

The Awakening

Synarchy Book 1

Crystal Storm

Tell Our Visions

New Orleans, Louisiana

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Dear Reader,

It's been quite the journey since I first published, *The Awakening*. Through a lot of trial and error, improved editing, typeset-ting, and other little nuances, I can say with a lot of confidence how proud I am of this remastered edition.

You'll find a Cast of Characters at the back of the book, but be careful reading it before you delve into the novel; it's a little spoilerish about certain characters motivations. It's included to help you keep track of everyone in this vast universe.

My goal as a writer has always been to entertain and inform. I'm hoping to hear from you, as to whether or not I've accomplished my mission.

Enjoy the world of Synarchy.

Crystal

To You:

To Antonina Bianca (Liz), Julian Terenzio (Shawn, a.k.a numbered husband), Carissa Terenzio (Jess, a.k.a Teach): Thank you a million times over for your help during the creation process. This book is made all the better by your tangible contributions to it. This is your story as much as it is mine, and I hope I have done your creations justice.

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To Grey Cross (a.k.a numbered husband): Thank you for creating the Shaddai Universe and for your genius. You continue to be one who inspires.

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To Keith: The cover would have looked better if you had designed it, so maybe I can get you to do the second one. But, thank you for your honest critiques while I was putting this one together. I don't say it enough but I really appreciate it. Love you!

To SVT's second wife: Thank you from the bottom of my heart. For reading this book eight times, for your honest criticism, unfailing support and patient tolerance of the insanity that is me (especially when I'm working). Here's to sharp edges and fuck the fine print.

And to you, yes you, the one reading these words; may this book be a light on your current journey. You know which one.

Namaste.

Prologue

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; The Soul
that rises with us, our life's Star, Hath had elsewhere its
setting. And cometh from afar.”

- William Wordsworth

Planet Atlantis

The Second Time

6,000 Years Ago

The stress knowing what was to come weighed on him, even in dreams. At least he wasn't alone. The change in frequencies warned them, but only a few remembered to listen. Messengers from God, from the true Source, came and were labeled outsiders. Some were killed. The planet became a manifestation of the darkest fears of its men and women.

Menes bolted upright. Sweat highlighted the tension from his temples down to his heavy jaw. His violent heartbeat added a menacing soundtrack to the dream images as they invaded his conscious state. Dragging his hands over his damp face, Menes shut his eyes

searching out the 2D frequency which would balance his energy level and lower his spiked blood pressure.

When the last bit of tension was exhaled, he reopened his eyes, glancing at the sleeping woman next to him. Relieved she hadn't woken, he carefully uncoiled from the silk bedding and padded over soft carpeted floors into the bathroom.

He moved easily without the aid of superficial light. The flecks of gold in the walls around him shimmered as if conducted by his steps. He passed his hand over a cerulean crystal embedded in the marble, a tranquil glow filling the room. When he stepped up to the sink, crisp cold water fell as if it anticipated his need. Cupping both hands under the steady flow, he splashed his face several times before meeting his image in the mirror.

Sighing, his gaze dropped towards the faucet. The water stopped. He'd tried to convince more of his people they needed to change. For all the Atlanteans technological and mental mastery they had become unbalanced. They were no longer in tune to their heart chakras, and they no longer listened to the needs and wisdom of their planet. It left him frustrated, though he tried to accept it for what it was. The tick of universal time brought the inevitable truth; his nightmare was a premonition of the future.

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Menes carried that thought as he returned to the sleeping woman. When his eyes brushed across her still form, his aura pulsed with a dim gray light; sadness. She'd leave physically, returning to spirit until she chose whether or not to come back to human form, or perhaps something entirely different. Unfortunately, the scar of this event would be burned into her DNA, becoming a fear she must face in another lifetime should she revisit this dimension.

Menes slipped back beneath the sheets and drew her against him. For an instant, he slipped through his infinitesimally small door in her shields, like a scared child taking solace in the willing, unconscious reassurance she gave him. The steady rhythm of her breath lured him back to sleep.

When next he woke, it was to terrified screams, and the deafening rumble of the earth splintering around him. The end was here.

