



CHAPTER 1

The Awakening



BEHIND THE VEIL · RUBEN KHACHATRYAN

THE MAN I USED TO BE

I never wanted to be a healer. I wanted to be rich.

At forty, I was running one of the largest edible cannabis companies in America. Twenty-five million dollars in revenue a year. Two hundred employees. I had built it from nothing—grew the product, built the brand, ran the operation. On paper I was worth two hundred million dollars.

That number sounds insane next to the revenue. It was. This was the gold-rush moment for cannabis. Companies were going public at billion-dollar valuations on a fraction of what we were doing. The whole industry was on fire, and I was standing in the middle of it.

I had money. I had power. I had a company printing cash. I was living what I thought was the dream.

In the company's first year, I hired a woman I was dating. When we broke up, I kept her on. She stayed close to the center of everything—she'd come up alongside the company, she had big plans for it, for us, and even after we ended she acted like it was still half hers.

Then she started going after the women I dated.

I didn't understand it at the time. I'd start seeing someone, and within a week she'd fall apart. Deep depression out of nowhere. Crying for no reason. No energy. Getting clumsy, falling, dropping things. Every sign of a spiritual attack—though I wouldn't have known to call it that then. I know exactly what it was now.

When her attitude started poisoning the whole team, I let her go.

That's when she went somewhere I didn't know a person could go.

THE BLACK MAGIC

She didn't just leave. She went to practitioners of the darkest kind. Black magic. She later confessed there had been seven or eight of them—powerful people, the kind her culture still takes seriously and the rest of the world pretends isn't real. Rather than walk away, she came after me in a place I didn't believe existed.

And she didn't only come after me. She went after the company.

Here is something I will prove to you later in this book, so for now just sit with it: you can put black magic on a company. You can set entities loose inside an operation the same way they infest an apartment—and everyone who walks in feels it. That is what happened to us.

We had been a family. Two hundred people moving in the same direction, building something together. Overnight it shattered. Fear got into everyone—not from anything happening in the real world, but from something none of us could see. People who had been with me five and six years were suddenly terrified for their lives and couldn't tell you why. There was no threat to point at. They just felt it. The dread. The panic. And they ran. Some quit. Some filed lawsuits. Seven bank accounts closed on us in a matter of months. The IRS started circling. Licensing boards opened investigations.

That is the other thing about black magic, and I'll say it plainly instead of letting you guess: when it hits you, your outer world turns on you. Lawsuits. Audits. Money drying up. The whole external machine of your life grinds against you at once. It isn't bad luck. It is the inside being mirrored on the outside.

One month I was worth two hundred million dollars. The next I had no company, no license, nothing.

I was so consumed by fear—fear that had been pushed into me, not generated by me—that I signed the entire company over to a licensee in another state. I was certain they were coming to take everything, so I handed it to them. I couldn't think. I couldn't strategize. I had been turned into an animal being hunted.

Now, I'm going to put numbers on a lot of this. A thousand entities. Seven or eight practitioners. Understand where those came from: I measured all of it afterward, once I had the tools this book is about. In the moment, I knew none of it. I just knew I was dying.

For six months, every single day, I saw myself putting a gun to my head.

Let me be precise about this, because it matters. I have never been suicidal. Not before, not during, not after. I had spent years in deep meditation—seven trips to India, a month at a time—and I know my own mind from the inside. I can watch my own thoughts the way you would watch a stranger cross a room. So when this image kept coming, I knew it wasn't mine. I could hear them. Voices telling me they were going to make me lose everything. Telling me to end it. It felt like my own thoughts. It wasn't, and I knew the difference.

Here is what I believe now, and why I'm telling you instead of keeping it to myself: a lot of people don't survive this part. They take themselves out during what gets called the dark night of the soul, and they think the despair belongs to them. It doesn't. These things would rather

you die than wake up. The moment you wake up, you are out of their reach. You can see them. You can fight them. They lose their grip on your mind. A dead man never wakes up. That is the whole game.

