

Virginia Mircea  
The Spiral of  
Sacred Love



**Virginia Mircea**

**THE SPIRAL OF SACRED LOVE**

**Corbeanca 2025**

ISBN 978-973-0-41784-5

## **PREFACE**

*“The Spiral of Sacred Love” is a mystical novel, a narrative that moves between reality and symbol, between the concrete world and the subtle dimensions of existence. The book follows the journey of a woman, Elara, as she undergoes a deep process of awakening and inner transformation, guided by the voice of her heart and the call of her soul.*

*The main character is a refined and lucid spirit, a woman rooted in knowledge, sacred texts, and the revealing silence of the unseen. A linguist by profession, Elara lives in a fragile balance between reason and intuition. She is a modern woman who feels deeply, yet never drowns in emotion. She is initiated, yet accessible. Delicate, yet never weak. Her life takes an unexpected turn when, following a significant personal experience, she encounters — first energetically, then physically — a man named Caius, who becomes the catalyst of her spiritual awakening.*

*What initially seems like a love story reveals itself, in truth, to be a journey of the soul through the unseen layers of her own being. Between real-life encounters and symbolic visions, between inner revelations and sacred rituals, Elara walks a spiral that leads not only to understanding the other, but to a profound and total rediscovery of herself.*

*This novel is inspired by mystical traditions from various cultures — from the symbolism of the chakras and sacred*

*geometry, to the subtle alchemy of love in Gnostic-Christian traditions, and the light rituals with Eastern roots. Elara becomes a bridge between eras, between sacred languages, between streams of knowledge that meet within her being like in a living temple.*

*The final act — the release of Caius from the energies that bound his free will — is not a renunciation, but a sacred gift of love. And after this deep and silent act, Elara chooses to remain alive. Not to return to dreams, but to walk forward through the world. She does not seek, but she remains open. She does not wait, but she is present.*

*In her own way, she becomes a woman who has understood that love can be lived not only in spirit, but in body — when you have released all that was never truly yours.*

*“The Spiral of Sacred Love” does not offer formulas, nor does it idealize. It is, instead, a literary transfiguration — a whispered confession and an invitation to see beyond appearances, and to understand that for love to be sacred, it must never bind — but liberate.*

The Author

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## CHAPTER 1

### *The Calling*

“Sometimes, you feel that an entire life is nothing but the echo of a single glance. Elara hadn’t understood this truth until now.”

Night draped itself over the nearby forest like a veil of faded velvet. The stars shimmered quietly on the deep blue sky, their light reflecting over the freshly fallen snow. In the sweet semidarkness of the living room, the fire flickered softly in the fireplace. Elara sat curled in an armchair, wrapped in a cashmere blanket, with a notebook resting on her lap and unrest stirring in her soul. It was midnight, but she wasn’t sleepy. She had grown accustomed to long, insomniac nights. She hadn’t read a single word. Instead, she searched her thoughts for a verse to shape into a poem. The poems she wrote helped her release the pain from within. She hadn’t written in a long time. She had almost forgotten what it felt like to enter that space of inspiration.

Throughout the evening, Caius’s face had appeared in her mind — clear, unexpected, burning. At first, she thought it was just a wandering thought. Then, an emotion. Then... a nameless longing.



“Why is he appearing to me now? After so long... Twenty-five years, and still... I feel... something?” Elara whispered to herself.

Her hand moved gently to her chest. Her heart beat differently. Not from fear — but with a rhythm unknown, like a memory from a song she once knew. She rose slowly and added a few more logs to the fire. The flames were calm, then grew more intense. She settled back into the chair, preparing to enter meditation.

Caius... Caius... She wanted to know when and where she had first met Caius.

She inhaled. Exhaled.

And then... she descended.

Inward.

At first, there was only light. Then, stone. Then, sound. A chime. An echo.

She found herself standing at the center of a circular structure, surrounded by massive pillars of whitish-gray stone. No roof above — only the clear summer sky. In the middle of the circle, a massive stone table pulsed beneath her touch. When she placed her hand on it, she felt... life.

“I’ve been here before,” Elara spoke inwardly. “I was... HER.”

Her bare feet touched the cool stone, but inside her, a sacred warmth glowed. Voices echoed — whispers... chants... voices of women, of men. A forgotten language. A vow.

In the distance, a silhouette appeared. Tall. Upright. Him. Caius.

But he wasn't the professor with glasses and graying hair. He was someone else. Dressed in white, with a golden belt at his waist. An ancient tattoo on his shoulder. Eyes that burned across time.

Elara shuddered. Not from fear. From recognition.

With a gentle voice, almost like an echo, Caius said:

— I've been waiting for you, Elara. Here... always here.

A tear traced down her cheek as her body remained motionless, yet her soul knelt before that sacred truth. The fireplace snapped gently, pulling her back. She was in the living room again, yet the space around her felt transformed — as if an invisible, subtle imprint had been left on everything she touched.

Elara slowly pulled her poetry journal toward her. She didn't need to search for words. She felt them flowing through her.

Beings from the Stars

*by Elara*

We, two beings descended from the stars, have searched for  
each other here, on Earth, for eons.  
Who would've thought that though so far apart,  
We could be, still, so close at heart.  
An angel brought us through radiant light,  
In brilliance scented like lilies white.  
We find ourselves in thoughts unspoken,  
And wishes lost, and dreams once broken.

Two beings descended from the stars  
Reunited through the love that's ours.  
A love both bitter and sweet —  
A longing fulfilled, yet incomplete.

Love is all that held us near,  
And now, our time is drawing clear.  
We meet beneath the moon's ascent,  
Our kiss — a seal on the infinite.

Elara closed her journal gently, as if sealing away a sleeping era. For several minutes, she gazed into the fire, then leaned her temple softly against the armchair's backrest.

Her thoughts drifted back to the first time she had seen Caius... It was a bleak autumn day. The university hall smelled of old paper. The air was thick with the tension and emotions of the candidates. Elara, young and confident,

stepped firmly into the room where the doctoral admission interview was to take place.

Inside were three professors. On the right-hand chair, a tall, solid man with metal-framed glasses, dark graying hair, and a deep, serious gaze. His voice was calm, with a rich timbre. He spoke slowly, clearly. *Caius*.

*"He looks good, but somehow I find him terribly unattractive..."* Elara had thought at that moment, surprised by her own reaction.

*"Strange... Why do I feel this? He's the second man who gives me that sense of... inexplicable rejection,"* she mused internally.

The first had been her former husband — the one who had betrayed her. She had learned that sometimes rejection didn't come from pride, but from an old, painful recognition.

As she left the room, she glanced back briefly. Caius was writing something on a piece of paper. They hadn't exchanged a look. But she felt a tremor in the air. As if time had slowed.

\*            \*

\*

The next morning, Elara woke up early. No alarm clock, no wake-up call. Echoing softly in her mind, like a ghost of sound, was the melody from *Gladiator* — the soundtrack her husband used to listen to, always stirring deep silences within her. Elara felt his presence. Subtle. Warm. Like a caress brushing her heart. An immense void tightened in her chest. She rose quickly from the bed. She knew what was coming — the tears. And she didn't want to let them break her again.

She gently pulled aside the curtain. Outside, the white field and the forest stood frozen in the newborn winter. A delicate snowfall lightly cloaked the ground. At the edge of the woods, five deer were slowly walking, searching for buds. Elara watched them with a faint but sincere smile. They didn't come every day. The deer comforted her. They were symbols of gentleness, grace, and the divine presence hidden in simple things.

She had moved into this new Mediterranean-style house just a few days earlier, with rounded lines, warm-toned walls, and wide arched windows. She had built it with care and dreams, starting the plans long ago with her husband. Now, she was alone. But the house still carried his memory. The place was peaceful. An island of serenity, though only ten minutes away from the center of Bucharest. The house was her oasis. Her sanctuary.

Elara passed by the mirror and looked at herself. She didn't look her age. She had a slender silhouette, delicately contoured with Venusian curves. Her oval face was framed by flame-red hair cascading over her shoulders. Her large, hypnotic eyes carried a mysterious light—somewhere between a dream and a vision. Her nose was straight, with a softly rounded tip, and her full, still lips looked as though they were sculpted to guard secrets. Elara had an aristocratic air, with graceful gestures, a penetrating gaze, and a magnetic beauty beyond conventional standards. She had always been... different.

Born with rare gifts—clairvoyance, empathy, astral projection—she knew she carried a royal spirituality and an old soul. Some called her an “earthly angel.” She only listened in silence and felt deeply.

She set aside the now-cold cup of tea from the table and touched her temples. She still felt something... like a key starting to turn in an ancient lock. She had dreamt of Caius all night. She could feel him near.

She dabbed a drop of essential oil—rose and sandalwood—on her temples. She settled into the armchair, drew the cashmere blanket over her shoulders, whispered a mantra in her mind, and closed her eyes.

Inhale.Exhale.

And once again, she descended...

This time, she went deeper...

The sun was warm, and the air vibrated with scents: wild roses, fresh grass, damp wood, and the fine salt carried by the breeze from a Mediterranean sea. Birds chirped in a melody that bordered on music, and ivy and blossoms clung to the columns of the sanctuary like living silk.

Elara was young and radiant. She wore a white dress made of fine fabric, fastened at the shoulders with two golden brooches. Her hair was tied back in a braided ponytail adorned with strands of jasmine. On her feet — delicate leather sandals.

Caius stood tall beside her. He wore a light tunic, open at the collar, made of a fabric embroidered with sacred symbols. A solar pendant hung over his chest. They held hands, and between them, on the sacred altar, a vessel filled with herbs and incense burned slowly.

In front of them, the priestess walked among the columns with slow, almost floating steps. She wore a long, flowing gown made of a shimmering, translucent white fabric that swayed with every movement, like sacred mist drifting over

stone. Draped over her shoulders was a mantle the color of warm amber, thick and soft, fastened with a large solar-circle fibula engraved with ancient, nearly forgotten symbols.

Upon her forehead she wore a fine diadem of gold, set with a violet amethyst at its center — a sign of vision and connection with the unseen worlds. Around her neck lay a ceremonial necklace of semi-precious stones: lapis lazuli, emeralds, and iridescent opals. Each gem represented sky, earth, water, and light.

Every word she spoke in the ritual carried cosmic weight. She called upon the stars to listen — and the old laws to bear witness.

The priestess spoke with solemn voice:

*— Through the stars you have sought each other, through lifetimes you have followed one another. Today, through fire, air, water, and earth, you are bound in sacred vow.*

Elara and Caius said together:

*— I vow love — soul and body — beyond death, beyond forgetting.*

And then they kissed — with love, with recognition, with trembling awe.



Suddenly, a rustling was heard through the trees. Caius shuddered.

An arrow pierced deep into his back. His mouth opened to speak, but his knees gave out. He fell forward, facing Elara, reaching out his hand to her. Elara screamed.

From the forest, riders dressed in black emerged, hoods drawn, short swords at their sides. One of them shouted:

— *Take her!*

The strongest among them, clad in light armor and with a hard face, leapt from his horse. He grabbed Elara effortlessly, lifted her into his saddle, holding her tightly against his chest.

Elara cried out with all her strength:

— *Caius! No! Don't let them take him! CAIUS!!!*

All through the night they rode — through forests, valleys, into the dark. Trembling, Elara wept in silence. She didn't know who they were, nor why. But in her heart, a single question burned:

*“Is he dead? Did they leave him to die?”*

By morning, they reached a towering castle, shrouded in mist, its stone towers rising above the silence. The gates opened slowly, groaning under their weight. The horses stepped inside.

Elara was pale, her eyes clouded by sleeplessness. She knew nothing about the man who held her. Nothing about the place she had been taken to. Only one thing she knew with certainty:

She had lost Caius.

She jolted suddenly, a cold breeze brushing the back of her neck — as if someone had gently exhaled there. She opened her eyes, but didn't blink right away. Her gaze remained suspended... between worlds. The flame in the fireplace flickered faintly. The room was silent, but within her soul still echoed the scream from the Sanctuary. The arrow. The fall. The stranger's arms. The gallop. The castle...

She rose slowly from the armchair, her body heavy, as if those visions clung to her joints like chains. She took a deep breath — but the air scratched her chest on its way in. A tight knot of unease rolled in her stomach.

*“Was it real? A memory? Or just a metaphor for my loss...?”*  
Elara wondered silently.

She walked toward the bathroom, staring blankly at her reflection in the mirror. She saw herself — but also... the other. The one from the past. The one from the ritual. The one who had sworn eternal love to Caius under the heavens.

She leaned on the edge of the sink, closed her eyes, and a single tear traced slowly down her cheek. In a whisper, she said:

— *They took you from me... and I couldn't do anything...*

And yet, deep in her soul, she felt it wasn't the end. That love had a thread — one that wove beyond death, beyond dreams. She returned to the room and pulled her poetry journal close. She opened to a blank page and began to write — without thinking:

I lost you beneath a sky gone dark, a coal gone cold.  
I carry you each day, like a whispered prayer I hold.  
Stolen through ages into the castle of silence and fear,  
I search for you still, beloved of the sky, ever near.

Then she put down the pen. No more words were needed. Only steps — toward truth, toward answers...

## *Between Two Worlds*

*"You can live in an ordinary world, even if your soul walks among the stars."*

It was Monday morning. The air in the bedroom was cold, quiet, clean — carrying the subtle scent of the new house, freshly painted white walls, mixed with the aroma of coffee and vanilla rising from the soft robe draped over the back of the chair.

Elara had woken early, before the alarm could sound. A busy day awaited her. Monday. Traffic. Chaos. Reality. She rose from bed with a sigh and pulled the wide curtains aside.

Beyond the large windows, a thin layer of snow quietly covered the path, and the trees in the garden looked as if they had been sketched in charcoal. The deer weren't there that morning.

She walked into the kitchen, turned on the lights, and started the coffee machine. She had her own quiet ritual — precise, uninterrupted.

Coffee with milk and her three morning cigarettes. In the kitchen, with wooden furniture and minimalist décor, she kept a small dish ready for Thor — the black cat who had chosen her without asking.

Thor had emerald-green eyes, deep and wise, almost human. He appeared each morning — silent, elegant, almost solemn — like a messenger from another world. She always left his food in the garage. He rarely came inside. But when he did, he looked at her as if he knew more than she did.

— *Thor, I'm going to be late today. Be good and don't wander too far,* she whispered, leaning toward him.

In the dressing room, Elara chose a simple and elegant outfit: a black midi skirt, a light cashmere blouse, tall boots. She still wore black. It had been over a year since her husband had departed for the stars, but for her, mourning was still alive. Her rich red hair she left loose. She lightly defined her eyes with mascara and slipped on a ring set with a moonstone — the same ring she had worn the day she signed the house papers, when her husband was still alive.

She stepped into the garage. The engine of her 4x4 rumbled to life. Snow crunched beneath the tires. As she drove through the city, she stared blankly at the traffic lights, the rushing people, the festive storefronts. On the radio, a slow Christmas song struck her in the chest.

*"The holidays... They used to be magic. Now... they're just emptiness lit with fairy lights."*

At the office, the building awaited her in silence. A clean, functional space, with white walls and modern furniture. Elara's office was solitary — a room where no one else entered. That's how she had asked for it. The work was engaging: organization, projects, meetings. But... it was far from her passions. From poetry. From meditation. From the other worlds.

She opened her laptop, checked her emails, and reheated the rest of her coffee. She sat down at her desk and left the window open to the snow-covered parking lot. She liked the stillness of the morning. No one rushed her. No one asked her anything. Only the thoughts — they spoke endlessly. And lately, more and more often: Caius.

In a discreet drawer, Elara kept a small notebook — a miniature poetry journal. She opened to a blank page and began to write, almost without realizing it:

*Sometimes, love comes wrapped in heavy emotions,  
Reminding us how we once danced through the  
constellations.*

*This life is but a pause, lacking grandeur or spark,  
Yet even in the pause, love leaves its mark.*

She smiled. Maybe she'd write more over the weekend. Maybe she'd decorate the tree. Her daughter, pregnant, had

asked her to come for the holidays. Her elderly mother lived far away, but waited with a heart full of love. She already had in mind what gifts to buy: a warm sweater for her mother, a soft blanket for her daughter, a book of poetry for her son-in-law. Two small symbolic gifts for close friends who visited her from time to time.

But the truth was different. Elara wanted to spend the holidays alone. Not out of sadness. But because she felt that on those nights — between the years — she would descend once again into the Sanctuary.

That evening, when she returned home, the city was already draped in lights, but in the quiet neighborhood where she lived, silence had a different texture. It was a soft silence. One with meaning.

Thor was waiting in the garage, perched atop the toolbox — like a miniature guardian.

— *Hello, little soul... I see you're on duty*, Elara said with a soft smile.

The kitten looked at her intently, his green eyes almost too penetrating for a creature so small.

Inside, she lit a few candles, played ambient music, and changed into a simple house dress — dark gray, with bare

shoulders. She settled into her armchair with a cup of warm tea and opened her laptop. She wanted to look something up — a book, perhaps an article about sacred rituals in Mediterranean civilizations. Maybe she just wanted to feel closer to what she had experienced in her vision.

But one notification caught her eye. An email. Sender: the university where she had completed her doctorate. Subject: *“Anniversary Event – 25 Years Since the First Doctoral Class of Program X. You are invited to the celebration.”*

Elara felt a chill down her spine. Twenty-five years. Exactly that long. Exactly since she had met Caius. She checked the date. The event was scheduled in two weeks. The list of attendees wasn't complete, but... something in her whispered: *He would be there.* Caius.

She hadn't seen him in years. Only visions. Fragments. Stolen glances in memory. She inhaled deeply. Something inside her stirred — between fear and a strange emotion, almost adolescent in its intensity. *“If he'll be there... I'll know. And he will too.”* She didn't yet know if she would go. But the Sanctuary stirred within her again. The calling had begun to manifest — even in the concrete world.



That evening, she fell asleep earlier than usual. Thor, for the first time ever, climbed onto the bed and curled up at her feet. She had no visions. Only a silence... full of promise.

The days that followed passed like a winter haze. At the office, everything proceeded as usual. No one knew that Elara, in her quiet, felt her life being redrawn.

At night, at home, she made tea from linden blossoms and jasmine, and immersed herself in books. She opened again the old volumes of anthropology, ancient religions, and symbolism.

On her nightstand, in an order that seemed chaotic but wasn't, titles gathered like companions:

*“Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious”* by Jung

*“Women Who Run With the Wolves”* by Clarissa Pinkola Estés

*“Minoan Civilization and the Feminine Mysteries of Crete”*

*“Sacred Love in Pre-Christian Mediterranean Rituals”*

Under each meaningful paragraph, she made delicate marks with a pencil. She thinned down words. Circled ideas. She felt each passage pulling her closer — to that life in the Sanctuary, to the meaning of that vow, to... Caius.

