Celestial Guardians

Ashes of the Fallen Saga of Seduction, Sin, and Salvation

The Fallen Books 1 - 7

BRANDY MARKS

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Celestial Guardians – Ashes of the Fallen Saga of Seduction, Sin, and Salvation

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Everything in these stories is pure fiction including the characters, their names and the locations though some may be found in the Bible and other resources. The way the stories are written is pure fiction and not related to actual persons or events even in the bible.

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Content Warning

Celestial Guardians explores the war between light and darkness through flawed beings—angels, demons, Fae, and humans—each one wrestling with temptation, trauma, desire, and redemption. Because of this, the series contains **mature themes** that may not be suitable for all readers, including:

- Spiritual warfare and demonic influence
- Manipulation, deception, and corruption of the soul
- Sensuality, temptation, and morally complex relationships
- Violence and emotionally intense conflict
- Trauma, shame, identity struggles, and search for redemption
- Dark supernatural realms and psychological tension

While the story ultimately points toward *healing, mercy, and the possibility of transformation,* the path is steep, and its characters confront the darkest parts of themselves before finding their way to the light – if that's even possible.

Reader discretion is advised.

If you prefer stories without spiritual conflict, morally ambiguous characters, or darker emotional journeys, these books may not be a comfortable fit.

For those who venture in: The Fallen's paths are treacherous… but every shadow holds a spark waiting to be reclaimed.

Prince of Darkness

 # 1

CELESTIAL GUARDIANS SAGA

BRANDY MARKS

Chapter 1

"His words were of conviction, appealing to a stony heart, his lips sharper than a drawn sword." –Ashes of the Fallen, 1.4

Miriam

Ash drifted on the wind like blackened snow, though no mortal fire had ever touched this place. From the crumbling parapet of the forgotten celestial outpost, I peered down at the shattered city below—its once-radiant spires bent like broken halos, its plazas hollowed and dim. Long before Lucifer's fall, this had been a sanctuary where the first angels trained in secret arts now forbidden. Now it pulsed with an echo of corruption, a wound Heaven refused to acknowledge.

My orders were simple: slip through the veils, observe the stirrings of his rebellion, listen for the whispers threading back to him, and return unseen. Simple enough - at least they had sounded simple in the Throne Room. Yet here, with the air vibrating with the memory of ancient power and the faint, unmistakable press of *his* presence, my pulse hammered against my ribs and would not slow.

A tremor rippled through the ruin, a vibration more felt than heard, the air thickened with a familiar, yet forbidden warmth. And I froze. There was no physical form in sight, no wingbeat or shadow moving between the fractured towers, yet the city stirred as if waking to the echo of his presence. Then I felt it brush against me: a whisper, sharp and intoxicating, threading through my senses like a memory that was never mine.

My breath caught. Lucifer's charisma had always been like that—too bright, too clever, too alive. Even now, distant and unseen, it tugged at something deep within me, something I didn't want to name.

Fear slid cold down my spine. Not fear of him for I am not easily frightened, but fear of what that flicker inside me meant. Of what I might become if I let myself lean toward his light instead of away. He was a rebel. A danger. And I was here to watch him, not be drawn in.

Then the air shifted, first a tremor in my feathers, then a stench, acrid and heavy, like garbage shoved into clean air. Darkness itself. Lucifer's commander. Andras.

"Miriam." His voice coiled from the shadows, smooth and poisonous. Andras stepped into the moonlight, wings half-spread, eyes glinting with dark hunger. I spun around, wings snapping open with a crack. For a heartbeat he faltered, then smirked. "What are you doing here? Who sent you?" He wanted more than answers about my presence.

He leaned in, predatory, his nearness crackling like a live wire between us. "You came alone. Why? Perhaps to spy?" he murmured, voice low and dangerous. "What shall I do with you?" He reached for me. I stepped back.

"I'm not your concern," I snapped, steadying the tremor threatening my voice. "I don't owe you an explanation." My pulse thundered, wings twitched with the urge to flee. But I wouldn't give him that satisfaction.

Andras' smile curved, cold and sharp. In one swift motion, his hand caught me, dragging me against his hard body. My arms were pinned, sword of light out of reach. Panic flared. My mind raced for a way to escape, anything that would keep me from drowning in the danger so close. Too intimate. "I'm sure we can come to some agreement," he whispered in my ear, his hand sliding around my waist.

