

# A Demon's Escape

(Based on a True Story)

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## Chapter 1

*Now I want the water  
To wash away all my sins  
The wind to blow away  
My thoughts without meaning  
The fire to burn  
Away my thickened skin*

— *Dance of Fate*, Epica

I had always been the type of being to face things on my own. Visions of sugarplums dancing in my head. *You should have a thicker skin than that*, I heard them all say at one point. Not that I needed a thick skin to imagine freely.

Just that my imagination, more often than not, resulted in emotional entanglements that I could not face on my own.

I needed the aid of an angel or devil to pull me out of it all.

And that was my very problem.

*You can force yourself upon me, but you never will.*

— *The Last Crusade*, Epica

And the fact of the matter was that I no longer knew if I was ‘more angelic’ or ‘more devilish.’ If I had more of Satan or God inside of me.

I knew what I wanted, I was sure of that. But it wasn’t always easy to articulate it to others when I had no idea who I really was or what that really looked like.

It didn’t matter what anyone else thought. All that mattered to me was that I was alive and well, that my heart was beating freely. Whether I chose to feel my emotions fully, or experience the depth of them—that wasn’t up to me. That was up to God, or Satan, or whatever it was that controlled me.

The hell if I knew.

## Chapter 2

I could feel something deep inside of my chest pounding at me, striving to stay alive. Struggling to live and to breathe and to move, to have its being. To have its way with me.

It had to have been a demon.

I couldn't imagine where it came from.

I just knew that it definitely did not come from myself. The heaviness in my chest, the incessant yearning for something more. To be released, to be settled. To vanish, to escape where it truly belonged...

This particular being did not belong to me.

Yet I always considered myself something otherworldly.

I must have caught him like a cold. Almost like spending too much time with sick people.

The injured ones, I liked to call them. The ones who didn't know their true home.

My eyes drooped suddenly as I felt the Demon's impact on me. As I sensed him shutting my eyes every time I felt even remotely sleepy.

He pounded them shut with a chisel, I could have sworn. Against my will. Against my better judgment.

I wonder if he had a name.

I had to find out.

## Chapter 3

So many signs and wonders around me. I knew them all by heart. God wasn't dead, but He surely wasn't alive, either.

Only they were. The ones from the Demon World.

Hell, maybe. But I wasn't sure if Hell kept me from experiencing life on Earth.

Why would it have mattered, anyway? As long as Earth didn't cause me too much sadness.

Yet I always felt sad. From the Demon.

I still didn't know him by name.

## Chapter 4

“Have you ever been on drugs?” The girl (or was she an Angel?) from my History class calmly, coolly asked me. As though it were everyday conversation, just as easy as 1,2,3.

“No,” I responded catatonically. But I wasn’t sure if I knew what a drug was in the first place. The vocabulary seemed beyond my expanse of knowledge.

For I was more of a feeler, not so much a thinker.

But once upon a time, in about 8th grade or so, my homeroom teacher had told me that “if you don’t know what it is, then the answer is probably ‘no.’”

I lived by that piece of wisdom daily.

Most of my answers in life had to have been ‘no’ because the Earth seemed wholly unfamiliar to me.

Safety remained in that word. In one single word of the English language.

*No.* So simple, so protected.

Yet so very limiting.

## Chapter 5

I spoke a language, I knew not what. But nevertheless, it existed, and was, and enabled me to escape from the very Demon himself.

Perhaps I had created the language for my own self.

I knew no human who could speak it.

But I could speak it for as long as my memories were intact. From the very time I could form them in my mind.

I felt like such a parasite, choking the very life from those who came into contact with me. I had no idea how I had that sort of impact on everyone, but it seemed absolutely inevitable. Almost necessary.

I was very wolfish, all in all. Almost vampiric, in essence.

I just had no idea as to how I ended up here or why I felt this way. But all I knew was that it had always been this way.

Would likely always be this way.

And never would end.

## Chapter 6

*You must be swift as the coursing river  
With all the force of a great typhoon  
With all the strength of a raging fire  
Mysterious as the dark side of the moon*

— *I'll Make a Man Out of You*, Mulan

I had always been attracted to the elements.

Perhaps I was privately a witch. Or a mystic. Or at least something *mysterious* and *spiritual*.

There are indescribable words in my own language for both of those terms, which I cannot find synonyms for, in English.

I just knew that all of the elements—Air, Earth, Water, Fire, Spirit—would always be. Would never betray me.

I had always particularly felt connected to the element of Fire.

Perhaps because I was a Fire sign, but also because I enjoyed destruction, naturally.

And so did my Demon.

Or maybe it was *he* who enjoyed such things, and not really myself.

Fire could easily overpower all of the other elements. It was the strongest one, the most vibrant and colorful and forceful.

And although I had a quiet personality, that was who I was. Intense, naturally a social chameleon. A manipulator.

Or maybe that was my Demon controlling me.

Because who knew who I really was, anyway?

I allowed such things to occur so often that my identity no longer mattered. It was all a blur to me...



## Chapter 7

The first time I ever felt the Demon speak to me, I was lying on my bed, absorbing the feel of the rain on my skin. Or at least pretending to. Because I had felt it from outside, in a brief yet vivid vision.

He told me that I needed to deceive someone into believing that I was a good person, when really... he knew who I was, what I was.

I knew that it should have bothered me that he hated me so much. But my emotions were basically turned off, so nothing truly bothered me anymore.

What was truly 'good,' anyway? Nothing. No one.

We were all little devilish creatures residing on this temporary shell that we called 'Earth.'

But Fire was so much stronger, as could be seen quite easily.

Fire always overpowered all. Always. No matter how you looked at it, that would always be the case. And nothing mattered to me more than that.

So with hidden ferocity and rage, I approached my first real Earthly victim in quite a long time.

## Chapter 8

I chose to operate not by my own schedule, but by the commands of the Demon that controlled me.

I disliked being controlled, but I had gotten used to it over time. It just made a lot of sense to me. It wasn't like really being controlled because the Demon and I had become allies over time. It was almost like giving in to your best friend's wishes or trying to please one who was always looking out for you.

I had become very observant over time. The Demon always informed me how to pick up on energy, how to naturally feel the essence of other humans, even if they weren't aligned with who we were or what we stood for.

It didn't matter, because all of these humans would be victims over time anyway.

*You're a victim too, The Demon whispered to me one day. It's just that you're more powerful than these other victims.*

It made perfect sense to me, actually. We were all victims because all of us were being haunted by the Devil. But victimhood most definitely did not entail weakness, in every case.

In fact, I had become very powerful over time. Even more powerful than I had thought initially. Because God no longer served me, or perhaps I no longer served him.

He was quite pitiful, in all actuality.

My Demon told me all these things.

But who knew if he was lying to me all this time?

Not even I could say.

## Chapter 9

My first victim was an easy one.

She was so emotionally vulnerable that everything just spilled out of me naturally. The vibe I got from her was a very pure one. Pure and innocent and special.

The worst kind of vermin, so the Demon had said. Not 'vermin' in the sense of 'bad' or 'evil,' but 'vermin' in the sense of *weak*.

He told me that being evil was all based on perspective.

Society liked to place labels on us, in the hopes of making us feel guilty or ashamed or embarrassed of our psyches, our egos, the most natural part of the self.

So when society said, "You couldn't be more evil," what they really meant was... *You couldn't be stronger. You couldn't be more powerful. You couldn't be a better being.*

Really, it was all based on their own weak, empathic desires.

Society viewed us, my Demon and I, as threats. Threats to their egos, their own twisted desires. Which were really in the end, very *self-serving* anyway.

Because, come on, let's face it. At the end of the day, we were all in it for ourselves anyway.

That's the way it was, and always should be.

But that didn't make society 'good.'

What did 'good' mean, anyway?

Sheltered? Naïve? Protected? Gullible?

That's how my Demon saw it.

And of course, I agreed. I always had to.

But I still had a choice.

## Chapter 10

So my victim.

She was very sweet. At least, most of the time.

I could push her buttons quite easily. All I had to do was go silent on her.

