what she believed in. But stepping into this newfound town was like finding a breath of fresh air. Here, the citizens still cherished the laws of Nature, fostering a community rooted in authenticity and warmth. It was a place where people embraced their truths, so the whole town radiated uplifting energies that filled her heart with hope and inspiration. Astarte

realized she had stumbled upon the sanctuary she had been yearning for—a place where she could shed her past and embrace a future filled with possibility.

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

As Astarte approached the high priestess with the request to look into her future, this old oracle woman was ready to answer any questions about Astarte's fate without even consulting the spiritual beings or pulling divination cards. The high priestess had been waiting for Astarte, and she recognized her soul as soon as she gazed into her eyes. The high priestess related that she has been receiving guidance about Astarte for a few years now and that Astarte is destined to inherit this temple. She began to share the wisdom she had gleaned over the years, revealing that Astarte was destined to inherit this sacred temple, a place of solace and guidance when she transitioned from this earthly life. The revelation sent waves of shock coursing through Astarte; she could hardly fathom the magnitude of the words spoken by this stranger in an unfamiliar land. Astarte was shocked by this news and couldn't believe the words of this woman. She was

in the unknown lands with a person she never met, but she was expected and warmly welcomed here.

Not only that but she was also destined to assume the role of the high priestess of this magical temple, which felt like a home for her. Astarte didn't even know that she had a talent for oracle visions, and she certainly couldn't believe someone would just gift her an entire temple. But the high priestess confirmed this guidance on many occasions, and she had no doubts that Astarte could be the best successor she could have ever dreamed of. She still didn't know about Astarte's talents, but she was convinced they would make her an empowered high priestess. Astarte still struggled to fully accept what was happening to her, but this oracle's words felt right in her heart. The high priestess seemed trustworthy, open, and honest, so Astarte surrendered to her new path. Suddenly, a sense of peace and immense courage appeared inside of her. She felt like everything happening to her was supposed to happen to her, despite how wild her entire journey felt and how many times she cursed herself for following her intuition. She stood with a woman she had never met, yet the air buzzed with a sense of purpose—she was meant to be here. The thought that she was to become the high priestess, the bearer of oracle visions, sent her head spinning. How could she, who had never even recognized her own gifts, be chosen for such a profound responsibility? It felt surreal that the universe would bestow upon her an entire temple as if she was being offered a crown she had never sought or believed she deserved. The high priestess spoke of receiving this guidance long ago, of anticipating the arrival of a stranger from distant lands. Despite the whirlwind of emotions—excitement, fear, and disbelief—Astarte began to feel a flicker of acceptance within her. There was something undeniably trustworthy in the high priestess's open and honest demeanor. At that moment, a wave of serenity enveloped

Astarte. She discovered immense courage rising within her, a feeling that every experience she had endured thus far was part of a larger narrative that had woven her fate into this moment. Yes, her journey had felt wild and unpredictable, but maybe it was exactly as it was meant to be.

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

As her spiritual abilities fully unraveled, the high priestess felt that it would be valuable to introduce Astarte to the practice of death journeys and the art of resurrection. Astarte had always found solace in caring for the deceased, but little did she know that she was created to be a perfect candidate to become a practitioner of this ancient Egyptian shamanic healing practice of soul retrieval. While not many could master the intricacies of death journeys, the high priestess initially harbored doubts about Astarte's potential. Still, one day, she invited Astarte to a secret

chamber room in the temple's basement, with a magical sarcophagus for death journeys in the middle of it. What began as a mere curiosity quickly blossomed into a profound spiritual transformation for Astarte; she discovered an innate ability for this healing method. The realization that Astarte was completely natural, having experienced death journeys and mastering the art of resurrection, surprised even the high priestess. Yet, it was clear that everything in Astarte's life had led her to this pivotal moment. Every experience and challenge had prepared her to awaken her true power as a master of resurrection. It was a surprise even for the high priestess, but it made sense, as Astarte's entire life led her to this moment. Quite soon, the high priestess realized that Astarte. As Astarte delved deeper into this ancient practice, she found her purpose and began to heal from her own past wounds. Slowly but surely, Astarte was building her confidence in this craft. She was thirsty for knowledge, and her practice of death journeys became the most empowering part of her training. She learned how to travel through the death dimensions at will and return safely. She spent many days existing in the death realm and avoiding physical life. Being dead felt more appealing to Astarte. She really liked that it was impossible to lie in the death dimension when life was always full of lies. In death, everything was clear and obvious. Days turned into weeks as she immersed herself in the death realm, drawn to its tranquility and clarity, far more appealing than the chaos of physical life. In death, she discovered a world devoid of pretense. It was a sanctuary where truth reigned, and for Astarte, that was liberating; she relished the absence of games and masks people wore in the living world. "I enjoy death because there's no bullshit there," she often remarked to me during our channeling sessions, embracing a reality where everything was clear and obvious. As time

passed, Astarte found herself eager to share this transformative experience with others, preparing to welcome clients seeking healing through her unique guidance.

