

The Sealed Legacy

of

Lily

and

The Covenant of

Haza-Kazam

By Tineke V

Welcome, Reader,

Some doors only appear when you are ready
for them. Some secrets have been whispering
your name for years, long before you realize

you are listening. And sometimes, an adventure begins at the very moment everything you once believed impossible... suddenly turns out to be real.

This... is Lily's story.

A young woman who, without realizing it, stands at the crossroad of something far greater than herself. As shadows from the past slowly begin to take shape and hidden powers awaken, Lily is drawn into a world filled with mystery—a world where nothing is ever entirely as it seems.

Among shimmering lakes, ancient forests, and places seemingly forgotten by time, she discovers that magic is more than wonder alone. It is a force that asks questions. A force that demands courage. And sometimes, sacrifice.

Along the way, Lily will find allies in the most unexpected places. She will laugh when all seems lost, grow through uncertainty, and face dangers that are not always visible. For sometimes, the greatest battle is not fought against monsters or darkness... but deep within oneself.

In this world, magic and danger walk hand in

hand, secrets whisper through the trees, and every choice carries consequences far beyond what the eye can see. Yet there is always room for hope, friendship, and the unexpected light that can appear even in the darkest moments.

As you turn these pages, I invite you to join Lily on her journey of discovery. Follow the trail of hidden truths, dare to lose yourself in the unknown, and allow yourself to be swept away by an adventure filled with magic, humor, wonder, and growth.

Perhaps along the way, you will discover not only her story...

but a small piece of yourself as well.

Welcome to a world where nothing seems impossible.

Fiction Disclaimer

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or to real events is purely coincidental.

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What Came Before...

Vaeldyr Burns

*L*ost upon a timeline eons away, some-

where deep within the cosmos, a world burned.

Vaeldyr.

Snow had fallen for days without end. It drifted down like ash from a dying sky.

Along the black walls of the northern stronghold, moonfires burned in silver basins.

Their light fractured through the storm, as though even magic itself struggled to endure.

War horns echoed through the mountains as the sky above Vaeldyr split open in flashes of silver and fire.

Vaeldyr still stood.

But that was a lie no one believed anymore.

Upon a towering stone bridge, far above the

burning city, stood a woman. She held a child tightly against her chest. Her cloak hung heavy with snow and blood. Her breathing came slow and measured—as though breathing itself had become a choice.

Below her, the city was falling apart.

Towers shattered like bones. Rune circles tore open. Protective lines of light flickered out one by one within the storm.

Through the drifting snow, they moved.

Shadows without faces. Without voices. Without mercy.

Wherever they appeared, the world grew quieter.

A low, thunderous growl vibrated through the bridge.

The enormous bear stood beside her like a living wall between them and the abyss. Ancient runes pulsed faintly beneath his fur—weak, yet stubborn, as though even he refused to die while there was still something left to protect.

The bear knew it too.

This was no longer a battle.

This was the end.

Footsteps echoed across the stones.
Miss K emerged from the storm, her cloak heavy with snow and darkened by ashes. Her eyes went immediately to the child.
“They’re breaking through,” she said sharply.
“We have to go. Now.”
Something massive shattered below them in the city. A towering pillar of light collapsed and disappeared into smoke and dust.
The bridge trembled beneath their feet.
The woman closed her eyes for only a moment, as though saying goodbye to a life she would never have again. A tear froze upon her cheek.
The child looked up at her with fiery eyes, as though understanding the gravity of the moment.
Then she handed the child over.

The movement was careful.
Too careful for a world collapsing around them.
“Take her,” the mother said.
Miss K nodded, but remained silent. Words had long since become too small for this kind of grief.

The bear turned toward the entrance of the bridge. His muscles tightened, ready to die where he stood.

At the far end of the bridge, the shadows appeared.

Too many.

Too close.

A tear of silver light opened behind them.

The portal trembled unstably, as though it too feared the darkness that approached.

Miss K held the child tighter and looked back one final time.

The mother remained behind.

Alone.

Between fire and snow.

Yet her gaze never faltered.

“Go!” she shouted.

The bear roared.

With an explosion of light and shadow, he hurled himself toward the first of the shadows reaching the bridge.

The world trembled beneath the collision of magic and death.

Miss K stepped through the portal with the child—and vanished.

Warmth struck instantly.