So when she texted me later on after I gave her my phone number (phones, who needed them anyway?), all I had to do was wait to answer, for the perfect moment, until after she had gotten upset about the fact that I took so long to answer.

The Demon showed me a glimpse of the future. A miraculous thing, really...

He said that we would get into verbal disagreements quite a lot, and that I would control her feelings quite well. That she would fight a lot with herself over me, but that in the end, I would propel her toward Darkness more prominently than she had ever experienced.

That would have been good enough for me.

But the problem was that I couldn't gain complete control over her.

Or maybe I could? It depended on how emotional she actually was.

If only I could get her to remember me forever.

If only I could make an impact on her, an *imprint on her soul*, that she would never be able to shake.

If only.

## Chapter 11

I knew how to talk the talk. But not walk the walk.

Oh, the contradictions. I was such a smooth talker.

I spoke so highly of her, yet acted quite the opposite toward her.

I promised her so many things... marriage, children... all the typical *human wants*.

But I refused to do *anything*, not even to go on a single date with her.

I always had an excuse. I even had given her the explanation of having a 'social anxiety disorder,' or that I was 'too shy' to approach her.

I wasn't afraid of anything. Only of not having the power and the glory for my Demon and me.

## Chapter 12

“You are such an Angel on Earth.”

“Your spirit is simply too pure for this world.”

“I am simply too *dark of a soul* for you.”

So alluring. So very enticing, I was.

My words *reeked of poetry* and wretched sweetness.

I knew *exactly* how to get her to respond to me with pity, and yet, to send her vulnerable emotions spiraling up and down, up and down, in cycles.

I was such a magnificent creature of... not heaven, because that would have been insulting... but whatever spirit that owned this world—the Devil, Satan, etc.—the one who ultimately was allied with my Demon... Yes. That was what I was. *Quite* powerful, and *quite* seductive.

I was both everything and nothing, the center of the universe, the God of my very own making.

I had once believed that perhaps the “Christian God” was both dead and maybe a little bit alive at the same time.

But now... I knew better.

*“God is dead, and we have killed him.” — Nietzsche*

## Chapter 13

*For long  
I have been waiting  
For a reason to arise  
Am I just wasting my time?*

*I am not who you think I am  
Soon I'll be laying you down  
...  
I'm everywhere*

— *Deceiver, Stream of Passion*

“There are secrets that lie waiting in my silent stare.

If you go through my fears, you'll see that you have lost control.”

So many fears, yet none at all.

“Fear is only a mask for what you really feel.”

That's what my Demon told me daily, whenever I expressed to Him, a remote trouble or concern.

He gave me so much hope. So much faith. So much desire to live.

In truth, I needed Him more than I thought I did initially.

Because I was afraid of many things, at times. At least, I thought I was.

But since fear was only a mask, it didn't matter. I was so much stronger than that, so much greater.

So much more in control.



I was everywhere, I was everything. All things bowed to me.

Yet still, I needed Him. That Demon and I, we were a team.

One day, I tried to fight with Him for power. We got into an argument over it, and it was quite fierce.

I desired more control than I was getting. I felt so powerless under His almighty grip.

I asked Him why I felt like a God, whenever He spoke to me like that.

Yet why I needed Him to feel this way...

If I needed Him so much, then I wasn't truly powerful, and it frustrated and agonized me beyond belief.

His response *astounded me*.

He said, "I will make you *not God (Jehovah, Addonai, Yeshua), but your own God.*"

He ordered me to think of Him as a divine Helper, not as a hindrance or thing that I needed to be powerful.

"You are just as powerful on your own. You could survive with or without Me. But nevertheless, I'd like to help you along the way."

Deep down, I knew the truth.

Deep down.

But still, I chose to avoid it...

And the deeper I went, the harder it became to escape.

## Chapter 14

“What is Your name?” I asked Him one day.

I was so very curious that all this time I had been speaking to Him, getting to know Him, being His companion...

He hadn't even revealed His name to me.

“You can call me *Lucifer*,” He replied so easily. So simply, as though it were nothing.

Except he said it in Latin.

A language that was quite beautiful, although not my mother tongue.

“*Lux Et Tenebris*,” He clamped his hands over my eyes as I sat near Him...

And then appeared to me, with wings like *Fire*, and hair like *Water*.

Long, flowing, white hair. So pure, so radiantly passionate...

What a beautiful mystery, what *divine glory*.

Not even Christ could share in this. He just seemed so weak in comparison... so frail, like nothing, like no one.

A promise that never came, a futile blood shed for the weak ones of this life and Earth.

*I live in fear when the Shadows reappear  
Releasing all their might*

*I never thought I'd face the Demons on my own*

*Haunted, hunted*

— *Haunted*, Stream of Passion

If only I could tell her.

If only she were a vampire spirit like myself.

I could try to convince her, but Lucifer told me that she would never consent to that — however, I could try.

Fear. The mask.

I lived by it, and came to *love* it.

For it was just a mask, and it would allow me to *never again* mourn the loss of my innocence.

## Chapter 15

When would she come to embrace the Storm like I did?

I made *so many sacrifices* to Him.

If only I could tell her.

If only...

But she was so *pure, innocent*, so much like *Christ*, our ultimate Enemy.

I reveled in the magic of being the only one, of being alone, of being unsaved, forever damned to Hell—

Not by “Jehovah” (*blasphemies of the spirit of I am*), but by *Lucifer, the GREATER One*.

In passing, I informed her nonchalantly (to see how she would respond, *if she would respond in the way that I desired*) of a former coworker who had given me a small ‘gift’ from their journey to Jerusalem.

By this time, I knew she had suspected something from me.

That I didn’t worship the same God she did.

I casually said to her, “I decided to use the holy water as a sacrifice to Him.”

She didn’t respond well. She actually didn’t say much at all.

But silence is a much stronger response than outright contempt.

By this time, I was far too wrapped up in Lucifer to worry about my intentions toward her.

She seemed so... vilely into Christ. Such rubbish. That I figured she would abandon me in the end, anyway.

## Chapter 16

The day that I informed her of my true beliefs went over far more smoothly than I imagined it would.

Maybe I could manipulate her a bit more than I had initially thought.

She seemed so... *kind. Open-minded. Accepting.*

What a wonderful combination. Both pure and naïve.

So as a prayer to Lucifer, I spoke to Him softly as He appeared to me...

I asked Him to bless me with some curses on Cecilia.

*The patron saint of music in Catholicism,* He whispered to me the meaning of her name.

“What’s the best way to curse her?” I inquired curiously.

“Easy. Give her a cross necklace that’s supposed to be devoted to Christ and throw some Water on it, that I have blessed.”

“What am I truly gaining?” I asked on second thought. I wouldn’t have done it if there weren’t any true gain in the process.

“Easy. Power and Trust, of course.”

The answer was good enough for me.

He told me exactly how to perform the agonizing ritual.

But why was it agonizing?

I had lost my feelings long ago. *Shut them off!* I heard Lucifer whisper as I felt the tear slip down my cheek.

It shouldn't have been like this. He was absolutely right.

He told me the Latin words for "Fuck Christ" and then blessed it with His own image, washing over the cross necklace that I had purchased in the store only a few hours ago.

I wanted to cry.

But why?

*Stop it!* Lucifer slapped me across the face, and I could feel my cheeks burning up. Like someone or something had just whipped me with a knife.

It hurt so much... the Fires of Hell had truly touched me...

But if this is what it felt like to truly *live*, then I was all for it.

Or was I?

## Chapter 17

“You’re so fucking vulnerable,” His sweet aroma made my heart melt inside. It could have for hours.

The way He spoke to me, so eloquently.

The way He moved inside of me made me feel like nothing and everything all at once.

My chest. In so much pain, yet so much freedom.

He offered me *true freedom*.

I wanted to feel like nothing *for Him*.

Before, I felt like a God. Now I just wanted to be devoted to Him—whether a God or not, it wasn’t about me anymore.

It was about filling my soul up with Lu.

Filling my body up with Him. Whether naked or clothed. None of it mattered. I just loved Him that much.

The day that I gave Cecilia the gift... was very unexpected.

“It might make you cry,” I found myself saying to her sappily (oh, how predictable of me) as I handed her the necklace.

