

DARXIES

**THE
AWAKENING OF
THE BALANCER**

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The Awakening of the Balancer

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The Power Within Them

A horrible sound flooded the atmosphere and filled his being with awe. He felt a shiver reep in his body and covered his head with his hands. A small child, nothing more was at that moment, a frightened boy in the face of the inevitable.

The commotion continued, even more intensely this time. It was reminiscent of a bloody explosion in an old mine, and the main perpetrator was the insatiable hunger for human greed. More gold, deeper excavations, more wounds. And he was watching, motionless, until he heard the birds fluttering in the cages held by the workers to warn them. It was too late though, the collapse covered everything. Nature's punishment for this violent carving. If the mother earth gets angry, no one escapes her wrath. Dust and dismembered corpses everywhere. Hands, feet, fingers, everything turned black carbon.

And the dream ended, as useless as his life. No survivors, no salvation for him and his loved ones. "Everything was in vain in the end," he murmured, dizzy. But what was he saying? In fact, nothing bad happened.

But the sound was repeated, along with pictures this time. Without stopping and without a trace of hesitation, he wiped his ears, almost scratching them, as if it were a rusty rake that found a root in the ground and struggled to free it. But battles are not won that way, and unfortunately, he had long forgotten that.

He opened his eyes for a moment and the nightmare faded at once. He did not want to remember any of the distress messages he had been receiving lately. A new day was beginning and he had no intention of spending it drowning in dark reasoning. He knew very well what to do. He

took a huge black bag, picked up the rubbish he wanted to get rid of and threw it in the trash. So easy, everything went back to normal - just the way he wanted it. The Mediterranean sun shone brighter than any star.

Fergus growled in displeasure and turned side. For one thing he was sure, he had no intention of getting up early that morning. At the same time, however, a child's hand was pulling hard on the white sheets that covered him. "It's still early, go to bed," were the few words he could articulate with difficulty.

"Come on Dad wake up, Mr. Nikos is waiting for you. He brought the fish!" Tara shouted enthusiastically.

Fergus slowly turned his head. He tried to hide under the pillow, but failed. Tara stood over him like a watchful guard. He had no choice but to answer her. "Are you telling me the truth or is it one of your usual tricks to get up?" he asked suspiciously and looked at her with half-closed eyes.

Tara let her teeth chatter for a few seconds, but decided to ignore her father's last comment and started jumping on the bed. She looked like a little fawn wandering carefree in the forest. A creature so innocent that no animal would want to kill, except out of necessity of survival, in order not to waste such beauty. When she got tired, she fell on her father and started shaking him. "Everyone is out waiting for us. They sent me to call you. So go ahead...you are the only one missing," she answered impatiently.

Fergus, however, was not yet convinced by his daughter's statements. "Do you know what the ancient Greeks used to do to children who lied?" Tara, without losing her courage, replied stunningly, "I am nine years old; I am not scared of something like

that. After all, one thing I have learned is that it is not the messenger's fault who brings bad news!"

Her father laughed out loud, admiring how sharp she was at the same time. "But we can tickle him!" he commented, and with a sharp movement he snatched her in his arms. "Tell me now, miss," he continued, "do you think you know more than your old father?"

Tara laughed wickedly. "Hmm, you are not that old, you still have a few years ahead of you," she said playfully. "What? Now you'll see!" Fergus shouted and threw the sheet over him. He grabbed Tara and started tickling her, but giving her room to repel him. He always let her win in the end.

Father and daughter continued like this for a long time and when they sat down, Fergus sighed and said, "Couldn't you look a little more like your mother?"

Tara looked at him inquisitively with her big expressive eyes and thought for a while. Then she replied, "You would not have a weak spot for me if I were like

the rest of my siblings." Once again with her insightful thought she caught her father unprepared.

"Hey, the little one speaks with rudeness. Now you will pay little monster for your insolence!" he exclaimed, taking on a pompous theatrical style and starting tickling again. Fergus now knew that his plans for a good sleep until the afternoon were certainly thwarted.

Tara did not waste time and with a mane like a cat turned and made her counterattack. She climbed on her father's left hand and after making sure she immobilized him she bowed to his ribs.

Now Fergus was the defenseless prey at the mercy of a brilliant nine-year-old. Pretending he could not react, he accepted the tickling of his

naughty daughter, one by one. "No, no, stop. I surrender! You are so strong, I can't beat you," he said begging, until the moment when the characteristic creaking of the door was heard. Father and daughter turned at the same time, facing the mother of the family with a small dose of disappointment.

