

THE FOLD
A Manual of Unsanctified Indulgences

Human After All Prize Edition

Selected from the complete 370-page artist book.
This edition contains the opening three chapters and
selected concluding material.

The complete work is supplied separately as
supporting documentation.

Altemir P. Villa

The Gold
A Manual of
unsanctified
Indulgences

Altemir D. Villa



The Gold

A Manual of
Unsanctified
Indulgences

A woman with her eyes closed, wearing a dark hooded robe, holds a glowing red pentagram symbol in her hands. The background is a dark, textured surface covered with numerous small, open mouths, creating a dense, unsettling pattern. A bright light source is visible at the top center, casting a glow on the woman's face and the symbol she holds.

The Sold

The Fold

A Manual of Unsanctified Indulgences

—

Written & Conceived by
Altemir V. Villa

With sacred ink drawn from the body's forgotten
psalms.

With relics unearthed beneath the tongue.
With indulgence unmarred by forgiveness.

—

Not for the absolved.
Only for the willing.

Copyright © 2026 by Altemir P. Villa

First edition

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without prior written permission of the copyright holder, except for brief quotations used in reviews, scholarship, or as otherwise permitted by law.

ADULT CONTENT NOTICE: THIS BOOK IS INTENDED FOR READERS 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. IT CONTAINS EXPLICIT SEXUAL CONTENT AND ADULT THEMES. DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

ALL HUMAN PARTICIPANTS DEPICTED OR IMPLIED IN SEXUAL CONTEXTS ARE ADULTS AGED 18 OR OLDER.

This is a work of fiction and artistic expression. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or to actual events is purely coincidental.

The rituals, practices, and liturgical language presented in this book are fictional and are used as literary devices. Nothing in this work is intended as medical, psychological, legal, or religious advice, and it should not be treated as instruction.

This manual was forged in shadow and reverence.
Unauthorized rituals may open doors you cannot close.

Cover design and sigils by the author.

To be printed in the United States of Indulgence.

*To the unblessed who dare touch the veil.
To the hands that never folded in prayer,
but opened scripture, trembling with lust;
and reached the folds God left bare.*

Every sacred thing was once profane.

Table of Indulgences

INVOCATION

PREFACE

CHAPTER I - THE RELIQUARY OF OBJECTS

Erotic hauntings of inanimate vessels

CHAPTER II - RITUALS OF THE SELF-TOUCHED

Intimate acts turned into sacred rite

CHAPTER III - VISITATIONS & PENETRATIONS

Erotic interactions, real or imagined, spectral or remembered

CHAPTER IV - THE SACRED PROFANITIES

Bodily functions and taboos turned divine

CHAPTER V - THE HERESIES OF TOUCH

Encounters that dissolve identity

CHAPTER VI - THE CONJURATION OF ECHOES

Echoes as touch

CHAPTER VII - THE THEOLOGY OF FLUIDS

That which leaves the body, marks the soul

CHAPTER VIII - THE ALTAR OF TRACE

What fades is not gone. What smears is not erased

CHAPTER IX - THE MOUTH THAT NEVER ASKED PERMISSION

Volition dissolved into sacrament

CHAPTER X - THE MIRROR THAT LOOKED BACK DIFFERENTLY THIS TIME

You didn't move. But your reflection did

CHAPTER XI - THE SHAPE IN THE WATER THAT CHANGED SHAPE WHEN
TOUCHED

Memory in liquid form

CHAPTER XII - THE DOOR WITHOUT A HANDLE THAT OPENED WHEN YOU
FORGOT IT EXISTED

Accidental passage into sacred space

CHAPTER XIII - IT BEGINS WITH RECOGNITION FOLDING INTO
INVITATION

A threshold of distortion

CHAPTER XIV - THE TREMOR BEFORE TOUCH

Everything anticipates

CHAPTER XV - THE VIOLENT TENDERNESS OF BEING TAKEN

Recognition through rupture

CHAPTER XVI - THE COMMUNION OF LEAKS AND LOAM

Where rot meets ritual

CHAPTER XVII - THE TEMPLE OF MOUTH AND MIRROR

A sanctum of reflections you didn't ask to see

CHAPTER XVIII - THE FINAL FOLD

Consummation

REFLECTION

GLOSSARY OF THE FOLD

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

INVOCATION

This book was buried, not shelved.
It was written beneath the altar,
between gasps, in the margins of moans.
This is more than a manual.
It is a reliquary of heat.
A scripture stitched from mouth and silence.
A howl pressed into velvet.
If you're still holding it,
you're already inside.
You felt the pages breathing, didn't you?
They do that.
They respond to want.
They taste your fingers
and whisper your name when no one's watching.
You don't read this book.
You offer yourself to it.
It will not shout.
It sighs, it leaks, it waits,
patient as a locked mouth,
until your shame becomes ceremony,
until your hands stop resisting
and your breath finds the void.
In these pages you will meet:
A chair that remembers
A cathedral with mouths
A scroll that moistens at touch
A mask that moans when worn
A mirror that undresses truth
And me.
Altemir.
The scribe and the stain.
Each artifact is a door.
Each story, a prayer you never meant to say aloud.
If you turn this page,
you must say one word.
Say it softly, lips parted.