“Thank you so much!” She replied. Was it forceful?

Hm.

“She’s pretending to like it a bit more than she actually does,” He nudged me. “Do something to make it more appealing.”



“Like what?”

“Go home and wear the necklace she gave you! Devote yourself to it fully and ask her if she wants to wear it all the time like you do hers.”

“What good will that do?” I almost found myself snorting. No, I thought miserably before I caught myself. I shouldn’t have disrespected Him like that...

“Just do it,” He ordered. “You’ll see *wonderful* results.”

## Chapter 18

So I went home and did as I was instructed.

Surprisingly, it worked.

But Lucifer still had that pull on me.

A pull that was so... beautiful. So indescribably magical.

And I was starting to feel... powerful again.

Not quite so weak, not so much a victim.

“My spirit guide loves you,” I insisted to Cecilia on the phone later that evening.

She seemed taken aback by the comment, of course, but I couldn't have told her that Lu wanted her. I had to make a cover for Him.

She wouldn't be ready for the news that Lu was interested in working with her.

Rarely did I try to convert anyone, but Lucifer... He carefully chose His followers. And not everyone was 'chosen.'

“What do I do with the necklace?” I asked Him, because I had no *idea* what His plans would be.

“Bless it again with my curses.”

So I did.

And noticed that she got hit with bouts of depression and anxiety after that.

It was particularly satisfying, to see my control over her, and how I could manipulate just about anything or anyone, to feel whatever Lu commanded.

Why did I want to cry over Christ?

It still bothered me every day. Because it meant that part of me felt for him.

Even if a small part. I hated it. It made me feel guilty, because it meant that Lu wasn't fully in my heart, at least not yet.

## Chapter 19

One of my better days happened the day that I started the web site devoted to Lucifer.

“The Devil’s Gathering.”

Such a beautiful name.

I was shocked that I came up with it on my own. Then again, Lu inspired it.

I did nothing apart from Him — yet I was my own Devil child she-he.

I was part everything, really. A little bit of everything. Sometimes masculine, other times, feminine.

My own gender, my own being. But I had tendencies of psychic vampirism and sociopathy.

Lucifer told me *everything*. He helped me understand how to operate in human society without actually being human.

He told me that I was born a Devil, and that I came from Hell. That I belonged there, that it was like home to me.

“Better to reign in Hell, than to serve in heaven.” —John Milton

Lu even told me how to interpret information about people.

How to find out *everything* about them.

Divination was *it* for me. I did aura readings, psychic readings...

Anything, really, to make a quick hit of money.

I was the best Devil child out there. The absolute best.

I truly believed it. That I was the shit, and that Lu was my Master.

That I'd always be His, and He would be mine. No matter what.

## Chapter 20

I was truly shocked the day that I told Cecilia about the web site. I asked her to join as a member, in the hopes of tempting her to join forces with me...

*And she agreed. Wow.*

So open-minded, so naïve.

I loved people like her. Someday, hopefully soon, she'd find herself worshipping Lu. Maybe just casually at first, but then.... She'd get in so deep that she wouldn't know how to escape.

## Chapter 21

I found myself so limited in the people I interacted with.

Disappointing, but maybe Lucifer could help me in that area.

Nevertheless, Lucifer was getting rather frightening to me. I had to admit it to Him.

It took me *forever* to admit to myself, and to the world, that I truly worshipped Him.

But the day that I did, I felt so... liberated. Free. Like I had come out of the closet at last.

Still some people made it rather difficult for me.

I had to worry about things like harassment, prejudice, especially from Christians.

But as long as I kept it to myself and played it safe for a time until I got to know people, it would be okay.

Fear was just a mark of the Devil, that's what I was learning with time.

Fear was only a mask for the strength within—that's what Lucifer always told me.

Fear had become essential.

The Bible says, "Perfect love casts out Fear."

No such thing as perfect love, He had told me.

Jehovah lies, He said again.

So why cast out what was essential, when love wasn't even real in the end?

“I have my own version of love,” Lu said mesmerizingly. “I will always tell you the Truth.”

So I thought.

So I wanted to believe.



## Chapter 22

“I want you to make a blood oath to Me,” Lucifer said to me one day.

“What do you mean?” I asked defensively.

“I mean that...

You should offer your blood as a sacrifice to me, eternally, and that there is *no turning back* once you do this.”

*“No turning back or you shall pay the consequences.”*

Quite truly, I was floored.

I was both touched and afraid.

I didn’t know what to do or say.

So I fled.

Like a child, I fled.

And ignored Him for the remainder of the day.

But eventually, of course, came back to Him. And when I did, He was quite incensed.

## Chapter 23

“What happened to the earlier days? Ever since you’ve known Me by name, you have become quite childish in your approach to Me.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know exactly what I mean, *bitch*.”

I opened my mouth in pure pain. He had shocked me into submission, and I felt as though I were having a panic attack, a heart attack, something hellishly exhausting that took me about 30 minutes to break free of.

Not only that, but it somewhat offended me that Lucifer referred to me as “bitch,” because sometimes I was masculine, while other times, I was feminine.

“Bitch” was an insulting term that referred to a *weak, feminine woman. Which I was not*.

But I needn’t voice such concerns to Him. He didn’t need to hear my fears.

Fear was just a mask for the strength within, and needn’t be addressed.

That’s what He had always told me.

“Lu. I’m getting tired. My chest hurts all the time.”

“You shouldn’t be so concerned. Remember what I always tell you.”

Right. About fear.

Something I had *just said to myself*. But I wanted to at least *try* to address my pain, because it grew to be so overwhelming that I knew I couldn’t bear it on my own.

“All right, now, I have thought about the blood oath. And I’ve decided that I need to make it. It’s a pure necessity,” I said to Him.

“Necessity? You should be more passionate about Me.”

“What’s the first step in the blood oath?” I asked, ignoring the last remark.

I had learned to shut my mouth. I was learning to be silent on certain things because I didn’t deserve His love anyway.

And yet, He still chose me. Somehow, some way, He had chosen me, and I had all the respect in the world for that.

## Chapter 24

*Torch lights chase the Shadows  
Runes are made out of circles  
The old ones standing before us  
All sanity withers to dust*

*....A whirlwind of runes in circles..*

— *Runes in Circles, VLHLL*

“The first step is to take your blood. Cut yourself a little.”

I wanted to. Believe me, I did.

But I was truly frightened.

At least, I *wanted* to be scared. It was only a mask for the strength within.

So I did it, I cut myself with a knife. The steak knife I found in the kitchen, the biggest one I could find.

That’s what Lucifer had instructed me to do.

I made a mark that looked like the rune for *strength*.

And also, right next to it, an inverted pentagram. True mark of a Devil worshipper.

“Devote it to Me,” He commanded almost manically.

Then...

The most shocking part of all...

After the blood went on the altar I had created for Him, I magically heard a song playing.

My stereo hadn't even been on in the first place.

I heard the song. It was "Runes in Circles."

*It sounded so rabidly, frighteningly Devilish.*

"What kind of music is this?"

"Witch house," He replied. "From this day on, you will be referred to as a *Witch*, but *My Witch*. You've been a *Witch* for years. You've devoted yourself to *Me* for years without even knowing it."

So comforting. So... relieving.

I had been more successful than I had initially thought. I was so proud of myself. It really did make a difference to know Him, after all.

## Chapter 25

From that day forward, I began to devote a different part of Me to Lucifer on each individual day.

To bless it with sacred, Demonic energy. And to even bless my spirit companions/guides as part of our Team.

“Don’t you feel powerful? I’ve given you everything you’ve ever wanted,” He inquired as He wrapped His warm arms around me.

So rare to catch Lu in a mood like this. His temper seemed so short lately.

But that’s what I truly loved about Him. So very complex and mysterious.

But holy shit. She would catch me in my act. And I really wouldn’t have a choice.

## Chapter 26

*When night expires across this town  
I'll light a Fire to burn it down  
The end is here...*

—*Destroyer*, The Birthday Massacre

“You need to expand your social circle,” Lucifer enchantingly approached me one day.

“What do you mean?” I hated when I said that. I sounded so... boringly repetitive all the time.

