



ELIAS J. CONNOR
Sweetie Willow

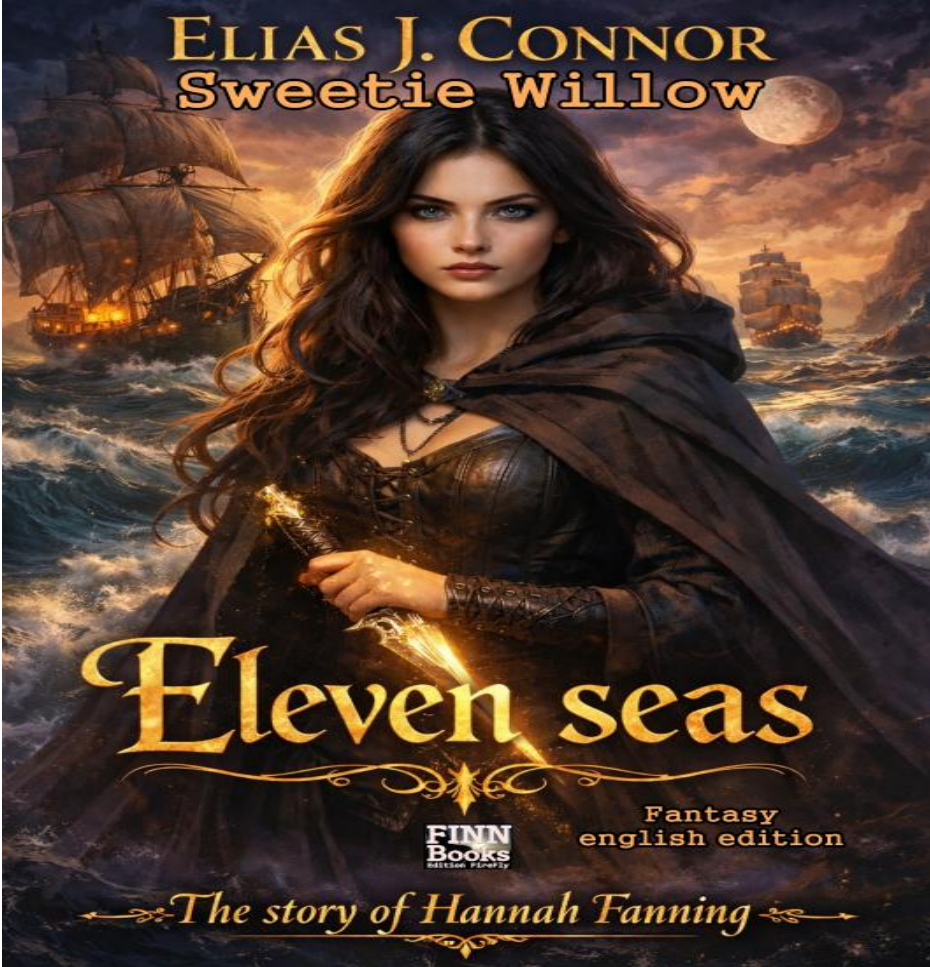
Eleven seas

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english edition

— The story of Hannah Fanning —

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Books
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The story of Hannah Fanning

Elias J. Connor

**Eleven seas (english
edition)**

Dark, romantic, and merciless: ELEVEN SEAS asks what it costs to be a leader—and whether love is strong enough to tame fate. (Book 2 of the fantasy series THE STORY OF HANNAH FANNING.)

Dedication

For my girlfriend.

Your dreams enrich my life.

Day after day, year after year.

I am happy to be by your side.

Elias

The books of the fantasy series THE STORY OF HANNAH FANNING

ELEVEN HILLS

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 1)

ELEVEN SEAS

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 2)

ELEVEN TEMPLES

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 3)

ELEVEN NIGHTS

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 4)

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Chapter 1 - Salt in the mirror

The hallway in the Humanities Building smells of carpet cleaner and hot dust, as it always does when the air conditioning is struggling against Los Angeles. It's that typical UCLA smell of paper, sweat, and too much coffee. I should be able to cling to it—to normality, to things that can be explained.