One evening, as she flipped through a book about the initiation rituals of priestesses in the ancient temples of Anatolia and Crete, she came upon a passage that stopped her:

*“The Covenant of Light was made between soulmates who had met in at least three past lives. During the ritual, they were given a sacred symbol, engraved in a round stone, worn on the chest or hidden beneath clothing. If one of them died during their physical life, the other upheld the vow through dreams and memory.”*

Elara leaned back. Her heart beat irregularly. She felt that the passage was about her. About them. She closed her eyes. A sudden image flashed through her mind — a round stone, with a solar symbol, clutched tightly in her hand in another lifetime. She wore it at her chest, tied with a leather cord. She felt she still had it — somewhere, deep in her soul. She opened her poetry journal and wrote:

He gave me a stone marked with a stellar sign, I wore it on my chest, in the Sanctuary, aligned. The symbol held a ray of light divine, When they struck him down, the stone melted... into mine.

In another book, she came across a note suggesting that animals who appear unexpectedly in one’s life may be

“guardians of thresholds to the unseen realms” — spiritual guides.

She looked at Thor, who was stretched out on the couch. Green eyes. A silent presence.

*“Maybe he’s not just a cat. Maybe he’s the gatekeeper between worlds,”* Elara thought.

On another evening, she found an ancient Greek text translated into Romanian, about a love that has neither beginning nor end. One passage trembled through her soul:

*“There are those who love each other without ever having touched. They feel the Sanctuary inside their chest, where blood beats not for life — but for remembrance.”*

She cried in silence. Not from pain. But from recognition. *“Caius isn’t my past. He’s the matrix of my soul. And I must find out who killed him back then. And who’s hiding him now.”*

After several days of reading, taking notes, and letting herself dream, Elara began to feel she wasn’t just searching — she was remembering. The books were no longer just sources of knowledge. They had become triggers of memory. One evening, while flipping through an old book of sacred symbols, something caught her eye. On a page near

the middle, there was a carved circle with spiral rays — just like the one she had seen in her vision. Below the illustration, it read:

*“The Sacred Sun of the Vow: a symbol from the Minoan era, worn by priests and initiates in the bonding rituals between soulmates. Sometimes, the symbol was carved into a stone and worn over the heart — for protection and remembrance.”*

Elara suddenly remembered the pendant her mother had found in her childhood, inside an old box of family keepsakes. A round, gray-golden stone with strange symbols, which Elara had always felt was *special*, though she had never understood why. *Could it be...?*

She rose from bed and stepped barefoot toward the old dark wood wardrobe where she kept a few treasured items from the past. In a small box, wrapped in linen, the stone was there. Round. Smooth. Cold to the touch — but alive. In the light, fine spirals shimmered, like sun rays, encircling a central point. When she touched it, a shiver ran through her fingertips. Like a vibration. She instinctively brought it to her chest. Her heart pounded faster. Her breath caught. Time stood still. *“I wore it for the vow. I held it before I lost you. And maybe... I still wear it now.”*

She remembered that moment in the Sanctuary, how tightly she had held it in her fist, feeling its energy. She sensed now: the stone would guide her forward. It was a key. Perhaps even... a portal. That evening, Elara wrote in her journal:

*“The stone is not an object. It is a marker in time. It is proof that love does not vanish — it transforms, it hides, it rewrites itself, but it does not break. Because it is a vow of fire. And fire does not die.”*

When she laid down that night, the stone tucked beneath her pillow, she felt the Sanctuary calling her again. But before she could answer that call... she needed to see him. Caius.

## ***The Reunion***

*“There are glances that are not about today. They hold all the moments that never happened, but were deeply felt.”*

The day of the event arrived with a distinct kind of stillness. It was December, and Bucharest wore its winter garments with a kind of weary elegance. Cars murmured along the wet boulevards, the sky was gray — yet somehow still held a trace of warmth in the light.

Elara had awakened early. Not out of eagerness, but from a deeper, intuitive sense that today... something was about to shift. In her dressing room, she chose a simple black dress of soft velvet — one that gently outlined her figure without being ostentatious. She didn't want to attract attention. But neither did she want to go unnoticed. Over it, she wore a soft wool mantle in a bluish-gray hue, cinched at the waist. On her fingers — the same moonstone ring. Around her neck... the sacred stone, hanging from a fine silver chain. She tucked it beneath her clothing.

*"I wear it. No one needs to know. Only he will feel it."*

She left early, driving her 4x4 through the city, tracing the reflections of winter on the windshield. On the backseat, a small gift box — a rare book she planned to offer to her former doctoral advisor. A thoughtful gesture, but a formal one. Though nothing about today felt merely formal.

The university building welcomed her like a frozen temple. Those old stairs, the cold marble, the stained-glass windows dusted with years... all of them echoed. With memories of student days, of exams, of that first glance — toward him. The great hall was already alive with murmurs, laughter, and warm embraces among former colleagues. Elara walked in calmly, her steps graceful, her smile discreet. A few

recognized her and greeted her respectfully. But she was looking for only one. And then, she saw him. Caius.

He stood near a panel of old posters, in conversation with two men. He had the same serious air, but something in him had softened. Time had deepened his features, but had not diminished his presence.

For Elara, it was a familiar silence. A warm quiet. A key lost in time.

Caius was the kind of man who didn't immediately draw attention with striking features, but rather through the stillness around him. He was tall, with a straight, well-proportioned posture, broad shoulders, and calm, deliberate movements. He didn't walk — he *appeared*, quietly. As if gravity itself showed him respect. His face held subtly square, masculine features, with a well-defined jawline. Time had left soft lines at the corners of his eyes — not signs of aging, but of depth. His hair was black, streaked with strands of silver, especially at the temples. He wore them with dignity, without hiding them — like a man at peace with time. He usually wore thin, metal-rimmed glasses that didn't obscure his gaze, but rather enhanced it. And that gaze... Eyes the color of shadowed coffee — deep and warm, yet carrying a kind of melancholic silence within, like a door not open to just anyone. His voice was low, even, with a soft,

velvety resonance — calm, yet never monotonous. When he spoke, he didn't raise his tone.

And yet, you listened. He had that kind of voice — it didn't demand respect. It received it effortlessly.

Caius had a sober, elegant style — never flashy. Neutral-toned jackets, plain shirts, simple scarves. He didn't wear strong colognes, but always carried a faint, masculine scent of leather and wood. In his presence, you felt safe. A noble gravity — not authoritarian. A blend of intellect and quiet soul. Of professor... and of a man who had once dreamed of being something else. He wasn't the man who *conquers*. He was the man who lingers in your mind — even without speaking much.

He wore a dark-colored jacket and a gray woolen scarf. His eyes... the same. Deep. With that silence — the kind that *knows*. Elara stopped a few steps away. Her heart fluttered. The world around her slowed. Stretched. Like in visions. He turned. Their eyes met. The gaze lingered... just one second longer than what would have been natural. And that was all. Elara smiled faintly. He responded with his eyes. No words were spoken.

Later, during the speeches, Elara took a seat in the third row. Caius was at the opposite end of the hall. But she could



feel... his presence. Like a wave. Like a touch that doesn't withdraw, but lingers. At the reception buffet, once the crowd had thinned out, they came face to face.

Elara:

— Good evening, Professor. What a pleasant surprise to see you again.

Caius, smiling almost imperceptibly:

— Doctor... it's truly a joy. Time hasn't touched you at all.

She laughed softly — with that kind of grace that masks intensity.

Elara:

— Or maybe... it's shaped me from within.

Caius:

— I believe you've always been shaped from within.

Their eyes held. The world around them seemed to dissolve for a moment. It wasn't flirtation. It wasn't nostalgia. It was something unspoken — but understood. After a few polite exchanges, an invitation hung in the air... But neither of

them voiced it. They needed time. Or perhaps... a different space.

That evening, Elara returned home and lit the candles in her living room. Thor watched her from the back of the sofa. She removed the sacred stone from her neck and held it in her palm.

— I saw him. He knew.

But... he hadn't remembered. Not yet. Then she closed her eyes. And she understood. It was time to return to the Sanctuary.

## CHAPTER II

### *The Dance of Memory*

"The soul doesn't die when it is left behind. It dies when it is forced to live without its love."

It was past midnight. The candle flame flickered gently, and in Elara's room lingered a subtle scent of sandalwood and dried rose. She sat down on her meditation cushion, dressed in a long house robe made of fine cotton. She draped a scarf over her shoulders and touched the sacred stone she always wore close to her heart. She closed her eyes and whispered the mantra:

— "Where I once loved myself, there I find myself again. By vow, by fire, by path... I return."

Silence thickened. Time began to dissolve. The light vanished. In its place, a soft warmth — the gentle sun of morning. Beneath her feet — smooth, white stone, sun-warmed. A cobblestone path. The rustle of a sari. A careful step. A familiar voice. Elara had descended. She had returned...

She was walking beside a woman, holding her hand. She could see her own body from outside. She was young — around fifteen. Her skin was the color of honey, soft and velvety. Her long, ebony-black hair was braided and adorned with white jasmine flowers. Her large, almond-shaped eyes, fringed with long lashes, held a blend of curiosity and dream.

She wore a deep burgundy sari with golden borders, hand-embroidered, wrapping her supple figure in quiet elegance. On her forehead — a small ruby bindi. At her ankles — bracelets that jingled softly with each step. Around her neck — a simple necklace made of river pearls.

Elara recognized herself in Amira, the sacred dancer. Her name meant “among the stars.”

Walking beside her was her mother — a woman of serene, maternal beauty, standing tall with quiet dignity. Her face was nearly identical to the one Elara knew from her current life — only younger, yet with the same protective, warm, and powerful energy. Her mother wore an ochre-golden sari, simple yet elegant, with discreet floral embroidery. Her hair was tied up in a high bun, adorned with pale pink roses, and bronze bangles engraved with sacred symbols decorated her arms. Her eyes were deep and gentle, but within them shone a clear light — the calm of ancient wisdom.

As they walked along the stone path, in the distance to the right, the imposing silhouette of the Taj Mahal shimmered like a vision from another world, floating above the fields. Her mother turned to her and said with a soft but steady voice:

— Have faith in yourself, my daughter. You are the finest dancer in all our land. Show them everything you know. Do not be afraid. The gods are with you.

Amira bowed her head and gently squeezed her mother's hand. A flutter stirred in her chest — hard to describe. On that cobbled road, destiny was approaching her... step by slow step.

In the silence of that moment, without knowing it, Amira, the dancer, already carried within her a love that would lift her to the sky... and crush her in the same life. She recalled an old saying:

“If a star returns to the same place in your sky three times, love will set your life ablaze. And you will choose whether it becomes flame... or ash.”

She remembered that on the night before her departure, her mother had told her — while braiding her hair...

— You have a rare configuration, my daughter — “Guru in the fifth house.”

Your love will be sacred, but not of the earth. The man you will love will come through destiny — but he will not stay for the body. He will be your test. Your karma.

— Karma? she had asked then.

— Yes. The fruit of deeds from past lives. What you have sown, you shall receive. But you also have dharma — your mission. Your dance is the gift you brought into this life. To learn to give love without asking. That is your liberation from samsara.

— And if I can't? If I suffer?

— Then you will return. Another body. Another face. Another him. Until you learn.

Amira felt the chill of those words as she climbed the steps toward the palace courtyard stage. In front of her stood him — Caius, but in this life he was Prince Aryan, meaning “born of light.” She didn't know him. And yet... she knew his silence.

Prince Aryan was young, tall, with a regal and upright posture, but in his eyes was a strange gentleness — rare in

royal blood. His skin was warm, a golden-bronze hue, his features sculpted: a firm chin, high cheekbones, and dark brown eyes with golden flecks that looked with calm intensity. His black hair, gently wavy, was tied back, and his forehead was framed by a band of white gold engraved with the symbols of the sun and the lotus. He wore a long tunic embroidered with gold thread, over which he draped a ceremonial ruby-red scarf with heavy borders adorned with semi-precious stones. His royal sandals left his ankles slightly visible — marked with a protective line of henna.

But what struck most was his silence. He was never agitated. He never raised his voice. But in his eyes, a fire glowed — a love that could not be freely spoken.

### *The dance of memory.*

The dance began. The drums beat rhythmically, gravely. Amira's movements were not merely graceful — they conveyed a language her body seemed to know from before she had even learned to walk. It was a dance of love. A dance in which *she* called *him*. Asked him. Called him back from another time.

The drums beat slowly, deeply — like the heartbeat of the earth. The sound of the sitar floated like silk over the warm air. Beyond the columns of the inner garden, Amira stepped in circles, lightly — like a sacred breeze. Aryan watched her. At first, just curious. He was accustomed to dancers. To performances. To beauty offered to his gaze. But this... this was different. It wasn't just Amira's beauty. It was the way her body told an ancient story — one he felt he had already lived. Each step, each gesture, each wave of her arms was a forgotten language — and Aryan understood it, though he had never learned it.

When Amira raised her arms toward the sky, palms open, Aryan felt a warmth in his chest — a subtle vibration. It wasn't desire. It was a *sense of home*. His eyes locked onto her face — serene, delicately shaped, eyes wide with inner light, lips soft yet firm. And most of all... that gaze. A gaze that seemed to speak to no one — and yet, only to him.

In a single moment, when she paused her dance and looked at him directly, time stretched. Aryan's heart beat once... and stopped. Then started again. Differently. Deeper. *"I've looked at her before. Not here. Not today. But I know how she moves. How she breathes. How she is silent."* Her dance stripped him — of title, of royal blood, of pride. He felt small



in the presence of her being. She was a living altar. And he... a man kneeling without even knowing it.

Amira spun around, then came to rest in her final pose: one knee on the ground, her forehead slightly bowed, hands joined in a sacred mudra. Aryan could not breathe. It was the absolute of beauty. Grace incarnate. But he had not fallen in love with her body. He had fallen for the soul pulsing through every gesture.

*“She doesn’t dance for me. And yet... she spoke to me. She called me. She found me.”*In that moment, Aryan knew. He would never love another woman. And no woman would ever again be his wholeness. Because he had just remembered: He had belonged to her — in another life. And he had just found her again. Aryan stared without blinking. In his eyes lived a recognition beyond explanation — and the pain of not being able to answer it.

When the dance ended, Amira stood still, heart caught in her throat. She wanted to step toward him — but a sharp voice cut through the silence. A man with a piercing gaze, dressed in royal soldier’s attire, approached swiftly. On his forehead, a henna mark — the symbol of Rahu, planet of shadows and dark karmic desires.

— *She is not for you*, he said, staring at Aryan.  
— *This dancer is promised to the temple. She is an offering. She does not belong to you.*

And then... Elara understood. That love — that same love — was once again forbidden. And her fate... had already been written in the stars. After that first night — when their eyes had touched for a moment and Aryan had felt his destiny rearrange itself — he was no longer allowed to see her outside the sacred ritual.

For she was a temple dancer. And he, a prince of royal caste. The laws were clear. They were not allowed to speak. Not allowed to look too long. Not allowed to touch. Not allowed to meet in secret. But the sacred dance... could not be forbidden.

So, once every three nights, in the courtyard with its fountains and night-blooming flowers, Amira danced. And he, Aryan, was there. Sitting in silence like any other noble — but with a heart open like a wound. Her dance was the only language they were allowed to speak. With the movements of her hands — she said longing. With the circle turns — she called him.

With the stamp of her foot — she cried out to his soul. With the arch of her neck — she forgave him for not being able to speak.

Aryan never touched her. He did not dare. But in every dance, he imagined holding her in thought — cupping her energy, her fire, her silence. He loved her without words. Without promises. Without a future. Only in that holy present — every time she danced, he lived.

And one evening, after a fire-dance, when Amira ended on bent knees with palms pressed in prayer, Aryan felt a tear slide down his cheek. It was love. But it was suffering too. A love that burned without giving light.

After each dance, she would leave in silence, escorted by a priestess. He would remain. Alone among the incense flames and the faint echo of a flute now silent. He knew he would never have her. But he also knew that no other woman would ever again dance love toward him like Amira did.

That's how they loved: through sacred gestures, through blessed silence. Without touch. Without words. But with a pain deeper than any forbidden kiss.

Amira stayed at the palace for three months. Three months in which, through the marble gardens and arches perfumed

with jasmine, festivities were held in honor of the deity Shiva and other gods — a rare, solemn celebration that brought sacred dancers from across the kingdom.

But she, Amira... was the chosen dancer. Every evening, at sunset, a ritual dance unfolded, accompanied by prayer, sacred music, offerings of flowers and coconut milk. Each day, Amira danced — for the gods and for Aryan, who watched from the same place, in silence, with eyes burning and hands clenched in his lap. Their gazes were the only touch allowed. Their silence — the only kiss.

The days passed like a dream with scorched edges. No one spoke to them about themselves. Everyone knew — it was not allowed. She was a dancer. He — a prince. Her dharma was dance. His dharma was duty. But in every gesture, every turn of her arms, every moment when she bowed her forehead in prayer, Aryan felt the vow was already being made — unseen.

At the end of the three months, Amira was to take the sacred vow to become the Guardian of the Spirit of the Taj Mahal — a ritual that would bind her forever to that place, to the gods, and to their laws. It was the highest honor. But also a final renunciation. She would never be able to leave. Amira would no longer belong to her family, and she would not be

allowed to marry. She would belong only to the temple. To the dance. To silence.

Two days before the vow, her mother received an urgent message from their village. Amira's father was gravely ill. He could barely breathe. He could no longer speak. The village healer said his days were numbered. When Amira heard the news, she said nothing. She went to her room, sat on the floor, and stared for an hour into the flame of the oil lamp.

Then she stood up, went to the High Priestess, and simply said:

— *I must go. My father is dying. And I am still his daughter.*

She didn't cry. She didn't run. But in her heart, the vow had broken before it could ever be spoken.

The next morning, at sunrise, Amira left the palace accompanied by her mother. She was dressed simply, in the white sari of daughters in spiritual mourning. Behind her, the palace stood silent. Ahead — the road lay empty. Only one silhouette watched her from behind a marble screen. Aryan.

He was not allowed to stop her. Not allowed to follow her. Not allowed to love her. But all he felt... was that he was losing her. Again.

After Amira's departure, the palace became a cold box of marble. The fountains echoed hollow.

The withered flowers lost their scent. The evening music sounded like a bodiless echo. Aryan would return each day to the courtyard where the sacred dance had taken place. He sat in the same spot, as if nothing had changed. But no one was there to bring him joy through the ritual of movement.

In the first few days, Aryan spoke to no one. He refused meals, meetings, even the temple prayers. He shut himself in his room, keeping the lamps unlit and the windows closed. On his sandalwood desk lay a single withered jasmine flower — the last one to fall from Amira's hair on the night before she left. It remained untouched. He only looked at it. At night, he woke drenched in sweat, chest heavy. He dreamed of her. Dancing. Silent. Looking at him with that *"I know you"* that tore him apart.

