The Architects: The Siege of Power

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The first time it happened, the president barely noticed.

Marine One sat on the South Lawn, its rotors slicing through the humid air, the deep thrum of its engines rattling the ground. The takeoff was routine—another trip to another stadium packed with adoring fans, another chance to hear the deafening cheers that fueled his bloated sense of power.

Then—a sudden lurch.

The helicopter shuddered violently, dipping unexpectedly. Warning lights flared in the cockpit.

The pilot's voice crackled over the radio. "We have a mechanical failure—abort takeoff."

Within minutes, ground crews swarmed the chopper. The engines were fine. The controls were fine. Then, someone noticed.

All four landing tires were flat.

Secret Service agents sprang into action.

"Sabotage," one of them barked, already scanning the perimeter, fingers twitching toward their earpieces.

But there was nothing.

Mechanics tore into the aircraft, expecting punctures, slashes—any sign of tampering. They found none.

No punctures. No leaks. Nothing.

The president barely lifted an eyebrow when they told him. "Get me a car," he snapped, waving them away like bothersome flies. He was too important to be delayed by some mechanic's incompetence. As he was escorted back inside, he muttered under his breath, "Fools. Surrounded by fools."

Reading sample — continued

The next morning, his press secretary blamed “minor technical issues” and dismissed all speculation.

But within a week, it happened again.

The First Signs of a Prison

The next trip was supposed to be simple—a routine motorcade through the heart of D.C., a brief show of power wrapped in an empty speech.

The limousines were lined up, their black exteriors gleaming beneath the morning sun, a fortress on wheels meant to carry the most powerful man in the country through his kingdom.

Then, one by one—they died.

Not a single ignition turned over.

Engines refused to roar to life. No hum. No flicker of dashboard lights. Nothing.

Panic spread.

Secret Service agents rushed between vehicles, shouting over their radios. Mechanics scrambled, popping hoods, testing electrical circuits, checking battery connections.

Everything was intact.

Everything was dead.

Inside the White House, the president seethed, his face turning an alarming shade of red.

“We are under attack,” he snarled, his usual bluster cracking at the edges. He slammed his fists against the table. “I want answers! Now!”