Divine forces created a perfect woman to be in charge of this temple, as Astarte was absolutely natural in her powers in every healing offered in this place. She was an empress ready to assume her righteous throne. Astarte received control over the temple upon the death of the high priestess and assumed her position of power. Many citizens looked for her assistance in their everyday struggles. Astarte also became renowned for her skilled burial preparations, earning the trust of the city's wealthiest families, who valued her unique touch in honoring their beloved upon departure. With renewed appreciation, Astarte returned to one of her cherished callings, spiritually conversing with the departed, a task she approached with newfound mindfulness and love. Now, she had a new spiritual awareness and a deeper understanding of her talents. Each encounter felt sacred and ritualistic in nature; she listened to the souls of the dead, guiding them gently through the transition of the afterlife. She guided the dead through the dark realms of the worlds between lives, helping them to avoid demons of the underworld on their journey into the next stage of their existence. Astarte was comfortable in her role and loved the status of a sought-after energy healer. This place became her true home.

Astarte never invited another man into her womb space until her death. She was performing sacred missions through sex work, but the last few penetrations were not consensual, and her womb didn't want to take any more chances. She felt that her sexual energies were depleted, and even though the energy work she learned in the temple had restored Astarte's vitality, she felt sexually closed off from the world. Emotional and sexual traumas lingered within her, making every moment of peace feel fleeting and elusive. Memories of the pain she

endured intertwined with her experiences, shaping her path, but she still struggled to find peace with her past. Though she found the strength to heal during her time in school, certain shadows of her past clung tightly, begging for release, as she yearned to embrace a future unburdened by the weight of yesterday. The memories of the abuses never left her dreams either. She had enough resources to heal during her education, but there were still aspects of her past that she suppressed.

Astarte didn't like tending to the wounds of her womb, and she quite often struggled to accept her cycles. There were many months when Astarte cursed Nature for the days of bleeding, as she felt her cycles on a much deeper level after performing death journeys. Her entire relationship with femininity entered a new phase as she embraced her new spiritual talents. Astarte no longer craved sexual pleasures, but soon, she found a way to build a more harmonious relationship with her body, eventually learning how to use her scars and spiritual thorns for deeper healing. She was unraveling as a wounded healer into her full power, and her past traumas became a source of healing for others. Astarte unraveled as a wounded healer; her past traumas, once burdens, blossomed into a wellspring of healing for others, guiding them through their own darkness into the light of understanding and connection.

A few years passed, and a woman named Nefret came to the temple one day seeking spiritual guidance. When Astarte caught a glimpse of her soulful eyes, she felt an undeniable spark—an old and familiar connection. It was as if their souls were intertwined across time, recalling shared moments from two previous lives, igniting a bond that transcended mere acquaintance. When she recognized her soulmate, she shared this insight with Nefret. These two souls recognized each other from two lives, and Astarte and Nefret immediately felt an intense

connection. Soon after, the two women became inseparable. Nefret eventually moved into the temple and began training under Astarte's guidance. Astarte saw great potential in Nefret, and the two women spent every moment they could together.

Nefret learned to develop and master her psychic and clairvoyant abilities. She was trained to provide spiritual answers and guidance for her clients. Having previously practiced the sexual healing arts, she now invited both men and women to participate in healing rituals in this new space. But to Astarte's pleasant surprise, they quickly discovered that Nefret could also perform the death journeys. Both women were ignited with passion and excitement as Astarte began training Nefret in this practice. They enjoyed challenging each other to become the best practitioners they could be. They helped each other explore the deepest possibilities of death journeys, exchanging visions and knowledge of death dimensions. As Nefret grew in her abilities, she became even more masterful and dedicated to this practice than Astarte. Astarte felt an overwhelming sense of kinship as they conversed, realizing they were destined to share this journey. It wasn't long before Nefret found her place within the temple, immersing herself in Astarte's teachings. Each day was a dance of discovery: Nefret, eager to harness her increasing psychic abilities, and Astarte, a nurturing mentor, watched her flourish like a rare flower breaking through the earth after a long winter. Together, they explored the intricacies of their craft, exchanging insights and visions and pushing the boundaries of what they thought was possible. Through laughter and tears, Nefret and Astarte forged a path of spiritual enlightenment and a profound sisterhood that would mark their lives forever.