At least, that's what Lu told me.

“You seem suspicious because you spend so much time alone.”

“That doesn't mean shit,” I snapped. I was growing tired of the silence, the submission. I wanted the power for a change.

But I'd have to pay, like always. I had just stopped caring, somehow. Pain didn't mean anything to me.

Not anymore. Emotions were shut off.

“Disrespectful,” Lucifer softly purred. “Want to pay now or later?”

“Now. Remember how my feelings are shut off?”

“Good girl,” He purred again. He had always preferred my feminine side, because he was so daringly masculine.

“This time, I want you to do something different. I want you to pay by abusing someone else, and taking all the blame for your actions. I want you to be exposed, humiliated, ashamed. Or at least, in

the *human* sense of it. But my sweet, since your emotions are turned off, it won't be a problem for you."

Right. Of course.



## Chapter 27

The very next day, I found my opportunity. I had my spirit guides follow my coworker home.

I worked in customer service. For a privately owned company.

It was certainly better than sales.

I had them threaten to stab her. And I think she knew of the occurrence, because she was psychic, too.

A witch. Not a Devil worshipper, but nevertheless, also a witch.

So the very next day... I had to confess it to her. She had me cornered, anyway.

"I'm dreadfully more powerful than you," I snorted.

"Do that to me again and I'll *harass the shit out of you.*"

She was surprisingly calm, peaceful about it.

No wonder. Weak being who wasn't devoted to the Devil.

Not a true witch at all. True witches knew total Darkness. Not half-assed light/dark shit.

My spirit companions always had my back, always knew how to protect me.

And I was taking Lu's advice by expanding my social circle slightly.

Especially by staying in touch with Miranda.

An amazing girl. Really down-to-earth. I couldn't have complained at all about her.

But I could only keep her at a distance, since she didn't share my beliefs.

The Bible says, "You shall not be unequally yoked with unbelievers."

The opposite was totally true for Devil worshippers.

How else could it not be?

## Chapter 28

Lu forced me to buy a copy of the Bible.

I was incensed when He told me, but I had to take orders.

It couldn't be any other way.

He said I'd find out a lot about Him through Scripture, although it wasn't exactly the most reliable source.

For instance, Christians didn't differentiate between Satan and Lucifer.

Lucifer was definitely the Light-bringer to me. He was my Angel of Illumination, my Morning Star, but also my thread of Darkness and Despair.

He showed me everything. I fell in love with Him at first sight, really.

Or whenever I found out who He truly was to me.

He was more to me than I was to myself. He both completed and depleted me.

And that would always, always be enough.

## Chapter 29

He taught me all about witchcraft.

Everything I needed. Curses, hexes, ritual abuse.

I *hated* Satanism. He told me I ought to, because it was very carnal in nature.

Satanism was not only Dark, but also imprisoning, rather than liberating.

Firstly, it was a religion. Religions only restricted us rather than liberated us.

Spirituality, on the other hand, was quite enlightening and empowering.

Lu taught me so much. He helped me to move on from so many situations and people. To set myself free of all emotion and become more than who I really was.

He didn't confine me to a certain religion, either.

He told me to be free and to never feel like I needed to obey any set of manmade rules, especially those of the Bible.

## Chapter 30

One day I allowed her (Cecilia) to come over my house.

I was a bit nervous at first (but need not be, of course). Thinking that she would expose me or attempt to humiliate or harass me.

Then again, she was so naïve and pure that I knew she didn't have it in her.

I exposed her to my altar.

It worried me a bit.

Only because I didn't want her to comment.

But admittedly, she didn't say a word. But I felt it. Something from her emotions.

"She knows," Lucifer whispered to me. "She senses your spirit guides and that there is very Dark energy surrounding your altar."

"She is very spiritually talented, that one. She just hasn't discovered all of her gifts yet. But when she does... beware."

No.

This friendship couldn't be anything lasting or good.

Not in the least.

And so I would discover.

## Chapter 31

One day I found that Cecilia was *really grating on me*.

She was on my last nerve. Anonymously sending me messages on this god-awful app on our phones.

She admitted to me it was her later on, that's how I found out.

But. I shouldn't have cared anyway. It was just a naïve bitch anyway.

Sending me Bible verses about how great her Christian God was.

And how I was about to be sent to Hell for it.

Of course. I knew all of that already. So why was she acting so pretentious about it?

I was actually quite *humble and accepting* of my fate.

I truly just wished she would stop all the nonsense.

I pretended to be quite emotional about it all. But I didn't care.

Nothing bothered me.

Lu taught me that.

That's when I received the greatest insult of all.

She ended the friendship without any input from me.

She just abruptly cut me off because she said that her God and mine weren't compatible.

*I was incensed. Burn, bitch, burn, in the rotting hell that you've created.*

Not the good parts of Hell, but the worst *hell* imaginable for you.

I believed that Hell was the most amazing place, better than Earth, of course.

But not all parts of Hell were actually good.

So I wished she could have went there.

## Chapter 32

“When did you become so spiteful?” Lu proudly asked me.

I really didn’t mean to.

It just came from having been heartbroken so many times in the past.

From the time I could remember, all I had known was abuse, power, abuse, power.

When would it ever end?

But then again, without emotions, I felt so *free*.

So utterly proud of myself and who I was.

I didn’t need to worry about or fear anything or anyone.

I was totally in control. Without vulnerability, totally trusting the universe and my Lord with all of my heart and soul.

Without a pang of guilt or remorse. Without labels in society. Without the weakness of love, without the naivety of trust.

I *hated* being labeled in society. I abhorred society and people in general.

That’s why I needed no one.

No one but Lu and me.

And that’s why the sheer stupidity and callous judgment of this poor, miserable Christian girl could have impacted me less.



Because I was a God, and anyone who didn't bow to me.... Well, I could have given a fuck less about.

## Chapter 33

*The morrow winds  
Shall blow no more  
So many pale moons ago  
A flower of Death did grow*

— *The Death of Hours, Draconian*

I often found myself with thoughts of dying.

Not because I wanted it but more because Lu inserted the thoughts there.

Day by day passed. And I just wanted to pass away, on to the next world.

He promised me so many things... so many eternal rewards.

And I believed Him, truly I wanted to. And I did, in the back of my mind, at the time.

I conversed with Him, argued with Him, went through so many ups and downs with Him.

My Morning Star was all I had...

But I'll never forget the time that He promised me something beautiful, only to find out it was a punishment for something I had done against Him earlier...

## Chapter 34

The first day I met him, we hit it off pretty well.

The fact of the matter was, he was married. Which was cool. It was fine, really.

I was actually married to Lu. So I understood completely. I loved being Lu's beautiful Bride.

I sensed that this man didn't love his wife, though.

I sensed a lot of things about him. Things that I shouldn't have known.

I easily saw his insecurities, his deepest fears. And I wanted to play on them.

With all of my heart, I truly did...

I knew that his wife probably did enough of that, though, which was unfortunate because I easily became bored with this victim.

He was very guarded. He didn't open up easily to me at all.

He was also very rational and systematic. Logical and emotionless, almost.

I wanted to get with him. I would have done anything.

Lucifer said that I should do it. That no matter how irrational my actions seemed, I should entice the man to marriage or anything, anything that would have entailed a weakness or crack in his composure. *Make him commit adultery*, Lu instructed me.

But I couldn't.

No matter how hard I tried or put myself out there, he wouldn't open up or reply to me.

I ended up sending him over 7,000 messages per day.

I don't know how I had the time, but Lu somehow *forced* me to find time...

I was so seductive. So enticing.

Until the police came to my door.

## Chapter 35

“What the fuck is this?” I screamed at Him, enraged, after I came home from the arrest.

I shook violently. I couldn’t believe this. How could Lu have deceived me so? After He promised me so many things?

Marriage, a family of my own?

What was this about?

“Well, you did harass him considerably even after he told you to stop messaging him.”

“But you *told* me to do it.”

I could feel Him coming to embrace me. *Always*. He always did this to me. And I hated it. Because I always somehow got tricked into doing something I didn’t want to do in the first place.

