

***NEXUS***

**ECLIPSE**

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## NEXUS: ECLIPSE

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PHOTON BOOKS

# Eclipse

(This story takes place three months before the events of Nexus.)

The world had changed for Josh Blair.

It no longer seemed like the same one he had lived in for thirty-three years and thought that he understood. His reality had been altered and nothing was the same. Everything felt strange - different and colder – and he could never return to the way things were before.

Not now. Not ever.

With each passing day, Josh was relegated to the memories of the long night from three months earlier - the dark night when the woman he loved disappeared, the reality worse than any nightmare he'd ever had. Reminders of their time spent together were everywhere around him, as if the city itself were taunting him. Haunted, the memories felt like ghosts occupying familiar places where they had spent time.

Josh had become more aware of the reality of evil than he had ever been. It was undeniable and

strong. A man of faith, his beliefs had now been tested and nearly torn asunder.

At the end of his rope with nowhere else to turn, Josh surrendered himself to the grace of the Almighty. Drawing strength from above, he was endowed with a power beyond his own. It was his only source of strength in the dark time he'd lived through, and would continue to be.

Although his fiancée, Rachel Evans, had been ripped away from him, he had been given something else, an extreme spiritual sensitivity he hadn't known before. An ability to perceive with his spirit what his eye's couldn't.

Divine insight. Revelation knowledge.

It was a gift, an enablement to know things that were supernaturally revealed to him, prophetically and internally.

The insight that he had only occasionally experienced in times past had become stronger and in the weeks and months following his loss, Josh began to have surreal visions and intense dreams, leading him deeper into the spirit world. It felt as though a door to another dimension had been opened all around him that couldn't be closed.

The city Josh called home, he now knew, was a hive of invisible, malevolent forces occupying it as a stronghold. There was a dark, but real, presence here and elsewhere. It was ancient and evil.

“Our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, authorities and powers of this dark world, and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms,” his pastor said one night, teaching on a subject Josh was quite familiar with.

“Satan is the prince of the power of the air, influencing humanity through the atmosphere all around us.”

Spiritual warfare was a topic that Josh thought he understood well, but was now learning more, albeit somewhat reluctantly. Looking through the window at the city outside, he wondered why he was suddenly becoming aware of these things – why he'd been chosen. Josh felt certain that he would give nearly anything to go back to the way things had been before things had changed.

Following Rachel's mysterious disappearance, Josh had been briefly considered a suspect as local authorities turned over every rock during their investigation. Soon cleared of any suspicion, unwilling to sit and wait, he began his own search.

After weeks of combing the entire city, as well as the large forest nearby and the surrounding towns, Josh began working with the police. Through his relationship with lieutenant Doug Rollings, he was allowed to assist local law enforcement in anything relating to finding Rachel. Still, nothing conclusive had been discovered and there was no indication whether she was still alive or not.

“We just have nothing to go on, Josh,” Doug had told him not long after her disappearance. “I'm sorry.”

“So what am I supposed to do?” He asked.

“There's nothing you can do.”

Following two months and no breaks in the case, Josh continued on with his life and daily work. An expert in electronics since his military days, he

made much of his income repairing computers and other electronics. In addition, he also constructed a series of devices that could be linked together to form a virtual network. In recent years, Josh had been learning a lot about the atmosphere and its various properties.

Alone in the downstairs area of his two level home in the city, Josh moved several boxes across the room that he'd been using to work on repairs and also for storage. His golden retriever, Samson, watched nearby as he sat the last box down underneath the industrial stairs leading up to the living area. Now full grown, the dog had been a gift from his fiance over a year before.

Taking a rest, Josh looked up at the bulletin board he'd hung up immediately after Rachel vanished. Upon it, he had tacked up a map of the city, along with a copy of the missing profile of his fiance.

“What do you think, Samson?” Josh asked.

The dog tilted his head, looking at him, then barked.

“Me too.”

After taking the retriever for a walk, Josh decided to go to bed. He would be up early the following morning, per his disciplined routine. Late that night, he had a vivid dream.

Finding himself in an unfamiliar house, he observed a teenage girl in her room as an evil, demonic presence swirled over her, its shadowy form whispering lies that infiltrated her mind and penetrated her soul. Accepting the falseness as truth, confusion began to consume her.

The girl then argued with her parents.