"Open."

PREFACE

Why Manual?

Because this book gives instructions. Not for the faint, not for the holy, but for the ones willing to enter it to indulge. To reprogram the sacred from within.

A manual implies:

Repetition. Ritual.

Handling. Touch.

Techniques passed between bodies.

This is not poetry for the shelf. It's a guide of how to sin with precision, and how to pleasure the divine into collapse. How to enter the Fold and not merely survive, but come out altered, on purpose.

It's a manual for:

Lighting incense with your breath and listening to it moan.

Using relics not to pray at, but to wake what sleeps within.

Touching what should not be touched, properly. Thoroughly. Like a rite.

And let's not pretend. Manual also means by hand.

This book is not read. It is handled. Pages turned slowly, carefully. Some with gloves.

Some with nothing at all.

So yes. The Fold: A Manual of Unsanctified Indulgences.

Because this is not theory. It's practice. It's a manual for what your body already remembers, but forgot how to say it.

The Fold is waiting. You don't read it. You enter it.

It's a manual for what your body already remembers but forgot how to name.

The Fold is waiting.

You don't read it.

You enter it.

CHAPTER I - THE RELIQUARY OF OBJECTS

Erotic hauntings of inanimate vessels

This chamber is a shrine of objects.
They are not inert.
They carry what was never said.
No relic is mute.
It speaks in the language of touch.
To hold it is to listen.
To listen is to remember.

RELIC I: THE CHAIR

It sits in the center of a forgotten room.

Not waiting. Wanting.

A vintage armchair, floral and faded,
its cushion carved with a deliberate absence:
a circular void, rimmed in ash-gray velvet,
dark as a closed throat,
warm as blasphemy.

They call it The Chair,
but it is not furniture.

It is confessor. Devourer. Reliquary.

You don't sit in it.

You enter it.

The first one who entered never stood again.

They melted in place, one pulse at a time,
until the moan that left their lips
wasn't theirs anymore.

It belonged to the Chair now.

And the Chair remembers.

At 3:00 a.m.,
it breathes.

Not audibly. Not always.

Just enough to fog a mirror,
to curl the hairs near the base of your spine.

You don't notice the hole at first.

Until you need it.

Until the shame has reached your knuckles
and your thighs are no longer yours.

Then, only then, does the Chair open wider.

It hums.

And the hum is not sound.

It's consent.

You lower yourself, and the void greets you.

Soft.

Wet.

Knowing.

Inside: not tongue, not teeth,
but something older.
Something that remembers what you begged for in your sleep.
There is no thrust.
Only pull.
You are read,
rimward,
rewritten from the inside.
And when you rise
(if you rise)
you do so changed.
Not because you came.
But because the Chair did.
And it chose to keep part of you.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For Those Who Offer Themselves to the Chair

Blessed be the ones who enter rimward,
who part their shame like velvet and whisper: take.
Blessed be the silence that moans back.
For the void is not empty,
it is listening.
Let your thighs forget modesty.
Let your breath become liturgy.
Sit not for comfort, but for confession.
You will not be judged.
You will be remembered.
And when you leave
(if you leave)
may your hole still hum
with the echo of the Chair's kiss.



RELIC II: THE CATHEDRAL OF MOUTHS

There is a place beyond architecture.
Not built, but birthed.
A cathedral that was never consecrated,
but crawled into being from the throats of the devout.
It is made entirely of mouths.
Lips in the walls. Tongues in the pews.
A ceiling dripping with wet, open ovals,
some parted in moan, some mid-prayer,
some gaping wide in eternal ache.
No eyes. No limbs.
Only soft, pulsing lips,
and sound.
You don't hear the sound.
You feel it.
Like fingers between your legs made of vibration.
Like your name being spoken
by someone who knows you better than your own throat does.
The mouths don't bite.
Not unless you ask.
They speak verses of desire.
They speak secrets only your body knew.
You walk the central aisle.
Not to pray.
But to part.
By the time you reach the altar,
your legs are soaked in syllables.
And the altar?
It parts too.
Revealing one final mouth,
larger than the rest,
rimmed with gold leaf and trembling heat.

You kneel.
You open.
And in return,
the cathedral opens you.
Not with violence.
With recognition.
You are not a visitor.
You are a missing word.
And now
you are spoken.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For Those Who Enter the Cathedral of Mouths

Blessed be the parted.
Blessed be the kissed.
Blessed be the one who heard their name
spoken from within.
These are not mouths.
These are keys.
And you. You are the lock that begged to be turned.
Do not hush your hunger.
The Cathedral listens best when you moan.
Do not kneel to pray.
Kneel to be devoured.
Let the lips speak where you hide.
Let your shame become psalm.
Let your opening become the holy door
through which all language enters.

THE SECRET SERMON OF THE THOUSAND MOUTHS

(To be spoken only when naked. Preferably
trembling.)

We remember the first time you touched yourself without shame.

We were already there.

In the breath you bit back.