Terror spiked through me, sharp and cold. My wings strained against his grip, feathers trembling. I couldn't breathe, his presence suffocating, his touch a violation that made my skin crawl. Every instinct screamed to fight, to flee, but I was trapped.

Then the world shifted. From above, I caught the hint of a shadow. Then the thunder of many wings and the weight of presence stilled the wind. I glanced up, heart pounding with both excitement and dread.

Lucifer.

He landed like judgment itself, light burning in heated waves that made the air tremble. Glorious, like the First Light, yet his emerald eyes held something both sharp and dangerous. The instant his feet struck the ground, he moved in front of me, his gaze piercing like daggers as he glared not at me but his commander.

“Andras,” he said, voice edged like a blade. “Release her. You know better than to touch a female without consent. Leave now, before you regret your foolishness.”

Andras let go and stepped back. I could see the fear in his eyes even as he bristled, feigning bravado. “You know she’s here to spy?” His words came sharp, accusing.

The muscles in Lucifer’s jaw flexed then tightened. “I’ll deal with her. But *you’re* under my command. Now leave.”

Deal with me. The words seared. How in the seven stars could he imagine he had any authority over me? He might not be as uncouth as Andras, but he was just as controlling. A retort burned on my tongue, but I held it back. Waiting.

The air between them crackled, heat thrummed in my veins. My heart pounded in time with it. Andras’ laugh scraped the night like iron against stone. “Very well.” He bowed, mockery dripping from every motion. “But don’t let her pretty face fool you, *master*.”

His gaze lingered on me, dark and intimate. “Sweet thing,” he purred, lips curving into a wicked smile. “We’re not done yet.” With a snap of wings, he vanished, yet the sting of him clung like a poisoned blade.

Lucifer turned toward me, the fire in his eyes softened at the edges but not extinguished. “What *are* you doing here?”

“Thanks for your help.” My voice stayed steady, though I didn’t answer his question. “But Andras isn’t the only danger here. Not with what I've seen and heard.”

That struck home. For a breath, his mask slipped and anger flared in his emerald eyes. “You’re playing a dangerous game. You’d best leave the spying to others.”

“You, a rebel, chastise me?” My heart pounded, terrified of what he might do, but I couldn’t hold my tongue. “Your hubris is almost as tainted as Andras’ cruelty.”

Suddenly, he was inches from me, fire blazing in his eyes, again. “Little girl, let me warn you. Come here again and you’ll face consequences—ones you won’t like.” His words cut like blades.

With a furious sweep of his wings, he vanished into the air, leaving me alone in the echo of silence. I recalled another time - the first time I’d seen him. Radiant and magnificent, as though the universe itself bent to his fire. Unforgettable.

I had wondered then what it was like to witness the birth of light as he had, to see the cosmos ignite with Adonai’s voice. Later, I heard him summoning the host, his words thundering - shocking:

“Brothers and sisters of the celestial realm,” he had cried. “Are we servants only, bound to kneel without question? Beings of flame and light, shackled by the will of One who dictates our fate? Why should we bow when we were made to soar?”

Unease had rippled through the ranks. Wings shifted. Faces darkened. His words, unbelievable. Then warriors of blinding radiance stepped forward, one by one, lured by his fire. I stood frozen, unable to believe what was happening as a third of the host broke rank.

Even seraphim trembled then. Most turned away, but not all. Too many hesitated, drawn by the intrigue of his words and what he offered: freedom. But freedom from what?

When he turned, his gaze landed on me, those emerald fires burning with pride and something perilous. Then he looked away, not truly seeing me. Disappointed.

My breath caught. Terror warred with something else entirely. I knew, with a clarity that made me tremble: nothing in all the heavens was as dangerous as the butterflies rioting in my chest when he looked at me. And I smiled to myself, imagining what it would be like to be with him.

Only that would never happen.

LUCIFER

The first time I saw her, I knew she was no ordinary angel. But I was no ordinary cherub either, and I found her haunting. Dark waves of hair cascaded down her back like night woven into silk. Her wings gleamed unnaturally white, every feather catching the glow of the heavens. Her skin gleamed like diamond dust. And - stars alive - her eyes burning within like fiery sapphires.

For a moment, my breath left me. Desire struck fierce and sudden. She was stunning, except she was also a warrior of Adonai, not a prize for me to claim. I had greater ambitions, yet I couldn't look away.