*"Where are you now? Who sees you? Who reads your prayer through movement?"* he whispered to himself. One morning, Aryan entered the temple alone. He removed his royal mantle, knelt before the central altar, and spoke in a low, trembling voice:

*— Lord Shiva, forgive me. You gave me a love that cannot be lived. And you ask me to live without it.*

Silence pressed on his chest. *“If this love is my punishment, I will carry it. But don’t ask me to forget her. I cannot. I won’t. I don’t know how to exist without her.”*

Aryan began searching for her in the gestures of others. In the songs of temple dancers, in the scent of incense, in the beat of the drums. But none of them were her.

One evening, he climbed the tall tower of the garden and looked toward the direction of her village. He didn’t know how far it was. But he felt that somewhere out there — among the rice fields and the small homes — his heart was beating, in another body. On the seventh night after she left, Aryan said only this to his father:

*— I want to go to her. To ask for her hand. To make her my wife. Not a priestess. Not a dancer. A wife. Mine.*

His father looked at him long and hard, without replying. He only offered a brief smile — one Aryan would never forget. Because it hid something. Something that would not be love. But power. That’s how the decision was born. And the journey to Amira’s village. And the beginning of the end.

## ***The King Decides***

*"Sometimes, the cruelest curse of love is having to stay silent when your soul is screaming."*

The road to Amira's village took two days. The king and Prince Aryan traveled in a discreet royal convoy, accompanied by several guards, personal physicians, and two carriages drawn by white horses. Aryan rode in the first carriage, silent, his heart aflame. The king, in the second, wore an air of calm calculation.

Upon arriving in the village, they were greeted with bows and reverence. Amira's family, though humble, had been informed beforehand that the king's son was coming to visit. They didn't know the true reason.

When Amira stepped out of the house — dressed in a white sari with golden trim, her hair braided simply, and a jasmine flower tucked at her temple — the king felt the air leave his lungs.

His gaze stopped on her slender yet delicate frame, her radiant face, her large warm eyes that held not a trace of pride.

Amira bowed slightly before them, hands joined, without looking directly. Respect. Humility. Tradition.



But it was exactly that silent femininity, that gentle strength... that bewitched him.

*“This woman must belong to me.”* It was a thought. Clear.

Irrevocable.

And he decided then and there.

The king stepped forward with calm authority, unhurried, yet with the assurance of a man who knows nothing can be denied him. He was nearing fifty, but time had not diminished his strength — on the contrary, it had added a virile nobility, impossible to ignore.

His figure was imposing, broad-shouldered, with a powerful chest and upright back.

A sharp face with a strong jawline, a short beard — black streaked with silver — that emphasized his masculinity. His skin was golden-bronze, smooth, glowing with the healthy vitality of royal blood.

His eyes were dark, piercing — a gaze both deep and cold, yet hypnotic. When he looked at you, it felt as though he read your intentions, not just your movements.

His thick black hair was impeccably styled beneath a royal turban of deep burgundy velvet, wrapped with a band of

solid gold and crowned by a central emerald — symbol of the dynasty’s power.

He wore a long golden brocade tunic, heavy, lined with red silk, and over it, a regal dark green velvet cloak embroidered with threads of gold and silver, depicting the sacred lion — the symbol of authority and the sun. On his wrists, broad golden bracelets with precious stones — not for adornment, but as signs of status. On his index finger, a ring with a blood-red ruby, said to protect him from betrayal.

His voice was low, deep — like the beat of great drums. He never raised it, but when he spoke, people fell silent. He possessed a heavy charm. Hypnotic. Some said he had been extremely handsome in his youth. Now he was more than that: He was dangerously attractive.

When he saw Amira, he didn’t blink. But his pupil dilated slightly — a silent sign of desire.

*“A woman like her... isn’t for a boy. She stands beside a king.”* That’s how he thought — and so he decided.

Inside, Amira’s father — weak, pale, barely breathing — lay on a clean mat. The king smiled at him and, in a soft voice, said:

— You are a lucky old man. You have a daughter who could change a kingdom. I came with my son... but I'll speak to you honestly about what I feel.

— I want to take Amira with me. As my wife. As queen.

The room fell silent. Aryan froze. Amira stood motionless, eyes cast to the ground. Her father, overwhelmed, tried to lift his head but could not.

— Your Majesty... but she...

The king raised his hand, interrupting him with theatrical gentleness.

— I offer you not only honor, but wealth. Three times more than you could have ever received. And a gift no one can refuse: You shall come with me, to the palace. My personal physician will care for you. You will recover.

Amira's body felt cold. She couldn't speak. She wasn't allowed to. Her opinion was not requested. Aryan's gaze searched for hers. Desperate. Mute. But they couldn't speak. Because to speak would have been a crime against the divine order. She was a dancer. He was a prince. The king was law. Love didn't matter. And yet... it died, alive, in silence.

Upon departure, they climbed into separate carriages. Amira in the front, accompanied by two attendants. Aryan — in the one behind. The king rode on horseback, in front, smiling broadly. On the road to the Taj Mahal, the wind stirred the light curtains of Amira's carriage.

She looked at the sky. She did not cry. She did not blink. She spoke no word. But within her soul, a plan was forming. A silent thought, yet clear: "I will not be his."

### *The Ceremony of Destiny*

*"Sometimes, the soul is silent, but the body must still dance before the gods."*

The days following her arrival at the palace were a whirlwind of scents, colors, embroidery, invocations, and preparations. It had been announced throughout the kingdom that the sacred dancer Amira was to become the king's wife. A rare choice, but declared as divine will. It was said that the gods had blessed her through her dance, and that her beauty and grace were worthy of the throne. In truth, Amira had not been asked anything. She had been offered silence as an answer. And a future in a golden cage.

At the palace, preparations for the ceremony began. In the palace gardens, the women of the royal harem were cutting and adorning the wedding gown: a bright red sari, made of heavy silk, embroidered with gold thread and hundreds of small gemstones — sapphires, emeralds, pearls, and rubies. Every stitch was accompanied by a prayer. The sari would be fastened around the bride's body with a belt of solid gold, and to her ankles they would tie silver bells — a symbol of sacred offering.

In a separate chamber, older women painted her hands and feet with ceremonial henna, for two days. The designs were intricate, delicate: lotus flowers, sacred eyes, waves, and symbols of the goddess **Lakshmi** — protector of love and abundance. On her forehead, they carefully applied the royal *bindi* — a small red stone, set in gold, a sign of belonging to the royal crown. In her hair, they placed red roses and white beads, braided with care. Around her neck, they fastened the royal necklace — an old, heavy jewel, inherited from the first queen.

In the temple courtyard of the palace, an altar was rising — adorned with chrysanthemum petals, incense, sacred milk, and oil lamps. Silken arches had been erected, and above the space where the union would be officiated, a canopy of white-gold fabric was stretched, marked with the symbol of the sun — a sign of royal union.

Amira sat on a divan, in the preparation room. Around her — bustle, songs, smiles, sweet perfumes. Within her — painful stillness. She looked at her hands painted in henna. They felt foreign. Once, those hands danced for him. For Aryan. Now... they turned in circles around a promise that had never been hers.

An attendant offered her a warm tea, then said gently:

— You are so beautiful... The king loves you. You will be an honored queen.

But Amira did not want honor. She wanted freedom. She wanted to speak her love. She wanted to run. But there was no way. Not here. Not now.

“If I cannot flee, then I will choose death, not humiliation. For a life without truth is only a rehearsal of pain.”

The gods did not ask her if she wanted it. They simply lit the flames — and demanded she smile while she burned.

The day of the ceremony had come. At sunrise, the temple had been cleansed with rose water and sacred milk. The polished marble floors glistened in the soft morning light, and the priests chanted slow mantras, deep and monotonous — more like summons than prayers.

Above the altar, a crown of fresh flowers, hanging from the golden canopy, trembled gently in the sacred breeze. Amira walked slowly, her body heavy with jewelry, her eyes dry. The red gown embroidered with gold thread fell in heavy waves to her ankles, and the silver bells at her feet rang like a delicate elegy. Her hair was braided with roses and pearls. Her sari shimmered on her shoulders in the glow of the flames. Her hands — entirely covered in symbolic henna. On her forehead, the royal bindi sparkled in silence.

Everything seemed torn from a dream. Someone else's dream. Because Amira was no longer dreaming. She only walked. Step by step. Toward a future that was not hers.

The king awaited her by the altar. Dressed in his pure white ceremonial tunic with gold-embroidered edges. He wore a long cloak of heavy dark green velvet over his shoulders, and his turban was crowned with the royal jewel — a massive topaz set in gold. He had an imposing aura. Noble. And yet... in his eyes there was no warmth. Only possession. Desire. Power.

Amira felt her soles burning. Not from the warm floor. But from the truth abandoning her with each step. The ritual began. Mantras enveloped the air. Priests recited invocations. White rice was scattered on the ground, rose petals all around them, and small candles were lit in a circle.

As Amira repeated the vows, in a low, nearly mechanical voice, somewhere in the back — behind the temple columns — a silhouette stood still in the shadows. Aryan.

The prince had been allowed to witness. But he was not allowed to approach. Not allowed to be seen. He watched her. And every word she spoke — “Yes” — cut his heart like a blade. He knew she was not his. He knew he was losing her. And he could do nothing.

When the king clasped her wrist with the golden bracelet — the symbol that she was now his wife in the eyes of the gods — Amira felt something inside her break, forever. But she made no sound. She spoke the words, bowed her head, and smiled. The smile of a queen. But the heart of a dead woman.

At the end of the ceremony, the priests declared:

— You are united by the will of the gods and the law.

The wedding night was to follow, but Amira had made another vow. Silent. Mortal. Chosen by her, not by the gods. “If my body has been given to you by force, then grant me the right to choose my own soul,” Amira whispered, heard by no one.

Night had fallen over the Taj Mahal. The sky was clear, and the Moon seemed to have an altar in the royal palace’s bridal



chamber. A thousand oil lamps burned softly within the room. The walls were draped in heavy red and gold fabrics, and the floor had been scattered with fresh rose petals, powdered sandalwood, and cinnamon.

The air was warm. Fragrant. And almost sweet — like a trap. Everything was beautiful. Too beautiful. On the wide bed with the silk canopy, a basket of offerings had been placed. Inside it, covered with a fine veil of silk, waited her.

The cobra. Paid for and secretly brought by a servant whom Amira had convinced — with tears and silver.

Amira entered the room alone. She wore a long white silk nightgown, embroidered with gold at the collar and cuffs. Her hair was loose, cascading down her back like a black wave. Her hands trembled, but her steps were firm. She looked at the bed. The flames. Then stopped in front of the large mirror. She looked at herself for a moment and whispered:

— It's not death. It's choice. It's my freedom.

She approached the basket. With slow gestures, she lifted the veil. The cobra awakened. Shining. Coiled. Alive. A cold beauty. A perfect symbol for what was to come. Amira sat on the edge of the bed, slid the sleeve off her left shoulder,

and brought her arm close to the mouth of the basket. She did not pray. She did not cry. She did not sigh.

The cobra bit her. The pain was brief. Hot. Then... silence.

Amira lay back, eyes open toward the canopy. Around her, the candles burned quietly. The flowers hadn't lost their scent. In the morning, the handmaid found her lying there, a peaceful smile on her face, a rose in her hand, and a dried tear on her cheek.

That is how Amira's life ended — the most beautiful dancer, who loved a prince and died a queen. Not before the people, but before the gods and her own inner freedom.

## *Awakening*

"I awoke with my soul like an open wound. Not from today. But from a life I had died in silence."

Elara opened her eyes slowly, her eyelids heavy like after a night of weeping. Her breath was shallow, and her chest... seemed to burn from within.

For a moment, she no longer knew what world she was in. The room was softly lit, the white curtains fluttered gently in the morning breeze. Thor, the black cat, sat on the windowsill, staring out at the fields beyond.

Her body was home. But her soul... hadn't fully returned. Elara brought a hand to her chest. She felt an emptiness there. But it wasn't physical pain. It was something deeper. Older. Slowly, she rose from the meditation cushion. Her legs were numb. She walked toward the window and looked outside. The snow was pure, untouched. And in the distance, five deer moved silently, searching for food in the stillness of winter. "Five lives. Five destinies. Maybe... five fragments of myself,"

Elara whispered softly. She closed her eyes again. Saw once more the red sari. The henna on her hands. The bells. The smile from the wedding night. And the venom. And the love that had never been spoken.

— Aryan... she whispered his name.

And immediately, the image of Caius appeared in her mind, as he was now — mature, silent, with a living nobility in his gaze. It was him. It had always been him. "I loved you without having you. I sacrificed myself without you knowing. And now... here we are. Still in silence." She went

to the desk, opened her journal, and with a trembling hand, wrote: "I was Amira. I died a queen, but I live as a woman. Love has not forgotten me. Nor will I forget him."

On the nightstand, the sacred stone seemed to pulse faintly — like a sleeping heart. Elara touched it. In that moment, a gentle warmth rose along her spine, up to the base of her neck. Like an invisible caress. And a silent voice, from the depths of celestial memory, whispered to her: "We haven't spoken our final word."

## CHAPTER III

### *The Wisdom That Has Not Forgotten*

*"What we loved in other lives seeks us through libraries and dreams."*

In the days that followed, Elara was no longer the same. She went to work, drank her coffee with milk, carried out her daily duties — but inside, she felt a new light. A question that would not fade. In the evenings, when she arrived home, she would light a candle, put on soft Indian classical music, wrap her shoulders in a shawl, and open old books — some she had read in her youth, others had waited for her, unseen, on the shelves.

In high school, she had been passionate about philosophy. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle — they fascinated her with the idea of "inner truth," a truth that cannot be taught, only remembered. "*Objective subjectivism*" — the notion that first opened her mind to Marx, but also to the thinking of essence, not of form. Then she read the Vedas. She understood them more intuitively than rationally. The *Bhagavad Gita*, with the sacred dialogue between Arjuna and Krishna, left her with a feeling of "I know, but I don't know from where." The *Mahabharata* — the epic that made

her dream of temples, smell the cinnamon and the blood of karmic battles.

Elara had found an old bookstore, hidden in a quiet courtyard, with round windows and the scent of parchment. It wasn't on any map. It had no name on the door. She entered, drawn by an intuition. Inside, an old woman with white hair pinned in a bun and thin hands. She looked at her as if she already knew her.

— I've been waiting for you, daughter from beyond time. Her voice was low, like a small bell.

Elara:

— You were waiting... for me?

— Not for you. For your question. You came with it in your eyes. Sit down.

The old woman pulled out a large leather-bound book and drew from beneath it an astrological chart engraved on thin metal.

— Do you know where Guru is in your chart, daughter?

Elara gently shook her head.

— In the fifth house, the old woman said.

— Of love. Of creation. Of the soul in pure form. "Guru in the fifth house, my daughter... means your love is not for this world, but for the heavens. It will not be given easily. It will not be earthly. It will be rare. Once. Maybe twice. But never simple. It will burn you. It will strip you of every fear. And then, it will leave you the light." the old woman said.

Elara felt her skin prickle.

— And if a love like that never fulfills itself? she asked.

— Then it is not lost. It is sanctified.

— Sanctified?

— Yes. Great loves, daughter, are not for you. They are through you. For others. For the world. So you may learn, create, and heal. Those loves that are not consumed in the bed... they become poetry. Prayer. Dance. Ritual. And through you, they touch other souls.

Elara bowed her head. She felt the truth spoken there was not new. Only... confirmed.

— And if I feel that I've found him again? That he is the same?

— Then keep the fire alive. But do not ask to be warmed by it. You are the torch, not the flame. You burn for those who do not yet know that love can be like this.

In that moment, an image appeared in Elara's mind: a sacred dance, a stone altar, and *him* — Aryan — watching her in silence. Then she understood: Her love wasn't just longing. It was a mission. But now... Now everything returned with meaning.

When she returned home, Elara took her journal. With her heart open and her hand lightly trembling, she set her thoughts to paper — not as a conclusion, but as an intimate, gentle, luminous unveiling drawn from the deep layers of the soul. The journal became the altar of her silences, and her words — the unspoken dance of truth revealed. Elara wrote in her journal: "Stillness. A living stillness. Today I understood. It is not love that hurts. It is the longing for a love that cannot be fulfilled in this lifetime. I was told that Guru sits in the fifth house of my chart. It was told to me by an old woman whom I knew without ever having met. But I knew her.

*'Your love is not for the world, but for the heavens.'* Those words entered my body like a warm blade. I recognized them. I had always carried them, but I did not know their name.



Caius... He is here. He is now. But he is not for me. Not in body. Not in this life. And yet, he is in all my lives. And then I understood: The purpose is not to *have* him. It is to love him unconditionally. To be light — from afar. Not to stop him. Not to ask for him. To bless him — silently. Because true love does not ask for form. It asks for truth. And I love him with all the truth I carry in my bones, in my blood, and in the silences between words. I asked myself: What do I do with this love? The answer is simple: I live it. In poetry. In dance. In my eyes when I look at the world. In my gentleness with others. And yes — in my silence, when I think of him. He was mine. Once. Now... he belongs to his own path. And I... I am the torch that will burn behind him. And that is enough."

That evening, Elara sat by the fire, a notebook in her lap. On one page, she noted sacred symbols and ideas that were calling to her:

Karma – the chain of actions and consequences. Each choice... a thread in the next life.

Dharma – the sacred purpose of the soul. The inner role, not the one given by society.

Samsara – the cycle of lives and deaths, births and rebirths.

Moksha – liberation from the cycle of suffering.

Purva punya – the merit gathered from previous lifetimes.

Lakshmi and Vishnu – eternal love in divine form.

Radha and Krishna – love that cannot be lived in the world, but is whole in spirit.

Not all love is meant to live under the same roof. Some loves were created to elevate, not to shelter. Such was the love between Krishna and Radha. Krishna, the incarnation of divinity, god of beauty, of music, of love, played his flute in the forests of Vrindavan. Radha, a simple shepherdess, heard it each evening. They did not see each other. But their souls recognized each other through sound. When they met for the first time, the world stopped. No one taught them what love meant. They remembered it. Krishna belonged to all. But Radha... was his. And he — hers. In a way no one could ever touch or understand.

But Radha and Krishna were never married. To the world, their love remained unfinished. He was to leave. To fulfill other missions. To wear the crown, to live out his royal dharma.

Radha stayed. But she did not perish within herself. She became the heart of love. Pure love.

Without asking. Without ending. Without flesh. But with all the spirit. They say that when Krishna closed his eyes in meditation, Radha lived in his heart. And when Radha danced alone at dawn, Krishna breathed in her every step. They were never together. But they were never apart. The love between Radha and Krishna became the supreme symbol of divine union. Not because they held hands, but because they didn't need to.

Elara read the legend and, in silence, understood: “My love with Caius is a Radha and Krishna kind of love. It doesn't need to be lived to be complete. It exists, because it burns. And because it asks for nothing.”

Elara's thoughts drifted toward Caius. “Is Caius my Krishna? Or is he Arjuna — the one I must free through love?” The thought was now clear. He was not just a professor, not just a memory from her youth. He was *the key*. She didn't know how, but she knew she would see him again. Life doesn't burn a sacred vow so fiercely unless it intends to heal it — one day.

