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Copyright

Aztec Samurai Adventures Book 2:
The Mirror Siege — Reflections of
Betrayal

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Chapter 1 - The Army On The Move

The war table was a slab of limestone the size of a door, and every inch of it was covered in bad news.

Itzil stood at its head, palms flat against the cool stone, staring at the collection of carved markers that represented the allied forces. There were not enough of them. There had never been enough of them, but the gap between what they had and what they needed had been an abstraction before — a number in

Amalura's reports, a concern for tomorrow. Tomorrow had arrived three days early and brought company.

"Gravok's main force crossed the Ember River at dawn." Kaelen's voice was flat, professional, stripped of the sardonic edge he usually carried like a blade. He stood across the table with his scout's map unrolled over the limestone, charcoal marks still fresh. "Twelve thousand infantry. Eight hundred war-beasts. Supply train stretching two miles. He's moving fast — faster than an army that size should be able to move."

"How fast?" Itzil asked.

"Three days. Maybe less if he pushes through the night. He's burning villages for fuel as he goes. Doesn't need to for-

age when everything behind you is on fire.”

Commander Rethane of the Aravalle garrison — a broad woman with iron-grey hair cropped close to her skull — leaned over the map and traced the route with a scarred finger. “If he crosses the Thornfield basin, he has a clear run at three cities. Aravalle, Sundrift, and Ironpool. All within a day’s march of each other.”

“He’ll hit all three,” Kaelen said.

Rethane shook her head. “He can’t. Not simultaneously. He’d have to split his forces three ways, and even twelve thousand doesn’t divide evenly against fortified cities.”

Kaelen didn’t answer. He looked at Itzil, and she saw something in his pale

grey-blue eyes that she'd learned to recognize over the past weeks: he knew something he hadn't said yet. Something that would change the shape of the conversation.

"What aren't you telling us?" she asked.

"Nothing confirmed. Rumors from the forward scouts. Things that don't add up." He ran a hand through his dark hair — a nervous habit she'd noticed he only showed when the stakes were personal. "The numbers are wrong, Itzil. Gravok has twelve thousand soldiers but he's been making promises to the occupied towns that suggest he's planning to hit all three cities at once, with full force at each location. That's thirty-six thousand soldiers he doesn't have."

"Then he's bluffing," Rethane said.

“Gravok doesn’t bluff. He doesn’t need to. He’s a hammer, not a diplomat.” Kaelen tapped the map. “He has something. A force multiplier. I don’t know what it is yet, but I know the math doesn’t work without one.”

The tent fell silent. Outside, the sounds of the allied camp filtered through the canvas — the clank of armor being repaired, the low murmur of soldiers eating their evening meal, the distant whinny of horses. Six weeks ago, this camp hadn’t existed. Six weeks ago, Itzil had been a temple warrior with a team of four and a weapon she barely understood. Now she commanded — or something like it — an alliance of city garrisons, volunteer militia, and the remnants of a Sun-Blade tradition that had nearly died.

She didn't feel like a commander. She felt like a woman standing in a room full of people who expected her to have answers she didn't possess.

"Korvain sent a message this morning," she said. The room stiffened. Korvain's messages were rare and never comforting. "He says Gravok will hit all three cities. He says we don't have the numbers to defend all three. He says we should choose which two to save."

The silence that followed was the heavy kind. The kind that pressed against the walls and made the air thick.

"Which two?" Rethane asked.

Itzil looked at the map. Three cities. Three clusters of civilian population. Three sets of walls and gates and market squares and homes where children

slept and old women hung laundry and bakers rose before dawn to light their ovens. Each city held between eight and fifteen thousand people. Choosing two meant abandoning one. Abandoning one meant condemning thousands to Dominion occupation — to ash-oaths, to slavery, to the erasure of everything they were.

She thought of Solquetal. Her village. The smoke and the screaming and the empty eyes of the ash-oathed villager standing in the square with a sword he didn't know he was holding. She thought of how that feeling — the helpless fury of watching people be unmade — had become the thing that drove her out of bed every morning and kept her standing at this table when every rational part

of her mind said she wasn't qualified to be here.

"We defend all three," she said.

Rethane's expression didn't change, which was worse than if she'd argued. It was the expression of a professional soldier listening to an amateur make a mistake. "Commander, with respect — we don't have the forces to hold three fronts. If Gravok concentrates on any one city, we'll break."

"Then we make sure he can't concentrate." Itzil straightened. The Sun-Blade hummed at her hip — a warmth she'd learned to feel even through the leather of the scabbard. It didn't manifest unless she called it, but it was always there, patient and heavy and waiting. "Aravalle is the largest city and the most defensible.

It gets our main force — Rethane, that's you. I'll be with you on the front line."

She moved markers on the map. "Sundrift gets Jagren and a defensive garrison. He's the best fighter we have in close quarters. If Gravok hits Sundrift, Jagren holds the walls while we march from Aravalle."

"That's a six-hour march," Rethane said.

"Then Jagren holds for six hours. He'll like it. He's been complaining about boredom."

Rethane almost smiled. Almost.

"Ironpool." Itzil placed the last marker. A single piece of carved obsidian, small and alone. "Skeleton crew. Torvane's signal arrays and Neyla's field hospital.

They're the least likely target — smallest city, fewest resources."

"And if Gravok does hit Ironpool first?"

Itzil looked at Kaelen. He met her gaze and held it. She could see him already calculating — distances, sight lines, escape routes. His mind never stopped running terrain.

"Kaelen goes behind enemy lines," she said. "Before the attack. He finds out what Gravok's force multiplier is, and he destroys it. If we take away Gravok's advantage, this becomes a fair fight. And in a fair fight, we can hold all three."

Kaelen nodded. Once. Sharp. No hesitation, no complaint, no argument. She'd expected argument. She'd prepared for it.

“You’re wounded,” she said. It came out before she could stop it — softer than she’d intended, more personal than a commander should sound in a tent full of officers.

Kaelen’s expression didn’t change. The claw marks down his back from his last encounter with Gravok’s war-beast were barely a week old. She’d seen Neyla changing his bandages — four parallel lines of angry red tissue running from his left shoulder blade to his right hip, deep enough to have nicked bone. He moved like a man carrying glass.

“I’m the only one who can do this and we both know it,” he said. His voice was neutral. Professional. The same tone he used when reporting scout positions or weather patterns. “I’m the fastest. I

know the terrain. I've been in Gravok's camp before."

"If you die out there—"

"Then you'll find someone else who can't count." The faintest ghost of a smile crossed his face. It didn't reach his eyes. Itzil didn't laugh. Neither did anyone else.

She held his gaze for a moment longer than necessary. Then she turned back to the map.

"We move at first light. Rethane, begin the Aravalle fortification. Jagren marches for Sundrift tonight — I'll brief him personally. Torvane starts installing signal mirrors between all three cities. If any position comes under attack, the others know within minutes."

The officers filed out. Kaelen was the last to leave. At the tent flap, he paused.

"Itzil."

She looked up.

"You made the right call. Defending all three." He held the tent flap open. The sunset beyond was the color of old blood. "Korvain would have chosen two. That's why you're not Korvain."

He left. The tent was empty. Itzil stood alone at the war table, looking at three small markers on a map that represented everything she was trying to protect, and felt the weight of command settle across her shoulders like a yoke.

She pressed her palms against the stone until her knuckles whitened.

“Don’t you dare let them die,” she whispered. She wasn’t talking to anyone in the room. She wasn’t sure who she was talking to.

The Sun-Blade pulsed once. Warm. Steady. Patient.

She picked up her sword and walked out to brief Jagren.

Chapter 2 - Mirrors And Smoke

Kaelen crossed the Ember River at the place where the water ran shallow over flat stones, moving in the grey hour before dawn when the world was colorless and sounds carried too far. The river was cold — snowmelt from the northern peaks — and it bit into his legs like teeth as he waded across, holding his pack above his head with arms that shook from the chill and the protest of healing wounds.

The claw marks on his back pulled with every step. Neyla had done her best — the tissue was closed, the infection beaten back, the worst of the nerve damage soothed by whatever it was her magic did that no one, including Neyla, fully understood. But the scars were tight and new, and the muscles beneath them remembered being torn apart. Every stretch was a reminder. Every twist sent a hot wire of pain from shoulder to hip.

He reached the far bank and crouched in the reeds, dripping, listening. The Dominion side of the river was different. He'd noticed it on his last crossing, but it hit harder now. The silence. Not the natural silence of open country — the heavy, pressed silence of land that had been emptied. No birdsong. No insects. No wind in the grain, because there was

no grain. The fields on this side had been burned to stubble, the farmhouses reduced to stone foundations and ash, the trees along the road cut for siege timber. The Dominion didn't occupy territory. It consumed it.

He dressed quickly, pulling on the rough-spun trader's clothes he'd packed. His scout gear went into the oil-skin bag: the dark leather, the throwing knives, the flex-soled boots that let him feel the ground through his feet. He kept one knife — a short blade strapped to his inner forearm, hidden beneath the loose sleeve. He kept his eyes and his training. Those were harder to hide but impossible to leave behind.

The road north was empty. Or rather, the road north was full of emptiness —

the kind that pressed against the skin and made the hair stand up on the back of his neck. He'd walked through Dominion territory before. It never got easier. The ash-oath sigils on the doors of abandoned houses. The occasional figure standing motionless in a field — an ash-oathed slave, body functional, mind erased, waiting for orders that might never come. They didn't look at him as he passed. They didn't look at anything.

He walked for six hours. The landscape changed as he moved deeper into occupied territory — from burned farmland to a kind of grim order. Roads repaired. Supply depots established. Watchtowers at regular intervals, manned by Dominion soldiers in black and silver who watched the road with the bored alert-

ness of an empire that expected no resistance.

Kaelen avoided the watchtowers. He knew their sight lines — he'd mapped them on his first infiltration, storing the angles and distances in the part of his mind that never forgot terrain. He moved through the gaps, threading between patrol patterns with the fluid instinct of a man who had spent his entire adult life being where he wasn't supposed to be.

By midday he reached the forward camp.

He smelled it before he saw it — the thick, animal stink of war-beasts mixing with the sharp tang of forge smoke and the underlying sweetness of too many bodies in too small a space. The

camp sprawled across a valley that had once been farmland, a city of canvas and timber and black banners that stretched nearly a mile in every direction. Twelve thousand soldiers. Eight hundred war-beasts in their pens, bellowing and snapping at handlers who moved with the careful speed of people who knew that a moment's inattention meant losing a hand.

Kaelen climbed a ridge overlooking the camp and settled into a hollow between two boulders, pulling dried grass over his body until he was nothing but another shadow on the hillside. He uncapped the small telescope Torvane had built for him — brass and crystal, compact enough to fit in a palm — and began to observe.

The camp was organized with military precision. Barracks tents in rows. Officers' quarters at the center, distinguished by their size and the silver pennants flying above them. A training ground where soldiers drilled in formations that Kaelen recognized from a dozen battlefields. Supply wagons being loaded and unloaded. Smiths hammering. Quartermasters counting.

All of this was expected. All of this was normal.

What was not normal was the light.

At the eastern edge of the camp, set apart from the main body by a perimeter of guards, a cluster of structures glowed. Not with firelight or torchlight — with something else. Something that shifted and rippled like water standing

on edge. Kaelen adjusted the telescope and felt his stomach drop.

Mirror-portals.

He'd read Amalura's notes on the old texts. He'd heard the intelligence reports from captured Dominion scouts. But reading about them and seeing them were different in the way that reading about drowning and having water close over your head were different.

They hung in the air like vertical pools of mercury — shimmering, reflective surfaces the size of doorways, each framed by a structure of dark crystal and metal that hummed with a low, subsonic vibration he could feel in his teeth. Through each portal, he could see — not the camp, not the valley, but somewhere else entirely. A city street. A mountain

pass. A stretch of coastline. Each portal was a window to a different location, and as he watched, soldiers walked through them. A squad of six entered one portal and vanished. Through the telescope, he could see the same six soldiers stepping out of thin air on the other side — wherever the other side was.

He counted the portals. Six. Ten. Fourteen. Twenty-two. Twenty-six.

Twenty-six portals. Each capable of moving a squad in seconds. That was the force multiplier. Gravok didn't need thirty-six thousand soldiers. He needed twelve thousand soldiers who could be anywhere on the continent in the time it took to walk through a door.

Kaelen's mind ran the tactical math with the cold, automatic precision of a scout

who had been calculating threat assessments since he was sixteen. Twenty-six portals. Average transit time of ten seconds per squad. Squads of six. That meant Gravok could relocate his entire army — all twelve thousand — in under two hours. He could hit Aravalle at dawn, pull his forces through the portals, and hit Sundrift by noon. He could feint at one city, draw the defense, then teleport his main force to the weakest point.

It was elegant. It was devastating. It was the end of conventional defense.

Kaelen watched for another hour. He mapped the portal positions, the guard rotations, the power structures he could identify. He noted that the portals seemed to pulse in a rhythm — brightening and dimming in sync, as though they

were all connected to the same source. A heartbeat. A single heart, pumping mirror-light through twenty-six veins.

He needed to find that heart.

The sun was beginning to set when he started his withdrawal. Slowly. Carefully. Easing out of his hide site one inch at a time, moving with the patience of a man who understood that speed killed scouts faster than any blade. The grass rustled as he moved, but the wind was blowing from the camp toward him, carrying sound away.

He was fifty yards from the ridgeline when the shadow fell.

It dropped across the ground in front of him like a blanket — too large to be a man, too solid to be a cloud. The stench hit him next. Rotting meat and iron and

the musky, animal reek of something that ate other animals for pleasure.

Kaelen froze.

The war-beast landed on the ridge behind him with a sound like a building settling. It was enormous — fifteen feet at the shoulder, a creature of muscle and bone and armored hide, with a head like a battering ram and eyes that glowed with the dull crimson of ash-oath magic. Its claws had gouged furrows in the stone where it perched.

And on its back, sitting with the casual ease of a man in a favorite chair, was the largest human being Kaelen had ever seen.

Gravok was a mountain given flesh. Seven feet tall, shoulders wide enough to fill a doorway, arms like the trunks of

young trees. His armor was black iron and beast-bone, the plates decorated with the teeth and claws of things he'd killed. His hair was braided tight against his skull, woven with the fangs of predators. His face was a map of violence — scarred, broad, dominated by a jaw that could have been carved from granite.

He was grinning.

"A scout," Gravok said. His voice was deep enough to feel in the chest. "This close to my camp." He leaned forward on the beast's neck, studying Kaelen the way a man studies an insect before deciding whether to crush it. "Either you're very good or you're very stupid."

Kaelen's mind was already running. Distance to the nearest cover: forty yards of open ground. The beast could close

that in two leaps. Gravok's reach with his weapon — a massive double-headed axe strapped to the beast's saddle — extended his threat radius another six feet. Fighting was not an option. Gravok could break him in half without breathing hard.

"Little of both," Kaelen said.

He moved.

Not toward cover — that was the obvious play and Gravok would expect it. Instead, Kaelen threw himself forward, under the war-beast's head, rolling between its legs as the creature lunged. The beast's jaws snapped shut on empty air. Its massive body pivoted, but Kaelen was already through — behind the beast, sprinting low across the broken ground.

The beast's tail swept the ground. He jumped it. Barely. His landing sent a spike of pain through his back — the claw marks screaming — and he stumbled. The beast was turning. Gravok was laughing.

Kaelen pulled a flash-powder charge from his belt — one of Torvane's inventions, a paper twist packed with magnesium and sulfur — and hurled it at the beast's face. The charge detonated in a burst of white light and acrid smoke. The beast shrieked, rearing back, pawing at its eyes. Gravok cursed and hauled on the reins.

Kaelen ran. Through the thorn thicket, ignoring the barbs that tore at his clothes and skin. Down the slope, feet sliding on loose scree. Through the

stream at the valley floor, water splashing, cold, the rocks treacherous beneath his boots. The claw marks on his back had reopened — he could feel the warmth of blood soaking through his shirt, the familiar sick pulse of damaged tissue being pushed past its limits.

Behind him, Gravok's voice carried across the distance, still laughing: "I like fast prey. Makes the hunt better."

Kaelen ran until the laughter faded. Until the only sounds were his own breathing and the thud of his heartbeat in his ears. Until the Dominion camp was a dark smear on the horizon and the allied territory was close enough to taste.

He staggered into the forward outpost at dusk. The sentries recognized him and lowered their spears. A runner was

sent. He didn't wait. He walked — staggered, really, his legs giving way every few steps — toward the command tent.

Itzil was there. Of course she was. She was always at the command tent, as if she could hold the war together by standing close enough to the map. She looked up when he came in, and her face went through three expressions in rapid succession: relief, then fear, then the carefully controlled mask she wore when she didn't want anyone to see what she was feeling.

"Kaelen."

He leaned against the tent pole. Blood was running down his back, pooling in his waistband. His hands were shaking. His vision had a grey, contracting quality that meant he was running out of time

before his body made its own decisions about consciousness.

He said two words.

“Mirror portals.”

Then the grey closed in and the ground came up to meet him.

Chapter 3 - The Beast Commander

The world came back in pieces.

First: pain. The deep, structural kind that lived in bone and muscle and announced itself with every heartbeat like a drum struck too hard. Kaelen's back was a landscape of fire — the reopened claw marks pulsing with a wet, insistent agony that made his teeth clench and his fingers dig into whatever surface was beneath him.

Second: light. Warm, golden, moving. Not sunlight — too focused, too intentional. Healing light. Neyla's light.

He opened his eyes. The ceiling of the medical tent swam into focus above him — canvas stretched over wooden poles, stained with watermarks and the shadows of people moving outside. He was lying face-down on a cot, his shirt removed, his back exposed to the air and to Neyla's hands, which hovered an inch above the claw marks and radiated a turquoise-gold warmth that sank into his flesh like water into parched earth.

"Don't move," Neyla said. Her voice had the calm, firm quality of someone who said those two words fifty times a day and meant them every time. "The tissue

is closing but it's fragile. If you tear it again, I can't promise it'll heal clean."

"How long was I out?"

"Six hours. You collapsed in the command tent. Itzil caught you before you hit the table." A pause. "She hasn't left the tent flap since they brought you here. She's pretending to review reports but she's checked on you eleven times. I counted."

Kaelen said nothing. He filed the information in the same place he filed everything about Itzil — a growing collection of observations that he didn't examine too closely because examining them would require acknowledging what they meant, and acknowledging what they meant would require him to be a differ-

ent kind of person than the one he'd spent years becoming.

"The mirror portals," he said instead. "Did I—"

"You said two words and passed out. Itzil filled in the gaps from what you'd told her before. The war council has been in session for four hours." Neyla's hands shifted, and a wave of warmth rolled down his spine. The pain receded — not gone, but muffled, like a scream heard through thick walls. "Twenty-six portals. Instant troop movement. Gravok can hit all three cities with his full force."

"Did they believe it?"

"Rethane did. She's already redesigning the defense. Torvane's building something — he hasn't slept. He's been muttering about signal mirrors and frequen-

cy resonance and other things I don't understand." Another pause. "Jagren already marched for Sundrift. He left an hour after you came in. He said to tell you — and I'm quoting — 'Next time, try not to get mauled by the same beast twice. It's embarrassing for the rest of us.'"

Despite everything, Kaelen almost smiled. Almost.

Neyla worked in silence for several minutes. The healing warmth was doing its job — he could feel the torn edges of muscle knitting together, the damaged skin tightening as new tissue formed beneath her magic. It wasn't painless. Healing never was. The body remembered its injuries even as it was being repaired,

and the memory was its own kind of suffering.

"You shouldn't have gone back out there," Neyla said quietly. "Your body wasn't ready."

"My body is rarely consulted on these decisions."

"That's not funny, Kaelen."

"It wasn't meant to be."

She lifted her hands. The warmth faded.

"You can sit up. Slowly."

He sat up slowly. The tent tilted, steadied, and settled into its proper orientation. His back ached — a deep, bone-level throb — but the sharp, tearing pain was gone. He looked down at his hands. Clean. Someone had washed the blood off while he slept.

“Neyla.”

She was organizing her supplies — bandages, salves, the small crystal vials of concentrated healing energy she’d learned to create. She looked up.

“Thank you.”

She nodded. “Go talk to Itzil. She needs to hear the details from you, not from a secondhand summary delivered while she’s pretending not to worry.”

He found Itzil outside the command tent, exactly where Neyla had said she’d be. She was sitting on an ammunition crate with a stack of reports on her lap, but the reports were upside down and her eyes were on the medical tent’s entrance. When she saw him, her face did the thing it always did — the flash of something unguarded, quickly con-

trolled, replaced by the careful neutrality of command.

"You look terrible," she said.

"You should see the other guy."

"I've seen him. He weighs three hundred pounds and rides a monster. You weigh a hundred and sixty and you're held together with bandages and stubbornness." She stood, and the reports scattered from her lap. She didn't pick them up. "Tell me everything."

He told her everything. The camp layout. The portal positions. The guard rotations. The pulsing rhythm that connected all twenty-six portals like veins to a heart. She listened with the focused intensity she brought to everything — not just hearing the words but building

the tactical picture in her mind, fitting each piece into the larger map.

“They’re connected,” she said when he finished. “All the portals. To a single source.”

“That’s what it looked like. A central anchor. Something that powers the entire network.”

“If we destroy the anchor—”

“Every portal goes down simultaneously. No more force multiplication. Gravok’s army stays wherever it is when the portals collapse.”

Itzil’s eyes sharpened. He recognized the expression — it was the one she wore when a plan was forming, when the pieces of a puzzle were clicking into

place behind her eyes. "You want to go back."

It wasn't a question. She knew him well enough now to read the shape of what he was going to say before he said it. He found that both comforting and unsettling.

"I need to find the anchor. It wasn't in the main camp — I would have seen it. It's somewhere else. Somewhere connected to the portals but separate from Gravok's forces. Protected." He met her gaze. "I need to go deeper into Dominion territory than I've ever been. Past the forward camp. Into the occupied towns."

"Alone."

"I move faster alone. And a group would be spotted. One person, dressed as a

trader, asking careful questions — that's invisible. A team of soldiers is a target."

Itzil was quiet for a long moment. The camp sounds filled the silence between them — hammers, voices, the creak of wagon wheels. The setting sun painted the western sky in shades of amber and rust.

"You're still wounded," she said.

"I'm always wounded. It's a professional hazard."

"This isn't a joke, Kaelen."

"No." He dropped the sardonic tone. It was a shield and they both knew it. "It isn't. But the math is the same whether I'm joking or not. Twenty-six portals. Twelve thousand soldiers who can be anywhere in hours. If we don't

take out the anchor before Gravok attacks, it doesn't matter how well we defend. He'll overwhelm us through sheer mobility."

"And if you die out there, I lose my best scout and the only person who's seen the portals firsthand."

"Then you'll have to train someone else to be insufferable. I'm sure Jagren would volunteer."

She didn't laugh. He hadn't expected her to. The weight of the conversation was pressing down on both of them — the acknowledgment, unspoken but clear, that what he was proposing was a mission with a low probability of return.

Itzil stepped closer. Close enough that he could see the flecks of gold in her dark eyes, the tension in her jaw, the

way her fingers were wrapped around the pommel of the Sun-Blade so tightly that the leather creaked.

"Come back," she said. Two words. Simple. Loaded with everything neither of them was willing to name.

"I always do."

"You've done this twice. Twice isn't always."

"Third time's the charm."

She held his gaze. He held hers. The moment stretched — taut, fragile, filled with the things they weren't saying. Then she stepped back and the mask of command settled over her features like armor.

"Take three days of supplies. Torvane has a new detection device — some-

thing that can sense mirror-portal energy. He'll brief you before you leave. Report by signal mirror every twelve hours. If you miss two consecutive reports, I'm sending a team after you."

"That would compromise—"

"I'm sending a team after you. That's not negotiable."

He looked at her. She looked at him. Something passed between them that was older than words and more honest than anything either of them could have said.

"Yes, Commander," he said.

He turned and walked toward the quartermaster's tent. Behind him, he heard Itzil pick up her scattered reports. He

didn't look back. Looking back was a luxury scouts couldn't afford.

The sun set. The camp settled into the restless quiet of a military force waiting for a war to begin. Kaelen packed his gear, checked his weapons, and slipped out through the northern perimeter in the last grey light of dusk.

