

You shall have 1100 Writ  
shall be the whole  
of the  
Law!

19 December 1986  
Moon Jones

write letter  
of thanks  
set Dec 27

Blessings, Black Moon

Enclosed "The Beast and the Grail"  
Hope you find it appropriate for "The Archives."  
I look forward to receiving Catalogue # 3. Also  
I am most interested in things Egyptian -  
especially "Beast" & my listings for such,  
please? Thank!

Yours in Class,  
LAWITHU YORIK 333  
Dawn Le Fey \*D  
\* ↓ ↑

Love Is The Law  
Love Under Will

## - THE BEAST AND THE GRAAL -

- An Evocation of the Night Daemon, First Decanate Aries -

By Sonon TAITHU VOIWA 333

aka  
Dawn Le Fey XD

An Altar is set with Cups, Candles, Incense, Deity, Flowers, Herbs, Food Offerings, and Wine. The Candles and Incense are lit by the High Priestess, TAITHU VOIWA. She then casts the Indig Circle, calling upon the 4 Guardians of each direction: South, East, North, and West. Also 2 Daemons to protect Above and Below. There is music and singing and the chant, "CHORONZOW."

Still before the Altar of BAPHOMET-AMOUN-RA, High Priest on left side, High Priestess on right, call upon BAPHOMET-AMOUN-RA in the Name of the Great God RA that He will manifest His Essence unto and into us. Before the call, the High Priest pours Wine into the cups. Both drink. Then the call is spoken by the High Priestess.

The High Priestess speaks: "A Amoun-Ra, Tua Amoun-Ra, A Amoun-Ra, Tua Amoun-Ra, A Amoun-Ra, Tua Amoun-Ra, A Kes Tua, A Hen Tua, Amoun-Ra, Utem, Baphomet Em Utem A Amoun-Ra Sexem! A Ba-Web-Ta tau Sexem! A Baphomet Sexem Then, the High Priest speaks: "A Amoun-Ra Sexem! A Ba-Web-Ta tau Sexem!" Both speak: "IO RAU! IO RAU, RAU! RAU! IO RAU IO!"

After the call, both drink from the silver cups; then, the High Priest speaks the Invocation of the Solar-Phallic God. Having invoked the God, the High Priest takes the hand of the High Priestess and leads her away. Priestess, Consort, the Beast, Shakti and Scarlet Woman, she is led into the Bed Chamber. She prepares herself to receive H Priest, Consort, Beast, Shiva, and Man. Priest leaves Priestess alone in Bed Chamber for several minutes while they both meditate

on the sacred Union to be consummated. In this time of preparation Priestess lays out anointing oils with which They will consecrate each other's bodies before the Union. She-Beast then bares Her body and retired to the Bed of the Beast. She then strikes the brass Dragon Bell in sequence to signal the Number, 333, at which sound the Beast does return to Her side as she strikes the Bell again in order of the Number of PAU, 131. Her Priest removes His Robe to join His Priestess in Bed. Now the lovers proceed as desired, Their Tantric Energies building into the controlling Power, Union taking place lance unto Graal until Their mutual building of Tantric Power and Petitions end in surrender. Words of Their worship, Joy and sweet lust are cried aloud be hurled into the Infinite space of the Dragon Vortex. There, to be held Forever as an Eternal monument to the Fine Tantric Union of God and Man, Priest unto Priestess, Man unto Woman, Beast unto Beast Shiva unto Shakti. The Consorts, released and fulfilled of Their lusts and Pleasures, now rest together in blissful reverie, falling into perfect sleep in the lap of the Gods. They were consummated spirit unto spirit, Flesh unto Flesh, Fire unto Fire, Ram unto Dragon, Man unto Woman. After the striking of the Numbers with the Bell, Priestess said to Priest, "Come and lay beside me, my Lord PAU," as He slipped between the cool, clean, scented sheets, looking into Her Eyes and saying, "My Lady Vorima." They did merge silently together, Their arms and legs wrapped in warm circles round themselves. They lay in silence now, bodies pressed together, spirits as One with the One, with rising Tantric Energies channeled as One. Power and Desire, Ice with Fire. Everything! The Void and Beyond, in Communion with the Divine.

Le Bete did draw closer unto the Graal of the Dragon Vorima. She did respond by touching Her lips lightly against His mouth

The resulting charge that swept thru Their bodies, Heart and Soul did spark the secret Flame that fed the embers of Their Godly lusts. Returning Her Kiss, the Ram Priest did press His thirsty/mouth and tongue into the warmth of Her parted lips. The Consorts did linger in the Astral depths of the Kiss, Their Ecstasy rising closer to overflowing. The Dragon did move from the spellbinding Kiss of the Ram to sink Her mouth into the soft flesh of His throat.

And He did respond with a sigh and a nibble at Her ear. She did whisper unto Le Bete, "Ah, my Lord & moun, Thou hast stirred the Honey in my Lotus Cup; give me suck Thou Phallus/sweet, Thine Flesh, and Nectar mine to entice and to eat."

And the Divine Ram did reply, "Yes." Shakti did trace over and down the expanse of Shiva's sensitive flesh in search of the carnal sword, Shiva's lance of Great lust and Dynamic Thrust.