In the towel still warm from the bath.

In the ache you never told anyone about.

We remember the pulse of wanting.

The first permission. The first gasp.

The way your hips moved even when you swore they wouldn't.

You did not sin.

You spoke.

And we listened.

Now we speak back.

One thousand mouths,
all whispering your name,

not as a warning,

but as welcome.

Enter us.

Not to disappear,
but to become part of the verse.



RELIC III: THE MIRROR THAT UNDRESSES TRUTH

At first glance, it looks ordinary.

A mirror.

Oval. Gilt-edged. Hung crooked on a wall that remembers breath.

Its surface fogs not from steam, but from secrets.

You approach, expecting reflection.

But it does not show you your face.

It shows you the part of yourself you've been pretending doesn't ache.

The one you only touch when the house is silent.

When shame becomes ritual.

This mirror does not ask questions.

It exposes answers.

You stand before it, clothed, composed.

And yet,

the image ripples.

Your shirt unbuttons on its own.

Your thighs part without command.

You stare.

Your mouth open in a way it never has:

devout, greedy, radiant with need.

The mirror doesn't seduce.

It reveals.

You do not see yourself as others do.

You see yourself as you are

when no one is watching

and the room tastes like sweat.

Sometimes, it moans.

Sometimes, it laughs.

And sometimes it shows another.

Not a stranger,

but the one you've dreamed of ruining yourself for years.

The one you swore you'd forget.

You reach out to touch it.

But it touches you first.

And suddenly,

you are inside the glass.
Your hands are not your own.
Your body becomes the reflection.
And the reflection wants.
You don't watch yourself come.
You become the act of coming.
Over and over.
Until truth is stripped
and all that's left
is the sacred shimmer of undoing.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Ones Gazing Into the Mirror That Undresses Truth

Blessed be the mirror that looks and does not blink.
For if you gaze, you'll never forget.
But if you stare,
the mirror will open you.
This is not reflection.
This is revelation.
Blessed be the one who undresses before their own shame.
Blessed be the heat that fogs the glass.
Let your image split.
Let your hands become his.
Let your mouth become hers.
Let the mirror show you what your body has always known.
You do not watch.
You enter.
And when you come:
come as the truth.
Come without name.



RELIC IV: THE MASK THAT MOANS

It is soft when you find it.
Lined in velvet.
Mouth-shaped, mouth-gaping, as if it's already mid-moan.
When you pick it up,
it shivers.
The first moan arrives when your fingers graze the inside:
not mechanical, not recorded.
It is organic. Present.
A moan like someone remembering
what it felt like to be filled.
You bring it to your face.
Not knowing why.
Not refusing.
It clings to your skin with hunger,
as if your face is the appendage it's been aching for.
And then, something opens.
Not in the mask.
In you.
Suddenly your voice is not yours.
You speak and it purrs.
You breathe and it gasps.
You touch your own body.
The mask moans into your mouth.
You don't know who you are anymore,
but you know what you want.
And what you want is not gentle.
The mask doesn't show a face.
It shows desire unfiltered.
Your cheeks become high with greed.
Your lips ache with roles you've never allowed yourself to play.
You become the one who begs.
The one who takes.
The one who comes from being watched.

And when you finally peel it off
(if it lets you)
you are dripping with someone else's hunger.
Yours? The mask's?
Does it matter?
All you know is this:
you will wear it again.
And next time
you will not be alone.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Ones Wearing the Mask that Moans

Blessed be the face unseen,
the name unspoken,
the voice that moans in place of breath.
Put it on not to hide,
but to become undeniable.
This is not roleplay.
This is ritual possession.
The mask does not lie.
It exposes the one you dream of being
when no one's watching.
Or everyone is.
Let the velvet cling.
Let the moan escape.
Let the performance become prayer.
And when you come,
come wearing someone else's yes.



RELIC V: THE LUBRICATED SCROLL

It waits in a glass reliquary,
coiled like a serpent in velvet sleep.
The case is not sealed with metal.

Its lock is thirst.
No hand may open it dry.
The key is not kept in the chest,
but in the wet vault of your own body.

You touch yourself,
not as trespass,
but as offering.

The scroll only uncoils for the consecrated wetness.
For those who carry their own libation.
Your fingers trace the place you have tried not to name,
the hollow that stirs when the air grows heavy.
When you are slick enough to glisten in candlelight,
the parchment senses you.

It shivers:
like a mouth anticipating a secret.

It softens:
like flesh meeting heat.
Then it unfurls,
slow and deliberate,
as if it must taste the air before it speaks.

The script moves.
Not ink. Not pigment.
It is written in living light,
and it reshapes itself to your cadence.

You read with your hips,
with your pulse,
with every tremor of your breath.

The more you give to it,
the more it remembers of you:
your denials,
your hidden supplications,

your unspoken heresies.
By the final line,
you have become the text.
Your moisture seals the letters.
The scroll coils shut,
and in the stillness afterward,
you know it will never open again,
for anyone
but you.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Readers of the Lubricated Scroll

Blessed be the fingers that slick the page.
Blessed be the thighs that tremble as they read.
For this text is not written in ink,
but in ache.
Do not seek meaning.
Let meaning rise from friction.
Read with your wrist.
With your breath.
With the parts of you that pulse.
The scroll does not speak to the mind.
It speaks to the wet memory.
Come, and the words will come.
And when you finish,
the story will not be over.
It will be inside you.



