

Deleted Chapter 1 from Nephilim Awakening: Enkindu. Please forgive grammatical errors since this chapter was removed before the final edit.

Chapter 1

Hemera's aura fades in the west, as Nyx begins her dance across the Mediterranean Sea. Her dark and mysterious peplos drapes heavily on the formed steel, a ferry named *Aiolos Kenteris*. Sensing its way through failing light, it seems determined, almost aided by Aether and Pontus. Junren Chen would offer praise to the Greek Prôtogenoi, if he believed in such things.

Junren gags on a cough to rid the burning residue of bitter, oily, diesel in his parched mouth. His last attempt to rinse the muck formed an oil slick, which coated his teeth like crude oil on a pebbled beach. For the last four days, he has been aboard several ferries to complete his journey, a journey that ends tonight, but it's more final than that. The end of his journey brings the end of his work, the threat, and the nightmare he never thought possible.

In an attempt to avoid the other patrons, Junren stands at the stern, allowing the massive engines to flow through the decking and into him. To his left, he watches three of his fellow travelers head up to the next level of the ferry. Laughter pulls his attention to his right. A young couple approaches. Concerned, his short cropped, full head of white hair makes him seem fragile; he stiffens, clutching his faded and tattered backpack to his chest. His dark and cautious

eyes dart from the blonde woman in a white tank top to the man in a blue polo shirt whispering in her ear.

At fifty-seven, Junren's thin, five-foot-two, Chinese-American frame remains pliable as he presses his back against the rails, allowing the couple space to pass. Junren studies their movement a moment longer. Finding himself alone, he exhales and his shoulders slouch. On the sleeve of his moist button up shirt, he wipes away sweat trickling in tiny rivulets along age-earned lines on his face.

In this quiet moment, thoughts of his self-assigned mission race through his mind for the thousandth time. He thinks of home, his career, his friends, and his daughter. After tonight, his life changes, consequences he gladly accepts, if he stops the foreseen destruction. He knows this is right. His heart and mind agree; this one task defines his existence in this life.

Junren looks out across the gentle chop of the eight-inch swells to the twinkling of lights in the distance. All too quickly, the tiny flickers develop into numerous glowing windows. Junren's knuckles turn white as he grinds his callused palms on the metal handrail. In his right arm, he squeezes the backpack. He had planned quickly, but he reminds himself it was thorough. Self-assurance doesn't stop his stomach from souring or the bitter taste of bile climbing his throat as he gazes on the Island of Paros, Greece.

The massive engines slow and Junren's heart accelerates, pounding in his ears like taiko drums. He glances at the forming line of tourists and locals eager to disembark. He hesitates, scans the dock and swallows hard. Then, he steps in behind a small woman with two children.

Mere yards from the dock, Junren shivers involuntary as if death's chill dropped onto his chest and gripped his heart. His face contorts in response to a painful stimuli recalled from his childhood. At age fifteen, he and his father used an alleyway to avoid a pressing property owner.

Before they reached the fire escape leading to their meager second floor apartment, a Tong war erupted. Ruthlessness and brutality raged around them. His father pushed him aside. From the safety of a cavity between two buildings, Junren watched the maddened warriors cut down his father. As his father's blood spilled on the back streets of Chinatown, New York, something inside of Junren forced its way to the surface. He remembers ghastly fragments, the stuff of horror films. Like a wild animal, he ripped through men until none stood before him. That single moment of his awakening flooded him with the realization of his nature, visions of ancient cultures and the ability to sense those like himself. "Nephilim," Junren murmurs.

His attention snaps back to the here and now, but his bodily movements are slow and cautious. He turns his head, taking in a full view of the dock. An imposing figure in a black cloak and two men clad in dark suits stand off to his left. He knows these men as soldiers of the Azazel Brotherhood, hired mercenaries, cold, hard and unwavering in their duties to the ancient cult.

He expects nothing less than opposition from the Azazel Brotherhood, but it never occurred to him a Nephilim, half-Angel, half-Human, would join their ranks. Junren lowers his gaze, his eyes dart as his mind reaches for answers. He rethinks everything. As crewmembers toss thick ropes to the men waiting on the dock, Junren realizes it's too late. He has to move forward with his plan.