The Dominion territory waited, dark and silent and vast.

He walked into it alone.

Chapter 4 - Three Front Defense

The war council convened at dawn in a room that smelled of cold stone and fear.

Itzil stood at the head of the limestone table — the same table, the same tent, but everything else had changed. The markers on the map had been rearranged. New ones had been added, painted red to represent the mirror-portals Kaelen had described. Twenty-six

red markers clustered at the eastern edge of the map like drops of blood.

Commander Rethane stood to her left, arms folded, face carved from the same granite as the city walls she'd defended for twenty years. To her right, Torvane hunched over a device of brass and crystal that looked like a compass mated with a music box — his portal detector, assembled from salvaged components and three sleepless nights of obsessive engineering. Behind them, the allied commanders filled the tent: garrison captains, militia leaders, the handful of professional soldiers who'd answered the call when the Sun-Blade bearer asked for help.

They were not enough. They had never been enough. But they were here, and that counted for something.

“Kaelen’s intelligence changes our entire defensive picture,” Itzil began. No preamble. No speeches. She’d learned that commanders who talked too long before getting to the point lost their audience before the point arrived. “Gravok has twenty-six mirror-portals. Each one can transport a squad of soldiers instantly. He doesn’t need to split his forces to hit three cities — he can concentrate everything on one target, then relocate in hours.”

She let that sink in. The faces around the table shifted — from attention to alarm to the particular kind of focused dread that came when profes-

sional soldiers recognized a problem they couldn't solve with the tools they had.

"The good news," she continued, "is that the portals are connected. They all pulse in sync — same rhythm, same energy signature. That means they're powered by a single source. A central anchor. Kaelen is behind enemy lines right now, looking for it. When he finds it, he'll destroy it. When the anchor falls, every portal collapses simultaneously."

"When," Rethane said. Not "if." It was a gift — the old commander extending trust she hadn't fully earned. Itzil took it.

"When. But we don't know how long it'll take. Could be a day. Could be a week. In the meantime, we need to hold all

three cities against an enemy that can teleport.”

She turned to Torvane. He straightened — or tried to. Three days without sleep had given him the look of a man assembled from spare parts. His spectacles were smudged, his hair stood at angles that defied gravity, and his fingers were stained with solder and ink. But his eyes were sharp. Torvane’s eyes were always sharp.

“Signal mirrors,” he said. His voice was soft but precise — the voice of a man who’d spent his life explaining complex things to people who didn’t want to understand them. “I’ve built relay stations between all three cities. Polished steel on elevated platforms, angled to catch sunlight. Each station can flash a cod-

ed message to the next in under thirty seconds. Full communication between Aravalle, Sundrift, and Ironpool in under two minutes."

"At night?" Rethane asked.

"Lantern arrays. Slower — four minutes for a full message — but functional. We won't be blind after dark."

Itzil nodded. "The strategy is simple. We can't match Gravok's mobility, so we don't try. Instead, we make each city strong enough to hold independently for six hours — the time it takes for reinforcements to march from the nearest allied city."

She moved markers on the map as she spoke. "Aravalle gets the main force. Five thousand troops, our best walls, and me. If Gravok hits us first — which he

probably will, because we're the biggest threat — we hold the walls and signal the other cities to send reinforcements."

"Sundrift." She placed Jagren's marker. "Twenty-five hundred troops under Jagren. He's already there, fortifying the western approach. Sundrift's walls are thinner but the terrain favors defense — narrow valley, high ground on both sides. Jagren can hold the chokepoint."

"Ironpool." The last marker. "One thousand troops. Torvane's detection equipment and Neyla's field hospital. Ironpool is the smallest target and the least likely first strike. But if it comes under attack, Torvane's signal arrays give us warning, and we march."

Rethane studied the map. "Six hours is a long time to hold against twelve thousand soldiers with portal support."

"It is. Which is why the first city to be attacked doesn't just defend — it delays. Barricades in the streets. Traps at the gates. Make Gravok fight for every block. The longer we hold, the more time Kaelen has to find the anchor, and the more time the reinforcement columns have to arrive."

She looked around the table. The faces were grim but steady. These were people who understood that the plan wasn't perfect — couldn't be perfect, not against an enemy with this kind of advantage. The plan was a structure built to buy time, and time was all they had to spend.

“Questions,” she said.

A militia captain — young, nervous, commanding a force of three hundred farmers with spears — raised his hand. “What happens if Gravok hits all three cities at once? Through the portals?”

“He won’t. The portals give him mobility, not multiplication. He still only has twelve thousand soldiers. If he splits them three ways, each city faces four thousand — and four thousand against fortified walls is a losing proposition, even for Gravok. He’ll concentrate. Hit one city with everything. That’s his strength and his weakness.”

“How do we know which city he’ll hit first?”

“We don’t. That’s why every city needs to be ready.”

The council broke an hour later. Itzil assigned tasks, reviewed timelines, and answered questions until the questions ran out and only the silence of people preparing for something terrible remained.

When the tent emptied, she stood alone at the map. The markers stared up at her — blue for allied forces, red for portals, black for Gravok's army. The blacks outnumbered the blues by more than two to one.

"You're worried about the scout."

Amalura's voice came from the tent entrance. The old woman stepped inside, moving with the careful economy of someone whose joints protested every step but whose will overruled them.

"I'm worried about everything," Itzil said.

"Yes, but you're worried about him specifically. It's in your shoulders. They're higher when you're thinking about him."

Itzil made a conscious effort to lower her shoulders. It didn't work. Amalura settled onto a camp stool and folded her hands in her lap.

"He's alone in Dominion territory with wounds that aren't fully healed, looking for something he's never seen, in a place he's never been. Worrying about him is rational, not sentimental."

"I didn't say it was sentimental."

"You implied it."

"I implied nothing. I observed." Amalura's working eye fixed on Itzil with the

unsettling precision of a bird of prey. "He volunteered, didn't he?"

"He always volunteers. That's the problem. He treats his own survival as optional."

"Most scouts do. It's an occupational philosophy. The mission matters; the scout doesn't." Amalura paused. "You're teaching him otherwise. Whether you intend to or not."

Itzil turned away from the map. Through the tent flap, she could see the camp — soldiers preparing, engineers building, the organized chaos of an army that didn't know if it was ready but had run out of time to find out.

"He's supposed to signal every twelve hours," she said. "The first signal is due at midnight."

“And if it doesn’t come?”

“Then I send people after him.”

“Into Dominion territory. Risking more lives to find one man.”

“To find my scout. Who has intelligence we need. Whose mission is critical to the defense of three cities.”

Amalura was quiet for a moment. Then she said, softly: “You don’t have to justify it to me, Itzil. You’re the commander. If you say he’s worth the risk, then he’s worth the risk.” She stood, joints popping like green wood in a fire. “But be honest with yourself about why. A commander who doesn’t know her own reasons makes decisions she can’t defend.”

She left. Itzil stood in the empty tent and stared at the map and waited for midnight.

The signal came at eleven forty-three. A flicker of light from the northern relay station — Torvane's mirror network working exactly as designed. Short bursts, long pauses, the coded language Kaelen had devised for covert communication.

MOVING NORTH. NO CONTACT.
SEARCHING FOR ANCHOR. WILL REPORT
0600.

Seventeen words. Itzil read them three times. Then she folded the message slip and put it in her pocket, where it sat against her hip like a talisman.

He was alive. He was moving. He was doing what he did best — threading

through enemy territory like a ghost, invisible and relentless.

She walked to the western wall of Ar-avalle and looked out over the dark fields. Somewhere beyond the horizon, Gravok's army was marching. Somewhere beyond the army, Kaelen was walking alone through occupied land.

"Come back," she whispered.

The wind carried the words away. The night gave no answer.

She turned and went to inspect the gate defenses. There was work to do, and the dawn was coming, and with it, the war.

Chapter 5 - The Occupied Town

Kaelen reached Mirravale on the second day.

The town sat in a shallow valley between two ridges of grey limestone, straddling a river that had once powered three mills and now powered none. The mills were standing but silent — their wheels still, their stones cold, their purpose redirected by the Dominion's occupation into something Kaelen couldn't determine from the outside. Smoke rose

from chimneys. People moved in the streets. From a distance, it looked almost normal.

Up close, the wrongness was everywhere.

He entered through the southern gate, dressed in his trader's clothes with a pack of salvaged goods slung over one shoulder — copper wire, leather scraps, a few clay jars of preserved fruit he'd bought from a roadside vendor two miles back. The gate guards were Dominion regulars in black and silver, but they barely glanced at him. A trader with goods to sell was unremarkable. The Dominion needed commerce to function, and commerce needed traders. The machine of occupation ran on the same fuel as the machine of peace: people doing

ordinary things because the alternative was unthinkable.

Inside the walls, Mirravale revealed itself in layers. The first layer was order. The streets were clean — cleaner than most free towns Kaelen had visited. The buildings were maintained. The market was open and stocked. Dominion soldiers patrolled in pairs, but they didn't harass the locals. They nodded. Some even smiled. It was the most unsettling thing Kaelen had seen since entering occupied territory.

The second layer was compliance. The ash-oath sigils were everywhere — carved into door lintels, painted on shop walls, stamped into the leather of every merchant's license. Not the forced sigils he'd seen on enslaved soldiers, burned

into living flesh. These were voluntary. Symbols of allegiance. The townspeople wore them on armbands and pendants, and they wore them the way people wore anything they'd been told was mandatory: with the blank acceptance of those who had decided that the cost of resistance was higher than the cost of obedience.

The third layer was fear. It lived in the spaces between the order and the compliance — in the way conversations stopped when soldiers walked past, in the way children were pulled indoors at dusk, in the way no one met a stranger's eyes for longer than a heartbeat. Miravale was a town that had made peace with its captors, and the peace was eating it from the inside.

Kaelen set up his trader's blanket in the market square and spread his goods. He didn't need to sell anything — the cover story only required him to be visible, unremarkable, and present long enough to listen. Markets were intelligence networks. Every transaction carried information. Every haggle was a conversation, and every conversation was a thread that could be pulled.

He pulled carefully.

"Copper wire," he said to a woman examining his goods. She was middle-aged, weathered, with the calloused hands of someone who worked metal. "Good quality. Salvaged from a workshop in Ember's Crossing before the army came through."

"How much?"

“Three coppers a length. Or trade — I’m looking for information more than coin.” He kept his voice light. Casual. The tone of a man making conversation, not conducting interrogation. “I’m heading north after this. Any roads I should avoid?”

The woman’s eyes flickered — a micro-expression of caution, there and gone. “North road’s fine. East road too. Don’t go up the hill, though.”

“Which hill?”

“The one with the glass house.” She said it the way people said “the one with the plague pit” — a location defined by its danger, avoided by instinct. “It appeared about three months ago. Overnight. One day there was nothing on that hill but goat pasture. Next morn-

ing — glass. The whole building, just sitting there, humming.”

“Humming?”

“You can hear it at night if the wind’s right. Low sound. Gets into your teeth.” She picked up a length of copper wire and tested its flex. “Nobody goes up there. The Dominion guards it. Sometimes you see light coming from inside — not firelight. Something else. Something that moves wrong.”

Kaelen filed this. The glass house. Three months old. Humming. Guarded. Light that moved wrong. This was the mirror-anchor facility — or something connected to it. The timeline matched: three months was consistent with the portal network’s operational period.

He spent the afternoon working the market. Conversations with merchants, laborers, off-duty soldiers who'd had enough ale to talk freely. The picture assembled itself piece by piece, the way intelligence always did — not in revelations but in accumulated fragments, each one meaningless alone, devastating in aggregate.

The glass house was the center of something. The Dominion had brought engineers — not soldiers, engineers — to build it. The construction had taken a week, and during that week, no one in Mirravale had slept because the sound never stopped. When it was finished, the humming settled into a rhythm that the locals had learned to ignore the way you learn to ignore a toothache: not because

it stopped hurting but because the alternative was madness.

People went in. Not all of them came out. The ones who did come out didn't talk about what was inside.

And then there was the other thing. The name that kept surfacing in whispered conversations, spoken with a mixture of awe and pity and something that might have been reverence.

Miyako.

A woman. Old. Grey-haired. She'd appeared in Mirravale around the same time as the glass house, though no one connected the two events. She worked as a tutor for the Dominion governor's children — teaching calligraphy, philosophy, the old languages. She was quiet,

polite, invisible in the way that servants were invisible to the powerful.

But the locals knew something the Dominion didn't. At night, Miyako moved through the town like a shadow. Supply manifests went missing. Patrol schedules were subtly altered. A shipment of ash-oath crystals destined for the front lines was found shattered in its crate, every crystal cracked along the same precise fracture line, as though someone had tapped each one with a tuning fork calibrated to the exact frequency of destruction.

No one had been caught. No one had been suspected. The Dominion attributed the disruptions to incompetence and weather and the general entropy of occupation logistics. They did not sus-

pect a grey-haired calligraphy teacher who bowed when they passed and called them “sir.”

Kaelen found her hiding spot after dark.

It was in the basement of a derelict tannery on the edge of town — a building the Dominion had condemned because the smell drove soldiers away, which was, Kaelen recognized, exactly why someone hiding from soldiers would choose it. He picked the lock on the cellar door and descended a flight of stone steps into darkness.

The knife was at his throat before he reached the bottom.

He didn't see it coming. He didn't hear it. One moment he was moving through the dark, his hand trailing the wall, his eyes adjusting. The next moment,

something cold and sharp was pressing against the artery in his neck, and a grip of surprising strength had locked his right wrist behind his back.

“Don’t move.” The voice was female, low, controlled. Accented — the vowels clipped in a way that suggested a different linguistic tradition from the local dialect. “Who sent you?”

“No one sent me. I’m looking for the woman who’s been sabotaging Dominion supply lines.”

“There is no such woman.”

“The calligraphy teacher who broke forty ash-oath crystals with sound resonance? That’s not a common skill set.”

The knife pressed harder. A bead of warmth — blood — trickled down his neck.

"I'm allied. Sun-Blade alliance. I can prove it if you let me reach my left pocket."

A pause. The grip on his wrist tightened, then released one degree. "Slowly."

He reached into his pocket with two fingers and withdrew the obsidian token — Korvain's seal, the sun-disc symbol etched into its surface. He couldn't see it in the dark, but the woman could feel it. She took it from his fingers and ran her thumb across the engraving. The knife withdrew from his throat.

A spark. A candle flame. Light bloomed in the basement, and Kaelen got his first look at Miyako.

She was small — five feet at most, with the compact, wire-strong build of someone who had trained their body to be a weapon and then spent decades forgetting that fact. Her hair was grey, pulled back in a simple knot. Her face was lined but not soft — the lines were from concentration, not age, carved by years of precision and discipline. Her eyes were dark and steady and missed nothing.

She was holding a knife that looked like it had been forged from a single piece of obsidian, its edge so fine it seemed to waver in the candlelight. In her other hand, she held Korvain's token.

"Sun-Blade," she said. Not a question. "It's been a long time since I've seen one of these."

"You know the order?"

"I was the order. A different branch. A different tradition." She set the token on a wooden crate and sheathed the knife in a motion so smooth it seemed to disappear. "The shadow school. We emphasized different things than Korvain's light-and-fire tradition. Subtlety. Patience. The art of being where you shouldn't be without anyone noticing."

"Sounds familiar."

"It should. You move like someone trained in it, even if you don't know the name." She studied him. "Scout. Alliance. Behind enemy lines alone, looking for the mirror-anchor."

"How did you know about the anchor?"

"I've been in this town for two months. I've been inside the glass house. I know what's in there, and I know what powers

it, and I know why no one who goes in comes out the same." She sat on the crate and folded her hands. In the candlelight, she looked like a monk in meditation — still, centered, ancient in a way that had nothing to do with years.

"I've been expecting someone like you," she said. "Took you long enough."

Kaelen leaned against the wall. His back protested — the claw marks sending a sharp reminder that he was operating on borrowed time and borrowed healing. "Tell me about the glass house."

"Sit down first. You're bleeding through your shirt and you look like you haven't slept in three days." She produced a clay pot from behind the crate and poured something hot and herbal into a wood-

en cup. "Drink. Then we'll talk about the abomination on the hill."

Kaelen sat. He drank. The tea was bitter and warm and tasted of things he couldn't name.

Miyako watched him with eyes that had seen decades of decisions — good ones and bad ones and the kind that haunted you at three in the morning when the dark was thickest and the silence was loudest.

"The glass house," she began, "is not a building. It's a machine. And the mirror-anchor inside it is not a device. It's a prison."

She paused.

"And the prisoner is still alive."

Chapter 6 - The Exile Sensei

The basement of the tannery smelled of old leather and lye, and Miyako's story smelled of regret.

She told it simply, without self-pity or drama, the way a surgeon describes an amputation — acknowledging the loss while focusing on the necessity. Kaelen sat on an overturned bucket and listened, the tea cooling in his hands, the candle throwing shadows that moved

like restless ghosts across the stone walls.

"I was Sun-Blade," she said. "Not Korvain's tradition. The shadow school — founded two centuries before the light tradition, though Korvain's people would argue the point. We trained in subtlety. Misdirection. The art of ending a fight before the enemy knew it had started. Where Korvain's students learned to burn bright, we learned to disappear."

"What happened to the school?"

"The same thing that happens to everything that gets in the Dominion's way. They found us. We were a small order — forty masters, a hundred students, hidden in the mountains east of the Thornfield basin. We'd been watching the Do-

minion grow for years. Some of us wanted to fight. Some of us wanted to hide. I wanted to hide." She paused. The candlelight caught the lines of her face and deepened them. "I was the best of us. The most skilled. And I was the one who argued loudest for retreat."

"How many survived?"

"One." She held up a single finger. "I survived because I left before they came. I saw the signs — troop movements, supply chains redirecting, the quiet disappearance of local informants. I read the pattern and I ran. Two weeks later, the Dominion burned the school to its foundations. Forty masters. A hundred students. Gone in a single night."

She said it without inflection. The words were old enough to have lost their

edges, worn smooth by years of repetition in the dark of sleepless nights.

"I came here to disappear," she continued. "To become no one. A tutor. A servant. Invisible. I told myself I was being strategic — waiting for the right moment, preserving the tradition. But that was a lie I told to make cowardice sound like wisdom."

"You've been sabotaging the Dominion for two months. That's not cowardice."

"It's penance. There's a difference." She set down her cup. "I started because I couldn't stop seeing their faces. My students. My colleagues. The people I left behind. Every time I passed a Dominion soldier in the street, I saw the ones who killed my family, and I couldn't keep bowing. So I started breaking things."

Small things at first — a supply manifest here, a patrol schedule there. Then bigger. The ash-oath crystals were my best work. Sound resonance at the molecular fracture frequency — I spent a week calculating the exact pitch.”

Kaelen studied her. She was small and grey and old, and she sat on a crate in a basement that smelled of dead animals, and there was something in her that reminded him of Korvain. Not the physical presence — Korvain was tall and iron-spined and radiated authority like heat. But the core. The thing beneath the surface that made a person dangerous not because of what they could do but because of what they had decided.

Miyako had decided to stop hiding. That decision, more than any technique or tradition, made her formidable.

"Tell me about the glass house," he said.

She stood and moved to the far wall, where a rough map had been scratched into the stone with a nail. The glass house was at the center — a square with radiating lines that represented the energy patterns she'd observed.

"It was built by Dalrignon," she said. "The Portal Engineer. He arrived three months ago with a team of specialized artisans — not soldiers, builders. They constructed the glass house in seven days using materials I've never seen before. Crystal and metal in a lattice structure that resonates at a specific frequency. The building itself is the machine —

every wall, every floor, every pane of glass is part of the mechanism.”

“And the anchor?”

“At the center. A crystalline structure the size of a person, mounted in a cradle of dark metal. It pulses — the same rhythm you saw in the portals. It’s the heart. Every portal in Gravok’s network is connected to it.”

“What powers it?”

Miyako was quiet for a moment. When she spoke, her voice was different — lower, harder, carrying the weight of something she’d seen and wished she hadn’t.

“A soul.”

Kaelen set down his tea.

“A human soul,” she continued. “Extracted from a living person using a process I don’t understand and crystallized into the anchor’s core. The person is... still there. In some sense. Their consciousness is trapped inside the crystal, providing the psychic energy that maintains the portal network. I’ve been inside the glass house twice. Both times I heard it — not with my ears, but with something deeper. A voice. Screaming without sound. Begging without words.”

The candle flickered. The shadows on the walls seemed to lean closer.

“Dalrignon doesn’t build portals,” Miyako said. “He builds abominations. And he calls them progress.”

Kaelen processed this. The tactical implications were clear — destroying the

anchor would free the trapped soul and collapse the portal network. The moral implications were something he'd deal with later, in the dark, when no one was watching and he could afford to feel the full weight of what the Dominion had done.

"Can it be destroyed?"

"The crystal is strong but not indestructible. A concentrated strike at the primary fracture point — where the crystal meets the metal cradle — should shatter it. But the glass house is guarded. Dalgrenon's personal security. Not Dominion regulars — specialists. And the building itself is a defense. The mirror-surfaces inside redirect attacks. Fighting in there is like fighting in a hall of mirrors.

Every swing might hit your own reflection."

"Then I need to get close without fighting."

"You need to get close without being seen." Miyako's eyes sharpened. "I can teach you something. A technique from the shadow school — the shadow-step. It bends light around the user, making them nearly invisible for short periods. It requires absolute stillness of mind. No fear. No guilt. No hope. Just presence."

"How long did it take you to learn?"

"Three years."

"I have three days."

"Then you'd better be exceptional." A ghost of a smile crossed her face — the first he'd seen. It transformed her fea-

tures briefly, revealing the woman she might have been before the Dominion burned her world. "Stand up."

He stood. The basement was barely large enough for two people to face each other with arms extended. Miyako positioned herself across from him, hands at her sides, feet planted.

"Close your eyes," she said. "The shadow-step begins in the mind. Light bends around stillness the way water flows around a stone. If the stone moves — if it ripples, if it trembles — the water parts and the stone is revealed. You must become so still that light itself forgets you're there."

Kaelen closed his eyes. The darkness behind his eyelids was not empty. It was full — of maps and distances and threat

assessments, of the faces of his dead unit, of Itzil's voice saying "come back," of the constant, grinding calculus of survival that had been his companion since the day eleven scouts went out and one came home.

"Your mind is loud," Miyako said. "I can hear it from here."

"It's always loud."

"Then make it quiet. Not empty — quiet. There's a difference. An empty mind is useless. A quiet mind is a weapon."

He tried. He focused on his breathing. On the sound of the candle flame. On the cool stone beneath his feet. The noise in his head didn't stop but it receded, like a crowd moving to the edges of a room, leaving the center clear.

“Better,” Miyako said. “Now. Imagine the light around you as a curtain. You are behind it. The curtain is thin — one breath will part it. Don’t breathe. Don’t think. Just be.”

He stood in the dark behind his eyelids and tried to be nothing. The noise pushed back. His dead unit — eleven faces, eleven names, eleven people who’d trusted him to keep them alive. The guilt was a physical thing, a weight on his chest that squeezed his lungs and made his heart beat faster.

“You carry something,” Miyako said. Her voice was closer now, gentler. “Something heavy. The dead?”

He didn’t answer. He didn’t need to. She knew.

“You can’t vanish while holding ghosts, Kaelen. They’re too heavy. They pull you into the visible world because they want to be seen. They want to be remembered.” A pause. “Put them down. Not forever. Just for now. You can pick them up again when you’re done.”

He tried. For a moment — a single, trembling second — the weight lifted. The noise cleared. The curtain of light seemed to thin around him, and he felt something shift in the air, a subtle bending of photons and perception.

Then a face surfaced — Sergeant Dren, his unit commander, who’d died with Kaelen’s name on his lips — and the moment shattered. The light snapped back. The noise returned. He opened his eyes.

Miyako was watching him. Her expression was not disappointed. It was patient in the way of someone who had spent decades learning to wait.

"Two seconds," she said. "You vanished for two seconds."

"That's not enough."

"It's a start. Most students don't achieve it for weeks." She picked up the candle and moved toward the stairs. "We'll train again at dawn. You need to sleep — your body is working against you and it'll get worse before it gets better."

