



JAMES LEE NATHAN III

IBRAHIM

UNITES

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The battle against evil resumes and the training of the Last Dragon Warrior continues. Siobhan leads and Ibrahim Unites!

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CRIME-PHYTER a Next Level Fiction

To all of my children who continue to do great works because no one ever told them they could not. To my core family and friends who continue to support my efforts. To a special friend Mr. Jordan Margolis, who helped me early on, and continues to be a source of inspiration. But, most importantly, to my brother Daryl Nathan (Latif Ali), whom I love to the moon and back. These are the reasons I write.

CONTENTS

Contents

PROLOGUE 2

Act 1 The Grand Master 6

Of Raheem 11

A cult of sorts 15

Ibrahim Unites

PROLOGUE

On planet earth, the theories about alien life influences on our civilization breakdown into two distinct truths: the many who do not believe and those who have seen and believe in the Allundae. These are the tales of the latter.

It is 271BC and a Greek poet named Aratus begins to write a poem called the 'Phaenomena'. This is the first known documented account of the constellation. Who knows what motivated the ancient poet to capture these celestial systems in writing.

Ancient Greek lore in the form of oral traditions, establishes the constellation's existence. These tales pass from generation to generation until Aratus finally transcribes them for posterity.

Man has gazed upon the stars of Cygnus since 60,000BC. He has viewed this cluster of stars as heaven where beings live and occasionally visit the Earth. What or who gave him such inspiration?

The keys may lie in the translated Greek name of Cygnus, a Swan. Which is a Feira Allundae sigil, a golden Swan inlaid with purple, adorns their ships and traditional battle garb. These are the very same traditions that the Iwakuune bring with them, as they emerge from their home planet in the Cygnus star system, eight million years ago.

These bold explorers inhabit and colonize many planets in their star system, but Makuwe is the last. At least that is what they believe. Three hundred years before Makuwe's discovery, Prince Chryses Irijikawa of Iwakuune, led a small merchant fleet to Makuwe.

The estranged prince is the first to establish a colony

on Makuwe, thus insuring exclusivity as a merchant with the new settlers. Chryses is a shrewd businessman and striking out on his own this way enrages the members of his Telefeese house.

His expedition carries the unified sigil of the Iwakuune collective a golden swan on a purple shield. The heat signatures registering on their monitors indicate places to settle. He is cautious in choosing a location and settles for a place far from great population masses. For their numbers are no more than a thousand male and female.

Whether it was fortune, providence, or luck, they chose a location inhabited by the son of a great warrior chief living in exile. The son (a chief in his own right) ChiBuzo Sala, hears of the arrival of strange beings, similar in many ways to themselves. Tall, pale, two arms, legs, and other normal features.

The Chief decides to meet the newcomers at their base camp and the two different races of people come together. Language is not much of an issue since a common tongue exists throughout the Cygnus solar system. This is attributable to an even older civilization than the Iwakuune, which jumped from planet to planet, depositing the seeds of civilization on each. Those ancient beings are long gone, and the only thing that survives from their culture is their language. They seeded the habitable planets first, and now the Iwakuune have come to reap the rewards. Or is that conquer?

Within weeks the Makuwe tribes near the camp, befriend the explorers and establish trade between them. Both cultures become acquainted with one another. The Makuwe Chief covets the weapons of the Iwakuune and the explorers have eyes on the curvaceous and promiscuous Makuwe women.

Chief Sala will not allow his women folk to bed or marry the strangers. That is until they assist in the over-

throw of his father's throne and convert to the Makuwe religion. Their religion involves human sacrifices and cannibalism. For this help the explorers gain land and as many of the Makuwe women, they want.

The Iwakuune capitulate, and the overthrow commences with little bloodshed. For the next three generations, the two races intermingle and their offspring rise up into the 'high born' status on Makuwe. Blood relatives but still separate in the dark carnal cravings of the Makuwe.

Ten more generations pass and along with distant customs, history of the strangers who came from the sky is lost. But the weapons and knowledge of the Iwakuune is irrefutable.

Such knowledge makes for a much more difficult colonization by the time the next great ships of the Iwakuune arrive. Now house Sala reigns over the entire planet and their warriors are fierce.

The new settlements of the Iwakuune are overrun, women enslaved, and the men are eaten alive and killed. Word of the atrocities visited upon the Iwakuune spreads across the star system. However, the Makuwe are defiant and offer no quarter. Still the mighty forces of the Iwakuune come in tremendous numbers. Too many and too great are they.

A war commences followed by a small insurgency but after much bloodshed the Iwakuune make the Makuwe chiefs heel to their commands, and then chop off their heads. The fiery red planet of Makuwe becomes the final colony.