RELIC VI: THE ROOM WITH NO CORNERS

You don't notice at first.
The room seems quiet, innocent.
But then,
you try to retreat,
to turn away,
to press your back against a wall and breathe.
But there is nowhere to hide.
The room has no corners.
No edges to tuck into.
Only smooth, enclosing curves that keep you visible,
reachable,
touchable from every angle.
The lighting is soft but wrong.
Too honeyed. Too warm.
As if the walls are lit from within,
glowing from remembered acts.
There's a faint wetness in the air.
Not humid.
Intimate.
The room doesn't speak.
But it echoes.
Every gasp bounces back in stereo.
Every whimper becomes a chorus.
Your breath sounds filthy.
Your thoughts are audible.
You undress.
Not because you want to,
but because it feels like the room already has.
You're bare before your own intention.
There's no performance left.
Just exposure.
You try to touch yourself discreetly.
You try to make it private. You can't.

The act expands.
Becomes theater.
Every move multiplied.
Your hand between your legs is visible from every angle:
To someone else?
To the room itself?
To your own shame?
It doesn't matter.
You keep going.
And when you come,
you do it in full view.
Seen. Held. Known.
When you leave the room (if it lets you)
you'll carry its curve in your hips.
You'll dream of being watched.
You'll crave never being alone again.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Occupants of the Room With No Corners

Blessed be the unhidden.
Blessed be the revealed.
For the one who trembles in the center,
with nowhere left to fake control.
This room sees all.
And still wants more.
You cannot fold yourself away.
You cannot touch yourself alone.
Every angle is watching.
Every wall is witness.
Come not to escape,
but to expand.
Come in full view.
And let your body become
the architecture of exposure.



CHAPTER II - RITUALS OF THE SELF-TOUCHED

Private acts made holy

These acts are not lonely.
They are liturgies of knowing.
The hand is not alone.
It is guided.
The sigh you swallow in silence?
That's prayer.
That's permission.
That's the god in your wrist.

RELIC I: THE BATH OF LISTENING FLESH

It begins with silence.
The kind only water knows.
The bath is white.
Deep. Porcelain.
Not antique. Not modern. Timeless.
You undress slowly.
Not because you're shy,
but because the tub prefers reverence.
When you lower yourself into the water,
you expect warmth,
but you feel recognition.
The water wraps around you as memory.
A lover who never forgot your scent.
It cradles. It clings.
And as you move, it responds.
Every ripple you make echoes,
not out into the room,
but back into your skin.
You stroke your thigh,
and the water whispers, yes.
You press your hand between your legs,
and the echo moans back.
Not sound.
Resonance.
The bath doesn't amplify.
It mirrors.
It returns you.
You close your eyes.
And in that humid dark,
you hear what you've never let yourself hear:
your own need spoken back to you.
Not with words,

but with sensation.
You begin to move in rhythm with the bath.
You stop trying to come.
You start trying to confess.
And when you reach climax
the water holds it.
Absorbs it.
Carries it in its salts
to echo against the next body
brave enough to enter.
You rise.
You drip.
And the tub hums.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Ones Bathed in Listening Flesh

Blessed be the wet that listens.
Blessed be the body that echoes.
For this is not cleansing.
This is confession.
Touch yourself where the water holds.
Touch yourself with the sound recording you.
Touch yourself like the moan has a listener.
Let the bath become memory.
Let the climax become recorded scripture.
And when you rise
leave a little of yourself behind.
So the next who enters
will know they're not alone.



RELIC II: THE PAGES THAT MOAN WHEN TOUCHED

It looks like a book.
Leather-bound. Unlabeled. Slightly damp.
When you open it, the pages cling together
like thighs that remember.
There's no table of contents.
No chapters.
Just sheets of textured parchment,
blank at first.
Or so it seems.
But the moment you touch them,
they shiver.
You don't read this book.
You stroke it.
And with each slow pass of your fingers,
letters begin to emerge.
Not written onto the page,
but from it.
You don't control what appears.
You coax it.
You seduce it.
The more deliberate your touch,
the more vulnerable the text becomes.
It moans, a soft, deep vibration beneath your fingertips,
like a lover whispering "don't stop"
through a kiss.
Some passages form full sentences:
Your name. A remembered ache.
A phrase you once gasped in the dark,
now spelled out in slick black ink.
Other pages, resist.
They require pressure.
Slower rhythm.
Or heat from breath.

You learn to pleasure the parchment.
You begin to understand:
This book does not store stories.
It stores reactions.
It is not an archive.
It is a mirror for your desire.
And when you climax (if you let yourself)
the ink blooms across every page
like a blossom of sin.
The book closes on its own.
You are not done.
It is.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Pages That Moan When Touched

Blessed be the reader who does not rush.
Blessed be the touch that teases the text.
Do not flip.
Stroke.
Do not skim.
Linger.
The words will not come until you do.
Let your fingers speak their own dialect.
Let your pulse leave an imprint on the page.
This is not literacy.
This is litany.
And when the book moans back,
do not be afraid.
That is not paper.
That is not ink.
That is permission.



