

THE LAST FREQUENCY

The Last Frequency

Conspiracy Thriller novel of Silence, Control, and Defiance

By Serge Helbers

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Copyright Page

THE LAST FREQUENCY: A Novel

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Foreword

Every story begins with a silence. Sometimes it is the pause before a note is struck, sometimes the breath before truth is spoken. *The Last Frequency* was born in such a silence — a long moment in which history, science, and myth seemed to hum together, waiting for someone to listen.

This book is not simply a tale of conspiracies and battles. It is a meditation on control, on the power of sound and the fragility of freedom. The families who rule in shadow, the voices that whisper through towers and wires, the song that enslaves — these are fictions, yet they echo questions that are real. Who shapes the world we live in? How much of our silence is chosen, and how much imposed?

As you enter Alex's journey, remember that the war between silence and song is not only his. It belongs to anyone who has ever felt the weight of hidden voices pressing against their choices. May this story remind you that silence can be captivity — but it can also be capacity. And capacity means possibility.

Step into the hum. Listen closely. And never forget: the last note belongs to you.—

Serge Helbers

Chapter 1 – The Box of Secrets

The morning after the storm, Alex sat at the kitchen table with the iron-cornered box before him. Coffee cooled beside his hand, forgotten. The air still smelled of rain and old wood.

He had found the box in the attic hours earlier, under the warped boards that had rattled all night. The memory clung to him—the strange hum that had seemed to rise from the floor itself, the symbol glowing faintly in the half-dark. Now, in daylight, the hum was gone, but the silence it left felt charged.

The leather-bound notebook lay open inside the box. His grandfather's cramped handwriting filled every page—frequency charts, resonance diagrams, numbers that seemed to spiral without pattern. Between them, sentences in a different hand, darker, frantic.

“The Choir must never be awakened.”

“The Families are listening.”

“Sound is the oldest weapon.”

Each line felt less like research and more like confession.

Tucked between the pages was a photograph: three men in long coats, his grandfather among them, standing before a structure of beams and

cables disappearing into fog. Across the back, in faded ink: *Wewelsburg, 1943*.

Alex traced the letters with his thumb. Wewelsburg—he remembered the name from one drunken story, told years ago when the old man had laughed too loudly afterward, as if to drown out what he'd said.

The morning after the storm, Alex sat at the kitchen table with the iron-cornered box before him. Coffee steamed in a chipped mug, untouched. His eyes kept drifting back to the leather-bound notebook and the strange device wrapped in oilcloth. He had barely slept, his mind replaying the hum in the attic floorboards, the symbol that seemed to pulse in the half-light.

The pages of the notebook were dense with his grandfather's cramped script. At first glance it looked like engineering notes—frequency ranges, resonance charts, electrical diagrams. But scattered among them were passages that felt almost fevered, written in a hurried scrawl unlike the rest.

"The Choir must never be awakened."

"The Families are listening."

"Sound is the oldest weapon."

Each phrase carried the weight of obsession, as though his grandfather had been documenting something more than science. Something secret, something dangerous.

Alex turned another page and froze. Tucked between diagrams of antennas and coils was a photograph: his grandfather standing beside two other men in long coats, their faces partially obscured by shadow. Behind them loomed a massive structure of steel beams and cables, rising into the fog. Across the back of the photo, written in faded ink: *Wewelsburg, 1943*.

Alex's stomach tightened. He had heard of Wewelsburg only once, in a late-night conversation when his grandfather had drunk too much schnapps. A castle, the old man had said, where the SS gathered like priests around an altar, chasing myths older than Rome. He had laughed afterward, as though dismissing his own words. But the look in his eyes had not been a joke.

The device on the table seemed to hum faintly, though it was not plugged into anything. Its tubes flickered with a soft inner glow, like dying embers refusing to go out. Alex reached toward it, his fingertips hovering over the cool metal. The moment he touched the spiral-star symbol etched into its side, a sharp pulse surged up his arm. Not pain—something stranger, as if the air itself had shifted.

For an instant, he thought he heard voices layered over one another, speaking in a tongue he could not understand.

He pulled his hand back, breathing hard. The kitchen felt smaller now, the ticking of the clock louder, the silence between seconds stretched thin. He shoved the notebook shut, as though slamming a door on something that wanted to step through.

And then he saw the envelope. It had been hidden under the false bottom of the box, sealed with wax pressed into the shape of the same symbol. His name was written across it in his grandfather's hand: *Alexander*.

With trembling fingers he broke the seal. Inside was a single sheet of paper.