These war years create the 'Sanganese' race. Their sigil is a black fist choking a swan on a red shield. Their call is ***'Nothing is ever forgotten, Nothing is ever forgiven.'***

The highborn House of Sinan receives the first gov-

ernorship, and after an initial peaceful quarter century, a revolt begins. House Sinan squashes it but two heirs to the higher throne are lost. The house of Sinan adopts the swan on purple to represent their sigil.

Vinham the first utters these words to the Sanganese of Makuwe. Words that will become a battle cry. ***‘Everything is remembered and everything will be avenged.’***

This ancient blood feud travels 400 light years to both Mars and Earth.

Act 1 The Grand Master

EUROPE 1400s

At the zenith of their influence on humankind, the remaining 'pure blood' Feira-Allundae gathers to assess their numbers. The bloodlines are in great decline or extremely diluted. The Feira collective decides that any remaining 'pure bloods' be identified and commissioned under guidance of a Feira Grandmaster. They will fight evil on Earth and keep the balance.

This becomes an obsession with the collective and eventually leads to unrest within their ranks. However, after 50 years of discord, eventually the malcontents decline and a grandmaster emerges. None had reigned since the great Rashad Sinan in the 12th century. Yet by the late 1400s K'gar Rivers, rises from the remaining Feira-Allundae pure bloods. He assembles many Allundae to the old training lands and makes ready. Once he passes into the light in the latter part of the 17th (1670) century, the duties fall to his son Zion, for there were no more living members of the collective to counsel otherwise.

Zion spends much of his life trying to connect with any remaining Allundae (the pure bloods), which proves unproductive. He is only able to find three strong bloodlines of any note, but many lesser Allundae remain and this gives him hope.

Zion's travels take him everywhere, but on this day, his journey ends in Philadelphia. He is attending the hanging of a reputed killer, a man of great evil.

Zion is present for the last judgment of one Mr. Mudgett aka HH Holmes; a definite sociopath, notorious and infamous killer of many. He is another example of

'Everything is remembered and everything will be avenged.'

villainy that Zion has tracked before heading out to the Indian Territory.

Today after a long and heated trial, many onlookers will be treated to the insanely popular 19th century spectacle of a public hanging.

Mr. Zion Rivers is a privileged spectator uniquely positioned near the gallows. Another city dweller stands next to him and offers his own light-hearted observations.

“Well Mr. Holmes or whatever he goes by, is going to meet his maker, and not a moment too soon if you ask me.” Zion turns to the man to see for himself if he was an ass on two or four legs.

‘You people do not understand the evil that is still out here in the open. This is no cad; he is merely a pawn, a fool caught up in his master’s web of deceit and treachery. Do you really believe this dim-witted buffoon killed all of those people? Make no mistake the fiend I hunt was there in Chicago. He used this perfect malleable soul for apprenticeship. The dark merchant of death is still out here. This episode closes but the tale and trail of evil continues.’

His major hope in combating evil on this continent, a true Allundae descendant will soon pass into the light. For many years after their contact, Bass Reeves continues to battle against evil men in the territories. Many tales tell of his heroics, but no books exist until the late 20th century.

In 19th century America, Americans do not care to read about the deeds of former slaves. A great majority of the accomplishments of Bass Reeves are attributable to a mythical white lawman. This is a major reason for Bass’s early demise. Bass, unlike any before him, feels a strong need to be with his own kind, and this leads him into the light well before his time.

Zion resigns to a vicious reality. The pursuit of this pending evil, if not finished by him, will become the responsibility of his ancestors. This is something he does not want. Zion's thoughts snap back into the present with the dropping of the trap door under the murderer Mr. Mudgett.

The killer does not die quick. The rope fails to snap his neck. Therefore, the fiend struggles, kicks and slowly chokes to death. The crowd cheers the monster's fitting end. That aside Zion turns to the man who offered up his unwanted opinion moments before.

"There you are, your devil is delivered, judged and dealt the final blow. Is all right in the world now?" he says and turns away not waiting for a response. He moves through the crowd and spots a man only 40 feet in front of him. An odd and eerie feeling runs through his veins and a touch of foreboding fills his mind.

He senses a nefarious, destructive presence and something worse, evil within one of his kin. Zion stops in mid gait and eases back into the crowds, camouflaging his whereabouts among the throng. The person of interest is not aware of him and continues about his business walking leisurely up the narrow streets possibly sizing up his next victims.

