

# EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW

from the novel

**THE NAACAL PROTOCOL – CODE 211**

Adelio Debenedetti

---

## Author's Note

This preview is dedicated to those who chose to follow the project from the very beginning.

Here you'll find the opening chapter of the novel and a high-tension central scene.

A taste of the world in which Grey and Alenka move among covert operations, forgotten symbols, and battles for the control of mind and perception.

Enjoy the read.

Adelio Debenedetti

---

## Excerpt 1 – Opening

### CHAPTER 1 – HARVEY POINT

Harvey Point, North Carolina. January 2025. 05:13 hours. Temperature: 3°C. Humidity: 98%. Light fog.

The silence hanging over Harvey Point isn't the natural kind that belongs to the swamps. It's engineered—built to smother the smell of war. The air tastes of moisture, steel, and cordite. No signs, no flags. Only a code: **DTRA-110B** — you have to know it exists to understand what this place is.

The main building—an angular mass of concrete and steel half-hidden by cypress trees and fences with thermal detectors—is home to the **Advanced Covert Engagement Unit**, a black project jointly run by the CIA, DIA, and JSOC. Officially, this site doesn't exist. But it does. And tonight, I'm training a man who may one day have to choose whether to kill or save the world.

His name is **Karl Adler**. Born in Chicago to German parents, immigrants who arrived after the war. He grew up among Lutheran communities on the South Side, between veterans and the children of the Bavarian diaspora. His grandfather fought on the Eastern Front; his father became an engineer at Boeing. But Karl was born to shoulder a rifle. He just hasn't learned yet how to use his breath to see the invisible.

“Breathe *through* the target, not *onto* it,” I tell him.

The crosswind is stable. Five knots from the west. The target is at 890 meters. The rifle is a **McMillan TAC-338** with a **Nightforce ATACR** optic and Lapua Magnum rounds. I kneel beside

him, my left hand resting lightly on his right triceps. Just a touch—but enough. A bridge between what he sees and what he must become.

Karl inhales. Then fires.

The round hits center mass.

“Perfect. But too mental. You should’ve done it with your gut.”

Harvey Point’s 7B range is built to **NATO STANAG 2931** standards, with acoustic simulators, surveillance drones, and reactive targets. My day started at 03:30 with a tactical meditation cycle, followed by postural stretching and controlled glycemic loading. Every detail is calibrated. The body is the machine. The soul is the engine.

I’m here because there’s no way back. After Paris, I vanished from the grids.

The Naacal Brothers warned me: **regeneration comes with a price**. Mine was solitude. But in Karl, I found an echo—perhaps an inheritance.

At 06:00 we begin dynamic drills. Variable ranges, reduced visibility. 3.4 km depth. Artificial wind, moving targets. In the control room, Lt. Colonel Gaines monitors real-time biometric data: heart rate, VO2 max, neuromotor responses. He calls me **Spectre**. No name. No ID. But everyone knows who you are.

Harvey Point isn’t just a shooting center—it’s a forge.

Sabotage, demolitions, maritime infiltration, HVT neutralization—everything is rehearsed here. The CQB buildings replicate Iranian districts, Chinese compounds, African embassies. Every mission begins here, and often ends elsewhere, without a signature.

At 06:45 we start the IR night tests. Targets light up at random intervals. The FLIR optic on the rifle isn’t perfect, but I don’t need it. In the dark, you breathe three times and release the shot. One by one the silhouettes vanish. Eight perfect hits out of eight.

“How many did you get, Grey?” Karl asks from his position.

“Eight. You?”

Karl lowers his gaze. Six. Two off-center.

“You think you see with your eyes. But you have to feel—frequencies, vibrations, patterns.”

I’m not mentoring him. I’m taking him beyond.

He stares at me, confused.

“How’s that possible?”

I wait a moment.

“It’s like those who live without light. They don’t seek the image—they seek the waves, the rhythm. They sense distance, movement, emptiness. That’s how they see. That’s how we have to move.”

He says nothing. But he understands.

At 08:20 we’re in the briefing room. The holographic screen shows IR satellite images of Qom, Iran. A covert summit between Russian and Chinese military figures. A retired general, a former MSS director, an Iranian official under UN sanctions. My name is at the bottom of the list. Not as a

target. As an asset.

**“Grey Asset 6 – Activated.”**

Outside, the fog rises with the rain.

And the world, once again, waits for my shot.

09:00 hours. Operational crossroads. Officially I’m on medical leave—a ghost with the paperwork signed at Langley. In reality, Gaines summons me to an isolated underground room in Camp Peary. The place is shielded, no electronics allowed. The file on the table is stamped with a faded red mark: **COSMIC41 – Phase II – EYES ONLY.**

“High-sensitivity strategic mission. SIGINT and HUMINT convergence. Objective: neutralize or recover an active 16-Hertz emitter located in Cyrenaica, Libya. Classified coordinates. The site is a Soviet underground structure abandoned since the 1980s, recently reactivated by unconventional forces—likely GRU assets working with advanced PLA units.”

Karl listens in silence. Gaines continues.