"Miyako."

She paused on the stairs.

"When I destroy the anchor — when the portals collapse — I'm taking you with

me. Back to allied territory. Itzil will want to meet you.”

She was quiet for a moment. The candle flame painted her face in gold and shadow.

“I left the order because I was afraid. I hid because it was easier than fighting. I watched from the shadows while people I could have saved were enslaved and murdered.” She turned to face him. “If your commander will have me — knowing what I am and what I failed to do — then yes. I’ll come. I’m done hiding.”

She climbed the stairs. The candlelight went with her, leaving Kaelen in the dark.

He lay down on the stone floor, his pack beneath his head, the claw marks on his back a dull symphony of pain. He closed

his eyes and tried to find the stillness Miyako had described — the quiet place where ghosts put down their weight and light bent around absence.

He found it for three seconds before sleep took him. Three seconds of perfect, weightless nothing.

In the morning, they would plan the assault on the glass house. In two days, if everything went right, the mirror-portals would fall and Gravok's army would be stranded. If everything went wrong, he and an old woman with a knife would die in a crystal building on a hill, and no one would know what had happened until it was too late.

He slept. For the first time in weeks, he did not dream of the dead.

Chapter 7 - The Glass House

They went at midnight.

The hill above Mirravale was a dark shape against a darker sky, and the glass house sat at its crown like a blister — translucent, faintly luminous, wrong in the way that things made by human hands from inhuman knowledge are always wrong. Even from the base of the hill, Kaelen could feel it. Not a sound exactly, but a vibration — subsonic, persistent, settling into the bones of his jaw

and the roots of his teeth like a dentist's drill made of silence.

Miyako moved beside him like a whisper given form. Two days of training had shown Kaelen the gap between his skills and hers. He was good — possibly the best scout alive, certainly the best in the alliance. Miyako was something else. She didn't move through space so much as negotiate with it, each step a conversation between her body and the ground, each breath timed to the rhythm of the wind. She was invisible not because she hid but because she had mastered the art of being unremarkable. The eye slid off her the way water slides off polished stone.

They climbed in silence. The path was a goat track, narrow and loose, winding

through scrub brush and broken limestone. The Dominion guards were positioned at the main approach — the road that switchbacked up the eastern face of the hill. Miyako had mapped their patterns over two months of observation. The western approach, the goat track, was unguarded. The Dominion's arrogance was its own kind of blindness: they didn't guard what they didn't consider a threat.

Halfway up, Kaelen paused. The vibration was stronger here — a pressure in the air, a thickness, as though the atmosphere itself was being compressed by whatever machinery hummed inside the glass house. His claw marks ached. The new tissue was sensitive to changes in pressure and temperature, and the

closer they got to the building, the worse it became.

"You feel it," Miyako said. Not a question.

"In my scars."

"The anchor's energy is disruptive. It destabilizes biological tissue at the cellular level. Long-term exposure causes deterioration — organ failure, cognitive decline. The guards rotate every four hours. Even Dalrignon doesn't stay inside for more than six."

"How long will we need?"

"Thirty minutes if everything goes right. An hour if it doesn't."

They crested the hill. The glass house was fifty yards away, and up close it was worse than Kaelen had imagined.

It was not made of glass. It was made of something that looked like glass the way a predator looks like a flower — a surface designed to attract and deceive. The walls were translucent crystal, arranged in geometric panels that caught and redirected light in patterns that hurt to follow. Each panel was etched with symbols that Kaelen didn't recognize — angular, precise, repeating in sequences that suggested a language or a mathematical proof or both. The building was roughly cubic, thirty feet on each side, with no visible door. The entry point, Miyako had explained, was a section of wall that became permeable when activated by a specific frequency — Dalrignon's own design, keyed to a tuning fork he carried.

Miyako produced a tuning fork from inside her sleeve. It was obsidian, not metal, and when she struck it against her palm, it produced no audible sound — only a vibration that Kaelen felt in his molars.

A section of wall rippled. The crystal became liquid, then transparent, then absent — a doorway-shaped gap that existed for exactly as long as the fork's vibration lasted. Miyako stepped through. Kaelen followed.

Inside, the glass house was a cathedral of nightmares.

The interior was a single open space, the crystal walls rising to a peaked ceiling thirty feet above. Every surface was reflective — not mirror-bright but mirror-deep, showing reflections that were

slightly wrong. Kaelen saw himself in the nearest wall and the reflection was a half-second delayed, as though the image had to travel a great distance before returning. In the wall beyond, his reflection moved in a direction he hadn't moved. In a third, he wasn't reflected at all — just an empty space where a person should have been.

Mirror-portals hung in the air throughout the chamber. Dozens of them — shimmering vertical pools of silver-light, each framed by rings of dark crystal. Through each portal, he could see a different location: a stretch of road, a city gate, a mountain pass, a battlefield. Some showed darkness. Some showed fire. Each one hummed at a slightly different pitch, and together they created a chord that was not music but some-

thing older and more fundamental — the sound of space being folded against its will.

And at the center of it all, the anchor.

It was exactly as Miyako had described: a crystalline structure the size of a person, mounted in a cradle of dark metal that extended tendril-like supports into the floor and walls. The crystal was not transparent — it was filled with something. Light, but not natural light. A luminescence that moved and shifted and pulsed with the rhythm Kaelen had felt since the base of the hill. The rhythm of a heartbeat. The rhythm of a living thing.

He looked closer. His stomach turned.

The face inside the crystal was human. Male. Middle-aged. Frozen in an expression of agony so complete it transcend-

ed the individual features and became something universal — the face of suffering itself, captured in crystal and forced to sustain a network of portals that allowed an army to teleport across a continent. The mouth was open in a scream that had no sound. The eyes were open and aware — desperately, horribly aware.

“Gods,” Kaelen whispered.

“Not gods,” Miyako said beside him. Her voice was steady but her hands were not. “A man named Edren. He was a farmer in a village called Thornholt. Dalgignon selected him because his psychic resonance matched the anchor’s operational frequency. He was awake when they extracted his soul. He’s been awake ever since.”

The crystal pulsed. The face inside shifted — the eyes moved, tracking, and for a terrible moment Kaelen was certain that Edren could see him. Could see both of them, standing in the chamber, free and mobile and alive in all the ways he was not.

Kaelen's hand found his blade. The tactical calculus was clear: destroy the crystal, collapse the portals, free whatever remained of Edren. The moral calculus was simpler: no one deserved this. Not for any cause, not for any war, not for any empire's convenience.

"The fracture point," he said. "Where?"

Miyako pointed. Where the crystal met the metal cradle, a hairline fissure ran along the junction — a structural weakness in the anchor's design, invisible un-

less you knew to look for it. "One concentrated strike there. The crystal will shatter and the energy discharge will collapse every portal simultaneously."

"What happens to Edren?"

"I don't know. The soul is crystallized — it may dissipate when freed. It may reform. It may simply... end." She paused. "Either way, it's better than this."

Kaelen drew his blade. The steel caught the mirror-light and reflected it in patterns that shifted across the walls. He stepped toward the anchor.

Footsteps.

Not from the entrance — from inside the chamber. From behind a portal that Kaelen had assumed was displaying a distant location. A figure stepped through

the shimmering surface with the casual ease of a man walking through a door in his own home.

“I was wondering when you’d arrive.”

The voice was calm, measured, and precisely modulated — the voice of a man who had calculated the probability of this moment and found it acceptable. Dalrignon stepped from the shadows of the portal and into the chamber’s central light.

He was thin. That was the first thing Kaelen noticed — thin in the way of people who forgot to eat because their minds were occupied by more interesting problems. Tall, angular, with a scholar’s posture and an engineer’s hands — long-fingered, ink-stained, calloused at the fingertips from years of fine manip-

ulation. His face was narrow and precise, dominated by eyes that were the color of empty mirrors — grey, reflective, showing nothing of what lay behind them.

He wore no armor. He carried no weapon. He stood in the heart of his creation with the composed authority of an artist in his studio, regarding the intruders with an expression that was not angry or afraid but curious. Professionally curious. The way an entomologist regards an interesting beetle.

“Did you come to admire my work?” He gestured at the anchor, the portals, the chamber itself. “Or to destroy it?”

“Both,” Kaelen said. “It’s impressive. And it’s an abomination.”

“Those aren’t mutually exclusive.” Dalrignon took a step forward. Around the chamber, the mirror-portals brightened — responding to his presence, his proximity, his will. “The greatest achievements in human history have always been built on someone’s suffering. Aqueducts built by slaves. Cathedrals built on crushed bones. I simply make the cost visible.”

“You trapped a man’s soul in a crystal.”

“I preserved a consciousness in a medium capable of sustaining a network of spatial folding points across continental distances. The fact that the consciousness was housed in a human body before I extracted it is a limitation of available materials, not a moral failing.” He smiled. It was the smile of a man who

had rehearsed empathy and not quite mastered the performance. “The next generation of anchors won’t require organic components at all. Edren is a prototype sacrifice. His suffering is temporary on the historical scale.”

Miyako moved. Kaelen saw it from the corner of his eye — the old woman shifting her weight, her hand finding the obsidian knife, her body coiling with the controlled tension of a spring compressed past its design limit.

Dalrignon saw it too. He flicked his wrist.

A portal opened — not one of the existing ones but a new one, small, the size of a dinner plate, positioned between Miyako and the anchor. Her knife thrust passed through it and emerged from a second portal behind her own head. She

twisted sideways and the blade missed her ear by an inch.

“Fighting in my workshop is inadvisable,” Dalrignon said. “Every surface is a potential portal. Every attack can be redirected. You’ll exhaust yourselves fighting your own reflections while I watch.”

He was right. The tactical situation was catastrophic. The glass house was Dalrignon’s instrument, tuned to his will, responsive to his thoughts. Fighting him here was like fighting the building itself.

Kaelen looked at Miyako. She looked at him. A conversation passed between them in the language of people who understood combat — a shared assessment, a tactical decision, a division of labor agreed upon in the space of a heartbeat.

Kaelen attacked.

Not toward the anchor — toward Dalrignon. Aggressive, loud, obvious. He closed the distance with the speed that had kept him alive through a dozen infiltrations, his blade leading, his body committed to the charge.

Dalrignon opened portals. Three, four, five — small apertures that redirected Kaelen's strikes into empty space, into walls, back toward his own body. Kaelen adapted — feinting left, striking right, using the portal redirections to map their positions and adjust. Each attack was a probe, a data point, a piece of the puzzle.

He wasn't trying to hit Dalrignon. He was trying to keep Dalrignon's attention.

Behind the engineer, invisible in the chaos of redirected attacks and flashing portals, Miyako moved. The shadow-step took her — not for two seconds or three but for a full ten, her body dissolving into the fractured light of the chamber, her presence erased from the visible spectrum as completely as if she'd stepped into another world.

She reappeared at the anchor. Her obsidian knife was already moving — a single, precise strike aimed at the hairline fracture where crystal met metal.

The blade hit. The crystal cracked.

The sound was not a crash but a scream — the anchor's scream, Edren's scream, a release of compressed agony that filled the chamber like water filling a sinking ship. The portals flickered. Every

portal in the room — and, Kaelen knew, every portal across the continent — stuttered like candle flames in a gust.

Dalrignon's composure shattered. For the first time, the mask of intellectual detachment fell away and what was beneath it was not rage but terror — the terror of a creator watching his creation die.

"Do you know what you've done?" His voice cracked. The portals were destabilizing — flickering faster, their surfaces rippling, their hum rising in pitch toward a frequency that made Kaelen's vision blur.

Dalrignon opened a portal. Full-sized. Behind him, an office — a desk covered in blueprints, shelves of crystal specimens, the orderly workspace of a man

who lived for his research. He stepped through and the portal began to close.

Kaelen lunged for it. Too slow. The portal sealed. Dalrignon was gone.

The anchor shuddered. The crack was spreading — a network of fracture lines radiating outward from Miyako's strike, each one leaking light that pulsed with the rhythm of a heart that was finally being allowed to stop beating.

"We need to run," Kaelen said. "NOW."

Miyako pulled her knife free. The crystal screamed again — louder, higher, the sound of a soul tearing free from its prison. The portals were collapsing one by one, each winking out with a flash of mirror-light and a sound like glass breaking underwater.

They ran. Through the chamber, through the doorway in the wall that was already sealing itself, out into the night air where the hill shook beneath their feet as the glass house began to come apart. Crystal panels cracked and fell. The geometric etchings flared bright and then dark. The humming rose to a shriek and then — silence.

The anchor exploded.

A shockwave of mirror-light burst from the glass house, expanding outward in a ring of silver-white radiance that lit the hilltop like a second sunrise. In the flash, Kaelen saw it — the face inside the crystal, but changed now. Not screaming. Not agonized. The expression was shifting, transforming, becoming something else. Gratitude. Relief. Release.

Then it was gone. The face, the light, the crystal, the glass house itself — dissolving into dust that caught the wind and scattered into the dark sky like ash from a dying fire.

Kaelen lay on the hillside where the shockwave had thrown him, ears ringing, body aching, staring at the space where the glass house had been. There was nothing left. A bare hilltop. Goat pasture. Moonlight on limestone.

Beside him, Miyako sat up slowly. Her grey hair was wild, her face cut by flying crystal, her hands shaking. But her eyes were clear and steady and, for the first time since he'd met her, peaceful.

From the direction of Aravalle — far away, carried on the night wind — a sound rose.

Cheering.

The portals were down. Every mirror-portal across the continent had collapsed simultaneously. Gravok's force multiplier was gone. The siege had just become a fair fight.

Miyako looked at him. In the moonlight, with blood on her face and dust in her hair and the sound of distant cheering washing over them like a wave, she smiled.

"Not bad," she said, "for a scout."

Kaelen lay back on the grass and stared at the stars and laughed until his wounds hurt.

Chapter 8 - The Portal Engineer

The mirror-portals died at three minutes past midnight.

Dalrignon felt each one go — a series of small extinctions, like candle flames snuffed by invisible fingers. Twenty-six points of connection, twenty-six threads of folded space, each one severing with a psychic snap that echoed through his consciousness like the plucking of an instrument's strings. He had designed

them to be extensions of himself. Their death was an amputation.

He stood in his workshop — the real one, not the glass house, that disposable shell — in a chamber beneath the Dominion's eastern fortress, surrounded by blueprints and crystal specimens and the accumulated tools of a lifetime spent bending the laws of spatial geometry into shapes that served human ambition. The chamber was deep underground, carved from living rock, lit by phosphorescent crystals that never flickered and never dimmed. He had designed the lighting himself. He had designed everything himself. That was the point. That was always the point.

The last portal collapsed. The network was dead. Months of work, thousands

of calculations, the precise calibration of twenty-six spatial folding points across a continental distance — gone. Destroyed by a scout with a blade and an old woman with a knife and the fundamental inability of lesser minds to appreciate what they were destroying.

Dalrignon sat down at his workbench. His hands were shaking. Not from fear — from fury. A controlled, precise, architectural fury that organized itself not into rage but into resolution. He would rebuild. He would improve. The anchor crystal had been a first-generation design, flawed in its dependence on a single organic power source. The next iteration would be better. The one after that would be perfect.

He pulled a sheet of vellum from the stack beside his bench and began to draw.

The blueprints flowed from his pen with the automatic precision of a mind that had been redesigning the impossible since adolescence. Dalrignon had been born in a village so small it didn't have a name, the son of a clockmaker who built timepieces for merchants who never asked how they worked. He'd inherited his father's hands and his mother's capacity for abstraction, and by the age of fourteen he'd built a device that could fold a sheet of paper through a dimension that paper wasn't supposed to occupy. The paper had caught fire. He'd considered this a success.

The Dominion had found him at seventeen. Not recruited — acquired, the way a collector acquires a rare specimen. They'd given him resources, materials, subjects. The subjects had been the hardest part, at first. The first time he'd extracted a consciousness from a living body, he'd vomited for an hour afterward. The second time, he'd vomited for thirty minutes. By the fifth time, he'd stopped vomiting entirely. The mind was remarkably adaptable when given sufficient motivation and insufficient alternatives.

He didn't enjoy the suffering. That was important to understand. He wasn't cruel — cruelty implied emotional investment, and Dalrignon's emotional investments were reserved exclusively for his work. The human cost was a variable

in an equation. A necessary input. He would have preferred to use inanimate materials, and one day he would solve that problem, and the suffering would become unnecessary, and history would remember him as a genius rather than a monster.

Until then, the equation required what it required.

A knock at the chamber door. Precise, unhurried. Three measured raps that Dalrignon recognized immediately — there was only one person in the Dominion who knocked with that particular rhythm, and only one person who would visit his workshop unannounced at three in the morning.

“Enter,” he said, not looking up from his blueprints.

Nightshade opened the door and stepped inside.

She was, as always, immaculate. The Blood Orator dressed the way she fought — with precision, intent, and an awareness that appearance was the first weapon in any encounter. Black silk over dark leather, her hair pulled back in a style that was simultaneously practical and deliberate, her face composed in the mask of calm authority that she wore the way other people wore skin.

“The portals are down,” she said.

“I’m aware.”

“Volzentar wants a report.”

“He can have one when I’m finished calculating the reconstruction timeline.” Dalrignon’s pen continued to move

across the vellum. “The anchor was first-generation. Single point of failure. The scout and his companion exploited the fracture vulnerability I’d flagged in my original design documents — the ones Volzentar’s military advisors dismissed as theoretical concerns.”

“Theoretical concerns have a way of becoming practical ones.” Nightshade moved through the workshop, examining the tools and specimens with the detached interest of someone cataloging weapons. “How long to rebuild?”

“The anchor crystal took fourteen months to grow. The soul extraction and crystallization process took another three weeks. Calibrating twenty-six portal endpoints took two months of continuous adjustment.” He set down his pen

and looked at her. "At minimum, seventeen months. Unless Volzentar provides additional resources."

"What kind of resources?"

"Ash-oath reserves. The stored life-force from Volzentar's slave operations. I can use concentrated psychic energy to accelerate the crystal growth process. Instead of growing a new anchor, I can force-crystallize one in weeks."

Nightshade's expression didn't change, but something shifted behind her eyes — a calculation being performed, costs being weighed against benefits. "Those reserves are earmarked for the Great Gate. Volzentar won't divert them for tactical portals."

"Then Volzentar can wait seventeen months for his force multiplier. Or he

can build faster portals now and replenish the reserves later." Dalrignon turned back to his blueprints. "That's a strategic decision. I build what I'm told to build."

Nightshade was quiet for a moment. She moved to his workbench and looked at the new blueprints — the redesigned anchor, the improved portal endpoints, the failsafe systems he was adding to prevent another single-point collapse.

"These are different from the originals," she said.

"Better. The new design uses distributed power — six smaller anchors instead of one large one. Destroying one doesn't collapse the network. It reduces capacity by one-sixth. To bring down the entire system, an enemy would have to find and destroy all six simultaneously."

“And the power source?”

“Each anchor requires one-sixth the psychic energy. Smaller souls. Less suffering per unit.” He said it the way someone might describe using smaller batteries in a device — a technical consideration, not a moral one. “More efficient. Less waste.”

Nightshade studied him. Dalrignon had never been able to read her — she was the only person in the Dominion whose emotional architecture was as opaque to him as his was to others. They were similar in that way. Both of them operated behind walls of competence and control, using different tools for different purposes but sharing the same fundamental relationship with the world: it

was a system to be understood, manipulated, and ultimately mastered.

“Volzentar has a new assignment for you,” she said. “Not the portals. Something else.”

“I’m busy.”

“Something bigger.” She placed a scroll on his workbench. It was sealed with Volzentar’s personal sigil — black wax impressed with the split crown. “He wants you to review the ancient texts on the Great Gate. Not the engineering specifications — those you already have. The historical accounts. The records of the original builders.”

Dalrignon looked at the scroll. Despite himself, he was interested. The Great Gate was the summit of his ambition — a permanent, stabilized portal capa-

ble of bridging not just distance but dimensions. The mirror-portals were parlor tricks in comparison. Toys. The Great Gate was the work that would define him, the achievement that would outlast the Dominion, the empire, the age itself.

"The original builders were amateurs," he said. "They sealed the Gate because they couldn't control what came through. I won't make that mistake."

"Volzentar doesn't want you to control what comes through. He wants you to understand it." Nightshade moved toward the door. "The Weeping One says the Gate will open. Not if — when. Volzentar wants to make sure we're on the right side of it when it does."

She paused at the threshold. "One more thing. The scout who destroyed your an-

chor — Kaelen. He's become a priority. Volzentar wants intelligence on everyone close to the Sun-Blade bearer. Her team. Her allies. Her vulnerabilities."

"I'm an engineer, not a spy."

"No. But you saw the scout's face. You spoke to him. And you let him go." Her voice was neutral, but the words carried weight. "Volzentar noticed that."

Dalrignon said nothing. Nightshade left. The door closed with a soft click that was somehow louder than a slam.

He sat alone in his workshop, surrounded by the tools of his trade and the blueprints of his ambition, and stared at the sealed scroll on his bench. The Great Gate. The work of a lifetime. The thing that would make everything he'd done — every extracted soul, every crys-

tallized consciousness, every calculated cruelty — worth it.

He broke the seal and began to read.

The ancient texts were written in a language that predated the Dominion by centuries — angular symbols arranged in spiraling patterns that encoded information in both sequence and geometry. Dalrignon had taught himself the language years ago, the way he taught himself everything: through obsessive analysis, pattern recognition, and the absolute refusal to accept that any system of knowledge was beyond his comprehension.

The texts described the original Gate. Not the engineering — that was in the specifications he already possessed. These texts described what the Gate

connected to. What waited on the other side. What had pressed against the seal for a thousand years with the patient, relentless hunger of something that did not experience time the way humans did.

Dalrignon read for three hours. When he finished, he set the scroll down and stared at the wall of his workshop.

For the first time in his adult life, the equation in his mind had a variable he couldn't resolve. A factor that exceeded his models. A magnitude that made the mirror-portals, the anchor crystals, the entire Dominion war machine look like what they were: children playing with fire in a room they didn't know was made of paper.

He picked up his pen. His hand was steady. His mind was clear.

On a fresh sheet of vellum, he wrote two words:

BUILD FASTER.

Then he returned to his blueprints, and worked until dawn painted the walls of his underground chamber with light that never reached him.

Chapter 9 - The Siege Of Aravalle

The war-beasts came with the dawn.

Itzil stood on the western wall of Aravalle and watched them emerge from the treeline like nightmares given flesh. Massive creatures — fifteen feet at the shoulder, armored in plates of bone and dark iron, their eyes glowing with the dull crimson of ash-oath magic. They moved in formation, which was worse than if they'd charged in a frenzy. Frenzy could be predicted. Formation meant in-

telligence. Formation meant a commander who knew how to use monsters as precision instruments.

Behind the beasts, the infantry. Twelve thousand soldiers in black and silver, marching in columns that stretched back along the road until they disappeared into the morning haze. Their boots struck the earth in unison — a sound like a single enormous heartbeat, steady and relentless and growing louder with every second.

Gravok's army had arrived.

"Signal mirrors are active," Torvane's voice crackled from the relay station behind Itzil. She could picture him hunched over his equipment, spectacles catching the light, fingers dancing across the brass controls of the signal array he'd

built in three sleepless nights. “Sun-drift and Ironpool are standing by. Jagren confirms defensive positions. Neyla confirms medical readiness.”

“Good.” Itzil drew the Sun-Blade. It came alive in her hand — golden light blooming from the steel like sunrise compressed into a weapon. The warmth flooded up her arm and settled in her chest, and for a moment the fear receded. Not gone — never gone — but manageable. The blade didn’t remove doubt. It burned beside it.

Commander Rethane appeared at her shoulder, her iron-grey hair hidden beneath a helm, her veteran’s eyes scanning the approaching army with the clinical assessment of someone who had cal-

culated odds for a living and knew that these odds were bad.

"Five thousand against twelve thousand," Rethane said. "Plus beasts."

"The walls help."

"Walls help until they don't." Rethane looked at the Sun-Blade. The golden light reflected in her eyes. "That helps more. How long can you sustain it?"