'A Feira-Allundae? I think not, but surely, the Allundae blood runs through this one I can sense it in his ways and mannerisms. This one has been on earth for a long time. I shall maintain my stealth in the hopes of studying him from afar. He senses me, but cannot place my location. Fascinating, I have never tracked an evil Feira before, although I have heard the tales from my father of Feira gone mad with power among the humans and the misfortunes such madness brings. These are lesser bloodlines, a race within a race.'

Zion is well hid within the crowd but darts into an

alleyway and up into a building right before passing this person of interest. The man, who stands six foot three or so with a slight build, does not see Zion but feels his presence. He turns sharply as if someone has touched him on his broad shoulders. Yet there is nothing. He looks over the crowd scanning it for someone, and to the rooftops; nothing.

His intuitive nature senses something familiar but unknown. He cannot place it so he turns and continues undeterred, but now aware.

Zion scurries to the roof and is now standing two buildings away with other bystanders gathered on the roof for the hanging. His presence there goes unnoticed, as he stands perched on a narrow landing looking onto the crowded streets at the killer one of his own.

“There you are and now I have marked you.”* *

He says, focusing on the deliberate gate of his target.
New York City 2135AD

Large dark clouds fill the midday sky, but no approaching storms are visible. A lone male figure scampers into a building as his pursuer watches from high atop an adjacent roof. Confident that her prey will be awhile, she pulls out an amber orb and places it at her feet. The five foot ten inch, tightly muscled woman now twirls a staff at inordinate speeds around the orb, creating a makeshift maelstrom on the roof. She stops as suddenly as she started and sits. She assumes solemn position; she chants; and he appears, the great one, the beloved, her Master.

“Siobhan we have much to discuss my child.” He says.

“Yes, I know master.” She says but her focus is elsewhere.

His voice now takes shape, and his body materializes beside her.

‘Everything is remembered and everything will be avenged.’

“The time is now dear heart, and he must be taken tonight.” Zion says.

“I understand...” she pauses “Master, do you think he knows?” she asks her mentor. Zion Rivers the Grand-master of the Allundae, an aging but once, the most formidable force on earth; turns to his apprentice.

“That is for you to discover, for you both share a common lineage. But the past calls for our attention.” He turns away from her and waves his hand revealing moments in time now gone forever.

Of Raheem

NATURAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY 1992

In the same metropolis of the two tall towers, deep within the bowels of the Natural Museum of History, sits one Raheem Floros. He is a researcher and former Vietnam Vet. The day is getting late, and although he is deep in his studies, Raheem never lets dusk catch him walking in public. He has his own issues and fears.

A colleague enters this dark and cluttered sanctuary.

"Raheem, you need to be on your way its 530." She looks over his shoulder to see what he is doing. Raheem pulls away to hide an old sheet of paper, and addresses her.

"Leslie you startled me." He laughs "Thank you and I will be out of here in three minutes tops." She returns the smile and goes on about her business. Another peer creeps out from the shadows and resumes the collaborative research with Raheem.

His name is Maurizio Tolbert, or 'Lil Mo', he has assisted Raheem for over three years in their hunt for the elusive and yet unnamed.

"She is noseey or very noseey. Take your pick." Lil Mo says with a smirk. "Ok I found what I was looking for now where were we?" Lil Mo sits down next to Raheem and drops a load of supporting material on the table.

These stories all have a singular thread to them.

*Raheem thinks and resumes...**

"The 369th Infantry Regiment known as the Harlem Hell-fighters of WWI; see more combat duty than any other infantry unit; many accounts of bravery; oh and this one account from a witness to their feats..."

'They came out of the bunkers and trenches like

hellions, tall, strong and their eyes, their eyes were on fire.'

"I guess that's why they called them Hell-fighters, but others also called them..." **

'Dragon Warriors.' ** *They both speak aloud and into the universe, giving both life and meaning to these words.**

"Then in WWII, another black regiment the 761st tank battalion is also cited for their heroism and eyes." Mo interrupts him.

"So they were just black folk?" he asks.

"No my friend, the 3rd Battalion 507th was all white. These paratroopers land miles away from their drop zone on DDAY. Yet all the stories I have heard since I was four, point to them landing there on purpose. Their mission is to defend Graignes but why and why do Nazis kill every prisoner and priest associated with the town. I realize they were Nazis, but even for them this makes no sense." Lil Mo nods in agreement and offers more revelations.

"First that battle lasted three whole days; one hundred and eighty held off 3,000 Nazis. My guess is that they sought retribution from this embarrassment and since when do Nazis need an excuse to act Barbaric?" he says. "Now these sightings of them, the Dragon Warriors, in large numbers usually correlates to an immense world catastrophe or war. Yet we have other sightings not directly related to a war or conflict of any sort." Raheem agrees with Mo and reads on.