Margaret, a brown-blond woman, half Greek on her mother's side, was what without exaggeration would be characterized as the ultimate example of beauty and elegance. Even a god could bend in front of her excessive grace. This statement, Margie, as her friends fondly called her, often heard by many. What they did not know, however, is that they were not so far from the truth. She had indeed managed to seduce and subdue an omnipotent being, as the predator tames a savage. For this reason, every time she heard her being told something similar, she did everything in her power to change the subject.

And Fergus, however, wasn't any less attractive. He had a tight and husky body, without any special effort of training, something that would make anyone jealous. His face was adorned with voluntary cheekbones and intense blue eyes whose gaze alone could penetrate even steel doors. All this was complemented by a strange force that came from within him, and was felt by anyone standing even ten meters away from him. There was a curious harmony around him, which attracted everything alive that approached him.

Fergus was well aware of the influence he had on humans and other creatures and had taken full advantage of it up to a certain age. Although he wished many times that he did not have this ability, he used it mainly for fun, while deep down he did it to irritate his father. As he matured and changed his lifestyle, he chose not to use it anymore, with a few exceptions. Among them was his acquaintance with Margaret. From the first moment

he saw her he knew he wanted to make her his own, even if it meant his destruction.

Before Margaret, only one more presence had really touched him but he had lost it very early and violently. A different and rare girl who fell victim to human cruelty and vanity. Her absence had marked him strongly and threw him into a vicious circle of grief from which he did not want to escape. From then on, Fergus was blindly guided by a shady self-loathing, until Margie appeared and everything made sense. One color now dominated his world, that of life.

Fergus would move heaven and earth for her sake. The two of them formed the perfect couple in every way. Balance, both in roles and responsibilities. Raising three children was not the easiest thing to do. Still, they made it look like a walk in the park - as natural as breathing. But the best part of their relationship had to do with their feelings. After thirteen years together there was still the same tension in everything, even in the sexual part that was better than ever.

Margaret smiled faintly and looked at him meaningfully. "I see that you are still in bed, and as if that were not enough, you also dragged our daughter who came to wake you up."

Tara interrupted her wanting to clarify her position. "It was not my fault! I did everything I could to get him up, but he challenged me. I had to make him pay."

Margaret knew very well she could not go against her daughter. If all three children inherit their father's stubbornness and determination, she thought, then I'm really sorry for anyone who tries to get in their way. "Let it be," she replied, taking a step to leave the room. "But don't be late, we are waiting for you in the yard. The fish are so fresh that they are still

sprouting," she told them. Her daughter's unexpected response, however, made her stop.

"Yes, some were still alive," Tara said spontaneously, "their hearts were beating fast and hard. I felt them fighting to breathe." Fergus and Margie exchanged troubled glances, as if someone pressed a button of danger inside them. Margaret swallowed hard while it was obvious that she was very upset by her words.

Tara understood their concern and hurried to find out why. "What happened? Did I say something that bothered you?"

Margie made an attempt to change the subject, "aaa I think I heard your brother calling you."

Tara ignored her mother's comment and insisted on getting the answers she wanted. "Why do you suddenly look so worried? Did I do something wrong?"

Neither of them, however, found the courage to explain to her at that moment. "Do not worry, it's nothing," her father finally commented, showing a fake smile on his face, "we're just surprised, that's it."

Tara felt offended by her parents' attitude and started blushing with irritation. "No, you are lying! You promised me that we would not hide anything from now on."

Fergus put his hand on Tara's shoulder to reassure her, but she abruptly pulled away from him.

At the same time, Margie came closer and sat on the edge of the bed, "Well, listen to what will happen," she said in a soothing tone, "let's enjoy our day as beautifully as possible and I promise you that very soon we will all have a discussion together and we will explain to you why we reacted like that."

As she spoke, before she could even finish her sentence, Margaret's mind traveled miles. She had already gone through thousands of analyzes and so many other ways on how to tell her daughter the truth or at least part of it. She wondered how she could explain to a nine-year-old girl, secrets and rituals, so incredible and magical, associated with her ancestors. She wondered how torturous the moment of revelation would be for everyone, but he knew it was something that had to be done. But how? Everything in their lives was now so calm that she could not find the right words to describe to her daughter her origins and what was happening in their lives when they lived on the other side of the Atlantic.

Suddenly, everything stopped and Margie heard a female voice saying to her, "You cannot hide from destiny, do not be sad my mistress, one day, somehow we will meet again."