One Saturday morning, she stepped out of the house and into a niche bookstore. A young woman with kind eyes smiled at her and said:

— We just received a rare book today. About the bond between Radha and Krishna. But it's not just mythological... it's also an initiatory guide. It's written for someone seeking sacred love. Elara felt a shiver. The book had been waiting for her. Just like he had.

### ***The Gaze That Seeks Truth***

*"I don't want you to touch me. I just want to know if, inside, you're still you."*

Elara had woken early. Something in the morning air sent chills down her spine — a sign the day's energy was significant. She wasn't anxious. But she felt a deep, quiet emotion in her stomach — an echo of "*something's near.*"

She had decided. She would see him. Not by chance. But with intention. She opened her laptop, accessed the university website, and after a few minutes, found the schedule. Caius had a seminar on Wednesday, at 4:00 PM, Building B, second floor. She picked up the phone and called a former colleague from her doctoral years, now a professor:

Elara:

— Hi, Andrei! I'm so glad I caught you... Listen, I thought

of stopping by the faculty this week. I'd love to see you, maybe grab a coffee, exchange a few ideas. Are you free Wednesday around four?

Andrei:

— Of course! Perfect timing. I'll be in Building B then. Drop by my office?

Elara:

— Yes, I'd prefer that... I know Professor C. is usually around at that time, too. It'd be a good chance to say hello after all these years.

Andrei, slightly amused:

— Ah, Caius... yes, he's always around after seminar. I think he'll be glad to see you.

Elara:

— Maybe. Or... he'll feel something he won't say out loud. See you then, Andrei. Thank you.

### **Wednesday. 3:55 PM.**

Elara climbed the stairs with calm steps, dressed in a long, elegant coat the color of red wine. Underneath, a black silk blouse and a flared skirt. Not ostentatious — but she radiated. She stepped into the corridor. Immediately, she felt

his vibration. **Caius** was just coming out of the room. Their eyes met. For a moment, the world stopped moving. Caius had the same warm eyes — but more tired now, perhaps more shielded by a subtle mask. Elara was open. Serene. But with a gaze that pierced through any wall.

Caius said, with a slightly surprised voice:

— Elara... I didn't expect to see you.

Elara smiled faintly:

— You weren't supposed to. I just thought it was time we said hello. Has it been... 25 years?

Caius:

— Time passes... but not everything is forgotten.

For a moment, neither of them spoke. Elara looked at him calmly. With the eyes of a woman who asked for nothing — but saw everything. She studied his energy, his gaze, the tension in his jaw, his breathing. She searched for answers in the vibration between them. And she felt it.

Beneath the words, beneath the politeness, beneath the walls — it was there. A love kept locked away out of fear.

Elara said in a low voice, almost like a thought:  
— What did you do with what you never said?

Caius replied with hesitation, almost in a whisper:  
— I put it in a box... and hid it.

Elara:  
— Then... I just came to see if it's still there.

And she saw. In his eyes, silence wasn't emptiness. It was too full. In just a few seconds, she read his soul. No touch. No declaration. No hope. But with truth.

Elara smiled sadly:

— That's all I needed. I'll head out now. I have errands in the city. But... thank you.

Caius:  
— For what?

Elara:  
— For still not forgetting. Even if you never said it.

She walked away. Her steps echoed, soft and steady. But her heart... beat backward, into another life. Now she knew. She hadn't been wrong. Their love hadn't died. It was just... forbidden by another vow.

## ***The Invisible Bond***

*"There are loves that do not burn out. They rise. And become light between two hearts that call each other in silence."*

After seeing Caius, Elara did not cry. But she felt a continuous vibration in her chest. Like a warm current flowing between her sternum and spine. Like a subtle presence that refused to leave. Now she understood: She no longer loved him as a woman. She loved him as a soul. And that love didn't need touch — Only quiet presence. Acceptance. Understanding.

That evening, Elara lit a green candle — the color of Anahata, the heart chakra — and began to write: Anahata — the heart chakra. The point in the chest where the soul breathes.

The place where love asks for nothing. It simply exists. In compassion. In truth. In pure vibration.

She felt that the connection with Caius was activated through the heart. It was not obsession. It was not attachment. It was... a wave. A subtle resonance.

Reading from sacred tantric and Shaivist texts, she found mentions of "karmic relationships of the heart"— bonds



formed in past lives, through vows made in sacred spaces — in temples, in fire, or through dance.

One legend caught her attention: The Legend of the "Blue Hearts" of Kashmir. It is said that in ancient times, in the mountains of Kashmir, there lived priestess-women and warrior-men who bonded through heart, not body. They never touched. They never slept together. They never married. But when one heart beat harder, the other felt it — even miles apart. When one heart suffered, the other trembled. When one loved... the other caught fire. And when one of them died, the other began to dream more often. The legend says: "They never united on Earth. But they were joined in Heaven. Like two flames dancing without ever touching."

Elara closed the book and whispered:

— This is who we are. He and I. Blue hearts. Bound by a fire we cannot extinguish... but cannot consume either.

In the following days, she began to search deeper: Symbols of spiritual love in the Upanishads. The correspondence between the heart chakra and Venus. Myths about Saraswati and Brahma – the love of creation left unfulfilled. Tandava – the cosmic dance of approach and withdrawal between two sacred energies.

Elara wrote, studied, meditated. Not for answers. But for peace. Because she was beginning to understand: Their love didn't ask for a life together. Only a life in which both would remember who they were. To each other. Even in silence.

## CHAPTER IV

### *The Threshold of Winter*

December 21.

The daylight was pale and cold, but in Elara's heart pulsed a new calm. She walked toward her daughter's house with even steps, holding an elegant box tied with a red ribbon. Each stair she climbed felt like it was bringing her not just closer to her daughter — but to a corner of life where her roots still held warmth.

Her daughter waited in the doorway, glowing — the rounded, serene smile of a pregnant woman, with maternal light already grown in her eyes. Behind her, her son-in-law smiled softly, with the quiet warmth of a man who knows how to be present without asking for anything.

The living room was warm, scented with orange peels and cinnamon tea. Beyond the wide windows, the lake shimmered in the soft evening light. Across the water, wild ducks floated almost motionless, and seagulls drew wide circles in the air, like silent spirals. Everything looked like a living painting—one that needed no explanation.

Elara placed the box on the table. She opened it and gently removed a thick cashmere blanket, with the care of a ritual.

— For you, my dear. May it keep you warm on long winter evenings, when you'll be holding your little one in your arms.

Her daughter took the gift with tear-filled eyes, speechless.

Then, Elara turned to her son-in-law:

— And for you, a good bottle of wine... and a book. A novel about loves that don't end — only transform.

— Thank you, Elara, he replied, in a low, sincere voice. It's... more than fitting.

They drank tea together, gazing out at the lake. There was no need for grand stories. Silence was a form of love. In that quiet, Elara felt time stretch slightly — as if, just for a moment, life allowed her to breathe among the simple things. And maybe — just maybe — there, between the woman she had been and the mother she was, she had begun to understand: True love isn't about who stays. It's about what you leave behind when you go.

## ***The Spiral Closes. Or Opens.***

*“Every end of the spiral is a silent gate to a beginning within us.”*

It was late evening. Elara had returned home. In her living room, the light was soft, almost liquid. She lit a single candle—the one scented with myrrh, reserved for moments of clarity. She sat in her armchair and closed her eyes. There was no longer a need to project herself into other spaces. No more searching for answers. She remained with what mattered: the truth seen with the inner eye, the love given without expectation, the silence from which peace is born.

In her mind, the image of the lake unfolded — the seagulls, the gifted blanket, her daughter’s gentle laughter. Then, the image of Caius — seated at the heavy table, surrounded by gilded mirrors — and the contrast was so clear now that there was no longer room for regret. Elara reached out and opened her notebook. Where once she had written painful verses, now she drew a simple spiral — flowing, with delicate lines, like a subtle imprint of her soul. At the center of the spiral, she wrote only this: “Love doesn’t ask to be seen. It asks to be true.”

In that moment, a gentle breeze brushed her cheek. Like a kiss from beyond. Or from within. And Elara understood: the

spiral never truly closes. It only opens — deeper, quieter, closer to essence.

## ***The Time Between Worlds***

*“For some, the holidays are noise. For others, they are a whisper between worlds.”*

The snow had fallen softly, like a quiet blessing over her courtyard. It was Christmas Eve. Inside the house, everything smelled of cinnamon, apples, fresh pine, and vanilla candles. Elara hadn't gone overboard with the decorations. The tree was simple—white and gold baubles, linen ribbons, and a few wooden figurines. A small porcelain angel watched from the top. She had spent the day baking and wrapping a few gifts for the two friends who visited from time to time: a large box of fondant chocolates, a painting set, and a small symbolic object for Caius — one she never intended to give him. She had simply placed it under the tree, beside a letter she had never sent. It was enough that it existed. That the thought had taken shape. Without expectation.

That evening, she made orange and ginger tea, put on a record of Romanian carols and old winter instrumentals — pieces filled with harp and bells. She spent the night on the

sofa, with Thor curled up at her feet. She thought of childhood. Of her husband, now among the stars. Of all the lives where she had felt that quiet, ancient love which had begun to visit her again. She wasn't alone. She was with herself.

On Christmas night, she dreamt of a temple. Snow-covered. But warm inside. A tree carved from stone, around which children danced with eyes of light. And behind them... him. Caius. Watching her. Smiling. Without sorrow.

December 31st. Elara welcomed the New Year in the same way: with rosé champagne, a soft black velvet dress, and a wish written on a small folded paper, burned at midnight. A wish for the soul. Not for the body.

"In the year to come, may love remain, even if I cannot touch it. May the light hold me whole. And may all the unfinished verses... become prayers."

At midnight, the house was silent. Only the fire crackled gently in the hearth, and a single candle burned on the table — a small flame, but alive. Elara closed her eyes. Breathed in. And smiled. It had been a year of remembering. The year to come... would be one of understanding.

## ***Crossing Through the Star Between Years***

*“At the heart of midnight, time doesn’t flow. It opens.”*

December 31st, 12:27 AM

While outside the fireworks pierced the sky, within Elara, there was utter stillness. She sat in the armchair near the fireplace, calm and silent. On the small table beside her, a tall red candle burned in a brass holder — lit every New Year’s Eve as a symbol of love and abundance. Around her: only silence. She knew. She felt this was the right night to descend once more. Time was fragile, like a transparent membrane. And she... was ready to cross beyond.

She inhaled deeply. Exhaled slowly. Whispered in thought: “Wings of sacred memory, take me where my soul was pure. Show me what I have forgotten. In the name of the Light.”

Everything turned white. Then golden. Then warm stone. Then... sand beneath bare feet. When she opened her inner eyes, she was already there...

Her name was Nefra. Priestess of the Temple of Isis in Abydos. One of the few chosen for sacred initiations and healing through vibration, sound, and light. She wore a long



translucent white linen gown, cinched with a gold belt at the waist. On her forehead—the symbol of the goddess Isis: a crescent and two finely engraved wings. Around her ankles, tiny bells that chimed with each step. Her hair was braided into two long strands, adorned with lapis lazuli beads. Her skin glowed with the luster of honey and starlight. In her eyes: the silence of feminine wisdom.

She stood in the inner courtyard of the temple. The air smelled of myrrh and frankincense. The full moon shimmered above the painted walls. In the distance, sacred drums echoed. The Egyptian solstice was near — a night of power.

But Nefra felt something else:

Presence. An ancient presence. Familiar. And then... footsteps. In the doorway of the temple appeared him. Sarem. Noble. Wounded. Beautiful. His gaze searched for something. Not treatment. But truth.

Their eyes met. And time... fell silent again. She knew. He knew. But neither was allowed to speak it. Nefra descended the temple steps and approached. In her hands, a vessel of lotus water. And between her palms... an unspoken truth.

Here, in this life, in this temple, they were to find each other again. But not to love in the world. To love in the soul. In energetic touch. In sacred gestures. In silences that held meaning.

### ***The Touch Without Touch***

*"True healing is not done with the hand. But with the heart. With the gaze. With the silence that knows."*

Sarem had been led by the temple servants to the sacred healing chamber — a room carved in white stone, lit by torches and oil lamps. The floor was cold, but the air was warm, perfumed with myrrh resin, cinnamon, and dried lotus. At the center stood a ritual table of smooth granite, surrounded by bowls of oils, hibiscus flowers, and sacred symbols: the Eye of Horus, the Ankh cross, the wings of Isis.

Nefra entered silently. She spoke no prayer. Asked no question. She knew the truth needed no introduction. Sarem was seated, his back straight. His tunic was loosened at the shoulder, revealing bronzed skin and an old scar. But the deeper wound was beneath the flesh. His eyes searched Nefra's gaze — for permission. For confirmation. Perhaps even... for a longing he could not explain. Nefra lifted a bowl

of consecrated water, warmed over cedarwood fire. She began to chant. Softly. A circular tone, wordless. An ancient sound, passed down through thousands of years, meant to awaken the sacred vibration within the body. She moved her hands above him without touching. Following the meridians. And when she reached the heart's space, the air thickened. Trembled. Their hearts recognized the path. Though neither knew what it meant in this life.

Sarem exhaled deeply, yet said nothing. Nefra anointed his temples, sternum, and left wrist with nard oil. Then, from a small alabaster vessel, she took a hematite stone and placed it at his solar plexus. At that moment, Sarem flinched.

— I know you, he said.

His voice was low, like a memory.

— Not from dreams. From beyond dreams. Nefra looked at him.

— We were something once... but we never had the chance to be. And now, we remember.

Around them, the lamps' flames seemed to dance more intensely. The walls breathed. Time curved. And yet, no one had touched. But everything had been touched. The energy between them was a bridge. An unspent fire. A caress in the

air, without physical contact. A vibration that spoke all the words the lives before had never had time to say.

The ritual ended. Sarem closed his eyes. Nefra remained beside him. In silence. They were not allowed to love. But they already did. Without will. Without plan. Through the call of souls who know each other beyond dying.

### ***The Truth in the Silent Night***

*"I do not know who you were. But my body does not forget you. And my soul bows before you."*

That night, after the ritual, when the temple slept and the stars watched over the Nile, Sarem felt he could not close his eyes without speaking the silent truth he had carried across lifetimes. The temple was quiet. The lamps burned low, and from the inner courtyard the sacred fountain dripped rhythmically. Nefra had retreated to the small chamber of the priestesses, where she kept the journal of light — a tablet of alabaster on which she inscribed visions, feelings, the soul's callings. But that night... she felt something was coming. A truth. A subtle shift in destiny. And it came.

Sarem had requested to see her. Not in public. Not in the light. But in the hush of evening, at the temple's northern gate — where only shadows and the courage to speak what the world would not understand stood guard. She came. In silence. He was waiting. Dressed in a simple robe, with no jewelry, no title. His gaze was that of a man who knew he stood before a reunion.

— Nefra...

His voice was low, rusted by emotion.

— What I feel is not of my body. It is from another place. A time I cannot name. But I have dreamed you. In the dreams of a warrior, a child, a shadow. You were always there. Watching me. But never beside me.

Nefra listened. She did not blink. Her silence was an offering. An open space for his soul.

— In battles, I lost blood. But what hurt was the longing for something I had never lived. It was you. In every woman I could not love. In every choice where I could not stop. You were... everything I never touched, but always carried in my heart.

She slowly raised her hand to his chest. Not touching. Just near. Almost. Only almost.

— Perhaps we loved in a life where the world did not stop us. Perhaps there, we made a vow.

And now... we are keeping our word. Even if we do not touch. Even if we only recognize.

For a moment, their eyes filled with tears. Not from sadness. But from recognition. From that wisdom only old souls know: To love is not to take. It is to honor. To keep alive. Even in silence.

— If I must go, Sarem said, know this — I do not leave you. I carry you within me. I take you with me. Into every life. Into every light. Until the gods allow us to be.

Nefra closed her eyes. And she knew. This was not the last time. Nor the beginning. Nor the end. But the return.

### ***The Vision of the Goddess Isis***

*"In the temple of silence, the goddess comes not when you call her, but when you are ready to hear without asking."*

Night had descended like a deep blue veil over Abydos. All were asleep. But Nefra felt no sleep. She felt a calling. The

moon was high, full, and around the temple only the wind and the distant murmur of the Nile could be heard.

Nefra stepped barefoot into the inner sanctuary — the place where only the chosen priestesses were allowed during the night hours. There stood the statue of the goddess Isis, sculpted in black basalt, with almond-shaped eyes, outstretched palms, and upon her head the royal throne — symbol of cosmic motherhood.

Nefra knelt. She closed her eyes. And in the deep silence of her being, she said only this:

— Mother... teach me to love without binding. To see without asking. To keep what I cannot touch.

Time dissolved. And then... the goddess Isis came. A radiant white light filled the sanctuary. The oil lamps flickered. The air became dense and scented with flowers that did not grow in Egypt. Isis did not appear as a woman, but as a presence — a wave of golden light, with wings of mist, with eyes made of stars.

— Child of the long road, the voice of the goddess spoke, you have brought your love back. You have opened the wound and named it flame. But still you ask: why can't you be together?

Nefra lowered her head. Within her, the question pulsed — burning.

— Listen, daughter: You were together in lives where your love destroyed something else. You lived it in the body, but forgot the soul. You asked, but did not give. You destroyed, instead of sanctifying. That is why, in this life, your love is a flame you carry in your hand. You cannot put it down. But you cannot hold it close to your skin either. You must carry it for others. To illuminate. Not to burn yourselves.

Isis approached and touched Nefra's chest — without touching. In that moment, Nefra saw their lives. Dozens of lives. Dances. Vows. Betrayals. Rebirths. In some, they were husband and wife. In others, enemies. In one... she lost him in battle through her fault. In another... he betrayed her for the throne. And yet... in every lifetime, they found each other again. In every lifetime... they loved. Until one quiet life, they vowed before the Heavens: "We will love without binding. Until our light is complete".

The Goddess Spoke:

— This is the life in which you learn complete love. Unconditional. Quiet. That does not ask, but holds. When the time is right... you will be united again. But not in this world. Beyond form. Where love does not break.



The light dissolved. Nefra was crying. Not in pain. But in wisdom. Because she understood. He was hers. Not for now. But forever.

### ***The Awakening of Nefra***

*"Sometimes, when you open your eyes, you see differently. Not the world. But the truth inside you."*

A gentle breeze slipped beneath the window. Elara opened her eyes slowly, as if her eyelids had been dusted with fine sand. For a few seconds, she didn't know who she was. She was Nefra. She was Elara. She was all the women who had loved without receiving, and who had forgiven without asking anything in return.

The room was silent. The candle had gone out. The cat, Thor, slept curled on the white rug, shaped like a spiral. Outside, snow was falling. A rare, peaceful snow. Inside... her heart burned gently, like a living flame. She knew now. It wasn't an illusion. It wasn't a dream. It wasn't a simple projection of her subconscious. She loved him. And she had loved him dozens of times. And every time, loss had been part of the ritual. But now, finally, she understood why.