Even though both women were drawn to become the masters of their talents, they also developed romantic feelings for one another. Only Astarte was hesitant about inviting Nefret into

her heart and equally into the bedroom. Yet one night, the magical feelings of love between these soulmates overwhelmed two women, and they found themselves sharing a night in a passionate lovemaking ritual. New emotions empowered Nefret to heal Astarte's sexual traumas. The warmth of new emotions inspired Nefret to help Astarte confront and recover from her past sexual traumas. Having recognized these wounds from her extensive sexual healing practice before joining the temple, Nefret was careful, ensuring she gracefully offered Astarte the space she needed, never wanting to rush their physical intimacy but letting their bond deepen organically. She knew how to liberate Astarte from the burdens of her past, yet she wanted her to arrive at that understanding at her own pace. Nefret only acted when she felt welcomed. However, even though Astarte was glad to connect to her pleasures once again, she still felt somewhat violated after their first night together. Observing Astarte's reluctance to embrace sexual passions with another woman, Nefret compelled Astarte to surrender despite her protests, spending the entire night exploring Astarte's body and guiding her to discover new depths of her unique pleasures. Nefret was a masterful sexual healer, so even though her methods felt unconventional, they did heal Astarte and made her an even more powerful oracle. Although Astarte didn't appreciate Nefret's assertive demeanor that night, she was grateful that Nefret took the lead, allowing her to experience the beautiful sensations created by her sensual touch. Over time, when Astarte fully surrendered to her feelings, the two women became occasional lovers, sharing many nights in joyful, intimate dances. Astarte finally embraced an erotic affair with another woman and felt blessed by this gift of love. Astarte had always been drawn to the profound strength of women, so when she crossed paths with Nefret, she couldn't help but feel a mixture of admiration and apprehension. It became an awakening journey, where Astarte learned

to revel in the beautiful sensations of Nefret's sexual healing practices, reclaiming her body and nourishing her spirit. With each experience, Astarte felt blessed by the gifts of love and the transformative power that women could bring to one another, forging bonds that transcended mere physicality, grounding her in a vibrant sense of self-discovery and fulfillment. In the company of Nefret, Astarte realized that her journey was not just about intimacy; it was about celebrating the strength of womanhood, the beauty of connection, and the joy of living authentically.

After almost two decades of living and working together, two women had to say their goodbyes. One day, Nefret fell in love with a widowed male client, and soon after, they discovered a past-life connection between their souls. She realized her fate was to marry him and become a stepmother to his two children. After the wedding, she moved to live with her husband and retired from temple practices. Even though Astarte saw how much Nefret loved this man, the old wounds of abandonment and rejection resurfaced in her. Everyone who Astarte ever loved had left her; she could never accept this reality with genuine humbleness and reverence. She couldn't shake the feeling of betrayal from her soulmate's decision, often grappling with the tumultuous emotions that arose. Astarte felt betrayed by her soulmate and usually struggled to find peace with that emotion. Once vibrant and filled with shared moments of magic, the temple felt achingly empty. As Astarte navigated her solitude without her cherished partner by her side, the ache of loss became a constant companion; she longed for the days when their lives were intertwined and the sacred space they cultivated together thrummed with energy and connection. She felt alone without her magical lover, as she deeply cherished the spiritual work they performed together. They grew so close together that Astarte couldn't easily move on from their

love story. She felt a deep sense of connection with Nefret, something she had never felt with anyone in this life, and now this person has also left her. Astarte realized that this woman was the love of her life, and she felt called to share this truth with Nefret, even though she knew it wouldn't change anything. Still, despite her reservations, she had a deep intuitive feeling that Nefret should know how much she actually loved her. She felt somewhat angry at Nefret, even though she enjoyed it when Nefret visited the temple with her husband and kids.

Astarte and Nefret's bond was profound, a rare intimacy that Astarte had never experienced with anyone else on her journey. Now that Nefret had also stepped away, Astarte felt utterly lost. Reality felt like a tidal wave crashing over her; everyone seemed to drift away from her heart, and she found it impossible to embrace this truth with the humility it demanded. Though she cherished the moments when Nefret visited the temple with her husband and children, a flicker of frustration simmered within her. The joy of the beautiful moments they shared and the bitterness of another loss left her yearning for a deeper understanding of love and friendship, tangled in the complexities of life as a woman navigating her heart's desires.