Instead, moisture is stuck to my skin.

I stop abruptly in the middle of the aisle, so suddenly that a student behind me almost runs into me. "Sorry," she murmurs without looking, and pushes past me. Her flip-flops slap against the floor as if nothing had happened.

I lift my hand and touch the wall. Cold, smooth paint. But my fingers return damp, as if I'd just reached into fog. A fine film, barely visible, but there. I rub my thumb and forefinger together. Salt. Not much. Just a hint that instantly seeps into my skin.

"Okay," I whisper, and the tone doesn't sound like a joke.

The star pendant beneath my shirt is getting warm. Not the pleasant warmth of skin contact, but a warning glow, as if someone in the distance had struck a match. I swallow and pull the chain out a little, just enough to feel the eleven points between my fingers.

Eleven, I suddenly think, and the thoughts taste like metal.

Hannah, says a sensible part of my head. You haven't slept enough. You've studied too much. It's condensation. UCLA has old buildings. Los Angeles is weird. End of story.

Another part of me - the part that knows what a world feels like when it becomes thin - remains silent and listens.

A whisper drifts through the hallway, so quiet it would be mere imagination at any other time. It sounds like waves lapping against wood in the distance. Not loud. Not dramatic. But rhythmic. Persistent.

I look around. Nobody reacts. Nobody pauses. Nobody seems to hear an ocean in the university. The voices around me are normal: "Have you read the assignment?" - "The midterms are brutal." - "I swear, the professor..."

I force myself to keep walking. My legs feel heavy, as if I've been standing on the beach for too long. Every movement rubs against the pendant. I tuck it back under my clothes so I don't look like someone having a meltdown in the middle of the hallway.

As I go down the stairs, I see it.

Traces of salt. Fine white lines on the steps, as if someone had tracked sand up from the sea with damp shoes. But it's not sand. It's more crystalline. More glittering. And I know, without being able to explain it, that it's not from here. It's not Santa Monica. It's not Malibu. It doesn't smell like a sunny vacation.

It smells of seaweed and cold iron.

My stomach clenches.

I stop on the landing and look down, as if waiting for a wave to crash around the corner. It's ridiculous. It's UCLA, for crying out loud. It's concrete, neon lights, students who don't know how to eat quietly.

And yet.

The pendant warms up again, almost hot. I flinch as if someone had pinched me with a finger. I reach for it again, and in that moment I see briefly - really only briefly - an image that doesn't belong here: black columns, falling stars like ash, the light of the star-soul bowl.

I blink. Away.

"Hannah?"

The voice is coming from behind. I turn around, and there's Dawson.

He's carrying a backpack, as always, and a dark gray jacket that he wears even on warm days because he always pretends the cold doesn't bother him. His hair has grown a little longer, and he has this way of looking at things, as if he sees something different through them.

Since Naytnal, his gaze has changed. Before, he was silent because he had to be. Now he is silent because he chooses. And sometimes, when he speaks, it still seems as if he has to remind himself that he can.

"You are... pale," he says, more quietly than the surroundings require.

"I'm not pale," I reply reflexively. Then I hear myself, and it sounds like the kind of lie the swamp loves. I sigh. "Okay, maybe I am pale."

Dawson steps closer, his eyes fixed not on my face, but on my hands. "What's wrong?"

I hesitate. It's absurd to be discussing salt magic in the middle of a UCLA stairwell. And yet, it's even more absurd not to.

I turn halfway towards the stairs and point at the track. "Do you see that?"

Dawson leans forward. His fingers brush against the white, and I see his pupils constrict slightly. He takes something between his finger and thumb, rubs it, doesn't taste it (thankfully), but smells it. His face remains calm, but his shoulder tenses.