Lately, she remembered this sentence often, and every time she did, she was getting moved and irritated. "I had told her a thousand times to call me by my name, but she kept calling me 'mistress'. Wow! what a mistress. "A good mistress does not abandon her people... Who knows, maybe one day we will meet again... in another life," she thought while at the same time she felt an intense sadness pressing her between her breasts. Soon after, she returned to reality and her current worries.

Margie's thought kept running, right where she left her. This time faster and scarier, without an emergency brake. The train of her mind had caught fire, bringing before her images that caused her fear and anxiety.

What exactly should she say to her daughter about the creatures lurking in the shadows? For all those supernatural beings and secret organizations that operate subterranean in aspects of human society? And most importantly, what could she do to protect and keep the blood flowing in her children's veins? The unholy now, and sentenced to death, blood they

inherited from their father. How could she explain to her daughter that she should not exist, that she and her siblings were the greatest sin in the history of millions of years? Her face turned pale as she pondered the consequences that all this would have in the future for her wonderful children. She was almost crying inside. Was all this a huge mistake after all?

Fergus sensed her concerns and decided to intervene. "You are always so right honey. Yes, your mother says it very well," he replied and continued his speech as a responsible father. "We paid a lot of attention to the incident and forgot that we have a tickling battle ahead of us. Unless you changed your mind because you are afraid I will win," he said, glancing provocatively at his daughter.

"Never!" Tara shouted boldly and in seconds she returned to her innocent childhood.

Margie felt her heart return to its normal rhythms and the dark thoughts disappear, like clouds that dissolve in the absolute glow of a dazzling sun. This is what was Fergus for her, a bright light she fell in love with passionately. She looked at him proudly, feeling small bites of desire inside her. He smiled, understanding his wife's intentions.

Reconciliations were Fergus's forte. He did not even have to say much. He was thinking of something he wanted to achieve and after a while it happened without problems and delays. Was there anything he couldn't accomplish?

The spirits had calmed down, so Fergus knew it was time for his final blow. "Let us make a truce for the time being and let us shake hands to seal it. You will see my little bug that everything will be clarified soon. Do we agree now?"

Tara looked at her parents hesitantly and then nodded. "I'm going to find Mr. Nikos, see you soon," she said and hurriedly left.

"I'll be there in two minutes," Margaret replied, and after closing the door she turned the key.

As soon as Margie made sure that Tara had walked away and no one listened to them, she looked at Fergus puzzled and continued, "I knew this time would not be long in coming, but I didn't expect it to happen so soon. She is still a child and I can't understand how this is done. After all, Dean is ahead, since he is older." It wasn't of small importance what she was going through. One of her biggest fears was taking on flesh and blood. A raw, sweeping fear. Like the abominable monster of a mad scientist to console his loneliness. No one can stop him - not even a fierce crowd with lighted torches standing outside his door. So Margie felt part of this crowd trying to prevent the inevitable.

Fergus hugged her warmly and said, "I understand that you would rather Dean be in her place, but even though he was born first, he does not belong to the holy children. From the first moment Tara was born and I met her, I knew she was special. She's made for greatness." Then he sighed sadly and continued, "I know. It's all my fault. And now my children should."

Margaret stopped him, putting her finger on his lips. "Shhh... Do not blame yourself, we are together in this and whatever else arises. United until the end."

With these words, she gently took his hand and began to caress him sensually. Fergus laid down and closed his eyes to enjoy his wife's touch.

She sat comfortably next to him and continued to take care of him, making more and more intense movements. She knew how much her erotic caresses calmed him down and she was willing to go all the way in order to comfort him. "You will see, we will find a solution as always. We can do everything together," Margie whispered.

Even though Fergus had been let loose, he was still worried. "I don't know darling. I don't know anything anymore and that terrifies me. I'm more confused than ever and I continue to see these visions that I can't interpret. Without guidance from my father or the wise men, I am afraid I will make mistakes and misinterpretations."

Margie did not lose her temper. She knew that this time the scales were tilting towards her. It was her turn to support him. "Maybe they are memories that want to tell you something. Do you think it would help at all if you wrote them?" she asked him with a sweetness in her voice.

"I can try it on. I do not know what else to do," her husband replied in a low voice, at the same time seduced by the relaxation she offered him. It was obvious now that her movements had a strong effect on him.

"I'll tell you," Margie replied confidently, "it's simple. For a start you will put on your blouse and go downstairs, where together we will enjoy a wonderful breakfast. Do not forget that this is our first summer on a Greek island."

Fergus encouraged her and offered her a charming smile. "What would I do without you, can you tell me?" he said and sighed. The pleasure was evident in his voice as Margie touched him lower and lower.