No snow.

No steel.

No more screams.

Only the soft, ordinary life of a café in Brussels, lit by a glow too ordinary to seem real.

Glasses clinked softly.

Rain tapped against the windows, as though the world here had never bled.

At the back of the café, a man rose abruptly, as though he had heard something invisible to the rest of humanity.

His gaze found her immediately.

“Miss K.” he said.

He stepped closer.

Slowly.

As though each step might shatter the fragile peace surrounding them.

“Vaeldyr?” he asked, though his voice already knew the answer.

Miss K held the child tightly.

She looked down at the little girl in her arms and gently brushed a hand across her cheek, as though holding something too precious for this world.

“Vaeldyr is burning,” she said hoarsely. “She

lives. I got her here.”
She looked up and met his eyes.
There was no relief in her expression.
No victory.
Only the crushing weight of survival.
“But I don’t know if we truly made it.”



Present day.....

The Encounter

*I*t was a bitter, icy November evening.

Cold...
Too cold for this time of year.
Twilight crept over the city like a blanket of gray. Fresh snow already covered the streets, softening every sound, as though the world itself had paused to hold its breath.
Lily Seren walked along the sidewalk. Her vi-

vid red hair stood out like a streak of fire against the monochrome landscape of white and gray. She seemed to glow, as though she did not quite belong in this world.

Her face possessed a delicate, almost elusive beauty. High cheekbones, soft pale-pink lips, and eyes that gleamed like emeralds flecked with gold.

She radiated curiosity, mixed with an unshakable determination. Her skin, soft and fragile in appearance, carried an unmistakable glow. There was something timeless about her—a young woman of the modern world, yet carrying the presence of someone from a forgotten legend.

Her emerald-green coat shimmered beneath the streetlights. With every step, her boots crunched softly through the snow. The cold air bit at her cheeks, releasing small clouds of breath into the night.

Above her, storm clouds gathered—heavy and threatening.

Something lingered in the air.

Invisible, yet unmistakable.

As though the world itself was holding back.

A restless feeling settled deep within her chest as she continued walking.

Her thoughts drifted like snowflakes—fleeting, directionless.

Yet one feeling remained.

The emptiness she could never quite fill.

Life in the city had become routine. The winding streets, hidden squares, and nostalgic cafés still held their charm, yet no longer brought her fulfillment. More and more, she felt trapped inside a life that did not truly belong to her.

As she approached the apartment building where she lived, her eyes caught sight of a figure standing in the shadows.

Her pace slowed.

The building stood elegant and worn with age: weathered stone walls, a wooden stained-glass door reflecting the glow of the streetlights.

But Lily's attention was fixed entirely on the silhouette standing beside the broken lamp-post.

Someone stood there.
Still.
Motionless.
As though he were part of the evening itself.

The flickering lamp cast uneven shadows across his outline, which at times seemed to dissolve into the darkness.

Lily slowed to a stop, her gaze fixed on the man.

Instinctively, her hand moved to the amulet hanging around her neck—the only tangible thing still connecting her to her mother.

The metal was ice cold, yet somehow gave her an unexplainable sense of protection.

Her curiosity outweighed her caution.

So she stopped.

“Who are you?” she asked.

Her voice sounded calm, though beneath it lingered an edge sharp enough to cut through the silence.

The man slowly turned his head, just enough for his face to emerge into the flickering light. Icy gray eyes met hers—intense, though not unkind.

There was a strange warmth in his gaze, a

contradiction to the bitterness of the night.

His voice cut through the silence.

Deep.

Resonant.

As though it rose from the earth itself.

“Perhaps you should ask yourself why I’m here, rather than who I am.”

Lily’s breath caught.

Something about his presence unsettled her.

Yet also...

fascinated her.

An invisible force seemed to surround him.

Her instincts sharpened.

“Then why are you here?” she asked.

Her fingers tightened around the amulet.

The man offered a faint smile—not mocking, not kind.

Merely mysterious.

“I’m waiting,” he said at last.

His tone was warm, yet carried something secretive beneath it.

“And you... you carry something you do not fully understand.”

Lily narrowed her eyes.

Her heart beat faster.

“How do you know that?”