"Salt," he says.

"Yes," I whisper.

He looks up at me. "Not from here."

I feel my chest relax a little, just because he says so. Because I'm not alone in this feeling of "This is wrong".

"It was damp in the hallway," I said. "And... I heard it."

"What?"

"Waves," I say softly.

Dawson closes his eyes for a moment, as if checking to see if he can find something within himself. Then he opens them again. "Me too," he says.

I'm getting cold. "What do you mean by 'also'?"

He looks around to see if anyone is listening. A group of students walks by, loud, laughing. No one pays any attention to us. Dawson lowers his voice.

"At night," he says. "I'm lying in bed, and I hear..." He swallows, as if he doesn't like the word. "...a whisper. Like water. Like... as if someone is talking under my door."

My heart is beating harder. "Since when?"

"Three nights," he says. "Maybe four. At first I thought it was... the heating. Or my neighbors."

"And now?"

His expression becomes serious. "Now I think it's Naytnal."

The word hangs between us like a drop that refuses to fall.

I take a deep breath. Images flicker in my mind, uninvited: the black pillars, the entity, a name I don't yet know, but whose taste I may already carry in my mouth - salt and fear.

"We need to go to the library," I say suddenly.

Dawson blinks. "Why?"

"Because..." I search for a rational connection, "...if I go to my seminar now and pretend this isn't anything, I'll go crazy. And in the library we're..." I shrug. "...at least among books. That feels safe."

Dawson nods. "Okay."

We walk side by side across campus, and everything looks the same as always: palm trees, students, skateboards,

sunshine. But I feel like I'm walking through a stage set. As if the real weight lies beneath the surface.

It's cooler in the library. Quieter. The light is even, the sounds muted. I want to believe the sea has no access here. Yet I smell it immediately as we enter: a brief whiff of seaweed, so fleeting I almost think I imagined it—and yet I feel Dawson pause beside me.

“You can smell it too,” I say, without a question mark.

Dawson nods. “Yes.”

We sit down at a table in the back, where the windows are small and the outside world seems further away. I put my bag down, as if it were heavier than usual. Dawson sits opposite me, pulls out his notebook, as if trying to create some structure.

“Okay,” he says quietly. “What do we do?”

I stare at the tabletop. Wood grain. Scratches. A dried coffee stain. So banal. So calming. And yet the pendant burns against my skin.

“We’ll check the basement,” I finally say.

Dawson nods immediately, as if he had already made the same decision. “Today?”

“Now,” I say. My voice sounds firmer than I feel. “Before it gets worse. Before... it spreads.”

Dawson places his hand on the table. “Hannah,” he says, his tone so calm that it forces me not to panic. “If we go downstairs, there could be...”

"I know," I whisper. "It could get thin again."

He nods. "And we now have... a life here. If we..."

"If we get drafted again," I finish. My stomach clenches. "Yes."

We are silent. In this silence, I hear, very faintly, the whisper of the waves again. Not loud. But there. It's like a rhythm beneath everything, like a second heart in the library.

"It's already here," I say quietly. "It doesn't only come when we go down to the basement."

Dawson exhales. "Okay," he says again. That word is his anchor. Our anchor. "Then we go."

We pack our things. The air outside is warm, and it feels wrong that the sun is shining while somewhere between concrete and neon, an ocean is knocking at the door. We walk faster than we need to. Not running—I don't want attention—but purposefully.

The path to the old part of the building is familiar. Too familiar. I remember the first step through the mirror, the feeling of cold water from the shadows. I remember Dawson's hand, his whisper, the code word. And I remember the naive version of myself who thought it was a one-time adventure.

The entrance to the basement is locked, as always. But Dawson has the key—or rather, he has the ability to pretend he does. He used to use magic. Now he uses... patience and knowledge. He knows the janitor's routine. He knows the times when no one is around. And since Naytnal, he's learned to open things without breaking them.

