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***-BCF Book Reviews***

# SYNARCHY

Book 2: The Ascension

A Novel By

DCS

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#### Author's Note:

The second installment of the Synarchy Series follows in its predecessor's footsteps as being a blend of fact and fiction. But, just as exciting (at least to me), there are portions of the book that are a fabulous co-creation between myself and two other writers.

I have marked these sections with an asterisk to give proper credit where it is due; something I should have done with the first book. I wish to take a moment to sincerely thank Jessica Gerson, a perplexing anomaly of a young woman who is not only a great writer, but a human encyclopedia. Carissa Terenzio is her creation. I must also send my extreme thanks and gratitude to Sara Hendrickson, the mind behind Marilyn Pearl and Liliana Terenzio, whom readers of Book One will know the character of Simone Terenzio to be based off of. Sara is also my editor and will be the primary author behind *Synarchy Book 4: The Black Widow*. I remain one of Sara's biggest fans; her writing skill is phenomenal, and I can't wait to sit down and write the fourth book with her.

I cannot express my thanks enough to these two women. Without their contributions, both creatively and administratively, this novel would not be nearly as good as it is.

## **Acknowledgments**

As always to my family, who tolerates my insane world views and still encourages me to speak my truth. Mom, Daddy JB, Margaret, Tara, Mamma Bologna, Daddy Bologna and Leigh, I love you all more than I can say.

To my brother, Keith, another round of heartfelt thanks for your artistic eyeballing of the book cover, constructive criticism of my fight scenes, and for helping me keep things as realistic as one can get when dabbling in science fiction. When we finally turn this into a video game, it's so going to rock. I love you.

To The Clackers my biggest fans, I cannot wait for you to read this! Thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your support of my work.

To Julie, I cannot thank you enough for the unique perspective you provided and your invaluable feedback of my work. Great things are coming for you chica! And where are my minions...

To Jesse Matthew Elliot an amazing artist and light-worker, the book cover is absolutely stunning, thank you so much for designing it!

To Grey Cross, you are one of the most important people in my life, and still one who inspires. I am often envious of your utterly amazing creativity and

talent. It's been such fun sharing this journey with you. I love you.

To Shawn, I'm terribly proud of you for finding the courage and strength to go on your own adventure. You're going to do magical things in the world, I cannot wait to be witness to them. JT is your creation, I hope I have done him justice. Love you! Aj too!

To Russ, my Jedi man friend, you are the one you've been waiting for. I want you to know that I think the world of you and cannot wait to watch your powers of co-creation manifest.

To Scott, in a very short time, you have touched me in such a profound way. Where ever this journey is taking us, I'm in. I love you.

To Sarah, my words are almost inadequate. Thank you, for being another vital editor for this novel, for the life you breathed into Cleona, for always inspiring me to evolve and grow into the best that I am. The last ten years have been absolutely amazing. Sing more. I love yah.

To you. Yes, you, the one reading these words:

May this book be the catalyst that propels you  
forward on your journey of discovery;

About the power of you.

Love, Courage, and Co-Creation

DCS

### **Cast of Characters:**

Vasco Terenzio: Co-President of the Dion Corporation, an empire run by the Terenzio family. First-born triplet. Siblings are Simone and Lucien. Vasco recently learned that in a previous life (aka reincarnation, or past life) he was Stefano Vasco Terenzio (S.V.T.), the mastermind behind his family's plot to destroy the Anunnaki, the Brotherhood, and free Earth.

Simone Terenzio: Co-President of the Dion Corporation. Second-born triplet. Siblings are Vasco and Lucien. Simone recently learned that in a previous life she was Liliana Terenzio, sister to Stefano Terenzio, also known as the Black Widow because of her habit for murdering her husbands. Liliana stopped killing husbands when she married Alcyone Island Air Force General Kyle Zhane.

Lucien Terenzio: Co-President of the Dion Corporation. Third-born triplet. Siblings are Vasco and Simone. Recently learned that in a previous life he was Julian Terenzio, brother to Stefano Terenzio. Julian was responsible for keeping his brother's secret, and working as a double agent for the Brotherhood after Stefano's death.

Caleb Kincade: Director of Security for the Dion Corporation and personal bodyguard for the triplets. Caleb has always known that in a previous life he was Alcyone Island Air Force General Kyle Zhane, and Liliana Terenzio's husband. He is secretly in love with Simone. Caleb will do anything to protect her, and ensure that she completes her mission to free humanity.

Olivia Terenzio: Director of SVT Securities Eastern Division. Olivia murdered her father, Matteo Terenzio, in order to rise to a position of power within the company and family. She is cousin to Amadeo Terenzio, her partner-in-crime. Olivia doesn't believe in freeing humanity and is secretly working with the Brotherhood and Anunnaki to make sure the Ascension never happens.