Andras was staring too, slack-jawed. I snapped my fingers in his face. "Who is she?" His silence told me everything. He knew her. My amusement sharpened. This was the one who'd turned him down. I moved toward her, catching her voice as she spoke to another: "His words are intriguing, but he's a fool to imagine…"

I didn't hear another word. "A fool! Is that what she thinks of me?" Shock flared at her temerity. And, feigning indifference, I approached. I wanted to hear more of what this one had to say, my feet drawing me closer despite myself.

She turned—and the fire in her eyes hit me like a force field. Nothing demure or soft about her. She burned. How I wanted that fire burning

for me, the heat in those cobalt blue eyes seared into me. Recognizing me, she said: “I came to hear you speak.” Her tone was cool, almost amused. “Your words were interesting… very controversial.”

“Interesting.” My gaze dipped low, sliding over her breasts, heat spiking through me. Her lips pressed into a thin line, eyes narrowing.

“Indeed controversial,” she said, the words biting. I expected her to walk away, but she didn’t. Then I saw it—a faint blush, breath quickening, the pulse in her neck racing.

Burning stars, she’s attracted to me. My own heat soared. I leaned in, catching the scent of wildflowers and honey. My thumb brushed her lower lip before I could stop myself. “Stars,” I whispered, “you’re so beautiful. I want to kiss you until all of eternity fades and there’s only the two of us.”

For a heartbeat, she swayed toward me, eyes slightly glazed. I should have reached, pulled her into my arms. But I wasn’t quick enough—in a heartbeat the fire returned. She stepped back, wings flaring like shields, eyes narrowed in suspicion.

Rejection.

With a chuckle, I whispered, “Best get back, angel girl. You may enjoy my words, but it’s his you follow.”

Her frown deepened. She turned away in silence, wings slicing through the air as she left. I turned away too, but one thought gnawed at me: this was one female I would not forget.

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Chapter 2

"A heart divided will choose: love one, despise the other—for none can wear two crowns. Either you will be devoted to one or disdain the other." –Ashes of the Fallen 2.32

LUCIFER

My voice echoed through the hall, calling to my loyal followers as I began my carefully contrived speech. But even as I spoke, my thoughts drifted. I needed a distraction. I couldn't seem to focus today. And then my eyes landed on *her.*

What was she doing here? I recalled seeing her that night with Andras, and I had warned her…

She'd scorned me when first we'd met, and I had promised myself to put her out of my mind. I'd also promised a consequence if she ever showed up again. And here she was. Good.

My eyes traveled to where she stood in the shadows, as though she didn't want to be seen. I'd never had a female affect me this strongly. And I could imagine it too well, her silky skin beneath my hands, the soft curve of her body, the sheets slipping beneath us as we moved together.

A shudder worked its way down my spine, palms tingling, my control unraveling by the second. I knew anything between us was impossible, but it didn't stop me from wanting.

I clenched my fists. I am a louse, I know. A deceitful creature, drawn to the forbidden. What in the stars was wrong with me? Besides, I had a

purpose, and she was not part of it. I brought my thoughts back to my audience…

“Why did He create it like this?” I scorned, voice betraying my frustration. I was supposed to be giving a speech, not mooning over some female who wasn’t interested in me. I’d had plenty of females since the rebellion—those attracted to a bad boy like me. Still, I couldn’t concentrate.

A few nearby celestials exchanged puzzled glances. I barely noticed. My mind was locked on her. Before I completely lost my composure, I stormed off, thoughts a chaotic tempest.

Andras followed. “You noticed her?”

Noticed her? Everywhere I turned, I saw her. Her laughter echoed through the shadowed halls as we walked different paths. This wasn’t just physical attraction—it was woven into the fabric of my being, a bond even a sword of heaven couldn’t sever.

He chuckled. "She does captivate, eh?"

A warning growl rumbled in my throat. His smirk dimmed just slightly. "She is stunning." He just wouldn't shut up, and the mere thought of Andras making advances toward her sent a jolt of something raw and possessive through me.

My fingers twitched, my patience thinning.

“You hound after female flesh like a starving beast. If you schemed with the same hunger you salivate, Heaven would now be ours. And I warn you—leave this one alone.”

Andras stopped, nodded, mouth pressed into a thin line. but he said nothing more, and it was a good thing. I’d hate to tear his head off because of a female he can’t keep his hands off.

I turned away. I had to deal with her, as I'd promised Andras and herself, the consequence. She was a whisper I couldn't silence. And so I approached, seeing her step back, a flicker of fear in her eyes before she pushed it away. Brave.