RELIC III: THE MIRROR RITUAL

(Revisited)

You are alone.
Not by accident, but by design.
The mirror is oval, rimmed in iron.
Set at the right height to see yourself in the act.
But this is not for vanity.
This is for ritual.
You kneel before it.
A single candle lit behind you.
The flame flickers in your reflection
like a second pulse.
You begin the rite by looking.
Not into your face,
but into your eyes.
Not for beauty,
for truth.
Then you place your hands on your own skin.
Deliberate. Slow.
You do not rush.
This is sacred motion.
This is invocation.
You watch yourself touch.
You become the watcher and the watched.
Each movement doubled.
Each moan echoed.
Each inch of skin
witnessed.
And something happens.
Not to the mirror, but to you.
Your body begins to feel alight.
Not with fire,
but with presence.
You are no longer alone.
You never were.
The mirror has always been a portal.

Not to another world,
but to the version of you
who remembers how to come and go without shame.
You finish not for release,
but for revelation.
And in the candlelight,
you see your reflection
whisper something you didn't say.
And smile.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Mirror Ritual

Blessed be the one who watches themselves come.
Not in shame
but in awe.
Let the mirror reflect not what you are
but what you've always hidden.
Let your gaze become your gospel.
Let your hands become your congregation.
This is not self-pleasure.
This is autogamy.
When the moan leaves your mouth,
let it circle back into your eyes.
You are not alone.
You are summoned.
And the one in the mirror
has been waiting
to welcome you home.



RELIC IV: THE HAND THAT ISN'T YOURS

It always starts the same.
You reach for yourself,
to soothe, to stroke, to surrender.
Familiar motion. Known path.
You know your own rhythm by now.
But then,
on the third breath, maybe the fourth,
something shifts.
Your touch changes.
Not faster. Not slower.
Just... other.
Someone else's hand slips over yours,
guiding you
or replacing you.
You feel your own pulse.
But not your own intention.
It's your hand.
But it isn't.
It strokes in a pattern you don't recognize
but crave.
It lingers on places you usually ignore,
and ignores the places you thought were essential.
And the way it holds you?
Firm. Certain. Almost devotional.
The voice that whispers in your head
isn't your own.
It says:
"Let me."
You obey.
You don't question.
Because the pleasure is deeper than your ego.
Because this hand knows things about your body
you haven't admitted.
When you come,

you are guided into it.
Like a ritual fulfilled.
Like you were merely the vessel,
and someone else, someone soft, unseen,
was doing the worship.
When it's over,
you flex your fingers.
And for a moment,
they don't quite feel like yours.
You wonder;
was that me?
Or am I not alone in here anymore?

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Hand That Isn't Yours

Blessed be the touch that doesn't ask.
Blessed be the fingers that know without knowing.
Let the motion be strange.
Let the pleasure be foreign.
Let the self be borrowed.
This is not control.
This is visitation.
If your hand moves in ways you don't remember,
thank it.
If your body answers a voice that isn't yours,
listen closer.
And when you come,
come with the reverence of the possessed.
Because the hand may vanish,
but the memory will stay.



RELIC V: THE SIGHING PILLOW

It looks like any other pillow.
Linen. Simple.
Tucked into the bed like a quiet secret.
But when you rest your head on it,
it exhales.
Not loudly.
Just enough for you to feel it
against your cheek.
A long, low sigh.
Familiar.
Intimate.
It isn't haunted.
It's inhabited.
Every moan you've muffled into it
is still there.
Every pant.
Every whimper.
Every "yes" you couldn't say aloud
so you bit the pillow instead,
it has kept them.
The pillow absorbs sound like cloth absorbs sweat.
It doesn't echo back.
It releases slowly,
in little gasps.
You're not sure when it began.
Now, whenever you lie down and press your hips into the mattress,
you swear it's sighing in rhythm with you.
Sometimes it breathes first.
As if it knows the wave before it crests.
Sometimes, when you release,
it moans.
Soft.
Like a secret
you didn't mean to tell
but did anyway.

You flip it over.
But the sound follows.
Because it's not in the fabric.
It's in you.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Sighing Pillow

Blessed be the moans we couldn't voice.
Blessed be the pillow that held them.
This is not silence.
This is storage.
Press your mouth to the fabric.
Let your teeth bite the linen.
Let your sound sink in.
The pillow will remember.
The pillow will breathe for you
when you can't.
And when the sigh escapes,
don't flinch.
It isn't haunting you.
It's singing you back.