"Longer than I could a month ago. Shorter than I'd like." Itzil had been training — not with Korvain, who was too far away, but alone, pushing the blade's manifestation further each day. She could hold the full blaze for twenty minutes before exhaustion set in. After that, the light dimmed to a glow, and after that, nothing. "I'll use it in bursts. Save the full power for the moments that matter."

“Everything’s going to matter today.”

The army halted five hundred yards from the walls. A single rider separated from the main body — not on horseback but on one of the war-beasts, a creature larger and darker than the others, with scars across its muzzle that suggested it had fought its own kind and won. The rider was a silhouette against the dawn, but Itzil didn’t need to see his face. She knew who it was.

Gravok.

Even at distance, he was enormous. A mountain of black iron and beast-bone armor, sitting atop his war-beast with the casual authority of a man who had never in his life encountered something he couldn’t break. He didn’t carry a flag of parley. He didn’t shout demands. He

simply sat there, looking at the walls, and the silence was louder than any war cry.

Then he raised his axe — a weapon so large it should have required two hands, which he held in one — and pointed it at the gate.

The army charged.

The first wave hit the western wall like a wave hitting a cliff. Scaling ladders crashed against the stone. Grappling hooks arced over the battlements. War-beasts hurled themselves at the gate, their armored skulls striking the reinforced timber with impacts that shook the wall beneath Itzil's feet.

She fought. The Sun-Blade blazed in her hands, cutting golden arcs through the dawn air. Every strike that connected

with an ash-oathed soldier sent a pulse of light through the sigil on their chest — not breaking it, not yet, but disrupting it momentarily, causing them to stumble, to hesitate, to remember for a single heartbeat that they were human beings fighting against their will.

Rethane commanded the wall defense with the brutal efficiency of a twenty-year veteran. Archers in rotating lines — fire, reload, fire. Boiling sand poured through murder holes onto soldiers at the base of the wall. Torvane's ward-disruptors — salvaged from Dominion technology — projected fields that disrupted ash-oath control in a ten-foot radius, creating pockets of confusion in the enemy ranks.

It wasn't enough. It was never going to be enough. Twelve thousand soldiers with war-beast support against five thousand defenders — the math was a death sentence written in iron and blood.

The gate buckled on the third impact. A war-beast — the largest Itzil had seen, a creature of pure muscle and rage — hit the reinforced timber with its full weight. The hinges screamed. The crossbar cracked. Splinters the size of javelins flew inward, and through the gap, Dominion soldiers poured like water through a broken dam.

Itzil dropped from the wall.

She landed in the gateway — the narrow killing ground between the outer gate and the inner barricade — and planted

herself in the center of the breach. The Sun-Blade erupted to full power. Golden light filled the gateway like a second sun, blinding the soldiers who poured through, turning the narrow space into a furnace of radiance.

She fought with everything Korvain had taught her. Not the forms — the forms were too slow, too structured for the chaos of a breach defense. She fought with instinct, with clarity, with the desperate precision of a woman who knew that if she fell, the people behind her would die. Every strike was purposeful. Every movement was efficient. She didn't waste energy on flourishes or displays. She cut and blocked and cut again, and the golden light of the Sun-Blade left afterimages in the air like the trails of falling stars.

The Dominion soldiers were good. Disciplined, well-armed, fighting with the mechanical precision of ash-oath compulsion. But they were fighting one at a time in a narrow space, and Itzil was fighting for her life, which gave her an advantage that no amount of training could replicate.

She held the breach for eleven minutes. Eleven minutes of continuous combat, the longest sustained engagement of her life. When Rethane's reserve company finally arrived to reinforce the gateway, Itzil's arms were shaking and the Sun-Blade had dimmed to a glow, but the breach was held and the dead were stacked three deep on the Dominion side.

She leaned against the inner barricade, breathing hard, blood on her hands that wasn't hers, and looked up at the sky. The sun was fully risen now. The battle had been raging for less than an hour. It felt like a lifetime.

A runner appeared at her elbow — young, terrified, out of breath. "Commander! Signal from the relay station. The mirror-portals — they're flickering!"

Itzil's heart lurched. Flickering. Kaelen's work was taking effect. The portals were destabilizing. But flickering meant they were still active — still capable of moving troops, still capable of delivering reinforcements to Gravok's position.

Through the gateway, past the barricade and the dead and the soldiers still fighting, she could see the Dominion's rear

lines. And there — shimmering in the morning light like vertical pools of mercury — the mirror-portals. Soldiers were still coming through. Not as many as before — the flow was interrupted, stuttering, like water from a pipe with air in the line. But they were still coming.

“Come on, Kaelen,” she whispered.

The battle raged on. Rethane’s reserves held the gate while engineers worked frantically to reinforce it. On the walls, archers continued their deadly rhythm. Torvane’s ward-disruptors created islands of chaos in the Dominion ranks.

Then the portals flickered again. And again. And then — at three minutes past noon — they went dark.

All of them. Simultaneously. Like candles extinguished by a single breath.

The Dominion army faltered. The soldiers who had been mid-transit — halfway through a portal when it collapsed — simply vanished. The reinforcement pipeline was severed. The flow of fresh troops stopped. And in the sudden silence where the portals' hum had been, Itzil heard something she hadn't expected.

Confusion. In the Dominion ranks. Officers shouting orders that contradicted each other. War-beasts turning in circles, their handlers struggling to maintain control without the steady pulse of the portal network's energy. The organized machine of Gravok's army was stuttering, stumbling, losing the rhythm that had made it so deadly.

Itzil climbed the wall. She stood on the battlement, the Sun-Blade blazing in her hand, and looked out at an army that had just lost its greatest advantage. Twelve thousand soldiers, stranded. No portals. No reinforcements. No escape.

A horn sounded from the south. Jagren's horn — the distinctive brass call he'd claimed from a fallen Dominion officer and refused to surrender because, in his words, "it has better acoustics than anything our side makes." The Sundrift garrison was coming. The portal to Sundrift had collapsed, meaning Gravok couldn't threaten it anymore, and Jagren had immediately marched.

Itzil raised the Sun-Blade above her head. The light caught the morning sun and doubled — a beacon visible for

miles, a signal to every allied soldier within sight: the tide has turned.

“Open the gates,” she said.

Rethane looked at her. “Commander—”

“Open the gates. We’re counterattacking.”

The gates opened. Itzil led the charge.

Chapter 10 - The Anchor Falls

The glass house was dying around them, and Kaelen was running out of time to care.

The shockwave from the cracked anchor had destabilized the entire structure. Crystal panels were fracturing in sequence — a cascade of destruction that rippled outward from the central chamber like cracks spreading through ice. Each panel that broke released a burst of mirror-light that strobed the

interior, turning the glass house into a disorienting kaleidoscope of flash and shadow.

Miyako ran ahead of him, her small form navigating the collapsing architecture with an instinct that bordered on precognition. She ducked a falling beam of dark metal without looking up. She sidestepped a burst of mirror-energy without breaking stride. She moved the way water moves through a breaking dam — finding the paths that existed for fractions of a second before they closed.

Behind them, the anchor screamed.

Not the subsonic hum Kaelen had felt since the base of the hill — this was audible, a sound that existed at the intersection of frequency and agony. The cracked crystal was shedding energy in

pulses, each one brighter and more violent than the last. The mirror-portals that still flickered in the chamber were collapsing one by one, each winking out with a flash and a sound like a bell being struck and silenced in the same instant.

“The fracture is propagating,” Miyako called back without slowing. “The crystal’s internal structure is unraveling. When it reaches critical instability—”

“It explodes. I gathered.”

“Not an explosion. A release. Every quantum of psychic energy stored in that crystal — every fragment of Edren’s consciousness — will discharge simultaneously. The blast radius will be approximately—”

“Can we discuss the math AFTER we’re outside?”

They reached the wall where they'd entered. Miyako struck the obsidian tuning fork against her palm. The vibration was weaker now — the building's own resonance was interfering, creating harmonics that fought the fork's frequency. The wall rippled but didn't open.

Miyako struck harder. The wall shimmered. A gap appeared — not a clean doorway but a ragged opening, the crystal edges jagged and unstable, the aperture contracting even as it formed.

"Go," Miyako said.

Kaelen went. He dove through the narrowing gap, feeling the crystal edges brush his shoulders, the mirror-energy crackling against his skin like static electricity amplified a thousandfold. He hit

the ground outside and rolled, the night air rushing into his lungs like a reprieve.

Miyako came through behind him — not diving but stepping, precise even in extremity, her body passing through the gap with millimeters to spare before the wall sealed shut behind her.

They ran down the hill. The goat track was treacherous in the dark — loose stones and scrub brush and the steep grade fighting every step. Kaelen's back screamed. The claw marks had reopened again — he could feel the warm pulse of blood soaking through his shirt, the tissue that Neyla had painstakingly healed tearing apart under the strain of repeated abuse.

He didn't slow down. Slowing down meant dying. The equation was simple

even when everything else was complicated.

They were halfway down the hill when the anchor reached critical instability.

The sound stopped first. The screaming, the humming, the cascade of breaking crystal — all of it ceased simultaneously, as though someone had pressed a mute button on reality. For one heartbeat, the hill was perfectly silent. Kaelen could hear his own breathing, his own heartbeat, the crunch of his boots on loose stone.

Then the light came.

It erupted from the glass house in a column of silver-white radiance that punched through the roof and into the sky like a searchlight aimed at the stars. The column held for three seconds —

an eternity compressed into a pillar of released consciousness — and then it expanded outward in a sphere of mirror-light that consumed the glass house, the hilltop, and everything within a hundred yards of the anchor's location.

The shockwave hit Kaelen like a wall of warm wind. It threw him off his feet and sent him tumbling down the slope, his body bouncing off rocks and scrub in a series of impacts that would have been agonizing if he'd had time to process them. He came to rest against a boulder at the base of the hill, winded, bruised, his vision filled with afterimages of silver light.

He lay still. Breathing. Counting his limbs — all present, all functional, all protesting. The claw marks on his back were a

symphony of pain, but it was the familiar pain of damaged tissue, not the sharp alarm of something newly broken.

“Miyako.”

“Here.” Her voice came from somewhere to his left. He turned his head and saw her sitting against a limestone outcrop, grey hair wild, face cut by flying debris, one hand pressed against her ribs in a way that suggested bruised bones or worse. But she was alive and conscious and looking up at the hilltop with an expression he couldn’t read.

He followed her gaze.

The glass house was gone. Not destroyed — dissolved. Where it had stood, there was nothing but bare hilltop. Goat pasture and limestone and moonlight. The crystal, the metal, the

portals, the anchor — all of it reduced to a fine dust that the wind was already carrying away. The only evidence that anything had been there was a circle of scorched earth where the building's foundation had rested, already cooling in the night air.

And in the center of the circle, where the anchor had been, a single point of light hung in the air. Faint. Warm. Pulsing with the rhythm of a heartbeat that was slowing — not stopping, but settling, like a heart that had been racing for months and was finally being allowed to rest.

Edren.

Or what remained of him. Not a body — that had been destroyed in the extraction process. Not a mind — that had been crystallized and compressed

beyond recognition. Something else. Something that existed in the space between what a person was and what a person left behind. A presence. An echo. A gratitude so vast it transcended the individual consciousness that generated it.

The light pulsed once more. Bright. Warm. And then it rose — lifting from the scorched circle like a lantern released into a still sky, drifting upward through the dark, growing smaller and fainter until it was indistinguishable from the stars.

Kaelen watched it go. Beside him, Miyako watched it go. Neither spoke. There were no words for what they'd witnessed — the release of a soul from a prison designed by human intelligence

and powered by human cruelty. No eulogy was adequate. No commentary was necessary.

The light vanished into the stars. The night was dark again.

And from the direction of Aravalle — far away, carried on the wind that still tasted of mirror-dust and dissolution — a sound rose. Distant at first, then growing, swelling, becoming unmistakable.

Cheering.

Every mirror-portal across the continent had collapsed. Kaelen knew this because the absence was palpable — a silence where the subsonic hum had been, a stillness in the air where the portal energy had vibrated. The network was dead. Gravok's force multiplier was gone. The siege of three cities had just

become a conventional battle, and in a conventional battle, fortified walls and determined defenders had the advantage.

Miyako stood slowly, one hand still pressed to her ribs. She looked at Kaelen. In the starlight, with dust in her hair and blood on her face and the distant cheering washing over them like a wave, she looked ancient and young simultaneously — a woman who had spent decades running from a fight and had finally turned around.

"It's done," she said.

"The portals are done. The war isn't."

"No. But the war just got fairer." She offered him her hand. "Can you walk?"

He took it. She pulled him up with a strength that belied her size. His back protested. His legs protested. Every part of his body that had an opinion expressed it loudly and negatively.

He walked anyway. That was what scouts did. They walked into places they shouldn't be, did things that shouldn't be possible, and walked out again. The walking was the important part. The walking meant you were still alive.

They descended the hill together, leaving the bare hilltop behind them. Ahead, the lights of Mirravale glowed in the valley — a town that would wake tomorrow to find the glass house gone, the humming silenced, the weight of occupation one degree lighter.

Behind them, the wind erased the last traces of mirror-dust from the hilltop. By morning, there would be nothing left. Just goat pasture and limestone and the memory of a farmer named Edren who had been taken from his life and used as a battery and finally, after months of silent screaming, set free.

Kaelen didn't look back. Looking back was a luxury scouts couldn't afford.

But he memorized the name. Edren. He added it to the list he carried — the list of people whose suffering he'd witnessed and couldn't undo. It was a long list. It grew longer with every mission. One day it would be long enough to fill a book, and on that day, he would sit down and write it, and the world would know what

had been done in the dark while it wasn't paying attention.

But not today. Today, there was a war to fight and a team to rejoin and a commander standing on a wall somewhere, waiting for him to come back.

He walked south, toward the allied lines, toward Itzil, toward whatever came next.

Miyako walked beside him. They didn't speak. The silence between them was comfortable — the silence of two people who had looked into the same abyss and chosen the same direction.

The stars wheeled overhead. The cheering faded into the distance. The war continued.

But the mirrors were broken, and the siege would never be the same.

Chapter 11 - The Beast Falls

The counterattack broke Gravok's army like a wave breaking on rocks.

Itzil led the charge through the shattered gate of Aravalle, the Sun-Blade blazing in her hand, five hundred soldiers at her back. They hit the Dominion lines while the enemy was still reeling from the portal collapse — officers scrambling to reorganize formations designed around instant reinforcement, war-beast handlers struggling to control

animals that had lost the steady pulse of portal energy that kept them docile between commands.

The confusion was Itzil's weapon. She wielded it the way she wielded the Sun-Blade — with precision, with purpose, with the understanding that chaos was a resource to be spent, not a state to be endured.

"Left flank, press forward! Right flank, hold the gate perimeter! Archers, suppressive fire on the beast pens!" Her voice carried across the battlefield with an authority she hadn't possessed six weeks ago. Command was a muscle. She'd been exercising it every day since the war began, and it had grown stronger than she'd expected.

The Dominion soldiers fought back — they were professionals, trained and disciplined, and even without portals they outnumbered the defenders. But the momentum had shifted. The allied forces were fighting from fortified positions with fresh reserves arriving from Sundrift. The Dominion was fighting on open ground with no reinforcements and no retreat.

War-beasts crashed through the melee, their massive forms wreaking havoc on both sides. One beast — a creature the size of a small building, armored in plates of black iron — smashed through a defensive barricade and scattered an entire company. Itzil pivoted toward it, the Sun-Blade's light intensifying as she charged.

She'd learned how to fight the beasts. Not strength against strength — that was suicide. Speed against mass. Precision against power. The beasts were armored on top and sides but vulnerable at the joints, where the plates overlapped and the flesh beneath was exposed. She ducked under the creature's sweeping claw, rolled between its legs, and drove the Sun-Blade upward into the gap between its chest plates.

Golden light erupted inside the beast. The ash-oath sigil that controlled it — burned into the creature's brain, visible as a crimson glow behind its eyes — shattered. The beast screamed, staggered, and collapsed. Not dead — freed. The intelligence returned to its eyes, replacing the crimson glow with something bewildered and afraid. The crea-

ture looked around at the carnage, at the soldiers, at its own blood-soaked claws, and bellowed in confusion.

Itzil felt a spike of pity. The beasts were as much victims as the ash-oathed soldiers — creatures enslaved by magic, their will erased, their bodies turned into weapons. She couldn't free them all. She couldn't even free most of them. But every sigil she broke was one less monster on the field.

The battle raged for two hours. The Dominion forces fought with the desperation of an army that knew it was losing — not the blind fury of fanatics but the calculated aggression of professionals buying time for an organized withdrawal. They were good. Even losing, they were formidably, terrifyingly good.

But they were losing.

Jagren's cavalry arrived at the height of the fighting, sweeping in from the southern road with the Sundrift garrison at his back. The impact was devastating — two thousand fresh soldiers hitting the Dominion's exposed flank while they were engaged on the front. The black-and-silver lines buckled, bent, and broke.

In the center of the Dominion formation, Gravok raged.

Itzil saw him from across the field — a mountain of a man on a monster of a beast, his double-headed axe rising and falling with the mechanical rhythm of a siege engine. Every swing killed. Every charge scattered defenders. He was the anchor of his army, the fixed point around which the Dominion sol-

diers organized their resistance, and as long as he stood, they would fight.

She pushed through the melee toward him. Soldiers on both sides fell away from her path — the Sun-Blade's light was a beacon, a declaration, a challenge that only the suicidal or the supreme would accept. She cut through Dominion soldiers who tried to stop her, broke the ash-oath sigils of those she could reach, and left the rest to the allied fighters closing behind her.

She reached the open ground where Gravok fought.

He saw her coming. The massive war-beast turned, its crimson eyes locking onto the golden light of the Sun-Blade with the instinctive recognition of a predator identifying its greatest

threat. Gravok grinned — the same grin he'd worn when he cornered Kaelen on the ridge. The grin of a man who loved fighting the way other men loved breathing.

"Sun-Blade," he said. His voice cut through the battle noise like a bass note through static. "I've been waiting for you."

"Sorry I'm late. Traffic."

She wasn't sure where the quip came from. Kaelen's influence, probably. The scout's sardonic deflection was contagious.

Gravok kicked his beast forward. The creature lunged with shocking speed for its size — a battering ram of muscle and bone aimed directly at Itzil's chest. She dodged left, the beast's shoulder miss-

ing her by inches, the wind of its passage hot and rancid against her face. Gravok swung his axe in the same motion — a horizontal sweep that would have bisected her at the waist.

She blocked with the Sun-Blade. The impact was nuclear. The axe was heavy enough to shatter stone, swung with the full force of Gravok's massive frame, amplified by the war-beast's momentum. The shock traveled through the blade, up her arms, into her shoulders and spine. Her feet skidded backward in the mud. Her teeth clenched so hard she felt enamel crack.

But the Sun-Blade held. The golden light flared at the point of contact, absorbing the kinetic energy, converting force into radiance. Gravok's axe bounced back,

and for a fraction of a second, his guard was open.

Itzil didn't waste it. She stepped inside his reach — the most dangerous place on the battlefield, close enough to smell the beast-stink and the iron-tang of old blood — and drove the Sun-Blade upward. Not at Gravok — at the war-beast's control sigil. The blade punched through the creature's chest plate and into the ash-oath brand beneath.

Golden light detonated inside the beast. The sigil shattered. The beast screamed — not the controlled roar of a weapon but the raw, agonized shriek of a living thing remembering what it was. It reared, throwing Gravok from the saddle, and then it turned and ran. Away from the battle. Away from the soldiers.

Away from everything that had been done to it.

Gravok hit the ground like a falling tower. The impact cratered the mud. Any normal person would have been stunned — dazed at minimum, broken at worst. Gravok was on his feet in two seconds, axe in hand, teeth bared.

Without his beast, he was still terrifying. Seven feet of rage and muscle and combat experience that predated Itzil's entire life. He swung the axe in a pattern she recognized from Kaelen's reports — wide horizontal sweeps designed to control space, followed by overhead chops that could split a man from crown to crotch.

She was faster. She'd always been faster. What Korvain had beaten into her —

literally, with a training staff, day after day for sixteen years — was speed born of clarity. When her mind was still, her body moved like water. When her purpose was clear, her reactions were instantaneous.

She danced around Gravok's attacks. The axe missed by inches, by centimeters, by the width of a thought. She cut him — shallow strikes to arms and legs, precise hits to the gaps in his armor. None fatal. None meant to be. She was wearing him down the way a river wears down a mountain: with patience, with persistence, with the absolute certainty that time was on her side.

Gravok felt it. She could see the realization dawn in his scarred face — the understanding that he was losing not be-

cause she was stronger but because she was smarter, not because her weapon was more powerful but because her mind was clearer. He fought harder. His swings became wider, more desperate. He abandoned technique for fury.

That was his mistake.

He committed to an overhead chop — the killing blow, the one he'd used to end a hundred fights. The axe came down with the force of a falling building. Itzil stepped sideways. The axe buried itself in the ground. Gravok's momentum carried him forward, off-balance, exposed.

She used it. Not a strike — a redirection. She caught his descending arm with the flat of the Sun-Blade and guided his momentum into a pivot that sent him stumbling into the remnant of a defen-

sive barricade. The wood and stone collapsed under his weight. He went down in a tangle of debris, the axe trapped, his right arm pinned.

Itzil was on him before he could free himself. The Sun-Blade at his throat. Golden light casting his scarred face in sharp relief — every line, every mark, every year of violence written on his skin.

He looked up at her. The fury drained from his eyes, replaced by something she hadn't expected: respect. Not fear — Gravok was too far beyond fear for that. But respect. The acknowledgment of a warrior who recognized superior technique when it had him on his back with a blade at his neck.

“Do it,” he said. His voice was quiet. Almost peaceful.

Itzil stood over him. The Sun-Blade hummed. The golden light pulsed with her heartbeat — steady, warm, patient. She could feel the blade’s eagerness. Not bloodlust — the Sun-Blade didn’t hunger for death. But completion. The clean end of a fight, the final stroke that balanced the equation.

Korvain’s voice echoed in her memory. Not his training voice — the sharp, demanding bark of a man who’d spent fifty years turning raw talent into discipline. His other voice. The quiet one. The one he used late at night, when the temple was dark and the students were sleeping and it was just the two of them on the eastern terrace, watching the stars.

A dead enemy teaches nothing. A captured enemy teaches everything.

Itzil lowered the Sun-Blade. The golden light dimmed to a glow, then to warmth, then to the quiet hum of a weapon choosing not to kill.

“Chain him,” she said.

The allied soldiers moved in. Gravok didn’t resist. He lay in the wreckage of the barricade and watched Itzil walk away, and his expression was no longer respect but something more complex — the bewilderment of a man who had prepared for death and been given something he didn’t know how to carry.

Life.

Mercy.

The things that cost more than killing and lasted longer than victory.

The battle ended within the hour. With Gravok captured and the portals destroyed, the Dominion army's will to fight evaporated. Units surrendered in groups — officers laying down swords, soldiers dropping to their knees, war-beasts standing motionless without handlers to direct them. The organized, terrifying machine of Gravok's invasion collapsed into the mundane logistics of defeat: prisoners to be counted, wounded to be treated, dead to be buried.

Itzil stood on the wall of Aravalle as the sun reached its zenith and watched the last Dominion units lay down their arms. The Sun-Blade was sheathed at her hip.

Her hands were empty. Her shoulders ached. Her eyes burned with exhaustion.

She had won.

It didn't feel like winning. It felt like surviving, which was different in ways she couldn't articulate but felt in her bones. Winning implied triumph, satisfaction, the clean resolution of conflict into peace. Surviving implied that the conflict continued and the peace was temporary and the next battle was already forming on the horizon like a storm.

But for now — for this moment — the walls held and the enemy was in chains and the people she'd sworn to protect were alive.

She closed her eyes. The sun was warm on her face.

It was enough. For now, it was enough.

Chapter 12 - The Duelists Glory

Jagren had always imagined glory would taste like honey wine.

He'd spent years constructing the fantasy — the roar of a crowd, the flash of steel, the moment when the last opponent fell and the world recognized what he was. He'd rehearsed it in the arena back in Sunhaven, where the crowds numbered in the hundreds and the stakes were bruises and bragging rights. He'd polished the fantasy the way he

polished his twin-bladed staff — obsessively, lovingly, until it gleamed.

