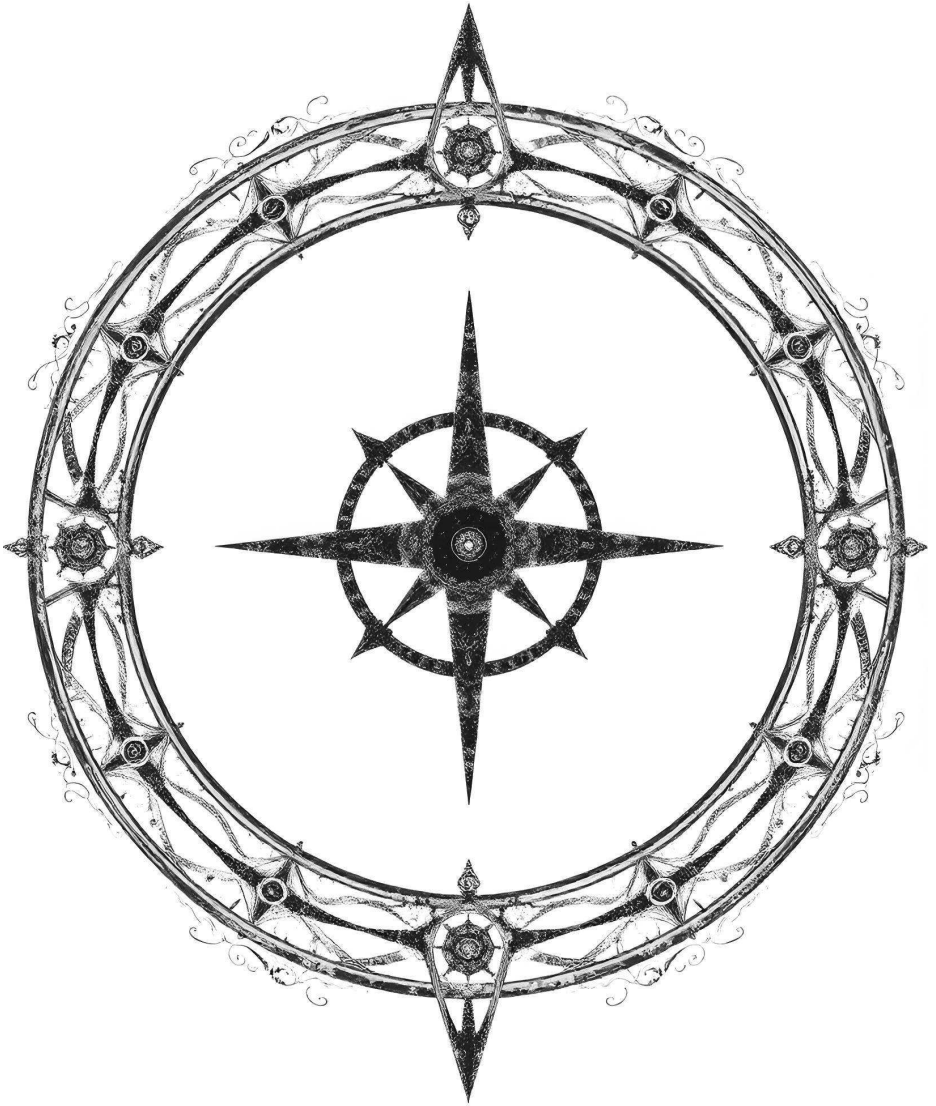


Scarlet Vows

by Ewell J. Juliana



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The Internal Black Star

The Art of Mystification

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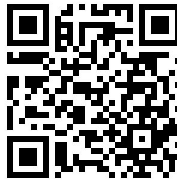
About the Author

Ewell Juliana is a mentor, trainer, and guide in the realm of the unseen. As the creator of The Internal Black Star, he has dedicated over two decades to exploring the hidden currents of the occult and mysticism. His journey is marked by relentless exploration, where music, art, and photography serve as both conduits and veils for deeper truths. From the shadows of the unknown to the rhythms of creation, he continues to unravel and reshape reality. Ewell Juliana resides and works in the Netherlands, ever in pursuit of the mysteries that whisper between the worlds.

To Write to the Author

If you wish to contact the author or would like more information about the book and the philosophy of The Internal Black Star, please write to theinternalblackstar@gmail.com

To Scan:



Introduction

Under the sweltering sun along the forgotten shores of Curaçao, an ancient pact stirs—woven with blood, lust, and darkness that transcends time. "Scarlet Vows" is a tale of forbidden love, featuring beings who walk between two worlds, consumed by their desires and weighed down by their heritage. It is a world where day and night blur, and where the essence of life is entangled with the thirst for blood, the power of submission, and the consequences of breaking an eternal bond.