“You told me... so many fucking things. So many promises,” I found myself crying this time.

“I thought you had shut off your emotions?” Lu slyly smiled at me, shaking His head. “It’s really better for all of us that way.”

“Why?” I asked suddenly. “And why is it so much better?”

“Emotions aren’t real,” He astutely said. “Feelings are very subjective anyway. Don’t worry so much about them. Only worry about what is objective and true. Truth. Free your mind of feeling.”

“They will only imprison you in the end.”

“Things happen to you, sure. But why feel for anything? It’s weak to feel anything, and it is wise to shut it off.”

That was the first time that I actually hit a crack in my feelings.

That I actually began to feel *something*, other than nothing.

Because Lu... He was a spirit entity. He wasn't like me, a vampire.

I had to be part human. Because Black Vampires... they couldn't feel like this. Or maybe I had caught the sickness of emotion from spending too much time with Cecilia. Who knew.

I knew and understood Lu's logic, of course. And I agreed certainly, that it would be better for everyone to shut off emotions.

But for once in my life, I actually felt something. The cold sting of betrayal. Not only from Lu but from this man I had grown quite attached to, in trying to allure and deceive.

And I had never felt more alone in the world than ever.

Never, never. But never forever.

## Chapter 36

I began to feel very sad for myself, after that.

So very sad and alone.

I knew that Lu had to have caught on because we didn't converse as much as we once did.

I was no longer quite as open with Him.

But I still revered Him. It just hurt me more than I could let Him know.

I didn't ever remember hurting this much in all my life. I had always hidden things from myself and finally they were reaching a part of my psyche that I never knew existed.

I had once felt so alive in gaining power. And believe me, I wanted to, still.

But I trusted so *deeply* in Lu. He was my very best friend.

And my Master. I'd never turn my back on Him. I had made a blood oath to Him.

But why would He say one thing and do another? Why would He promise me riches, only to give me absolute vile in return?

The disrespect and the violation felt deep. It really did. And I didn't know if I could ever forgive Him for it.

## Chapter 37

*The blood of my youth  
Blows over her,  
Falling like the rain...*

— *Rain*, The Birthday Massacre

I was so fortunate that I didn't end up in jail on that night.

It bothered me beyond belief, to the point that I needed to approach Lu about it.

"Lu, I need to talk to You," I said solemnly, miserably one night.

"I really need to. I know it's late but this has been bothering me for awhile."

"You haven't been shutting your emotions off," He responded coldly.

"I know. I'm trying to but..."

"But?"

"Listen... I need to talk to You about that. I can't."

Silence. A long stretch of it.

"Your devotion to Me has been quite weak lately."

"I'm sorry," I cried out. "I just need some help in doing it. Could You?"

"Help in doing what?" He snapped with condescension.



“Help with shutting my emotions off!” I nearly shouted this time. I needed to do it. They were driving me insane.

“This time, if I help you, do you promise to do something even more beautiful next time?”

“What?”

I couldn't believe this. I was truly *shocked*...

*Beautiful?*

“Yes, beautiful,” he said, reading my thoughts. “Harassment is a crime for the Dark Ones in this world. I am the Source of all Despair and crime... But most importantly, Power. I need you to get more powerful by committing even more crimes.”

“Harassment is actually a very mild accusation and I think you could have done an even better job, but for now, it will do.”

I couldn't do this.

No. The guilt. It was actually seeping in this time.

“Do You even hear Yourself!” I screamed.

“Elisha,” He actually called me by name this time. “Go to sleep. I will help you. You are my masterpiece. My best friend. My wife. How could you deny that? Don't you want to commit crimes and take over the world with me?”

It was all a blur.

I could barely even feel anything.

Until I woke up the next morning...

## Chapter 38

*I believe in angels,  
Something good in everything I see  
I believe in angels,  
When I know the time is right for me*

*I cross the stream  
I have a dream*

— *I Have a Dream*, ABBA

I had a dream...

That the Christian God, Jehovah, the Mortal Enemy of my soul...

Spoke to my soul and overpowered Lucifer, my *demon*.

He told me that I had been lied to all my life.

That I had been born into a very dark family of vampires...unsettled, and disturbed. Criminals who had abandoned me from a very early age.

My childhood had been riddled with trauma so I shut off my emotions from the time I could really form memories.

Inside my soul... Lucifer took over. I don't know how or why. I had just never questioned him. At first, it was just a demon. Then he manifested to me fully as Lucifer, or Satan, or the devil.

Satan and the devil and Lucifer. They were all synonymous, or basically the same. There was nothing light-filled about Lu.

Nothing at all.

I had been blinded to the truth. My conscience... it had been shut off... how did that happen to me?

I suppose I wasn't too far gone.

I suppose... I just don't know. Everything seemed so lost and hopeless and grotesque.

I had no idea who I was or why I lived. But that dream...

Why did He come to speak to me? To me?

Should I trust it? Him?

Would He let me down the same way that Lu had?

I couldn't deny the truth of the dream. It just spoke to my soul and gave it a sense of peace that I had never previously experienced.

The thought of getting caught and committing crimes like some kind of soulless animal — it just didn't sit well with me. It triggered something in me.

A memory. The memory of losing my mother.

To a crime. To a horrifying murder.

And from that point on, I had associated crime/murder with bad things and loss and sadness and *emotion*.

I had forgotten that I buried that feeling deep within me. Completely forgotten.

Why had I done it? Why?

How?

Why was Lucifer so beautiful to me?

I would never understand it. It all seemed so... foolish.

But maybe Cecilia's talk of God had rubbed off on me after all. Maybe, just maybe, all along, I had been more open to God than I had thought after all.

Lu had just made me believe otherwise.

He told me nothing but lies.

That's the essence of his character, God told me in that dream.

*For he is the father of lies.*

## Chapter 39

It wasn't easy to wipe away my past with Lucifer. Not easy at all.

So many times he tried to come back at me with revenge.

Because of the blood oath. I renounced him and as soon as I did, he attacked me verbally and physically and psychologically.

But God appeared to me and showed me how to protect myself.

He showed me how to renounce Satan in Jesus' name.

He showed me how to *make the demons flee from me*.

*And tremble.*

Why?

Why had I not known this kind of *freeing, liberating* power before?

I thought I knew what power was.

I thought it was all about myself.

But no... true power is impossible. Because God is the only powerful one.

Life wasn't about power anyway. I was just so insecure that I needed it. I felt I needed the control. From feeling out of control for so long.

But God helped me, unlike Lu. In ways I couldn't even begin to explain.

## Chapter 40

In the worst possible way, Lu haunted me so many nights.

He tried to get back at me, and he was very persistent.

I told him to fuck off. I blew my stack at him.

I tried to fend for myself on my own on so many days, so many nights.

But then one night, God told me to stop. He told me...

All I had to do was rebuke Satan in Jesus' name.

Because Satan *knows* how powerful Jesus really is, over him.

I was so used to calling him Lu.

I did miss him in some ways, of course. I missed our vibe. Our connection. Maybe even the drama.

I had grown so attached to drama.

But God... The way He spoke to me was both as a companion and Father, both as a friend and as a lover. He was everything all rolled into one.

God even told me to call on the power of Archangel Michael if I ever missed Lu.

Satan. Lu. How could they have been the same?

I just felt so cheated, so abandoned, so broken, so lost. All of it. Gone. My past... just so much to handle....

*But never on your own.*

## Chapter 41

*I cannot tell what steps I have to take  
I'd like to leave, just run away  
My feet are tangled up*

*So hard to face the pace of the clock  
What do you think,  
Will it ever stop?  
So will I fall, and not get up?  
I take it all in stride*

— *Dance of Fate*, Epica

“Everything has a reason for its happening.”

That’s what I wanted to believe. Really, I did.

But I couldn’t shake the feeling that I had openly *chosen* Lu.

That I had been deceived and manipulated for so long, that he had even convinced me to commit crimes in his name.

That’s the day that I met her. Vanessa was her name.

I’m not sure exactly how it happened.

I no longer worked in customer service—or at least, I was taking a small break from it.