The reality tasted like mud and copper and the sour tang of fear that no amount of skill could fully suppress.

The counterattack was three hours old. Jagren's cavalry had hit the Dominion flank with the precision of a surgeon's blade — two thousand riders sweeping in from the southern road, lances lowered, horses at full gallop. The impact had shattered the Dominion's left wing and sent their reserves scattering. It was, by any military measure, a brilliant tactical stroke.

Jagren barely remembered it. Combat at that scale compressed time into snapshots — a lance connecting, a horse screaming, a Dominion soldier's face ap-

pearing and disappearing in the space between one heartbeat and the next. The grand strategy was someone else's concern. His world had narrowed to the ten feet around his staff and the enemies who entered it.

Now the main battle was winding down. Gravok was captured — he'd heard the shouts, seen the golden flare of Itzil's Sun-Blade from across the field. The Dominion was surrendering in chunks. The organized resistance was over.

But not everywhere.

On the eastern edge of the battlefield, where the Dominion's beast-rider corps had been stationed, a knot of resistance held. A company of elite soldiers — not ash-oathed slaves but willing Dominion loyalists, career warriors who fought be-

cause they believed in the empire's mission — had formed a defensive circle around a figure on a war-beast.

Thornmaw.

Jagren had heard the name in intelligence briefings. Gravok's lieutenant. Beast-rider. Champion. The most decorated combat officer in the Dominion's eastern army, with a kill count that made professional soldiers go quiet when they discussed it. He commanded the beast-rider corps — the elite shock troops who rode the largest war-beasts into battle and broke enemy formations the way hammers broke glass.

Thornmaw's beast was smaller than Gravok's but faster — a lean, scarred predator with acid-green eyes and a muzzle full of teeth designed for shearing ar-

mor. Its rider was equally lean — tall, rangy, with the coiled-spring build of a man who moved at speed and hit with the concentrated force of a whip crack. His weapons were unconventional: a spiked chain in his left hand and a short, curved blade coated with something that glistened oily in the sunlight. Poison. Arena fighters recognized poison the way sailors recognized storms — by the sick feeling it put in your stomach before it arrived.

Jagren dismounted. The cavalry was useless against a fortified position — horses couldn't penetrate a shield wall, and war-beasts would scatter them. This was infantry work. Close-quarters. Personal.

This was dueling.

He walked toward the Dominion position with his twin-bladed staff across his shoulders, the casual stance of a man who wanted the enemy to see him coming. Not arrogance — strategy. In the arena, the entrance was half the fight. How you approached told your opponent what kind of fighter you were. Jagren wanted Thornmaw to see a man who wasn't afraid.

He was terrified. But terror and performance were old friends, and Jagren had spent years teaching them to coexist.

"Thornmaw!" His voice carried across the gap between the allied line and the Dominion position. "Your commander is in chains. Your army is surrendering. Your portals are dust. This is over."

The spiked chain rattled. Thornmaw's beast shifted, its acid-green eyes tracking Jagren with predatory interest. The beast-rider leaned forward in his saddle and studied Jagren the way a craftsman studies a piece of raw material — assessing quality, estimating yield.

"The arena boy," Thornmaw said. His voice was like gravel in a metal drum — rough, resonant, unpleasant. "I've read your file. Sunhaven arena champion, three consecutive seasons. Undefeated in sixty-two bouts." He smiled. The smile was worse than the chain. "Sixty-two amateur bouts against men who fought for coin and applause. I've fought in forty-seven real engagements against men who fought for survival. Tell me, arena boy — do you know the difference?"

"I'm learning."

Thornmaw dismounted. His beast remained — crouched, ready, its eyes following Jagren with the patient attention of a predator that had been taught to wait for the command to kill. Thornmaw walked forward, chain swinging in lazy circles, the poisoned blade held low and angled.

The allied soldiers fell back. The Dominion soldiers held their circle. An arena formed — not built, but grown, the organic geometry of two armies creating space for two men to settle something that numbers couldn't resolve.

Jagren set his stance. Staff horizontal. Weight balanced. Breathing steady. He'd fought a thousand opponents in the arena. He'd fought a dozen in real combat

since joining Itzil's alliance. Every one of them had taught him something. The arena had taught him technique. The war had taught him that technique was the foundation, not the building.

Thornmaw attacked.

The chain came first — a whipping horizontal sweep aimed at Jagren's legs. He jumped it. The chain retracted and came again, higher, aimed at his head. He ducked. The speed was extraordinary — the chain moved like a living thing, its spiked links finding angles that a rigid weapon couldn't achieve. It was a weapon designed to bypass guards, wrap around defenses, find the gaps that conventional weapons missed.

Jagren gave ground. Not retreating — reading. Every attack was information.

Every feint revealed a pattern. In the arena, he'd learned to catalogue his opponents in the first thirty seconds — timing, reach, preferred angles, habitual sequences. Thornmaw was faster than anyone he'd faced. The chain added a variable he hadn't trained for. And the beast behind Thornmaw was a constant threat — a secondary attacker that could enter the fight at any moment.

The chain wrapped around the end of his staff. Thornmaw yanked. The pull was savage — strong enough to tear the weapon from a lesser fighter's grip. Jagren held on and used the pull, letting it draw him forward into Thornmaw's space. The beast-rider hadn't expected aggression. His poisoned blade came up — a defensive thrust aimed at Jagren's advancing chest.

Jagren twisted. The blade missed his ribs by an inch. He could feel the oily coating on the steel — close enough to smell, a sweet chemical reek that made his stomach clench. He brought the staff around in a tight arc, the bladed end slicing across Thornmaw's forearm. First blood.

Thornmaw didn't flinch. He pulled back, freed his chain, and reset. The cut on his arm bled freely but he ignored it with the indifference of a man who'd been cut so many times the novelty had worn off.

"Not bad," Thornmaw said. "For an arena boy."

The fight continued. It was the most intense combat Jagren had ever experienced — not the chaos of a battlefield, where threats came from every direc-

tion and survival was as much luck as skill, but the focused, intimate violence of two skilled fighters testing each other's limits. Every exchange was a conversation in the language of force and timing. Every feint was a question. Every counter was an answer.

Thornmaw fought dirty. The poison barbs on the chain's tips were designed to scratch, not kill — a single scratch would introduce the toxin, which would slow reflexes and blur vision over the course of minutes. It was a patient weapon for a patient fighter. Thornmaw didn't need to land a killing blow. He needed one scratch, and then time would do the rest.

The beast attacked from behind. Jagren heard it — the scrape of claws on packed

earth — and threw himself sideways. The beast's jaws snapped shut on empty air. He rolled, came up, and brought his staff across the beast's snout. The impact jarred his arms but the beast recoiled, shaking its head, giving him a three-second reprieve.

Three seconds. In a fight like this, three seconds was a lifetime.

He used Itzil's lesson. Not her technique — her philosophy. Wait for the opening. Not the first opening, not the obvious one, but the real one. The one that appeared after the opponent committed to a pattern and couldn't change direction.

Thornmaw committed. The chain came in a complex figure-eight pattern — beautiful, deadly, designed to control

the entire space around the target. It was the attack of a man who was confident, who had used this pattern a hundred times, who knew that it was the sequence that ended fights.

Jagren saw the opening. Between the second and third loops of the figure-eight, there was a gap — a fraction of a second where the chain was transitioning from horizontal to vertical and Thornmaw's body was turned sideways. It was a window the size of a heartbeat. An arena fighter would have missed it. A warrior who'd learned patience from a woman who fought like sunlight would not.

He struck. One blow. The bladed end of his staff found the gap in Thornmaw's armor at the left shoulder joint

and drove through with the full force of his body behind it. The impact was solid — the blade sinking deep into muscle and bone, the staff vibrating in his hands with the feedback of a clean, decisive hit.

Thornmaw fell. Not dramatically — he simply folded, his legs giving way, his chain clattering to the ground, his poisoned blade falling from fingers that had suddenly forgotten how to grip. He hit the earth on his knees, then his side, then his back, and lay still.

Alive. Breathing. But done.

The beast looked at its fallen rider. Looked at Jagren. And sat down. Not attacking — waiting. Without Thornmaw's commands, the creature's ash-oath programming defaulted to passivity. It was a weapon without a hand to wield it.

Jagren stood over Thornmaw, breathing hard. His body was a map of near-misses — the chain had scratched his armor in a dozen places, and his left forearm bore a thin red line where a poison barb had come close enough to cut cloth but not skin. His muscles burned. His lungs ached. His hands shook with the residual electricity of combat adrenaline.

The watching soldiers cheered. Both sides — the allied troops with genuine celebration, the Dominion soldiers with the grudging respect of professionals who recognized excellence when they saw it. The sound washed over Jagren like warm water.

This was the moment. The one he'd imagined a thousand times. The defeated opponent. The cheering crowd. The

confirmation that he was what he'd always believed himself to be — the best fighter in the room, the champion, the star of his own story.

It felt wrong.

Not bad. Not painful. Just wrong. Like a shoe that fit perfectly but was made for a different foot. The cheering was real and the victory was earned and the opponent on the ground was a genuinely dangerous man who would have killed him if the fight had gone differently. Everything about the moment matched the fantasy.

Except the feeling.

Standing over a man who was bleeding in the dirt, watching the light fade from his eyes — not death, but defeat, which was its own kind of dying — Ja-

gren felt something he hadn't expected. Not triumph. Not satisfaction. Not the golden rush of vindication he'd carried in his imagination since he was twelve years old, winning his first amateur bout in Sunhaven and deciding that this was what he wanted to feel for the rest of his life.

He felt heavy.

He turned from the fallen man and walked through the cheering soldiers without acknowledging them. The noise pressed against him. Hands reached out to clap his shoulder. Voices called his name. He kept walking.

He found a supply wagon at the edge of the field and sat down behind it, where no one could see him. The cheering faded. The sounds of the battlefield —

groaning wounded, barked orders, the creak of wagons — settled around him like sediment.

He sat there for a long time. Long enough for the sweat to dry and the adrenaline to fade and the heavy feeling to fill all the spaces that the fighting had emptied.

Neyla found him.

She appeared around the corner of the wagon with her medical kit and the calm, unsurprised expression of someone who had learned to find people in the places where they went to not be found. She didn't ask permission. She sat down beside him, opened her kit, and began wordlessly bandaging the scratches and cuts that covered his arms and torso.

Her hands were warm. Her touch was gentle in the way that only a healer's touch could be — not soft, but careful. Precise. The hands of someone who understood that the body was fragile and that gentleness was not weakness but skill.

They sat in silence for several minutes. The bandaging was thorough. Professional. Neyla worked with the focused efficiency she brought to everything, and Jagren watched her work and tried to identify the feeling in his chest and failed.

"I thought winning would feel better," he said finally.

Neyla didn't look up. She tied off a bandage, cut the excess with small scissors, and moved to the next wound.

Her hands didn't pause. Her expression didn't change.

"That's how you know you're not a monster," she said.

Jagren looked at her. She looked at him. Something passed between them — not words, not romance, not any of the simple things that stories usually put in moments like these. Something harder to name and more valuable to keep. Understanding. The recognition of one wounded person by another.

She returned to her bandaging. He returned to his silence.

The sun moved across the sky. The battle was over. The war continued.

But something in Jagren had changed — something fundamental, something

structural, something that would reshape every fight he fought from this moment forward. He didn't have a name for it yet. He would, eventually. Neyla had already given it to him, in five words spoken behind a supply wagon while the world celebrated a victory that tasted nothing like honey wine.

Not a monster.

It wasn't glory. But it was enough.

Chapter 13 - Prisoner Of War

Gravok looked smaller in chains.

It was an illusion — the man was still seven feet of muscle and violence, still broad enough to fill the cell they'd put him in, still carrying the scars and the bulk and the physical presence of someone who had spent his life being the largest and most dangerous thing in any room. But chains had a way of diminishing people. They reduced the

threat to the contained, the active to the passive, the commander to the captive.

Itzil studied him through the iron bars. The cell was in Aravalle's military stockade — a stone building with thick walls and small windows, designed for holding dangerous prisoners during peacetime and apparently adequate for holding beast commanders during war. Gravok sat on the stone bench that served as a bed, his wrists shackled to the wall by chains long enough to allow movement but not enough to reach the door. His legs were similarly restrained.

He hadn't spoken since his capture. The guards reported that he ate the food they brought, drank the water, used the bucket in the corner with the unselfconscious practicality of a man who'd lived

rough for most of his life. He slept when it was dark. He sat when it was light. He did not pace, did not rage, did not test his chains or threaten his guards.

He waited. With the patience of a predator who understood that captivity was temporary and that the prey would eventually come to him.

Itzil opened the cell door and stepped inside.

Two guards flanked the entrance, hands on weapons. Rethane had argued against this — a commander interrogating a prisoner personally was a risk, tactically and psychologically. Itzil had listened politely and then done it anyway. Some things required a direct approach. This was one of them.

Gravok watched her enter. His eyes — small, dark, deeply set beneath a ridge of scarred brow — tracked her with the same focused attention he'd shown on the battlefield. He was assessing her. Cataloging. A warrior's mind never stopped calculating threat levels, even in chains.

"Beast Commander Gravok," Itzil said. She didn't sit. Standing gave her the height advantage, which, given his size, she needed. "I'm going to ask you questions. You can answer them or not. I won't threaten you and I won't torture you. When we're done, you'll go back to sitting in this cell eating food that's better than what most of my soldiers get."

Gravok said nothing. His expression was unreadable — not hostile, not cooperative, just present. Watching.

“Why did Volzentar send you?” she asked.

Silence. Ten seconds. Twenty. Then, in a voice like the grinding of tectonic plates: “Because I’m the best he has for what he needed done.”

“And what did he need done?”

“Break your alliance. Burn your cities. Kill enough people that the survivors would remember what resistance costs.” He said it without emotion — stating facts, not boasting. “Standard conquest protocol. I’ve done it forty times.”

“You failed.”

"I failed." No defensiveness. No excuses. The acknowledgment of a professional who had run the numbers and come up short. "The portals gave me the advantage. Without the portals, I needed three-to-one numerical superiority against fortified positions. I had two-to-one. Insufficient."

Itzil filed this. Gravok was not stupid. She'd known this — stupid men didn't command armies of twelve thousand with the precision he'd shown. But hearing him analyze his own defeat with clinical detachment reinforced something important: the Dominion's commanders were professionals. They learned from failures. Whatever mistakes Gravok had made, Volzentar would not repeat.

“The relics,” she said. “How many does the Dominion have?”

Gravok’s eyes narrowed. The first sign of resistance — not to the question but to the information it represented. Relic intelligence was strategic. Sharing it meant betraying more than tactical details.

Itzil waited. She didn’t repeat the question. She didn’t lean forward or change her tone or employ any of the interrogation techniques she’d read about in Amalura’s books. She simply stood there, steady and patient, and let the silence work.

Gravok shifted on his bench. The chains clinked — a small sound in the stone cell, intimate and ordinary.

"Four," he said. "When I left the capital, the Dominion held four of the seven relics. The Ember Core, the Tide Pearl, the Shadow Lens, and the Crown Fragment." He paused. "You have one. The Sun-Blade temple held the Solara Seal before the raid. I assume your people secured it."

"We did."

"That leaves two unaccounted for. Volzentar has people looking for them. So should you."

Itzil absorbed this. Four relics out of seven. The Great Gate needed all seven to open, plus a massive energy source — the stored life-force of ash-oath slaves. The Dominion was more than halfway there.

“The Great Gate,” she said. “What do you know about it?”

“I’m a soldier, not a scholar. I know it’s old. I know Volzentar wants it open. I know that whatever is on the other side is what he’s really fighting for — the war, the conquest, the relics, it’s all a means to an end.” Gravok’s expression changed — something flickered in his eyes that might have been the distant ancestor of discomfort. “The scientists and the priests handle the Gate. Dalgignon builds the tools. The Weeping One provides the intelligence. I just kill people.”

“The Weeping One.”

The discomfort became visible. Gravok — a man who had faced Itzil’s Sun-Blade without flinching, who had commanded

war-beasts and laid siege to cities and killed more people than most men could count — looked uncomfortable.

“She sits in the dark beneath the palace,” he said. “She cries all the time. Even Volzentar doesn’t stay long.” He used the words the way soldiers use the names of diseases — acknowledging their existence while maintaining a careful distance. “I’ve been in her chamber once. Just once. Volzentar took me there before my first campaign. Said it would help me understand what we were fighting for.”

“What happened?”

“She spoke to me.” His voice dropped. Not to a whisper — to a register, as though the words needed to be formed at a frequency that the walls couldn’t ab-

sorb. "She knew my name. She knew my mother's name. She knew the name of the first man I killed and the name of the last woman I loved and the name of the fear I carry that I've never told anyone. She said them all, one after another, like reading from a list. And then she told me how I would die."

The cell was very quiet.

"How?" Itzil asked.

"She said I would die in chains. In a stone room. Listening to someone ask me questions." He looked at Itzil. "She said I would answer because I was tired. Because the person asking would treat me like a man instead of a weapon. And because by the time I finished talking, I would understand that the empire I

served was building a door that should never be opened.”

Itzil felt the temperature in the cell drop. Not physically — metaphysically. The Weeping One’s predictions had the weight of things that had already happened. Not prophecy in the mystical sense. Something worse. Certainty.

“The Great Gate,” Gravok continued. “Volzentar doesn’t tell his commanders what’s on the other side. He tells us it’s power. Liberation. The next step in human evolution. The priests and the true believers eat it up. But I’ve been in the Weeping One’s chamber, and I’ve heard her cry, and I know this: whatever is on the other side of that Gate, it scares a woman who can see the future. That

should terrify you more than anything my army ever did.”

Itzil was quiet for a long moment. The guards shifted uncomfortably at the door. The weight of Gravok’s words pressed against the walls.

“One more question,” she said. “Volzentar sent you to break my alliance. Twelve thousand soldiers, mirror-portals, war-beasts. But you said something to Kaelen — my scout. You said Volzentar deployed you to test me. Which is it?”

Gravok’s expression shifted again. Not discomfort this time — something closer to pity. Which, from a man in chains, was deeply unsettling.

“Both,” he said. “Volzentar never does one thing at a time. The siege was real. The test was also real. He wanted to see

what you'd do when the pressure was maximum. Would you sacrifice a city to save two? Would you send your people to die? Would you kill me or spare me?"

"I spared you."

"You did." He held her gaze. "That interests him more than anything else you could have done. If you'd killed me, he'd have written you off as conventional. Dangerous but predictable. Sparing me means you're something else. Something he hasn't seen before."

"What does Volzentar do when someone interests him?"

Gravok was quiet. The chains clinked as he shifted his weight. When he spoke, his voice carried the gravity of a man delivering a truth he wished he didn't know.

“He gets interested. And then he gets personal. The next attack won’t be an army, Sun-Blade bearer. It’ll be something you can’t fight with a sword. He’ll find the people you love. He’ll find the things you’re afraid of. And he’ll use them like weapons.”

He leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes. The conversation was over. Not because he’d been ordered to stop but because he’d said what needed to be said and further words would only dilute it.

Itzil stood in the cell for a moment longer. Then she turned and walked out. The guards closed the door behind her. The lock engaged with a sound like a period at the end of a sentence.

She walked through the stockade corridors, past cells holding captured Dominion officers and ash-oathed soldiers whose sigils Neyla was studying, past guards who saluted and runners who brought reports and all the ordinary machinery of a military alliance that had just won a major battle and didn't know yet that the real war hadn't started.

She found Amalura in the command tent, reading.

"He says Volzentar has four relics," Itzil said. "He says the Weeping One is real. He says the next attack won't be an army."

Amalura looked up from her text. Her working eye was sharp. Her expression was the one she wore when the pieces

of a puzzle were assembling themselves into a picture she didn't want to see.

"What did he say about Volzentar's interest in you?"

"He said Volzentar gets personal."

Amalura was quiet for a moment. Then she said, softly: "The texts describe a pattern. When the Dominion encounters a threat it can't defeat by force, it doesn't escalate. It infiltrates. It finds the person at the center and it breaks them. Not with armies. With precision."

Itzil thought of her team. Kaelen behind enemy lines. Jagren recovering from a duel that had changed something inside him. Torvane building machines that might save them all. Neyla touching ash-oaths and discovering that compassion might be a weapon.

“What does Volzentar do when someone passes his test?” she’d asked Gravok.

He gets interested.

She sat down at the war table and stared at the markers — blue for allies, black for enemies, red for portals that no longer existed. The board had changed. The pieces had moved. And the player on the other side of the table was no longer content to use pawns.

The king was moving. And Itzil didn’t know the game.

Chapter 14 - Miyako Joins

Kaelen arrived at the allied camp three days after the battle, walking through the northern gate with Miyako at his side and the look of a man who had been held together by willpower and was running out.

The camp had changed. Where chaos had reigned during the siege preparation, order now prevailed — the organized order of a military force that had won a battle and was using the

breathing room to rebuild. Engineers reinforced walls. Quartermasters inventoried supplies. Soldiers drilled in formations that incorporated the lessons of the siege. The mood was cautiously optimistic, which Kaelen knew from experience was the most dangerous mood an army could have. Optimism bred complacency. Complacency bred graves.

The sentries recognized him and waved him through. Word traveled fast — by the time he reached the central compound, a small crowd had gathered. Soldiers who'd heard about the scout who'd destroyed the mirror-portals. Officers who wanted to shake the hand of the man who'd turned the siege. Ordinary people who needed a hero and had decided he was one.

Kaelen hated every second of it. He walked through the crowd with the fixed, neutral expression he wore when his insides didn't match his outside, acknowledging nods with nods, handshakes with handshakes, giving nothing away.

Miyako walked beside him with the serene composure of a woman who had mastered the art of being present without being noticed. The crowd's attention flowed around her like water around a stone — people looked at Kaelen and through Miyako, their eyes registering her presence without engaging with it. She was a grey-haired woman in plain clothes. She was nobody.

She was the most dangerous person in the camp, and no one knew it.

Itzil was waiting at the command tent.

She stood in the entrance with her arms crossed and her face wearing the expression Kaelen had come to think of as her command mask — the careful neutrality that hid whatever was happening beneath. She wore it well. Six weeks of war had refined it from a rough approximation into something almost convincing.

Almost. He could still see through it. The tension in her jaw. The way her hands gripped her own arms a fraction too tightly. The slight forward lean of her body, as though she'd started to move toward him and caught herself.

"Kaelen."

"Commander."

She looked at him. He looked at her. The crowd around them faded into background noise. For a moment — three heartbeats, maybe four — the masks dropped. Not completely. Not publicly. But enough. Enough for him to see the relief that flooded her features, and for her to see the exhaustion that he'd been carrying since the glass house.

She reached out and gripped his arm. Not a handshake — something else. Her fingers wrapped around his forearm and held. Firm. Warm. Anchoring.

He noticed. Neither spoke.

Behind him, Jagren's voice cut through the moment with the precision of a man who had excellent timing and knew exactly when to use it: "Finally. The ghost

returns. I was starting to think I'd have to do everything myself."

The tension broke. Itzil released his arm. Kaelen turned to find Jagren leaning against a tent pole, bandaged from the duel but mobile, his customary grin in place. Torvane stood beside him, spectacles catching the light, fingers stained with solder, looking like he hadn't slept since the siege and had no plans to start. Neyla was there too, medical kit in hand, already assessing Kaelen's injuries from five feet away with the diagnostic precision of a healer who could read damage like a book.

His team. His people. The five individuals he'd chosen to trust after years of trusting no one, standing in a semicircle around him with expressions that

ranged from relief to amusement to the quietly emotional look that Neyla wore and would deny if confronted.

"This is Miyako," Kaelen said, stepping aside. "Former Sun-Blade master, shadow school tradition. She's been sabotaging the Dominion from inside occupied territory for two months. She helped me destroy the anchor. She's joining us."

Miyako stepped forward. The attention of the group shifted to her — and for the first time since Kaelen had met her, she let herself be seen. She dropped the invisibility. Not the shadow-step — the social camouflage, the habit of self-erasure she'd cultivated for decades. She stood straight, met their eyes, and allowed the full weight of who she was to become visible.