“You're grounded for a month,” the father soon announced. “You're only to go to school, then home. Nowhere else!”

After the girl cursed at him, she stormed off to her room, slamming the door.

Moments later, Josh found himself watching the girl as she rapidly crammed some of her belongings into an overnight bag.

A stuffed bear sat beside a window holding a red heart. Beside it, framed photographs of friends. Josh took notice of several other things before the girl called someone, telling him to come get her. Immediately after, she quietly left her house and got into a car driven by a man appearing to be in his mid-twenties. After kissing her briefly, he took the girl to another location in the city.

Transported instantly, Josh found himself standing on a street beside the car, watching the teenage girl walk to the front door of an unfamiliar, unmarked building, where the man let her inside. Moments later, the girl let out a loud scream. Josh began running towards the building just as the door was closed and locked.

Waking up, the intense dream stayed with Josh. The following morning, he learned through a local internet news outlet that that Amy Renfro, the fifteen year old daughter of a local family, had run away from home over a week before and hadn't been seen since. Her parents, members of the church fellowship where he attended, had done everything they knew, but it wasn't enough.

Josh knew how they felt, but why had he

seen these things? And what was he supposed to do about it? He wasn't sure.

That evening, Josh explained his dream to Chris Hunter. Ten years his senior, the African-American man was his pastor and friend. The men had known one another for over two years, Josh and Rachel having attended Chris's fellowship regularly.

"The girl's been influenced by a deceiving spirit," Josh explained. "But I don't know what door she opened to it initially."

"I don't believe this dream was of natural origin," Chris said as they stood on his back porch shortly after sunset, the man's wife and children inside. "It was clearly divine in nature."

"But why did I have it?" Josh asked.

"Because you've been given tools that others don't have. To do what nobody else can, to help."

Josh chuckled. "I'm not sure how I can do that just right now. My plate's full."

"Yes, but lately you've been growing in awareness of forces that aren't of the physical realm. Things of the spirit," Chris said. "This may be part of it."

"What do you mean?"

Chris took several steps, leaning back against the wooden railing behind him. "Everything you've been seeing - the visions, the dreams, the revelations - and now this, you're being prepared, called for a purpose. Something that you've never done before."

It made sense to Josh what his pastor was saying, but he had no idea exactly what to do, feeling ill-equipped for the job.

“It's clear to me that these gifts, prophetic abilities, aren't just to help you find Rachel,” the pastor told him. “They're also to help others. They're divine, and divine gifts are irrevocable.”

Josh leaned down, resting his forearms on the top of the porch rail as he looked out into Chris's dark back yard. “You think I'm supposed to search for this girl?”

“Amy Renfro,” Chris reminded him. “I just spoke to her mother yesterday. They've been praying for a miracle.”

Josh scratched his chin. “I guess we could all use one of those.”

“In this case, YOU may be the miracle,” Chris said. “Sometimes when we move beyond ourselves and our own situations to help others in need, incredible things happen.”

Josh wasn't sure if the pastor's words were an exhortation or a challenge, but knowing him, they were likely both. He knew in his inner man that it was true, even if the last thing he wanted to do right now was to shift his focus away from his fiance onto searching for someone he'd never met.

Despite his training and all that he had learned while working with the police in his search for his fiance, he wasn't a detective.

“I believe that if you do this, it's going to be the beginning of a new phase in your life,” Chris said. “A new trajectory.”

“But my resources are limited,” Josh told him. “I don't know where to start.”

“But you will. You know the truth and your discernment is strong. The days are evil, Josh, we

must redeem the time,” the pastor reminded him.

Josh nodded, the words from the book of Ephesians confirming what he already knew. “Do you have the Renfro's number?”

Seeking divine guidance for the direction he was being propelled towards, Josh began to prepare himself. The following day, he met with Amy's mother and father. The couple, both in their early forties, were surprised that the same man who's fiance was still missing wanted to help them find their daughter.

After talking to them for a brief time, they recounted Amy's life and behavior leading up to her disappearance, explaining the last argument they had with her the night she ran away, which harmonized exactly with his dream.

“She was always sweet and sensitive, never got into trouble or anything. At least, not until recently,” Amy's mom explained.

“What kind of trouble?”

“Well, she started skipping school, then I caught her smoking one day. She never would've done that before. She always hated cigarettes.”

“Does Amy have a boyfriend?” Josh asked. “Or any older friends?”