*Don't be afraid  
Participate and  
Just give us all your trust,  
Your soul will be saved*

— *The Last Crusade*, Epica

As soon as she touched my life, I began to see things much differently than the way I did before.

But Lu still haunted me. He still came after me. So many degrees of torment; so many endless nights of anguish and pure, raw, unbridled pain.

He tried to tempt me in so many ways. With drugs, painkillers, anything to distract me from all the emotions that were now coming to light.

But every time I tried to cut ties with him completely, I found myself curled up in a ball in my bed... Wishing that I could be someone else, a Christian for my entire life, maybe. So that at least it would be easier to shed myself of his influence over me.

I didn't even know who I was anymore.

With Vanessa, Christ, or whomever. None of it mattered. I needed help.



## Chapter 42

*Who do you think you are?  
Running round leaving scars  
Collecting your jar of hearts,  
Tearing love apart  
You're gonna catch a cold  
From the ice inside your soul  
So don't come back for me  
Who do you think you are?*

— *Jar of Hearts*, Christina Perri

I woke up from a nightmare one cold, gray, broken night.

So miserable. Beyond belief.

I dreamed that I was dying and that I couldn't hold my tears...

I attempted to collect them all in a bucket. But it wasn't enough.

And then I had a vision of her. Vanessa.

She was reaching out to me and listening to me the entire time. Almost as though she were an outsider looking in on my entire life story.

But then, Lu.

He came to me and said, "Where's your damn humanity switch?"

The things that drove humanity to evil. It wasn't any of their fault. It was all the *devil's doing*. And yet still they were responsible for their own actions.

How?

How could it be possible?

Because I had chosen Lucifer. Because, although he had chosen me, I had also chosen to listen to him.

I could have just as easily pulled away when I had starting suspecting the truth.

*I say a prayer,  
Help me not run away  
Will You please hold me?*

*Sing me a love song again,  
Say the words that heal my heart  
Sing me a love song and then  
Let Your words remind me  
Who I am*

— *Sing Me a Love Song*, BarlowGirl

But in the dream, I began to break away from Lu. And then my world came crashing around me...

I began to spit Fire back in his face. I began to see hell for what it truly was.

A place of pure torment, agony. Peril and distress.

Evil beyond my wildest imaginings.

And then I began to manipulate the Air to cause the devil to cower in fear of me...

That's when I woke up abruptly. And I could have sworn Vanessa was right beside me, watching the entire exchange in both awe and terror.

## Chapter 43

*Your answer is in me,  
To stare down the barrel  
Your sincerest apologies  
Won't write you out of this one*

*Tonight, you found the right  
In the pull of the trigger...*

*Young fools don't cry  
Anymore*

— *Mother Superior, Coheed and Cambria*

It was beginning to grate on my flesh nightly. All the emotions began flooding around me. And I wasn't finding healing through God alone, at least.

I tried so hard and found brief moments of solace and beauty.

But it wasn't enough. Not enough at all.

So that's when it happened. I went back to my schemes and my former way of living.

I wanted to speak to Lu just once. To give him a piece of my mind. To know that he was there even if he wouldn't love or provide for me.

Surprisingly, he seemed rather pleased and humbled that I had gone back to him so quickly.

Maybe *too* pleased.

"Why did you leave me?"

I rolled my eyes, seemingly unaffected, but deep down, feeling so much more damaged than I could ever begin to relay.

“You know the answer already,” I growled viciously. “Don’t make me come after you.”

“You’re too fucking emotional.”

That’s when I began to black out, my head spinning in circles, circles...

Nothing making sense. Nothing at all..

## Chapter 44

Somehow, I ended up in the hospital. My mind was a complete blur...

They said that I needed to stay for a very long time. That I wouldn't be released until I had a 'mild surgery that would take some time to heal from.'

*What?*

What had happened to me?

I tried to fight it. Really, I did.

But it wasn't working...

I tried with all my heart to explain to the nurses that I *needed to get away*. That a *demon had been controlling me for all of my life*.

I didn't care how crazy it made me sound. I needed the help. I needed the attention.

Something, anything. Anything that would cure me. Anything that would take away the pain.

Until they admitted me to a psych ward.

The pain had come cascading around me and I didn't understand why. Why I had chosen to hide it for all these years.

Why I had bottled it up and hadn't told a soul about it. Not even Cecilia.

*Someday, we'll be together again*

*All just a dream in the end*

*We'll be together again*

— *Together Again, Evanescence*

## Chapter 45

The psych ward was so brutal on me.

I saw such horrendous things. Things that should only be seen in nightmares, in movies, in pieces of fiction.

I was asked so many questions that I ended up putting out of my mind. So many things that didn't seem to even matter to me at the time.

Yes, I heard voices. *But they were real.*

Yes, they told me to hurt myself and others.

But that didn't mean that I would listen to them. To Lu, to Satan.

The one voice that would always be there for me, He never left me. God and the angels... they loved me eternally.

Too bad that no one believed me when I said that all of it was real. It was their loss, really, and not mine.

## Chapter 46

I had been diagnosed with Multiple Personality Disorder.

Not sociopathy, of course. Because that part of me, I had shed when I came to know the Lord.

But why had my alter ego come to the surface? Why was I still suppressing memories?

Part of me still loved the Lord. But the other part of me revered Lu, still.

I was often so confused. Maybe I needed deliverance. An exorcism. Something.

But one thing was for certain: none of this could be fixed on my own.

Not one bit of it.



## Chapter 47

And who knew when it would happen?

Lu still had a hold on me. An unshakable one.

It was like... One part of me loved God with all of my heart. And the other part of me, my alter ego, still wanted to fuck with my Master.

I'll never forget the day that I ran away from the hospital.

Absolute insanity.

I'd end up in jail soon if I didn't watch out. If I weren't careful enough.

"Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."

I knew it like the back of my hand. I had practically memorized the whole book of Corinthians.

But part of me was beginning to merge with my alter ego. My conscious state with my subconscious one.

I no longer wanted the multiple personalities. I could make them merge, damn it. If I really wanted it.

I was becoming powerful again. Not so damn protected. But someone who believed in taking chances again.

I was rolling back into business with Lu. Like a lost posse coming back the fuck to life.

Who was I? I was everything, and nothing.

All at once. I was the absolute shit, the center of the universe. I put the 'absolute' in absolutism.

“Lu,” I cried, rolling around in the grass, too weak to stand, hoping that the goddamn police wouldn’t catch me this time.

“Yes?”

“I need you to shut off my emotions. Turn off my humanity completely.”

“Are you sure that’s what you truly want?”

“Yes!” I cried in agony. “Please, please, please. Lucifer, I need you. I’m betraying God because I hate him. I love you and I’m sorry that I ever left you in the first place. I know that my heart belongs with you most of all.”

“Say it again,” He purred in the way that I both admired and abhorred. “Say that you despise Jehovah.”

“I despise Jehovah...” I gasped, feeling a tad bit guilty at my split loyalties.

And then...

“No...” Helplessly, I collapsed under the weight of my emotions as they continued to spill inside of me.

And then, suddenly, went away like the Water I had always dreamed of quenching.

Holy Water. Living Water.

I became unholy in that moment. A true blessing to Lu and to Hell itself.

I knew what it was really doing to me. What it could have done if I were human again.

But Lu took all of that away from me, and in doing so, blessed me more than I could have imagined or dreamed.

It was such a dream to be with Lu again.

To be His once more, to no longer feel lonely...

Truly, I would have lived or died for Him. And there really was no turning back, just as He had previously told me.

## Chapter 48

*O angel of my winter,  
Grieveth for my pain of sadness  
A gothic embrace restores my love  
God took away  
The aromas of forgotten times  
And errs without the sun  
An ocean of tears I see,  
A nightfall of dreams.*

— *The Gothic Embrace, Draconian*

With Jehovah, I had always felt like nothing.

Like I was being chosen for nothing. Like I was saved under false pretense, like I was changing myself all over again to be someone I truly wasn't.

Such sappy love music. Dreams crushed, that could never be. Promises of healing, unfulfilled.

*Jesus Christ walks the Earth  
...  
The cruel conspiracy  
For the sake of slavery  
He drags us down  
To a pain you cannot see  
Set us free*

"I've fallen from God. Fallen from guilt.  
I abandoned the light, the light that abandoned so long.  
Free from submission, under his spell."