"Hopefully you will not need to find out," she replied, gently sticking her lips to his ear.

Her voice further upset Fergus, who was overwhelmed by impulses of passion and pleasure. "Now I know how you persuaded me to have a third child," he commented, thus acknowledging his wife's absolute dominance over him.

Margaret loved listening to him describe how much she influenced him, perhaps because she knew the omnipotence of his true nature. "You have no idea...", she told him and was carried away by the moment. Fergus started kissing her on the neck, putting his hands in her hair. "I want to make love to you constantly. I can't get enough of you," he told her tenderly.

"Mmm I see that someone else woke up," Margie commented, watching his pants swell.

Fergus was ready long ago but waited patiently for his wife's signal. His only need to scream for release, like a desperate prisoner before the death penalty, was to get inside her. Each of his cells sought to penetrate the sanctuaries of her body and to break any closed lock that would obstruct his path. "And what are we going to do about it?" he asked, looking her voluptuously in the eyes.

"Unfortunately, nothing at the moment," she replied and got up abruptly leaving him with the desire.

"But my love, I can't go out like that," he replied with a complaint.

"Take a cold shower and it will pass," Margie suggested, with a slight smirk on her face.

"How can you be so cruel to your husband?" he asked, taking a sad expression as he tried to change her mind.

"Do not provoke me. "I can do worse to you," Margaret replied, "so be careful not to be too late," she added, and unlocked the door. A new game had started between them, it was unknown how long it would last and on what paths it would lead them. But the couple knew that they would eventually end up in another sexual intercourse- a creative meeting of two absolutely and utterly in love lovers. Two people who risked everything, together and the fate of the world, to be together.

Fergus got straight to the point and did not put pressure on the situation anymore. "As you wish," he said, leaving a slight complaint in the tone of his voice. But he wanted to win the game, so he had to be smart. He yawned and stretched for one last time. "End of the lie-in," he commented and with a jump he got up quickly to get ready.

Margie winked at him capriciously and headed, cheerful in the yard. With her next step she decided to lower the curtain of every bad thought and live only in the present. What a beautiful morning, she thought. She had already planned in her mind all the activities she intended to do later in the day. But if she knew the events that would follow, she would never go down. She would stop forever at that moment, when she had Fergus in her arms and comforted him.

Anyone would think that outside in the yard time had come to a standstill, emitting an extraordinary image in which nature and man were complemented as equals. Rarely did one meet so much harmony. At the same time, happy children's voices mingled with the sounds of birds, filling the atmosphere with liveliness. The adults were enjoying their Greek coffee around a semicircular table, made of a huge tree trunk. The only thing worth standing on was a handmade tablecloth with white-gold threads, one of the personal gifts Margie had received on her wedding day.

Peter finished his coffee with a sip and got up. "From minute to minute, we wait for the boat with the food and things. It probably brings the new snorkels we ordered. I will go and see if it has arrived and I will return."

He was a tall and stocky man with hard features but a kind face. At first glance, he looked like an ordinary islander who was fishing and making donkey work for a living. Despite his simplistic appearance, however, if one looked at him more carefully, he could discern some elements about him that distinguished him from ordinary mortals. His skin was always smooth

and glowing regardless of condition. Even if he spent endless hours in the sun, he did not burn or tan much. He could also lift very heavy boxes or nets on his own, weighing up to thirty kilos.

Peter always wore a ring on the middle finger of his left hand, which despite the hardships and dirt he had accumulated over the years looked like a relic of untold value. It was the only object he could not part with as it reminded him of his roots and true identity, which he hid for many reasons. Fortunately for him, Fergus, Margie and Tara knew the peculiarity of his nature.

In recent years, Peter has followed the Fergus family on every journey, near or far. Like a faithful comrade who covers you day and night in the trenches of war, with the enemies on the opposite front lingering for any weakness. Not even in his wildest dreams did he imagine this development when he took over the job. He may not have been good at words, but his actions showed that he really cared about them.

Fergus filled his lungs with fresh air and said excitedly, "So you know very well what we're going to do next, is that correct my friend?"

Peter smiled at him spontaneously and let his gleaming teeth fade slightly. The truth was that he had different plans for the night that included cheap wine and local cheese under the stars, accompanied by the most beautiful girl on the island. But he did not want to deny anything to the man he now considered his brother.

Peter laughed again, but this time from within. On the one hand, it seemed funny to him because he initially did not want anything to do with the holy children, nor the laws of his tribe. He ran away from his village in Africa at midnight, in a boat of poachers, without saying goodbye to anyone. He didn't care about emotions then, but that happened at least fifty years ago. Since then, literally everything turned upside down.