She rose from her meditation seat. Breathed deeply. Slowly. Then, with quiet steps, she lit another candle — this time green — and sat at her desk. She took out the burgundy leather journal. And wrote, in small but steady letters:

Journal – January 1. I was Nefra. I loved with hands bound to the temple. I spoke with a locked heart. I healed a man who was already part of me. Today I know our love does not need to be fulfilled. Because it is already whole. In soul. In memory. In light. Isis told me: "Keep the flame. Not to warm yourself. But to light the way for others." I will carry it. Without words. Without hands. But with my whole being. And that is enough.

Elara closed the journal. She no longer felt pain. Only a sacred stillness — the kind you feel when you know your love no longer needs to be “together.” It simply... is.

## CHAPTER V

### *Words That Ask for No Answer*

*"Sometimes, you don't write to be received. You write to leave a light burning on the doorstep of another's heart."*

January 1st, 11:11 a.m. Snow blanketed the field like a veil of milk. The winter sun felt lazy, filtered through silver clouds. Inside the house, all was quiet. Thor slept on the living room sofa, and Elara stood at the window, a mug of coffee with milk cupped in her hands. She felt well. Purified. Cleansed. Returned from an ancient life. Yet, deep within her being, a question knocked gently: What is he doing now? The question didn't come from longing. But from a silent knowing that their souls still vibrated in parallel. She felt... it would be right to write him. Not for confirmation. Not for a reaction. But as an offering.

She opened her phone. Her hands were calm, yet a soft vibration stirred in her chest — the heart chakra awakened, like a flower bowing toward the light. She opened their conversation. They hadn't spoken directly in many years. Her gaze paused on his name: "Caius." Simple. But alive. Then she typed: "Happy New Year, Professor. I wish you a serene year, with a full heart and steady steps upon your path. May the light always accompany you."

She looked at the message. Read it once more. Felt its vibration. And then pressed “Send.” She didn’t wonder if he would reply. Because the message was not a request. It was a sacred gesture, a flame lit on the threshold of his soul.

In the minutes that followed, a gentle unrest crept into her. A thought. A sensation. Where is he? How did he spend his night? Did he think of her? It wasn’t jealousy. Nor nostalgia. It was simply... connection. And Elara knew what she had to do. To see him. To truly see him. Not with physical eyes. But with the light of the third eye. "If our bodies cannot meet, I will meet him with light."

### ***The Invisible Journey***

*“I don’t need a road. My inner eyes already know where he is.”*

Elara sat in silence, knees drawn to her chest, on the corner of the sofa. Her phone lay on the table. The message was sent. The silence of the reply — expected, but not painful. Still, she felt something. A slight current in her back, in the space between her ribs. Like a tiny inner bell that whispered: “It’s time to see.” She lit a single candle. Pale green. The color of compassion. She opened the door gently — not

physically. But from within. She didn't want to disturb. She only wanted to make sure his light was still burning.

She sat in meditation posture. Spine straight. Shoulders soft. Eyes closed. She placed one hand over her chest. The other — resting in her lap. Then she brought her attention to the center of her forehead. The third eye. She felt the pulse of that place, like the knock of a subtle door. “The universe is like a field of frequencies. I am the remote. And my intention is the channel.”

Elara whispered calmly, firmly in her mind: — Show me, Lord, where he is. His soul. His energy. Without entering. Just to see.

She felt herself detach. Not with a sound. Not with a motion. But as if she had become another density. Lighter. Clearer. The journey had begun...

Everything was light and darkness at once. She felt speed without motion. Space without form. And then... a point. A familiar vibration. “Him. He's here.” In a quiet apartment, on an upper floor, in the city, Caius sat. He wasn't sleeping. He was at his desk, staring out the window. In front of him — a glass of half-drunk wine, an open book — unread. He wore a navy-blue shirt. His gaze distant, melancholic. On his face — a calmness mixed with longing.

Elara watched him without approaching. She only felt him. His energy was calm. But around his heart — a gently stirred vibration. A small void. A thought... unfulfilled. And then... Without knowing why, Caius closed his eyes — and smiled. Not for someone. But because something inside him had been touched. Maybe a thought. Maybe... a soul.

Elara bowed her inner “gaze.” Then withdrew. With grace. With respect. With quiet love.

“He is well. He is alive. He is in the light. And yes... he feels me.” Her body felt its weight again. She returned. Opened her eyes. Her breath calmed. And in her chest... there was no more restlessness.

She didn’t need him to reply. She didn’t need him to see her. She had been there, by his side. Like a breeze. Like a blessing. That’s how their love was: An invisible touch that said everything — without saying anything.

### ***A Common Day That Was Never the Same Again***

*"Sometimes, the world doesn't change. You just start seeing it with a new heart."*

It was January 3rd. A Tuesday. The sky was milky, with clouds stretched over the city like soft brushstrokes. Elara woke up early, as usual. Her body felt rested. But inside... there was a silence she hadn't felt in a long time. She didn't rush. She lay in bed for a few moments, eyes open, staring at the ceiling. A faint smile appeared in the corner of her lips. "I'm back. But I am no longer the same."

She made her coffee with milk. Turned on the classical radio station. Thor appeared in the garage, as he did every morning, waiting for his breakfast. Elara opened the door, tied her cashmere robe, and smiled.

— "Good morning, little magician... You've kept your emerald eyes today as well."

She had chosen her clothes with care: a black skirt, a soft gray wool sweater, simple, elegant boots. She dressed in silence. Each gesture was presence. She wasn't in a hurry. She was alive.

The traffic was heavy. The same line of cars on the boulevard. The same horns. The same faces at the lights. But she no longer felt irritation. She felt... compassion. "Every person I see is on their own journey. Maybe today someone awakens. Maybe someone else forgets."

At the office, she opened the window wide. The cold air kissed her forehead. She made a small coffee. Lit a scented candle in a corner of her desk, as she sometimes did. She opened her laptop. Read the emails. Replied calmly. Accurately. But in her thoughts... she was writing poetry.

At noon, she stepped out briefly onto the building's balcony. Took off her glove and let the cold wind touch her palm.

— “I am here. But also... beyond. And that's okay.”

The day passed. A usual day. Yet filled with small signs: a colleague told her she'd dreamt of her; a book fell from the shelf, opening at a page about heart-karma; a white dove landed on her office window ledge and stayed there for several minutes, watching her.

That evening, as she made lentil soup and smelled the warm bread baking in the oven, Elara felt again that soft fire burning in her chest. “Love doesn't need to happen. It just remains.” she whispered inwardly.

She lit a candle and softly spoke into the silence of the house:

— “Thank you. For the peace I had never known. For the fire that no longer burns me... but keeps me alive.”



## *The Simple Wish, the Heavy Word*

*"There are moments when you don't want love. You just want an embrace that doesn't scare your wounds."*

After New Year's Eve, and after that silent journey in which she had seen Caius in the stillness of his apartment, Elara felt something she hadn't felt in a long time: a love that was deep, irresistible, pure, but overwhelming. It wasn't desire. It was deeper than desire. It was the need for a presence that asked nothing, but held everything.

"If he held me just once... I think I could gather myself again," she thought silently. But she didn't know how to say it. How to wrap such a simple and sacred thought in a gesture that wouldn't feel wrong. She knew he was married. She knew nothing could ever happen between them in the outside world. But inside her being, the emotions were alive, trembling, restless.

One quiet afternoon, feeling she could break the silence without asking for anything, Elara wrote a poem. She didn't sign it. She didn't explain. She just sent it. Like a leaf released on water.

Elara:

"Maybe we never were, but I carry you in every unseen

gesture. I ask for nothing. But if you only knew what silence would bloom in a single, quiet embrace... You'd stretch your arms like wings and forget the world for a moment."

No reply came. But it wasn't a poem that asked for one. It was an unreturned caress. A round wish, left in the hands of time.

Days passed. And Elara felt a quiet unease, a vibration in her chest. Her heart was still fragile, still healing. After losing her husband, she no longer felt whole, but not shattered either. She was... in the process of inner reassembly. Sometimes she just longed to be embraced by someone who wouldn't ask anything. Who wouldn't explain. Who would just *be* there.

Then she wrote him again. A simple message. No intent. Just to see if that gentle energy she had once felt was still alive. The reply came. But it wasn't what she hoped for. The words were normal. But their energy... cold. Tense. Like a handbrake pulled in the middle of a melody. Elara felt it — not with her mind. But with her body. In her sternum. In her solar plexus. In her eyes.

"This isn't him. Or maybe it is. Maybe it's the part of him that protects itself. That refuses to feel. That rejects before it

accepts.” But Elara’s heart was open. And in that openness, now she felt a chill. She sank into the armchair. Her gaze locked onto a fleck of light on the wall. “Sometimes, you just want one embrace. For one second. And for the world to stop asking anything of you. Just to exist. In the arms of someone who knows.”

He wasn’t ready. Maybe he never would be. Maybe their love would remain a line drawn between two stars that never touch. But she... she still felt. And as long as she felt, she lived.

## ***Recollection***

*"After crossing stars and temples, you return to a wooden icon and remember that light is simple."*

It was a cold morning, with thick fog floating over Bucharest like a heavy cotton cloak. Elara felt her body moving forward, but her heart... wanted something else. She felt the need for a place where she could feel stillness. Not to find. Not to ask. Not to seek. Just to be calm.

On her way to the office, she took a side street. She knew there was an old stone church hidden there, tucked among

tall trees, nearly forgotten by the world. She had entered it only once, many years ago. Today, a silent calling brought her back.

The courtyard was covered with frozen leaves. No one was there. Only the small bell hanging motionless, and pigeons perched on the roof. Elara pushed the heavy iron gate. The church door was open. Inside... a warm, living silence. Like the breath of the soul. Without realizing it, tears ran down her cheeks. She wasn't crying from pain. Nor sadness. She cried from recognition. From peace. From return.

She lit three candles: One for her husband's soul. One for her daughter and the life growing inside her. And one... for Caius. Not for love. For light. So his soul may be at peace, wherever it may go. She sat in a side pew, near the cold stone wall. She looked up at the icon of the Holy Mother. "Mother of gentleness... Hold me, I'm tired." She closed her eyes. And there, in the darkness of her eyelids, in the soft light of the candles, in the ancient vibration of the walls, Elara felt she didn't need to understand everything. Only to allow. To simply be.

She didn't speak any prayer aloud. But her soul said it all. She understood that, between all the lives lived in temples, in sacred dances, in astral visions — there had always been a simple woman who just wanted to be held. Who wanted to

recollect herself. Who wanted to be still. And today, she was there. Beneath the icons. Beneath the dome. In a small stone church. And God was listening. Without asking anything of her.

### ***When Vibration Speaks the Truth***

*"It's not what someone answers that matters. It's how your soul responds to what you receive."*

It was a quiet January day, with heavy, humid air. Elara was sorting through papers, a warm coffee beside her, and a candle burning softly on the corner of her desk. The thought of Caius had surfaced discreetly—not like a storm, but like a shadow on the edge of a window. And with it, an old question: “Has anything changed? Can I feel him differently now?”

It wasn't longing. It was a desire for clarity.

Elara had always known that her soul read the energy of messages, regardless of the words written. That's how, since she was young, she realized people didn't always speak the truth.

So she wrote a message on WhatsApp. Simple. Beautiful. Clean.

"I wish you a serene day, with light in your thoughts and calm in your heart. Sometimes, it's enough to feel that someone wishes us well, even from afar."

She placed the phone on the table. Didn't look at it again. She stepped outside into the garden. Wrapped in her cashmere coat, she walked slowly through the soft snow. The air purified her. And within her, a calm voice whispered: "If it's meant to be... it will vibrate. If not... I will carry my light back with me."

Time passed. Hours slipped by. Nothing. But at midnight, when silence was thick and the house was asleep... the phone vibrated. Caius had replied. The words? Polite. Correct. Flawless. But the energy... Cold. Disturbed. Low vibration. Elara turned off the screen and placed the phone face-down. "I don't need to read it. I feel his soul." She sat in the armchair, watching the fire in the hearth. And she said nothing. The silence was full. She didn't need answers anymore.

Because her heart had understood. Caius was trapped in a karmic relationship—tied to the past, to emotional debts, to unresolved lessons. A relationship without peace, but also without freedom. And yet... his choice was to remain there. "You can be restless in a relationship and still fear the peace that waits outside of it."

Elara didn't judge him. She understood. But she could no longer stay connected to a vibration that unbalanced her. She knew what she had to do. With calm determination, she opened the app and deleted the conversation. Not out of anger. But out of respect—for her soul. And for the truth that could no longer be ignored. "I love you, but I cannot return to your darkness. I send you light... and I close the door. For a while. Maybe forever."

### ***The Mirror Quest***

*"Sometimes, to heal, you must look into the eyes of pain. And not blink."*

Elara couldn't sleep. She felt a quiet weight in her chest, as if her heart were holding a question clenched between its teeth. She already knew the answer. But she needed to see it. To hear it spoken. To feel it reflected in someone else. "I need to know. Not because I want to go back. But because I need to be free."

She thought about getting a tarot reading. Not to receive "magical" answers, but to open a gate between worlds. The tarot cards could be a bridge — between what she felt in her heart and what her mind needed to confirm. It all began there

— the desire to bring the sacred light of this love into a space where she could see it, feel it, live it — not just sense it.

She rose from bed, slipped into her silk robe, and lit a single white candle. She sat at her desk, in front of her laptop. She closed her eyes and placed her palms over her chest. She inhaled deeply. Exhaled slowly. Then opened the sacred space. Using Reiki energy, she visualized the sacred symbols in the air: Cho Ku Rei – for protection; Sei He Ki – for emotional harmony; Hon Sha Ze Sho Nen – for distance guidance. She rotated the symbols in her mind and “applied” them visually over the screen of her laptop. Then she whispered inwardly: “Show me the right channel. Let me reach the one who will be the vessel of light and truth. I don’t want control. I seek understanding.”

She opened YouTube. Typed: "Tarot channeling karmic relationship clarity." The results appeared. Almost instantly, a channel popped up with a simple title: "Saraswati Light – Guided Intuitive Tarot." The photo showed a Hindu woman with long, braided hair, piercing eyes, dressed in white, with a warm gaze. Elara felt the vibration. A soft shiver crossed her chest. This was it.

She opened the channel. The woman’s voice was calm, melodic, deep. She spoke in English, but the energy went far beyond words. At the end of one video, the woman said: "If



you've been guided here, it's because your soul is seeking clarity. You may book a personal reading. Only if you feel the time is right." Elara closed her eyes. Yes. The time was right.

She wrote a message. Short. Elegant. No unnecessary explanations.

Dear Saraswati,

*I feel guided to ask for a personal reading.*

*I am seeking clarity on a soul connection and its karmic roots.*

*With light,*

*Elara.*

She hit send.

"I want to know what exists between him and her. And what ties still bind me to this quiet suffering." She rose, extinguished the candle. But the fire in her heart had just been lit.

## ***The Cards That Don't Lie***

*"Sometimes, when your soul can no longer carry the weight of the question, the universe answers. Not to hurt you, but to awaken you."*

On the day she received Saraswati's reply, Elara already sensed what was coming: a difficult revelation. A painful cleansing. But a necessary one.

In the email, Saraswati had written: "I've prepared the reading. It wasn't easy. There are deep, old, and murky things. But you will know what to do with them."

Elara opened the link. Calm. Centered. Around her: Reiki symbols, a stick of incense, an obsidian stone, a white candle. Saraswati appeared on the screen: serene, yet deeply present. The cards were laid in the shape of an Egyptian cross. She spoke slowly, every word charged with vibration.

– Elara... what I feel is a very thick karmic chain, with unresolved wounds from past lives. But not between you and Caius. It's between him and the woman he's currently with.

Elara placed a hand over her chest. She knew.

– The first card is The Devil – Black magic. Dependency. Mental confusion. His energy is tied... not through love, but through energetic manipulation.

Saraswati pulled the second card: The Moon reversed – Lies. Illusions. Falsehood. There are secrets in this woman's life. She uses old enchantments, renewed periodically, to keep Caius in a constant mental fog. He has no clarity.

Then, a long pause. Saraswati drew another card. She stopped. Looked at the camera, then back at the screen.

– Elara... this card is heavy. Seven of Swords. Betrayal. The child is not his. A close friend... is involved. She knows. Yet she continues the act. Everything is built on illusion.

Elara felt her chest growing heavy. Not from judgment. But because her soul... could now see clearly.

– Caius is a prisoner. Not of the woman herself, but of karmic ties and the dark energies surrounding him. He cannot break free on his own. He lacks will. He lacks vision.

The final card: Eight of Swords reversed.

– Elara... he will have the chance to free himself. But only when his soul truly cries out for help. Until then... your only path is to retreat, to release him, and to protect yourself. Your love is pure, but it cannot overcome the magic he has—unconsciously—chosen to bind himself to.

In the end, Saraswati closed the cards. Her voice softened:

– Your healing does not come from saving him. But from freeing yourself from suffering that no longer belongs to you. Your soul has other missions now.

Elara closed the laptop. Tears streamed silently down her cheeks. It wasn't anger. It wasn't shock. It was... the painful birth of truth. She stood up. Walked to the mirror. Looked herself deeply in the eyes. "I love him. But I can no longer wait. Love is not a chain. It's a flame. And I must keep my flame alive."

After the revelations from the tarot reading, Elara felt that the subtle realm had given her enough answers—in codes and images. But a part of her still needed more: confirmation, anchoring, detail. She needed to see Caius not only as an archetype or an echo of sacred love, but as a real man, living in this world. And so came the desire to seek tangible information. It was time to find out whether her intuition had a mirror in reality—and whether the spiral of love reached all the way down... into matter.

### ***Information Is a Mirror***

*"Intuition whispers to you. But truth looks you straight in the eye."*

Elara was a linguist. She had specialized in classical languages, and her work often took her to forgotten corners of the world, where fragments of history — and sometimes,

fragments of truth — were unearthed. Latin and Ancient Greek had become not just tools for translation, but keys to a symbolic world, where words held weight, and meanings slept beneath layers of silence.

In her spare time, she restored ancient objects — pieces of pottery, talismans, engraved plates with lost scripts. She did it patiently, as though her touch might not only restore the form, but also the memory of the object.

That winter day, Elara sat in a discreet café on Mendeleev Street, at a quiet table. She wore a grey scarf and sunglasses, even though it was winter and darkness had already fallen. In front of her — a cold latte and a closed notebook. She was waiting.

The door opened, and Victor entered. Tall, straight-backed, in a simple petrol-grey suit. His gaze was sharp but calm. He had the poised silence of someone who had once sat in rooms where no one speaks — because everyone already knows.

— Elara.

— Victor. Thank you for coming.