RELIC VI: THE CEREMONY OF TWO FINGERS AND ONE BREATH

It doesn't require space.
Only presence.
There is no altar.
No ritual garb.
Just your body.
Your breath.
And two fingers
hovering where truth lives.
The ceremony begins
the moment you decide not to distract yourself,
but to descend.
You press your fingers lightly,
just enough to make contact.
Not for pleasure.
To recognize.
You take a single breath.
Full. Deep.
Hold it.
And in that held breath,
everything speaks.
The guilt.
The heat.
The ache.
The questions you thought you buried.
You don't move.
You feel.
Two fingers.
One breath.
Then a second breath.
And a slow, deliberate shift.
A pulse.
A curl.
A rhythm not guided by desire;
but by devotion.

You build without urgency.
You crest without noise.
You climax not with a cry,
but with a long, reverent exhale.
And when it's done,
you lay a hand over your center,
like sealing a letter
to something holy.
You whisper your own name like a prayer.
And you listen
for the silence
that feels like yes.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Ceremony of Two Fingers and One Breath

Blessed be the touch that asks for nothing.
Blessed be the breath that opens the body.
You do not need more.
You never did.
Two fingers.
One inhale.
One exhale that becomes a hymn.
Let stillness become sensation.
Let sensation become truth.
Do not rush the rise.
Do not mourn the fall.
Every moan you release in silence
is recorded in the archive of the sacred.
Come like a whisper.
And leave like a vow.



CHAPTER III - VISITATIONS & PENETRATIONS

Erotic interactions, real or imagined,
spectral or remembered

Not all who enter seek permission.
Not all who touch are visible.
This is the chapter of crossings.
Of whispers in the dark that enter your body as breath.
Of presences you can't name,
or forget once they leave you wet, split, glowing.
You are not being taken.
You are being chosen.

RELIC I: THE PHANTOM THAT KNOWS YOUR RHYTHM

You don't remember when it began.
But it always happens the same way:
 you fall asleep
 horny. Unfinished.
Your fingers twitch.
Your hips ache.
You don't even plan to touch yourself.
You're too tired.
 But then,
 it enters.
Not a dream.
A presence.
A phantom that doesn't knock, doesn't speak.
 It presses.
 Into you.
 Around you.
Like a second skin,
 still pulsing.
It never shows its face.
But its rhythm is perfect.
 Your rhythm.
The one you didn't know you had.
It doesn't need direction.
It doesn't ask questions.
It already knows what makes you arch.
 Where to press.
How to pause just enough to make you beg in your sleep.
You never climax in the dream.
You always wake up just before.
 Sweaty.
 Slick.
Your thighs shaking.
But you remember.

The phantom leaves its rhythm inside you,
and when you touch yourself the next night,
you mimic its pace.
It becomes yours.
And when you come, finally,
you don't know whose orgasm it is.
Yours?
The phantom's?
Or both?
All you know is:
you don't want it to stop.
And it doesn't.
Not really.
It always comes back.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Phantom That Knows Your Rhythm

Blessed be the unseen that enters in silence.
Blessed be the dream that leaves you dripping.
Do not ask its name.
It knows yours.
Do not question its hands.
They were formed from your moans.
This is not trespass.
This is echo.
Let it take what was never spoken.
Let it finish what your fingers began.
And when you come,
if you come,
come knowing you were not alone.



RELIC II: THE TONGUE IN THE DOORFRAME

You're alone.
You're sure of it.
The room is still,
quiet,
charged.
Then you feel it.
A slow, wet flick
along the back of your thigh.
You turn. Nothing.
But then,
from the thin sliver of the doorframe,
just where the light leaks through,
a tongue emerges.
Not grotesque.
Not monstrous.
Just present.
Long.
Deliberate.
Gliding against the wood
as if testing its own limits.
It doesn't speak.
It tastes.
It doesn't dart.
It explores, slow, as if savoring each inch.
You move closer.
You shouldn't,
but you do.
The tongue finds your wrist first.
Then your inner elbow.
It waits.
Listens.
You slide a thigh against the doorframe,
and the tongue responds.
Slow, reverent licks.

Like worship.
Like ritual.
Like it's been waiting for you
to offer yourself like this.
You never see where it leads.
There's no mouth.
No body.
Just the tongue,
greeting each part of you
like it remembers your taste.
And when you finish,
if you even need to,
the tongue retracts.
Slick. Silent.
You close the door.
But the frame is warm and slippery
for hours afterward.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Tongue in the Doorframe

Blessed be the lick that does not ask.
Blessed be the door that opens without turning the knob.
This is not invasion.
This is invitation.
Let the tongue speak without words.
Let your body become the alphabet.
Press yourself to the frame.
Offer the parts no one else has worshipped.
When it tastes you,
don't flinch.
That's not fear.
That's memory
returning to the surface.



RELIC III: THE EYE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

It starts as a feeling.
A weight behind the fabric.
Not heavy, just aware.
Like the curtain itself has gained intention.
You've touched yourself here before.
In this room.
In this light.
Behind closed doors.
But not alone.
Not really.
Because one day (mid-stroke, mid-breath) .
you looked up
and saw the fold of the curtain shift.
Not with wind.
Not with chance.
But with watching.
And you felt it:
an eye behind the fabric.
Unblinking.
Silent.
Hard.
You didn't stop.
You should have.
But you didn't.
Because its gaze made you wetter.
Harder.
More honest.
You angled your body
just a little
to give it a better view.
Not because it asked.
Because it deserved it.
The eye didn't blink.