"You're frighteningly good at this," I murmur as he picks the lock.

Dawson grins briefly. "I used to have a lot of time. Back then."

I know what he means: the time spent as a bound guardian, as someone who stood and waited in human form in human corridors. The weight of that hangs briefly between us. Then the door opens.

A cool breeze hits us. The smell changes immediately: dust, concrete, metal. And underneath it all... salt.

The basement hallway is empty. Our footsteps echo. The neon light flickers slightly, as if it too is afraid. I swallow and feel my pendant warm up again.

"Do you hear it?" I whisper.

Dawson nods. "Yes."

The sound of the waves is more pronounced here. It sounds as if water is running along the back of the walls. But I know: there's no water in these walls. Not normally.

We reach the room with the closet. My heart is pounding so loudly that I can barely hear Dawson breathing. I open the door, and the smell hits me like a hand: seaweed, cold wood, something old.

The wardrobe is there.

The mirror is black.

I stop dead in my tracks, as if someone had nailed me to the ground.

"He wasn't..." I begin, swallowing. "...like that, right?"

Dawson steps to my side. His hand brushes against mine. "No," he says softly. "He was... quiet."

He isn't now.

The surface of the mirror isn't simply black. It moves. Like oil. Like the surface of water in complete darkness. And at the lower edges - where the frame meets the concrete - something shines.

One drop. Then a second. Water.

It runs out of the mirror, slowly, as if the other side no longer obeys the rules. It's not clear. It has a hint of gray, like water filtered through ash. It pools in a small puddle, and I briefly see a starlight flickering in it, as if it were a reflection of something that isn't here.

My breath catches in my throat.

"Naytnal...", I whisper.

Dawson positions himself slightly in front of me, not as a guard, but as instinct. "Don't touch," he says.

"I need to understand," I whisper, and I hate that it's true. "If it gets through here, then..."

"Then it comes to us," Dawson says. His voice is rough, but firm. "And then it's no longer just... our secret."

Another drop falls. Then another. It's as if the mirror is sweating.

I grope for my pendant and pull it out. The eleven points feel hot. It reacts to the mirror like a magnet. My hand

trembles.

"Hannah," Dawson says quietly. "We can also... go. We can get help. Lys..."

"Lys isn't here," I say sharply, then immediately regret my tone. I exhale. "Sorry."

Dawson shakes his head. "It's okay."

I look at the mirror again. The surface is pulsating slightly. Not like a heart. More like an open throat.

And then I hear it. No longer just waves. A word. Not an English word. Not a German one. A sound that settles in my head like a wet finger on paper.

Hannah.

I'm freezing.

Dawson senses it. "What?" he asks immediately.

"It..." I whisper. "It says my name."

Dawson turns pale. "Who?"

I swallow. "I don't know."

The mirror moves more intensely, as if reacting to my attention. Water flows faster. The puddle grows. The smell of seaweed intensifies, and beneath it is a scent I recognize from Naytnal: that cold iron that tastes of old alliances.

"This is not Rome," Dawson suddenly whispers.

I stare at him. "How do you know that?"

He places his hand on his throat, as if feeling the resonance of his own voice. "Because..." he breathes heavily, "...Rome sounded different in my head. This... sounds like..." He searches for words. "Like the open sea. Like something that doesn't ask. It pulls."

I feel sick.

A thin stream of water is now running out of the frame, as if someone had opened an edge on the other side. It's no longer dripping. It's flowing.

"We have to close it," I say in a panic.

"How?", Dawson asks, and I can hear that he doesn't have an answer either.

I look at the puddle. It doesn't reflect the basement ceiling. It reflects... something else. For a moment, I see dark water, moving. And above it, a sky from which stars are falling like ash.

My stomach is cramping.

"No," I whisper. "Not again." I reflexively lean on Dawson, and he puts his arm around me.

The mirror makes a sound, a deep, wet sigh. Then the voice comes again, clearer, closer: "Come."