He lifts his gaze, making eye contact with one of the two men. Instantly, they start toward him. The dark figure, standing in the center, raises her arms and splays her fingers to stop them. Her black cloak billows open, revealing long legs, soft curves, a slim waist, and breasts veiled by black leather. A heavy hood covers her head, but it doesn't hide a momentary flash of flames in her irises. Hellfire, the flash of flames, Junren has heard it called many names, but there is only one explanation. An awakened spirit resides within a human host. The awakened spirit of a

Nephilim is dangerous, but the enlightened combination of the two is deadly. He has no curiosity in seeing which came to greet him.

Junren forces his one hundred twenty-pounds through the crowd. "Excuse me," he says repeatedly, using his small stature to wiggle between lovers, friends, parents and children. He reaches the front of the line leaving a trail of aggravated passengers in his wake.

He leaps the ferry's steel handrail like an experienced pole-vaulter before the crew on the dock has a chance to position the gangplank. Junren falters when he lands on the dock's edge, nearly falling into the water between the peerage and the still slightly moving ferry. Sighs escape the patrons when his hiking boots find purchase on the wet, worn planks. Without looking back, Junren runs. He disappears into a dark street leaving the crowd behind him dumbfounded.

At times in his quest, he has pondered his purpose, even his sanity, but tonight isn't one of them. Tonight, he has clarity of thought and it forces his singular goal. His eight days in Paros grant him an acute knowledge of the island. It provides an opportunity to elude the Azazel Brotherhood, but escape isn't his aspiration. Instead, he wants to end this. He assumes they know about the Katapoliani and the gate. Therefore, they know of his destination.

Moonlight follows his frenzied pace as he recklessly navigates the uneven streets, dashing through narrow alleys, and leaping short walls, like a rat in a maze that it has run a hundred times. His breath escapes in short, stunted gasps. He finds his legs growing heavy and his lungs ready to burst from his efforts. However, he knows he can't stop. He'd rather fall over dead than fail in his task.

He dares a glimpse over his shoulder before entering a small, arched tunnel. For an instant, Junren vanishes into the cool, oppressive darkness. At the other end, he enters the midst of a fresh crowd casting eerie shadows from sodium vapor lamps. The gathering could offer some

cover, but instead they seem to be more of a hindrance. He picks a line through the crowd and holds it. He doesn't slow his pace as he dashes through the startled locals and tourists, narrowly avoiding a collision with a Greek woman in a strapless sundress. "Sorry..." he pants, pushing roughly past her, not taking the time to make sure she's unhurt.

Junren turns right onto a tiny cross street bathed in shadows. He labors up the steep incline; his lungs and legs burn like fiery dragon's breath. He stops at a heavily barred gate and hangs his head breathlessly, briefly enjoying the ability to drink in fresh oxygen. Bending his trembling knees in an attempt to relieve his throbbing legs, he turns his head to the stone structure, the Church of Ekatontapyliani.

Like Junren, St. Helen sensed something special in this place. It's the reason she insisted upon building a majestic temple here. Emperor Constantine fulfilled his mother's vow and built the Church of Ekatontapyliani called Katapoliani.

Junren inhales deeply and stands upright, wiping sweat from his eyes, searching the darkness within the courtyard for any sign of life. He listens through his own deafening pulse for any indication that his enemies lie in wait. He checks the street behind him, peering into the shadows knowing the Brotherhood has not broken off their pursuit. He pants hard after realizing he has been holding his breath. He knows he must go now.

With a barely audible groan, Junren forces the gate open and enters the courtyard of Katapoliani. Then, softly closes the gate behind him. He sprints across the stones, nimbly dodging a plethora of massive potted plants, to the facade, identified by a traditional double row of Doric columns. He normally takes great comfort from the reverence and awe such a building exudes. However, on this night, Junren doesn't have the time. He seeks the hundredth gate, the Gate of the Watchers.

Legend states that upon finding the hundredth gate, Constantinople will be returned to the Greeks. Junren doesn't put much stock in such lore. However, he does believe in the devastation that follows should the hundredth gate be opened and the Watchers released.

Junren reaches the exterior narthex, and falls against the heavy steel door. It does not budge. It's not the hundredth gate, but almost as impossible to enter. He draws back his fist and hammers on the door. Like kicking empty barrels, a deep tone reverberates throughout the courtyard. He pauses for just a moment and glances across the courtyard behind him. Then, he resumes his pounding with added fervor.

A small sliding panel, carved into the steel barricade, squeaks open, and Junren exhales explosively, "Thank God."