“The signal corresponds to a frequency described in files recovered during Operation Osiris in Syria, 2015. Its structure matches a vibrational-field artifact. The NSA believes the object is part of a larger system, an experimental device abandoned by the Reich in 1945, known as **Schlüsselstein –Activation Stone.**”

IR images of the Libyan base appear on screen. A central pillar suspended in a void. A geometric pattern I recognize. I’ve seen it before. On a medallion. In Syria.

“The priority,” I tell Gaines, “is to extract the object intact. If structural integrity or operational conditions don’t allow it—activate Plan B: selective destruction with localized thermobaric charges. No trace left. Nothing comes out.”

He hands me a **Q-Flash** device—maps, codes, a dual-signature key for shutting down autonomous systems.

“Team: three SOG operators, two embedded DIA analysts, one NSA linguist. Naval cover from USS Gerald R. Ford. JSOC authorization signed. Insertion via MH-60R from Platform Alpha in the Mediterranean. Extraction window: 36 hours. No pickup if compromised.”

The file name opens: **COSMIC41\_PHASE\_II / NAACAL\_SIGNAL\_RETURN.**

I know that symbol—the six-pointed spiral. I saw it once. Sinai, 2002.

09:30 hours. Flashback. A cavern beneath Saint Catherine’s Monastery. Three men in white robes, golden symbols on their chests. They don’t speak—they resonate. They hand me a tablet. A key. And a warning.

That was the moment I understood: **some things aren’t found. They find you.**

I come back to the room. Karl stares at me.

“You still with us, Spectre?”

Spectre was my first black-op alias. I changed it to **Grey 6**. Names are only references. I don’t remember my real one.

“Always,” I answer.

At 10:45, neuro-tactical simulator training begins. Immersive loops, armed drones, enhanced HUDs. Karl works in silence. He's learning the technique—merge calm with precision. Slow the heartbeat. Listen to the shape of the air.

“Tonight, take one glycine tablet and one of betony root. Tomorrow you'll see your target before it exists.”

14:30 hours. Final operational test. Low sky, fine rain. The team is deployed in compound Bravo-4, a temporary training site built on satellite data from an AFISRA drone. Limestone topography, gypsum trenches, simulated underground access—everything reconstructed in detail.

Karl is on the right, sight locked on silhouettes rising from artificial cavities. The drill mimics expected conditions in the real structure: low visibility, high temperature, simultaneous PLA and GRU presence.

Thermal overlays provided by the USS Gerald R. Ford. Targets move on irregular rails, exposed for less than two seconds. Reactive engagement—700 to 1200 meters.

Weapon: **Barrett MRAD .338** with **Trijicon IR-HUNTER** optic. AP rounds with DIA custom calibration.

The pace is relentless. Karl fires, corrects, breathes. Exchanges signals with the team.

A silhouette appears behind a side barrier.

Silence.

Perfect center.

16:10 hours. The drill ends with a simulated extraction under friendly fire and emergency evac via modified CH-47. Total duration: 96 minutes, looped twice.

As we walk back toward the bunker, I turn to Karl.

“You can come with me now. But you need to know something: you may not return.”

Karl holds my gaze.

“I've already crossed that line.”

No smile. Not from him. Not from me. But inside, something locks into place. Like a key sliding home.

18:45 hours. The convoy returns to base. Heavy humidity. South-perimeter lights flicker like a warning. Karl asks, “You're not going home tonight?”

I don't answer immediately. I look at him, then at Hangar 3, where an UH-60 waits in silence.

“Home isn't a place anymore. It's a memory.”

I shut myself in my module. Low lights. Still air. The smell of metal and canvas. On the table lies a folded black-and-white photograph.

Her.

**Marianne.**

Ten years together. Far from the world, then inside every one of its hells. I met her in Lyon, during a conference on spiritual anthropology. She spoke about sacred geometry the way others speak about wine or dreams. I, a soldier of the invisible, melted.

Her eyes were like wet glass—transparent yet full. Her voice was something you never interrupted. You lived between Portugal and Corsica, sometimes Paris, then Kabul, then oblivion.

She didn't die in war. She vanished the way things disappear when they no longer belong. First silence. Then a message. Then nothing. As if the world had reclaimed her.

Since then, I've had no home—only bases, bunks, positions. Seas I don't remember. Continents that don't matter. The body on mission. The soul stuck where I last saw her: on the steps of a closed airport in Rome, under the rain, saying nothing.

She just looked at me. Then turned away.

Karl knows nothing. No one does. But that's also why I'm still here.

Because if I stop, Marianne stops existing. And without that memory, I'm nothing.

I let the photograph fall. Clean the rifle. Each piece returns to its place—like the mind, the heartbeat, the void.

Tomorrow, the mission begins.

---

## Excerpt 2 – The Mission in Libya

16:00 hours. Insertion zone — **Wadi al-Kuf, eastern Cyrenaica.**

The Seahawk glides silently over a limestone plateau at 1200 meters. The air is dry, still—unnatural. The abandoned base lies two kilometers south, partially buried beneath natural ridges. The main structure is reinforced Soviet concrete from the 1980s.