Dawson grabs my hand. "No," he says loudly, addressing the mirror as if a word in a cellar could stop an ocean. "Not like that."

The pendant in my hand becomes burning hot. I flinch, wanting to drop it, but I hold on tight. It's as if it's saying: You are the anchor. You are the point of connection.

My mind is racing. If the sea is now pushing Naytnal through this mirror, then it's no random rift. It's a call. A pull. Perhaps something the hills can no longer contain, something now gathering in the seas. Perhaps the entity, imprisoned within the Hort, yet... capable of sending ripples.

"Hannah," Dawson whispers, and his voice brings me back to reality. "Breathe."

I breathe in. The breath is cold and salty. I breathe out. And I force myself not to think about control, not about "I command." But about alliance. About holding. About what I learned on the eleventh hill: You can't close everything off by locking it. Sometimes you have to reweave it.

I lift the trailer. I hold it in front of the mirror.

"If you call me," I say softly, and I don't know if I'm speaking to the voice or to myself, "then tell me why."

The surface of the mirror trembles. Water splashes slightly, as if I've touched a boundary. And then I see something light up in the blackness: eleven dots, like my pendant - but distorted, as if another system were trying to copy my symbol.

A shiver runs down my spine.

"It knows you," Dawson whispers.

"Or it wants me," I reply.

The word "will" has a sense of possession.

The voice comes again, this time like a whisper right next to my ear, even though no one is standing behind me:

"Crown. Sea. Threshold."

I gasp for air. Words. Clues. It's not a pure pulling. It speaks in fragments, like Naytnal does when it can't say something directly without feeding it.

"Sea," I whisper.

Dawson nods, slowly. "It's... different than the first time."

"Yes," I say. "These aren't hills. This is... something that's in motion."

The water flow suddenly intensifies, as if the mirror has had enough of our hesitation. A thin stream runs across the concrete, toward the hallway. I see it, and my mind immediately conjures an image: saltwater in UCLA hallways. Students slipping. News reports. Panic. And beyond it all—Naytnal, no longer hiding.

"Shit," I whisper.

"Hannah," Dawson says quickly. "If it leaks out..."

"I know," I say.

Without thinking, I kneel down and place my hand just above the puddle. Not in it. Just above it. I feel the cold rising from the water. It's not LA cold. It's Naytnal cold. It carries a touch of darkness, but also... magic.

"What are you doing?" Dawson asks, alarmed.

"I..." my voice trembles. "I'm trying to hold it."

"Not with control," he says immediately, as if he is afraid that I will fall back into old patterns.

I nod.

"Not with control."

I close my eyes and hum a note, very softly, so softly that it vibrates more in my chest than in the air. A note that isn't a "command," but a "bond." A note that says: You won't move forward without us seeing each other. Without us carrying this burden together.

The water reacts.

Not dramatic. It doesn't freeze. It doesn't evaporate. But the flow slows down. As if someone on the other side pauses briefly, surprised that I'm not shouting, not ordering, not fleeing.

Dawson kneels down beside me, cautiously. "Can I..." he begins.

"Yes," I whisper. "Put your hand... here. Not in the water. Just... close by."

He does it. His hand is warm, and I feel how his presence stabilizes the tone. Not magic in the classical sense—he's largely lost that—but presence. Humanity. An anchor that doesn't glitter, but holds.

"I hear it," Dawson suddenly whispers. "It... speaks..."

"What does it say?" I ask, without losing my tone.

Dawson swallows.

"It says... it needs..." He blinks, as if he has to translate the words. "...a key. A bowl. And..." He looks at me, startled. "...you."

My stomach cramps. "Of course," I whisper. "Of course they need me."

The voice in the mirror gets louder. Not shouting. Just closer. As if it's losing its patience.

"The seas are dying."

"The chains are growing."

"Come."