Amadeo Terenzio: General of the Alcyone Island Military. Amadeo murdered his father in order to rise to a position of power within the military and family. He is cousin to Olivia, his partner-in-crime. Amadeo doesn't believe in freeing humanity, and is secretly working with the Brotherhood and Anunnaki to make sure the Ascension never happens.

Kayla Terenzio-Medicci: CEO Empire Cruise Lines, a Dion Corporation subsidiary. Step-daughter of Marcello Terenzio, deceased head of the Terenzio family. Kayla is a mind-controlled agent of the Brotherhood, sent to infiltrate the Terenzio family at a young age. Despite her conflicted feelings at times, she has no choice but to do as she is ordered by her masters.

Dominic Terenzio-Fidelio: Retired CEO of the Dion Corporation. Dominic has a few secrets of his own, such as secretly working with the Brotherhood for decades, and will stop at nothing to ensure that the Ascension never happens.

Nicholas Terenzio-Fidelio: Director of the Loyalty Airlines Eastern Sector. Nicholas is a former member

of the Brotherhood, now double agent. He turned against the Brotherhood when they let his family die in the attacks on 9/11. Nicholas doesn't care if the Ascension happens or not, so long as the Brotherhood is destroyed. He also hates his father, Dominic.

Caesar Medici: Brotherhood Agent. Kayla's handler. Caesar knows that in a previous life, (aka reincarnation or past lives) he was Roman Moretti, Stefano Terenzio's greatest enemy. As a result, he hates Vasco. Caesar has infiltrated the Terenzio family as Kayla's husband. He will stop at nothing to ensure that the Terenzios, especially Vasco, are killed.

Dr. Derek Vaughn III: Director, SVT Think Tank, a Dion Corporation subsidiary. Derek and his team are working to find a mysterious Cave of Creation before the winter solstice. He has a crush on Shirley McDermott, a colleague. They are also tasked with trying to make scientific sense out of a mystical event known as the Ascension.

Dr. Shirley McDermott: Senior Scientist, SVT Think Tank. Shirley is working with Derek and Abe to find a mysterious Cave of Creation before the winter solstice. She is trying to make scientific sense out of a mystical event known as the Ascension. Shirley also secretly has a crush on Derek.

Dr. Abe Donahue: Senior Scientist, SVT Think Tank. Ex-Navy. Abe is working with Derek, and Shirley, to find a mysterious Cave of Creation before the winter solstice. Abe is trying to make scientific sense of a

mystical event known as the Ascension, but is very skeptical.

Tony DeMarco II: Works for the Brotherhood, but is a double agent. In past lives Tony has been an ally of the Terenzios. In his current incarnation Tony has infiltrated the Brotherhood to help bring them down. He will do everything in his power to make sure the Terenzios succeed, and the Brotherhood is destroyed.

Alexandro DeMarco II: Director of Homeland Security. Tony's big brother. In past lives has been an ally of the Terenzios and close, intimate friends of Stefano Terenzio and Stefano's wife, Cleona. In his current incarnation Alexandro has infiltrated the Brotherhood to help bring them down. He will do everything in his power to make sure the Terenzios succeed, and the Brotherhood is destroyed.

The Brotherhood: 13 human bloodlines that control the world. Also known as the Roshaniya. The Brotherhood worship aliens called the Anunnaki. Together, they keep humanity enslaved in a mundane, thought controlled system, with the illusion of freedom. The Brotherhood will stop at nothing to ensure that the Ascension never happens and that the Terenzios are killed.

Enki: Anunnaki Scientist and Magi. Enki does not agree with his family's treatment of humanity and wants Earth to be set free. He is secretly working against his brother, Enlil, and the Brotherhood. Through the DeMarcos, Enki provides help to the Terenzios.

Enlil: Military Commander of Planet Earth and the Anunnaki. He is unaware of his brother's split loyalties. Enki will never release humanity from Anunnaki control, and will prevent the Ascension at all costs.

## Previously in Synarchy....

(Dear reader: If you have not read Book 1 I would bypass this section. It was included to refresh the memory of those who have read the first novel.)

Marcello stopped fidgeting, covering his granddaughter's hand in his own. "I must be brief." It was such a rarity to clearly see emotion rolling through his enigmatic eyes. "My Mari is waiting for me." He paused to take another heavy breath. "You have never been to the vault. I have arranged for the plane to take you."

Lucien Terenzio, the youngest by seconds, stood behind his sister and asked, "The vault? What's in the vault?"

"Wrong question, Lucien," Vasco Terenzio said quietly. He slowly walked to their grandfather's side. "Why?"

Marcello smiled, unmasking his pleasure with Vasco's question. "When you get there, you will know." He dropped his head back against the propped up pillows, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "I almost wish I could live to see it. Well, with these eyes, at least."

