



From the MixCache.com library

SAMPLE COPY

The Glass Delirium

MixCache.com

SAMPLE COPY

Table of Contents

- Introduction
- Chapter 1: Glass and Silence
- Chapter 2: The Unveiling
- Chapter 3: Inheritance of Shadows
- Chapter 4: The Whispering Studio
- Chapter 5: Fragments in the Dust
- Chapter 6: Reflections in the Past
- Chapter 7: Veil of Remembrance
- Chapter 8: Cracks in the Mind
- Chapter 9: The Journal's Confession
- Chapter 10: Mosaic of the Heart
- Chapter 11: The Ghost's Atelier
- Chapter 12: Sorrow in Lead and Light
- Chapter 13: Nameless Designs
- Chapter 14: Threads of Lament
- Chapter 15: The Unfinished Masterpiece
- Chapter 16: The Shattering
- Chapter 17: Pilgrimage of Mirrors
- Chapter 18: Rival's Reflection
- Chapter 19: Across Broken Realms
- Chapter 20: Spectral Pursuit
- Chapter 21: The Crucible
- Chapter 22: Constellation in Glass
- Chapter 23: Redemption's Prism
- Chapter 24: Atonement and Ashes
- Chapter 25: Light Beyond the Pane

Introduction

Lucia Beaumont was a solitary figure even before the death of her mother turned the family manor into a mausoleum of memory. The house loomed at the edge of the forgotten district, its windows veiled in cobwebs, overlooking gardens run wild with tangled roses. All around her, the world seemed blurred and unreachable—as if glimpsed through the warped prism of an antique glass panel. Lucia spent her days in the studio annex where the light always felt intangible, brittle, dancing restlessly along the battered workbenches cluttered with shards, pigments, and half-finished dreams in molten glass.

From childhood, the glasscraft had been both her inheritance and her torment. Once, it had been the pride of the Beaumonts: an atelier founded by Lucia's great-grandmother, Celeste, a visionary whose stained glass works once graced chapels and grand houses across Europe. But scandal, madness, and tragedy followed Celeste, and so the family legacy languished behind locked doors as the world changed around it, the only reminders being the fractured masterpieces collecting dust in the shadows of the studio. There, Lucia worked in almost holy silence, her art a solitary exorcism, each piece an attempt to distill clarity from chaos.

Yet, as winter crept through the stone corridors, Lucia sensed the air thickening with something unseen—whispers in the dark spaces behind the glass kiln, echoes caught in the spidered corners of the attic. It began with a single, spectral voice on a rain-soaked evening, urging her toward the long-abandoned storage rooms at the back of the atelier. There, beneath a canvas shroud, she uncovered the first of her great-grandmother's enigmatic sculptures: a luminous crescent of colored glass, its surfaces rippling with secrets.

With the inheritance of the glass figures came dreams she could not escape—fragments of her ancestor's life threading themselves through her sleep and waking hours. Diaries yellowed with age appeared, seemingly of their own volition, in locked drawers she did not recall opening. They told of forbidden love, feverish obsession, and a masterwork never finished—stories that swirled through Lucia's own anxieties and blurred the boundaries between present and past. The spectral voices grew louder, hungrier, beckoning her deeper into the labyrinth of family memory.

Isolation became both her refuge and her prison as she struggled to decipher the meaning of the old documents and the visions that haunted her nights. Was the legacy of the Beaumont atelier a blessing or a curse? As Lucia labored to restore and understand her great-grandmother's shattered creations, she began to suspect that the truth was more sinister than she could have imagined. The deeper she carved into

the heart of the glass, the more the past seemed to consume her, threatening to fracture her own sense of self.

In the shadow of her ancestor's genius and tragedy, Lucia faces a difficult reckoning—one that demands not only her artistic devotion, but her very soul. Armed only with her torch, her trembling hands, and an unquenchable longing for truth, she is drawn inexorably toward the masterpiece that might hold her family's salvation or damnation. And in the cold gleam of midnight, as the whispers rise to a crescendo, Lucia Beaumont must decide how much of herself she is willing to lose to redeem a legacy steeped in glass and delirium.