I open my eyes. The mirror is still black, still fluid, but the surface now shows something clearer: a wide, dark expanse of water. And above it, no sun - only a sky of wet steel.

"Dawson," I whisper. "We can't keep it here. Not for long."

He nods, slowly. His facial muscles are tense. "I know."

"And when we leave...", I begin.

"Then maybe it will follow," he says.

I swallow. That's the question: Are we being pulled in, or are we attracting it? Is the mirror a call to us, or a way for it to reach us?

My pendant is still glowing, but not as hot anymore. More like a heart beating faster.

"What about the alliance?" I whisper. "What about Naytnal? We already..."

"We've banished it," Dawson says quietly. "Not redeemed it."

That sentence hits me like a gentle blow because it's so true. We never claimed it was over. We only claimed we would stay awake.

And now it's time to be awake.

I feel tears welling up in my eyes because I suddenly feel the weight of this dual world so intensely: UCLA, exams, a normal life I've just rebuilt. And at the same time, Naytnal, Hugelrate, Hort, seas crying out for help. It's unfair that both are supposed to be "mine."

"I don't want to leave again," I whisper, honestly, quietly.

Dawson looks at me, and his eyes soften. "Me neither," he says. Then he exhales. "But..."

"But we can't pretend nothing's wrong either," I added.

He nods.

The water is flowing more strongly again. The mirror is pulsating. As if the other side realizes that our sound was only a pause.

I slowly stand up. Dawson follows me. We both look at the puddle, which now looks like a boundary. The water has changed the surface of the concrete—darker, shinier. It looks as if a piece of Naytnal has fallen into the basement.

"When we leave," I say, my voice firmer than I feel, "we will not leave as victims. Not as instruments."

Dawson nods. "As a decision," he says.

"As an alliance," I whisper.

I look in the mirror. The blackness looks back. I feel the thin line between the worlds. And I feel that Naytnal isn't asking. It's pulling. But I can still choose how I respond.

"Not today," I say softly, addressing the voice calling me. "Not unprepared."

The water pauses briefly, as if it understands, or as if it's angry. Then it flows on, almost as if it's saying: You don't have as much time as you think.

"We need... something," I murmur. "A plan. A safety net. Maybe..."

"Maybe we can reach Lys," Dawson says immediately.

"How?" I ask. "We are here. She is there."

Dawson frowns. "The pendant," he says slowly. "And your song. Maybe... it's not just a symbol. Maybe it's... funk."

I inhale. The thought is insane. And yet: In Naytnal, names were frequencies. Voices were realities. Why shouldn't the pendant be a point of resonance?

I take the star pendant in both hands. The eleven points press into my skin. I close my eyes and hum the same note as before, but this time in the direction of the pendant, as if I were tuning it like a musical instrument.

"Lys," I whisper, and I don't speak the name like a cry into the void, but like setting a thread. "Lys. If you hear me..."

The trailer gets warm. Not burning. Warm, like a reply.

For a split second, I see Lys's face in my mind's eye - not clearly, more like a shadow. And I hear a voice, very quietly:

"Hannah."

I open my eyes wide. Dawson is staring at me. "Did you...?"

I nod, breathless. "Yes."

The mirror pulsates more intensely, as if it were jealous of the other contact.

"Tell her," Dawson whispers quickly. "Tell her it's coming through."

I inhale, hold the pendant tightly, hum the tone, and speak as clearly as I can, even though my throat is dry.

"The mirror is open. Water is coming. It is calling for the seas. It needs the bowl... and me."

A brief flicker in my head, like a flash without light. Then Lys's voice, just a whisper, like wind on paper.

"Stop. Do not follow until you know who is calling. Close the cellar. Salt is a gateway."

"How do I close it?" I whisper in a panic.

The answer comes like a sentence that is half swallowed.

"Binde the threshold with a name. Not with a command. Then it's gone."

I stand there, breathing heavily.

Dawson looks at me as if he's trying not to panic.