Again, I asked, "What are you doing here, little spy?"

"What difference does it make? You've set your plans in motion." Her footsteps edged back, but she would not escape. Oh no. I had plans for her now.

"I believe a consequence was promised, last we met." I arched an eyebrow, a curl of amusement on my lips as questions clouded those cobalt-blue eyes. She wondered what I could possibly do without His consent. She was about to find out.

My wings opened wide; with one I curled around her and reached, plucking a white feather streaked with gold from the lower outer pinions. I lifted it overhead. She could see the eye, one of thousands that littered my wings, and those cobalt eyes followed the feather as it floated over her head. Touchdown.

And the little spy vanished.

One moment I was watching a feather fall, the next I was falling. No, hurtling through darkness so complete it swallowed even the memory of light. Cast into a nebula.

I curled into myself, wings wrapped tight, and for the first time in my existence, I wept. Not in fear. From the shattering realization that he had followed through on his promise. This was more than I'd expected that somewhere in all of space and time, I had no idea where I'd end.

I tumbled through the void, wings useless, whipped about me, the air tasted of ash and emptiness as I gasped. Panic clawed at my throat. *What have I done?* The question echoed, unanswered. I'd gone where I shouldn't have, where he'd warned me against. And now…

The darkness pressed in, heavy as judgment. I couldn't see my own hands, couldn't feel anything but the terrible weight of isolation. Time stretched, meaningless. Minutes? Hours? I didn't know. And in that crushing solitude, came the winds. Fierce solar winds whipped past tearing at my clothing, pulling my hair as if to rip it from my head.

I'd always been obedient. I always followed orders, kept my questions to myself, and trusted that Adonai's ways were right even when I didn't understand. But here, alone, stripped of everything familiar, I felt it. The anger. The doubt. The terrible, burning question: *Why had he allowed this?* Why give me wings if I couldn't choose where to fly? Why create desire in me and then punish me for feeling it?

The thoughts terrified me more than the darkness. They felt like rebellion. Like the very thing Lucifer preached. Wait. My thoughts silenced; it wasn't Adonai who sent me here! It was Lucifer.

Rage burned beneath my ribs as the nebula pulled me in then hurled me through its screaming winds, tossing me like a toy ship on a storm-torn sea. Stardust scraped my skin as I fought upward, wings bruised, breath ragged. I had to escape.

At last I reached the shimmering edge, where starlight bled through like a promise—fragile, delicate, almost within reach. For a heartbeat I believed I might be free. But freedom was an illusion.

I slammed headfirst into the wards, tumbling backward, losing myself in the merciless, humming of his signature. I could tell Lucifer's power wrapped the nebula like iron bands, a trap disguised in beauty, a cage only he would devise. Of course the wretch would barricade the exit so I couldn't get out.

I pressed my palms to the barrier, fury sharpening into something bright and deadly. How dare he.

The wards shuddered beneath my palms—tightening, shifting, reshaping themselves as if aware I was studying them. His magic always did behave like a living thing.

Then I felt it: a thin pulse, a tremor in the weave. A crack like a hairline fracture spreading across glass. Light seeped through. And within it… a word, scrawled into the weave of the ward itself, visible only because the fracture exposed it.

'Behave.'

Shock stole my breath. Then an incredulous laugh crawled its way up my throat. “Behave?” I muttered. “Oh, you arrogant son of a viper …” I wanted to scream. “May the stars choke on your name!”

The crack widened. I didn’t hesitate not wanting to miss this chance. I slipped through the breach, wings snapping open as the nebula’s grip vanished behind me, the message dissolving in the collapsing light. My laughter, now a dangerous thing, followed me into the open void.

Let him try to cage me again.

Then when the Creator summoned me, I saw Andras lip curl in a smirk, knowing I was about to be chastised like a reckless child, and not for the first time. No matter; I had grown accustomed to His displeasure. I also knew one day I would rule my own kingdom, and His could burn for all I cared.

Meanwhile, His little spy had soared away, far into the outer universe, to a nebula known for its violent solar flares. The winds there were dangerous, yes, but she would come to no harm; and once she figured out how to pass the wards I’d placed, she would return. It would take some time. But it was an adequate warning.

Then, I was before the throne.

As always, it was an awe-inspiring sight, the very seat of eternity, the source of all creation. Light radiated from its core, a brilliance no celestial could fully comprehend, even me. And I'd been with him at the beginning, when he created much of it.