Strange things started happening around me. Birds flew into my house, broke their necks, and died—that had never happened before, not once. A hawk dove straight down in front of me and slammed into the ground. Snakes turned up at my door. The physical world was mirroring whatever was happening on the other side.

One practitioner attacked at the same hour every day. I would feel what I can only describe as nails and swords being driven into my arms. I'm certain they were using a doll. The pain started on schedule and lasted until they were done. I couldn't stop it. I didn't know how.

I would wake with my heart pounding, flooded with anxiety, unable to function. I was supposed to be running a company. Instead I sat on my couch like a corpse. Not depressed. Destroyed. There's a difference. Depression comes from inside. This was coming from outside. Something was doing it to me.

I didn't know what to do. Hire a psychic? A witch? A priest? I had no framework for any of it. I kept hiring people I thought would help, and most of them made it worse.

One psychic I brought in took one look at me and the woman who was with me through all this and said, "You two smell like rotten fish." She could smell it—in the unseen world, not this one. I had no idea what she meant then. I do now. That is what the attacks smelled like to someone who could perceive them.

Eventually I hired a full-time psychic to clear the attacks, and that is when something shifted. I started to understand: someone can hit you in the unseen world, and someone else can clear it. The astral—this dimension I had never believed in—was becoming real to me. Not through theory. Through survival.

This went on for years.

All of it is clear to me now. None of it was then.

THE NIGHT EVERYTHING CHANGED

The attacks started at the end of 2019, right after my fortieth birthday. The breakthrough didn't come until 2021.

I was in Sedona, Arizona, sitting in a car parked inside one of the energy vortexes with the woman I was with at the time. She had been pulled into the attacks too. We were both under siege. Both feeling crushed—not a rough day, not regular bad. Like something was physically sitting on us.

She looked over and said, “You meditate a lot. Maybe you could do something.”

She was right that I meditated. Years of it—Kundalini, ayahuasca ceremonies, breathwork. I was always searching. Always felt like something was off about this world, even before the black magic proved it.

So I closed my eyes and said, “Okay. Show me what I can do.”

And I saw it.

In what I had spent my whole life dismissing as “just my imagination,” I saw her body, clearly. Attached to it was a dark creature—about the size of a large dog, with a tail running deep into her belly. Latched on. Feeding.

I didn’t have a word for that thing then. I do now, and I’ll give you the whole map of what’s out there later in this book. In the car, all I had was the image—and it was nothing like a day-dream. It was vivid. Sharper than a thought. Like reaching into a virtual-reality game, except it was happening inside my head. Depth, texture, weight. I wasn’t making it up. I was seeing it.

I thought: okay, that’s strange.

Then, without knowing why, I reached into the image with my own hand—a hand the size of the whole scene—grabbed the thing, and pulled it off her. Like pulling a leech off your skin.

Two things happened in the same instant.

First, relief washed through my own body. A weight physically lifted off me.

Second—the part that changed my life—she gasped. Her eyes went wide. She turned to me and said, “What did you just do? I feel so much better.”

I stared at her. “You felt that?”

She nodded. Lighter. Confused, but lighter. Like something that had been sitting on her for months was suddenly gone.

She had no idea what I had seen. I hadn’t told her. I hadn’t touched her. I closed my eyes, saw a creature on her, and took it off—and she felt the exact moment it left.

Now, you're going to say placebo. She asked me to do something, so of course she felt better. Hold that thought. Before this chapter is over I'll tell you about people on the other side of the planet who had no idea I was working on them, and felt the same thing at the same moment.

That night I knew one thing for certain: what I was seeing was not imagination.

It was real.

THE FIRST EXPERIMENT

I immediately pulled up an image of myself. Same thing—closed my eyes, asked to see. There it was. Another one of these creatures attached to me. Same kind. Tail driven deep into my energy body, siphoning something I couldn't name.