SAMPLE COPY

CHAPTER ONE: Glass and Silence

The official-looking envelope arrived with the usual detritus of bills and junk mail, yet its embossed crest, a delicate stained-glass lily, made Lucia pause. Such formalities were rare in her secluded world, a world bounded by the cracking plaster of Beaumont Manor and the shimmering dust motes dancing in her studio's perpetual twilight. She rarely left the grounds, and few people sought her out, a state of affairs she usually preferred. The scent of rain-soaked earth clung to the paper, a ghost of the outside world that felt both alien and strangely compelling.

Inside, the solicitor's letter was concise, its tone clipped and impersonal. It spoke of her great-grandmother, Celeste Beaumont, a name Lucia knew more from the lingering whispers within the house than from any tangible memory. The document informed her that a collection of Celeste's "previously undiscovered works" had been unearthed during a routine audit of a defunct storage facility in Paris. As the sole surviving heir, Lucia was now the rightful recipient. A cold knot tightened in Lucia's stomach. "Undiscovered works" sounded far too dramatic, too steeped in the melancholic lore that shrouded her family name.

Lucia traced the elegant script of Celeste's signature on the document with a fingertip, a faint chill emanating from the page. She knew the stories, of course: Celeste Beaumont, the prodigy, the artist whose innovative stained glass had once rivaled the old masters, whose commissions had spanned continents, whose name had been synonymous with a certain audacious beauty. And then, the descent: the rumors of madness, the sudden withdrawal from the public eye, the eventual, quiet tragedy that no one in the family ever truly spoke of. The studio, once a vibrant hub of creativity, had become a tomb of forgotten brilliance.

Her mother, bless her practical soul, had tried to bury the past, literally and figuratively. She'd locked the studio, boarded up the grimy windows, and tried to forget the luminous, dangerous legacy of Celeste. But Lucia, drawn by an invisible thread, had always found ways in. She had cleaned the dust from the heavy leaded windows, relit the ancient kiln, and resurrected the craft, not as a defiant act, but as a desperate attempt to find meaning in her own quiet existence. Now, it seemed, the past was no longer content to remain buried.

Two weeks later, a crate arrived. It was large, unwieldy, and bore the faint, sweet scent of aged wood and something else – a metallic tang, like old coins or dried blood. The delivery men, two burly, red-faced fellows, struggled to maneuver it through the manor's narrow, imposing doorway. Lucia watched them, a tremor running through her. She rarely allowed strangers inside, finding their boisterous presence an intrusion

on the profound silence she cultivated. Their heavy boots echoed ominously on the flagstones, a jarring disruption.

Once inside the main hall, they deposited the crate with a final grunt, their faces slick with sweat. Lucia offered them a lukewarm tea, which they politely declined, eager to escape the oppressive quiet of the manor. As the door clicked shut behind them, a profound silence descended, heavier and more palpable than before. Lucia stood before the crate, her hands trembling slightly, a strange mix of dread and anticipation swirling within her. It was a Pandora's Box, undoubtedly.

She found a crowbar in the studio's ancient toolbox, its metal cold and slick beneath her fingers. The sound of wood splintering echoed through the cavernous hall as she pried open the crate. Inside, nested in straw and packing paper, lay three objects, each wrapped in layers of rough burlap. They were surprisingly heavy, dense with history and, she suspected, something far more unsettling. A faint, almost imperceptible hum seemed to emanate from within the wrapping.

The first piece, when she finally unwrapped it, took her breath away. It was a crescent moon, almost a foot tall, crafted from swirling azure and deep violet glass. Its surface wasn't smooth, but textured, as if capturing the very essence of a turbulent night sky. Within the depths of the glass, faint specks glittered like distant stars, and at its core, a single, blood-red orb pulsed with an inner light. It was unlike anything she had ever seen, even amongst Celeste's known works. This was raw, untamed, almost alive.