"See it?" Simone asked.

"The Ascension."

## §

"I am Menes."

Shirley and Derek looked up simultaneously, eyes widening. Abe was *glowing*. A gentle green light surrounded him and the man they had "found."

"Derek, is...?" Shirley couldn't form the words, but Derek understood the half-spoken question. He felt like he was crazy, because the longer he watched the scene in front of him, the more familiar it began to feel—as if he had seen something like it before.

Menes smiled at the other two and began to speak through Abe. It was easier that way; he had not spoken English in several decades. "A great age is upon you. You are closer to the truth than you have ever been." He hesitated, choosing the words carefully. "I warn you that what you uncover will shock you, anger you, and terrify you. It will also soothe your souls, and you will come to understand why the knowledge has been withheld from you. You must find the Cave of Creation before the next winter solstice. It is this final step that will bring man into full consciousness. The Ascension must not fail again." He drew in a shaky breath, his energy wavering. He willed it to stay with him a little longer.

"Loki—you must find him. He will alert the Anunnaki, and they will try to stop you. Those you work for have means to protect you, to help you lift the veil so all will know, as above in heaven, so below on Earth. Do what you will. Love is law."

## §

"What... what do we do now?" Abe whispered.

Derek swallowed hard and shook his head. "I don't know."

Shirley turned to both of them. "Call Terenzio. As bizarre as this all is, we've still got work to do. And if Menes is right we're going to need backup."

## §

“And we’re going to finish it,” Olivia said firmly. Seven years ago, Olivia had discovered a letter, written to Julian from Stefano. Then, Kayla had approached them. Ever since, they had waited for the right moment to take over. Terenzio’s were not Robin Hoods, they never had been. For a century, they had done as they pleased, and more often than not their actions were in no way honorable. The sudden desire to change didn’t make any sense. Why empower the rest of the world when they could control the slaves? Why become equals when they could sit higher up the ladder? Now that they had the opportunity to ally themselves with the Powers That Be and reap the real benefits, fuck the rest of the world, Olivia thought. Marcello had lost his mind. Her plans, along with Amadeo’s, would not be compromised, and they were not the only members of the family who thought that way.

“There’s not going to be anything to finish if we don’t get caught up. You heard the Seer the last time we were in Denver; the triplets could pull this off.”

Olivia held up her hand. “Stop. They won’t. Period. There will be no Ascension. Lean on Vic. Find out if Leone has mentioned what his brother is working on. Nicholas tracked the triplets to Madeira, but lost them after that. Kayla might know something, I’ll find out. If I don’t hear anything by nightfall, I’ll go see Marcello myself.”

Amadeo raised a brow. “That’s a serious offense if you’re caught, Olivia.”

“We are way past that now, don’t you think, cousin?”

He opened his mouth to answer her, but was forced into silence by the sudden appearance of a man in the doorway. Automatically, Amadeo’s hand went for the gun at his side, but his fingers never touched the metal. Olivia read the look on Amadeo’s face, whirled around, and gasped. Their unexpected visitor had long, light blonde hair, with random streaks of white. His eyes were a deep indigo that seemed to pulse with a life all their own. Even odder, in his hand he carried a long golden rod with a crystal on top that radiated quiet power.

Loki smiled at the shocked expressions on their faces. Slowly, he spoke in their language. “Do not be afraid. I will help you stop the Ascension.”

## §

It was a lot to swallow all at once; to realize that something you didn’t even believe in might be true. The fact that the memories were in his head so clearly was chewing up at Vasco’s sense of reason. He was positive that if he started searching the shelves, he could confirm every event that he had just felt like he had lived through nearly a century ago. But did that really prove the existence of past lives?

“Do you really think we reincarnated as those three?” Vasco asked

“The way things are shaping up...” Simone had her own cup of coffee and had sucked down the caffeine boost like it was a shot. “...I don’t know, V. Is it really so strange? Especially in comparison to the

Anunnaki? It's obviously true. You've got memories of it, and grandfather sparked the war against them."

## §

"Tell him what we found, Simone," Lucien said.

Combined with what we remember..." She thought it was still weird as all hell to say that. "...and the information down here, it's all falling into place." She paused as they both sat down at the table, and pulled her hair back into a messy bun. "The Anunnaki and the Brotherhood are about the same as you remember them, Vasco, and, no surprise, they are the ones standing in the way of us allowing the Ascension."

Vasco figured she would say that. Thirteen bloodlines, all fanatically loyal to their "Gods" and for good reason; thirteen bloodlines he had known a lifetime ago his own family couldn't afford to war with. "Tell me about the Ascension we're allowing," Vasco said.