The effect was immediate. Jagren's grin faded — not into hostility but into the sober recognition of someone who could feel danger the way a dog felt earthquakes. Torvane's eyes sharpened behind his spectacles. Neyla's hand tightened on her medical kit.

Itzil studied Miyako with the assessing gaze she'd developed for reading people — not their words but their weight. What they carried. What they'd done. What they were willing to do.

"You're shadow school," Itzil said.

"What remains of it."

"Korvain mentioned your tradition. He said the shadow school disappeared forty years ago."

“One of us hid. The rest died.” Miyako’s voice was level. Not emotionless — controlled. The difference was significant. “I’m not proud of which I chose.”

A long moment passed. Itzil and Miyako regarded each other across a gap that was physical and philosophical — the bearer of the Sun-Blade and the survivor of its shadow, two women from different generations of the same fractured tradition.

Itzil extended her hand. “Welcome to the alliance.”

Miyako took it. Her grip was firm and dry and suggested that the hand attached to it had ended more lives than it had shaken.

Over the next hour, Kaelen debriefed the team. He gave them everything —

the mirror-portals, the glass house, Dalgarrigon, the anchor, Edren's imprisoned soul, the destruction and the release. He spoke in the flat, detailed register of a scout delivering intelligence, stripping the events of emotion and presenting them as data. It was the only way he could talk about what he'd seen without the talking becoming something else.

Miyako filled in the gaps. The Dominion's occupation infrastructure. The voluntary oath compliance she'd observed. The glass house's construction and the engineering principles behind the portal network. She spoke with the precision of a woman who had spent decades observing and cataloging and waiting for someone to report to.

When the briefing ended, Miyako asked to speak with Itzil privately.

They stepped outside the command tent. Kaelen watched them through the canvas flap — two silhouettes in the late afternoon light, one tall and straight, the other small and compact. He couldn't hear the words, but he could read the body language. Miyako was assessing. Itzil was listening.

After ten minutes, they came back inside.

"Miyako has observations about our team," Itzil said. Her voice carried the particular tone it acquired when someone had told her something she needed to hear but didn't want to. "I think we should all listen."

Miyako stood at the center of the group. The late afternoon light filtered through the canvas, painting her in shades of amber and grey.

“Your team is talented,” she said. “Individually, each of you is exceptional. The scout reads terrain the way I read people — instinctively, accurately, comprehensively. The duelist has technique that would embarrass masters twice his age. The engineer builds solutions that shouldn’t work and then makes them work anyway. The healer has a gift that I’ve never seen in fifty years of studying the Sun-Blade tradition.”

She paused.

“But you fight as individuals. On the battlefield, each of you operates in your own sphere — solving your own prob-

lems, pursuing your own objectives, connecting with each other only when circumstance forces it. Against a disorganized enemy, this works. Against the Dominion at full strength, it will get you killed."

The silence in the tent was the kind that follows an uncomfortable truth.

"I can teach you to fight as one," Miyako continued. "Shadow-and-light techniques that combine my tradition with the Sun-Blade's light. Coordinated combat where each fighter's actions create opportunities for the others. Not a formation — formations are rigid. A flow. A conversation in movement where every member knows what the others will do before they do it."

"How long?" Itzil asked.

“To master it? Years. To be competent enough that it saves your lives? Weeks. If you train every day. If you trust each other completely.” Her eyes moved across the group, settling on each person in turn. “Trust is the foundation. Not technique. Not power. Trust. If any of you holds back — if any of you fights alone when you should be fighting together — the system collapses.”

Kaelen met Itzil’s eyes across the tent. A question passed between them, unspoken: can we do this?

He nodded. Barely perceptible. But she saw it.

“We start tomorrow,” Itzil said.

The team filed out. Kaelen was last, as usual. At the tent flap, Itzil caught his

arm — the same grip, the same spot, firm and warm.

“You came back,” she said.

“I told you I would.”

“Third time.” The ghost of a smile. “I’m starting to believe you.”

She released his arm. He walked out into the late afternoon. The camp spread around him — soldiers, engineers, the organized machinery of an alliance that had survived its first real test. Miyako was already in the training yard, marking positions in the dirt with a stick, mapping the patterns she would teach them.

Behind him, Itzil watched him go. He didn’t turn around.

But he knew she was watching. And knowing was enough.

Chapter 15 - Torvanes Machines

Torvane had never been comfortable with silence, which was ironic for a man who spent most of his life in it.

The workshop he'd claimed — a stone-walled storage room in the Aravalle garrison, repurposed with Rethane's grudging permission — was the loudest quiet place in the camp. No voices. No footsteps. No commands or responses or any of the human sounds that filled the world outside. Just the

click of gears, the hiss of solder, the soft scrape of a file against metal, and the constant, low-level hum of Torvane's mind turning problems into solutions.

He worked best alone. He always had. People were wonderful in theory and exhausting in practice — unpredictable, emotional, prone to asking questions at the exact moment when the answer was balanced on the tip of his concentration like a drop of water on the edge of a blade. He didn't dislike people. He simply processed them differently than most, the way a person who reads music differently than someone who hears it experiences the same composition through a different architecture of understanding.

The mirror-portal fragments were spread across his workbench like the pieces of a dissected insect. He'd collected them from the battlefield — shards of the dark crystal that had framed the portals, fragments of the metal conduits that had connected them to the anchor network, scraps of the resonance tuning mechanisms that Dalrignon had designed to maintain spatial stability across continental distances.

They were beautiful. That was the problem.

Torvane understood beauty in engineering the way Jagren understood beauty in combat — instinctively, viscerally, with an appreciation that transcended moral judgment. The mirror-portal technology was brilliant. The crystal-metal lattice

structure was elegant. The resonance tuning was a masterwork of precision calibration. Every component spoke of a mind that understood the fundamental architecture of space and had devised methods to bend it like a blacksmith bends iron.

And every component was powered by human suffering. The crystal fragments still carried traces of psychic resonance — the echo of Edren's consciousness, imprinted into the material at the molecular level. When Torvane held a fragment to the light, he could feel it — not with his hands but with something deeper, an awareness that lived in the same part of his mind that solved equations and built devices. A whisper. A shadow. The ghost of a scream preserved in glass.

He set the fragment down and cleaned his spectacles. A nervous habit. The lenses didn't need cleaning — they needed to be somewhere other than on his face for a moment, giving his eyes a rest and his mind a reset.

He was building three things from the salvaged technology.

The first was a ward-disruptor — an improved version of the devices he'd deployed during the siege. The originals had projected fields that disrupted ash-oath control within a ten-foot radius. The improved version, incorporating Dominion crystal components, would extend the range to fifty feet. In a battlefield context, each ward-disruptor would create a zone of freedom — a space where ash-oathed soldiers would

temporarily regain their will, their sigils suppressed by the device's interference.

The second was a signal array — the next generation of his mirror communication system. The current relay stations used reflected sunlight during the day and lantern arrays at night. Effective but limited. The new system would use the portal crystals' resonance properties to transmit encoded messages at the speed of light, regardless of weather, time of day, or line-of-sight requirements. Instant, secure, continent-wide communication.

The third was the device that occupied most of his attention and all of his concern.

It sat on the center of his workbench, surrounded by tools and notes and the

accumulated detritus of obsessive engineering. It looked like a compass mated with a music box — a brass housing containing a crystal sensor suspended in a gyroscopic mount, with a dial on the face calibrated in units that Torvane had invented because no existing measurement system was adequate for what the device detected.

A portal detector.

He'd built the prototype before the siege — a crude instrument that could sense mirror-portal energy within a mile radius. The improved version was more sensitive by orders of magnitude. It could detect portal-energy signatures at a distance of fifty miles. It could distinguish between active portals and residual traces. It could identify the

unique frequency of individual portal endpoints.

And it was pinging.

That was the problem.

The mirror-portals were destroyed. The anchor was dust. Dalrignon's network was dead. There should have been nothing for the detector to find — a flat line, a null reading, the electromagnetic equivalent of silence.

Instead, the detector showed a faint, steady pulse at the extreme edge of its range. Not the frequency of Dalrignon's portals — those had a characteristic harmonic signature that Torvane had cataloged during the siege. This was different. Older. Deeper. A frequency that existed beneath the ones Dalrignon had used, like a bass note beneath a melody

— the foundation that the melody was built upon.

Torvane had spent three days analyzing the signal. He'd ruled out instrumentation error, atmospheric interference, geological resonance, and seventeen other potential false-positive sources. The signal was real. It was coming from somewhere south-south-east of Aravalle. And it was old.

How old? The resonance pattern was degraded in a way that suggested centuries of continuous operation. Not the sharp, clean pulse of Dalrignon's engineered portals but the worn, smooth rhythm of something that had been running for so long its energy signature had weathered like stone.

Torvane set down his tools and looked at the detector. The crystal sensor pulsed — a faint blue-green glow, rhythmic, steady, patient. Like a heartbeat. Like a machine that had been left running when its operators walked away and had continued its function for a thousand years because no one had told it to stop.

He picked up the detector and walked to the command tent.

Amalura was there. She was always there — seated at the corner desk she'd claimed, surrounded by texts and scrolls and the organized chaos of a scholar who processed information the way Torvane processed engineering: continuously, comprehensively, with a focus

that excluded everything not immediately relevant to the problem at hand.

"I need to show you something," Torvane said.

He placed the detector on the desk. The blue-green pulse reflected in Amalura's working eye. She studied it — the device, the display, the readings — with the sharp, methodical attention that made her the most formidable intellect Torvane had ever encountered.

"This isn't Dalrignon's work," she said after a minute.

"No. The frequency is different. Older. The resonance degradation suggests continuous operation over a period of—" He hesitated, because the number sounded absurd. "Centuries. Possibly a millennium."

Amalura went very, very still.

The stillness was not surprise. It was recognition. The look of someone encountering something they'd read about in texts so old the ink had faded to ghosts on parchment, something they'd cataloged as theoretical, historical, safely distant — and realizing that it was none of those things. It was here. It was now. It was pulsing on a brass compass on a desk in a military camp.

"Show me the frequency pattern," she said.

Torvane adjusted the detector's display. The waveform appeared — a smooth, repeating curve with a characteristic asymmetry that distinguished it from any natural electromagnetic source. Amalura stared at it. Then she

stood, crossed to her desk, and pulled a scroll from the bottom of a stack that looked like it hadn't been disturbed in years.

She unrolled the scroll beside the detector. The parchment was ancient — brown with age, fragile at the edges, covered in symbols that Torvane recognized as the same angular script Dalrignon had used on the glass house's walls. In the margin of the scroll, someone had drawn a waveform.

It matched the detector's display exactly.

"The Great Gate," Amalura said. Her voice was different now — lower, tighter, carrying a weight that Torvane had never heard from her before. "The sealed portal. The one the Dominion is trying to reopen." She pointed at the scroll. "This

is from the original builder's notes. The frequency you're detecting is the Gate's standby resonance — the signal it emits while sealed. It's been emitting this signal for a thousand years."

Torvane's mind ran the implications with the cold, automatic precision of an engineer extrapolating from data to conclusion. "If this is the Gate's standby signal, then Dalrignon didn't invent the mirror-portal technology. He reverse-engineered it. From the Gate."

"Yes."

"Which means the portal network wasn't an independent system. It was a derivative. A subset. Like building a flashlight from the components of a star."

"Yes."

“And the Gate itself — the source technology — is still operational. Still running. Still emitting a signal that my detector can pick up at fifty miles.”

Amalura rolled the scroll closed. Her hands were steady but her face was not. The lines around her working eye had deepened. She looked, for the first time since Torvane had known her, old. Not the vigorous, sharp-tongued old of a woman who wielded age like a weapon. The tired old of someone carrying knowledge that was too heavy for one person.

“The Dominion didn’t develop this technology, Torvane. They found it. Someone — or something — gave it to them. The mirror-portals were a sample. A

demonstration. A taste of what the Gate can do when fully operational.”

“And whatever gave it to them is on the other side of the Gate.”

“Whatever gave it to them has been on the other side of the Gate for a thousand years. Pushing. Testing. Finding cracks in the seal and feeding power through them to anyone willing to use it.” She met his eyes. “The Dominion thinks they’re using the Gate. They’re wrong. The Gate is using them.”

Torvane looked at his detector. The blue-green pulse continued — steady, patient, relentless. A machine left running. A signal maintained for a millenium by something that did not experience time the way humans did.

“I need to tell Itzil,” he said.

“Yes.” Amalura gathered the scroll and her notes. “And Torvane — bring the detector. She needs to see the signal herself. She needs to understand what we’re actually fighting.”

They left the workshop together. The door closed behind them, and in the empty room, the salvaged portal fragments sat on the workbench in the fading light, their crystal surfaces catching the last rays of the day and scattering them in patterns that looked, if you watched long enough, almost intentional.

Almost like they were still trying to communicate with something that was listening.

Chapter 16 - Older Than The Dominion

The command tent was crowded for the first time since the siege.

Itzil stood at the head of the limestone table with Torvane's portal detector placed at its center, the brass device pulsing with its faint blue-green light like a mechanical heartbeat. Around the table: Kaelen, leaning against the tent pole with his arms crossed and his scout's eyes cataloging every face in the room. Jagren, sitting on an ammuni-

tion crate, bandages still visible beneath his sleeve. Neyla, standing near the entrance with her medical kit, as though proximity to the exit gave her the option of retreating from whatever was about to be said. Miyako, motionless in the corner, watching everything with the patient attention of a woman who had spent decades learning to read rooms. Torvane, hovering near his device with the anxious energy of an inventor about to present findings he wished he hadn't discovered. And Amalura, seated at her corner desk with a scroll so old it looked like it might dissolve if breathed upon.

"Tell them," Itzil said to Amalura.

The old scholar stood. She moved to the table and unrolled the scroll beside the detector, anchoring its corners with the

same stones she used to hold her texts in the temple library. The parchment was covered in angular symbols that none of them could read except Amalura, who had spent a lifetime studying languages that had been dead for centuries.

“What Torvane’s device is detecting,” Amalura began, “is not residual energy from the destroyed mirror-portals. It is something older. Something that predates the Dominion, predates the portal network, and predates every text in my library except this one.”

She tapped the scroll. “This is from the Sealed Archive — a collection of documents that the Sun-Blade tradition has guarded for a thousand years. The founders of the tradition didn’t just build

a martial art. They built a watch. A vigil. They were guarding something, and these documents describe what they were guarding against.”

“The Great Gate,” Itzil said.

“The Great Gate.” Amalura’s voice carried the weight of a teacher delivering a lesson she wished her students would never need. “A portal. Not like Dalgignon’s mirror-portals — those were toys, crude imitations built by a clever man who found fragments of the original technology and reverse-engineered them into something useful. The Great Gate is the source. The original. A stable, permanent spatial bridge connecting our world to somewhere else.”

“Where?” Kaelen asked.

“The texts call it the Realm Beyond the Veil. A dimension adjacent to ours, separated by a barrier that the original builders were able to thin — not break, thin — using technology they didn’t fully understand. They made contact with what was on the other side. They communicated. They exchanged knowledge, technology, power.”

“And then they sealed it,” Miyako said from her corner. Not a question.

“And then they sealed it. Because what was on the other side was not what they expected.” Amalura’s working eye swept the room. “The texts are incomplete — deliberately so. The builders destroyed most of their own records to prevent anyone from reopening the Gate. But what remains describes an intelligence.

Not a creature, not an army, not a demon in the traditional sense. An intelligence. Vast, patient, and fundamentally incompatible with human existence."

"Incompatible how?" Torvane asked.

"The texts describe it as a hunger. Not for food or territory or any resource we understand. A hunger for existence itself. For the energy that makes consciousness possible. The Realm Beyond the Veil is a dying dimension — entropy has consumed most of it. What remains is this intelligence, sustained by consuming the psychic energy of living beings. When the builders opened the Gate, it reached through. It touched the builders' minds. And the builders spent the rest of their lives sealing the Gate

and building traditions — our traditions — to make sure it stayed sealed.”

The tent was silent. The detector pulsed. The sound was steady and rhythmic and suddenly, profoundly sinister — not the heartbeat of a machine but the breathing of something sleeping.

“The texts call it the Hunger That Wears Stars,” Amalura said. She spoke the name carefully, as though the words themselves had weight. “I call it the end of everything.”

Itzil absorbed this. She’d been trained for war — for tactics, for leadership, for the specific and practical challenges of commanding people against other people. She had not been trained for this. The scale of what Amalura was describing exceeded the categories she used to

understand threats. An empire could be fought. An army could be beaten. An intelligence that consumed consciousness from a dying dimension was something else entirely.

"The Dominion," she said. "Volzentar. He's trying to reopen the Gate."

"He's been trying for years. The relics are keys — each one a component of the original seal. Remove them all and the seal weakens. Provide sufficient energy — the stored life-force from ash-oath slaves — and the Gate can be forced open."

"Does Volzentar know what's on the other side?"

Amalura paused. The pause was telling — it contained uncertainty, which was

unusual for a woman who dealt in absolutes.

"I don't know. The Dominion's mythology describes the Gate as a source of ultimate power — the energy of a dimension, channeled through a portal, available to whoever controls the mechanism. It's possible that Volzentar believes he can control what comes through. It's possible that whoever or whatever communicated with the original builders has been communicating with the Dominion, presenting itself as an ally, a resource, a tool."

"The Weeping One," Kaelen said. His voice was flat. "Gravok mentioned her. A seer beneath the Dominion palace. Demon-bound."

Amalura nodded slowly. "If the Weeping One is what I think she is — a consciousness that has been in direct contact with the intelligence beyond the Gate — then she's the conduit. The interface. The Dominion's link to whatever is on the other side."

"And she's been advising Volzentar," Itzil said.

"For decades, possibly. Every strategic decision. Every technological advancement. Every calculated escalation of the war." Amalura rolled the scroll closed with hands that were steady through an act of will. "The Dominion thinks they're building an empire. They're building a doorway. And the thing on the other side has been guiding them toward it, step by step, for a thousand years."

Jagren spoke for the first time. His voice lacked its usual lightness — the duel had stripped something away, and what remained was harder, more serious, closer to the surface. “So the war isn’t against the Dominion.”

“The war against the Dominion is real,” Amalura said. “The soldiers, the ash-oaths, the conquest — all real. All dangerous. But it’s a war being fought in front of a door. And behind the door, something is waiting. If we stop the Dominion but the Gate opens, we haven’t won. We’ve just changed the nature of what destroys us.”

Itzil looked at the detector. The blue-green pulse. Steady. Patient. A signal maintained for a thousand years by a technology that shouldn’t exist, detect-

ed by a device built from fragments by a man who hadn't slept in a week.

"What do we do?" she asked.

The question was simple. The answers were not.

"Two things simultaneously," Amalura said. "First: continue the war against the Dominion. Deny them the remaining relics. Build the alliance. Fight the battles that need fighting. Second: learn. The Sealed Archive has more texts. Other traditions — the ones the founders corresponded with before the knowledge was scattered — may have preserved fragments of the Gate's operating principles. If we understand how the seal works, we may be able to reinforce it."

"And the Weeping One?"

"If she's the conduit, she's both the Dominion's greatest asset and its greatest vulnerability. Cut the conduit, and the intelligence beyond the Gate loses its influence. Volzentar loses his oracle. The Dominion becomes an empire run by humans, not puppeted by something wearing human advisors like gloves."

Itzil looked around the table. Her team. Six people — seven, with Miyako. Against an empire of millions, guided by an intelligence older than civilization, pressing against a seal that was slowly crumbling.

The odds were absurd. The situation was impossible. The enemy was incomprehensible.

She'd felt this before. Standing in the burning streets of Solquetal, watching

ash-oaths erase people she'd known her entire life. The scale was different. The impossibility was different. But the choice was the same: stand or run.

She'd never been good at running.

"We continue the war," she said. Her voice was steady. The command mask was in place, but beneath it, something had shifted — a deepening, a hardening, the weight of understanding settling into her bones and becoming part of her structure. "We fight the Dominion. We find the relics. We build the alliance. And we learn everything we can about the Gate and the thing behind it."

She looked at each of them in turn. Kaelen. Jagren. Torvane. Neyla. Miyako. Amalura. Each face carried its own version of the fear and determination that

she felt — the universal human response to discovering that the world was larger and darker and more dangerous than you'd imagined, and deciding to face it anyway.

"Korvain told me something once," she said. "He said the Sun-Blade tradition wasn't built to fight wars. It was built to guard a door. We're the guards. The door is the Gate. And whatever is behind it has been pushing for a thousand years."

She placed her hand on the pommel of the Sun-Blade. The weapon hummed beneath her touch — warm, steady, patient. A tool forged for exactly this purpose, waiting for exactly this moment.

"It's been pushing," she said. "We push back."

The meeting ended. The team dispersed. The detector continued to pulse on the empty table, alone in the tent, its blue-green light marking time in the rhythm of something ancient and terrible and very, very patient.

Outside, the sun was setting over Aravalle. The sky was gold and crimson and, at the edges, the first dark suggestion of stars.

Itzil stood on the western wall and looked south. Toward the Dominion. Toward the Gate. Toward whatever was waiting behind the world with the patience of something that had all the time in existence and needed only one more door to open.

The wind blew cold from the north. She didn't shiver.

Guards don't shiver. Guards stand.

Chapter 17 - Nightshades Lament

The Dominion capital was beautiful in the way that prisons are beautiful — all symmetry and order and the absolute absence of anything that hadn't been approved.

Nightshade walked through the Palace of the Split Crown with the measured pace of a woman who understood that every corridor was watched, every conversation recorded, and every expression catalogued by functionaries whose

only purpose was to ensure that the machinery of empire never stuttered. She walked this way not because she feared surveillance but because she respected it. Surveillance was a tool. She used tools. She didn't resent them for existing.

The palace was vast — a complex of black stone and silver filigree that sprawled across the highest hill in the capital like a crown on a skull. Its architecture was deliberately intimidating: vaulted ceilings that swallowed sound, corridors wide enough for cavalry, windows that admitted light but not warmth. It was a building designed to make people feel small, and it accomplished this with the ruthless efficiency that characterized everything the Dominion built.

She passed through the Hall of Oaths — a long gallery lined with the preserved ash-oath sigils of every enemy commander who had surrendered to the Dominion in the past fifty years. Hundreds of them, mounted in crystal frames, glowing with the faint crimson residue of erased wills. A trophy room. A warning. A reminder that the Dominion's power was not theoretical.

The throne room was at the heart of the palace. Not a throne, technically — Volzentar didn't sit on thrones. He stood. Always standing. It was a deliberate choice, a performance of readiness that communicated more than any crown or scepter: I am not resting. I am not waiting. I am acting. Always.

He was standing now, at the center of the room, reviewing reports on a table made of obsidian that reflected the torchlight like dark water. He was tall — not Gravok's mountainous height but a lean, precise tallness that suggested a blade standing on its edge. His face was angular, handsome in the severe way that hawks are handsome, with eyes the color of dark amber that never seemed to blink at the right intervals. There was something off about his timing — a fractional delay between stimulus and response that made conversations with him feel like speaking to someone who was hearing you from a great distance and choosing each reaction with deliberate care.

"Nightshade." He didn't look up from his reports. "Gravok is captured."

"Yes, my lord."

"The mirror-portals are destroyed."

"Yes, my lord."

"The siege of Aravalle has failed."

"Yes, my lord."

He set down the report and looked at her. The amber eyes were steady, calm, utterly without agitation. In a lesser man, this composure would have been a mask. In Volzentar, it was architecture — the visible surface of an internal structure so precisely engineered that emotion was not suppressed but channeled, directed, deployed only when it served a purpose.

"Tell me about the Sun-Blade bearer," he said.

Nightshade had prepared for this question. She'd spent the journey from the eastern front to the capital organizing her observations into a briefing that was precise, comprehensive, and honest. Volzentar valued honesty the way other rulers valued flattery — as a strategic asset, rare and therefore precious.

"She's young. Early twenties. Trained by Korvain at the mountaintop temple. She's growing into command faster than our projections anticipated — the siege accelerated her development. She held a breach alone for eleven minutes and led a counterattack that broke Gravok's formation." Nightshade paused. "She spared Gravok when she could have killed him. That wasn't mercy. It was strategy. She wanted his intelligence."

“And got it?”

“She interrogated him personally. Gravok talked. More than I would have predicted.”

