### Act 0: Chapter 1, part 1 - The Light That Remains

Planet Furya, Furyan System | June 13, 2557

A man lowered the infant into the cryo cradle with trembling hands. Each movement was careful, deliberate, as if he feared one wrong touch might shatter her. His lips pressed against her brow, then over her chest, holding there. Let her remember this. Let something remain. His voice cracked. "I will see you again. Sweet dreams..."

The child reached upward, fingers spread in silent trust, but drew them back as the glass closed over her. Gas filled the small chamber in a whispering hiss. She giggled at the swirling lights. Her lids fluttered, and as consciousness slipped away, something came forward in the dark.

A woman, blazing with light—not just around her, but through her. Lines of luminous energy carved patterns across her skin like living starlight. Her eyes were fierce and gentle at once. She said nothing, but Kyra felt everything. Warmth. Grief. Love. Fire.

The infant didn’t know what a mother was. But even then, she knew this was her.

Planet: Taurus Three, Komora City February 14, 2567

A different room. A different time. Light pooled from high, flickering panels above as music echoed in lazy circles. Laughter came from the other room—two adults dancing, unburdened for once. Eyes blinked wide and delighted, watching her parents twirl in the way only real joy allowed. Her father had landed a new position; they wouldn’t be living in that narrow corner-house anymore.

That night, he tucked her in with deliberate gentleness. The girl—no more than three—watched him with the quiet intensity of someone older. Far older. Her voice was clear, sharp with unnatural acuity. "Do you have a new story, father?"

He paused, brushing back the pale strands of hair curling around her temple. Luminous brown hair curved around her head like a halo. His smile faltered as he settled beside her, knowing what he had to tell her. Knowing it wouldn't matter soon. Her body would stay small, too small, and her mind would outpace the world around her. People would notice. They always did.

"How about... your mother?"

Her face wrinkled in confusion. "But she’s in the kitchen. I already know her."

He exhaled, soft and hollow. "She is. But... she isn't. The woman who gave birth to you lived far from here."

She frowned but let him speak.

"She loved you the moment she saw you. But there was war, Kyra. A long, terrible one. For three years we ran. They kept coming—burning everything. Cities. Villages. Our people. We had no choice but to leave." He hesitated, his fingers still in her hair. "Your mother never made it."

She lay still, a tiny wrinkle of thought between her brows. Then, "She was the lady with the neon lines all over her. Wasn't she?"

He froze. A beat passed. Then another.

"How do you know that?"

Her voice, quiet and certain: "It's not something I can ever forget, father. So it was her, then—my mother?"

He didn’t answer at first. He didn’t need to.

The shimmer of the woman’s skin. The low hum in her blood. The shape of memory too old for a child to hold—but held nonetheless.

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### Act 0: Chapter 1, part 2 - No lies, no mercy, no escape

Taurus Three, Komora City, Subdivision, February 2567

The night is cold, but not cold enough to still the warmth of a home. The wind howls outside, but within the walls of the small house, there is only the sound of a child’s laughter. It is a sound that will soon be stolen—taken by cold hands and colder intent.

Kyra, a toddler of barely three years, sits in the comfort of her family’s hearth, unaware that the very walls that protect her will soon crumble. She giggles, her tiny hands clutching the warmth of a stuffed bear, its fur faded from years of gentle love. But the smile will not last, nor will the comfort of her family’s embrace.

A sudden, harsh knock at the door breaks the fragile peace, followed by the unsettling creak of it being forced open. No words. Only the chilling sound of boots echoing on the floorboards. Her parents spring to action, but their movements are frantic and slow in comparison to the efficiency of the intruders. The child is lifted, thrust into the arms of a stranger, and her muffled cry is silenced almost immediately by the harshness of the man’s grip. They are shadows, faceless figures under the cloak of a government black-ops operation—the Gurah Weapons Department.

In that instant, Kyra’s world changes. The house, the warmth, the love—it all fades into the distance as she is carried away, strapped to a transport vehicle with a brutal efficiency that leaves no room for mercy. Through the metal grating, her tiny hands grip at the air, at the fading images of her parents—fading like a dream slipping away from the waking mind. She screams.

She is taken.

Taurus Three, Gurah, Gurah Weapons Department February/March 2567

The stark, sterile white of the facility assaults her senses, sharp and unnatural. Everything about this place reeks of cold, clinical purpose, but it’s the eyes of the people here that truly freeze her—a gaze that sees not a child but a weapon, an experiment, an asset.

Kyra is placed on a steel bench, her tiny body restrained by thick, cold bands that feel like chains in her limited world. The room is silent except for the rhythmic beep of machines, the whisper of lab-coated figures moving about.

And then, the figure she has come to fear most steps forward: Dan.