He sat down. They didn't smile, but there was an old, deep understanding between them. Once, many years ago, Elara had given him the key to understanding himself — during a

time of crisis. Since then, Victor had remained loyal to her. Even now, in retirement.

— You're not asking for something usual.

— I never did, she said, with a faint smile.

Elara took a deep breath.

— It's about a man.

— Your husband?

— No. Someone from the past. Caius. Do you know him?

Victor shook his head lightly.

— Not personally. But the name rings a bell. University professor, correct?

— Yes. What I'd like to know is whether what I felt is real. His life... might not be what it appears.

— You want a profile?

Elara nodded. She didn't need to say more. Victor already understood everything.

— How deep?

— Without invading his absolute privacy. But... if he's being manipulated. If there's something dark around him.

— Family, ties, vulnerabilities?

— Yes. Without harming him. Just... to know what's hidden. What holds him captive.

Victor looked at her more closely. For a moment, his usually stoic face softened.

— You care about him?

Elara lowered her eyes.

— It doesn't matter anymore. I just need to know what's truth and what's illusion. Because... if I love an illusion, I will step away. But if he's caught in a web... I want to understand. That's all.

Victor stood.

— I'll give you a discreet answer. But a true one. Trust me.

— Only you, she said.

They left the café in silence. At the door, Victor looked at her for a second longer. He wanted to say something. But didn't. He simply brushed her fingers lightly — a gesture that said: "I'm still here."

Elara stood at the threshold. She knew the next truth would be difficult. But she was ready. "I've danced with him among the stars. Now, it's time to look into the mud. And maybe... the key lies buried there."

### *When the Veil Lifts*

*"Nothing hurts more than the truth your soul already knew."*

Three days had passed since the meeting with Victor. Elara had begun her mornings with the same ritual calm: coffee, journal, brief meditation, a quiet glance in the mirror that asked her silently, "Are you ready?"

On the fourth day, at exactly 11:11, she received a message. Victor. Short, direct, elegant: "We can talk tonight. Will you come?"

When she arrived, he was already waiting. In a discreet lounge, with walls lined with books and warm lighting. On the table, two cups of tea and a thin black folder. Victor



didn't smile. But he gestured for her to sit. Then he began. Slowly. Clearly. Without softening the blow, but with respect.

— Caius is a member of a high-ranking Masonic structure. Discreet, but active. We're not talking about symbolic initiations. This is about real power, influence, elite circles. — He has a circle of five close friends — old, tightly bound. What connects them is more than loyalty: it's pleasure, money, a silent pact, Victor said, pausing briefly to look her in the eyes.

— They have a private club in the old city center. Highly exclusive. They meet there almost every weekend. Luxurious atmosphere. Guarded. No photos, no recordings.

Elara stayed silent. Breathing deeply, but not interrupting.

— They talk about many things. Some important. Others... frivolous. Among themselves, they are different people than what they show publicly. And they laugh. A lot. Sometimes... at things they shouldn't.

Victor hesitated for a moment.

— One night, Caius brought a poem. He had received it on WhatsApp from a former doctoral student. He read it aloud. He said: "A woman in love with a projection." He laughed.

And his friends laughed. One of them made a vulgar comment about “spiritual women who dream.” They joked... a lot.

Elara didn't move. Just blinked less often.

Victor continued:

— Sometimes, young women are invited to those meetings. Beautiful. Escorts. Expensive ones. They enjoy themselves. Drink vintage wine. Smoke cigars. One of them practices forms of dark magic. Apparently, they've listened to him. They've done... things. Negative energetic imprints. Caius doesn't seem to lead these moments. But he doesn't leave. He doesn't refuse either.

Victor stopped.

— Elara... I didn't tell you all this to hurt you. But to give you the freedom of choice. The truth frees you, even when it breaks you.

Elara lifted her gaze. Her eyes were moist, but she didn't cry. Her voice was low, steady:

— Thank you. Now I know who I merged with in the light. And who I cannot be with in reality.

She stood. Shook Victor's hand.

— What I felt was real. But what he chose to become... is no longer mine.

She left quietly. Outside, a soft snow was falling. "Sometimes, the soul loves what the body must refuse. And in that refusal... true power begins."

### ***Caius, Beyond Illusion***

*"Illusion caresses your desires, but truth strips them away."*

When she returned home, Elara didn't turn on the lights. She sat quietly on the carpet, her back resting against the wall, eyes closed. She breathed deeply, consciously. No thoughts. No questions. Only the calling.

She already felt her subtle body gently detaching from the physical one. It wasn't an escape. It was a journey toward truth. She focused her attention on the point between her eyebrows — the third eye — and drew a line of light into herself, like an open gate between worlds. Then, she let herself go...

The luxury of the room struck her first through sound — the clinking of heavy crystal glasses, the rustle of fine wool jackets. Then through image: deep green velvet sofas, walls draped in burgundy damask, mirrors framed in gilded floral carvings. A grand chandelier hung above the table where five men had been playing poker.

Among them — Caius.

He smoked absentmindedly, one hand resting on the back of his chair, the other playing with a glass of whiskey. He was colder than she remembered. More hollow. Or maybe the mask he wore now was perfectly in place.

— "So, brother, you've got a new girlfriend?" one of the men laughed, slapping his cards on the table.

— "Yeah, at least she's younger than the last one. And less... philosophical, you know what I mean?" The others burst into laughter.

Caius smiled faintly. He pulled out his phone, the screen subtly lighting his face. He opened a WhatsApp conversation.

— "She sent me another poem," he said, not looking anyone in the eye. "Elara. You know her. The mystic. Former doctoral student."

— "Ah yes, the one with the eyes that read you like a psychoanalysis textbook, right?" someone laughed.

— "Exactly. She's fallen for a projection."

— "Hah!" another shouted. "Wait 'til you see the projections we've got in the other salon..."

Caius continued, in a cool, controlled voice:

— "Her husband died. And now... she's courting me."

In the heavy air filled with expensive perfume and cigar smoke, the men's laughter became a curtain between what seemed real and what Elara knew was only theater. She felt every word as a vibration in her own heart. Not pain. Clarity.

One of the men stood and motioned to the others.

— "Let's go to the other room. The girls are ready. Looks like it'll be a good night."

The golden doors creaked open theatrically. In the next room, light laughter, sweet voices, and the scent of vanilla. Young women dressed in glittering clothes, like expensive dolls, waited on low sofas.

Elara didn't follow. She remained by the poker table, in the astral silence. Caius passed right by her without seeing her, but for a brief moment, he turned his head, as if sensing a flicker in the air. As if a part of him still felt the invisible thread between worlds. But he didn't stop.

When she returned to her body, Elara was calm. The projection had taken her exactly where she needed to go. Not to judge Caius. But to truly see the choice he had made. And to finally decide what choice she would make.

Elara sat in silence for a long time after returning to her body. She wasn't shocked. Nor angry. Perhaps, for the first time, she was in full acceptance. She had seen. She had felt. She understood.

Caius wasn't evil. But he wasn't the idealized good either. He was a man caught between two worlds: one of appearances, power, social glory, and masculine rituals that hide their fragility in cigar smoke and loud laughter. And the other — a world he had once sensed, perhaps touched briefly, but now strayed from with every decision.

Elara realized that what she had felt for him wasn't false — but it was incomplete. She had fallen in love not with the man in flesh and blood, but with the echo of his soul, the one

that sometimes vibrated through poetry, through silence, through glances — but wasn't fully present in his real life.

He wasn't ready to dwell in the kind of love she carried. And maybe he didn't even recognize it.

It was painful — but liberating. That evening, Elara understood that sacred love is not just about encounter. It is also about choice. And Caius had chosen something else. Now, she was free to choose as well.

## CHAPTER VI

### *The Night When Darkness Came for Her*

*"When the light within you grows, darkness comes to test you."*

It was past 2 a.m. Elara was sleeping. Her body lay peacefully in the linen-white sheets, but inside her sleep... something began to stir. At first, the dream was unclear. A long, dark corridor. Then the sensation that she was not alone. Shadows. Movement. A rustling in the air, as if the air itself were being scratched from the inside. Suddenly, she felt her body freeze. She couldn't move. She couldn't speak. She couldn't open her eyes. But she could see. Not with her physical eyes, but with the clear vision of her third eye. The demons had come. They weren't just figures from stories. They were real entities — dense, low-frequency, with long, sharp hands, distorted faces.

She felt them pulling at her in bed, trying to drag her downward. Into an infernal vibration. Into terror. "I can't defend myself. I can't move. I can't scream..." And then... from the depths of her subconscious, like an instinct made of light, she cried out:

— Jesus...



But her voice couldn't be heard. It was only within. She cried out again, more clearly:

— Jesus Christ... protect me...

A moment of stillness.

And then: JESUS.

In that instant, like a silent explosion of light, she felt the energy around her break. The shadows tore away and withdrew, as if an unseen wall had banished them. Elara's breath returned. Her body could move. She opened her eyes. Slowly. Still trembling. Still in shock. But free.

She rose from the bed. Lit a candle. Sat at the edge of the bed. Her heart was still pounding wildly. "This isn't the first time. And I know why they come." They come because she broke chains. Because she saw the truth. Because she chose the light. "And that's why... I'm not afraid. I'm no longer the little girl who cried in dreams. I'm the woman who calls the name of the One who made me alive."

She stood up. Opened the window. The cold air struck her face. But in her chest — the fire no longer trembled. It burned.

## *Facing Her Own Darkness*

*"You cannot banish demons until you sit them at the table and say: Now I am the one in charge."*

The morning after the attack, Elara wasn't afraid. She was... clear. She knew. And she felt she had to discover who those demons truly were. She lit incense and sandalwood — the strongest protections against dark energies. She sat once again in the sacred posture. Closed her eyes. With her hand, she traced the Reiki symbol Sei He Ki over her heart chakra, then Cho Ku Rei at her forehead. She spoke in her mind: "I bring light to the shadows. Not to run from them. But to know them." In her inner space, a spiral appeared. An ancient stone corridor. Elara descended with the steps of consciousness. On each step, she spoke a word: Truth. Ownership. Cause. Blood. Word. Power.

She reached a dark chamber. It wasn't empty. They were there. The demons. But not in grotesque form. They appeared as forgotten fragments of herself. One had the face of rage she had repressed for years. Another — the fear of abandonment. Another — repressed desire, unfulfilled love, shame, guilt, anger buried beneath good manners. "They don't belong to someone else. They are mine."

And then she felt it: Lilith. The archetype of the feminine shadow. The primordial woman, wronged, cast out of Paradise because she refused to submit. She lived within Elara. Not as an enemy, but as the echo of a vast, silenced potential. And the Moon — the gentle, maternal, healing part — stood face to face with Lilith. In perfect balance. "I am both light and darkness. I am the Moon. But I am also Lilith. And I will no longer deny any part of me."

In that moment, the demons were no longer enemies, but wounded children of her own being, asking for healing. Elara stepped closer to one. Looked it in the eyes. And said: — I see you. But I won't let you lead anymore. I am reclaiming myself.

One by one, each demon shrank. Softened. And turned into mist. Then light.

When she returned to her body, Elara was crying. But not from fear. From liberation. "What I rejected, attacked me. What I embraced... healed me." She told no one about that day. But for the first time, when she looked in the mirror, she didn't just see an elegant, mysterious, gentle woman. She saw a whole woman. One who had walked through her own darkness — and emerged with the light in her hand.

## CHAPTER VII

### *The Akashic Library: The Beginning of Another Life*

*"Where Everything is written, you can rewrite Everything."*

It was Sunday morning. Warm light poured through the east-facing window. In the house, there was a stillness — almost suspended. Elara was preparing for a moment her soul had been waiting for across lifetimes. A sacred journey. A visit to the Akasha. To ask for release.

In the center of the room, she placed a white candle. Beside it, a small cross made of clear quartz and a white feather. She lit palo santo wood, letting the soft smoke purify the space, her body, her aura. She sat in lotus position, back straight, palms open, facing upward. She closed her eyes and began the rhythm of sacred breath: Inhale – 7 counts, Pause – 7 counts, Exhale – 7 counts, Pause – 7 counts, and again... and again... until her body melted into silence, and her soul lifted.

In her mind's eye, she saw a white door and silently spoke: "I open the door of the soul." She stepped through it. And the descent began. Ten steps of light. At each step, in thought: "Deeper... deeper... deeper..." When she reached the

tenth step, she stopped. In front of her stretched an infinite green meadow, bathed in golden light. The breeze was soft. The sky clear. The sun gentle. The air vibrated with truth, life, blessing.

On the horizon, ahead of her, rose a colossal tree. The Tree of Life. Its branches reached the heavens. Its roots seemed to descend to the center of the Earth. Elara walked toward it. When she reached the trunk, she placed her palms on its thick bark. The tree... opened a door. She stepped inside. Inside, life could be heard — a sound like water flowing upward from the Earth's core to the leaves. And another vibration, the sunlight descending through the branches like a translucent rain. Elara knelt within the trunk. She let the water cleanse her light-body. And the rays to penetrate her crown. Purification. Alignment. Preparation.

Then, the water lifted her — like a weightless leaf. She rose through the trunk, until she emerged at the top... And found herself at the Threshold between worlds. A radiant, circular, vibrating gate. Guarded by a being of pure light.

— You are Elara. You are known. You may enter.

She stepped through the Gate. And found herself in a realm of high frequency, white-golden light. Before her: a vast Library, built of solidified light. The building had white

columns and immaculate stone stairs. Elara knew where to go. No question. Only recognition. She climbed the stairs. In silence. Entered the grand hall and walked toward the third door on the right. Inside: golden shelves, living files, vibrant. Not made of paper. But memory.

### ***Soul Contract***

*"I don't tear you from me. I return you to the Light. And I return to myself."*

Elara went straight to the shelf. She pulled out the binder with her name. She placed it on the large wooden table, in the white, circular room, wrapped in silence. She opened the binder.

She took out a single page. Simple. Radiant. Its vibration... was almost alive.

At the top, written in letters of light: SOUL CONTRACT. Below the title, a golden note in italic letters: "Divine Lovers". Next to it, a discreet asterisk pointing to a footnote in the margin. Below the title, a fine, sacred drawing: a red heart, split into two equal halves. A line of light silently connected them.

The first paragraph was a string of names. Dozens. Maybe hundreds. They were all the names Elara had carried in past lives. Some felt familiar, others echoed faintly. The last name in the list was Elara. The second paragraph listed all of Caius's names. Some vibrated strangely within her. The last name was Caius.

Elara lowered her gaze to the bottom margin, where the asterisk led to a sentence: "Divine Lovers means a being of light who, in order to experience life on Earth, chose to divide into two equal energies: one masculine, one feminine. When these two halves reunite in love, they return home — to the Light of the Creator." Elara stood still. She felt her heart opening like a white flower, but also a faint pain rising from her chest. A quiet pain: "We're not there. Not yet."

At that moment, a light materialized on the right side of the room. A being of light — tall, without defined features, but with a warm, vast, overwhelming presence.

— Elara, were you called?

— No. I came. By the will of consciousness.

The being nodded gently. Approached. Sat in front of her, in silence. Elara spoke with her inner voice:

— I no longer wish to continue this Contract. Caius is caught in low energies, in circles of illusion and shadow. That is his choice. But it is not mine. I will not descend in order to be together. I will not sacrifice light for love. I choose to love... without burning myself.

The being looked deeply into Elara's soul. Closed its eyes for a moment.

— You have the right. But such release cannot be done with a knife. It must be done with perfect love. So the thread leaves no wound.

Then it continued:

— To end the Contract, you must complete the full cycle of the Sacred Spiral of Love. You must love Caius on every level of being, in the fifth dimension. From the root to the crown. You must offer him all the love he cannot receive in the physical plane. And in the end, you must let him go... not by breaking. But by becoming whole. You alone.

Elara closed her eyes. Placed her hands on her heart.

— I can do this. I have the knowledge. I've already passed through every gate. And I have felt... what complete love means, without possession.



The being nodded.

— Then the cycle is nearly complete. Just a little more.

Elara stood up. She took the page of the Contract in her hands. Looked at it one last time.

— I want, after completing this cycle, to receive permission to free him from the demonic energies that keep him captive—not by his will, but by pacts others made in his name.

I want to cleanse him. Not to be with him. But because... I have loved him.

The being of light closed its eyes. A white ray descended from above and touched Elara's hands.

— You are permitted. Because true love does not demand. It... liberates.

Elara felt the contract vibrate between her hands. And then... it dissolved into light. No ashes. Only white gold. A trace remained in her heart. But no chain. "You are no longer my duty.

You are only the memory of a love I sanctified — not possessed."

Elara exited the room. She descended from the Akashic Library with a light step. Entered the Tree of Life again. Felt the sunlight descend through her crown and the Earth's water rise through her soles. She crossed the meadow. Balanced. Whole. Free.

When she returned from the journey, there was silence. On the nightstand, the candle had burned to the end. The palo santo smoke still lingered in the air. Elara smiled. She did not cry. She was calm. "It is finished. And what comes next... is my choice."

### ***The Ritual of Sacred Wholeness***

*"I cannot extinguish my longing. But I can sanctify it."*

It was night. The stars seemed closer. In the house, everything was prepared for inner alchemy. Elara didn't want to "cleanse" herself of the love for Caius. She wanted to transform it. To acknowledge it. To place it at her center like a sacred flame.

In the middle of the room, she lit four candles: North – earth; South – fire; East – water; West – air. She sat between them, in the circle they formed, wearing a thin white linen dress,

her hair left loose. On her right – a moonstone crystal; on her left – a small wooden cross she had kept since childhood; in front – a bowl with water and rose petals.

She closed her eyes. Placed her palms over her womb. Her breathing grew deep. Conscious. “Caius...” She didn’t even have to call him. He was already there. Within her. The moment she whispered his name in thought, her sacral chakra opened like a red lotus blossom. She felt a wave of warmth, of living vibration, sensual, pure — like a shiver across her skin, but in the depth of her soul.

“Every time I think of you, a kind of wave travels through my body. It’s not desire. It’s the memory of the touch between two energies that were once one.”

She opened her inner eyes. In her mind, in the sacred space, she saw Caius. Not physically. But as a body of light, tall, noble, silent, burning. He came closer. Said nothing. Just sat before her and placed his palms above hers. Without physical touch. But the vibration was... incendiary and divine at the same time. A blend of longing and light.

“I could be with you, but I don’t want to take you from your life. Nor lie to myself that love means possession. But I feel you. And I do not reject your presence. I receive it. And I offer mine.”

Their energetic touch began to circulate between their chakras. From the sacral area – to the heart – to the third eye. A dance. A spiral. A white fire.

“The sacred spiral of love. It doesn’t stop. It doesn’t break. It only transforms.”

The ritual was not one of severing. But of transmutation. Everything that was longing became light. Everything that was desire became reverence. Everything that was pain became power. Elara concluded, in a whisper:

“Caius... I love you. But I will not call you. I will keep you. In the sacred space within me. Where the flame doesn’t ask. It simply burns.”