"True enough, but I came upon this from the Vietnam War." Raheem carefully removes a piece of paper from a folder. This note once sat inside a Coke can tossed from a Cessna. The can lands on the flight deck of the USS Midway during the fall of Vietnam. It reads:

*****Can you move the helicopter to the other side, I can***

land on your runway, I can fly for one hour more; we have enough time to move. Please rescue me! Major Buang, wife and 5 child.' **

"Yeah I know, turns out that the Major made three unsuccessful attempts to land that Cessna. An Ensign delivers the note to the first black graduate of the US Naval Academy and first black Flag officer of the Navy, Captain Lawrence Chambers. Who reads the note and without hesitation, orders to push many OH-1 Huey helicopters off the deck so that the plane can land." The two lock eyes. "But check it -."

Raheem looks over the note and reads the innocuous letters/writing along the outer trim of the paper.

"Now where have we seen this before?" he questions Mo.

"Nubia, these were on a large foundation stone from the pyramids of Nubia!" Raheem checks his watch, and hurls a notebook into his messenger bag.

"Yo I have to be out. Peace." and bolts out of the museum. Mo continues reading, and a thought pops in his head prompting him to return to the Nubia files.

Across the street near a hotdog stand, a tall man waits. He sees Raheem leave the building and tails him to the subway.

Raheem heads towards the Lexington subway line. He is still deep in thought. His thoughts center on how this all began. Two weeks prior his youngest daughter is listening intently as he once again recites the stories of valor and heroism passed down to him. Afterwards she asks a question that launches him into an obsession.

"Daddy, are there no more Dragon Warriors?" she asks.

"Hm mm that is a very good question, I am sure they still exist. But just to be sure I will check it out tomorrow." He throws a halfhearted smile at her, which

'Everything is remembered and everything will be avenged.'

she dismisses.

“I wanna know where they went and why we haven’t seen them?” she says and rolls her eyes.

“Ok I got chu, like I said I am curious too, so I will look into it. Now get your chores done and off to bed young lady.” Off she goes after kissing her father. His older teen is not so easy on him though.

“She has a point you know. I have wondered as well and did a little research in the ‘General Knowledge’ section. These tales are true but the eyes.” She says in a skeptical tone. “Some of these eyewitness accounts may have stretched the truth, right?” The teen asks.

“They bother me too.” And rightly so since his own eyes have a similar reaction at night and are the main reason he will not venture out past dusk. What is Raheem afraid to admit?

The train pulls into the station and his reflections cease. A stranger stalks his moves.

A cult of sorts

The offices of the Mayor are quite busy for an early evening in the middle of the week. But not for Landen Mueller, the leader of a new religious cult, that seems to be flourishing in the City. In three years, his cult grows from 20 to 50,000. This growth garners attention from many city dwellers. Landen seeks to leverage this on every level.

“Mr. Mueller, his honor will see you now.” The administrator cordially smiles at Landen who finds it appalling that anyone recognize a civil servant as ‘His Honor’.

Landen enters the offices of Mick Wade McLean, Mayor who greets Mueller with a hardy handshake. The Mayor is a little man in every way.

“Thank you for meeting me at such short notice, the matters of state are pressing I am sure.” Landen says.

“Mr. Mueller let’s not stand on ceremony, you have sponsors in high places who want you to be afforded all courtesies. So sir, how may I be of service?” The Mayor sits and pours himself a Scotch and offers Landen one but he declines.

“You are so direct McLean. I admire a man who understands how his own position is in direct relation to others.” McLean flashes an awkward smile.

“So let me get to it, I need an audience with the Bishop or Cardinal Angelino Enrico if he is in town; and someone to ease the pressure I am experiencing with the FBI. You can handle both concerns now can’t you?” A broad smile exposes a big mouth full of large teeth. Landen now eases back to his chair.

“Ummm I am not your personal activities coordina-

tor Mr. Mueller -."

"Yet you will see to it and within the hour won't you?" Mueller stands and a cold glare streams from his ice-blue eyes.

"What is your preference? The Cardinal or the Bishop?" the Mayor asks.

"Surprise me, but do not disappoint." McClean nods in agreement and Mueller exits the office without another word said.

Mueller waits for his car to come around downstairs and then orders one of his minions.

"Lucas, check on that other issue we discussed earlier. Send two dependable men to see to it, and Lucas, no slip ups." The assistant bows and opens the door to the Limo. He places a call after Mueller leaves the curb.

"Do you have the target in sight? Excellent, make sure he troubles us no more." He hangs up not knowing he has sentenced them to death.