As her fingers grazed the cool, smooth surface of the crescent, a faint tremor ran through the air, barely perceptible, like the brush of a moth's wing. The dust motes in the hall seemed to coalesce, dancing in a sudden, inexplicable gust of wind that rustled the ancient tapestries on the walls. Lucia blinked, her heart hammering. Had the wind truly picked up indoors? Or was it something else, something responding to the emergence of this ancient beauty?

She dismissed it as nerves, as the natural reaction to unearthing something so deeply personal, so entwined with her family's melancholic lore. Yet, as she stared at the glass crescent, the red orb at its center seemed to pulse with a more insistent glow, casting a fleeting crimson stain across the shadowed floorboards. A whisper, faint and indistinct, feathered past her ear, like a secret shared by a ghost. It wasn't a human sound, more a rustle of silk, a distant sigh.

Lucia quickly unwrapped the second sculpture. This one was a tangle of green and gold glass, resembling an intricate, blooming vine, its tendrils reaching upwards as if yearning for the sun. But amongst the vibrant leaves, she noticed thorns, sharp and delicate, catching the faint light from the high windows. It felt contradictory, beautiful yet menacing, a testament to Celeste's complex vision. As she held it, a sudden chill permeated the air, despite the warmth of the afternoon sun filtering through the grimy

panes.

She shivered, pulling her shawl tighter around her. The air in the hall grew heavy, almost viscous, as if a presence had just entered the room. The whispers intensified, weaving themselves into a soft, murmuring chorus, like many voices speaking just beyond the threshold of her understanding. They were not malicious, not overtly threatening, but they carried a profound sense of urgency, an insistent yearning that resonated deep within her own solitary soul.

The final piece was the most unsettling. It was a sphere, perfectly round, crafted from milky white and opaque grey glass. Within its depths, she could discern faint, swirling patterns, like storm clouds trapped forever in solid form. But what truly unnerved her was the single, delicate glass eye embedded within the sphere, its iris a startling shade of emerald green, seemingly staring out at nothing, yet seeing everything. It felt like a gaze from another realm.

As she held the sphere, the emerald eye seemed to fix itself upon her, its gaze piercing and unnerving. The whispers coalesced, forming words, almost. She couldn't quite grasp their meaning, but the tone was clear: a desperate plea, a mournful lament. The air grew colder, and Lucia's breath plumed in front of her. This was no ordinary chill. This was the breath of the forgotten, the resonance of a past refusing to stay silent.

A sudden, sharp crack echoed through the hall. Lucia gasped, almost dropping the sphere. She looked around wildly, her eyes darting from shadow to shadow. The sound seemed to have come from the studio, from the very heart of the manor. It was the distinct, unmistakable sound of glass breaking. Not the gentle tinkling of a dropped shard, but the violent, splintering sound of a larger pane giving way.

Her heart pounding, Lucia carefully placed the sphere back into the crate. She backed away slowly, her eyes still scanning the oppressive shadows of the hall. The whispers faded, replaced by an unnerving silence, broken only by the rapid thrumming of her own pulse. The glass crescent, the vine, and the eye-sphere lay in the crate, glowing faintly in the dim light, almost as if they were watching her, waiting.

The shattered glass sound lingered in her ears, a chilling prelude. This inheritance was more than just forgotten art; it was a doorway, flung open by the hand of the past, beckoning her into a world she had only ever glimpsed in fragmented dreams. With a deep, shuddering breath, Lucia turned and walked toward the studio, drawn by an irresistible, terrifying curiosity, towards the source of the unsettling sound. The silence of Beaumont Manor had just become a symphony of disquiet.

This is a sample preview. Purchase the book to read the full content.

Visit MixCache.com to purchase the complete book.

SAMPLE COPY