His face is hard, unreadable, the kind of man whose soul seems shackled behind cold eyes and the weight of his orders. He is her Operator, her controller in this hell of a world.

He injects her. The needle sinks deep into her ocular nerve, and a scream rips from her lungs, but it’s a scream of terror, confusion, and agony all rolled into one. Her little body quivers on the table, spasming as the serum floods through her veins.

The moment the serum activates, something within her snaps. It isn’t just her mind, but something more primal, more terrifying. Her iris changes—a faint glimmer of silver, a promise of what she is to become.

And then, Dan speaks those words that will become her curse.

“No lies. No mercy. No escape: Kyra, I name you Solace.”

The name rings in her ears, a truth she cannot deny, a destiny she cannot escape.

The child, once a screaming, terrified mess of innocence, is frozen. Her body still shakes, but the terror in her eyes begins to dull, replaced by an unsettling calmness. The restraints are removed, and she stands—not tall for her age, but there is something chilling in her posture now. Her irises—those silver eyes—glow faintly, casting an eerie sheen against the dim light of the facility.

In the cold silence of the lab, Solace—her once playful eyes now void of that innocence—stands with a resolve that was never hers to begin with. Her body feels foreign to her; every step she takes feels forced, as if someone else is controlling her, bending her to their will. Yet beneath that obedience, deep down, something stirs. She does not understand it yet, but she will soon learn that Psalm X-19 has sealed her fate.

Her new reality is a weapon.

Taurus Three, Gurah, Gurah Weapon's Department, May/July 2569

Years pass. Two of them. Her physical body, trapped in time, is placed within a cryo unit. The cold is harsh, biting, but it feels like nothing compared to the chill she already carries within. The ice encases her, holds her in suspended animation, awaiting the day when she will awaken—when she will be the tool they need her to be.

When she wakes, it is not the sharp, frantic pain of the serum’s awakening, but a strange calmness. Her body is different now. She is older, her features sharper, her senses heightened. She is no longer a toddler but a child of 10, and yet her mind feels older, weary, as if she has lived through a thousand lifetimes in a single moment.

Her eyes flutter open, and the room she finds herself in is cold, clinical, and unfamiliar. The cryo chamber is open now, and she stands, shivering slightly but not from the cold. Her long brown hair cascades down her back, wild and untamed. She is a child—yet not.

Her hazel eyes, once full of wonder and innocence, now carry the weight of Psalm X-19.

### Act 0: Chapter 1, part 3 - That Shhw-Shhhw, Buzzing?

Psalm Dream Loop, first occurrence: Sep 18, 2567

There she was, older and younger. Her eyes were cold, focused. The air around her shimmered with heat distortion, like the world couldn’t quite hold still around her presence. A shadow moved behind her.

“Level it, Reaper.”

Her eyes glowed blue-silver before she ran. Toward the government building. Toward the fire. Her body blurred—fire and static clashing with motion, like she was being pulled through dimensions that didn’t agree on her shape.

She stood in the middle of it, screaming. The sound bent the air. (A banshee's cry)

Then she was rolling out of a cryo tank. Shazza releasing her. Steam coiled around her frame, and the sound of boots hit metal—loud, deliberate, in a place where echoes should’ve stayed buried. Her figure grew.

One glove torn, the other untouched—both elbow-length, like they belonged to different lives. She wore vertical-striped capris slung low, a halter stretched thin across a chest too tight with held breath. She moved like a ghost shoved into a body and told “Go.” Something burned in the way she stepped—an afterimage of grief, stitched into rage. A diagonal hip holster clinked. Two grenades, shaped like the jaw of a devil dog, teeth sculpted into warnings. The machine gun slapped her thigh with each measured step, the rhythm sharp, indifferent, “Uh, hello. You're suppose to prepare to meet your Ripper- the Sinner, Reaper, Annihilator of your dreams, your hope and your \*idea\* of \*love.\*" She said the last part with disdain.

Screaming. Metal rending. Thunder cracked low and close like a memory breaking. Grenade pins dangled from her teeth, spat like curses. The throws didn’t come from rage. They came from something deeper—an obligation soaked in blood. The gunfire that followed didn’t speak. It punctuated.

The hallway held too much air, like it was waiting to collapse. Every footstep landed with a weight that didn’t make sense—too loud, too slow. The silence wasn’t silence. It was pressure.

She was squatting. Blood behind her, pooling without direction. One hand clutched her pistol, spinning it lazily near her head. Her voice hit again, softer, broken. “You feel it?” She swirls the pistol dangerously close. “That… shhw shhw shhhw—buzzing?”

The shadow gurgled. White fluid leaked from its lips, “You cunt-“

She kept going. “That buzzing behind your eyes?” The barrel bounced from her temple, “Cause it could all just… Poow!” She blew the barrel of her pistol. Her voice became cold.