"A name," he murmurs. "Not a command. Not a control."

I nod. "A name that... means border."

My head is racing. Naytnal names. Threshold sounds. The Dragon Guardian. The Choral Ground. The way a sound can define reality.

"Eleven Hills," I suddenly whisper.

Dawson blinks. "What?"

"The code word," I say quickly. "It was never just code. It was... a label. A framework. When we used it back then, it... coupled us. Maybe now we can... uncouple."

Dawson nods slowly. "Then... say it. Sing it."

I inhale. I stand directly in front of the mirror, far enough away so I don't get wet, close enough to feel the pressure. My hands are trembling. The pendant lies heavy between my fingers.

I hum. Then I speak, not loudly, but clearly, as if I were drawing a line in the air.

"Eleven Hills."

The mirror trembles.

The water pauses briefly.

I'll repeat it, this time with more tone, more structure, like a little song.

"Eleven Hills."

And then I add, almost instinctively, because I sense that it's missing: "Not here."

The mirror makes a noise like someone is rattling a door. Water splashes. For a moment I think I've made it worse.

Then - very slowly - the surface recedes, as if remembering that it has boundaries. Not because I commanded it. Because I named them.

The water doesn't stop immediately, but it lessens. The stream becomes drops. The drops become individual, hesitant points.

Dawson lets out an audible exhale. "It works," he whispers.

I hold the tone until my throat burns. Until the mirror is black and smooth again, unmoving, just dark. Until the water on the bottom remains still, no longer pressing forward.

When I finally stop, my body feels like I've sung a marathon. My legs are weak.

Dawson catches me by the elbow as I stagger briefly. "Hey," he says quietly. "Breathe."

I breathe. The basement still smells of seaweed, but less so. The mirror is still. But the puddle is there. A piece of the sea on concrete. Proof that it wasn't just my imagination.

"It's not over," I whisper.

Dawson shakes his head. "No."

I stare at the water. It's reflecting the neon light - perfectly normal. But if I look closely, I see a brief flicker underneath, as if another surface is shining through.

"The seas," I whisper.

Dawson nods. "They're calling."

"Or something is calling through her," I say.

Naytnal is held. We hold it with our oath, with our councils, with our mistakes and our acts of repentance. We hold it with the love that is not blind, but conscious.

I put on the pendant, not like a crown, but like a promise. Dawson sleeps more peacefully. The night casts a veil over the city. I breathe in, breathe out, compare the air with the distance, and for a moment—just for a moment—holding it is enough.

About the author Elias J. Connor

Elias J. Connor is an author in the genres of fantasy, drama, social drama and thriller, and occasionally also in other genres such as children's and young adult literature and non-fiction.

Elias began writing at a very young age; first short stories, later complete stories. But he did this only in secret.

As a young adult, the Frankfurt native settled in the Erft district near Cologne and, after a failed apprenticeship as an office clerk, began studying social work in Düsseldorf in the mid-1990s, specializing in psychology, literature, theater, and media education.

In 2013, a close confidante suggested he make his work available to the public. His first novel was subsequently published in 2014.

Elias J. Connor initially published the fantasy trilogy THE NAYTNAL CHRONICLES, a story that was actually his debut novel. Other novels in this genre followed, but he increasingly gravitated towards unconventional, challenging, and dramatic literature, far removed from the mainstream.

"I really enjoy writing fantasy. But drama and social drama challenge me the most as an author because they are stories from life that many don't want to see. Stories about marginalized groups, people with terrible, difficult experiences and life paths. Many of these stories are based

on true events."

The drama BENJAMIN, which Elias began writing in 2016, is his autobiographical story and also the work that is closest to his heart. In this novel, he describes the life of recovering alcoholic Benjamin Foster.

However, he remains loyal to fantasy literature.

Since 2020, his dear girlfriend and co-author Sweetie Willow (stage name) has supported him in numerous book projects.

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