"If you are reading this, then the silence has failed. The world is no longer safe, and neither are you. Trust no one. Not the officials, not the scholars, not the ones who call themselves guardians. Only one truth matters: frequencies control the mind. They will come for the box. Do not let them have it. Seek Julia. She knows where the lines converge."

Julia. The name struck him like a bell. He didn't know any Julia. Yet the note made it sound as though she were waiting for him, part of a plan already in motion.

The hum in the device swelled once more, a low vibration that rattled his mug against the table. Outside, the rain had stopped, but the sky was the color of iron.

Alex felt the weight of unseen eyes pressing against the windows.

The world he thought he knew had ended with the turning of a key in an attic lock. And now, the secrets of the box had begun to unravel.

The box was heavier than it looked. Alex had set it aside several times that morning, trying to convince himself that coffee and routine could steady his nerves. Yet each time he turned away, his gaze returned to the iron corners, the way the hinges seemed almost too new for an heirloom. The object didn't simply *sit* on the table; it seemed to occupy the space like an intruder waiting to be acknowledged. He tried to recall the storm that had led him to it. The attic had always been a place of dust and cobwebs, a graveyard of forgotten trunks and furniture. But the night before, when lightning cracked across the sky and rain hammered the roof, he had heard it—the faint vibration under the floorboards. At first he thought it was the storm itself, shaking loose an old beam. Yet the sound had been too precise, too measured, like a tone struck deliberately. Now, staring at the notebook with his grandfather's cramped handwriting, he felt as if he had trespassed into someone else's nightmare.

The Notebook

He flipped through the pages again, this time forcing himself to linger on the jagged lines of script. The diagrams made his head spin—antennas shaped like spiderwebs, coils wrapped in unfamiliar metals, notes about “resonant convergence.”

One margin carried only a single phrase, written so heavily that the ink had bled through the page:

“A mind is a frequency. Tune it wrong, and it breaks.”

Alex shivered. His grandfather had been an engineer, yes, but never the sort to indulge in poetic warnings. Or so he thought.

Beneath that line was a small sketch: a star inside a spiral, the same symbol carved into the device itself. He had traced it with his finger once already, but now he realized the spiral didn’t end in the center. It pointed outward, as if leading away from itself, toward something else.

Memories of His Grandfather

Alex leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes, forcing himself to remember the man beyond the mystery.

His grandfather had been stern, yes, but never cruel. A man of habits: early rising, tools in perfect order, radios always humming with half-built experiments.

When Alex was a child, he had loved watching him fiddle with dials, his brow furrowed in concentration.

But there had also been moments of unease. Nights when his grandfather would go silent in the middle of a story, eyes drifting toward a sound no one else seemed to hear. Days when he would insist the radios stay unplugged, as if leaving them connected opened a door for something unseen.

And then there was the night Alex had found him asleep at his workbench, headphones clamped to his ears, lips murmuring words in a language Alex didn't recognize. When shaken awake, he had shouted—not in fear, but in warning:

“Don't ever listen too long.”

The Photograph

The photograph of Wewelsburg in 1943 would not leave his mind. The men in coats, the steel structure looming like the skeleton of a beast, the fog curling around it—it felt less like history and more like prophecy.

He remembered studying World War II in school, but Wewelsburg had been nothing more than a footnote. His grandfather had mentioned it once, after too much schnapps, a story told like a joke but carried in his eyes like a wound.

Now the photograph confirmed it: he had been there. Not as a soldier, perhaps, but as something else. A participant.

Alex pressed the photo flat on the table, staring at the faint ink scrawl: *Wewelsburg, 1943*.

Was this where it had begun?

The Device Awakens

The device gave a sudden pulse, startling him so badly that he spilled his untouched coffee. He shoved the mug aside, heart hammering, as the tubes inside flickered with brighter light.

It wasn't just glowing now. It was *responding*.

Alex reached toward it, trembling. He remembered the jolt that had shot through him earlier, the voices that had whispered in an alien tongue. This time he hesitated longer, breath shallow, before finally pressing his fingertips against the cold surface.

A wave surged into him—images, sounds, half-formed visions.

- A tower splitting the sky, dishes trembling with invisible power.
- Soldiers kneeling in silence as if hypnotized.
- A woman's face, pale and blurred, lips moving in desperate urgency.

Then came the hum again. Not loud, but so deep it seemed to vibrate his bones.

The Letter's Weight

The letter with his name on it felt heavier each time he unfolded it. *“Trust no one. Seek Julia. She knows where the lines converge.”*

Julia. Who was she? Was she alive? Why had his grandfather written as though she were already waiting?