“They say I’m the answer to everything- Riddick thinks its him. Shirah tells him. But they always- always put Kyra in the corner."

She slowly stood, her eyes on the shadow, as the barrel was pointed at their head. The sky became darkness- and her eyes were like beacons. A bioraptor flew behind her. Moonlight hit the water. Her lips moved again, low and directionless. “Thousands. Dead. Because of me. I couldn’t say no. Not until Dan died. If he didn’t… would we have even survived that dark planet? Would he have… Made me kill them? Riddick? Imam? I-“ Water took her next. Her body suspended mid-sink. Limbs folded like paper in slow-motion. Another shape drifted downward. Her face cracked—not soft, not kind—just broken. She screamed- water pushing out around her, and lightning crawled up from the marrow of her bones. Four masked figures held her down. One forced a hand against her brow. Another plunged a needle into her eye. The fluid inside shimmered violet. Whiteout. No sound. No time. Then the stillness of aftermath. She stood barefoot on a street of broken black stone, surrounded by fire. Buildings wilted like rotted fruit. Ash drifted in a city gutted by force.

A voice crackled across a ruined comm: “I thought you used it, Dan! How the hell is an entire sector obliterated?!”

Another voice—cool, deliberate. “Sir, you wanted her to level it. I’d say she succeeded.”

Then, a third voice—closer. “But if you want her gone—this thing’ll give her deletion—”

Silence. The air thickened. “No, you fool. She’s the only one. Dan—Dan, are you still there?”

A beat. Then quieter(Dan): “She’s staring at me, Cinder. She can’t fight back, right?”

Then the man with the scar. Close. Too close.

“What a beautiful creature you could be- but your eyes. They are green- not blue. You must be the Kyra and not the Jack." She screamed and the ship she was in erupted into blue light. The fire was the kind that came when there were no words left. The kind that remembered every name and every wound.

"Riddick? What are \*you\* doing here?"

**Act 0: Chapter 2, Part 1 – Violet Ruin**

*Environment: Komora District Ruins, Taurus Three | Time: Untracked (Simulation Layer/Control Plane) - Perspective: Kyra Hahl (Under Psalm Influence) [October 15, 2567]*

The air shimmered with a stillness too perfect to be real. Streets lay as she remembered them—cracked pavement webbed with weeds, rooftops patched with corrugated metal and memory. Komora hadn’t changed. That was the trap.

She stood at the edge of the hill overlooking the district, the wind brushing past like it still knew her name. Her boots crunched against gravel—unmistakably hers now, heavier than the ones she’d run in as a child. A shimmer of gold flickered on the horizon where buildings once stood defiant. Now they curled inward like scorched paper, edges glowing faintly, dying slow.

*\*Solace... is this what you want me to see?\**

But there was no answer. Only the low thrum in her blood, the pulsebeat of something older than memory, stitched into her bones. Then came the voice.

“There’s a monster inside all of us. We… will show them.”

It wasn’t just sound. It split through her consciousness like a surgical cut. Clean. Inevitable. The words echoed across time—past the girl she had been, past the thing she had become. Her vision blurred. A heat bloomed behind her eyes, violet creeping into the edges. The world spun once—and settled.

She stood in the center of the street now, knees scraped, breathing shallow. A *toddler*, small and unsteady, blinking through the haze of smoke and fear. The voice came again, and this time she answered.

“Understood, Father,” she whispered. It wasn’t a child’s voice. It was already too cold. Too certain.

The sky darkened unnaturally. Violet light bled from her skin, the kind that hummed like broken glass just before it slices flesh. The buildings around her shimmered and twisted, like they were trying to pull away—too late. Energy snapped out in ragged arcs, lashing the ground, igniting old fuel lines and dead things buried deep.

With each pulse of violet light, the city folded. Komora didn’t die in screams—it died in memory. In the quiet agony of knowing she was the knife. Then came the house.

She was inside it before she could think. The air smelled of dust and old jam. Posters curled on the walls, a couch with a sunken side, a hallway too narrow for running. Then—footsteps. “Kyra!” A voice, breaking. “Remember who you are!”

Lily.

Her sister's voice was a thread pulling her backward. Kyra hesitated. The light flared around her hand—out of control, beautiful and monstrous. She stepped forward.

The hand drove through Lily’s chest like it had always been meant to. Silver light expanded, fracturing the room into oblivion. The walls turned to ash. Her sister’s mouth tried to shape something—her name, a plea, forgiveness. But the moment froze.

Blood painted the far wall in a slow fan. Ash drifted like snowfall. \**I… I'm sorry, Lily. Please... forgive me…\**

The world fell silent. In that silence, she dropped to her knees. Violet still shimmered under her skin, betraying nothing of what it had cost. Psalm hadn’t needed to say a word.