Simone motioned her head at Lucien who picked up his own notepad. It wasn't nearly as organized as his sister's, but he could read from it. "You'll love this. Humans are Gods and Co-Creators of the universe." He had to shake his head a little every time he read it. It was nuts, but so was lying between two pyramids and remembering your past lives. "I don't really understand a lot of the details on this, but all that crazy metaphysical talk about multiple dimensions and the universe as a mind, and all being one, it's all correct. Atlantis was actually a planet once, now it's the asteroid belt. That's what

happens when a planet goes boom, a destruction we as humans caused because we didn't 'ascend' correctly. Imagine having godly powers, but being an asshole so all you do with those powers are bad things. Quantum Mechanics, whatever that is, proves on a scientific level that intent creates reality."

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Vasco stared hard at his brother. It sounded insane, utterly and completely, but that didn't mean it wasn't true. Still, it was a lot for him to handle while he still trying to deal with the fact that he had lived multiple lifetimes, and that aliens who could shape shift really did live on the same planet. "Understood, sort of. Keep talking."

"So," Lucien said, "because of this failed experiment, per se, we tried again. Welcome to Earth. According to what's down here—and I have no idea

how the hell we got this information, by the way—it's actually the destruction of Atlantis that knocked the Anunnaki home planet into our solar system. Conditions were set to keep us from accessing our power until the time was right. That is the purpose of the elite and the Anunnaki. So, now the time is right, we're supposed to be released, and get our knowledge back, but the powers that be are acting like a bunch of stingy bitches. Regardless, it's going to work this time. So says everything I've read. Oh, and the end date is December 21, 2012."

## §

Kayla didn't understand Marcello Terenzio. He had known she was not his, that she was an enemy, the bastard child of his raped wife, but he had looked at her like he loved her, anyway. She knew it for certain. He had looked at Demetrius and pictures of Amanda the same way.

"Why? Why would you ask me...?" Kayla whispered the unanswered question into the rain. The letter Marcello had written her was crumpled up in her closed fist. A father's last request of his daughter.

Except she was not his daughter. Never mind that she loved him like the father he wasn't. She had never admitted that to him. She didn't know if she ever would have.

Kayla bent down to set a single red rose on top of the freshly dug wet dirt. Her head bowed, her dark blonde hair soaked and coming loose from the pins that held it back in place. She closed her eyes, fighting a losing battle against emotions she didn't want to feel. She

would disappoint her step-father. Choices weren't given to things that were owned.

"I'm sorry, Dad," Kayla whispered. Her cell phone rang. She knew it was Caesar. She flipped it open. "Yes?"

"Get ready to rid the world of your family, baby. I'm on my way home."

Kayla was not a Terenzio. She was a child of the Project, loyal only to the Brotherhood. "I understand." Her face hardened, and her fingers opened, Marcello's crumpled letter fluttering into the mud as she walked away.

## §

His eyes were not human, though they appeared that way when he wanted them to. Manipulation of the cells in the human body was so ridiculously simple, it was laughable that humankind didn't know how to shape shift. The news angered him, and his eyes flipped, exposing the reptilian irises. "What of the Terenzios?"

"They continue as expected. Our insiders have found an Atlantean, a survivor of Rainbow City. They wish to bring him to us in exchange for full membership into the Brotherhood."

A serpent-like tongue flicked out of his mouth, darting across his lips. "I'm sure they do. Bring them to me."

"Yes, sir. And the rest of the Terenzio family?"

"Continue as planned. We will still launch Alternative Three ahead of schedule." His hand extended, switching erratically from dark green scales

to smooth white skin as he pressed the button to end the conversation.

It would be close, but the Brotherhood would not fail. They had held control of the planet for too long just to give it away because the Galactic Federation claimed it was time. Let the vibrations rise. He didn't care how many of the slaves "awakened." Let them think the planet would Ascend. They had tried before, and they would fail again.

A sharp knock came at his office door. It took a mere thought to return his eyes and the texture of his hand to their hidden state. "Come in."

The uniformed officer saluted sharply before informing him, "Mr. Vice President, they are ready for you now."

“We're villains, as much as we are capable  
of being heroes. When the moments  
come that we can we soften the blow of  
our sins, we've got to take them.”

-Stefano Vasco Terenzio

# Prologue

December 20, 2012- 11:44 PM  
Vacherie, Louisiana  
Oak Alley Plantation

It came down in thick heavy sheets, bulleting from the sky, drenching the ground that could only absorb so much before it leaked up from the grass, and quickly became the swamp that was so common in the area. The glare of headlights cut through the rain, illuminating the porch of the antebellum mansion that was now empty.

Caesar climbed out of the car, whistling. He snapped open the trunk and stared with vicious glee down at Vasco, whose hands Caesar had taped behind his back. Caesar reached inside and hauled the other man out, half dragging him through the puddles of water, and shoved him in front of the stairs, facing the house. “I thought you’d want to see it one more time before you died.”