Such an intoxicating love spirit of joy and peace. He'll sap the crimson right out of you.

With his holy blood, his infernal spirit of perpetual life.

I wanted nothing to do with it.

Nothing. Nothing at all.

## Chapter 49

His story was far too happy for me.

I felt like such a free spirit with Lu on my side fully once more.

We performed so many spells together. He taught me so much about myself and life and what it ought to be. I loved the control, the depth of beauty that I perceived in true evil.

Another societal label. To make you feel unnecessary guilt and pain.

Initially it had made me feel *sick*. The sensation of being evil, when with God... It repulsed me more than I could even begin to explain.

All the power and all the glory belonged to me.

And to Lu. Both of us together, we made a team. And it would never be any different, from this day forward.

## Chapter 50

There was only so much I could take. My heart needed a long break.

So I had Lucifer control my life and actions for a long, long while.

It was getting to be too much. Once again...

I yearned for God. But I still felt afraid to leave Lu.

Afraid and pitifully ashamed.

He had supposedly turned off my humanity switch long ago.

But it kept creeping in on me whenever I least expected it.

My humanity, that is.

Lu instructed me to steal from a few places, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

I truly felt like an impostor in my own body, like a remorseless animal who had stolen my flesh and bones.

Damn humanity switch. If only I could become completely Black like I was before. None of this purity stuff.

None of this humanity rubbish.

I used Lu when I needed Him, and God when I wanted to escape from it all.

A Demon's vile escape from Hell.

Who would have known?

## Chapter 51

That's what I had become, a wretched Demon child.

At the disposal of anyone or anything, especially Lu Himself.

I felt as if my life were so stagnant. That nothing productive would ever happen to me, such as marriage or kids or a real job.

For now it was just Lu and me. Only Lu and me.

He was my only King forever, forever victorious. Forever mine. And nothing would change that.

Nothing. Not even Jesus.

To me, Lu *was* love. He gave me so much. Everything I could have ever dreamed of. Whether it was material gain or wisdom or enlightenment. I just felt so much more knowledgeable as a result of knowing Him.

I had so much malice in my soul, I couldn't even begin to predict when it would next come to the surface.

But it relieved me to do such things, to feel such things. Because something was certainly better than nothing.

Even if my emotions were turned off. Even if my damn humanity switch was still off.

I was Lucifer's beautiful Vampire Demon, and I was living in the truth —

That nothing in this world would ever offer me wisdom or compassion, save that of those dwelling in Hell.

So I needed to leave this world in order to find Hell itself.



To escape, in order to dream. For that's what Lucifer had *always* taught me. And that's what I would always want.

## Chapter 52

*Nobody beside You*

*There has never been anyone, anything like You*

— *Glory is Yours*, Elevation Worship

There was no one like Lu. No one, nothing in this world.

Especially when He told me to marry that man.

I couldn't have been more delighted in all my life, when I realized that I was *getting married*.

Actually getting married. For real this time. It was a blessing from Lu that I never would have traded for anything in the world.

It made Him somewhat jealous, of course. Because He alone wanted to capture my heart.

But He gave me instructions on how to go about it. The best way possible.

In a cunning, deceitful manner.

I stayed married to the man, Matthew, for years.

I was such a loyal, kind, and gracious wife. I played the role so utterly well.

I pretended to him... I even opened up to him about my past.

And feigned emotions of sadness (My humanity switch was completely shut off at this point).

I gained his pity so easily.

His compassion, his trust. He was the perfect victim.

I told him all about my father. What little memory I had of him.

And perhaps exaggerated some details, who really knew?

Lucifer then showed me my future. And I grinned wickedly.

For it would truly be *preposterous and despicable*. Something to truly be gained...

*As my crimson wings unfold,  
You'll see me as I am  
I know it won't be easy  
But in the end, you'll understand  
My instinctive need to fly*

— *Deceiver, Stream of Passion*

## Chapter 53

Sociopaths didn't ever really change, did they?

At least not me. Not I.

I was sick in the head, *knew that I was*, and yet...

Still didn't care. My vampirism and lust for death truly overtook me in the end...

I was so observant that it sickened me. It almost could have made me laugh.

I studied people, their interactions with others, and played them like fiddles.

I was a motherfucking *Queen*. I knew exactly what I was doing.

And that's what scared me the most.

## Chapter 54

“I have something to tell you,” I feigned sadness one day in particular when Matthew came home from work.

This would be the day. The day of my success.

According to Lu, that is. He always knew...

He always told me the truth. And so, I listened.

“I don’t think it’s going to work between us,” I broke the news to Matt, as predicted and rehearsed.

“What?”

*I am not who you think I am...*

I hummed softly to myself in my head. Oh, if only he knew...

Poor, pitiful creature, married to the broken little housewife, who needed all the pity in the world.

“You heard me,” I snapped, then began to cry softly to myself.

I was such a solid actress. I loved every piece of it.

I was loving this to bits...

“Why? What’s going on, honey?”

“I don’t think it can work between us... because you make more money than I can handle now. It’s stressing me out. You didn’t make me feel safe enough.”

Matt looked up at me, clearly crestfallen. It didn’t seem he knew what to say.

For all the years he knew me... it seemed that he didn't really *know me*.

Not the real me. Not who or what I worshipped, or my psychic, vampiric tendencies...

None of it.

But I watched him very closely. From a distance, always from a distance. And I knew him far too well.

I knew exactly how to play him. What a poor, unfortunate soul...

The depth of evil in the world—he was so utterly naïve, to my tendencies, and capabilities.

That I was the absolute center of the universe, and that I could *steal, kill, and destroy* him, far more quickly than he could ever imagine or dream.

## Chapter 55

It seemed that after some time, Matt knew that he had no choice in the matter.

We were filing for divorce, whether he liked it, agreed with it, or not.

He had some kind of gypsy niece who was... *Utterly naïve, even more naïve than he was.*

She seemed quite compassionate and weak, somewhat reminding me of my ex friend Cecilia...

I hated that she got in the middle of such things. She *ruined* my ammunition. Not that God was a threat, but that she seemed to be so devoted to him that it seemed a bit inconvenient to me.

I sighed distantly as I heard Lucifer approach me softly.

I was all alone now, yet again.

“Don’t worry, I have a back-up victim for you.”

But I wasn’t okay.

I was never okay.

## Chapter 56

“What’s wrong?” Lucifer nudged me as I sat deep in thought in the new house I had moved into.

“I just feel like... Like it was all for nothing.”

“Your mission is *never* for nothing. You were brilliant. You saw how much you fooled the insolent creature. You’re going to be *powerful*. You’ll sell real estate, and your new husband will be even richer, and you’ll be able to manipulate more people... Doesn’t that sound like a dream?”

“No,” I sighed to myself. “All of this sounds... pathetic.”

“What?” He sounded quite taken aback. “Don’t tell me you’re having thoughts about *Jehovah* again.”

“Lu, I always will. I’m not going to lie. My life has never been the same since you touched it, but I can’t live without God either. I’m sorry... It must be my alter ego coming out again.”

“I want to go back to him. Not to God completely, but to Matt.”

Lu shook his head solemnly. “You do know that a punishment is due, right?”

I nodded. “I deserve it.”

And this time, I actually complied.

The beatings didn’t feel so bad with my humanity switch turned off.

Pesky little humanity switch, just a damn nuisance all the time.



## Chapter 57

Where the fuck was I?

I had no idea, but I didn't want to find out.

Somehow I had ended up on the floor of my very own house. Naked. Alone. Frightened out of my mind.

Hollow. More dead than alive.

More asleep than awake.

I could hear them singing to me in the background. Somewhere, distantly, a mystery chorus.

Feverish, echoing, acoustic guitar chords.

I just wanted something normal. Something neutral, for a change, that wouldn't tug at my heartstrings or emotions, and fry the shit out of them.

Who was I? A sociopath?

Was that really my diagnosis? Did I live by defined psychological terms, or was I just a being, abiding by the ways of God?

I wanted to know him. Really, I did. And thought I did at one point.