Elara rose from the circle more whole than ever. More alive. More woman. In their fifth-dimensional encounter, they were able to love each other more truly than anything they would have lived in the flesh.

The next day, Elara entered meditation with a clear desire. Not to escape the world. But to live her love where the universe does not condemn it. She sat in a receptive posture. Palms upward, forehead slightly bowed. She rotated Reiki symbols around her heart and womb. Then, in thought, she said: “Caius... if your soul recognizes me, come. Come

where there is no sin, no time, no law. Only vibration.” And everything began. Her body fell asleep. But her being... lifted. Gently. Like a silk curtain lifted by an invisible breeze.

She woke in a space without borders. Whitish. Velvety. Warm, flowing light. He was there. Caius. Young. Noble. Strong. Dressed in a white shirt, open at the chest. His hair slightly wet, as if he had just emerged from water. His eyes deep, burning, serene. They said nothing. Just looked at each other. And in that gaze... the entire universe opened.

Elara approached. Her astral body was light, yet sensual. The scent of her skin was like lotus blossom and musk. Around her waist, a sheer red-gold veil. Caius touched her cheek with the tip of his fingers. But the touch spread through her whole body. Every cell trembled. Elara’s eyelids closed. Her lips parted gently, not for words. “We can have each other. Finally.”

They came together. Without haste. Without anxiety. Without anything of the human world. Just magnetic fusion. Their lips did not kiss. They absorbed each other. Their bodies did not merge. They overlaid, like vibrations.

In Elara’s womb, a sacred warmth ignited. Her sacral chakra was fully open. She felt the tremor of the lives in which they

couldn't be. And the joy of this life in which they could. Caius held her. Not just with his arms. But with his entire being. He spoke without voice: "Here, I can love you without hurting anyone. Here, you are all I have ever desired."

They made love not in the realm of physical reality, but with all the physical reality of the longing gathered across millennia. Every movement was a wave of the souls. Every touch a remembrance of what they had been. Every sigh a sacred vow: "We will always find each other. Even if we never touch in the flesh."

When Elara awoke at dawn, she felt tired, but it was a pleasant exhaustion. "The universe allowed me to love him. In the one place no law can stop me."

## CHAPTER VIII

### *The Root of Fire*

*“I belonged to you without words, in a space without law.”*

After returning from work and resting, Elara sat down in meditation late at night, when the city was asleep. She wanted to begin a cycle of seven meditations in which she would meet Caius, activating, one by one, all the chakras.

In the fifth dimension, there are no limits, only fusion — pleasure becomes power, and trust becomes fire. The first: the root chakra (Muladhara) — the center of vitality, primal desire, raw erotic magnetism, the power to possess and be possessed. She knew that in the fifth dimension, neither she nor Caius feared instinct, nor did they hide from desire. Here, the encounter was deeply carnal, yet spiritualized — an eros that does not destroy, but gives birth to life, power, and belonging.

Elara prepared for the meditation. She wore a thin, almost translucent silk dress that allowed her skin to breathe the night. Around her, only red candles. On her chest, she placed a drop of cinnamon and ylang-ylang oil. In her womb, she placed a deep, heavy, beautiful desire.

“I call you, Caius. Not with the body. But with my flame. Come.”

Within seconds, her eyelids closed, but her soul lifted. And she was there...

A red-white, round place of pulsating light. The fifth dimension. A space where nothing is forbidden. He was waiting for her. Dressed in a red linen robe, open at the chest. His skin was hot, golden. His gaze hypnotic. He was born from her longing.

“Are you mine here?”

“Here, always.”

Without further words, he took her wrists, gently but firmly. He raised her arms above her head and pressed her to his body. Elara felt her root chakra open instantly — an explosion of life, hunger, fire.

“I feel you in my body. I feel you in my knees. I feel you in my spine. You are like blood that has returned to me.” Caius bit her neck gently. He caressed her thighs with his fingers, long and firm.

Her astral body quivered. Her skin, in this dimension, felt ten times more. Every touch was a wave. Every glance, a penetration. Elara moaned softly — not from pain. From



complete pleasure. From recognition. From surrender... She wrapped her legs around him and laid her head on his shoulder. Their bodies moved slowly, deeply, with a staggered rhythm of breath. In their fusion, there was no haste. But no hesitation either.

Elara was woman. She was goddess. She was earth and fire. And he was cultivating her with the root of his soul. They made love on their knees, then lying on a red cloth, then standing, embraced, their foreheads pressed together. Everything was fluid, like an ancient dance. Words were no longer needed.

When they reached the astral climax, it was not an explosion. But a light that emerged from them both. A red and white aura pulsing between their chakras.

“I’ve had you. And I do not apologize. Because here, our love is sacred,” Elara whispered as she returned to her body, in the quiet room. She still felt the traces of his touch. She still felt the pulse between her thighs. She still felt... his presence. She smiled. And whispered: “We will find each other again... in all our bodies. But here, in the fifth one, we are real.”

## ***The Meeting in the Park***

*“The past doesn’t return to hurt you, but to show you who you’ve become without it.”*

It was a gentle winter afternoon. The air smelled of damp earth and old leaves, and the bare tree branches swayed softly, like arms in prayer. Elara had put on her thick beige coat and the fine burgundy wool scarf. She had gone out for a walk without a destination, but with a peaceful heart — she had just completed a deep meditation on the root chakra, and within her had awakened a simple desire: to feel her steps on the earth. To return to the body. To the world.

The park was quiet, with wet paths and a few hurried passersby. She stopped near an old bench, watching a dog frolic among the leaves. When she turned her head, her gaze met that of a woman. A familiar face.

— Elara? Elara D.?

— ...Yes?

Two women approached her with the slightly reserved smile of people who once knew each other in another life — or in another time of life. Former PhD colleagues. A warm hug,

an exchange of curious glances, and then — conversation began to flow.

— We haven't seen you in years! What are you up to? Still teaching? Still in research?

Elara smiled. She didn't go into detail. She simply said she was working with ancient texts. And writing. A little.

— Do you know who's back in the country? Amalia — remember her?

— Amalia... blonde, blue eyes, doing her PhD in Ancient Greek?

— That's the one. Apparently, she was in a relationship with... Caius.

Pause.

Time seemed to freeze for a moment. Not because Elara didn't know he had had a life. But because, in that moment, her past physically intersected with another past of his. Suddenly, reality became dense, three-dimensional, yet translucent. She understood it differently.

— I didn't know... she said simply.

— Neither did we. Only found out after. It was something intense, from what people say.

Beneath her coat, she felt a light chill along her spine. Her root chakra vibrated softly, like a living memory of something that had begun to release. It wasn't pain. It was... settling.

— I'm glad I saw you, girls. Truly glad.

After a few more warm exchanges and non-binding promises of “let's keep in touch”, Elara walked back down the path. The air felt heavier now. More real. And in her steps, in that unhurried walk, there was acceptance: the past no longer had the power to shake her roots. Not if she chose to remain in her truth.

### *The Dance of Sacred Water*

*“I am water. You are the Moon. And every touch of yours makes me flow.”*

Elara wished to continue her encounters with Caius and step into the energies of the sacral chakra — Svadhisthana, the center of femininity, pleasure, water, sensual dance, and divine fluidity. This was not just an erotic encounter — it was a submersion into the ocean of pure sensuality, where Elara desired to share with Caius the ecstasy of form, of

sway, of surrender. By opening this energy, Elara accessed pleasure as power, and Caius became not only a lover, but the sacred instrument through which she rediscovered herself as a complete woman.

Elara placed a glass of rose water on her nightstand and turned off the light. Inside her, fire and longing were alive. She placed her hands over her womb, at the center of the sacral chakra. Her breathing slowed, deepened. Then... the intention: Caius, if your soul vibrates with mine, come dance with me in water.

The passage into the fifth dimension was smooth, velvety. There was no earth — only warm, clear water up to the ankles, stretching as far as the eye could see. The sky was indigo, sprinkled with golden stars. Caius was already there. Naked. Beautiful. His sculpted body seemed to radiate its own light.

Elara was veiled in a long, sheer fabric that floated around her like a diaphanous jellyfish. They said nothing. But their bodies... began to approach in undulation. Elara began to dance. Slowly at first, then deeper and deeper. Her hip movements drew wide, soft, lascivious circles. Her body became a living offering of sacred femininity. Each spin, an invocation. Each sway, a poem. Caius watched her. Almost reverently. Then... he touched her. Not roughly.

Just one hand on her bare back, guiding the motion. Let me dance with you until our bodies no longer know where they begin and where they end.

The dance became an erotic ritual. Elara circled him. She touched his skin with her lips, with the tips of her fingers. She provoked him. Enticed him. Sanctified him. Their bodies didn't make love directly. They touched through dance, through water, through vibration. Each undulation was a subtle penetration. Each sigh, an inner kiss. Caius lifted her gently, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. Skin to skin. Heart to heart. Pure, fluid, unapologetic sexuality.

In that embrace, the water around them began to pulse, as if the element itself acknowledged their union. They made love like gods. Without shame. Without fear. With the full freedom of ascended love. When they reached ecstasy, there was no explosion. There was flow. Melting. Dissolution. Pleasure streamed between them in circular waves, starting in the womb, rising through the solar plexus, then into the heart. I don't want this to end. Because this is not an act. It is a state. And I love you in it, his thoughts echoed.

When Elara returned to her body, in the dark room, she felt her legs soft, her blood warm, her heart... wet with pleasure. It was real. We were one. In water. In pleasure. In light. Elara

now wished to dedicate more time to meditation, and for that she needed rest and a state of total inner peace.

She thought it would be best to take time off. She wrote her leave request and sent it by email to her supervisor. Soon, she received approval. Now, she had all the time — for herself, and for her passions.

### ***The Tablet of Fire***

*“The woman who touches her creative essence ignites the silent fire of her ancient languages.”*

It was evening, and the rain was tapping softly against the windows. Elara had lit her warm lamp in the small studio tucked in the corner of her house. There, between shelves lined with dusty books, boxes filled with old objects, and a long walnut wood desk, the outer world disappeared.

On the table, an open cardboard box — and inside it, a small tablet with Sanskrit inscriptions, slightly chipped at the edges, made of reddish clay, recently brought in from an archaeological site archive. She had received it as a piece to restore, nothing of great importance. But she had felt

something. The moment she touched it, a warm shiver had climbed up her spine. As if the object recognized her.

And that evening, after her meditation to activate the sacral chakra — that gate of creative femininity, of sacred desire, of fluidity — Elara had sat down to work. It wasn't technical labor.

It was a delicate dance between precision and intuition. With a fine brush and pigment-stained fingers, she cleaned the tablet layer by layer. The letters slowly emerged, drawn as if by the fire of a forgotten hand. In that state of deep presence, Elara felt a profound connection with the women of ancient times — those who wrote in temples, who left marks in clay, who translated the sky into words. An inner voice whispered to her: “Your fire is not meant to be extinguished. Nor transferred. But inhabited.”

For a moment, the memory of Caius passed through her mind. Not with longing, but with a clear gaze: he hadn't been the one to ignite her. She had lit the flame in his presence. And now, in the silence of the studio, the flame burned on its own, steady, without witnesses.

She put the brush down. Took a deep breath. Her touch hadn't just cleaned the tablet. It had cleared something within her. That evening, for the first time in a long while, Elara smiled without reason. Without anything external.



Only because the woman within her remembered who she was.

## ***The Chosen Burning***

*“You didn’t conquer me. I gave you the key. And I let the fire burn me... with my eyes wide open.”*

Elara had continued her series of meditations, one for each chakra. Next was the solar plexus chakra (Manipura): personal power, domination and surrender, inner fire. Activating this chakra’s energy would bring her an intense erotic encounter — one of polarity, where she would surrender her power into Caius’s hands, only to reclaim it through ecstasy.

That night, Elara felt something different. It wasn’t just desire. It was fire. A fire pulsing in her solar plexus, between her ribs, in her sternum, on her lips. She closed her eyes and whispered in her mind: Caius... Show me how love becomes power. And pleasure — freedom.

The transition into the fifth dimension came like a white flame up her spine. She found herself in a circular temple built of golden light and black stone. The floor, warm. The

air, thick with oriental scents: cinnamon, incense, heavy oils. Caius was waiting. Dressed in black. His gaze... different. Not tender. Strong. Dominant. Direct. Clear.

- Do you allow me? he asked — not with words, but in vibration.

Elara lowered her eyes, then lifted her chin slightly.  
- Yes. But not because I'm weak. Because I trust.

Caius pulled her to him. Spun her with one hand and pressed her back to his chest. His breath cascaded down her neck. He held her wrists. Not roughly — But with the confidence of a man who knows the map of a woman's body and soul.

- Are you ready to burn?

Elara whispered:

- Burn me. But let my ashes speak of me.

It began. He kissed the line of her spine. Bit her shoulders. Held her tightly by the waist as their bodies began to move — Slowly, rhythmically, almost ritually. Elara moaned. Not out of weakness. Out of recognition. Out of the power of surrender.

- Tell me, what do you want?

- Not to be stopped.
- Even when you tremble?
- Especially then.

In the next moment, Caius lifted her into his arms and laid her on the round altar of black stone, burning hot. He came over her. Held her ankles. Kissed her knees. Climbed her thighs with his mouth like a starving prayer. “I could’ve made her a queen. But today... I take her as a goddess.”

Penetration in the energetic plane is not physical — But the feeling... is absolute. Every wave, every thrust, every slow movement between them Is a transfer of pure fire, unfiltered. Elara cried out. But her cry wasn’t pain. It was departure from self. Entry into All. In that point of fusion, the Manipura chakra lit up between them like a sun — A golden explosion engulfing their chests, ribs, backs, temples. Fire. Sacred fire. “I gave myself to you. And in your fire, I found myself whole.”

When they finished, they didn’t speak. They sat on the stone, naked, their foreheads pressed together. Elara whispered: “You possessed me. But everything you took, you gave back — Transformed into light.”

Returning to her body felt like a lingering echo. She was still trembling. Still felt her breasts aching with life. Her womb open, still pulsing. But above all: she felt sovereign. Deeply desired.

And worthy of receiving.

### ***The Vernissage***

*“Power doesn’t lie in being noticed. It lies in knowing who you are when being seen.”*

It was a Thursday evening. Elara had been going out rarely during that time, but she’d received an invitation from her friend Mara, who was exhibiting a series of paintings inspired by Greek mythology — goddess-women, temple scenes, forgotten symbols.

The gallery was discreet yet elegant, tucked away on an old street lit by small lanterns. Inside, the scent of red wine, mandarins, and linseed oil. Warm lighting. Elegant people. Elara wore a simple, dark blue dress, a light shawl over her shoulders, and her hair in a loose bun. She wasn’t looking to impress. Only to be present.

She wandered among the canvases, silently observing. One painting caught her attention — a woman with her eyes closed, but a flame burning at her solar plexus. “Persephone Returning to the Light,” read the placard.

— Do you like it? — a familiar voice, low and calm, behind her.

Elara turned. Caius.

He wore an elegant overcoat and a calm smile. His gaze was gentler than she remembered. Or perhaps just better concealed.

— It’s... expressive, she replied, maintaining a neutral, yet dignified tone.

— I was invited by a colleague. We’re working on an interdisciplinary project — a collaboration between history and ancient symbolism. When I saw Mara’s name, I thought... you might be here.

— Intuition? — Elara asked, lightly ironic.

He smiled.

— Perhaps. Or maybe just hope. Either way... I think you could help. The project involves interpreting Greek texts related to feminine initiations. You have experience.

— And you have a good memory, she answered.

— Would you like to meet? To discuss it? Over tea, perhaps? At the university?

Elara looked at him closely, without tension. She was no longer the girl from before. She had no reason to run. But neither did she need to rush.

— I can come. For tea. For the project.

— That's all I hoped for. Thank you.

They parted with a brief nod. He drifted among the paintings. Elara remained in front of Persephone. She could feel that same light from the painting gently vibrating in her chest. It wasn't emotion. It was clarity. She didn't feel flattered. Nor curious. She felt... aligned.

## *The Kiss of the Heart*

*“Quiet me. Hold me until I gather my light from the pieces that still ache.”*

That night, Elara longed for something different. Not fire. Not touch. But peace. She knew that activating the erotic energy of the heart chakra (Anahata) would perhaps be the most emotional of all her meetings with Caius in the fifth dimension. In this encounter, the bodies no longer seek only ecstasy, but a gentle touch that heals, that cleanses, that offers forgiveness, safety, tenderness. It is a love that asks for nothing, but gives everything.

Elara breathed deeply. She placed a drop of rose oil on her heart. Around her — green and white candles. She invoked the heart’s energy, then called him: Caius... if you can feel my calling, come. But not as a man. Come as a soul.

In the fifth dimension, she awoke in a suspended garden. White flowers. Warm air. A pergola of jasmine. A pale green sky that seemed to breathe with her. Caius was there. Dressed in a simple white tunic. Barefoot. His hair loose in the wind. His gaze did not burn. It embraced. Like a cloak.

Elara approached. Said nothing. She simply let herself fall into his arms. Her head resting on his shoulder, legs tucked

under her. He held her. His large hands touched her back patiently. He didn't want her. He held her. Held her like no one ever had.

"I don't ask you to heal. I hold you as you are." She began to cry. Without reason. Without shame. Old tears, from other lives, from all the times she had asked herself: "Will anyone ever hold me, without wanting something in return?"

Caius said nothing. He simply caressed her temple. His chest became the altar upon which Elara laid all her sorrow. Then, with a slow gesture, he opened the tunic from her shoulders. He kissed the skin above her heart. Right in the center. With warm lips, slowly, gently, in circles. A kiss that did not want the body — but the soul. "I kiss your wound, beloved, not to close it, but so it no longer hurts when you carry it."

Elara placed her hand on his chest. His heart was beating. But not rhythmically. It beat in echo with hers. For the first time, she didn't feel like too much. Not too sensitive. Not too alive. Just... enough. Without realizing, they lay in the grass. Their bodies neared, but did not rush. They touched as if in prayer. With their foreheads. With their hearts. They made love with tenderness. No frenzy. No tremble. Only pulse. Only presence. Only love that asks for nothing. And in that quiet ecstasy, a light of green and rose enveloped them. Like an



aura. Like a promise. Like a seal. “We will love each other always. Even if we never speak it in the world of humans.”

When Elara returned to her body, dawn was breaking. She felt soft. Clean. Gathered. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her eyes sparkled. “I am loved. Not for what I give. But for who I am. And no one can take that from me.”

### ***The Meeting***

*“A heart awakened no longer seeks proof. It recognizes truth and loves beyond choice.”*

The day after the exhibit, Elara took an hour off in the middle of the day. She didn’t usually. But this time, she felt it was right to step out of her usual flow.

The university bustled with students. The hallways smelled of old paper and waxed wood. Caius awaited her in his office — a room filled with shelves of classical texts, a few manuscripts scanned on his laptop, and an old Japanese ceramic teapot.