Adelphos Dyonysius's long, lean face, straight nose and black kamilavkion, Greek Orthodox brimmed hat, appears in the tiny opening, illuminated by candlelight. "'Tis late," he clears his throat. "Worship has ended for the evening and will resume in the morning."

Junren inhales deeply, pressing his face closer to the opening so Adelphos can see him clearly. "They're coming."

The priest shakes his head. "This is your doing."

"Hurry!" Junren glances over his shoulder to the courtyard gate once more.

The small sliding door slams shut in Junren's face. Adelphos may not have agreed with the Church's decision to allow Junren to search for the hundredth gate, but he did find it. He can't imagine Adelphos turning his back on him now that the Azazel Brotherhood has become a genuine threat. After a moment of waiting, apparently, Adelphos has done just that.

Damn you Adelphos! Junren turns from the door and steps into the night. He wipes the sweat from his forehead as he considers all the other entrances. None that he recalls offers any more

promise than this one. At this late hour, he's sure all the doors are bolted.

Metal clangs behind him. Junren spins to the massive steel door as it groans open.

He quickly slides through the small opening into an ancient inner narthex. Scant beams of moonlight enter through the stained-glass arched-windows of the dome revealing, a high curved ceiling. Massive columns stand erect on both sides of the chamber, casting flickering shadows in the sway of Adelphos's candle. Together, Junren and Adelphos push the door. The ancient hinges resist, squealing deep into the nave and echoing back to them. Finally, a solid slam ends the door's torment.

Adelphos slides the security bar into place, and then turns to Junren. "What do you intend to do?"

Junren pauses between two columns, still puffing raggedly through flaring nostrils. "Whatever it takes to keep them from opening the gate." He eyes the priest, his gaze inconspicuous in the shadows, to gauge his reaction. With no immediate protest from Adelphos, Junren turns and heads down a short set of stone steps.

Adelphos musters a response after a moment of thought. He steps between the columns in pursuit of Junren, his hazel eyes shining with an accusatory stare that the archaeologist cannot see. "The gate remains safe only by the grace of God."

Junren's dark shape stops on the bottom step descending into the blackened chamber. He turns to Adelphos with conviction ringing in his voice. "God did not plan for what's coming."

Adelphos stops in the doorway. He exposes Junren's reddened and weary face in the golden glow of candlelight. Forty-five years have taught him one thing. "God plans for all things." Faith resonates in Adelphos's tone. "It is He who will protect the gate as well as the people."

The steel barricade shakes violently under the pressure of a heavy fist. Junren's frustrated

gaze turns from Adelphos, who refuses to see the truth, to the door behind the priest. Silence grips Adelphos as he spins to his rear. Both somehow expect the door to fly off its hinges or at least bend inward under the strain.

Adelphos whispers so as not to offend either friend or foe. “The unholy dare not enter this place.”

“Therein lies our problem,” says Junren as he looks at Adelphos. “That which waits outside the door is the spawn of angels.”

Adelphos considers Junren for a brief moment without words, only to jump when the pounding begins again.

“Forgive me for what I am about to do.” Junren turns and disappears into the darkness.

Adelphos returns to the door with hesitation after the third and far more violent pounding erupts. He lifts his candle to the metal beam barring the door.

A hand reaches from the darkness, dropping onto Adelphos’s shoulder. Adelphos spins to Ptolemy Loukas, a priest half his age, who has come to investigate the noise.

“Brother Ptolemy.”

“Father Adelphos, what is wrong?”

“Nothing. Nothing.” Adelphos settles within his skin. “Return to your quarters. I will send them away.”

The young man bows slightly. “As you wish, Father Adelphos. I pray you sleep well.” He turns, leaving Adelphos in solitude with the door once more.

Adelphos reaches for the small handle on the sliding panel, but pauses. He knows if he doesn’t respond, this clamor will wake all the priests. He glances back into the dark doorway where Junren vanished; then, to the nave where Ptolemy disappeared. He turns to the door. With

a sudden burst of courage, Adelphos grips the handle, gives it a firm tug, and peers out into the night.

The three individuals from the dock stand in the outer narthex. Adelphos finds his attention pulled to the dark figure. A chill courses through his body and an unbearable weight tugs at his soul, as if danger emanates from this person's very being. The other two men are clean cut, but menacing in ways he dare not imagine.

Adelphos's voice trembles. "The temple is closed for the evening." He attempts to control his nerves. He knows the grace of God will protect him and that it is all he should need to survive in this life. Regardless of what he believes, he cannot shake the icy hand of terror climbing his spine. "Come back at daybreak."