Volzentar’s expression didn’t change, but something shifted behind his eyes — a recalculation, an adjustment to an internal model. “Gravok has been loyal for twenty years. He talked because she asked?”

“She treated him with respect. Not kindness — respect. The distinction matters. Gravok has been a weapon his entire life. She treated him like a man. It confused him enough to lower his guard.”

Volzentar was quiet for a moment. He turned and walked to the window — a massive opening in the obsidian wall that overlooked the capital. The city

spread below, a grid of dark stone and silver light, organized and orderly and completely under control. A million people, living their lives within the structure the Dominion provided, grateful for the order, accepting the cost.

“Gravok was always a hammer,” Volzentar said. His voice was reflective — not uncertain but contemplative, the tone of a man who thought in strategic epochs rather than tactical moments. “You don’t use a hammer on a girl who fights like light. You use a mirror.”

He turned back to Nightshade. “The portals are gone but the principle remains. She fights force with force and wins. She fights chaos with order and wins. The thing she hasn’t been tested against is the thing she can’t cut with a blade.”

“Trust,” Nightshade said.

“Trust. Loyalty. The bonds between her and her people. Those are her real weapons — not the Sun-Blade, not the tactical skill, not the growing legend. Her team. Break the team, and she breaks.”

Nightshade had reached the same conclusion independently, which was why she’d been preparing for this conversation since the siege ended. “You want me to target her people.”

“I want you to study her people. Find the pressure points. The fears. The guilts. The things they hide from each other and from themselves.” He moved to the table and laid out a series of documents — intelligence reports, compiled by the Dominion’s network of informants and spies. “Every person has a fracture line.

The scout's guilt about his dead unit. The duelist's need for validation. The engineer's isolation. The healer's family in our custody. Find the fracture lines and apply pressure. Don't break them — stress them. Make them doubt each other. Make them doubt her."

"And the scout specifically?"

Volzentar's lips moved in something that was not quite a smile. "The scout is the key. He's the one she trusts most. The one she sends on the missions that matter. The one she reaches for when she's afraid." A pause. "He's also the one with the deepest fracture. Eleven dead scouts. A guilt so profound it shapes every decision he makes. If you can weaponize that guilt — turn it from a scar into an open wound — he'll become

a liability she can't afford to keep and can't bring herself to release."

Nightshade looked at the intelligence reports. Personnel files. Movement records. Intercepted communications. The Dominion's intelligence apparatus was vast and thorough, and it had been watching Itzil's team since the first engagement.

She picked up Kaelen's file. The photograph was grainy — taken at distance by a field agent — but the face was clear. Sharp features. Pale grey-blue eyes. The expression of a man who was always calculating distances.

"The scout," she said.

"The scout." Volzentar returned to his reports. The conversation was over — not because he'd dismissed her but because

he'd given her everything she needed and further words would be inefficient. "Begin phase two."

Nightshade took the files and left the throne room.

She walked through the corridors of the palace with the intelligence reports under her arm and the shape of a plan forming in her mind. It was not a plan that involved armies or sieges or the blunt instruments of conventional warfare. It was a plan that involved words — spoken at the right moment, to the right person, in the right tone. Words were her weapons. They always had been. Since the day she'd discovered that a well-placed sentence could accomplish what a hundred soldiers could not.

She'd been born in a border town — one of the first places the Dominion had conquered, back when the empire was young and its methods were still crude. She'd watched her parents choose sides. Her father had resisted. Her mother had collaborated. Her father had died on a wall. Her mother had risen through the Dominion's civilian administration to become a regional governor.

Nightshade had learned the lesson early: resistance was noble and fatal. Collaboration was ignoble and survivable. And the space between — the narrow, shadowed corridor where a person could serve the empire while steering it from within — was where the real power lived.

She'd risen through the Dominion's intelligence branch not by being the most ruthless or the most loyal but by being the most perceptive. She understood people. Not in the empathic, warm-hearted way that healers understood people. In the architectural way. She saw the structures inside them — the load-bearing beliefs, the stress fractures, the points where a carefully applied force would bring the whole edifice down.

It was a talent. It was also a curse. Understanding people meant seeing their pain with clarity that left no room for the comfortable fictions that most humans used to navigate the world. She saw the ash-oathed soldiers and understood that they were suffering. She saw the conquered populations and under-

stood that their compliance was a survival strategy, not consent. She saw the Dominion's machinery of control and understood that it worked because it was built on a foundation of genuine need — people needed order, needed stability, needed the assurance that tomorrow would resemble today.

The Dominion provided those things. At a cost that Nightshade understood and accepted and sometimes, in the small hours of the morning, questioned.

But not today. Today there was work to do. A team to fracture. A woman to break by breaking the people she loved.

Nightshade returned to her quarters — a suite of rooms in the palace's intelligence wing, decorated with the sparse ef-

ficiency she preferred. She spread Kaelen's file on her desk and began to read.

The file was comprehensive. Family history: unknown, probably orphan or displaced. Military service: enlisted in the allied scouts at sixteen, assigned to the 7th Reconnaissance Unit. Service record: exemplary. Survival rate of unit: zero percent. Sole survivor: Kaelen. Cause of unit's destruction: Dominion ambush at Thornfield Pass. Intelligence assessment: the ambush was based on compromised patrol routes. Someone had given the Dominion the 7th Unit's schedule.

Nightshade paused.

She read the line again. Compromised patrol routes. She checked the source — a Dominion intelligence archive,

cross-referenced with field reports from the eastern theater.

The 7th Reconnaissance Unit had been destroyed by an ambush that someone inside the allied command structure had made possible.

A traitor. Someone had betrayed Kaelen's unit. And no one had told him.

Nightshade closed the file. She sat in her chair and looked at the wall and thought about fracture lines and the application of precise, targeted pressure.

She had her weapon. Now she needed to decide when to use it.

She smiled. It was not a warm smile. It was the smile of a craftsman examining a perfect tool — admiring its design, appreciating its function, and knowing

exactly where to apply it for maximum effect.

The scout's dead unit. Eleven ghosts. And a secret that would shatter the guilt he carried and replace it with something far more dangerous.

Rage.

Nightshade filed the intelligence report, extinguished her lamp, and went to sleep. She would need her rest. Phase two was going to be delicate work.

Chapter 18 - The Interrogation

The second interrogation began at dawn.

Itzil descended the stockade stairs with Amalura at her side, the old scholar carrying the sealed scroll from the Sealed Archive and the expression of a woman who was about to confirm something she desperately hoped was wrong. The guards nodded them through. The corridor smelled of damp stone and iron and

the particular staleness of air that had been breathed too many times.

Gravok was awake. He was always awake when they came — sitting on his stone bench, chains slack, eyes tracking them from the moment the cell door opened. He'd been a prisoner for five days. The defiance had faded, replaced by something Itzil couldn't name. Not cooperation exactly. Resignation, perhaps. Or the particular exhaustion of a man who had run out of reasons to resist.

"I brought someone," Itzil said. "Amalura. She has questions I can't ask."

Gravok's eyes moved to Amalura. He studied her the way he studied everything — with the measuring gaze of a warrior assessing threat levels. Amalura returned the look with the unblinking

directness of a woman who had been stared at by more intimidating things than captive beast commanders.

"You're the keeper," Gravok said. "The scholar. The one who reads the old texts."

"I am."

"Ask your questions."

Amalura sat on the wooden stool the guards provided. She placed the scroll on her lap, not unrolling it — holding it like an anchor, something to keep her steady in the current of what she was about to learn.

"The mirror-portal technology," she began. "Dalrignon built the network. But the underlying science — the spatial

folding principles, the crystal resonance architecture — where did it come from?”

Gravok shrugged. The chains clinked. “Dalrignon found fragments. Old ruins. Underground sites that the empire’s archaeologists uncovered during the expansion campaigns. He said the technology was ancient — predating the Dominion by centuries. He reverse-engineered what he found and improved it.”

“Improved it how?”

“Made it smaller. Portable. The original technology was massive — structures the size of buildings, designed to create stable portals that lasted indefinitely. Dalrignon compressed the principles into something that could be built in months instead of decades.”

Amalura's fingers tightened on the scroll. "The original structures. The ancient ones. Did Dalrignon say where they were?"

"Beneath the capital. Under the palace. The entire foundation of the Dominion's seat of power is built on top of something older." Gravok paused. "I've been in the deep levels. Once. When Volzentar took me to see the Weeping One. The corridors down there are different — the stone is wrong. Darker. Smoother. Cut by something that wasn't a human tool."

Amalura exchanged a look with Itzil. The look said: this confirms what we feared.

"The Weeping One," Amalura said. "Tell me about her."

Gravok's expression changed. The resignation cracked, and beneath it, some-

thing raw surfaced — not fear exactly, but the memory of fear. The scar tissue of an encounter that had healed on the surface and remained open beneath.

“She’s in the deepest chamber. Below everything. Below the foundations, below the ancient ruins, below the level where even the archaeologists stop digging. Volzentar has a private staircase — carved stone, no torches. You carry your own light. The air gets cold as you go down. Not winter cold. Different. Like the heat has been drawn out of the air and stored somewhere else.”

He paused. His hands, massive and scarred, were clasped in his lap. The knuckles were white.

“The chamber is dark. Completely dark. Even with a torch, the light doesn’t reach

the walls. It's like the dark is a substance — thick, heavy, pressing against you. And the sound. Before she speaks, you hear the crying. Not loud. Quiet. Constant. The sound of someone who has been weeping for so long they don't know how to stop."

"What does she look like?" Amalura asked.

"I don't know. The dark is too thick. You can feel her presence — something in the center of the chamber, sitting or standing or existing in a way that doesn't quite conform to either. She's... there. In the dark. And she knows you're there before you know she's there."

"What did she say to you?"

Gravok was quiet for a long time. The cell seemed smaller in the silence — the

stone walls closer, the ceiling lower, the air heavier. When he spoke, his voice was different. Stripped of performance, stripped of the professional neutrality he'd maintained through two interrogations. Raw.

"She said my name. Then my mother's name. Then the name of every person I've killed — not the generals and commanders, the ones with titles. The first soldier I ever killed, in my first engagement, when I was seventeen. A boy from a border village who'd been conscripted three weeks earlier. She told me his name. She told me what he was thinking when I killed him. She told me he was thinking about his sister."

The cell was very quiet.

"Then she told me the future. Not in riddles or prophecies — in statements. Flat. Certain. Like reading a schedule. She said I would command the eastern army for nineteen years. She said I would win forty-six engagements and lose one. She said the one I lost would be against a woman with a blade of golden light who would spare my life when any rational commander would take it."

He looked at Itzil. His eyes were dark wells, and something at the bottom of them had been disturbed.

"She told me all of this seven years ago."

Amalura leaned forward. "Did she say anything about the Great Gate?"

"She said the Gate would open. Not if — when. She said the Seven would be gathered and the seal would break and the

door would swing wide. She said Volzentar believed he could control what came through, and she said he was wrong, and she said she'd told him he was wrong, and he didn't listen because he was the kind of man who believed that anything could be controlled if you applied enough force and enough intelligence."

"And what did she say was on the other side?"

Gravok's hands tightened. The chains pulled taut. For a moment, he looked not like a beast commander or a prisoner or even a soldier, but like a man who had glimpsed something that exceeded the categories his mind used to organize reality.

“She said it was hungry. She said it had been hungry for a thousand years. She said the hunger was not for food or power or territory but for the thing that makes people people. The light inside. The awareness. The thing that looks out through our eyes and knows it exists.” He paused. “She said it would eat us from the inside out, and we wouldn’t even know it was happening until there was nothing left but shells walking around in our bodies, going through the motions of life without anyone home.”

The temperature in the cell had dropped. Not physically — Itzil told herself it hadn’t dropped physically. But the air felt colder, denser, as though Gravok’s words had added weight to the atmosphere.

“One last thing,” Amalura said. Her voice was steady. Her hands were not. “Did the Weeping One say anything about how to stop it?”

Gravok looked at her. The look carried everything he’d been carrying since that chamber seven years ago — the knowledge he’d buried, the certainty he’d smothered, the fear he’d converted into violence and command and the simple mechanics of obedience because the alternative was facing what he’d heard in the dark.

“She said the one who forges the blade a second time would unmake everything Volzentar has built. She said no one watches him. She said his name hasn’t been spoken yet.” He paused. “She was crying harder when she said it. Like it

was the one thing that made her sad for reasons that weren't about suffering."

Amalura stood. The scroll was gripped in her hands so tightly the ancient parchment creaked.

"Thank you," she said to Gravok. The words were formal but the tone was not — it carried a recognition, an acknowledgment that what he'd shared had cost him something that couldn't be measured.

Gravok said nothing. He leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes. The audience was over.

In the corridor outside, Itzil and Amalura walked in silence. The guards saluted. The morning light filtered through the stockade's narrow windows, warm and ordinary and completely insufficient

against the chill that had settled in Itzil's chest.

"The one who forges the blade a second time," Itzil said.

"Solkren," Amalura murmured. "The name hasn't been spoken yet in our story. But it will be. Book nine. The Forge of Souls." She caught herself. "I mean — the texts suggest a reforging. If the Sun-Blade is ever broken, the person who remakes it becomes something the Weeping One's intelligence fears."

They reached the stockade exit. The morning sun was bright and the camp was alive with the sounds of an army rebuilding. Soldiers drilling. Engineers hammering. The ordinary mechanics of survival continuing their rhythms re-

gardless of what had been said in a stone cell by a man in chains.

“There’s something else,” Itzil said. She stopped walking. Amalura stopped beside her. “The captured Dominion officer. The one in the separate cell. The guards say he’s been muttering.”

Amalura’s expression sharpened. “Muttering what?”

They walked to the secondary holding area. The officer was in a smaller cell — a mid-rank logistics coordinator captured during the siege, unremarkable except for what had happened to him in the three days since his capture.

He was sitting on the floor, rocking. His eyes were blank — not ash-oathed blank, but empty in a different way. Vacant. Staring at something that wasn’t in

the room. His lips moved continuously, shaping the same words over and over in a whisper that had the rhythm of a chant and the flatness of a recording.

Itzil leaned close to the bars. The whisper resolved into words.

“The Weeping One already knows you’ll fail. The Weeping One already knows you’ll fail. The Weeping One already knows you’ll fail.”

Over and over. Unceasing. A message delivered through a human vessel, transmitted across a continent by a mechanism that Itzil didn’t understand, spoken by lips that moved without volition.

Amalura placed a hand on Itzil’s shoulder. The grip was firm — steady, anchoring.

“She knows we’re coming,” Amalura said quietly. “She’s known since before we decided.”

The officer continued to rock. The words continued to pour from his mouth like water from a broken pipe — steady, relentless, powered by something that didn’t care about the vessel it was using.

Itzil stood at the bars and listened to the Weeping One’s message, delivered through a man who had stopped being a person and become a telephone, and felt the war shift beneath her feet like tectonic plates moving in directions she couldn’t predict and couldn’t stop.

The sun climbed higher. The camp continued its work. The whisper continued in the cell.

And somewhere far to the south, in the dark beneath a palace built on ancient ruins, something wept and watched and waited with the patience of a thing that had already seen the ending.

Chapter 19 - The Shadow Step

The training yard behind the Aravalle garrison was a square of packed earth bordered by stone walls, and Kaelen was failing in it.

Not the catastrophic, dramatic kind of failure — the quiet kind. The kind where you understood what you were supposed to do, could visualize the technique with perfect clarity, and still couldn't make your body cooperate. The shadow-step required stillness. Kaelen's

mind was a marketplace at noon — crowded, loud, and full of people demanding attention.

Miyako stood across from him, hands behind her back, expression patient. They'd been at this for four days. Four days of the same exercise: stand still, empty the mind, let the light bend. Four days of Kaelen achieving two to three seconds of invisibility before the noise in his head reasserted itself and the light snapped back into place.

"Again," Miyako said.

He closed his eyes. Breathed. Tried to find the quiet place she'd described — the center, the stillness, the point where thought stopped and presence began. The technique was simple in concept: light bent around stillness the way wa-

ter flowed around a stone. If the mind was perfectly still, the body became a void in the visual field — not invisible in the absolute sense, but absent from perception. The eye slid past you. The brain didn't register your presence. You were there, but you weren't noticed.

Simple in concept. Murderous in execution.

The problem was the ghosts.

They lived in the noise. Eleven faces. Eleven names. The 7th Reconnaissance Unit — his unit, his family, the people he'd spent four years running patrol routes with, sharing rations with, sleeping back-to-back in cold bivouacs while the wind howled and the enemy hunted. They were dead because the Dominion had found them. They were dead be-

cause Kaelen hadn't been there — he'd been running a solo mission, three miles ahead of the unit's position, when the ambush hit. By the time he got back, there was nothing left but blood and silence and the particular stillness of a place where people had been alive and then, very suddenly, were not.

The guilt was architectural. It was the foundation of his personality, the load-bearing structure upon which everything else was built. His sardonic humor was a wall constructed over it. His competence was a roof designed to keep the rain of self-recrimination from pooling. His independence — the fierce, stubborn insistence on working alone — was a moat dug around the entire structure, keeping everyone at a distance

where their deaths wouldn't demolish him the way his unit's deaths had.

And the shadow-step required him to put it all down.

"Your mind is loud," Miyako said. She said this every session. It was not a criticism — it was a diagnosis. She spoke about the mind the way Neyla spoke about the body: with the clinical precision of someone who understood the mechanism and could identify the malfunction. "The ghosts are pulling you into the visible. They want to be seen. They want to be remembered. And as long as you're holding onto them, you can't disappear."

"Letting go of them feels like betrayal."

"Carrying them feels like loyalty. It isn't. It's punishment." Miyako moved clos-

er. In the afternoon light, the lines of her face were sharp and deep — a topography of decades spent carrying her own ghosts. “I carried my dead for forty years, Kaelen. My students. My colleagues. The people I abandoned when I ran. I carried them the way you carry yours — not as memories but as weights. As penance. Every morning I woke up and picked up their deaths and strapped them to my back and staggered through the day.”

“What changed?”

“I met a scout who walked into a glass house and broke a man out of a crystal prison. And I realized that the dead don’t need me to carry them. They need me to live. To do the things they can’t do anymore. To fight the fights they can’t fight.”

She placed her hands on his shoulders. Her grip was firm — the grip of a teacher, not a comforter. “Your unit died. That is a fact. It is not your fault. It is not your punishment. It is a thing that happened because the enemy was ruthless and the world is cruel. Carry their memory. Don’t carry their weight.”

Kaelen stood in the training yard with Miyako’s hands on his shoulders and the afternoon sun warm on his face and tried — really tried, for the first time since the ambush — to put the weight down.

Not the memory. He would never put that down. Sergeant Dren’s laugh. Corporal Yev’s terrible cooking. Private Simma’s habit of humming off-key during night watches. The way they moved

through terrain like water, each covering the other, a unit that functioned as a single organism because they trusted each other the way people trust gravity — absolutely, unconsciously, as a condition of existence.

He kept the memories. He released the guilt.

It felt like dropping a stone into deep water. A weight leaving his hands. A splash. Ripples spreading outward. And then — stillness. Not empty. Not gone. But lighter. Lighter than he'd felt in years.

"Now," Miyako said. "Try again."

He closed his eyes. The marketplace in his mind was quieter — not silent, but the volume had dropped. The ghosts were still there, but they were sitting down. Resting. No longer demanding to

be carried, just asking to be seen. He could do that. He could see them and still be still.

The light shifted. He felt it — a subtle bending, a yielding, as though the photons around his body had decided to take a slightly different path. The air pressure changed. The temperature dropped a fraction of a degree. The visual field around him blurred and then clarified, and he was gone.

Not gone — absent. Present but unperceived. Standing in the same spot but existing in the gap between observation and recognition, the narrow space where light forgot to report what it found.

Five seconds. Ten. Fifteen.

He held it. The stillness deepened. The noise receded further. He could feel the edges of the technique — the limits beyond which his concentration would waver and the light would snap back. But within those limits, he was invisible. Truly, profoundly invisible.

Twenty seconds.

He opened his eyes. The training yard materialized around him — the packed earth, the stone walls, the afternoon shadows. Miyako stood before him, and her expression had changed. Not surprise — satisfaction. The deep, quiet satisfaction of a teacher watching a student cross a threshold that had seemed impossible an hour ago.

"Twenty seconds," she said. "That's enough. That's more than enough."

Kaelen breathed. His heart was beating fast — not from exertion but from the emotional vertigo of having rearranged the furniture of his psychology and finding the room still standing.

"It doesn't fix anything," he said.

"No. It doesn't fix anything. Your unit is still dead. The guilt will come back — not as heavy, but it'll come back. The technique doesn't require you to be healed. It requires you to be honest." Miyako stepped back. "You were holding onto pain because you thought it was owed. It isn't. Pain is not a debt. It's a wound. You treat wounds. You don't worship them."

Kaelen looked at his hands. They were steady. For the first time since the ambush — since the day he'd come back to the bivouac and found eleven bodies

and silence and the understanding that he would carry this forever — his hands were steady.

Not healed. Miyako was right about that. Healing was a process measured in years, not minutes. But lighter. Capable. Ready.

He thought of Itzil. Of her hand on his arm. Of her voice saying “come back” with the weight of everything she couldn’t say in front of officers and soldiers and the ordinary witnesses of command. He thought of what it would mean to be the kind of person who could come back — not just physically, not just mission-complete, but present. Whole. Capable of holding something other than distance.

“Thank you,” he said to Miyako.

She nodded. "Don't thank me. Use it. The shadow-step is a technique. What you did just now — the release, the honesty — that's something else. That's courage. And courage doesn't require a teacher."

She walked toward the garrison, leaving him alone in the training yard. The afternoon light painted the packed earth in shades of gold. His shadow stretched long before him — solid, dark, ordinary.

He stood in the light and practiced being still. Not invisible. Not absent. Just still.

It was enough. For now, it was enough.

Chapter 20 - Neylas Discovery

The prisoners were kept in the eastern wing of the stockade, separated from the command-level captives like Gravok by a corridor and two locked doors. There were forty-three of them — Dominion soldiers captured during the siege, most of them ash-oathed, all of them damaged in ways that Neyla's healing couldn't fully address because the damage wasn't physical.

She came every morning at dawn. She brought her kit — bandages, salves, the crystal vials of concentrated healing energy she'd learned to create during the weeks of war. She treated their wounds. She changed their dressings. She spoke to them in the soft, steady voice she used with all patients, the voice that said: I see you. You are a person. Whatever has been done to you, you are still here.

Most of them didn't respond. The ash-oath erased volition — the sigil burned into their chests overrode their will, replacing autonomous thought with obedience to whoever held the oath-bond. With their Dominion commanders dead or captured, the bond had no one to obey. The soldiers existed in a state of suspended purpose —

bodies functioning, minds erased, waiting for orders that would never come.

They sat in their cells. They ate when food was placed in front of them. They breathed. They blinked. They were alive in every technical sense and absent in every meaningful one.

Neyla hated it. She hated it with a fury that she kept wrapped in professionalism and compassion, because fury without direction was just noise, and she'd spent her entire life learning to be more than noise.

Her family was ash-oathed. Her parents, her brother, her aunt. Taken during the Dominion's conquest of the border towns four years ago. She didn't know where they were. She didn't know if they were alive in any sense that mattered.

Every ash-oathed soldier she treated was a mirror — a reflection of what had been done to the people she loved, a reminder of the thing she couldn't fix.

Until today.

The soldier's name was — had been — Corporal Tessen. Before the ash-oath, he'd been a farmer's son from a town called Millbrook. He'd been conscripted at eighteen, oathed at nineteen, and had spent three years as a weapon pointed at people who had never done him harm. The intelligence files recovered from the Dominion camp included his service record, and Neyla had read it the way she read all the files: searching for the person beneath the sigil.

She knelt beside his cot. He sat upright, eyes forward, breathing steady.

The ash-oath sigil was visible on his chest — a crimson mark the size of a palm, etched into the skin with a precision that suggested the sorcerer who'd placed it had done this many times. The sigil pulsed faintly — not with the active glow of a commanded soldier but with the idle hum of a system on standby.