Her voice came out sharper than intended.
Her muscles tightened, ready to react.
His gaze drifted toward the amulet.
“Some things,” he said quietly, “you simply know.”
The wind brushed across her face.
Suddenly, the cold felt deeper.
“What you carry is more than an heirloom,”
he continued. “It is a key.”
“A key?” she whispered. “To what?”
A shadow of sadness crossed his face.
“You’ll discover that when the time is right,”
he said, softer now.
“When you are ready.”
He turned away.
His figure seemed to dissolve into the falling
snow.
One blink—and he was gone.
Lily remained frozen in place.
Snow drifted around her like a veil.
No trace of footsteps.
No proof he had ever been there.
Her breathing slowed unevenly.
She lowered her gaze to the amulet.
It shimmered softly, as though trying to tell
her something.

But what?
The stranger's words echoed through her
mind.
Somehow, they carried weight.
As though something far greater hid beneath
every sentence.
Was this merely an encounter...
or the beginning of something much larger?
She shivered.
Who was he?
What did he mean?
And how did he know those things about
her... and her amulet?
A suffocating feeling spread through her
chest, as though he had warned her without
her understanding the message.
She looked once more at the amulet resting
cool in her hand.
A silent witness.
No.
This was no coincidence.
The unease in her chest shifted.
Something else began to take its place.
Something steadier.
More determined.
She knew now.

The answers would not come to her on their own.

But she would find them.

Lily continued walking and stepped into the familiar entrance of her apartment building. The transition from the bitter, unforgiving cold outside to the warmth indoors felt almost unreal.

The scent of roasted vegetables lingered in the air, wrapping around her like a warm blanket.

It felt familiar.

Her Aunt Kitty's apartment reflected her eccentric spirit: a cozy space overflowing with eclectic treasures. Vintage trinkets filled the shelves, colorful fabrics draped across the walls like a patchwork tapestry, and plush armchairs sat invitingly throughout the room.

Everything breathed a colorful harmony of patterns and textures, as though every detail had been chosen to radiate joy.

The walls were painted in warm honey-brown tones, and the wooden floor creaked softly beneath Lily's feet, polished smooth by

years of loving care.

In the corner stood an imposing bookshelf, packed to the brim with books, photographs, and curious little keepsakes.

Between the shelves, a single goldfish drifted lazily through a small aquarium.

Frummel, Kitty called him.

His fins traced playful circles through the water, blissfully unaware of the world beyond the glass.

Standing by the stove was Aunt Kitty.

Her bright pink cat-eye glasses shimmered in the warm kitchen light as she stirred a spoon through the stew.

Her style was unmistakable—a masterful blend of vintage treasures and unapologetic eccentricity.

Today, she wore a vibrant yellow skirt covered in extravagant floral prints that swayed cheerfully as she moved, paired with a turquoise satin blouse adorned with playful ruffles and pearl-like buttons.

Over it, she wore an oversized purple cardigan, handmade, decorated with knitted star appliqués.

And, as the finishing touch:

bright green boots.

Around her neck hung a necklace with a pendant shaped like an old clock, like a timeless relic from a forgotten world.

But what stood out most were her eyes.

Pearly.

Enchanting.

They shifted with the light—sometimes soft blue, then silver, sometimes touched with the faintest shade of lilac.

Anyone who looked into them felt, for a fleeting moment, as though they had stepped into a universe filled with secrets.

As though she could see things no one else could.

Aunt Kitty radiated an unshakable sense of freedom. She couldn't care less what others thought of her, as long as she felt good in what she created.

Her clothes told stories.

Stories of color, courage, and a love for the unexpected.

She looked as though she had stepped straight out of a painting.

"Lily, sweetheart! How was your day?" Kitty called cheerfully, without looking up from

the stew.

Lily offered a faint smile and hung her coat on the rack.

“It was... interesting,” she murmured, her thoughts still lingering on the stranger she had met earlier.

Aunt Kitty glanced up.

Her purple curls swayed softly as she tilted her head.

“Interesting, you say?”

Her eyes narrowed ever so slightly—barely noticeable, yet unmistakably there.

“Come sit for a minute and tell me, sweetheart. What’s got you so deep in thought?” She gestured toward a chair at the kitchen table.

Lily hesitated, but eventually sat down.

“It was... different than usual,” she said.

Kitty slowly turned toward her, curiosity flickering across her face.

“Different?” she asked. “Tell me everything, sweetheart.”