I grabbed it and pulled it off.

My body started shaking. I felt like I was going to throw up. Then the same flood of relief—a weight I had carried for years simply falling away. Not slowly. Instantly.

I would learn later that the body always reacts when something comes off it. People yawn. They cough. They shake. They twitch. It is the system discharging what was removed. That day I thought I was losing my mind. I wasn't. My body was doing exactly what it does.

I sat there stunned.

If I could see these things—and if pulling them off produced instant, physical, verifiable results in two different people—then what else was real? What else was I not seeing? What else had been attached to me, to my family, to everyone I knew, this whole time?

Over the next few days I couldn't stop. I'd close my eyes, pull up people I knew, and look at their fields. Every single time, I saw something. Cracks. Black spots. Creatures. Hooks. Cords running between people, one draining the other. Things I had no words for.

And every time I removed something, they felt it. Immediately. Without me saying a word.

THE DEMON ON THE LEASH

The moment I understood how big this was came when I looked at my parents.

My mom and dad had fought for years. Vicious, constant. The kind of fighting that makes you wonder how two people share a house without killing each other. Growing up, I assumed it was just who they were.

I closed my eyes and pulled up the two of them.

What I saw made me sick.

Standing between them was an enormous entity—bigger than both of them—holding each of them on a leash. It was feeding off every fight, every scream, every ounce of hatred between them.

I removed it.

Their relationship changed. After years of war, the fighting dropped off. The house got quiet. It never became perfect. But it became livable. They are still together, more at peace than I had ever seen them.

That wasn't a coincidence. That wasn't positive thinking. That was a parasite getting pulled off two people who had been feeding it for decades without knowing it was there.

And nobody knew. Not them. Not their therapist. Not their doctor. Not their priest. Nobody. Because nobody was looking in the right place.

THE MIDNIGHT OF THE SOUL

I wish I could tell you it got better fast after that. It didn't.

What followed was the hardest four years of my life.

I could see into the astral now—the dimension where our real bodies are, where these things operate, where the hidden architecture of your life is sitting in plain sight. But seeing it and being free of it are two different things. I was still under siege.

I was still covered in entities from the attacks. And now I could see them. The things that had whispered death into my ear every morning. The things that had collapsed my business. Seeing them didn't make them leave. It just made the nightmare real.

No matter how many I removed, more came. Because there wasn't one practitioner. There were seven or eight, and every one of them was still working. Different methods, different entities, different directions. It didn't stop.

Then one night something shifted. I traced an attack back through the astral and found myself standing in a room that wasn't mine. Dark. A man hunched over a table, working. As I moved closer to see his face, he felt me. He turned. And he saw me—and I saw him. I don't know whether it was his body that turned or something subtler, but in that instant he knew that I knew exactly what he was doing.

It scared me. This had never happened. I wanted out of that room, and I couldn't move—like a dream where you are screaming at your body to wake and it won't. I was stuck there, locked eyes with this man across a distance that shouldn't have been possible.

Then he stopped. Whatever he had been doing, he put it down. The attacks went quiet for two weeks. We felt incredible.

And then she hired the next one.

But I had learned something I couldn't unlearn: if I could see him, I could reach him. If he could hit me, I could hit back. So I did. The next time an attack came at its usual hour, I traced it to the source and went after the person sending it. The attack stopped. Not paused. Stopped. A week later a completely different attack would start from somewhere else, and I'd trace that one too, and hit back, and it would stop.

I started to understand these practitioners. They weren't warriors. They were hired labor. Someone had paid them to do a job, and the second the job got dangerous—the second I started hitting back—they quit. They had no stomach for a real fight. They had signed up to point at a target from a safe distance and collect a check. When the target pointed back, they put down their tools and walked.