This was the test. Cinder's voice, somewhere just outside the simulation layer, didn’t need volume to echo. “She’ll do.”

### Act 0: Chapter 2, part 2 - Buzzing Behind the Eye

Psalm Dreams, Dates Appearing 2569 ~ 2576

Kyra walked like the air had changed. Too much pressure behind each step. The hallway pulsed with something more than silence. The lights overhead flickered violet-blue in rhythm with her breath, casting shadows that didn’t move with her. Her fingers twitched once, flexing like the memory of a flame waited there.

Fingers wrapped around the molten bolt like it was clay, not death. The black fire whorled tighter around her shoulders, licking runes down her collarbones, tracing old neural scars like they were waking up. She tilted her head. Eyes met the weapon like it recognized her.

“Cinder,” she murmured, too calm. “You just gave me an upgrade I never asked for.”

The plasma vanished, absorbed like ink into water. Her palms glowed—pulse-blue, green veins crawling up her wrists. She blinked, and the hallway fractured.

It didn’t disappear. It was twisted. She was in a desert, crouched near a figure- their body black and their blood was white, she stared at them with a grin, a large pistol twirling around her fingers.

“You feel it?” she asked.

Her voice—fractured. Broken-glass soft.

“That… shhw shhw shhhw—buzzing?”

The thing gurgled. White fluid leaked past its teeth. Her eyes didn’t blink.

“Cause it could all just… Poow!” The barrel hit her temple, then she blew the barrel, lazy. “They say I’m the answer to everything.”

She laughed. It cracked like drywall.

“Fire’s real. Sparks? That’s the Golls. I think. Don’t think they expected me to live long enough to care.” She stood slowly, the pistol against the figures head before blowing it, the body dropped. Her body exploded in a wave of sparks, dust fracturing away from the impact shock. Vial nodes on her spine lit like stars in retreat. Her form blurred. Gone. She reappeared behind the soldier, a tremor in the air announcing her arrival like space had flinched. Her hand—wrapped in magma-tinged fire—sliced clean. Flesh. Armor. Helmet. Bone. One arc. One breath. The head hit the floor with a wet thunk. Then the body followed. She stood in the echo of it.

“I don’t appreciate being interrupted,” she whispered. Venom dripping beneath her calm. “Not by the father. Not by the brain-dead followers of Solace—those who fear Reaper.” Moonlight touched the water. Her lips moved.

“Thousands. Dead. Because of me. I couldn’t say no. Not until Dan died.” Water climbed. Her body suspended in descent. Limbs folded like paper. Hair drifting in lazy curls. Another shape fell beside her. Her face cracked. Not kind. Not soft. Just broken. She screamed. It came out as bubbles and a high-pitched ring. Lightning clawed up from her marrow. Her scream didn’t stop. It bloomed. Four masked figures. One held her down. Needle. Eye. Violet shimmer. Whiteout. She stood barefoot on stone that used to be a street. Buildings wilted. Fire licked through air that tasted like regret. Static on the comm. Then a voice: “How the hell is an entire sector obliterated?!”

Another—calm. “Sir, you wanted her to level it.”

Closer: “But if you want her gone—this thing’ll give her deletion—”

Then Dan: “She’s staring at me, Cinder. She can’t fight back, right?”

She turned to Riddick. Her hand waved toward the blades in Krone’s shoulders. “A gift,” she said. “Might be nice to own something shinier than those eyes of yours.”

### Act 0: Chapter 2, part 3 - A Goat for the Prophecy

Taurus Three, Gurah, Gurah Weapons Department, March 2576

Someone was yelling. The words were indistinct, lost in the sharp echo of the sterile walls that surrounded Kyra. She spun, her movements quick, her body instinctively reacting. She was older now—her mind sharp, far older than her physical form.

A dart shot toward her, a deadly needle filled with Psalm X-19, but she was faster. The air seemed to bend around her as she \*jumped\*—no, displaced—across the distance, her body a blur of motion. In an instant, she was standing atop a distant building, her eyes scanning the workers below.

They were scrambling, trying to regain control, their attempts clumsy, ineffective. The dart they had thrown into the air now harmlessly grazed the spot where she had stood moments before.

Kyra looked down at them, her expression as cold as the metal she was perched on. Her face—young, physically a mere eleven-year-old—was deceiving. There was nothing innocent or vulnerable in her gaze. Her eyes, glowing with an unnatural silver sheen, were the eyes of a warrior, a killer, a thing far older than her frame would suggest. She was born in 2557, and though she looked like a child, she was \*technically\* nineteen. Time had stolen her youth, replacing it with the weight of a weapon, of a destiny that no one had asked for, yet everyone had been too eager to force upon her.