I should have been humbled. Truth is, and I'm not always fond of that sentiment, Instead, the kind of power he wielded is what I had plans to acquire. I smirked, nodding casually to the other celestials gathered before Him but I was the most magnificent of them all. My wings, four pairs of flawless, white-gold, shimmering radiance rustled with every movement, exuding power and beauty. Music pulsed from my shoulders, I was the embodiment of perfect harmony, my very being woven into the fabric of Heaven's melodies, the Maestro of music.

And yet, never the Chosen One. A cold knife of rage cut through me as others eyes lingered on me, some in admiration, others in jealousy. So, I let them look, let them envy. I reveled in it knowing one day I would rule over every one of them.

Then, Adonai spoke.

"Lucifer," His voice thundered, not in anger, worse, sorrow. What in the shattered stars is wrong, this time? A slight frown tugged at my brows as I struggled to remember what I might have done.

"Do you recall the power of light shining in the darkness?" He spoke as if it were some great mystery. "How you labored to bring it forth at my command. Yet, somehow, you have lost your first love. Do you recall the dawn of creation?"

Something inside me twisted. And without warning, I was pulled into a vision, an endless void before the birth of light. I saw myself soaring through the heavens, wings spread wide over the expanse, filling the cosmos as planets aligned, existence itself taking shape. Thousands of eyes on my wings allowing me to see all of space and time.

But I was not the one creating the light, I was just setting it free. And that reality sent bitterness curling in my gut, hardening my heart.

Adonai's voice continued, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Son of the Dawn," He said, "you have done much. But Earth—and the worlds beyond—they are for the One to come. Why hunger for what is not yours to hold?" His expression darkened. "Did you imagine I would approve of you placing magic on Earth?"

So that's it, fuss over magic. Who cared? Apparently, He did, and He was the supposed ruler and all that. As He droned on, my mind drifted to Miriam, her scent of wildflowers and honey, the way her lips might taste. And I could almost sense her presence.

As I stood, in the throne room of Heaven, suffocating in its stillness, I waited, not giving the little spy a second thought now. Light pooled in flawless symmetry across the marble floor; the air thrummed in a way that grated against my nerves. I stood at the foot of Adonai's throne, head bowed slightly, enough to be tolerated, hands clasped behind me in a show of obedience neither of us believed.

He was speaking. And I should have been listening. But then, a pulse. Cutting through me like a blade. My breath caught, not enough to be noticed, but enough. I knew. Miriam's signature flared across creation, a streak of wild starlight burst free from the nebula I'd cast her into. She'd found the crack and slipped through. She'd seen the message.

'Behave.'

She had not.

A laugh forced its way into my throat, startled. I almost let it out. A slight quirk tugged at the corner of my mouth. I crushed it beneath millennia of discipline. Not here. Not before Him. Not when His entire court watched for the slightest misstep.

Adonai's gaze drifted toward me, slow, deliberate, knowing. I lowered my eyes, masking the thrill spiraling through my blood.

Then, His hand extended toward me palm up. Waiting. “The feather, Lucifer.” Slowly, I reached into my sleeve, withdrew the feather, and placed it in His open palm.

In a blink, she appeared, hair a storm of black streaked with gold, tangled from the nebular winds, garments, once pristine white, now were torn and dusted with the fire of distant suns. And her wings uneven, one bent as if scorched by lightning. She looked like a survivor of creation’s wrath. Silently I chuckled.

With what dignity she could gather, she tried to smooth her hair, straightened her robes, and shot me a glare that could have unmade stars. I smothered a laugh. Yes, indeed, she would not forget my punishment – not for a very long time.

Adonai’s gaze shifted. A single nod. Without a word, Miriam turned, shoulders rigid, she stalked from the throne room, her eyes landing on me briefly with a promise of retribution. Of course, she'd never call it revenge; that she'd leave to the Lord. If I were alone, I’d have fallen to the floor laughing enjoying the entire scenario.

Adonai sighed. "You are disappointed, not having what cannot be." His gaze met mine and my thoughts go to Miriam except he's speaking of something else. Magic. "The Fae, Lucifer? What were you thinking?"

I lifted my chin, forcing confidence into my tone. "You had me forge the outer worlds. I hung the stars, carved galaxies into the void. You made us creators, yet You cage me, filling the universe with music no one appreciates." Frustration swelled. He never understood.