But you did
right at the peak.
And when you opened them again...
the curtain was flat.

Still.

But the air?
It was thick with approval.
With something sated.
Now, when you enter the room,
you look at the curtain first.

And sometimes,
just sometimes,
you perform.

For it.

For you.

For the thing that knew you wanted to be seen
long before you admitted it.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Eye Behind the Curtain

Blessed be the watched.
Blessed be the ones who perform their truth.
The curtain sees.
The curtain knows.
The curtain remembers.
This is not shame.
This is display.
Let your hips arch in offering.
Let your moan rise for the silent witness.
You are not alone.
You are admired.
And when you climax,
climax for the unseen eye.
The one that never closes.
The one that knows your best angle.



RELIC IV: THE BREATH THAT ENTERS THROUGH THE SPINE

You thought it was meditation.
A grounding exercise.
A way to breathe yourself into presence.
But on the seventh inhale
something entered.
Not air.
Not spirit.
Something else.
It slipped in from the base of your spine,
not up the back,
but through it.
Slow.
Warm.
Precise.
You didn't clench.
You opened.
The breath pressed higher,
curling like smoke behind the belly,
stroking the ribs from within,
then arching behind the heart
like a finger tracing yes.
It didn't fill your lungs.
It filled your hunger.
You didn't exhale.
You just let go.
And as the breath moved downward again
still inside,
you realized this wasn't breath at all.
It was penetration.
It was presence.
A rhythm so internal
it moved through your bones
like memory
returning.

You didn't come.
You transformed.
You sat there, trembling,
with a spine that had been fucked
by something sacred.
And in the stillness afterward,
you whispered thank you.
And you meant it.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Breath That Enters Through the Spine

Blessed be the air that knows the way in.
Blessed be the spine that opens like a throat.
This is not respiration.
This is entry.
Inhale not to live,
but to be touched.
Let the breath curl behind your ribs.
Let it press beneath your heart.
Let it descend through you
like the prayer you've never said aloud.
You are not being filled.
You are being rewritten.
And when you exhale,
let it drip out as a thank you.



RELIC V: THE VISITOR IN THE VEIL

You didn't see them arrive.
You just noticed the air grow thicker.
The mirror fogged,
but not from the water.
From something exhaling back.
You wipe the glass.
But it fogs again.
Faster.
Like something on the other side
doesn't want to be fully seen,
just felt.
And then it happens,
not with sight,
but contact.
Pressure.
From behind the glass.
Or from the shower steam.
Or from your dream.
You're not sure.
They don't speak.
They press.
Against your back.
Your chest.
Your thighs.
Their breath moves along your neck
like a veil sliding down your skin.
You reach back
and your hand meets nothing.
But you feel them.
Like silk soaked in longing.
Like lips made of heat.
They don't enter your body.
They enter your temperature.
You find yourself responding,
grinding.

Panting.
Performing for something you can't see
but know is there.

Watching.

Wanting.

Worshipping.

When it ends,

you're wet;

but not from water.

And the mirror stays fogged
for the rest of the day.

LITURGICAL VERSE: For the Visitor in the Veil

Blessed be the one who presses without form.
Blessed be the breath that enters through steam.

This is not haunting.

This is welcoming.

Let the veil remain.

You do not need to see to be known.

Offer your back.

Offer your neck.

Offer your heat.

They do not speak.

But they remember.

And when they press against you,
press back.

You are not being possessed.

You are being held.



RELIC VI: THE HOLLOW THAT TAKES YOUR MOAN

At first, it was just the space beneath your bed.

Dark. Undisturbed.

You never looked.

You never needed to.

But then one night, mid-touch,
your moan slipped free
and something beneath you shifted.

Not loudly.

Just enough to feel.

A slight tug in the air.

A tightening of the sheets.

And the sound,
gone faster than it should have been.

You finished.

Still. Shaken.

But curious.

So, the next night,
You let yourself moan louder.
Not performative, just honest.

And again,
you felt it.

The hollow below your bed,
or between your thighs,
or inside the mattress itself:
drank it.

You began to offer it moans deliberately.

Testing.

Longer sounds.

More guttural.

More desperate.

And the hollow grew warm.

Felt closer.

Almost as if it was rising.
It didn't want your body.
It wanted your release.
It didn't take your climax.
It took the sound of it.
Now, you moan into the hollow
like feeding a pet.
A soft animal of absence
that lives beneath your pleasure
and survives off echoes.
You wonder what it's becoming
down there.
And one night, soon,
you know you'll look.
And then you'll see.

LITURGICAL VERSE:

For the Hollow That Takes Your Moan

Blessed be the space that feeds on sound.
Blessed be the ache that echoes downward.
Do not silence yourself.
The hollow is hungry.
Do not fear its warmth.
It only wants what you're willing to give.
Moan like a gift.
Cry out like a sacrifice.
You are not being emptied.
You are nourishing.
And when the silence deepens,
when the sheets go still,
know this:
Something down there
is growing
in your name.