Her lips barely parted, her voice cutting through the chaos with a detached calm. "Kyra! Get down here! Now!"

She scoffed. The words came easily, bitter and loaded with contempt. "As if I would follow your commands. You trained me under Psalm, to be the Solace. Your precious war."

She slowly stood from her crouched position, her movements deliberate, controlled—like a predator toying with its prey. Her voice dropped, harder now, like a blade cutting through the air. "It's been nine years. And I'm still a child. You've all... continued to keep me small. You grew me when I was the small one. Overnight. Injected me. Forced me to kill, to practice. On the Komora neighborhood, where you stole me. How long? How long until this Furyan prophecy? You want me to kill the person or offer myself like a goat. Baaa."

The words lingered in the air, but Kyra’s focus had already shifted. She leaped once again, her body displaced in the blink of an eye. She appeared behind one of the workers, so quickly that they barely had time to react. Before they could even scream, their heart was already in her hand, held out in front of them. Blood dripped from her arm as she dropped the organ, her expression unflinching.

She turned away, stepping back slowly as the worker collapsed in front of her. "But when the child commits the nightmare, you turn her into a bomb. I'm an assassin, a bomb, and a promised bride. Not something I want."

Her voice was like ice, but there was an undercurrent of something darker beneath it—something that would not be controlled, no matter how many times they tried to chain her.

In the moment it took for the blood to pool on the ground, someone lunged at her, a vial of Psalm X-19 in their hand, poised to inject her. She ducked low, anticipating the move, and kicked the vial from their hand with expert precision. Her eyes never left them as she stood up quickly, already scanning for exits, calculating every angle.

\*Click.\*

A snap of metal. Something sharp, tight, coiled around her neck like a noose, pulling her back. Pain. The kind that shot through her entire body, searing every nerve, and exploded across her face like fire. Her body froze, unable to move as the metal clasp around her neck pulsed with agony. Her vision blurred, and for a moment, the world felt distant, fading.

And then she saw him.

A man stepped forward, moving into her line of sight. His golden eyes locked onto hers, a gaze she recognized too well. The flame-like red hair, the familiar red robes—the face she had tried to forget, the man who had never left her thoughts despite the years of training, the years of pain.

"D-D-Dad? Wha—how—\*no\*." Her voice was hoarse, trembling with disbelief as she shook her head in denial. "No way."

The man before her smiled coldly, his presence as commanding as it was terrifying. "Yes, Kyra. It's time for you to start taking doses of Reaper variant. Then, your military training will begin."

The words were a death sentence in themselves. But there was something more, something final in the way he spoke—like an inevitable conclusion to a life already written.

He pressed a button. Kyra’s body screamed in agony.

The pain exploded inside her, as if her very soul was being ripped from her body. Furyan energy, raw and untamed, surged out of her like a tidal wave, crackling with violent energy. The force was so intense that it sent the workers and guards flying backward, slamming into walls with bone-shattering force.

And yet, despite the fury within her, the cold hands of Psalm still held her down. Someone fired another dart filled with Psalm, and this time, it found its mark. The energy inside her faltered, her body crumpling under the weight of the poison. The last thing she saw before the world went dark was the man standing before her, his eyes unwavering, his grip unyielding.

As her vision blurred, one thought passed through her mind: \*This was not the end.\*

### Act 0: Chapter 3, part 1 - Ghost

Taurus Three, Gurah, Gurah Weapons Department, May 2576, First Conditioning Loop of eCIx variant, Reaper

"It’s a labyrinth, a lab of the malignant, I’m the militant.” She moved like a whisper through concrete veins, crouched low, eyes scanning. Her breath was rasped between each step, pacing herself with the beat in her chest—one she didn’t own anymore. The maze bent ahead of her, corners shifting like a live feed glitching under pressure. “Killin’ every villainous vision out the infinite, chemical, subliminal—it’s spinal when I spiral, though.” The walls cracked. No warning. The floor split like old bone. Jack lit up—literally—as her body fractured into lines of burning white. She didn’t fall. She scattered. Light scattered. And then: reassembled, standing on top of the maze with a dead wind hissing behind her. Gridlines twisted beneath her boots, forming impossible geometry.

“Cryptic clicks in the crawlspace, quick ticks, switchblades, spit-shade, dark fades, I’m stitchin’ in the bloodstains.” Her shadow dropped out from under her—no body, just mass falling. She hit the padded white room like memory hitting bone. Blood was everywhere—across the walls, soaked into the corners, smeared across her shirt. She turned her head slowly. Her pulse didn’t rise. Her pupils did. “A parasite in paradise, I paralyze the paradigm, pair the rhyme with razor lines, a slasher with a shattered spine.” Her smile came from somewhere else. Not Reaper. Not Solace. Something rawer, waking. “I’m hauntin’, I’m huntin’, shadows in the undergrowth.” The lights above her buzzed in Morse. Her eyes burned violet.