Nobody was teaching me any of this. I was learning it the way I was learning to heal—by doing it, watching what worked, getting sharper every week. The same sight that could spot a creature on someone's field and pull it off could also see where an attack came from and send it back down the line. Every human being has an energy body. Which means every human being can be reached in the astral—for good or for bad. I was learning both at once.

How all of that actually works—the mechanics of it—is its own subject. It is real, and it is teachable, and it is not the point of this chapter. The point is what it was doing to me.

Something else kept happening in that period. I would watch certain pastors online—men I can now confirm carry the Holy Spirit—running live sessions, just talking. And while I watched, my body would bend backward on its own. I would yell. Things were leaving me. I didn't understand it then. I do now: their frequency was clearing entities off me in real time, through a screen. Sometimes it freed me. Sometimes it was torture. There is a better way to do this, and a whole side of it I'll come back to—the light side, the help that is available. For now, just know it was real, it was bizarre, and I have no other word for what I felt come off me.

For most of those four years I wasn't functioning. Not working. Not building. Just existing. I traveled constantly because I couldn't sit still. No goals. No direction. I would wake up and survive the day.

It took four years to come back to life.

But underneath the suffering, something was being built. My sight was sharpening. My ability to read a field was expanding. My understanding of the unseen world deepened every single day.

I was becoming a healer. Whether I wanted to or not.

TWO SOULS

Years later, once I had the measurement system, I tested two souls. The woman who attacked me, and the woman in the car with me that day in Sedona.

My soul has lived seventeen hundred and fifty lives. The woman who attacked me—I have shared seventeen hundred of them with her. The woman in the car—eight hundred. I have known both of these souls across lifetime after lifetime, longer than almost anyone else I have ever measured.

I'll show you how you measure a thing like that later. For now, here is what I have found again and again: the people who matter in your life—your parents, your siblings, the partners you keep returning to, the friends who feel like home the moment you meet them—you have known them before. Many times. There are agreements between you. Sometimes you are settling something old. Sometimes you agreed, before any of you arrived, to wake each other up.

That is what these two did. One pushed me off the cliff. One caught me halfway down. Both did exactly what they came to do.

I couldn't see it then. I was too busy dying. I can see it now.

People ask whether that means it was all predetermined—whether I had any choice. I think there is free will. But it is the free will of the soul, not the ego. My ego would never have chosen psychic warfare. My soul, apparently, wanted to become a stronger psychic—so it threw me into the fight, and I came out the other side exactly that. The ego takes the credit and the blame for everything. The soul is the one actually steering.

I'm grateful to both of them. Every lifetime. This one most of all.

THE DISCOVERY OF MEASUREMENT

Somewhere in the middle of all that chaos, I found the thing that changed the entire direction of my work.

I had known about muscle testing for years—a way of using the body’s own responses to get yes-or-no answers from the quantum field. What nobody seemed to know was how far you could take it.

I started with one question: could I put a number on a person’s consciousness? I could. And once that worked, I couldn’t stop. Could I measure how smart someone was? Their willpower? Their creativity? Whether something was feeding on them? One by one, the answers came back yes. The system built itself slowly, over years—a new attribute every few months, each one tested on hundreds of people until the pattern was undeniable. The numbers matched how people actually lived with an accuracy I couldn’t explain away.

Over five years I measured thousands of people. Celebrities. World leaders. CEOs. Fighters. Historical figures. Strangers. Family. Living and dead.

What came back was a picture of reality nobody is talking about. Not scientists. Not spiritual teachers. Not religious leaders. Nobody.

WHAT I FOUND

Here is what I found.

Every human being has a unique set of attributes—intelligence, consciousness, psychic ability, physical power, creative energy, business energy, willpower, humor, how socially gifted they are—and every one of them can be measured on a numerical scale. They develop differently across lifetimes. No two people come out the same. And the measurements are consistent, repeatable, and they hold up against how a person actually lives.

