



BEACON  
HILL

# HUNT FOR EDEN'S STAR



D. J. WILLIAMS

BOOK  
ONE

## Praise for *Hunt for Eden's Star*

Reading this novel was an immersive experience reminiscent of playing a video game or slipping on a VR headset. *Hunt for Eden's Star* is equal parts action-packed, raw, and hopeful, and Williams does an excellent job of weaving together allegory, mystery, and the light of Christ into every carefully plotted twist and turn. This series is one to watch!

**OLIVIA SMIT**, author of *Seeing Voices*

A blistering, high-stakes, fast-paced supernatural thriller that's impossible to put down. D. J. Williams's *Hunt for Eden's Star* introduces a compelling new hero and takes readers on an unforgettable adventure where countless twists and turns await.

**RYAN STECK**, author of *Fields of Fire*; founder and editor in chief of the Real Book Spy

*Hunt for Eden's Star* is like a jet on a runway . . . and the book is your passport to an international thriller filled with mystery, adventure, and intrigue! Buckle your seat belt. This supernatural adventure takes off with a heartbreaking murder, screams across the skies with edge-of-your-seat surprises and twists in this world and other realms, then leaves you hanging on in deadly turbulence as the secrets of Beacon Hill are revealed!

**TIM SHOEMAKER**, author of the High Water series



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D. J. WILLIAMS



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*Hunt for Eden's Star*

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*Hunt for Eden's Star* is a work of fiction. Where real people, events, establishments, organizations, or locales appear, they are used fictitiously. All other elements of the novel are drawn from the author's imagination.

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MANILA, PHILIPPINES

HE STOOD BESIDE A FRESH MOUND of dirt, boots sinking deeper into the grass. Steely gray clouds loomed overhead before cracking open a downpour across the city, drenching him to his bones. An avalanche of flashbacks crashed through his mind. Joyful memories. Endless nightmares. Mustering up an ounce of faith seemed impossible as he stared at the soil, failing to grasp how death had stolen a life.

“Jack,” a voice called out from behind. “Time to go.”

Addison Reynolds, early fifties, silver-haired, paced back and forth beneath an umbrella with a cell phone pressed against his ear. He checked his watch, then motioned to the driver.

Shivering at the growling voice, Jack knew the only reason they

were reunited was because of their bloodline. As he gazed up at the darkened sky, the rain streamed down his face. For a moment he imagined each drop being a tear from heaven. Closing his eyes in silent desperation, he searched for answers. *Prayers are wishes that never come true.* He blinked and dropped a white rose onto the muddy mound, whispering, "Come back."

"Last goodbyes are over," his father ordered. "We need to leave."

Jack trudged between the tombstones surrounded by tin shanties. "How could you bury her here?"

"She chose the dangers of this place, so this is where she will remain."

Without a second thought, Jack lunged forward and swung his fist—only to be dropped with a thump to the mud. His father never even let go of the umbrella.

"Get in the car before you embarrass yourself, Son."

On his back, clothes soaked and muddied, he blurted, "You failed to protect her."

"Your sister believed a myth, and now she's dead."

By the time Jack reached the car, his father was already in the back seat. Jack climbed into the passenger seat and stared out the window, refusing to allow his father to see the tears welling up as they traveled across Manila in eight lanes of chaotic traffic. Wiping his bloodshot eyes with his forearm, he admitted his faith in a greater power would never be as strong as Rachel's had been, yet he was the one left alive.

As they entered a private airfield, his father ordered, "Never come back here, understood?"

Without answering, Jack climbed out of the car and stomped across the puddled tarmac with his backpack slung over his shoulder. He couldn't help but wonder if he'd see his father again.

Climbing the steps of the Gulfstream, he entered a darkened cabin illuminated with a soft yellow glow. He buckled his seat belt, eyed the liquor bottles across from him, and fought the urge to drown the ache in his soul.

“You must be Jack.” A woman in her early thirties with sandy blonde hair and dressed in a pantsuit slipped into the seat across from him. “I’m Natalie McNaughton. I work for your father.”

As she shifted in her seat, Jack noticed a holstered weapon beneath her coat. And her strong South African accent offered a clue as to where his father might’ve been for the past few years. “It’s not the first time I’ve been escorted back,” he said.

“To be honest, I never knew Mr. Reynolds had *any* children.”

“Well, now you’ve met the whole family.” Jack glared at McNaughton. “What exactly do you do for him?”

“Head of security, mostly.” She offered a disarming smile. “Today I’m your bodyguard.”

“What do you know about me?”

“I’d imagine you’re like most boys who love their fathers, Jack.”

“That was never in the cards.” He weighed his words. “What happened to Rachel?”

McNaughton glanced around the cabin. “Strict orders not to discuss.”

“I’ve been here for a week, and no one has told me anything.”

Her head turned toward the cockpit. “Sometimes it is better to leave a tragedy behind.”

“She’s the only real family I’ve ever had.” Jack noticed her brows raise. “You didn’t know.”

“First rule of the job is never pry into personal affairs.”

“Please . . .” He leaned in closer. “I deserve to know the truth.”

“Someone shot her,” McNaughton said in a lowered voice.

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“Local police in Sitio Veterans have no leads. If you want to know more, I suggest you speak with your father.”

“He never cared about her—she was always a disappointment to him.”

When McNaughton didn't respond, Jack retrieved his earbuds and blasted the music, drowning out the world around him. He stared through the oval window as the Gulfstream taxied along the tarmac, accelerated, and took flight. Stormy clouds cast a shadow over the city below—the one place where his sister had found freedom. Slumping back in his chair, he ran his fingers through his mop of chestnut hair. McNaughton's words paralyzed him. No one deserved to die, not that way. One thing was for sure—there would be payback.