Certain cosmic laws of creation governed the universe. From Source came the Archons, three pieces of universal intelligence that assisted in acts of pure creation, ensuring that Source continued to experience itself in infinite ways.

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“We have failed again,” they said to the others. They occupied no body, they had no gender. They were pure, conscious, energy.

“There is great suffering,” the second one mused, thoughtful.

“Just like the first time,” the third circled the destructing planet, wondering what went wrong.

“I have lived it,” the second almost sounded sad, though Archons did not experience emotion the way a being in physical form did. But, they remembered what it was like to have a body.

“We all have,” a reminder from the first.

“What shall be done now?” asked the third.

“I believe we have an idea,” said the first. It often did have these ideas.

“Ah, yes. That is a very good idea,” the third had stopped their circling, focusing on themselves.

“Thank you.”

“Shall we try it?”

“Yes. Go and collect volunteers,”

“Will it work this time?” asked the second.

“What is it that they say?” the first may have sounded pleased. “Third time’s the charm.”

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*“I will die to see my will done, and it **will** be
done.”*

-Stefano Vasco Terenzio

Forty-eight hours before his death.

Chapter 1

“Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.”

-Benjamin Franklin

June 6, 2012

Undisclosed location

Alcyone Island 11:11 PM

He's dying?”

“It's a wonder he lived this long.”

“Stubbornness. Pure stubbornness.” The comment brought collective, sad smiles, and softer laughter.

“Vasco?” The bedroom door opened, the dim light blocked by the shadowed figure of the man in the doorway.

Vasco turned from gazing at the grandfather clock in the hallway. “Yes, sir?”

“He wants to see you.” Steel gray eyes, clouded with hidden emotion, looked at two others. “All three of you.”

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There was nothing lavish in this room, the furniture as sparse as the walls. What did take up space was all mahogany wood; sturdy, masculine. Neither knick-knacks nor small keepsakes touched the dustless surfaces. Nothing decorated the mantle above the burning fireplace.

There wasn't a place for those things in the room of a man who didn't exist. The only thing which indicated someone might occupy the room (besides the dying man in the canopy bed) was a framed photograph on the nightstand. It showed a woman captured in a moment of happiness. You saw it in her shyly lowered blue eyes, the slight curl of her smile. Those allowed in the room often said she should've smiled wider. She'd always had such a beautiful smile. Her husband always replied, *it was just enough*.

Marcello S. Terenzio was one hundred years old. He laid there, his eyes closed, twisting the simple gold wedding band around his finger as if he needed reminding of its presence. It became more of a habit after his wife died.

Demetrius Terenzio left as the triplets filed silently into the room, giving his children the requested time

alone with their grandfather. When the door clicked shut, Marcello released a heavy breath and blinked open aged, light gray eyes.

Simone M. Terenzio-Russo smiled gently at her grandfather, the first who moved to his side. "You wished to see us."

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, taking another heavy breath. "You have never been to the vault. I've 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."

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June 6, 2012

Somewhere in the Caribbean

Phoenix Isle 11:26 PM

The full Moon in a star-cluttered sky threw an eerie, glow over the thickness of the greenery below it. To say the moon's unblinking stare knew something that the organisms on Earth did not was a truth not yet discovered. But it would be.

A wet heat blanketed acres of jungle, surrounded by picture-perfect calm, clear blue waters. Exotic wildlife was forced to share their homes on this small island. It was twenty miles away from the main one which saw activity of a human kind since the mid 1920s. Power grew there. It did not wait silently; it spread its hands like the tentacles of a tumor touching everything it intended to and more.

A house, barely visible past the low hanging cypress branches, was a recent addition to the landscape. Stilts protected it from the mild swamp, and full wall to floor windows displayed the darkness within. It wasn't until the shrill ring of a telephone cut through nature's maternal hum that a small light snapped on. On the fourth ring, the phone was answered.

"What?" a male grumble.

“He's dying,” the woman's tone was pleased.

The reply was groggy and slightly annoyed. “Sudden, but nothing I didn't already know.”

“He's not transferring power to his daughter,” she paused briefly for dramatic effect. “He's giving it to the triplets.”