“I don't think so,” Mrs. Renfro said. “She was always talking to friends on her phone, but we never knew who they were. She would get defensive whenever we would ask, saying it was none of our business.”

“You mentioned before that Amy's faith has been important to her since she was small,” Josh reminded them. “How's Amy been, spiritually?”

Her parents thought about it for a short time, then her dad looked up. “She hasn't talked much about God recently.”

“It's been a long time,” Mrs. Renfro confirmed. “Instead of being involved with the youth group like she always did, she completely lost interest in going over the last school year.”

Josh continued listening as the Renfro's recalled more of her recent behavior. “Would it be alright if I saw Amy's room?”

The couple agreed. Josh was led up some stairs and slowly opened the door. The room resembled that of a typical teenage girl. Unkempt but cozy, adorned with feminine and cute stuff, along with a few remnants of the child she had been just a few years earlier.

As he entered, his eyes were instantly drawn to a stuffed bear sitting next to a window. Holding a red heart, it was the same one he has seen in the surreal dream. The same framed photos sat next to it, along with everything else appearing as he had seen it.

*Deja vu*, he silently told himself.

As he stood near the foot of Amy's bed, Josh began to feel a strong impression in his spirit to look around further. He walked over to her dresser nearby and looked down to see an unusual symbol drawn onto the exterior to one of the girl's school notebooks.

It was a symbol he'd seen before, unmistakably occult in nature, representing a local group that he couldn't remember. Moments later, a strong, visual revelation sprung up from his spirit

and went through his mind.

*A dark, spiritual entity swirled around a group of young people as they sat in a circle, Amy among them. One of them gave the girl a tattoo on her wrist, the symbol that Josh had just discovered. The man who was several years older than Amy, whom she met when she ran away from home, kissed her and held up his wrist, also having the same tattoo.*

Josh felt an urgency in his spirit, propelled by what he had just seen, feeling it best not to tell Amy's parents about the vision.

"This symbol," Josh said, pointing to the notebook. "Do you recognize it?"

"I don't think so," the woman said. "What is it?"

"I'm not exactly certain, but I'm going to find out." After taking a picture of the symbol with his phone, Josh returned downstairs with Amy's parents.

"Thank you for helping us, Mr. Blair," Mr. Renfro said as they stepped outside. "The police keep telling us she'll come home when she's ready, but it seems like they're not doing anything. But I'm sure you must be familiar with that, considering your missing fiancé."

"I am, and I also know how helpless you both feel right now," Josh affirmed.

"Please find her," Mrs. Renfro added before beginning to weep.

“I promise I'll do everything I can,” he told them, being realistic. It was all he could offer.

Josh drove home, his mind consumed with doubt that he would be able to find the missing teenager or that his fiance would be found alive. Despite the revelatory vision, the odds still seemed to be stacked against him.

Researching the meaning of the symbol online, Josh discovered that it pointed to an underground cult in the city known as Children of the Ram. The group - a hybrid of hippy culture and pagan beliefs - were relatively small, but gaining momentum. Their target was young people and their method seemed to involve drawing them away from their families and into a secret community.

Josh wondered how a girl like Amy could be seduced away from her strong Biblical beliefs and loving family and drawn to this group. Regardless, the important thing was finding her.

Tired, he desperately needed a good nights rest to give him a fresh perspective. Before falling asleep, his thoughts shifted from his new search to find Amy Renfro to his continuing one to find his fiance.

As Samson curled up in his bed slept on the other side of the room, Josh's thoughts drifted to the past - meeting Rachel for the first time - introduced to her through a mutual friend. Hitting it off immediately, they became fast friends and began dating.

Josh thought briefly of the first time he took her to his favorite scenic place on the hill overlooking the city - how perfect it all seemed. Her

beautiful smile, laugh and sweet personality melting his heart in a way that nobody else had ever done. Sitting together on the hill on that ideal, Autumn day, he had realized for the first time that he was in love with her.

Although the memories felt like yesterday, as did the night he proposed to her, a few months before she went missing, they also felt like a hundred years had passed. The harsh reality of fiancée's disappearance settled in once again - leading him back to thoughts about the night.

THAT night.

The dark night in which the moon was covered completely in shadow - a cosmological event that carried with it what some people believed was an omen. It was during this time that she had vanished.