Even though Astarte never stopped missing Nefret, she found peace and empowerment in helping others. She dedicated fully to her work and the prayers of souls who sought her guidance. Astarte spent the next few years fully devoting herself to serving others until an ill-fated day when she was murdered in the temple by the same army that destroyed her hometown. She was destined to repeat the fate of the oracles of the temple that she destroyed with her judgment. And since Astarte lived in the energies of the God Osiris, she was also destined to be cut into pieces. The invading army acted in the image of the god Seth, who was empowered to take away Osiris from his Isis. In our story, Neftet carried the light of the Goddess Isis, so she

was destined to bury her beloved soulmate Astarte. When this tragic news reached Nefert, she realized that she hadn't loved anyone more than Astarte. This loss felt like violence against her very soul—it traumatized her in ways she could not yet understand. This daunting feeling and the death of her beloved deeply traumatized her in ways that she never thought were possible. Even though everything that happened to them was divinely designed, Nefret struggled to come to terms with the immense grief she experienced upon receiving the news about Astarte's departure. She didn't expect that it would completely destroy her life and her sense of self. She could have never anticipated how much emotional damage this death would cause her. This was a tragedy by divine design, a cruel twist of fate that left Nefret grappling with overwhelming grief. Unprepared for the depths of her sorrow, each memory, each shared moment, became a haunting reminder of what she lost, reshaping her future in a world now altered forever.

By the natural design, Nefret, as Isis, had to bury her Osiris after collecting the pieces of his body. Now Astarte received her revenge after being abandoned, as Nefret suffered greatly through this process. Now Astarte abandoned Nefret, bringing her the same pain as Nefret caused her. Only burying her soulmate crushed the spirit of Nefret, and she could never recover from that experience. Even though Nefret felt the presence of Astarte's soul in the temple when she came for visits, she still couldn't forget the images of the dead Astarte. She couldn't fully understand the complexity of feelings she experienced through this process, but this was precisely what she had to go through on her evolutionary journey into becoming the wholesome embodiment of the goddess Isis. As Nefret physically buried Astarte with each shovelful of soil, she felt her spirit crumble, the weight of her soulmate's absence a burden too significant to bear.

Caught in a whirlwind of emotions, Nefret wrestled with feelings she couldn't fully comprehend—grief, betrayal, love, and the slow, painful process of healing. Yet, this turmoil was her path to transformation. Through these excruciating experiences, she would evolve into the compassionate, resilient goddess that was her destiny to embody, a symbol of hope and renewal for all women like her who have faced heartache and emerged stronger.

Even with her wonderful, caring, and loving husband, Nefret couldn't forget the magical times they spent together with Astarte, as their life was filled with profound love and deep spiritual purpose. Nefret was so upset and heartbroken from this experience that she requested to avoid meeting this soul in the future, knowing she wouldn't be able to experience such traumatizing sensations again if she needed to bury her soulmate again. In reality, Astarte died on Nefret because she was being initiated into the Isis essence of her soul. And following the same story, these two soulmates had to part ways for at least a few hundred years, as Osiris and Isis are destined to experience separation for centuries. Nefret rejected meeting her soulmate in the future because she had to experience several lives on her own, always looking for her soulmate in every life but unable to find the tormented body of Osiris, as he was destined to assume his throne in the depth dimension as a God of death and divine judgment. Rejected but still yearning, she would tirelessly seek the echoes of Astarte in every existence, longing to reunite with the tormented spirit that once understood her like no other. With each new life, she'd navigate the complexities of love and loss, determined to uncover the truth behind their entwined fates, forever chasing the shadows of Osiris, as if the world turned its back on their ancient romance.

Of course, these two soulmates had to complete their love story of Isis and Osiris. Nefret and Astarte met again only centuries later, in 2022. Both soulmates were ready to assume

the talents of these two gods, so they met in our times to complete their story. Through engaging in a series of healing death journeys together that healed the wounds of abandonment, rejection, and separation between them, and after completing new initiations under the guidance of the Goddess Isis herself, both soulmates stepped into the fullness of their personal power. Both souls, having grown through trials and tribulations, were now ready to embrace the gifts of the highest divine nature and propel each other to assume their true destiny. They intertwined their lives through a series of healing ceremonies. Under the nurturing guidance of the Goddess Isis, they bravely traversed new initiations, empowering themselves and unlocking the depth of their personal strength. Their partnership blossomed, illuminating the path to self-discovery and the reclamation of their identities as they wove their love story anew, filled with resilience and empowerment.