An authoritative, feminine voice calls to Adelphos from under the hood. "A house of God opens to all whom seek His face."

Adelphos gathers courage and strengthens his voice. "Even God rested on the seventh day, and now it is time for my rest. I pray you return tomorrow." He closes the small sliding door with a trembling hand, turns, and leans against the cool steel. "The one hundredth gate should have never been discovered," Adelphos rattles in a partial whisper to himself. "Nothing but wicked can come from this..." He turns an ear to the door, hoping the strangers will leave. As he pushes off the door, he pulls his Komboschini from within his heavy, dark cassock and rolls the knots of the prayer rope between his fingers. "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner."

Moonlight bathes the exterior narthex and the dark figure. She lifts her head. Within the black of her hood, her eyes burst into glowing flames. Her body fades into shadow, then, loses shape. She shimmers like rippling water, and splashes onto the stone walkway. Unlike liquid, the

sudden drop is controlled and calculated. A tidal wave of tiny, sparkling bodies washes across the stones heading for the gap under the steel door.

The two suited men stand rigid and ready; never flinching as the dark figure controls her body on an atomic level. With faces of stone, they display neither endorsement nor rejection of biokinesis.

Adelphos listens intently, focusing his attention to find the source of the clicking. He gazes down the descending steps to the darkened chamber, but he notices no movement. The clicking grows to near deafening intensity. He spins to face the door. Something glints in the candlelight. His gaze falls to the stones beneath his feet. Adelphos stoops and lowers his candle. His eyes grow wide, “My God...” as thousands of Elaterid Beetles, Click Beetles, race past him.

He drops his candle, lurching back against a column. The now thinning trail of beetles moves around the dying flame. Their long, shiny, black exoskeletons glisten with blues, purples and greens until melting wax snuffs out the light.

In the moonlight, from the dome above, Adelphos watches the beetles crawl atop one another in a disturbingly organized fashion. A form takes shape, first the feet, then the lower portion of the legs. Within seconds, the mound grows to form a torso with arms quickly appearing. The unmistakable human form nears the completion of its transformation. Suddenly, the beetles stop their movement.

Adelphos holds out the tiny cross on his Komboschini. “Evil spirits have proceeded from their bodies; because they are born from men and from the holy Watchers is their beginning and primal origin.¹”

Black leather forms from the montage of thousands of shiny elytra. The hood rights itself hiding facial features, but not the burning eyes.

Adelphos's face turns chalky and his voice quivers. "You are not welcome here, Nephilim."

Its voice resounds from some place other than the dark shroud, deeper than before, and definitely not entirely human. "My name is Eubal, Lord of Lightning. Surely, if you know what I am, then you know I was born to this world and this is my hell."

"You will not find what you are looking for by taking innocent lives. You will still be alone. Hunted and judged."

Long, thin fingers extend from under the cloak and grip Adelphos by the throat. He reaches for the hand, attempting to pry himself free from the vise-like grip. The dark figure lifts Adelphos into the air and unbolts the door with her free hand.

The two men enter the inner narthex, closing the heavy metal door behind them.

"Find Junren," Eubal commands. "Alive and unharmed."

The men quickly vanish into the darkness of the adjoining chamber.

The dark figure snatches the Komboschini from Adelphos's grip and pins him against the same steel door he thought would keep the evil at bay. His head thuds on the solid metal, forcing him to close his eyes to endure the brutal assault.

"My anguish ends with the release of my Fathers." The dark figure taunts Adelphos, swinging the Komboschini in his face as if daring the priest to call on God. "The day of reckoning has arrived."

Adelphos opens his eyes and struggles to break free. "And destroy all the spirits of the reprobate and the children of the Watchers," he says as he fights for a breath, "because they have wronged mankind."²

As Eubal's anger grows, the dark figure tightens her grip. The pressure on Adelphos's throat closes off all air. Splotches of darkness frame his vision, and he fights against the loss of

consciousness.

Enubal growls a low, guttural, primitive sound of annoyance. With a swing of the dark figure's arm, like a child relinquishing a toy for some new allure, Adelphos hurls through the air. He impacts an unyielding marble column. The disconcerting cracking of bones fills the chamber. Adelphos seems to hang in place momentarily before his battered body plummets to the floor. His lifeless eyes stare at the dark figure.