This information was unknown, and seconds of silence followed. “How do you know that?”

“SVT Securities bugged his room two days ago. They're on their way to you. He's giving them access to the vault.”

His thinly trimmed eyebrows shot upwards. “What?”

“Mmhmm.”

“Bastard.”

“Easy, cousin. We planned for this.”

He sighed in frustration sitting up in bed. “I've never been in the goddamn vault. This will give them an edge.”

“True. Even so, I'm sure our grandfather would've agreed...” Amadeo heard the cunning smile in Olivia Terenzio's tone as she spoke “...who better to take on a Terenzio, than a Terenzio?”

“The stakes are too high to take this lightly,” he snapped, his grip tightening on the phone, annoyed at the amusement he caught in her voice.

“I take nothing lightly.”

“Fine. Have you heard anything from Kayla?”

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“Not yet. We will.”

“This needs to happen soon. The more the triplets know, the harder this will be.”

“You worry too much.”

He frowned at how cavalier she was. “You don't worry enough.”

“Jesus Christ,” Amadeo could hear the smoke from Olivia's cigarette being blown into the phone. “Pull the stick out of your ass and start enjoying your job. We'll win.”

“We better.”

“We will. Get ready for your guests.” A dial tone punctuated the words.

General Amadeo Terenzio glared at the phone, resisting the urge to slam it onto its cradle. Tossing the thin sheet aside, he climbed out of bed, glancing over his shoulder at the eyes which peered back at him.

“Get dressed. Get out. Your money is on the living room table.” Without another word, he stalked over to his closet, throwing it open to a line of uniforms and expensive suits. A uniform was selected. Time to go to work.

June 7, 2012

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Somewhere in the Caribbean

Alcyone Island 12:12 AM

Brothels, while illegal almost anywhere else in the world, were not on Alcyone. That made *The God's Tempest* an extremely popular place for tourists and the locals. It also made the working boys' and girls' profession a lot safer. The brothel, cleverly shaped in the form of a pirate ship, was rarely empty, both men and women catered to by a wide variety of professionals who were disease-free, discrete, and extremely talented, both in and out of the bedroom.

Rich wallpaper pictured the darkly lit interior of the various cabins on a ship stretched around windows which were purely aesthetic. Oil lamps hung low on the walls, throwing more shadow than light over the corners of the Grand Galley's red carpeted room. There was little privacy for the customers, but most there enjoyed indulging in their exhibitionistic tendencies.

For once, Xavier Terenzio-Zhane, Deputy Director of Homeland Security for the United States of America, wasn't there to gratify his desires. A few women he had made a night of it with before his engagement to his fiancée stopped to chat with him, only to look briefly disappointed when he declined any offers.

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Ignoring the animalistic sounds coming from the lounge chair behind him, he polished off his second straight bourbon while glancing down at his watch, in impatient intervals. Thirty minutes later, Xavier saw her walk in.

“Do you have it?” Xavier asked without preamble, his blue-gray eyes glancing from her generously exposed cleavage up to her face.

Red painted lips smirked devilishly as matching polished fingernails squeezed between her breasts and emerged with a mini CD. “Every word for the last twenty-four hours.”

It was Xavier’s turn to smile as his eyes focused on the tiny case. If there was one thing almost every Terenzio male had a sweet tooth for, it was a woman’s company. Some just didn’t choose theirs carefully enough. From the inside of his suit, he removed a thickly packed envelope and handed it to her. “Every penny, bonus included.”

The woman exchanged the disc for cash, opening it immediately to count every bill. “Thanks, X.”

“No, Lisa...” Xavier tucked the CD carefully into the same pocket, a thrill rushed through him at the thought of the information he carried. She had no idea how important it was, but she would soon enough. “...Thank you.” Standing a good ten inches above the woman, he

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bent to kiss her painted cheek before walking quickly out to the waiting car and his three-man personal security team. The razor thin cell phone was already against his ear as he climbed into the backseat; silence reigning for exactly thirty seconds until he heard the “click” which meant the other line answered. He only transmitted a short message.

“Our girl came through for us. I’m on my way.”