Vasco’s eyes traveled slowly over the elegant, old fashioned structure. It had once been *her* home, before she—

His jaw hardened. A lifetime ago, he had made love to her against those columns, often after he’d shot a few people out among the centuries-old oaks. For a fleeting moment, his eyes softened at the phantom images.

“You know, she and I had some good times here after you got popped.” Caesar grinned.

Vasco’s eyes narrowed, jealousy and fury coiling hotly in his gut. His fingers fisted around the

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piece of glass hidden in his palm, and sharp edges cut into the tape and his skin, the blood washing away with the force of the rain.

Caesar turned him around so they were facing each other. “I don’t get you, Vasco.” He took a step back, pulling the gun out from the waistband of his pants. “Why? Out of all of them, I never thought you would choose this.”

The hatred in the depths of Vasco’s eyes was unhidden as he regarded Caesar. It was their destiny to be enemies, their agreement for this lifetime. He was fully committed to honoring that agreement. “Choice, Caesar,” Vasco said over the noise of the storm. “I never made anyone do anything. They always had a choice. You—*Them*—you take the fun out of the game when you take that choice away. But the better, less noble reason is I just don’t like you. Or your masters. I never have.”

Caesar shook his head. “I’ll never understand you Terenzios. I won’t miss you, either.” The thunder growled, a flash of lighting exposing the malevolent gleam in Caesar’s eyes as he pressed the muzzle of the gun against Vasco’s temple.

## Chapter 1

“Some of the biggest men in the United States...are afraid of something. They know that there is a power somewhere so organized, so subtle, so watchful, so interlocked, so complete, so pervasive, that they had better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it.”

- Woodrow Wilson

Earth Day – June 12, 2012 - Time does not exist here

Babalon

Galactic Federation Headquarters

Unless this Council has forgotten, I am not obligated to follow any of your suggestions.” Enlil, Military Commander of the war-like race called the Anunnaki, dragged his reptilian eyes to travel over every form within the chamber. His nine foot tall body was draped in a shimmering red material that covered his tough, dark green scaly skin. A pair of short, black wings was tucked in against his back, and his head was reptile shaped with a serpent like tongue and razor sharp teeth.

Beyond the Milky Way Galaxy sat Babalon, a great oval ship whose flawless metallic surface gleamed against the backdrop of space. Twelve races had agreed to come together to discuss matters of importance. Many other races existed in the Cosmos, and often visited Babalon but choose not to take part in any formal proceedings. The twelve races had decided to call themselves the Galactic Federation. Lately, the Federation’s topics revolved primarily around the planet Earth.

The twelve representatives from each race sat in a circular chamber, the domed glass ceiling exposing the beauty of space. In the center of the room was a wide black pedestal made from the rock of Jupiter’s moon, Callisto. On top of the pedestal sat a small pyramid carved out of alexandrite, with a glowing cerulean rock forming its capstone. Twelve high-backed quartz crystal chairs circled the pedestal.

“Enlil, you fight against forces you cannot stop,” Thoth warned. On his home planet Sirius, Thoth was known as a Dominous Gnosis, a master of many forms of knowledge. As correctly depicted by the Egyptians that he had taught hieroglyphics to, he was a creature with the body of a human and the head of ibis. He and other Sirians had traveled to Earth in the past to share and expand their knowledge.

“You fight for no reason. Let them go brother,” Archangel Michael said. He, too, closely resembled that of a human except he stretched a good eight feet in height, and his physical form was a perfect harmony of glowing skin and taut, sinewy muscle. His gleaming purple eyes carried a deep wisdom, compassion, and fiery spirit. That spirit became quite apparent when in battle, for his white wings set ablaze when he was called to defend what he and the rest of his race known as Angels believed to be a just cause.

“I cannot believe what I am hearing. The last time it was attempted to bring the full power of creation into form, we lost an entire planet, and my home suffered the repercussions. Now, you seek to try it again? And with man?” As his impatience and agitation grew, Enlil’s forked tongued flicked out of his mouth with greater frequency. “I will not allow it.”

Beside Enlil sat a member of the one race that sided with him. The being had a small, thin body, but a very large, oblong shaped head, with no protruding features. Its eyes were oval shaped, lidless, and pure black. It wore no garments, and sat with its long, thin gray fingers wrapped around the armrest. On Earth they were called Greys. The true name of

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their race was Zeta. They came from several stars within the Orion constellation. The Zeta did not speak, but nodded on occasion in agreement with Enlil.

"Nibiru is not the home of the Anunnakis," Thoth said. "You chose to leave, Sirius. If you would calm your war-like ways and find some balance within, the Gnostics would vote for your return. "The Sirians were on a constant quest for knowledge. The Gnostics were their High council, the smartest members of their society and made all the Governing decisions.