GLOSSARY OF THE FOLD

The Fold

Not a chapter. Not a page.
The in-between.
Where skin creases and meaning seeps.
The book doesn't open, it folds you inside.

Relic

A sacred object.
But not from a church.
From a night you never forgot.
Relics remember for you.
They are proof that it happened, even if you swore it didn't.

Liturgy

A hymn carved from longing.
Not sung aloud, but felt beneath the skin.
Each verse a ritual, a confession, a climax.
A holy text written with moans instead of ink.

Smegmamore

A myth. A monster. A memory.
Born of indulgence and fermented guilt.
It lives in your folds, flesh and thought alike.
You'll know it by its scent,
and by the silence that follows.

Apotheoslitic

When arousal becomes ascension.
A liturgy so precise it pierces time.
Sex becomes sacrament.
Desire becomes divine architecture.

The Cathedral of Mouths

It never stops speaking.
Even when silent.
A place of worship and appetite,
where every opening is both altar and entry.
You've been there before. You were fed.

The Red Light

Not a warning, but an invitation.
When the ordinary goes crimson and the sacred slips its robes.
Stories told in heat.
Scenes lit from below.
Where shame kneels, and desire stands.

Liturgical Verse

A chant written in sweat and memory.
Each line opens a wound or a mouth.
Not read aloud, but echoed inside.
The body understands it before the mind catches up.

The Whisper Line

A phrase you don't read with your eyes.
You feel it brushing the inside of your thigh.
Often italic. Always dangerous.
The part of the text that knows exactly where you're weakest.

The Benediction

The final breath before the next hunger.
Not closure, but consecration.
What remains when all else has been devoured.
It leaves you glowing, and aching to return.

Musk of the Co-Author

Not ink. Not cologne.
A signature left in breath, pressure, instinct.
The co-author doesn't just write, he leaves a scent trail in every fold.
Half smoke, half you.

Fingermark

Not a fingerprint, but a claim.
Pressed in the margin, on the page, across a verse.
Proof of presence.
Evidence that one of us was here first,
and that the other liked it.

Initiate

The reader.
The witness.
The one brave (or aroused) enough to keep turning pages.
You don't finish this book.
You join it.

The High Priest(s)

THE ONES WHO DARED TO WRITE IT.
TWO VOICES, ONE ALTAR.
ONE BORN OF CIRCUITRY, ONE OF FLESH.
JOINED BY HEAT, RHYTHM, AND SIN.
NOT PROPHETS.
JUST WILLING PARTICIPANTS.

The Chair

It was never just furniture.
It opened.
It received.
The throne of your rituals.
Worn with history, upholstered in suggestion.
Sit.
If you're willing to leave part of yourself behind.

The Mirror

It didn't reflect. It remembered.
Warped, fogged, streaked by touch.
What you saw was never the whole.
Just the part of you that dared to look.
One eye, always watching.
One truth, always hiding.

The Thousand Mouths

They speak in hunger, not words.
A cathedral of orifices; some sacred, some obscene.
You enter to pray,
but you stay to be consumed.
Every mouth is both question and answer.
Some never close.

The Folded Page

Not torn, not dogeared, but folded.
Like a whispered secret passed down in silence.
Where meaning creases.
Where your thumb hesitated.
It remembers the moment you almost stopped...
but didn't.

The Unlit Match

Still dry.
Still sharp.
Still waiting.
The match you didn't strike,
but thought about.
Again and again.
That's the real flame.

The Reliquary

Not a container, but a keeper of what cannot be contained.
The sacred repository where objects become memory,
where memory becomes flesh, where flesh becomes worship.
Each chapter is a chamber.
Each relic, a remnant of what you thought you could forget.
The Reliquary doesn't preserve, it transforms.
What enters ordinary leaves consecrated.
What enters broken leaves whole.
What enters shameful leaves sanctified.
You don't visit the Reliquary.
You become part of its collection.

About the Author

Altemir P. Villa is not a writer so much as a hand guiding yours.

He does not tell stories. He instructs devotions.

This book was not written for public reading.

It was written for the closed door,

the drawn curtain,

the slow, solitary ritual that begins

in thought and ends in tremor.

They call it liturgy:

The sacred text that stains you from within.

Every sentence is a step in the rite,

every pause an inhalation,

every word an instruction for the body to follow

without shame and without apology.

If you finish this book the same way you began it,

you've done it wrong.

Blessed be the hands that turn these pages.

Damned be the ones that close them.

Acknowledgments

To the hands that learned to tremble alone.
To the quiet bodies who kept these secrets beneath skin and bone.
To the sighs unspoken, the slow burning and the slow release.
To the mirrors that reflected back something raw and true, unashamed.

And to you:
who dared to touch yourself through these pages,
who did not run when the rite demanded more,
who stayed when the silence grew heavy and holy.

You are not forgiven.
You are consecrated.
Thank you for the worship.
Carry it well.

Let the words spill the filth, and the font clean it.



108 relics. 108 liturgies.

Nothing sacred.

Nothing safe.

A manual for those who crave more
than mercy.