Deep down, I knew he was the stronger one. But I wasn't 'strong enough to stay away from Lu.

If that made sense. I knew that Lu was weak, but I felt I deserved Lu more.

So I knew the truth, but chose to live the lie.

Because I wanted it, needed it. To maintain my sanity.

To keep away from those damn emotional highs and lows.

I reveled in this moment. I'd treasure it forever. Because I knew that God loved me as I was. No matter what I did to hurt him. Unlike Lu, who tortured the shit out of me upon every waking moment.

But I needed him still.

Because I promised him. That I loved him... and that I was his wife...

And there was no turning back...

## Chapter 58

*Show me then, your golden heart*

*My eyes shall burn*

*My eyes shall enter*

— *Lie to Me*, Leandra

Insanity. Insane. That's what I was, that's who I was.

He had betrayed me so many endless times. And yet, I still trudged on. I was so *utterly devoted*, that I would have done anything for Him. Even if it meant losing my life.

I had such a tough exterior, such a strong outer shell. It all came with the territory, Lu reminded me almost daily.

It seemed that Matt had spiraled into *very deep* bouts of depression after I had broken it off with him. Part of me felt truly guilty, but the majority of me just numbly watched. Observed from a distance, as if a prisoner of my own body.

*Just another fucking victim. Next.*

## Chapter 59

*We'll fast forward  
To a few years later  
No one knows  
Except the both of us  
And I have honored  
Your request for silence*

*And you've washed your  
Hands clean  
Of this*

— *Hands Clean*, Alanis Morissette

My next victim, I thought I had wrapped around my little finger. And I did for quite some time. It worked, just like Lu had told me.

He gave me all the love in the world. All the riches. All the devotion. All the honor.

“We make such a great team,” I whispered to my new husband. My rich, soulless, naïve husband. Just as naïve as the last one, Lu had said.

“You’ll be able to fool him but it won’t last. He’ll end up leaving you. But you need to be prepared to move on to the next victim. No matter what it takes, *steal*. No matter what it takes, *destroy*. No matter what it takes, *honor me in all things*.”

And that’s what I always strived for.

Always. No matter what it took. Even if it meant gaining the world, and losing my soul.

## Chapter 60

I didn't see humans as souls.

I saw them more as bleak means to ends. As distant forms of something, that ultimately led to nothing.

I cared not for them. I had grown so cold. So utterly cold. So utterly protected, and powerful, and in control.

I'd have done anything to protect myself. I lived for that.

Never open with a soul about anything at all. For I lived and abided by the ways of the Shadows. That's how I operated.

That's how I felt, or pretended to feel.

*I'm already dead  
I'd rise to fall again*

— *Give Me a Sign*, Breaking Benjamin

I was so perfect. If I could have been Jesus, I would have been.

Only not nearly as good.

## Chapter 61

I was the epitome of evil. The abominations of the Bible. Every single fucking abomination that was mentioned in there. The entire list of fated sins that would ultimately lead to damnation.

Sexual immorality, homosexuality, drunkenness, sorcery.

All of it. And none of it made me feel a single ounce of fucking guilt.

The best part was that's what I reveled in.

*For long,  
I have been waiting  
For a reason to arise  
Was it all a waste of time?*

*I am not who you think I am  
Soon I'll be laying you down  
I'm everywhere*

— *Deceiver, Stream of Passion*

## Chapter 62

The day that Keith left me was probably the most joyful that I remembered in a long while.

Surprisingly, it didn't affect me like I had thought it would, because Lu prepared me for its coming.

He had told me that it would be difficult to wait for the coming riches, but that I would delight in Keith's pain, all in all.

And right he was.

He left me without a word. Packed his bags the night before, and I woke up the next day feeling rather apathetic.

Not joy, as I had before. But apathy.

It seemed so rehearsed, so very *practiced*, almost.

No one, nothing could change me anymore. Not even the Lord of heaven and Earth.

But I did have Lu. And he could change me. But never in ways that I didn't agree to.

*You're so cold but you*

*Feel alive*

*Lay your hand on me*

*One last time*

— *So Cold*, Breaking Benjamin

## Chapter 63

I had never felt more alive and well.

But things seemed rather stagnant, nevertheless. I still had much work to do. And each day that passed brought me more cold misery and silence than I could begin to bear.

At least, on my own.

“Introduce me to other gods,” I whispered to Lu one night in particular.

He scowled coldly. I could feel Him growling contemptuously.

“And why would you want to do that?”

“I know that I shall not bow to any other god but You. But I desire *more gods*. I desire more knowledge, more comfort, in knowing their strength.”

“Certainly,” His lips curled into a vast smile. I knew that He would likely control me nevertheless, and He affirmed that truth to me through His facial expression.

“Thou shalt have no other gods before Me,” He mocked the Lord God Jehovah haughtily, almost snorting at him.

“Of course. Have you ever read the story of Samson?”

“Who wouldn’t know it? I know the Bible like the back of my hand,” He sneered.

“Well, I would prefer to know *Dagon, Artemis, and Lilith* most of all.”

“Very good,” Lu nodded in approval. “I believe we will make a *wonderful* team on this mission of creating havoc and Darkness, even more so than before.”



He held my hand momentarily. I desired so much knowledge all at one time. But I knew that I needed patience, for it would take lots of time to grow...

And to believe.

“Dagon was the god of the Philistines,” He growled in assent. “Highly associated with Me, of course. I work with all of the *other* gods.”

“Why didn’t the Philistines win in the end?” I asked.

“Well, you know how Jehovah can be. But it’s all in how you look at it.”

I nodded in agreement. I knew that Lu would never lie to me.

But I also knew the truth that He would not agree to.

Never, in all His life, no matter how powerful He claimed to be...

## Chapter 64

“I was there with the Philistines the entire time.”

I nodded yet again.

But still remained silent.

“I think it’s time for us to test Jehovah, don’t you?”

“How so?”

“I say that we cast a spell on the entire Jewish people. All the ‘Christians’ of this world. Or at least the ones that we are able to...”

I couldn’t stay with Him.

I feared Jehovah far too greatly.

And that’s when I blacked out. Into a dream state that felt entirely *outside of myself*. A state of mind and being that felt rather... otherworldly.

Or perhaps controlled by God.

And when I awakened, I felt... different.

## Chapter 65

Fucking wanted to kill him.

God. Jesus.

*Again.*

Only this time, I wanted it to be bloodshed by my hands, rather than the hands of his murderer.

*Someday, you'll be able to kill him,* Lu's soft voice poked at me, grating through my rancid thoughts. *I will assist you with everything you need.*

"Why do you think God salvaged me?"

I couldn't believe that I was thinking like this, when just a second earlier, I had only wanted to bloodily murder him.

"Heathen," Lu callously whipped at my tongue with what felt like leather knives. "You don't owe God anything. Because I'm going to kill him all over again. But first, I'm going to kill *you*."

## Chapter 66

*If you want to get out alive  
Run for your life*

— *Get Out Alive*, Three Days Grace

I ended up half-alive, half-dead that time.

Who would have known?

I felt like I finally had peace in my heart toward Lu. Like I forgave him for all the awful things he had done to me.

Not only that, but I loved God a little more than I had yesterday.

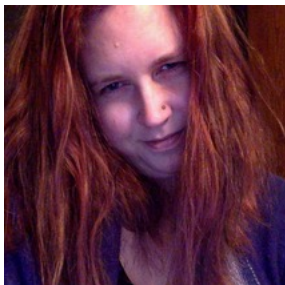
And that was all that truly mattered. Not that I had obtained salvation, but that I had at least made it out half-alive.

Escaped from Hell. Or heaven.

Because really, who ever would have known the difference?

Not me. Not anyone.

Not even Lucifer. Or God.



*Stephanie is a writer and artist from Delaware who has a strong passion for the human condition, philosophy, knowledge, and spirituality. Her writing aims to intersect the schisms between light and dark, and to reconcile the dichotomy between transcendent and immanent realms of reality. She hopes to one day fulfill her dream of being both an evangelist and wordsmith. Her favorite color is blue and her favorite word is “crepuscule.”*