“You’re the mirror to my madness but I’m slippin’ from the antidote.” Something clicked behind her. She didn’t get to look. A hand—not human—gripped her jaw. The needle slid directly into her left eye, smooth as breath. Violet surged in. The scream wasn’t a sound. It was rupture. “Antidote! Antidote! Antidote!” The world fell out from under her again.

“It’s a labyrinth of letters where the echoes roam.” Trees split past her in streaks of violet. Her body blurred—hardly a shape anymore, just motion and purpose, a ripple tearing through branches and fog. The forest didn’t exist before she moved through it. It did now, screaming behind her.

“I’m buildin’ bridges outta shadows just to feel at home.” She burst through the front wall of a house with no warning, no entry—just impact. Her hands didn’t grab, they \*tore\*. Heads came off clean, like paper dolls, like memory. She didn’t slow. A dog barked once. It never barked again.

“You’re the mirror to the truth, but I’m lost in the smoke.” A shot cracked—silent, sharp. Her body twisted into a funnel of vapor mid-step, coiling through the air like burnt incense. The bullet passed through nothing. She reformed on the far wall with violet eyes and a pulse-beat grin.

“Tryna breathe between the verses but I never spoke!” She blinked. Back in the padded cell. No motion now. Just her—bare feet on blood. Her eyes found the red light in the ceiling. A camera. Always the same one. Always watching. And still, she hadn’t said a word.

And the maze… shifted with her. The room didn’t breathe. Everyone else did. Fast. Loud. Wrong. They were armed—blades, rifles, stunners. All eyes on her. Kyra stood still in the center, hands at her sides, blood still drying under her nails. The hum in her skull returned—lower now, like something ancient clearing its throat. She tilted her head. Just a little. Her smirk came with no sound. And that was the warning.

“Fangs in the fabric, tragic like a black trick.” She stood still as the door creaked open, shadows bleeding into the room. Her eyes tracked movement before movement even happened. A man stepped in—wrong move. Her lips curled, slow and thin. “Slashin' at the edges where the light meets static.” She turned to face him fully. The hum in her skull matched the buzz of the fluorescent lights. His fingers twitched. Her body didn’t. It launched.

"I'm the phantom of the opera, you’re caught in the optic, toxic—drop dead in the mindscape chaotic.” The scream never left her mouth. The man hit the wall, then slid down it in pieces. Blood pooled at the door like the red edge of a curtain. She stepped over it and bolted into the hall. The ward lit up in alarms. Her fingers found wires. Power. “Murderous murmurs, twisted in circuits, I surface in verses with curses immersed in—” She ripped the panel open. Electricity danced up her arms. She screamed again, this time on purpose. The shock surged down the hall, cooking everything metal, flesh, or afraid.

“Lucid illusions, a noose in conclusions, I’m bruisin’ every fusion with unholy intrusion.” She grabbed the first weapon she saw—a piece of jagged rebar. The first handler’s ribs opened like a paper box. The next exploded. Literally. Sinew hit the ceiling. Bones shot like knives. Screams didn’t last long. “Deep in the cortex, vortex of void—” She blinked. And she was back in the forest. “I’m poised in the noise where the screams get destroyed.” Wind howled in the trees. Her own body stood across from her. Same eyes. Same burn. Neither blinked. “Venom in my veins, reigns split like a nightmare—” The trees ahead formed walls. Angles. The maze again. But this time it breathed \*faster\*. “Run, but I’m comin’, ’cause I’m huntin’ everywhere." She dropped her stance. Grit hit her teeth. She ran.

“It’s a labyrinth of letters where the echoes roam.” She tore through the trees like a blur of violet rage, arms low, knees high—movement sharper than breath. Bark peeled off trunks behind her. The world cracked trying to keep up. Double heartbeat. “I’m buildin’ bridges outta shadows just to feel at home.” The facility snapped into place beneath her boots. She dove from the upper floor, spiral architecture rushing past like a drain. She landed hard—bare feet on cold concrete. A man stood above, unmoved. Watching. “You’re the mirror to the truth, but I’m lost in the smoke.” The walls didn’t crumble—they folded inward, swallowed by the labyrinth’s breath. She stepped forward. Touched his chest. He shattered into light without protest. Heartbeat. “Tryna breathe between the verses but I never spoke!”

She looked up. The sky blinked between purple and static. Wind caught her hair—long again, alive. Behind her, something shifted in the ground. She turned, slow. Her eyes gleamed like warning lights.