The warning to trust no officials, no guardians, no scholars rang in his head like a curse. If not them, then who? Who could he possibly turn to?

He felt suddenly isolated, the silence of the kitchen pressing on him. The rain had stopped, but the sky outside was metallic, oppressive. For a moment, he swore the shadows in the window moved.

A Decision

Alex closed the notebook, folded the letter, and placed them back into the box. He wanted to lock it, to bury it, to pretend it had never been found. But the device's hum made that impossible.

It wasn't just an object. It was awake.

And worse—it seemed aware of him.

He stood, pacing the room, trying to steady his breath. The letter had been clear: *They will come for the box*. Already he had seen the black sedan outside the night before, the silhouettes that didn't move. He knew now that his time was running short.

The only choice left was to seek Julia. Whoever she was, she was the thread his grandfather had left. The one clue.

Alex looked down at the device. Its spiral-star glowed faintly, like a compass waiting for him to follow.

"Fine," he whispered. "I'll play along. But if you want me to walk into the dark, you'd better give me some light."

The hum answered, soft but steady, like a promise. And with that, Alex knew: the secrets of the box had only begun to unravel.

Chapter 2 – The Grandfather’s Warning

The letter did not leave Alex’s hand all day. He carried it folded in his pocket, the wax seal broken but the words carved into his memory. His grandfather’s voice seemed to echo from the paper, gruff and deliberate, the same tone that once told him bedtime stories that never had happy endings.

By evening, the house felt like a cage. Every creak of the floorboards, every car passing outside set his nerves on edge. He poured himself a glass of whiskey and sat by the fire, staring into the flames as if they might reveal a meaning the letter had hidden.

He tried to remember his grandfather as he had been in his last years—stooped but sharp-eyed, still tinkering with radios and old equipment in the shed. A man who would stop midsentence if a particular sound drifted through the air, as though only he could hear it.

Once, when Alex was twelve, he had followed the old man into that shed at night. He had found him crouched over a small transmitter, headphones clamped to his ears. The room was thick with static, punctuated by strange tones that made Alex's teeth ache. When the boy had asked what he was doing, his grandfather had looked at him with uncharacteristic fear.

"Never listen too long, Alexander," he had whispered. "They can find you through the hum."

Alex had laughed it off at the time, but the memory now tightened around his chest like a vice. The same hum had filled the attic floorboards the night before. And now it seemed to breathe within the device itself, as though the machine were alive.

He unfolded the letter again, reading each line slowly:

"Frequencies control the mind. They will come for the box. Seek Julia. She knows where the lines converge."

The words *seek Julia* seemed to burn hotter with every repetition. Who was she? Why had his grandfather trusted her, when he trusted so few?

The fire cracked, startling him. Alex poured another glass and reached for the notebook. This time he forced himself to read deeper, past the charts and diagrams.

The writing grew more frantic the further he went. There were sketches of antenna fields stretching across Europe, lines connecting them like constellations. Circles marked with coordinates. A phrase scrawled across a map: *Resonanzlinien*. Lines of resonance.

At the margin of one page, his grandfather had scribbled something in English:

“The Families divide the world by frequency. They own the towers. They own the sky.”

A shiver ran down Alex’s spine. Families? Towers?

Suddenly, he realized the hum had changed. It was louder now, coming not only from the device but from somewhere outside the house. A low, vibrating presence, like a distant choir holding a single note. He stood and moved to the window.

Across the street, a black sedan sat idling, its headlights dimmed. He hadn’t heard it arrive. Two figures sat inside, silhouettes barely visible.

Alex’s pulse quickened. The letter’s warning came alive in his chest. *They will come for the box.*

He turned back to the device, its tubes glowing faintly in the darkened kitchen.

Whatever his grandfather had left him, others already knew. And they were closer than he had ever imagined.

The whiskey burned his throat, but it did little to chase away the chill. Alex sat slouched in the armchair, the fire cracking weakly before him, and let the glass rest

against his knee. He felt like a trespasser in his own home, every shadow stretching too far, every creak of the old beams sounding like a footstep just beyond the door. The letter had not left his pocket. He had read it a dozen times that day, the words carving deeper each time: *“Trust no one. Frequencies control the mind. Seek Julia.”*

It was his grandfather’s voice he heard when he read them — not simply the words, but the cadence, gruff and unyielding. A man who had built radios from scrap and silence from fear. A man who had carried secrets heavy enough to bend his back long before age had.