Josh had waited for Rachel's call that night, as was her routine after getting off her shift at a local hospital. This time, however, the call never came. Growing concerned, Josh called her phone, but she didn't answer. It would be found the following day near her car in the parking deck of the hospital. However, no prints could be pulled from it and nobody had seen or heard anything unusual.

There would be many long nights ahead as Josh began searching for his fiancée. Spending extended periods of time near the hospital and other places, as the search continued. Closing the book once again on the disturbing memories, he soon went to sleep. It was getting easier to do, but still took effort. He would have no dreams this night.

After completing his primary electronic

work the following day, Josh drove around the city, showing Amy's photo to people and asking if they'd seen her. He had researched local internet sources regarding locations where followers of Children of the Ram might congregate, but all came up empty. The cult seemed to be an 'invitation only' type of group and were apparently secretive about who, when and where they met.

Nobody that Josh had spoken with had even heard of the cult except for one person, and they knew very little about it, or so claimed. Still, Josh's increasing discernment told him that Amy was still in the city.

The following night, Josh experienced another vivid dream.

In it, he walked down a dark corridor, hearing a young woman screaming. As he ran towards the sound, Josh was unable to gain speed, feeling like he was running in waist deep water. Growing more intense, the desperate cries continued.

Coming to an open door at the end of the corridor, Josh looked inside and saw Amy tied to a metal structure by her wrists and ankles. Surrounding her were a dozen others, all appearing to be in their late teens to mid-twenties, they chanted something he couldn't understand. Leading them was the man he had seen before.

Hovering directly over the people was a grotesque, dark, shadowy entity. The demon - Josh knew immediately - was the same one that had deceived Amy previously. Frightened, she screamed. Josh made an effort to enter the room and help her, but was blocked by an invisible force field. He raised

his hands, touching what felt solid. Using his strength, he rammed it, but still couldn't move forward. Josh opened his mouth to call out to her, but not a sound went forth.

Again, he tried, but to no effect.

Awakening from his sleep, Josh sat up in his bed. Spiritually and mentally alert, he began to intercede for the Amys safety, praying for supernatural guidance. The helpless feeling from the dream mirrored what he felt in real life - the experience an echo of what he'd been through attempting to locate his fiance.

Now nearly five in the morning, unable to go back to sleep, Josh threw the covers off and got up, Samson raising his head and following him out of the room. Several hours later, as Josh worked, he received a call from Amy's mother, telling him that she had called them, saying that she was alright and didn't want them to worry about her or try to find her.

“What else did she say?” Josh asked.

“That was all, other than mentioning that the people she was with cared about her,” the woman said. “She wouldn't answer any of our questions and would barely let us get a word in. The entire call lasted probably less than a minute, then she just said that she had to go and hung up.”

“Mrs. Renfro, did Amy ever mention anything to you about the Children of the Ram?”

“No. Is it that thing from her notebook?”

“Yes. The group that has a local, underground following,” Josh explained.

“I don't know anything about that, do you

think she's a part of it?"

"I'm investigating it, but I believe there's a good chance.

Following the end of the conversation, Josh had little doubt that Amy was being manipulated by at least one person just as she was deceived by the evil spirit.

As he stood overlooking the city later that evening, he could sense the dark forces that were present here. They felt stronger than before.

Josh was certain the rise of local cults and Satanic groups were a by-product of this, and vice versa. Closing his eyes, he surrendered his concerns and listened to the voice of the invisible, divine Spirit who was guiding him. Regardless of the lack of answers he had, his heart was filled with the peace that passes all understanding – guiding him.

Two days later, he made a visit to a shop in the downtown area of the city. Not long after, Josh glanced over and saw a girl sitting at an outside restaurant table. It was Amy, and across from her sat the man from the dreams.

Quickly walking over to the establishment, Josh entered the restaurant and made his way to the table.

"Amy," he called out.

Both she and the man looked up.

"Yes," Amy said.

"You don't know me, but my name is Josh Blair. I've been searching for you."

Amy stared at him in silence as the man across from her scowled at Josh.

"I knew this would happen," he said.

“Look, I appreciate it, but I told my parents that I'm fine and I don't want to come home,” Amy told him, shrugging.

“I know you did,” Josh said. “However, there are other factors at work that I don't think you understand.”

“Like what?” Amy asked.

“Can I talk to you in private?”