She steps past Adelphos's body with only a glance, dropping the Komboschini inches from his face.

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Junren Chen enters a dim chamber, rushing past square columns providing eternal support for the long, arched ceiling of Katapoliani's baptismal. From high above a magnificent stone, Greek-style cross, baptismal, moonlight seeps through arched, stained glass windows. Centuries old, the cross has witnessed countless souls taking their first steps of faith. Fitting, Junren thinks as he drops his backpack in the middle of the chamber.

He collapses to his knees. Relieved of his own weight, he takes in a deep breath. He checks the only entrance into the chamber with a glance over his shoulder. Junren knows time is short. He pulls a tiny flashlight, clicks it on and bites down on it. He lifts the backpack into the spotlight searching for the worn out zipper with the pull tab missing from the slider. All the while, promising himself, *I will buy a new backpack*. Air whistles around the flashlight and into his heaving chest as he labors to open the pack. He presses his finger into the zipper, forcing the slider back. Junren pulls open the backpack to reveal eight sticks of dynamite, bound together by thin strips of electrical tape. His journey to the Island of Kalymnos yielded these leftovers from a Kalymnian tradition of tossing dynamite on Easter evening. Not exactly the high yield he

wanted, but with every port actively seeking terrorists, he's lucky to have found any explosives.

He stretches out his trembling hand mere inches above the stone floor. His first encounter with the Watchers' Gate, three weeks earlier, was not physical, but spiritual. Junren had to see with his own eyes, a key found in Iraq and quickly relocated to Istanbul. Since his encounter with the Moon Blade, in Istanbul, he envisions himself opening the Watchers' gate. In turn, it led him here to Katapoliani in the hopes of destroying it. He has spent his life hiding his dark secret, never wanting the gift, but it would seem certain abilities take hold whether the host wants them or not. Junren has yet to understand why he envisioned the gate or why he has seen himself kneeled at the opening. Nothing in his vision gives him any answers, but he cannot ignore the powerful and unexplainable pull to be near it.

The worn, floor stones shimmer like a desert mirage dancing in heat waves as they fade, allowing something different to take their place. A single, circular stone forms, three feet in diameter consisting of three inner circles. The outer circle of gold has strange, crisp, elegant markings. The second circle consists of polished stones and the innermost circle is divided into three equally spaced slots arranged around a concave equilateral hexagon hole. From the first time he physically touched the Watchers' gate, Junren knew it has been here before time was time. Before the Egrēgoroi rebelled and descended from heaven, a prison had been built for them in the depths of the earth beneath the mountains.³

The gate serves as a holy marker and a barrier to hold back unthinkable evil, the Watchers, the first angels sent to Earth to nurture Man's development. Through centuries of elevation changes and even the construction of Katapoliani itself, the marker has remained at the surface. While Junren doesn't believe the Watchers are beneath his feet, he does believe the gate covers an entrance to another world, a wormhole of sorts. This is the point where two worlds meet.

Junren jolts as his darker side takes hold. Instantly, he is swept away into his recurring vision. *Light and energy emerge from the open gate illuminating the Baptismal chamber. Elongated shadows dance on the stones as the light pulses. Five bloodied and tattered men in robes lie still on the stones. A darkened figure kneels at the gate.*

Both men enter the chamber. “Step away from the gate,” one says.

Junren jumps, returning to the dark chamber. His vision has changed; it is no longer him kneeling at the gate. He reaches up and pulls the flashlight from his lips. He rises with his back to the men. The gate quickly fades away allowing the stone floor to return to normal. Junren turns.

Surprise rises on the men’s faces as they take note of the dynamite. The shock fades quickly as they each reach into their jackets and pull polished 0.45 caliber automatics.

He glances past the men, searching for Adelphos, but Junren knows the priest is most likely dead. For that, he will have to answer for later, but for now his attention returns to his own dire situation. “You should know the proposed gift is a curse,” Junren says. He knows full well God created the gate, and it cannot be destroyed so easily. However, destroying the structure around it delays any plans the Azazel Brotherhood has of opening the gate. Maybe, stop them completely. It would take months, if not years to restore the damage. He’s confident the wealthy and powerful elite behind the Brotherhood are unwilling to expose themselves in the publicity of such an event.

“It’s not for you or me to decide such things,” the other man says, as he slowly moves around Junren. “Put down the dynamite.”