Inspired by the haunting lyrics of MONDI's "Scarlet Vows," this story follows Zafir and Jewel, two souls trapped in the unyielding grasp of the Bloodline—a family of daywalkers who live among humans while remaining imprisoned by their own cursed existence. Their love, although forbidden, defies the forces that seek to tear them apart. At the heart of this dark fantasy is an exploration of power, desire, and the ultimate struggle for freedom in a world that demands submission.

The music that inspired this story resonates deeply within these pages—the rhythms of the drums echo with the pulse of the earth, while melancholic melodies intertwine with the anguish of the heart. Within these words, the battle for identity and destiny unfolds against a backdrop of mysticism, eroticism, and the raw beauty of the Caribbean, where ancient rites and modern temptations collide.

This is not just a story about vampires and blood. It is a narrative about our choices when confronted with the darkest of fates. It explores how the vows we take, the blood we shed, and the love we are willing to embrace forever connect us to what we are trying to escape.

Scan here to immerse yourself in the haunting melodies of MONDI's *Scarlet Vows*:



Chapter 1: The Arrival of the Daywalker

The sun sank over the Caribbean horizon, painting the sky with shades of crimson and gold. Shadows stretched long and thin across the cobbled streets of Willemstad as the city released the lingering heat of the day. The waters of the Waaigat shimmered, rippling with the whispers of the wind. The heartbeat of the island was steady—voices rising and falling like the tide, laughter spilling from open doorways, and the scent of spices and rum weaving through the air.

But Zafir was not part of that world. Not entirely.

He moved through the narrow alleyways of Punda, where pastel-coloured Dutch colonial buildings leaned into one another like old souls exchanging secrets. His steps made no sound against the worn stones of Breedestraat. He passed the floating market, where Venezuelan merchants had packed up for the evening, leaving behind the lingering scent of ripe mangoes and salt. He felt like a shadow among the living, a ripple in the fabric of the city.

He was a Daywalker—one of the few who had mastered the art of moving through the sunlit realm without being burned. His kind fed not only on blood but also on energy, desire, and the quiet desperation that clung to human souls like mist. Tonight, his hunger drew him to her.

Jewel.

A dancer. A poet. A woman whose very essence shimmered with an intensity that called to him across time and space.

She stood at the edge of Plasa Bieu, the old marketplace now hushed after the chaos of the lunch rush. By day, it was filled with the scent of stobá (slow-cooked stew), kadushi soup (cactus soup), and freshly fried fish. But by night, it belonged to the spirits, to the murmurs of past lovers, to the echoes of forgotten names carried by the wind.

Jewel's gaze was fixed on the waters of the Waaigat, where the lights of the Queen Emma Bridge danced in fragmented reflections. She was lost in a thought she would never voice aloud. She did not see him approach. But she felt him.

A shift in the air. A resonance.

She turned. Their gazes met.

And in that instant, the world ceased to exist.

Zafir did not breathe; he did not need to. Yet, something within him stirred as her dark eyes searched for him, unafraid and unwavering. She wore a flowing white dress, the hem brushing against her ankles, her bare feet resting on the warm stone. Her hair cascaded in wild waves, catching the faint glow of the streetlights, framing a face that seemed carved from poetry and rebellion.

"Ta bo?" she asked, her voice low and measured. Are you okay?

Zafir hesitated for the briefest moment. Most mortals could not feel his presence before he willed it. But she had. He allowed the corner of his lips to twitch—something not quite a smile.

"Mi ta bon," he replied. I am well.

But it was a lie.

He had been starving before he saw her. And now, he hungered for something else entirely.

A gust of wind swept in from the bay, carrying the scent of salt and forgotten prayers. The bells of Fort Amsterdam rang in the distance, marking the hour, a reminder that time had not stopped for them, no matter how much it felt like it had.

Jewel studied him for a moment longer before looking back at the water. "You don't belong here."

Zafir tilted his head. "And yet, here I am."

She exhaled through her nose, a soft, amused sound. "That's not what I meant. You move like someone who knows this place too well and not at all."

Zafir glanced toward the Rif Fort in the distance, its ancient stone walls bathed in golden light. "Perhaps I have always belonged here, and you are only just noticing."

Jewel shook her head, turning her body fully toward him. "No. You are like the tide. You come and go."

Zafir stepped closer, just enough for her to feel the chill that clung to his skin, despite the warm night air. "And what does that make you?"

She held his gaze. "The shore."

A silence settled between them, thick and vibrating with tension. She was unafraid, unlike anyone he had ever met before. Zafir felt an undeniable attraction to her, a pull that challenged all logic and threatened to unravel centuries of discipline and control he had maintained.

He was the predator. And yet, he wondered—who was hunting whom?

The sound of footsteps echoed through the narrow streets leading to the plaza. A group of revellers emerged from a side alley, their laughter loud and carefree. Tourists, their sunburned faces glowing under the streetlights, remained unaware of the hidden tensions simmering beneath the city they were exploring.

Jewel looked away first, her expression shifting, the spell between them momentarily broken. She took a step back, the fabric of her dress catching the breeze.

"I should go," she murmured.