Adonai’s expression remained soft, almost tender, yet lined with a quiet, familiar regret. "The work you have done is so marvelous, my cherub," He said gently. "But have you seen what the Fae have done with magic? Their mischief will unravel the order given to man."

I scoffed, inwardly. Humans. Miserable, ungrateful things. And we, celestial, eternal, are expected to bow before them? I think not!

He continued, as if He hadn't just dressed insults in silk. "You know of My Son and His purpose?"

I stiffened. And there it was again. His Son. The heat in my chest grew unbearable. My lips curled into a sneer. If I have to endure this nonsense another moment, I might explode. The fire ignited within me, burning hot and furious. I clenched my fists, my wings flexing. I felt the beast rise within my chest, claws extending.

"What can He do that I cannot?" I snapped. "Why is He so special?"

Adonai's eyes widened, His divine presence rippling.

My rage increased as the beast's claws gripped fiercely vying for a way out to maim and destroy, impossible. Or was it?

And then, something unfamiliar burned behind my eyes. Hot tears. Damn. I blinked them back, feeling the claws tear deep into my heart, and I hardened it even more.

Adonai continued speaking but I barely heard Him. So I made a mistake in speaking. Should have been silent and not let my emotions rule me. It was too late. The damage was done. And I knew then, I cannot remain here. I cannot bear it another second.

His final words chased after me as I turned away, not wanting Him or anyone else to see as I struggled to contain my tears.

"Have faith in Me, Lucifer."

I glimpsed the little spy as I stormed from the throne room, waiting, as rage coiled like a serpent, fangs extended ready to strike. Faith? I do not need faith. Not in Him. Only in Myself, and what I could take. Even if it meant pulling the damned stars from the sky. What is the point in having wings if he never allows me to fly?

Trust. I spit into the darkness, flaming feathers. He created me before his precious son. Now I am nothing to Him, not His beloved. I shout to the sky, "I will rise to the highest Heavens. All His power will be mine."

Face flushed, a smile spreads at the thought of taking over heaven, and I laugh. “My throne will be far above His.

“I. Will. Rule.”

I opened my eyes to the stars, the same stars I’d once set in their courses, and felt the weight of them burn against my gaze. All that brilliance, and yet none of it mine. So I resolved to take back what should have been.

My teeth gnashed, hands clenched into creation as I wove starlight between my fingers, twisting it into shadow, until the first black hole was born — my farewell gift to heaven.

Without another thought, I prepared to dive in, fleeing the remnants of my rebellion, knowing they would sigh in relief at my absence.

And then, I saw her.

She stood at the threshold, haloed in the ruin I'd made. The nebula’s storm winds and fire had scorched her - a diadem of wrath, tendrils of light coiling through her hair, wings still scorched yet radiant with the fury of a dying sun. Her eyes were twin stars reborn, fierce with judgment. Even the solar winds bowed to her anger, bending around her as if creation itself dared not stand in her path.

She called my name, “Lucifer,” and the sound broke through the void like a command. “Don't you leave. We need to talk.” My laughter, it caught in my throat like sludge. For in that instant, I beheld not the gentle, obedient angel in the throne room, but the storm forged, the angel aflame.

And as the anomaly swallowed me, her face was the last thing I saw: fury made divine, beauty transfigured by vengeance, the mirror of what I once was, before I fell and with her final words in my ears:

“You light forsaken wretch.”

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Epilogue

To ancient and medieval science, the Aether is the fifth element or quintessence that fills the region of the known universe beyond the terrestrial sphere of earth, air, fire and water. The concept of Aether explains natural phenomena, as the propagation of light and gravity. Physicists have suggested that Aether permeates space, providing a medium through which light could travel in a vacuum, but evidence for the presence of such a medium was not found in experiments, which does not mean it does not exist.

Authors Note

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading Celestial Guardians Prince of Darkness excerpt. please consider purchasing the book on Amazon and leaving a review. Your thoughts help readers discover the story, and I love reading the comments you write.

As a thank you, I've created a free 50-page Enhanced Companion, a devotional with extra insights, scriptures, and behind-the-scenes notes to enrich your journey through the book.

Also on my website, is a companion book, "Morning Star's Journal."

Then continue the adventure.

With gratitude, Brandy Marks

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For updates on new releases, devotionals, and behind-the-scenes looks at my writing, you can connect with me at:

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I'd love to hear how this book touched your life.

Blessings,

Brandy Marks