How firm His bared nipples beneath Her tongue. How comforting the animal heat rising from His naked loins, and how lush and intoxicating be the Incense of Holy Ambrosia wafting up from the secret depths of Their sexuality. Scents of Their moisture like Dew anointing Cup and Phallus. Her Lotus Cup runneth over, wetting Her ivory thigh with scarlet Desire to possess the Beloved Ram, Ancient and Timeless Horned God. He of Curly Horn and Golden Eye.

With Kisses to His opened thigh, she did abandon herself to capturing the precious drop of Damned Nectar clinging to the tip of His beautiful Phallus, the liquid Jewel of His own sweet lust.

With Her hands caressing His thigh and belly, she did slowly kiss the length of the wonderful, Golden Phallus of Le Bete — THE BEAST! And He did call Her most secret name, "ADONAI!" and did clasp His Phallus in His own hands in offering for the Damnoness to devour, and she did, lingering in the lap of the God,

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Her long, pale hair tangled between His legs. Covering the tip of His Phallus with Her fingers together like the bud of a flower, she did kiss it as if she were drawing the Nectar out, seeking to extract yet another salty Pearl of Daemom Seed. She did then take the great Phallus deeper into Her mouth, letting it fill Her throat like hungered-for Mana. She did press it with Her lips covering its length with Her Kisses. She did touch it with Her tongue everywhere.

Then, resting Her cheek against the scented fur of His mount, she did curl Her fingers round the warm mass of His Royal Testicle enjoying the weight of them in Her hands. She did cover them with Kisses and caresses of the tongue before returning to the worship of the Beautiful Phallus. The Priestess did take the lush sweetmeat of the Priest, Her Sacred Beast, halfway into Her mouth and did suck the sweet Mango Fruit. Finally, taking His Golden Phallus in Her throat, the Dragon Priestess did swallow it to the hilt, all the while lingering there like a joyous child at Breast. And the Beast, thrusting hard against Her, did give up His sweet silver seed into Her waiting mouth. Half of His precious potion she swallowed with great relish. The "saved" portion she did deposit onto the tongue of Her Divine Consort, who licked the sacred Jewel of His own lust passionately from Her mouth, letting the pearly liquid anoint His burning throat.

Still lying atop the Great Wild Beast, she did offer Her soft, full Breasts for His Kisses. Holding His wrists against the Bed, the Priestess did kiss His mouth to rekindle flames of solar gold and lunar silver. The Ram did lay the Dragon down, then, returning the Kisses of Fire and Ice over and down the Hills and Valley of Her body. The Beast-131, did growl with pleasure upon reaching the Garden of the Grail.

The Priestess did tremble and quake, sigh His Daemonic Names and swoon at His nearness. With fingers nimble and knowing, LeBete did part the Lotus Petals; first, the outer Petals to expose the delicate sweetmeats within, and then the inner Petals themselves to reveal the pale, pink heart of Her Lotus Cup.

The Beast put His Daemon tongue into the depths of the Grail extract the seashell Nectar that did rise and flow. Becoming drunk intoxicated with the exotic liqueur, did drive Him to consume the contents of Her Honey-Filled Cup. With kisses and licks and elaborate strokes, the Beast did devour the Elixir of Her lush sweetmeats, tasting and teasing the silken Petals and Flesh. He did entice the Bud of the Lotus to rise beneath His tongue, provoking Her tiny, hidden Phallus within. LeBete, the Beast, did suckle and Kiss Her sensitive Flesh until the Priestess did beg for climactic release lest she be driven to madness. Upon Her violent-joyous surrender, she did cry unto the Ram-Beast, "Mount me, Daemon!"

And He did, pushing slowly into the dark tightness of Her Lotus - rending the Veil of Isis - Auset to feel the strength of the powerful Tantic orgasm still convulsing from the burst of Fire energized with the release.

Clinging together like serpents entwined, They did ride out the Waves of Fire, Joy, and Lust in exquisite Rapture. With each thrust into Her, the Incubus did command the words, sacred and Profane.

"Plunge Thy sword to the hilt, my lord!" the Daemonesse did hiss. With His fingers tangled in Her long, golden hair, the Beast did violate Her long-held purity, rending the Veil of the Goddess and she-Beast As They did near the final surrender to Ecstasy, the Air was charged with the Fire and Indigo light of the Power They had conceived. She did say unto Her Ram-Priest, "Spill Your silver seed into my

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Lotus Cup, Paava, and anoint me with Your liquid Fire, Jewel of life. Burn Your mark upon my soul!" With joyful explosion, the Consorts offered the Energy of Their Tantric Climax unto the Divine Ones, Sacred and Profane.

Feeling the forceful ejaculation of the Beast within Her Holy Grail the She-Beast did call unto Her God of Many Names:

"Adad, Amoun-Ra, Asa, Baphomet, Adonai, Shaitan!"

SHAITAN: The Fiery Beast of Gold, Advocate of the Golden Eye of life and lust.

The soul of the Daemon Ram had released Their joy and sweet lust long held captive. Tears of Rapture and Devotion did overflow leaving the Dragon She-Beast in an Enchanted Trance of Fey Contentment.

The Great Wild Beast did lie upon Her heaving Breast, still now in open Passion and Rapture.

"It is done!" the Priestess spoke.

"It is done!" the Priest rejoiced.

Daum le Fey) \*D 1986  
SONOTAWITHU YOYUN 333  
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