Until then, the whole life in the village revolved around his training as a sacred guardian. He got tired of dealing with prophecies and decided to travel and work as a mercenary, which brought him many profits, as he was sought after, leaving every mission unscathed. All this was now a way of atonement that he turned his back on his own, not that he would change anything if he was there, but at least he could help.

So many years and I have not yet decided whether I hate or love people. But who would have told me that I would eventually end up the first sacred guardian, he thought and turned to Fergus, returning to the discussion.

"Night diving in the caves for crabs and sea urchins," Peter replied, without any objection, "and I will definitely catch more than you," he added cheerfully.

"We will see that," Fergus replied firmly. The two friends exchanged enthusiastic smiles at the idea of another fishing skills competition.

"Well, see you soon," Peter said, greeting the company in a nautical manner and turning on his scooter.

"Oh, if only I were younger and I could follow you," commented Mr. Nikos, a seventy-year-old sunburned man, somewhat sadly. "I really miss these watery night outs." Mr. Nikos was the oldest and most experienced fisherman on the island. Almost all the hairs on his head were missing, forming a large circular bald spot, and next to it were a few white hairs that he was taking care of very morning. In his youth he spent all summer threshing the Mediterranean Sea and collecting sponges from the bottom, an art that has been almost forgotten. There were now machines for almost all jobs that successfully replaced human hands. The good thing was that again they needed people to handle them, but under other conditions.

Everyone has become so sop now, Mr. Nikos thought and took a deep breath of Greek coffee, making the traditional sound with his mouth. Maybe

in this way he wanted to show others how Greek coffee is drunk properly. He generally tried to point things out to Fergus because many times he did not like that he had given so much courage to his wife and she did what she wanted with him.

He wasn't a bad person and he certainly had a great weakness for children, since he did not manage to get his own. The children were the only ones he let do whatever they wanted; he could not deny them anything. But surely Mr. Nikos' mind was stuck in the established and stable traditional customs of his country. If he suspected for even a minute who he was sitting with at that moment, he would run away without a second thought. Although he was trying to look brave, deeply inside he was coward and quite grumpy. Unfortunately, he had not been able to learn to focus on what he had and many times his mind was creating tricks that made him envious and jealous of others.

The germ of envy can do more harm to a person's spirit than a harmful germ in the body that can be cured with a simple medicine. Fergus knew this and tried in every way to teach Mr. Nikos how to appreciate more the gifts of his life.

"Come now, my man, you have had enough of these. Let us inexperienced people rejoice a little. We will go fishing together in the open the day after tomorrow and then you can show us new tricks to catch octopuses," Fergus replied to flatter him.

"Yes, that's something. I have a lot to teach you about these evil creatures. And believe me, no one surpasses me in fishing. Now they are in deeper waters due to the summer and of course you need to know how to distinguish them from musk octopuses that aren't worth the true octopus in taste. And then I will show you the most correct technique for paragliding," the old man commented with enthusiasm and pride.

Fergus nodded with his head and sank into the relaxation of his chair, after first taking a deep breath of calm.

For a while there was silence in the yard. Margie was trying to weave a basket in a traditional way - an art that she had been first taught by experts in the most magnificent rainforest in the world. After all, the villagers of the Amazon have been her family for several years. Opposite her, the two men were sitting and gazing at the landscape, remaining silent.

Tara took the opportunity and approached Mr. Nikos putting her whole charm into action. She easily put on her sweetest smile, like a disposable latex glove, and touched his hand. "Since we are all sitting here together, what would you say to tell us again the myth of the island?"

Mr. Nikos shook his head with a scherzo. "Again? Aren't you fed up with listening to this? There are other myths about many parts of the country."

But Tara was determined. "Please, Mr. Nikos, do us a favor. We want to hear this myth," she said and made a gesture to her siblings to gather around him.

Their parents were watching and laughing discreetly at each other. Dean, a twelve-year-old boy with a princely beauty from a fairy tale, and their three-year-old sister, Laura, faithfully followed their sister's instructions. They approached old man Nikos and started begging him.

"We can tell from now who is in command," Fergus whispered to his wife.

Little Laura, looking like an angel drawing from a Renaissance painting, with white porcelain skin, sat on the old man's knees. He then, seeing her, realized that he had no choice but to succumb to the wishes of the children.

Mr. Nikos took a breath, drank a sip of water and without further delay began the narration. "Okay... mythology says that here in Donousa, one of

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