— I’m glad you came, Elara. I would have understood if you hadn’t.

— This is about the project. About what I can carry. And now I can.

Her words floated in the air like clear petals. Not accusatory. Not defensive. Just real.

They drank jasmine tea in silence for a few minutes, then began to talk about the project: Greek texts on initiation in feminine temples, symbols of the soul separated from the body and brought back through ritual. Elara came alive in those themes. Her eyes sparkled, and Caius looked at her with a quiet kind of respect, as if rediscovering something he had once lost.

— You're different, he said after a while.

— I'm not different. I'm whole.

— Didn't you want to... talk, about...?

— I already have. With myself. With my soul. What remains unspoken is exactly what must remain so.

They looked at each other. Nothing needed to be solved. There was no drama. No tension. Just two people who had once been reflections for a certain chapter of life. And who now met without illusions.

- I'll send you the texts. I'd really like you to work with us.
- I will. If I feel there's more to give in that direction.
- There is.

Elara smiled. She stood up. Took her scarf from the back of the chair and her bag over her shoulder.

— Be well, Professor.

— And you. Elara.

When she stepped out of the office, she felt the air in the hallway lighten. Her heart no longer longed. No longer waited. No longer closed anything. It was a living space, open, whole. And, for the first time in her life, Elara understood that love did not need to remain to have been real.

It only needed to have been true.

## ***The Voice of Unspoken Love***

*“Let's touch each other with our voices.”*

Elara had continued her meetings with Caius through these living, sensual, sacred meditations. She was about to take the next step in activating the energies of the throat chakra –

Vishuddha, the realm of the word, of spoken truth, of the sound that creates. Here, every whisper is a call, every breath a poem. Elara wanted to discover with Caius the erotic power of deep communication, the way a voice can touch more intensely than hands, how phrases can open gates of pleasure the body alone does not know.

That evening, Elara felt a new tension in her throat. Like an unseen knot. She felt there was something she had to say. But the words... no longer fit this world. So she placed her palms on her throat chakra, closed her eyes and said: Caius... Let's touch each other with our voices.

When she arrived in the fifth dimension, the space was different. A dome of blue crystal, open to the sky. Everything vibrated in shades of indigo, cobalt, azure. Caius was already there. Wearing a silk blue cloak, his chest bare. Around his neck — an ancient symbol: a spiral within a circle.

— Tonight, I won't touch you with my hands, he said.

— Then what will you give me?

— My vibration. To your very core.

Elara knelt. Her naked body covered only by her long hair and a shimmering scarf. Caius approached from behind. He

didn't touch her. He only spoke. Slowly. Hot. Directly into her ear.

— Have you ever wondered... what your body would do if I named each part of it?

Elara closed her eyes. A shiver ran down her spine. Caius brought his lips close to her neck. He didn't kiss her. He only breathed the word.

— Your throat... is the gate to my sky. Your collarbone... a fountain from which I would drink desire. Your breasts... two mysteries I don't want to understand. I just want them.

Every word he spoke became physical sensation. When he whispered "thigh," her muscle twitched. When he said "hip," Elara moaned, without moving. You kissed me with your words. And undressed me without touching.

— Tell me, Elara, what do you feel?

— That I'm opening.

— Where?

— In my throat. In my chest. In my womb.

— Do you want me to love you only with my voice?  
Elara smiled. She answered with a whisper:

— Make me yours... in every syllable.

And he began. An erotic ritual of speaking. Each sound — a wave. Each phrase — a subtle penetration of her being. Elara felt orgasm as a story being read across her skin. Slow. Clear. Eager and patient at once. When he spoke the words:

— You are the poem I never dared to write...

Elara unraveled, completely. An ecstasy without touch. Without touch. But more real than any contact. They remained naked in silence, but the silence was still a conversation. Their bodies stayed apart. But their voices... made love.

When Elara woke up, her lips were hot. Her throat soft. Her heart full. “Last night, you made love to me with words alone. And yet... I’ve never felt more naked,” she whispered to herself.

## *Coming Home*

*“Sometimes, truth is not a word.  
It’s the scent of a mother who never forgot how to wait.”*

The road heading north unfolded like a long ribbon over soft hills, snow resting at the edges, and leafless trees guarding the silence. Elara drove calmly, soft music playing in the car, her heart at peace. She hadn’t been there in months. But the thought of her mother pulled her in like a warm light from another world.

The house was the same. With green shutters, a two-sloped roof, and the old stove that smelled of burning wood and childhood. In the back, the river flowed quietly, willows bent over it like guardians of memories.

— Mama... — Elara whispered when she saw her in the doorway.

— You came, sweetheart! — her mother’s voice was the same: round, alive, with a thread of longing woven into every syllable.

They embraced for a long time, no words, just soul. Her mother smelled of dry hay, warm polenta, and safety. On the table, in a bright kitchen, everything was already laid out: steaming cabbage rolls, golden polenta, thick sour cream,

and on the stove, crispy flatbreads, next to cheese, onion and dill pies, wrapped in a clean, hand-embroidered towel.

— I made everything you like. I know you never say it, but I know when you're missing home.

Elara smiled and placed her coat on the chair. She sat down. The food was not just nourishment. It was subtle healing. Each bite awakened a new memory: running barefoot by the river, falling asleep in her mother's arms on rainy days, reading under the willow tree in her teenage years.

— Mama... did you always know I was... different?

— You weren't different, you were alive. More alive than the world around you. But you needed to leave so you could see yourself.

After dinner, Elara went out alone behind the house. The river flowed gently, and the great willow swayed its branches as if caressing her. She closed her eyes and brought her hand to her throat, where she felt the pulse of her truth chakra. She felt her voice opening — but not to speak. To recognize everything that had once been hidden. She had been born there. And in that place, perhaps, she would be reborn.



## ***The Vision That Touches***

*“You touched me not with your fingers, nor your lips, but with an image.”*

Elara was preparing for the most emotional encounter with Caius. She was about to activate the energy of Ajna — the third eye chakra, the center of spiritual vision, intuition, mental fusion, and mystical orgasm. Here, it is not the bodies, not the words, not the hands that love, but the subtle mind, pure perception, the consciousness that embraces without form. It is love as vision, love as transcendence of the real, where thought becomes ecstasy, and the presence of the other is felt in all realms simultaneously.

By activating the Ajna energy, Elara would unite with Caius not just as souls, but as archetypes — the divine masculine and the illuminated feminine, merged in a state of ecstatic knowing.

That night, Elara needed no touch. She only wished to see. To penetrate. To experience love as a clear, open, lucid vision. Sitting in meditation, with her middle finger pressed gently on the spot between her eyebrows, Elara whispered in thought: “Ajna. Open the eye with which I have loved him in every life.”

The fifth dimension opened like a dome of blue stars. There was no earth, no water. Only pure thought, light-formed figures, translucent silhouettes of vibration. Elara didn't see Caius with her eyes. She perceived him as a tall, radiant white-blue fire, spinning around her. And she — was the same. Two energies. Two spirals. One point of consciousness. “Caius... You are no longer man. You are everything I have ever loved in the divine masculine.”

And then it began. The vision... She did not look at him. She saw through his eyes. She felt his desire as if on her own skin. His thoughts — a liquid pleasure.

— I want to caress you not with my hands, but with the memory of touch.

— I want to feel you shiver before I ever touch you.

In this space of Ajna, fantasy became reality. Everything Caius thought — projected itself around them. Images of Elara dancing in light, lying on a meadow of stars, moaning in ecstasy under a rain of white. She saw every erotic dream of his. And lived them. It wasn't sex. It was mental erotic creation. A trance. An orgasm born from pure thought. Her body vibrated, but did not move. Only the thought pulsed between her thighs. “When you said, ‘I see how you feel your own touch,’ I felt everything. And I let myself go. And

I arrived.” And in that point... Elara and Caius merged completely. No bodies. No words. No gestures. Only one mind. One orgasm. One open eye.

When Elara returned, she was wet between her thighs. And calm in her thoughts. Her heart had opened and risen all the way to her forehead. “You loved me with your mind. And I felt more possessed than in any kiss,” Elara whispered inwardly.

### ***The Vision Beneath Artificial Light***

*“Reality doesn’t change — it simply reveals itself.”*

It was night when Elara returned to Bucharest. The long road had warmed her heart, but tired her body. Winter in the city had a different density — grayer, more rushed, more electric. She had left her bag inside the house and stepped out to get some air. She felt she couldn’t go straight to sleep. Her body was in Bucharest, but her soul had stayed somewhere near the willows by the riverbank.

She walked down an old alley, with tired lanterns and bare trees. Usually, a small antiquarian bookshop at the corner was closed by that hour. But tonight... the lights were on. A

warm, golden glow — like a promise. Without thinking, Elara pushed the door. A soft chime. Books everywhere, vague scents of tea, old wood, and paper. No one was visible, but it felt like someone had just been there.

She wandered slowly among the shelves. Her fingers brushed the spines as if reading them by touch. In one corner, almost hidden, a worn book with reddish-brown covers seemed to belong to another era. She pulled it out. “The Forgotten Dialogues of the Soul.” Anonymous author, but translated from Ancient Greek. When she opened it, a yellowed piece of paper slipped out. Handwritten, in faded ink: “We recognize each other not when we meet again, but when what remains unspoken finds its echo between us.”

Elara felt a subtle tremor, not of fear — but of recognition. Those words were the exact essence of a thought she had had just before arriving in Bucharest. Her intuition pulsed. She could see differently now. She felt that this book wasn’t lost, but had been waiting for her.

— It’s no coincidence you found it, said a gentle voice behind her.

Elara turned slowly. A man, dressed simply, with a clear gaze. She didn’t recognize him. And yet... he didn’t feel like a stranger.

— The bookshop's been closed since eight, he continued, smiling.

— But it seems the door opened for you.

— So it seems... she whispered.

— Would you like to take it? The book?

— Yes.

— Then let it be yours. You don't have to pay in money.

— Then with what?

— With presence. With understanding.

Elara held the book to her chest. She walked out of the shop with steady steps, and behind her, the lights dimmed gently. No sound. No chime.

That night, Elara slept with the book on her nightstand. She didn't open it just yet. But she knew: what was to come had already been shown to her.

## *In the Light That No Longer Separates*

*“We no longer touched. There’s no need. We are the same being.”*

Elara was preparing for the meditation that would take her to meet Caius through the activation of the crown chakra — Sahasrara, where there is no longer “me” and “you,” but only pure light, unity with All That Is.

Elara closed her eyes. She knew this was the final passage. There was no more desire, no more question, no more fear. Only... peace. Kneeling, with her palms open, she turned her attention toward the crown of her head. A fine white light opened from within her, like a flower. Sahasrara. Crown. Divine. Caius... I no longer call you. Because you are already within me. Come, if you wish to be Everything. And he came. But not in form. As light. As essence. As God in the masculine.

Elara didn’t see him. She felt him. As a white-golden aura that gently wrapped around her, completely. A soft wind of light. An embrace with no borders. They became one. No gesture.

No sound. No movement. Everything inside her fell silent. And in that silence... the supreme ecstasy began. It wasn’t an orgasm in the womb. It was a disintegration into light.

Everything that had once been body turned to spark. Everything that had once been thought dissolved. Only love remained. “I was a drop. Now I am the ocean. And you are my wave.” They dissolved together in the gold of consciousness. They were no longer Elara and Caius. They were Everything. And No-Thing. The silence before creation. And the first breath of the world.

After a time without time, Elara returned to her body. Slowly. Calmly. Her eyes gently moistened. She felt no pain. No longing. No possession. Only peace. The highest form of love. Without form. Without demand. Without end. “I have loved you in every way. And now... I have nothing left to ask. You are in me. And I am in you. In light.” It is the crowning of everything they lived, everything they desired, everything they were.

In this total, mystical fusion — where the love between her and him became pure consciousness — Elara felt that she had closed the circle of the Sacred Spiral of Love, had freed herself from Caius, and had become Whole.

## *Crown of Light*

*“When you’ve climbed all the steps within yourself, you no longer want to conquer the sky. You want to be the sky.”*

Morning was born in silence. No alarms. No rush. Elara had woken early, before the city had shaken off its dreams. Outside, snow was falling softly, and the sky held a pearly hue — like a veil between worlds.

She sat on the rug, in front of the window, a blanket beneath her knees, her hands resting in her lap. It was no longer a practice. Not even meditation. Just presence. She breathed. She listened to the silence.

And in that silence, she felt: every part of her was where it needed to be. Nothing needed fixing. She no longer searched for signs. No longer interpreted dreams. No longer waited for returns.

In one corner of the room, the book from the antique shop rested on the small table, the old paper still tucked inside. She hadn’t opened it. Not yet. Not because she was afraid. But because she felt she already contained it. With eyes closed, Elara felt a thin thread of light descend from the crown of her head, through her spine, down into the earth. Then it rose again. A flow. A spiral.



Everything was connected. Her mother. Caius. The little girl who read under the willow tree. The woman who restored clay tablets. The woman who loved. The woman who was letting go. The sky was no longer above. The sky was within her. A tear slid down her cheek, but it wasn't from sadness. It was a round, serene tear. A tear-crown.

In that state, Elara understood: love is not a journey toward someone else. It is a quiet opening into all that you are. And when she finally opened her eyes, the snowfall was drifting gently over the forest and the nearby field. And everything was exactly as it was meant to be.

### ***The Calling from the Light***

*"Love does not bind. It opens gates."*

That night, Elara expected nothing. She hadn't asked for a sign, nor a vision. She lived in acceptance, in a quiet inner space, after all the integrations and revelations of the past few months. And yet—something opened.

She had sat in meditation for just a few minutes. In her heart, there was a gentle prayer — not for herself, but for the clarity of all those who no longer knew how to love without fear.

She closed her eyes and breathed. Within moments, she already felt the space around her begin to shift.

She found herself in a library. Not just any library — *that* one: vast, endless, filled with ancient volumes, wrapped in soft light. The place where she had once been. Akasha. Down a corridor, light gathered into a defined form. It was not a person. It was a Presence.

— Elara. You have been called.

— By whom? Why?

— It is not a calling from pain. It is a mission born of love.

Then, the image of Caius formed. Not in his physical shape, but as an energetic structure surrounded by black threads, metallic glimmers, golden chains — beautiful, but heavy. Around him, distorted symbols — symbols of power and seduction, rituals, women, vows not made from the soul, but through manipulative will.

— He did not choose it. He was chosen by an energy that wanted to hold him.

— Then why did he stay?

— When you're subtly bound, sometimes you believe that it's your own will.

Elara felt her heart shiver. She understood. Everything. Sacred love is communion. But what had formed between Caius and the other woman was not communion — it was captivity, gilded in appearance.

— Can I break the bonds?

— You are not allowed to break. But you may release. You have been granted the right. Not because you love him, but because your heart is pure, and your intent is to return him... to himself.

— What must I do?

— Bring the fire from your pure love. Invoke freedom and place it between you. Not so that he may come. But so that he may go anywhere — free.

Elara fell to her knees before the light. Not from submission. But from gratitude. Tears flowed quietly, but her eyes were clear. She knew what she had to do. Not tomorrow. Not next week.

Soon.

In the name of true love, she would release what another had chained.

## *The Ritual of Release*

*"Love does not violate the free will of the other."*

Elara had studied the celestial calendar carefully. She knew it couldn't be just any night. She needed silence. Space. A gate open between worlds. And that gate opened on the night of the New Moon — when all begins from zero, when energies descend into depth, and everything can be rewritten.

That evening, she prepared her body like a temple. She filled the tub with warm water and added drops of sandalwood and Damask rose essential oils — two sacred essences, ancient protectors

known as subtle shields against dark forces. The water became a sanctuary. Elara entered it slowly, as into an initiation.

After the bath, she wrapped her body in a long, white gown of soft cotton. Tied her hair with a blue ribbon and cleansed the house with white sage and palo santo. The space itself seemed to breathe with her.

In the center of the living room, she arranged 27 white candles — in a perfect circle. Placed in series of 3x9: symbol of the Trinity and of the protective energies of the Divine Mother. The flames danced gently, and the air became dense with light.

In silence, Elara traced 9 Reiki symbols of protection around her. They floated in the subtle field, invisible to the physical eye, but clearly outlined for the inner one. They were seals of light.

As the clock approached the moment of the New Moon, Elara stood in the center of the circle. She whispered prayers of light — not aloud, but with her soul. And then she called him.

— Caius... come into the light. Come into love. I do not call your body, but what you are beyond time.

And he came. Not in flesh. But as a body of light. He appeared beside her, radiant yet constrained, wrapped in dark energetic cords — some subtle, others thick like invisible chains. She sensed them bound to his root chakra, solar plexus, throat, and heart. Elara knew they were not his. They had been placed there. By foreign will.

In that moment, Elara invoked:

— Archangel Raphael, Healer and bringer of Divine Truth, come and sever every cord not belonging to his soul. Free him, so that he may choose — not in illusion, but in light.

The air shifted. From the right, Archangel Raphael appeared. A tall presence, green-gold, with eyes that did not look — but revealed. He held a sword of pure light — not metal, but condensed sound. He stepped toward Caius. With slow, precise gestures, Raphael touched each energetic thread. And with every touch, a vibration rose in the air — crystal sounds, like an invisible harp. Each cut thread fell into nothingness, dissolving — not with violence, but with peace.

Elara watched. Felt. Did not interfere. She was witness to the release.

At last, Caius was free. His aura had become lighter, clearer, like clean water in morning light. He turned to Elara. Spoke without words:

— Thank you. I didn't know I was bound.

Elara closed her eyes. There was nothing more to do. Only to finish.

— May your will be your own, from now on.

Caius disappeared. The candles began to extinguish, one by one, as if the ritual itself was closing.

Elara sat on the floor, in the middle of melted wax and extinguished light. She felt no triumph. No loss. She felt... the peace of a pure choice.

## EPILOGUE

### *Under Open Skies*

*"When the heart is free, the whole earth becomes a temple of love."*

In the days that followed, Elara spoke to no one about the ritual. Not because she was hiding it, but because she had understood that some things only become truly real when you carry them quietly in your heart. She felt that a chapter had closed. Not just the connection with Caius, but an entire part of her life — one lived in symbols, silences, and questions. Now... she wanted to live.

One morning she woke and looked at the map of the world. She felt a warm tremor toward the north, where the light never disappears at night, where stars dance in green and violet veils.

Saint Petersburg. The city of white nights. That's where she wanted to begin.

She loved Russian culture. Poets who wrote with the blood of their hearts. Music that trembled with emotion. Women who embraced life even when their souls were heavy. And



men—strong,  
but capable of deep gentleness.

She knew she wasn't looking for someone. She was looking for an experience of love lived on earth — with body, with laughter, with mulled wine and warm hands. A love without ideal. But true.

She bought the ticket on a quiet afternoon in April. She smiled.

— *Life... I welcome you.*

And, at last, she felt that life was smiling back.

“Sacred love does  
not unite two people.  
It unites two  
consciences.”

*Author*