Her tone was warm, but Lily sensed something else beneath it.

An undertone.

As though the words carried more meaning

than they first appeared to.

"I saw someone..." Lily continued. "A man. Near the building."

"He was... strange."

"Like he knew me, but I didn't know him."

Kitty pulled up a chair and leaned her elbows on the table. Her posture was relaxed, but Lily could feel something simmering beneath the surface.

"What do you mean by strange? Was he creepy?" Kitty asked.

"Not really creepy," Lily answered, her hand slipping toward the amulet. "More... intriguing. His eyes were so intense. Like he was looking right through me... And what he said... it felt like it made sense. Like there was more to it."

Kitty nodded slowly. Her face remained calm, but Lily saw a shift. It was a tension that was barely noticeable, yet unmistakably there. Her smile was friendly, but too tight to be reassuring.

"Hmm... sounds like your intuition is trying to tell you something," she said. "Maybe this

wasn't a coincidence, Lily. Maybe he had a message for you."

Lily leaned back, her eyes resting on Kitty. She felt that something was off. Like a detective, she followed the trail of suspicious circumstances and behaviors. They were small, subtle hints, sure... but they were there. The slight hesitation in Kitty's voice, the fleeting glance toward the door as if checking that they were alone... something was in the air. "What kind of message?" she finally asked. "Do you have any idea who he could be?"

Kitty smiled again, but this time the silence stretched too long before she answered.

"Sometimes answers come later, honey. But you'll know... when the time comes."

Her voice was soft, a whisper. As if she were keeping something to herself.

Lily looked at Kitty's hand. It was subconsciously tapping the edge of the table. A small gesture, but to Lily, it felt like a signal. She was certain: Kitty was hiding something. Still, she said nothing.

"Do you want some tea?" Kitty asked sudden-

ly.

Lily shook her head. “I’m going to head up to my room for a bit. Just call me when dinner’s ready.”

Kitty nodded knowingly and turned back toward the stove. Her hands stirred the stew, but Lily noticed how her shoulders remained just a little too tense... and how her knuckles had turned white around the wooden spoon.

As the evening wore on, Lily sat alone in her room.

She held her amulet tightly in her hand as she stared blankly ahead.

Her thoughts lingered on her aunt’s strange behavior.

The walls—normally calming in their soft cream color—now felt like a silent backdrop to the chaos unfolding inside her mind.

Her gaze drifted toward the Polaroid photographs hanging above her bed, snapshots of laughter and brighter days.

They offered momentary comfort.

But the gnawing questions refused to disappear.

Her bed, covered in a blanket of soft pastel shades, seemed inviting, yet her mind remained restless.

The room was her sanctuary.

Her safe haven.

A vintage lamp on the nightstand cast a warm glow across the space. In the corner stood a large mirror framed in carved wood. Books and notebooks lay scattered across her desk—a carefully organized chaos reflecting the world inside her mind.

Near the window, where half-open curtains swayed gently in the draft, snow shimmered beneath the glow of the streetlights.

Its reflections danced across the walls.

But Lily's thoughts kept circling back to the stranger...

and to Kitty.

There was something about that man.

Something that felt strangely familiar, yet deeply unsettling.

Why had his voice left such an impression on her?

Why had it felt as though he knew things no one possibly could?

His intense gaze and cryptic words kept her

trapped inside a storm of curiosity and unease.

Suddenly, the scent of stew drifted into her room.

Warm.

Earthy.

A smell that briefly pulled her back into the present.

“Lily, sweetheart! The stew’s almost ready!”

Kitty’s off-key singing voice echoed through the apartment, followed by the scraping of a spoon against the bottom of a pot.

A moment later came the soft clinking of silverware against plates.

“Get to the table before I eat everything myself!” she called, playful yet commanding at the same time.

Lily remained seated for several more minutes, as though her body was still trying to catch up with her thoughts.

Only when a knock sounded at her door did she look up.

Kitty stepped inside.

Her expression was serious—a rare contrast to her colorful outfit.

The sight was almost comical: her vibrant

clothes standing against the shadow clouding her face.

“Lily, I know you have a lot of questions.”

“But some answers only come when you’re ready for them. Don’t lose yourself overthinking.”

She placed a hand gently on Lily’s shoulder and gave it a soft squeeze.

“The only thing I can tell you is this...”