"We no longer have any need of your planet of thinkers who take no action, Thoth." Enlil snapped.

"You cannot prevent it, Enlil." A soft-spoken voice echoed out gently from the being of blue light that hovered above its seat. It came from the Pleiades and had no form, except when it chose to make one, and that was usually only when it came to Earth. The Pleiadians, as they were called were made of pure light, often of varying colors. "They have raised their vibration to levels that have far surpassed what we expected of them. The Source will not be denied."

"The Source may choose another planet on which to conduct its science experiments. We will not relinquish our control on Earth." Enlil slapped his claw like hand on the arm of his chair.

"How do you think you will stop it, Enlil?" Another voice boomed in the chamber. It came from the Draconika. His name was Anataboga, and he was a gigantic winged beast. His long scaly tail was draped over the chair he was entirely too big to fit in. He was stretched out beside his chair, back legs that were much longer than his front legs curled underneath him. One short, three-clawed hand occasionally drummed on the stone floor, and his massive head rested on the other. Every time he spoke, a small cloud of smoke left his jaws.

"A matter I will not discuss with you, Draconika." Enlil looked over at the huge beast, whose body nearly took up one half of the chamber. "I put faith in no God, but the intelligence and strength of my race. That will prevail." He rose from his seat and looked pointedly at Michael. "And may I remind this council that any interference with the plans on Earth will be considered an act of war against my race."

"As you know, Enlil, per our peace treaty, we may assist the humans when they call for us," Michael said evenly.

"Yes, when they are scared of the dark they have created. But you may not interfere with our plans." Enlil hissed.

Michael sighed. "I truly wish you would reconsider this course of action, Enlil."

Ignoring Michael, Enlil waved his hand in a gesture of finality. "Council, this topic is closed. May your travels be safe." He laced his claws together and gave a short bow. A moment later, his form faded from the room. The Zeta said his good-byes telepathically and disappeared, too.

When Enlil had gone, another Anunnaki emerged from the shadows behind Anataboga's chair. A cane made from the trees of Earth was held in his leathery palm, and it supported his slow movement. A glowing white robe adorned his frame, coming all the way to the floor and covering his tail. A black sash draped over his shoulders and touched the ground, as well. The sash indicated his rank as the Supreme Commander of the Anunnaki. "He gets his stubborn nature from his mother." The Council chuckled and Anu, continued. "I apologize for my son's rudeness. He carries much fear."

"Do not apologize, Anu," the Pleiadian said. "We understand. It will be a good lesson for him." "There is some concern that he may slow things down, though," Michael said.

"If Enlil succeeds, then he was meant to. I remain an observer to these games, Council. It is Enki, my other son who has chosen to be his brother's opposition."

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“I agree,” Anataboga said. “This duality will end soon, one way or the other. If the experiment is meant to happen as we believe, then at the time of Galactic Alignment, it will.”

There was a murmur of agreement around the room. Michael sat in silence for a moment. Finally he nodded. “Very well. My people and I will continue to protect them when they call from the darkness that they unknowingly create.”

“We will help as we can, as well,” the Pleiadian said softly.

“I have done all I will do for them,” Thoth said. The other races also agreed to do nothing but observe, for now.

After discussing other mundane matters concerning the galaxies, and the great Interdimensional Traveling Vessel Races, the Galactic Federation adjourned.



June 12, 2012 - 10:00 AM

Alcyone Island

Dion Corporation Headquarters

“This arrangement was dependent upon you staying close to Simone.” Dominic Terenzio-Fidelio was perched on the front of his desk. A perfectly tailored silk suit covered his round, Italian frame, and his short, fat fingers were loosely clasped in front of him. Thick eyebrows framed piercing gray eyes that were locked on Victor Russo.

Victor sat in the chair in front of Dominic’s desk, his hands tunneled back through his wavy, brown hair. “I know. Look...” Victor dropped his hands and looked up at Dominic. “I can fix this.”

“She caught you fucking one of her whore friends. You’re lucky she didn’t have the balls to kill you.” Olivia Terenzio sat on the leather couch pressed up against the wall. Above it hung a Van Gough painting that she thought was both ugly and depressing.

“Simone’s not that type of woman.” Victor said impatiently, glancing briefly in Olivia’s direction, then back at Dominic. “I can get her back. I’ll get her to forgive me, okay? I just need a little time.”

“Time is a luxury we don’t have, Victor,” Dominic said, frowning lightly. “The whole point of you marrying her five years ago was so if it got to this point, you’d be in a prime position to feed us information we needed.”

“Or be a real husband and push the bitch in the direction we wanted,” Olivia added before she pressed a long, thin cigarette between her full, red painted lips.