“No you cannot,” the guy declared before taking another bite of his food. “Go away.”

“I can't do that,” Josh responded.

The man then stood up to face Josh. Equal in size, he looked into Josh's eyes. “She said she's fine. “Leave now or things are going to get difficult for you.”

“Is that right?”

“Yeah, that's right,” the man said, threatening him.

Josh looked into his eyes, not intimidated. Not acknowledging this, Trey maintained his stare as if he were about to take a swing at Josh.

“Sit down,” Josh told him.

He continued to stare defiantly.

“I said sit down. Now,” Josh repeated, not a request. “I'm only here to talk.”

“Come on Trey, it's cool,” Amy said, revealing his name, then took his hand.

Trey backed up and slowly sat, then Josh took a seat at the table. As he did, he noticed a small tattoo on Amy's wrist. It was the symbol he was now familiar with for Children of the Ram. “Amy, I know what you're a part of.”

“Look, whoever you are, thank you for your

concern, but I'm fine," Amy responded. "Tell my parents whatever you want to, I don't care, but I'm not going home."

"You don't realize the danger that you're in," Josh said. "This is a cult."

Trey chuckled.

"Your parents love you."

"Yeah right," Amy whispered, quickly dismissing it. She looked at Trey. "Are you ready?"

He nodded. Placing cash on the table, they began to leave.

"You know the truth, Amy. Don't shut it out," Josh told her, as they quickly made their way back through the restaurant and out the door. Stepping out onto the sidewalk, he watched as they proceeded down the sidewalk and soon vanished around a corner.

A short time later, Josh contacted Amy's parents and told them about the encounter and what she'd said. It was obvious to him that helping the teenager was going to be more difficult than he originally thought. The girl didn't want to come home and he wasn't a cop, so Josh had no choice but to back off for now.

It was nearly a week later, while working on a project one evening, that Josh got a strong impression that something was wrong - that Amy was in immediate danger. The knowing in his inner man grew stronger and he stopped what he was doing.

The image of an old building east of the city came into his mind. He knew the one, a location several minutes away.

Getting into his SUV and following the leading of the Spirit within him, Josh drove east. A short time later, he parked beside the old factory building which he had passed by numerous times, but never been inside.

Grabbing a flashlight and a couple other devices, Josh locked his vehicle and walked around the building, surprised to find a side door unlocked. He opened it and cautiously entered. Using a small flashlight, Josh scanned the interior. The building, smelling stale and rusty, was filled with old, shipping crates and other abandoned items.

Beyond what he could see, something else felt wrong. There was a presence here, and it wasn't benevolent.

It was evident by appearances that the building had been broken into a number of times, likely by gangs and looters. A collection of drawings, words and phrases, many obscene, had been spray-painted along the walls in various places.

Proceeding further, Josh saw something move on the floor out of the corner of his eye. Quickly moving his light, he saw a rat scurrying away.

“Amy?!” Josh called out, his voice echoing throughout the old factory. “Amy Renfro!”

There was no response.

“Amy, are you in here?!”

Again, nothing.

Josh slowly and cautiously continued, walking further. Relying on himself in militaristic fashion, he searched carefully, seeing a few more rats as he went into each part of the building,

including bathrooms that were so nasty he was forced to cover his nose.

Exploring further, Josh's light fell onto something familiar painted onto the floor. Nearly walking over it, he saw the Children of the Ram symbol. By now, the feeling of the evil presence was stronger.

“Amy?!”

Josh picked up his pace, hoping that he wasn't too late. Circling back and sweeping the other side of the building, he turned a corner and saw what he thought was just an old blanket on the floor near the back wall, but then saw a human shape. Moving his flashlight upwards, it revealed a teenage girl. Appearing traumatized, with dark circles under her eyes, Amy held a sharp knife close to one of her wrists.

“Amy, don't do it,” Josh said.

She whimpered, not even looking up. “I don't have a choice.”

“Yes you do.”

Amy stared down at the sharp blade next to her wrist.

Although Josh couldn't see it, he knew that the dark entity was close, out of the range of normal sight, influencing her. “You've been lied you.”

She repositioned the blade.

“You know the truth, Amy. God hasn't abandoned you. Just put it down and let's talk.”

Not responding, she continued gripping the knife tightly. Josh looked to see a tear roll down one of her cheeks.