The Firelight

The flames shifted, sending shadows across the room like restless figures. Alex poured another glass, not for thirst but for courage, and tried to remember his grandfather as he had been. Not the haunted figure in his later years, but the man who had raised him in stories that walked the line between fable and warning. There was one in particular — a tale of towers that hummed like tuning forks, built not to send messages but to bend them. “The air remembers,” his grandfather had said once, staring at the night sky. “It holds every song ever sung, every word ever spoken. And if you know the right frequency, you can make the air sing it back. Or scream it.”

Alex had laughed then, thinking it just another one of the old man’s eccentric metaphors. But now, with the device glowing faintly in the

kitchen and the sedan still lurking outside, the words carried a new weight.

The Memory in the Shed

The night in the shed returned to him vividly. He had been twelve, sneaking across the yard after hearing the faint buzz of a generator. The shed had glowed faintly through the cracks, light leaking like secrets.

Inside, his grandfather sat hunched, headphones pressed to his ears, hands trembling on a dial. The air was alive with static and strange tones, sounds that made Alex's teeth ache and his stomach knot.

"What are you listening to?" Alex had asked.

His grandfather had ripped the headphones off, eyes wild, his voice urgent in a way Alex had never heard before. "Never listen too long. Do you hear me? They can *find you* through the hum."

At the time, Alex thought it was nonsense — an old man's paranoia. But the look in his eyes, sharp and terrified, had burned itself into memory. Now, hearing the hum rising again from the kitchen, Alex knew it had not been paranoia. It had been survival.

Sedan Outside

He forced himself to the window, tugging the curtain just enough to peer through. The black sedan was still there, headlights dimmed, two figures unmoving in the front seat.

Why hadn't they come to the door? Why hadn't they knocked? They were waiting. Watching.

A shiver ran down his spine. *They will come for the box.*

He backed away from the window, heart pounding. It wasn't just fear of being followed. It was the sense that he had already been *tuned in*, marked by the very resonance his grandfather had warned him of.

The Notebook's Descent

The notebook lay where he had left it, but now it felt heavier, almost magnetic. He opened it again, forcing himself deeper into the frantic pages he had avoided before.

There were maps, antennas stretching across Europe, lines connecting them like constellations. Circles marked with dates and coordinates. The word *Resonanzlinien* underlined three times.

Then, in English: "*The Families divide the world by frequency. They own the towers. They own the sky.*"

His grandfather's hand had grown erratic near the end of the page, as though even writing the words had cost him something. Beneath it,

almost scratched into the margin, was another phrase: *“The Choir sings when the towers align. Silence is the only shield.”*

Alex slammed the notebook shut, his breath ragged. Silence? What kind of silence could protect against a force that reached into his very mind?

The Whisper

The hum outside grew stronger, no longer confined to the device. It seeped into the house itself, vibrating the walls, rattling the glass in the windowpanes. Alex pressed his palms over his ears, but it was no use. The sound was inside him, pressing at the edges of his thoughts.

And then he heard it: a whisper layered within the tone. Not words he understood, but voices overlapping, a chorus woven into the hum.

For a heartbeat, he saw himself from above — a small figure in a chair, holding a glass of whiskey as shadows crept toward him.

He stumbled to his feet, spilling the drink, and forced himself back to the fire. His grandfather’s voice rose again in memory: *“Never listen too long.”*

A Decision in the Dark

The sedan outside. The voices in the hum. The warning in the letter.

It was no longer a question of curiosity. It was survival.

He stuffed the notebook and the letter into a bag, wrapping the device carefully though its glow bled through the cloth. He had no idea where Julia was, no idea if she even existed, but he understood this much: if he stayed, they would take it.

They would take *him*.

As he shouldered the bag, he looked once more at the fire. Its flames flickered weakly, powerless against the hum pressing in from all sides.

He whispered into the silence, not sure if he was speaking to himself, to his grandfather, or to the unseen listeners just beyond the glass:

“You want me? Come find me.”

And with that, he stepped into the night.

Chapter 3 – Julia’s Arrival

By morning the black sedan was gone, but the sense of being watched had burrowed into Alex’s skin like splinters. He barely touched his breakfast, pacing between the kitchen table and the window, scanning for shadows that didn’t belong. The notebook and device remained on the table, silent for now. But the hum lingered inside him, like the echo of a song he couldn’t forget.

A knock startled him. Three quick raps on the front door. He froze, the taste of metal flooding his mouth. The sedan again? The Families his grandfather had warned about?

When he opened the door, the last thing he expected was her.