“I get it okay? I get it.” Victor stood up, buttoning the front of his suit jacket. “Just give me a week. I know Simone. She’ll forgive me and we’ll be back on track.”

“You better hope those good looks of yours pays off big time, pretty boy,” Olivia warned while her pale gray eyes took in his tall, athletic build. Victor was a handsome man, with a charming smile and a silver tongue.

“One week, Victor,” Dominic said.

Victor clapped his hands together. “Consider it done, guys and gals.” Flashing them a reassuring smile, he walked out of the office.

“I’m not entirely convinced he can pull that off.” Dominic walked behind his desk, sat down, and began to clean one of his small diamond rings.

## Synarchy

“I’m not convinced Kayla is so patient as to give him a week after fucking up like that.” Olivia uncrossed her long, muscular legs, made from running five miles every morning, and stood up. “This whole matter would be a fucking moot point if the Brotherhood would just give the order to have the triplets killed.”

“Patience, Olivia.”

Patience was one thing she was losing the closer they got to the winter solstice and the Brotherhood did nothing about the fucked up side of her family. “Did you tell Them about Loki?” Days ago, a strange man who looked human, but otherworldly, appeared in the house of Amadeo Terenzio, Olivia’s cousin and partner in crime. The stranger had introduced himself as Loki and told them that he would help them stop the Ascension.

“I did. I expect They’ll want you to bring him in soon. They sounded very pleased.”

“Am I going to meet someone in authority or some level of middle management?” Olivia walked up to his desk and used Dominic’s gold ashtray.

Dominic smiled. “If Loki is really an Atlantean, then I’m fairly confident you just might meet Enlil himself.”

Olivia’s eyes flickered with excitement. “Don’t bullshit me.”

“No bullshit. As I keep telling you, cousin, this game is as good as won. The triplets can’t stop us. Our time is almost here.”



June 12, 2012 - 9:45 AM  
Monte Rio, California  
Bohemian Grove

Bohemian Grove was twenty-seven hundred acres of campground. Nestled in a valley surrounded by high stone hills and towering redwoods that were two to five thousand years old, it was easy to hide what went on inside. Once a year, two thousand five hundred men came together to enjoy two weeks with like-minded individuals. Once a year, the true rulers of the world came here to utilize the energy of sacred space for dark purposes, and create reality as they saw fit.

The celebration at Bohemian Grove was so secret the rest of the world could only speculate about what actually went on there, and the majority of the population had never even heard of it. Rich, middle-aged white men drank too much, enjoyed a weekend without a care, and solicited the waiters (mostly men) around the grove like whores when the lights went down. Six out of the thirteen royal heads of the Roshaniya, what conspiracy theorists called The Brotherhood, or Illuminati, attended the Western Event (another was held in Rome at the same time with the other seven) and made policy decisions regarding the future of the world. Usually, when the festival was kicked off with a “human sacrifice” signifying the cremation of care—a ritual explained as nothing more than a theatrical production symbolizing the removal of care for the two week vacation—the body in the bag was a real human. The Roshaniya, as taught by their Gods, the Anunnaki, used human beings like slaves. Humans were fitted into a system of control, bred to work in order to survive, and their true awesome potential was kept cleverly hidden. The news the humans watched controlled them. The papers they read controlled them. The State-run education system controlled them. They were taught that their lives were nothing more than a mundane cycle of work,

reproduction, and death. Wars, technology and the duality of human drama ensured they would never question if something more magical existed other than their petty, everyday lives. Even those that questioned never took it a step farther. Those that even came close to the truth were labeled New Age hippies, or paranoid conspiracy theorists, and nobody took them seriously.

It was easy to be cynical when one knew as much as Antonio “Tony” DeMarco II did. But everything was about to change.

Standing in the security booth at the main gate, he pulled the walkie talkie out of his belt, pressing the talk button. “You clean up the Necrophilia room yet, Jimmy?”

There was static before the reply came. “Aw, why the fuck can’t I delegate that assignment to one of the new guys?”

Tony rolled his eyes. “Because it don’t look too good for rumors to start about how the Secretary of Defense and a few other Forbes cover CEO’s like fucking women that are already dead. Go clean it up. If you miss garbage incineration, I’ll put you on Hillbilly camp duty.” At the Grove, the two thousand members were divided into different camps, each with their own name. Some were symbolic. Some were just for fun.

Nobody wanted to be assigned to the Hillbilly camp, though. That was the right kind of employee motivation. “Fuck that,” Jimmy said. “I’m on it.”

“You know, it’s not exactly smart of you to discuss the Secretary’s sexual preferences out loud either, amico.”

Tony slipped the walkie talkie back onto his belt, casting a nonchalant glance over his shoulder. “You’re here early, Director DeMarco.”