“If you resist the evil one, he will flee, you

know this,” Josh said, reminding her.

Suddenly, a loud noise was heard as if something had hit the wall above them. Amy jumped, still holding the weapon.

“You have the power to resist him. Don't you see, he's led you to this place so that you'll end your life?” Josh explained, pleading with her. “He knows the potential you have.”

Amy adjusted her grip on the blade's handle and prepared to cut into her soft skin. Before she was able, Josh quickly took out a device he'd recently made and activated it. An intense beam of green light shot from one end, striking the steel of the knife. Seeing a bright flash and feeling intense heat, Amy dropped the weapon onto the floor.

Josh quickly moved to her and kicked the knife across the dusty floor, sliding it out of range. At the same time, there was another loud noise as the unseen entity hit the wall nearby. For a brief moment, Josh thought he saw a shadow move across the room, but wasn't sure.

“Are you okay?” He asked, kneeling down beside her.

The girl said nothing.

“You're going to be alright, Amy. Everything's going to be fine,” he said, noticing bruises on her wrists and ankles where she had been tied, as he had seen in his vision.

“They wouldn't take me,” Amy confessed, wiping her tears away. “They didn't want me. Trey didn't want me.”

“It's because they're guided by darkness,” Josh said. “It can't invade your spirit because you're

already filled with light. That's why the enemy wants to kill you.”

She looked up at him, silently trying to understand. “I don't think the light is inside me any more. It's gone.”

“That's not true,” Josh told her. “It's there and always will be. Come on, let's go.”

The girl began to shake her head from side to side. “You don't understand. I can't go home. My parents hate me.”

“No they don't,” Josh said, with one hand gently on her shoulder. “You're probably feeling every doubt in the world right now. But God still has a plan for you and your parents still love you.”

Leaning her head against the wall, she looked around for the knife. “I turned my back on them, how can they ever forgive me?”

“Because that's what parents do,” Josh told her. “I wasn't exactly perfect when I was your age, either.”

For the first time, Amy hinted at a smile.

Standing up, Josh offered her a hand. “Now, let's get you out of here.”

Amy agreed and after walking her out of the building, Josh helped her to his vehicle, then took her to a nearby hospital. Waiting until her parents arrived, Josh stayed just long enough to witness the emotional reunion.

Following the incident, a fire had been ignited inside Josh - knowing that the spiritual abilities and divine perception he'd been given were for this purpose. Despite the fact that his own fiance was still missing, he would seek ways to help others

while continuing his search.

In the meantime, other lives hung in the balance. He knew through supernatural insight that there was a strong darkness over the city which would soon grow stronger. He had been called to fight it.

Just days after Amy was reunited with her family, Josh created a website aimed at helping others deal with oppression from unexplained experiences and paranormal phenomena. Wanting to expose spiritual deception Simultaneously, he completed the transformation of his downstairs into a work area, installing a series of hi-tech electronics and advanced computers, networking them together.

Implementing what he'd been learning about atmospherics, Josh completed the system he'd been developing - software that corresponded specific frequencies, interpreting heightened atmospheric energy signals based on their properties, then able to determine if they were benevolent or malevolent in nature. Planting the small devices he'd constructed around the city, they would function to record and transmit atmospheric data back to his work are.

“You care to run this by me again?” Chris asked, attempting to understand the technology as he sat at a table in the new Complex.

“It's not an exact science.”

“You know by now that these forces you're going to encounter are powerful spiritual threats to this city and others. You mess with them, they're going to try to destroy you.”

“I'm counting on it,” Josh responded.

“It's vital you go into this guided by the

Spirit,” Chris told him. “These entities in the parallel world are intruding into the physical realm now. It’s a time of geological, social, political and spiritual upheaval.”

“You said it yourself, we should redeem the time, because the days are evil. There’s no middle ground, for anyone,” Josh said, looking at a printed missing profile of his fiancée. “Still, I’d be lying if I said that I didn’t want something out of this.”

Chris nodded in agreement. He prayed that Rachel would be found alive, but unfortunately, neither of them knew if that would happen.

In the days ahead, Josh would enter fully into the spiritual war, exposing supernatural deception and battling evil forces in his city - and beyond. Although he didn’t yet realize it, he would need help in his work. He would be drawn into the paths of those whom were already being divinely prepared to join him.

They would be friends, and together, they would fight the darkness.