Junren backs deeper into the chamber, trying to keep both men within his field of vision. “You have no idea what this gate is capable of doing. If you succeed in opening it, the Watcher’s

vengeance will be hard felt, even by loyal servants.” He pulls his eyes from the man on his right and focuses on the man to his left. “They will destroy everything and everyone.” Through all of his planning, he anticipated this possible outcome. Neither frightened nor sad Junren embraces the dynamite, as he watches the two men slowly closing in on him.

A shadow crosses his face and his irises ignite in Hellfire. Focusing on the weaker of the two men, the man on his left, Junren enters his thoughts. *“Your partner is going to kill you. Raise your weapon, now! Defend yourself!”*

The man hesitates, but his eyes move from Junren to his partner across the chamber.

With the seed of doubt planted, Junren’s thoughts exit the man. He focuses on the man on his right. *“He has doubts. He is a traitor to the cause. Watch him closely as he takes a stand against you and the Brotherhood.”*

Both men raise their weapons at each other.

Junren’s eyes snap to the entrance. “You failed,” he calls out into the blackness. “The gate will remain safe.”

“Idiots!” Enebal roars as the dark figure steps into the moonlight, lifting her hands. Slender and jagged bolts of lightning erupt from her fingertips striking the metal weapons at the same time. The men jolt, dropping their guns. Both look to the dark figure in confusion as if their brains reset, clearing all the doubt Junren constructed.

“Enebal,” Junren whispers.

“I will offer you just one chance,” Enebal says. “Join us, help us retrieve the keys. You cannot hide from what you are. Instead, embrace it, learn to use it and free yourself from the preordained destiny.”

“The Watchers cannot stop our judgment.” Junren subconsciously backs away from the dark

figure.

“What a waste. With your ability to see the past and the future, you would have made a valuable ally.”

“It doesn’t work that way...” Junren corrects her, “I don’t get to choose what I see.”

“Nevertheless, I guess I should thank you. After all it was you who found the gate, and it will be your-daughter-who will open it.”

Junren returns to his vision. *The young woman kneeling at the gate turns to him with a bruised face and stained clothing.* “Dad?” Junren pulls himself from the vision in gasping breaths. “Kiran...” Junren’s mind races to understand his daughter’s involvement. Frustration and fear rise like the dark shadow, climbing his neck. It crosses his face and Ena surfaces.

“That’s right,” Eubal says. “For your safe return, I believe Kiran will embrace her true self.”

“Leave Kiran out of this!” Ena demands. Junren stretches out his hand and Ena pulls moisture from the air. In Junren’s palm a six inch globe of water forms. Junren reaches back and launches it at the dark figure.

The dark figure bursts into a controlled miasma of ashen particles. Instead of dropping to the floor, the particles flow into a singular sphere, as if being pulled by some unique gravitational force, like satellites in a failing orbit around a planet. The particles rip apart, leaving smaller components. In a fraction of a second, the process is complete and the cloud completely vanishes.

The globe disappears into the darkness and strikes a distant wall with a splash.

Junren turns quickly as the dark figure disappears. She reappears in motion. All the power from her entire body focuses in the palm of her hand. She strikes Junren in the chest. The force

of the single blow launches Junren into the air and across the chamber. He bounces off the stone wall and crashes on the floor.

“Is it age, Ena, or is it your lack of practice that makes you weak?” Enubal asks.

Junren moans as he stirs. She is right. He doesn't stand a chance, due to his choice to hide his ability instead of developing it. He glides his hand into his right side pocket, digging for it. With satisfaction in his eyes, he pulls back his hand revealing the lighter. He strikes it and the yellow flame dances at the mercy of his panicked lungs. “Maybe both...” He places the lighter to the fuse and it hisses to life.

The dark figure vanishes again, only to reappear, standing over Junren. She unleashes a violent surge of lightning that strikes Junren in the back. His body shakes as the energy flows through him. Then, he collapses on the stones.

Without stooping or bending, she extends her hand and snatches the dynamite Junren had so carefully protected. In the palm of her hand, the dynamite breaks apart, returning to the smaller molecules that formed it. The particles spill from her palm, but vanish before reaching the floor.

Rachel Dover pulls back her heavy hood revealing a five-foot-ten, Lebanese with wavy, red hair, glowing, creamy skin, and lips matching the flames in her eyes. “Round up the priests. Keep the church closed and guarded,” Enubal commands. “Be sure to keep Junren restrained...” she turns, heading for the entrance, “Hands and feet, just in case his little secret decides to surface again.”