Silent Dominion

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The chandeliers of the White House East Room glittered like a canopy of fallen stars above the swirling crowd of diplomats, politicians, and military brass. Laughter and the clink of crystal glasses echoed against the marble walls, mingling with the soft strains of a string quartet. Beneath the veneer of celebration, tension wove an invisible thread through the air.

President Charles Sinclair stood at the podium, his smile taut, eyes scanning the room with the watchfulness of a man who sensed danger in every shadow. His tailored tuxedo fit like armor, but no fabric could shield him from the unseen forces gathering beyond the ballroom’s gilded walls.

Tonight, the annual Freedom Gala was meant to showcase strength and unity. Instead, it would ignite the unraveling of a nation.

As the clock neared midnight, the President’s advisors departed one by one. Their exits appeared routine—handshakes practiced smiles, and whispered promises of future meetings. Yet the air seemed heavier with each departure, as though the night itself held its breath.

Within hours, their bodies would litter the city—each death executed with brutal precision. A sniper’s bullet shattered the tinted window of a limousine. A parked sedan exploded in a flash of flame and twisted metal. Poison slipped undetected into a final glass of champagne.

Reading sample — continued

The coordinated strike would leave a nation reeling—and a President without a shield.

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Agent Daniel Vega gripped his coffee mug tightly, the ceramic warmth doing little to chase away the chill coiling in his chest. The FBI command center buzzed with frantic energy, but his focus remained locked on the wall of screens ahead. Headlines pulsed in bold red letters—Massacre and Conspiracy—as news anchors delivered grim updates. Photos of the fallen advisors cycled in a relentless loop: a cabinet secretary slumped lifeless against shattered glass, a national security advisor lost to a sniper's bullet, the chief of staff consumed in a fireball of twisted steel. Each death, cold and deliberate, occurred within a three-hour window—a symphony of violence executed with ruthless precision.

"They're already pinning this on the Left," muttered Agent Ramirez beside him, his voice thick with disbelief. "Some radical fringe group calling itself Red Dawn Patriots claimed responsibility an hour ago."

"Too convenient," Vega replied, his gaze never leaving the screens. "They've been a fringe group for years—no real resources, no coordination. This was professional."