“That stranger plays a role far greater than you can understand right now.”

“Trust your instincts.”

Lily looked at her with raised eyebrows, surprised by the sudden honesty.

But before she could respond, Kitty had already turned away.

“Come on,” she said lightly. “Let’s eat.”

At that exact moment, a loud cry suddenly rang out.

“Fiddlesticks!”

Lily looked up.

Kitty rushed toward the stove.

The stew was on the verge of burning.

With panicked yet oddly skillful movements, she grabbed the spoon and began stirring furiously.

“Always the same,” she muttered, interrupting her own grumbling with a soft laugh.

Lily smiled faintly.

But her aunt’s words brought her no peace.

If anything, they only stirred more questions.

Something was happening.

She could feel it.

Something big.

Something that would change her life forever.

After dinner, Lily helped with the dishes, though her thoughts kept drifting elsewhere.

When she started heading back toward her room, she stopped halfway down the hallway.

Something pushed her forward.

With renewed determination, she walked to the front entrance, pulled on her coat, and opened the door.

“I’ll be right back!” she called to Kitty without waiting for an answer.

The cold greeted her instantly, but she ignored it.

Her feet carried her almost automatically back to the place where she had seen the man.

She stopped beneath the flickering street-

lamp.

“This was the spot.”

She closed her eyes and let her senses guide her.

The air still carried that same strange energy. Subtle.

Almost imperceptible.

Like a whisper in the emptiness.

When she opened her eyes again, something caught her attention.

A glimmer in the snow.

She knelt down and carefully brushed the flakes aside.

There—half-hidden beneath the ice—lay a small silver ring.

An engraving caught her eye.

Her breath caught.

The same symbol as the one on her amulet.

Warmth spread through her hand as she picked it up.

A vibration traveled through her fingers—deep and resonant.

As though it had been waiting for her.

As though it belonged to her.

As though it spoke without words, offering only a silent promise.

Lily looked down at her palm.
The crescent moon mark.
For the briefest moment—it glowed.
A faint silver light pulsing in harmony with
the ring.
It felt familiar.
As though she recognized a forgotten language.
A language of symbols.
One understood not by the mind—but somewhere deep within her soul.

She brushed her thumb across the mark.
Her heart pounded against her chest.
This could not be a coincidence.
Then—a presence.
Invisible, and yet...
unmistakably there.
The air turned still.
A cold shiver crept down her spine.
She barely dared to turn around.
Even the snow beneath her feet seemed to
shift, as though she stood on the edge of another reality.
Then it came.
A voice.

Soft.

Whispering...

“You’re closer than you think.”

The words were little more than a breath carried by the wind.

Lily lifted her head and searched the darkness.

Nothing.

No shadow.

No movement.

Only falling snowflakes drifting like silent messengers of something still meant to remain hidden.

Yet the voice lingered.

Lily knew with certainty:

She was on the right path.

The ring slipped into her coat pocket.

It felt heavier than it should have, as though it carried a secret—something greater than she could yet understand.

She forced herself to move.

Her steps came steadier now.

The ring pulsed again with gentle warmth.

Encouragement?

Her thoughts spun around the cryptic words, the symbol, the voice.

Everything pointed in the same direction.
Something had been set in motion.

Lily hurried upstairs.

Her aunt seemed to have been waiting for her return.

“Where have you been, sweetheart?” Kitty asked.

“I went back to the place where I saw the strange man...”

“And I found something.”

“A ring.”

Aunt Kitty looked startled.

“What kind of ring?”

Lily reached into her coat pocket and placed it on the kitchen table.

“This ring.”

“It has the same symbol as my pendant, Aunt Kitty...”

“Strange, don’t you think?”

Kitty hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Lily, sweetheart... sit down for a second.”

“There’s something I need to tell you.”

“Just promise me you’ll keep an open mind and really listen.”

Lily nodded, a growing sense of seriousness

settling over her.

Whatever Aunt Kitty was about to reveal—
she knew it mattered.

Thank you for reading this preview of The Sealed Legacy of Lily and the Covenant of HazaKazam. I hope this glimpse into Lily's world has sparked your curiosity and drawn you into the mystery. Exclusive Presale Available until July 10

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Choose your favorite format and continue Lily's journey into the mysteries. Some legacies are sealed for a reason.

With gratitude,

Tineke V.