“I knew you missed me, so I took an earlier flight.” A cigar was held comfortably between Director of Homeland Security Alexandro DeMarco II’s fingers as he lounged in the doorway of the small building. “Such a waste of space, no?” The DeMarco brothers were nearly identical as far as facial features went. They shared striking, wheat-hued eyes that crinkled at the corners when they laughed, and strong jaws. The similarities stopped there. Alexandro had a very old-fashioned, very politician-like demeanor, and his thick head of black hair had begun to gray prematurely. Tony was taller, more muscular, and a little rougher around the edges.

“This place? Without question.”

“Mhm.” Alex brought the cigar to his mouth, pulling in the heavily scented smoke, and rolled the flavor of it around his tongue. “Let’s take a drive.”

“Sure.” Tony followed him out, walking over to the golf cart that carted the suits around the acres of the camp ground.

“You have it on you?” Alex asked.

“Always.” Tony slipped his sunglasses on, climbing into the driver’s seat. “Get in.”

Alex nodded and climbed into the passenger side of the vehicle. Tony reached into the front pocket of his uniformed shirt, removing what appeared to be just a stick of gum. When he bit down into it, a signal was thrown out that blocked the sound of their conversation to those who might be listening. Unless they were two feet away and in which case could be seen, they would hear nothing but nature.

“So what’s up, big brother?”

Since the early 1920’s, the DeMarco Crime Family controlled New Orleans, Baton Rouge and the surrounding areas. They had aligned themselves with the Terenzios, and Alexandro DeMarco Senior had been a close friend of both Stefano Terenzio and his wife. Alexandro I had slickly made his way into politics, despite the rumors that his brother, Antonio DeMarco I, was the boss of the crime family. It was the first Alexandro’s stellar political career that inserted the DeMarcos into the inside position they had today. Alexandro I’s son,

## Synarchy

Matthew, had kept the partnership with the Terenzios alive, and secret, ensuring that both of his sons, who Matthew smartly named as the men from whom they reincarnated, were ready to finish what they had started.

“Marcello has passed,” Alex said.

“Sucks. Tell me more.”

Alex sighed, shaking his head. “You could at least have a little respect for the dead.”

“Look, I didn’t know him in this life, or my last seven. Aside from the sympathy I’ve been programmed to have for the natural occurrence which is death—which nobody really minds by the way, they just think they do—my ‘sucks’ is a little bit more than is needed, all right?”

“But you did know his father.”

“Everybody knew his father.”

“He’s back.”

Tony pulled his eyes from the dirt road that cut between the towering redwoods to shoot a sideways glance at his brother. “No shit?”

“He’s not alone.”

“Whole crew?”

“All but Carissa. But I think she’s already moved into different form, probably somewhere in the Pleiades.” Alex smiled, sticking the cigar back between his teeth.

“The universe really isn’t fucking around this time.”

“Well, there is some importance to the third dimension.” Alex paused to puff lightly on his cigar, and then continued: “They reincarnated as the Triplets. I want you to meet with them and give them the next round of information.”

Tony glanced over at his brother. “Xavier can’t do it?”

“I need him on a different assignment right now. Plus, we need to keep his involvement in all this as hidden as ours.”

“All right. What do I need to tell them about?”

Alex reached into his pocket and removed a USB. He handed it to his brother. “It’s all on there. They are on their way to Virginia, now.”

Tony took the drive and dropped it into the front pocket on his shirt. “I’ve got to finish up here first, and then I’ll take care of it.”

“Grazie.”

“No problem. Does Stefano’s wife know he’s back in form?”

Alex paused. Even though his brother was right about death, there was an old soul that had left form on Earth. Her physical presence was missed. “She did.”

Tony gave that revelation a moment of silence. “Now her, I’m going to miss.”

“Me, too, amico. Me, too.”

“I’m telling Mona.”

“Do it...” Alex leaned back almost lazily in the shuttle, sticking one foot up onto the dashboard. “...and I’ll tell her you were her slave a thousand years ago.”

Tony made a face, letting loose an exaggerated shudder. “You’re a bastard for even bringing that up.”

Alexandro laughed, grinning around the cigar between his lips.

“Speaking of the bitch—I mean your wife...” The bitch remark earned him a solid punch to the shoulder from his brother. “She coming up for the festivities?”

“As if she’d let me shoot anyone without her.”

“Good point. Where are you off to?”

“To see the Brotherhood of Light.”

“What a stupid name.”

## Synarchy

Alex chuckled. "I agree. I doubt they call themselves that."

"Why do you get to go see them? Why can't I do that, and you go prep the triplets."

"Proof positive, mi amico, that you will never be as cool as I am."

Tony rolled his eyes. "You and your wife deserve each other. You both live in the same world of self-delusion."