Then I started checking for entities. To my surprise, I could. And it changed how I saw every person I had ever measured. A huge number of people are walking around with something attached to them, and they think it is just their personality. The heaviness. The anxiety. The anger they can’t explain. The habit they can’t break. A lot of it isn’t theirs. It is interference, and they have no idea.

And it isn’t only demons—things from the astral that don’t usually take human form. There are also dead human beings, stuck here, still tangled in this dimension. They latch onto the living the same way, and sometimes they make you feel even worse.

Trauma doesn’t just sit in your psychology. It tears actual holes in your energy field—cracks in the egg of light around you—and those cracks are doors. Every wound you never healed is an open door.

The “imagination” you were trained to dismiss as a child? I think it’s your access point to all of this—that what you see with your eyes closed isn’t fantasy, but information. It’s a big claim, and I’ll prove it. For now, just hold it.

And there is a war on. Not a metaphor. Things that have been cut off from God’s light are feeding on human beings—on fear, anger, sex, suffering. And the systems running this world—the food, the media, the pharmaceuticals, the entertainment—are arranged, whether on purpose or not, to keep us soaking in exactly the emotions these things feed on. I’ll show you the receipts later in the book. For now, just notice the shape of it.

I know how this sounds. Believe me. If anyone had said this to me before my life collapsed, I would have called them insane. I was a businessman. I dealt in revenue and logistics and market share.

Then I saw a creature on a woman in a car in Sedona. I pulled it off. And she felt it.

After that I couldn’t unsee any of it. And remember the placebo question I asked you to hold? Here is the answer. I started clearing people who had no idea I was doing it—family members on the other side of the world, no clue I was working on them. I’d talk to them before and after. A completely different person. They’d call me out of nowhere: “I feel amazing today. What happened?” You can’t expect your way into something you don’t know is happening. It wasn’t placebo. It was real.

WHAT THIS BOOK IS

Let me tell you what this book actually is, because so far it looks like something it’s not.

So far it looks like a memoir. The empire. The collapse. The demons. Four years in the dark. It isn’t. Those stories are here because they are how I found the thing I’m about to hand you. They are the door. They are not the room.

This is not the story of my life. Maybe I’ll write that one someday. This isn’t it.

This is a system. A way to measure anything—a person, a country, the food on your plate, the thing in the room draining you that you can’t see—and put a hard number on it. From here through Chapter 18, I teach you the system: every attribute, every scale, how to read a person all the way down to the soul. From 19 through 24, I turn it on the real world and show you what came back—food, countries, music, buildings, history, the forces running your life. And at the very back are the profiles: everyone and everything I have measured, every number, laid out so you can check me.

Because that is the whole point. I'm not asking you to believe me. I'm asking you to test it.

I'm going to teach you muscle testing. I'm going to show you how to measure consciousness, detect entities, and read a person's field the way I do. And if your results match mine, you won't need to believe me. You'll know.

And if they don't match mine—that is fine too. Maybe your scale runs differently than mine. Set your own. Test a hundred people. The same pattern shows up every time: the gifted cluster at the top, the struggling at the bottom, the bell curve appears on its own. The pattern is what is real. Not the exact number.

You don't have to become a practitioner to get something out of this. Some of you will do exactly what I do. Some of you will just watch, look at the numbers, and draw your own conclusions. Some of you will only ever use it to ask whether a food is good for you, or a job, or a person. All of that is fine. It is a new sense. Use as much of it as you want.

This isn't a religion. I'm not starting a cult. I'm not asking for followers. I'm a guy who went from running a cannabis empire to seeing demons in a car in Sedona, and instead of losing my mind, I started measuring them.

I lost everything to get here. My company. My money. My sense of who I was. Four years in a darkness I couldn't see the end of. And on the far side of it, a gratitude I never could have predicted—even for the person who started it all.

But I came out with something nobody can take from me: the ability to see what is actually going on.

And now I'm going to show you.

Let's start with the tool that makes all of this possible. Turn the page, and I'll teach you muscle testing.

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