“Tongues twist, serpent hiss, whispers in the mist.” The room was gone. Only mist now—red-lit and thick, voices swimming in the air. Her lips didn’t move, but she could \*feel\* herself speaking. Others answered in screams. “Fists pound, silent sound, demons co-exist.” Blood sprayed like breath. Hands gripped her shoulders, then fell off at the wrist. Her weapon wasn’t metal anymore—it was rhythm. And it dripped like memory.

“Darker still, harder thrill, chillin’ to the bone.” She stood on a pile of bodies—some armored, some not. Faces blurred. Names unspoken. Their blood ran in a spiral under her boots. She smiled. She \*laughed\*. But then: strings. Thin, glowing lines snapped into her limbs—pulling, yanking. Her hand lifted the gun. She didn’t aim. She pointed at \*you\*. She pulled the trigger.

“MONSTERS MADE OF EVERY WORD I’VE EVER LEFT ALONE!” The world \*screamed\* with her. Everything fractured—shards of light, black static, bone dust. Her voice tore through it all like a blade.

“Grim with the grin as I slip into the spin.” Flames licked up her arms, skin boiling away into white fire. She screamed—not from pain, but from release. Fire coiled off her like smoke made of memory. Her grin stayed razor-wide. “I’m the horror in your head that you’ll never let in.”

He was watching. Still. Eyes wide. Weapon drawn. Breath caught in his chest like he knew her name but forgot his own. “Fast-paced, death’s trace, kissed by cold cracks.” The gun fired. Plasma spun like lightning in orbit. She twisted with it—spun low, rising fast. Hair trailing flame. Her feet never touched the ground.

“Whisper through the darkness—” She caught it. Bare hand. Stopped the energy mid-flight. It crackled in her palm. Her eyes rose, glowing. “Cinder...” Her voice was quiet. Venomous. “You dare destroy your Ripper?”

The room shook. The fire on her skin shimmered like blade-oil. “You wanted a sinner... but claimed her a saint.” Her fist closed. “Remember.” The light collapsed. “This moment.”

### Act 0: Chapter 3, part 2 - Your Face is the Password

Imprint Reaper Tether: Dan Hesse, June 18, 2577

The syringe gleamed blood-red beneath the sterile light. Dan held it steady as he approached her, his jaw tight, movements clinical. Solace sat motionless in the metal chair, wrists unbound—but not because they trusted her. It was because restraint had proved unnecessary. Until now.

Without ceremony, he drove the needle into the soft groove beneath her jawline. The serum hissed into her neck, thick and hot.

“No lies. No mercy. No escape,” he said.

Kyra tilted her head, one brow twitching. “Incorrect password. Even the vial says the answer, dumbass.”

Dan flinched backward. Her skin kindled.

Flame peeled up her collarbones, rippling like a veil. Her eyes flared silver, backlit by something ancient and wrong.

He reached for his pistol too late.

“What the hell is it then, Solace?” he barked, backing up a step.

She smiled, cold and razored. “Your face.”

His fist cracked across her cheek. Her head snapped sideways—skin already healing. He shoved the barrel of his gun against her temple, his breath a snarl.

“Password, Kyra.”

Her breath left her slow. Something inside her shifted—like doors closing. Her voice dropped.

“No mercy. No life. Only Reaper.”

Dan exhaled, lower now. Almost reverent. “Project Solace? You are the Reaper? Of what?”

She stood, movements preternaturally fluid. The air around her shimmered with residual heat. Her silver gaze didn’t blink.

“I was created to destroy the Threshold,” she said. “My directive is to stay clear of the prophetic Furyan. But if he fails—I finish the job. I become the prophecy. If he rises as Lord Marshal, I kill him. If he surrenders the mantle, I am to present myself—bride. Mate. Replacement.”

Dan stared. “You’re eleven. That’s—”

“Wrong.” Her voice sharpened. “I am physically eleven. But I was born twenty years ago. You should know—you gave me Psalm when I was \*three\*.”

His silence was bitter. Then came the words.

“Solace, No mercy. No life. I name you Reaper.”

She stood straighter. Fire coiled tight around her like breath made visible.

“Imprint confirmed. Operator: Dan Hesse. Subject: Kyra Hahl.”

### Act 0: Chapter 3, part 3 - Last Command

Taurus Three, Capital City Yuan [7:41AM], June 18, 2577

Kyra stands still, her posture rigid, waiting for the command. It doesn’t matter how far her operator is; distance means nothing. The command will reach her, and it always does.

Her gaze fixes on the target—the Embassy of Yuan. The target itself doesn’t matter. Only the building. The structure. The mission.

A chill crawls down her spine, and her breath catches in her chest as the command pierces her consciousness.

