

More Than Meets The Eye

By Melissa Finger

CHAPTER 1

Ronan stood in the shadow of a tall, cherry wood bookcase. His angelic stature was tall and strong. Gentle waves of brown hair barely touched the top of his broad shoulders. He nodded in approval as his green eyes passed over the room. The air was thick, though the room was well-lit. Ronan could sense the presence of the Lord resting in the small office.

His charge, Mary, was sitting in an oversized beige chair, going through her notes to prepare for her next client.

Suddenly, a dark shadow darted through the room but met its demise at the end of a sword that came out of nowhere. Ronan gave a slight nod of approval toward the warrior who had made the move. The soldier returned the nod and stepped back into his position beside Mary's large picture window.

Mary was a small-town therapist in her fifties. She had a gentle appearance. Her long-time experience of warring against evil could not be seen on her face. Gentle wrinkles graced her eyes when she smiled. Her hair was beginning to show her age. It was pulled back in a bun on top of her head, with her glasses propped against it. Mary continued to flip casually through the pages of her notebook. If she was able to sense the thickness in the air, one couldn't tell by looking.

As Ronan looked around the room, two more black balls darted in. With one swoosh of a sword, they were gone.

"The warfare will be intense today," Ronan commented to Gabe, the newest warrior assigned to his group. "The storm has been building. The Most High God is preparing for a mighty victory!"

The enemy of God had also been preparing for this battle, and it would happen within the hour.

Gabe was wide-eyed as he looked around the room. "Are we prepared?"

"We are."

Gabe's stature was slightly smaller than Ronan's but still impressive. His manner indicated a meekness that was often carried by warriors new to the battle. His short hair and deep blue eyes gave him a youthful look, even though he had been a part of the army of God since the creation of the earth.

Ronan and Gabe, along with the others in this angelic army, were well aware of the dark cloud growing in size and strength several hundred yards above Mary's office.

Gabe motioned toward their charge. "What do you know of her?"

Ronan paused momentarily to listen to the sound of metal on metal high above the office. He knew demonic forces were already trying to enter the guarded space and engaging the army of the Lord....

(Later in the chapter...)

The sword fighting outside was getting closer and louder.

As Cindy arrived, Ronan and Gabe both felt a shift in the air around them. Gabe subconsciously let out a long breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

Mary greeted Cindy with a smile and offered her a bottle of water as they settled into the plush office chairs. The office was a cheery, pale yellow, and the furniture had been chosen for comfort. Despite the darkness preparing to invade the small office, the room felt like a peaceful spring day. This was normal for Mary and her work. The contrast between the spiritual and natural perspectives was vast, but it allowed clients to relax easier and feel at peace with the Lord. Ronan liked it, and he sensed the Lord took pleasure in it as well.

Darkness had begun to seep into the room as soon as Cindy entered, grasping for any last hold before the real battle began. As Mary prayed her usual opening prayer, the darkness held its position restrained by an invisible force field. The spiritual battle was just outside of the room now. Demons who entered with the dark cloud were forced to be still by the power of the Lord, and a special protection was given, which kept the darkness from touching Mary or Cindy, but the darkness was consuming every space behind the holy shield. Another shift happened around Ronan and Gabe. It was too dark now to tell what the shift was exactly, but the atmosphere in the room definitely shifted.

Cindy was sitting on the edge of the couch as she asked, "Did you get my emails?"

“I did. It appears it has been a difficult week. Is there any place, in particular, you would like to start?”

Cindy’s face writhed with pain as she answered, “I’m not sure. I’m just so tired. I don’t remember most of the week, but what I do remember is terrible.” A few tears slipped down her cheeks. “I desperately need to find a new job, but I don’t sleep well, and I am struggling just to keep myself together most days,” she paused. “I’m not sure how much longer I can do this.”

Mary nodded and made a few notes. “There is nothing easy about the journey you are taking,” Mary paused as the words reached Cindy. Her body relaxed with the validation, but her face still showed her pain. “Let’s begin in the courtroom of the Most High God, and we will see where we should start today.”

Mary’s warm smile was all the comfort Cindy could handle. She nodded and closed her eyes. As Mary began the courtroom prayer, the darkness in the room thickened. If Mary were not aware of what was happening before, she was now, but her prayer remained smooth and effortless.

Gabe was surprised by the level of warfare they were encountering. “Who *is* Cindy?” he asked with a deeper appreciation as to what her journey must have been.

“To answer that, we must go back a few years. Michael, would you like to answer?”

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