But the place is alive.

A subtle resonance, like a whisper.

16:15 hours. Infiltration. We advance south over rocky terrain. Low sun, cutting light. Karl is on my left, Barrett MRAD on three points.

Two **DEVGRU** operators close the formation.

First checkpoint: torn wire mesh, a collapsed guard post. Recent digging marks. We're not alone.

16:35 hours. Visual contact.

Two men in dark suits, carrying **QBZ-191** rifles. **PLA confirmed.** They whisper; one points to the ridge. Silent elimination. Karl takes the first—clean shot to the base of the skull. I handle the second. Bodies disappear into the ravine. No time for interrogation.

17:00 hours. Entrance. A partially collapsed ramp leads underground. The air shifts—heavy, charged. The NSA linguist decodes carved symbols: ancient Aramaic mixed with pre-Islamic Persian. I recognize one: a six-point spiral. The same from Sinai.

Inside, humidity thickens. Walls vibrate faintly. Four levels down. At 30 meters, the central chamber. Fresh LED lights. And in the middle, suspended in a weak magnetic field—the crystalline container.

Hexagonal. Translucent. Inside it, a geometric shape that moves slowly, like it's breathing. It emits a sound.

A continuous **16-Hertz vibration**.

I feel it in my chest. Karl freezes.

“You hear it too?”

I nod.

It’s not just a sound.

It’s a call.

17:10 hours. Interference. Movement behind us. A GRU team—four men—enter from a side tunnel. Trained, fast.

“Engage!”

The corridor erupts. Crossfire. Karl anchors on a power box. I cover left. Two down. A third rushes toward the chamber, but Gaines triggers a remote EMP pulse—temporary. Their systems fry.

The last one surrenders. The NSA linguist questions him. Confirmation: they want the device as a **neural interface** in a psychic-warfare program.

17:25 hours. Improvised exfil. The container is unstable. Karl spots a crack.

“If we move it, it could collapse.”

I contact the Ford. Order: do not extract. Destroy.

We set low-intensity thermobarics. Three-minute fuse.

As we retreat, the object emits one final pulse.

I see a figure.

Not real.

Marianne.

Still.

Watching me—then fading.

Karl grabs my arm.

“You saw her too, didn’t you?”

I nod.

Say nothing.

The mountain shakes.

Silence.

18:05 hours. Recovery. A **V-22 Osprey** lifts us out from Benghazi. Mission complete. Objective neutralized. No casualties.

But something under that mountain wasn’t destroyed.

Only... waiting.

18:50 hours. The Osprey banks west, toward the USS Gerald R. Ford.

The GRU prisoner sits between two DEVGRU operators. Blank face. But his eyes...

He’s not just a captured soldier.

He’s a man who’s seen too much.

He lifts his head only when we leave the African coast. Looks straight at me.

Doesn't speak.

But he will.

Not here.

Not now.

Karl reads the tension in my eyes. The energy we felt in that structure is still alive. Maybe in him. Maybe in what he saw. Maybe in what he chose *not* to destroy.

The Ford comes into view. The prisoner will go to **Cell 9-Alpha** for classified interrogation.

The rest... begins tomorrow.

---

## Excerpt 3 – Lviv: Alenka’s Entrance

22:10 hours. Lviv, western Ukraine.

Rain lashes the fogged windows of the abandoned tram Alenka uses as temporary shelter.

The city is under a hush-heavy curfew—municipal patrols sweep the streets, headlights slicing through mist, loudspeakers barking orders to civilians.

Her forged ID—an NGO medical-aid badge—is tucked inside her jacket.

She used it two hours earlier at a checkpoint.

The officer held the gaze too long.

He sensed something.

A second check would end her.

She walks steadily, never fast. Hands free. Eyes forward—discipline.

But her heartbeat betrays her—fast, anxious.

Two uniformed men stop her at an intersection.

“Dokumenti.”

No hesitation allowed.

Alenka slowly produces the badge, breath controlled. One of the officers studies her, torchlight sweeping across her face.

Too long.

One second more—finished.

“Znaesh’ yoho?”

A female voice cuts through.

An elderly woman in a heavy coat approaches with unexpected firmness. She looks Alenka straight in the eyes and takes her arm.

“She’s my granddaughter. Can’t you see she’s exhausted? We’re going home.”

The officers scrutinize them—then shove the ID back.

“Idite.”

Go.

The old woman pulls her away without turning back.

Only in a side alley does she release her.

“You’re not from here. And you’re not who you say you are.”

Alenka lowers her gaze.

The woman offers her a pack of cigarettes.

“Doesn’t matter. But remember:

**in Lviv you survive only if someone covers your back.**

**Alone, you won’t make it to tomorrow.”**

Alenka breathes deeply, heartbeat easing.

She knows tonight wasn’t luck.

Someone—somewhere in the shadows—chose not to let her fall.

---

## Thank you for reading

These three excerpts reveal only a small portion of the world behind **The Naacal Protocol – Code 211**.

The full novel will be available at Christmas.

Stay connected to the website for updates, extra content, and the chance to receive signed copies.