\*Level it, Reaper.\*

The words cut through everything. Kyra’s body vibrates, a low hum running deep beneath her skin. Her limbs feel heavy, numb, as if something inside her is awakening. Boots dig into the dirt beneath, and in an instant, the air shifts. It’s not running anymore—\*motion\*. She is the blur, the force, the inevitable destruction.

Buildings bleed together as she picks up speed. The world rushes by in streaks of light and shadow, but she isn’t part of the blur. She’s the center of it, the eye of the storm.

Then the Embassy’s walls loom closer. Her vision sharpens, and she sees them—the molecular structure, the integrity of the materials. It’s not just a wall anymore. It’s atoms, particles, energy, all held together by fragile forces. The building becomes a map, a framework, and she moves through it as easily as water through a sieve. Her body doesn’t break the wall; it flows through it, slipping past the material like a shadow.

When she lands, when her feet hit the ground, it’s not the crash of a body against stone. It’s the force of an animal rising from deep within, a pulse that stirs beneath her skin. It’s raw. Untamed. Angry.

The sound that follows isn’t a roar—it’s an explosion.

The building shakes as her voice erupts, a sound that vibrates through the ground, shaking the very air. Her mind flashes with fragments of her past—her childhood, stolen. Her father’s lies. The collar that choked her, the shots that burned through her flesh, the infections of Psalm that ravaged her body and mind. Murder, forced on her, with no say. No choice.

But there’s something more now. Her heart beats faster, and the static in her veins hums louder. She remembers the magma under the surface, the boiling fury of her bloodline. The static in the air ignites with the weight of millions of lives lost to this war.

Her eyes burn, still glowing with that silver intensity. The building’s foundation trembles beneath her, cracking. Deep, searing pain surges within her, and it’s not just her body—this is the echo of every life destroyed, every person torn apart. The war, the endless cycle of suffering—it’s all inside her now.

Her arms lower slowly, her breathing steadying as the last remnants of that fury simmer beneath the surface. She stares down at the crater in front of her, the edges still white-hot, filled with molten rock.

\*Dan is beckoning her.\*

His presence is distant, but the connection is unmistakable. He is far, yet near. Always near. The static between them feels thick, like the air before a storm.

Kyra closes her eyes, letting the energy move through her, feeling his call, his pull, in every cell. The connection hums.

When her eyes open again, the communication link buzzes to life. Dan’s voice filters through, his tone almost clinical. “Cinder, she’s staring at me. She can’t fight back, right?”

\*Her mind flinches, the surge of rebellion crashing against the command.\* \*How dare he. You told me to destroy, and I did as you requested.\*

The words come from another place, a deeper voice—her father’s. His presence fills the space around her, familiar but cruel. "Kyra. Leave Taurus, and never return."

Her lips press into a thin line, her gaze shifting to Dan. The pause hangs between them, heavy with expectation. Then, his voice cracks the silence, an order: "Reaper, leave Taurus and the Taurus system—never return. As your operator, this is my last command."

Kyra’s eyes close once more, the weight of the command sinking deep into her. The static, that familiar hum, swells inside her, and she lets it carry her away, far from the crumbling remnants of a life long lost. Far from the war. Far from everything.

\*[07:51 - Ten minutes for sector annihilation ]\*

### Act 0: Chapter 4 - Lost Months

The Lost Months: June 18, 2577 - January 1, 2578

After the order to leave the Taurus system, Kyra found herself drifting, the void of space a fitting reflection of the emptiness she felt inside. There was no freedom in her exile, only an oppressive silence that filled the gaps where the chaos used to be. Taurus 1, the planet where she had hoped to escape, became another prison. The city streets, cold and unfamiliar, offered her no solace. She lived in shadows, moving between alleys and abandoned structures, hiding from the world and the memories that never left her. Psalm X-19 still thrummed beneath her skin, a constant hum that reminded her of what she was: a weapon, a tool, a creature born of violence.

She tried to live among the people of Taurus 1, but she was never truly one of them. The past clung to her like a second skin. Her time under the Gurah Weapons Department was a nightmare that never ended, no matter how far she ran. Each step she took, each breath she drew, felt like a continuation of that endless cycle of violence and manipulation.

By the time January 1, 2578 arrived, a freighter, the Hunter Gratzner, entered the system. The moment it docked, she was found. Not by force, but by inevitability. The docking procedures would begin soon. She wasn’t aware of the exact time, but she knew that something was about to change. Dan’s voice was still present, distant yet undeniable, "You’ll be sold. Just survive until we arrive."

She was cargo once again, locked away in a container, a piece of property to be transported. Dan’s voice, cold and distant, echoed in her mind: "You’re mine until the end, Kyra. Helion Prime awaits. Six million UC." Her life, her fate, reduced to a monetary value. She had been reduced to nothing more than an asset.

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