Neyla placed her hands on his chest, flanking the sigil. She'd done this before — a standard healing assessment, checking for physical damage beneath the magical brand. Her palms warmed. The turquoise-gold light of her healing magic bloomed between her fingers and sank into his skin, probing the tissue beneath.

Her magic touched the sigil.

Something happened.

The turquoise light met the crimson glow and the two energies — healing and binding — interacted in a way that Neyla had never experienced and hadn't anticipated. A spark. A resonance. The sigil flickered. For one heartbeat — one single, impossible heartbeat — the crimson light dimmed.

And Tessen's eyes cleared.

It was like watching a lamp relit in a dark room. The blankness receded. The vacancy filled. For a fraction of a second, Corporal Tessen of Millbrook was present — aware, conscious, alive in the way that mattered. His eyes focused on Neyla's face. His lips moved.

"Help," he whispered.

Then the sigil reasserted itself. The crimson glow flared. The blankness re-

turned. Tessen's eyes went vacant, his lips stopped moving, and the moment was over.

Neyla sat back on her heels. Her hands were shaking. Her heart was hammering. The turquoise light faded from her palms, but the sensation remained — the electric awareness of two incompatible energies meeting and, for one heartbeat, one winning.

She had touched the ash-oath. And the ash-oath had flinched.

The implications cascaded through her mind with a speed that left her breathless. If her healing magic could interact with ash-oath sigils — if the turquoise energy could suppress the crimson, even momentarily — then the oaths

were not absolute. They were not permanent. They were not unbreakable.

They were locks. And she had just found the shape of the key.

She spent the next three hours experimenting. Carefully, methodically, with the disciplined patience of a healer who understood that reckless hope was as dangerous as no hope at all. She placed her hands on Tessen's sigil again and again, varying the intensity of her magic, the duration of contact, the emotional state she brought to the interaction.

The results were consistent. Every time her healing magic touched the sigil, the crimson light flickered. The duration of the suppression varied — from a fraction of a second to nearly two seconds at maximum effort. Each suppression was

accompanied by a flash of awareness in Tessen's eyes, a momentary return of the person beneath the oath.

But she couldn't break it. The sigil was too strong — a construct of dark energy reinforced by years of magical infrastructure, maintained by a network of sorcerers and powered by the captured life-force of its own victims. Her magic could suppress it. It couldn't overcome it. The gap between suppression and liberation was vast — the difference between holding a door open for a second and tearing it off its hinges.

She needed more power. More focus. A deeper understanding of how the sigil worked and how her magic interfered with it. She needed time she didn't have

and resources she couldn't access and knowledge that might not exist.

But the possibility was real. The key existed. It just needed to be forged.

She found Itzil in the command tent, reviewing reports with Kaelen. They both looked up when she entered — Itzil with the reflexive alertness of a commander, Kaelen with the sharp assessment of a scout.

"I touched an ash-oath," Neyla said. No preamble. No softening. The discovery was too big for diplomatic packaging. "My healing magic interacted with the sigil. It suppressed the oath for two seconds. The soldier regained consciousness."

The silence that followed was the charged kind — the silence of people

whose understanding of the world had just shifted.

“Two seconds,” Itzil said.

“Two seconds. At maximum effort. The sigil is strong — stronger than anything my magic has encountered. But it responded to the healing energy. It flinched.” Neyla’s voice was steady but her eyes were bright with the particular intensity of a person who had spent years searching for a crack in an unbreakable wall and had just found one. “If I can learn to sustain the suppression — if I can increase the power and duration — I might be able to break ash-oaths.”

“If you could break ash-oaths,” Itzil said slowly, her mind visibly running the strategic implications, “we could free

every enslaved soldier. The Dominion's army would collapse. Half their fighting force is ash-oathed. If those soldiers regained their will—"

"They'd stop fighting. Or they'd turn on their captors." Kaelen's voice was quiet but carrying the particular weight it acquired when tactical possibilities aligned with moral imperatives. "The entire Dominion war machine depends on ash-oath slavery. Break the oaths, and the machine stops."

"I said maybe," Neyla said. Because she was a healer, and healers didn't promise what they couldn't deliver. "I said more power. More focus. I'm not there yet. What I have is a crack. Not a solution."

"A crack is a start," Itzil said. She stood and placed both hands on the table,

leaning forward with the intensity she brought to everything that mattered. "What do you need?"

"Time. Access to the prisoners for continued study. Amalura's texts on ash-oath construction — the more I understand about how the sigils work, the better I can target my interference. And—" She hesitated. "Practice. Real practice, with real sigils. Which means working with the prisoners every day, touching the thing that enslaved them, feeling the resistance and pushing against it."

"The ethical implications—"

"Are significant. I know. Every time I suppress the sigil, the soldier experiences a moment of consciousness — a moment of awareness that they're trapped, that their will has been stolen, that the body

they're in is not under their control. That awareness is painful. I'm asking to inflict temporary pain for the possibility of permanent liberation."

Itzil looked at her. Neyla met the look. Between them, an understanding passed — the kind that existed between people who had both seen suffering and both decided that doing something about it was worth the cost.

"Do it," Itzil said. "Whatever you need. Amalura's texts, access to the prisoners, time. But Neyla — be careful with yourself. You're reaching into the Dominion's darkest magic. That kind of contact has a cost."

Neyla nodded. She knew the cost. She'd been paying it since the day her family was taken — the quiet, grinding cost of

compassion in a world that rewarded cruelty, the daily expenditure of hope against evidence, the stubborn refusal to accept that some locks had no keys.

She had a key now. Incomplete, imperfect, barely functional. But real.

She left the command tent and walked back to the stockade. The morning sun was warm on her face. The camp was alive with the sounds of recovery — hammers, voices, the ordinary mechanics of survival.

In the eastern wing, Corporal Tessen sat on his cot, eyes blank, breathing steady, waiting for orders that would never come.

Neyla sat beside him. She placed her hands on the sigil. The turquoise light bloomed.

"I'm going to find you," she whispered. "All of you. Every person the Dominion has erased. I'm going to find the key and I'm going to turn it and I'm going to bring you home."

The sigil flickered. For two seconds, Tessen's eyes cleared.

For two seconds, he saw her. And she saw him.

It was enough. For now, it was enough.

Chapter 21 - War Council

The war council convened in the great hall of Aravalle's garrison — a room of stone arches and iron chandeliers that had hosted military briefings for two centuries and had never, in all that time, hosted one quite like this.

Itzil stood at the head of the long table with the weight of everything she'd learned pressing on her shoulders like physical mass. The Sun-Blade was sheathed at her hip, its warmth a

constant presence, a reminder that the weapon she carried was forged for exactly the kind of war she was about to describe.

The room was full. Commander Rethane of Aravalle, her iron-grey hair catching the chandelier light. Captain Dorren of the Sundrift garrison, a lean man with a dueling scar across his chin. Militia captains from a dozen towns, each representing a few hundred fighters and a few thousand civilians who depended on those fighters for survival. Torvane at his station with the portal detector and three notebooks full of calculations. Amalura with her scroll. Kaelen at the back of the room, leaning against the wall, invisible by preference.

And at the side table, Miyako — still and watchful, her presence a recent addition to the alliance's inventory of resources that most of the commanders hadn't fully assessed yet.

"Thank you for coming," Itzil said. "I'm going to tell you everything we know. Some of it will be difficult. All of it is necessary."

She began with the mirror-portals — their construction, their power source, their destruction. This was the familiar ground, the victory they could celebrate. The faces around the table relaxed as she described Kaelen's mission, the glass house, the anchor's collapse. They'd won this battle. The knowledge sat well.

Then she moved to the intelligence from Gravok's interrogation. Four relics in

Dominion hands. The Great Gate. The Weeping One. The faces shifted — comfort draining, replaced by the taut attention of people who were learning that the victory they'd celebrated was smaller than they'd thought.

Then she told them about Amalura's discovery. The ancient technology beneath the Dominion capital. The Hunger That Wears Stars. The intelligence beyond the Gate that had been guiding the Dominion for centuries. The true nature of the war.

The silence that followed was the deepest Itzil had ever experienced in a room full of people. Not stunned silence — processing silence. The silence of minds working through implications that ex-

ceeded their frameworks and trying to build new frameworks on the fly.

Captain Dorren spoke first. "You're telling us the Dominion isn't the real enemy."

"The Dominion is a real enemy," Itzil said. "Their soldiers kill people. Their ash-oaths enslave people. Their conquest destroys communities and cultures. None of that changes. What changes is the context. The Dominion is being used — guided by an intelligence that has been feeding them technology and strategy for centuries, all aimed at one goal: opening the Great Gate."

"And if the Gate opens?"

"Something comes through that makes the Dominion look like a border skirmish."

Another silence. Rethane broke it — not with a question but with the practical observation of a woman who had spent twenty years defending walls: “How does this change what we do tomorrow?”

Itzil felt a surge of gratitude for Rethane’s practicality. The commander’s mind worked in the concrete — not because she couldn’t grasp abstractions but because she understood that abstractions didn’t hold walls. Actions held walls. Decisions held walls.

“Two priorities,” Itzil said. “First: deny the Dominion the remaining relics. They have four. We have one. Two are unaccounted for. If the Dominion gets all seven, they can attempt to open the Gate.

If we secure even one more, we deny them the complete set."

She pointed at the map. The known relic locations were marked — four in Dominion territory, one with the alliance. Two question marks hovered in neutral territory, their positions uncertain.

"Second: build the alliance. We can't fight the Dominion with the forces in this room. We need more. The neutral nations — the kingdoms and city-states that haven't chosen sides — have resources, soldiers, strategic positions. We need them."

"The neutrals won't fight," Dorren said. "They've been neutral for a reason. The Dominion is terrifying and we're—" He gestured at the room. "Small."

"We're small now. But we've just defeated Gravok's army and destroyed the mirror-portal network. That's a credential. That's proof that the Dominion can be beaten." Itzil looked around the table. "I'm going to send a diplomatic envoy to the neutral nations. Not to beg for help — to present a case. The Dominion is coming for them eventually. The Gate is a threat to everyone. Better to fight alongside us now than alone later."

"Who leads the envoy?"

"Zariel." The name was new to most of the room. Itzil had received Korvain's recommendation three days ago — a diplomat-spy-master whose reputation in the courts of the neutral nations was formidable. "He's the best diplomat alive, according to Korvain. He knows

the neutral courts. He knows the languages. He knows how to make people see their own self-interest."

"I've heard of Zariel," Rethane said. Her tone was careful — the tone of someone handling a reputation that had both bright and dark facets. "He's effective. He's also... flexible. In his methods."

"We need flexible. The neutrals won't be convinced by righteousness alone. They need practical arguments. Trade agreements. Mutual defense pacts. The kind of diplomacy that involves compromise and calculation." Itzil paused. "I don't like it. But I don't have to like it. I have to win."

The council deliberated for another hour. Positions were debated. Resources were allocated. Assignments were distributed. The machinery of al-

liance-building ground forward, each decision a gear turning, each agreement a linkage connecting disparate parts into something that might, with sufficient effort and luck, function as a unified force.

Through it all, Itzil felt the gap between what the commanders saw and what she knew. They saw a military alliance fighting an empire. She saw a watch — a vigil maintained for a thousand years, now understaffed and underfunded and facing the exact threat it had been built to guard against.

The Sun-Blade tradition wasn't built to fight wars. It was built to guard a door. She was the guard. These people — the commanders, the soldiers, the civilians

behind the walls — were what she was guarding. And the door was cracking.

The council ended. The commanders filed out, each carrying their assignments and their concerns and the new, heavier understanding of what the war actually was. Itzil stood at the table as the room emptied, staring at the map with its markers and its question marks and its vast, unmarked spaces where enemies gathered and relics hid and the future waited to be determined.

Kaelen appeared beside her. He did that — materialized at her shoulder without sound or warning, a habit born of years of scouting that he either couldn't or wouldn't break.

"They followed you," he said.

“They followed the plan. Plans are easier to follow than people.”

“They followed you. The plan was good. But Dorren was going to push back harder — I could see it in his shoulders. He stopped because you said ‘I have to win.’ Not ‘we have to win.’ ‘I.’ It was personal. They felt it.”

Itzil looked at him. In the empty room, with the chandelier light softening the sharp planes of his face, he looked different from the scout who reported in flat, professional tones and kept his emotions filed in a drawer he never opened in public. He looked like a man who had been watching carefully and had decided to share what he’d seen.

“They follow the blade, not me,” she said.

“Give them time. They’ll see what I see.”

“What do you see?”

He opened his mouth. Closed it. A moment passed — one of those moments that existed in the space between what people wanted to say and what they allowed themselves to say. Kaelen lived in that space more than anyone she’d ever met.

“Someone worth following,” he said.

He walked away before she could respond. The door closed behind him. The room was empty. Itzil stood at the table with the map and the markers and the echo of three words that settled in her chest like a coal — not burning, but warm. Steady. Giving off heat that would last.

She picked up the alliance rosters and began planning the diplomatic mission

to the neutral nations. There was work to do. There was always work to do.

But the warmth stayed. And that night, when she lay in her quarters in the dark and listened to the distant sounds of an army sleeping, she allowed herself — for the first time since the war began — to feel something that wasn't duty or fear or the weight of command.

She felt hope. Not the loud, triumphant hope of a victory celebration. The quiet kind. The kind that lives in the space between what someone says and what they mean. The kind that three words, spoken by a man who measured his words the way he measured distances — carefully, precisely, with nothing wasted — could plant in the chest of a

woman who had forgotten it was possible.

Someone worth following.

She closed her eyes. She slept. For the first time in weeks, the dreams were not about war.

Chapter 22 - Dalrignons Rage

The workshop beneath the eastern fortress had not seen daylight in three weeks, and Dalrignon preferred it that way.

Light was a distraction. Sunlight especially — chaotic, variable, subject to the whims of weather and rotation and all the other uncontrollable factors that made the natural world so profoundly irritating. His phosphorescent crystals provided constant, even illumination at

precisely the wavelength his eyes preferred. No shadows. No fluctuation. No surprises.

Surprises were for lesser minds. Dalgarnon's mind operated on predictions, and predictions required control, and control required an environment stripped of variables. The workshop was his controlled environment — a stone chamber sixty feet below the surface, insulated from sound and vibration and the emotional noise of the thousands of humans who lived and fought and died above his head without understanding any of the forces that actually shaped their world.

The blueprints covered every surface. Walls, floor, workbenches, the inside of the door — every flat plane had been

claimed by the expanding architecture of his new design. Not mirror-portals. Those were finished. Destroyed, yes, but also finished in the creative sense — he'd solved that problem, built the solution, and watched it work until a scout with a blade and an old woman with a knife had smashed it.

He would rebuild the portals. Of course he would. The improved design — six distributed anchors instead of one — was already complete. Volzentar had authorized the ash-oath reserves as a power source. Construction would begin within the week. But the portals were a footnote. A tactical tool. A footnote in the margins of his real work.

The Great Gate.

He had been reading the ancient texts for fourteen days straight, sleeping in two-hour intervals, eating only when his hands shook too badly to hold a pen. The texts were written in the angular script of the original builders — a civilization so old that their name had been forgotten and only their engineering remained. The language was complex but logical, and Dalrignon had cracked it years ago. What he hadn't cracked — what he was cracking now, hour by hour, equation by equation — was the mathematics.

The original Gate was a masterwork. The spatial folding principles that underpinned it were orders of magnitude more sophisticated than anything he'd built. His mirror-portals were crude approximations — the equivalent of a

child's drawing compared to the original painting. The Gate didn't fold space. It dissolved the barrier between dimensions, creating a stable aperture that could theoretically remain open indefinitely.

The key word was "theoretically." The original builders had sealed the Gate because they couldn't control the aperture. Once opened, the dimensional boundary became permeable in both directions, and what came through from the other side was not what they'd expected or wanted. They'd sealed it in haste, using the seven relics as locking mechanisms — each one a component of a multidimensional seal that required all seven to be in place for the barrier to hold.

Remove the relics, and the seal weakened. Remove all seven, provide sufficient energy to force the aperture, and the Gate would open.

Simple in principle. Devastating in execution.

Dalrignon's task was not to open the Gate. Anyone with the relics and enough power could do that — it was a mechanical process, no different from turning a key in a lock. His task was to ensure that the Gate, once opened, could be controlled. Directed. Used as a channel rather than a flood — allowing specific things through while keeping everything else out.

The ancient texts suggested this was impossible. The original builders had tried and failed. The dimensional boundary,

once dissolved, could not be selectively maintained. It was all or nothing. Open or closed.

Dalrignon did not accept impossibilities. He redesigned them.

The new blueprints showed a framework — a structure to be built around the existing Gate, incorporating principles from his mirror-portal technology and the original builders' dimensional mathematics. A filter. A valve. A mechanism that would sit at the aperture and regulate the flow of energy and matter between dimensions, allowing Volzentar to access the power of the Realm Beyond the Veil without opening the flood-gates.

It was, without question, the most ambitious engineering project in human his-

tory. It was also, without question, the most dangerous. If the filter failed — if even one component malfunctioned, if one calculation was wrong by one decimal point — the Gate would open without constraint, and everything on the other side would pour through.

Dalrignon understood the risk. He had calculated it. The probability of filter failure was 2.7 percent — low enough to proceed, high enough to warrant concern.

He was not concerned. He was excited.

The excitement was the thing that separated him from the other engineers the Dominion employed — the competent, careful, fundamentally limited minds that built siege weapons and fortifications and all the other tools of con-

ventional warfare. They built to specification. Dalrignon built to the edge of possibility and then pushed past it. The mirror-portals had been a step. The Great Gate filter would be a leap. And what came after — the things he would build once he had access to the dimensional energy of the Realm Beyond the Veil — would be a revolution.

He didn't think about what was on the other side. Not in the way Gravok thought about it — with fear and superstition and the primitive instinct that something bigger and hungrier than humanity was waiting in the dark. Dalrignon thought about it in terms of energy. The Realm Beyond the Veil was a dimension in advanced entropic decay — a dying universe whose remaining energy was concentrated in a single

intelligence. That intelligence was vast, patient, and powerful, but it was also — from an engineering perspective — a resource. A battery. A power source of a magnitude that made everything the Dominion currently used look like candles in a cathedral.

If the intelligence could be controlled — channeled, directed, contained — then its energy could be used. To power portals that spanned continents. To forge weapons that could reshape geography. To build an empire that would last not centuries but millennia.

If it couldn't be controlled, the world would end. But Dalrignon had run the numbers. 2.7 percent.

He returned to his blueprints. The pen moved with the confident, precise

strokes of a mind that had never encountered a problem it couldn't reduce to mathematics and had no reason to believe this problem would be the exception.

On his desk, beside the blueprints and the ancient texts and the scattered tools of his trade, a sealed scroll bore Volzentar's orders:

BUILD THE FILTER. THE GATE OPENS IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Dalrignon smiled. It was not a warm smile. It was the smile of a man who had been given permission to do the one thing he'd been born to do, and nothing — not scouts, not old women with knives, not the concerned whispers of a weeping seer in the dark — was going to stop him.

He worked through the night. The phosphorescent crystals glowed. The pen scratched. The equations accumulated.

And beneath the floor of the workshop, beneath the fortress, beneath the capital itself, the ancient technology of the original builders hummed in its millennium-long vigil — patient, steady, waiting.

The Gate was sealed. But the seal was cracking. And the man who would build the mechanism to control what came through was working faster than he'd ever worked before, driven by genius and ambition and the absolute, unshakeable conviction that anything could be controlled if you understood it well enough.

The texts of the original builders, who had understood it better than anyone,

were stacked on his desk. They had sealed the Gate in terror. They had destroyed their own records. They had built entire traditions devoted to ensuring the Gate stayed closed.

Dalrignon had read their warnings. He had noted their fears. He had catalogued their failures.

And then he had written two words on a fresh sheet of vellum:

BUILD FASTER.

The night deepened. The pen moved. The mathematics grew.

And somewhere beyond the dimensional barrier, something that had been waiting for a thousand years felt the first tremor of a seal beginning to give way, and its hunger — vast, patient, and older

than stars — intensified by one imperceptible degree.

Chapter 23 - The Weeping One

Volzentar descended alone.

The staircase beneath the Palace of the Split Crown was carved from stone so dark it seemed to absorb the torchlight rather than reflect it. The steps were narrow, steep, and worn smooth by centuries of feet — though not many feet. This staircase was not on any blueprint. It appeared on no map. The servants who cleaned the palace's upper levels did not know it existed.

The guards who patrolled the corridors above had been told that the locked door at the end of the eastern gallery led to a sealed archive. They did not question this. People in the Dominion did not question locked doors.

Volzentar carried his own light — a crystal lamp that cast a pale, steady glow, warmer than torchlight and more reliable. He'd designed the lamp himself, years ago, when he'd first discovered that the darkness below the palace was not ordinary darkness. Ordinary darkness was the absence of light. This darkness was the presence of something else — a substance, a weight, a medium through which light had to push rather than simply travel. Torches guttered and died within minutes. Oil lamps lasted longer but flickered unpredictably. Only

crystal light — stable, constant, engineered — could maintain itself against the pressure.

He descended for seven minutes. The temperature dropped with each level — not gradually but in discrete steps, as though the air was organized into strata, each colder and denser than the one above. By the time he reached the bottom, his breath was visible and the stone walls were sheened with condensation that gleamed in the crystal light like tears.

The chamber was at the base of the stairs. No door — the doorway had been carved into the bedrock and left open, because whatever was inside had no need of locks and no desire for privacy. The opening was narrow — barely wide

enough for Volzentar's shoulders — and beyond it, the darkness was absolute.

He stepped through.

The crystal lamp's light reached perhaps ten feet into the chamber before the darkness consumed it. Not gradually — abruptly, as though the light hit a wall and stopped. Beyond that wall, nothing was visible. The chamber could have been ten feet across or a hundred. The walls could have been stone or void. The ceiling could have been an arm's length overhead or absent entirely, opening onto a sky that had no stars.

The crying was the first thing he heard. Always the first thing. A quiet, constant sound — not sobbing, not wailing, but a sustained, even weeping that had the quality of something automat-

ed. As though the tears were a biological process, like breathing or heartbeat, that continued regardless of emotional state because the body had forgotten how to stop.

“Serentharr,” he said.

The weeping paused. Not stopped — paused. A brief interruption in the rhythm, an acknowledgment of his presence, before the tears resumed.

“You want to know about the girl.” Her voice came from everywhere and nowhere — not directional, not localized, but distributed throughout the darkness like a sound that existed in the air itself rather than originating from a specific point. The voice was female, old, and carried the weight of exhaustion so profound it had become structur-

al — a fatigue built into the foundation of her consciousness, inseparable from the awareness it sustained.

“You already know that,” Volzentar said.

“I know everything. That’s the problem.”

He stood in the darkness and waited. He’d learned, over the decades of these visits, that Serentharr could not be hurried. She existed in a relationship with time that was fundamentally different from human experience — she perceived past, present, and future not as a sequence but as a landscape, a terrain she could survey from any vantage point. Asking her a question was not a matter of extracting information. It was a matter of waiting for her to orient herself in the vast, terrible topography of everything that had happened and

would happen, and then translate what she saw into words that a human mind could process.

The weeping continued. A minute passed. Two.

“The girl,” Serenthlar said. “Itzil. The Sun-Blade bearer. She will escape every trap you set. She will lose people she loves. She will break.” A pause. The weeping intensified for a moment — a spike in the rhythm, an emotional tremor in the automated grief. “But she will put herself back together. That’s the thing about her. She breaks clean. The pieces fit back together. Every time she falls, she stands up straighter. You cannot destroy her, Volzentar. Not with armies. Not with manipulation. Not with

the thing you're planning to do to her scout."

"You've seen what Nightshade will do."

"I've seen everything Nightshade will do. Every variation. Every contingency. Every timeline in which the information about the 7th Unit's betrayal reaches the scout's ears." Another pause. "In most timelines, it works. He fractures. His guilt becomes rage, and rage makes him reckless, and recklessness makes him a liability. In most timelines, the team weakens."

"Most."

"Not all. In some timelines, the truth makes him stronger. In some timelines, the rage becomes purpose. In some timelines, the girl catches him before he falls, and the catching bonds them

in a way that your manipulation cannot undo." The weeping settled back to its baseline rhythm — steady, measured, endless. "You are playing probabilities, Volzentar. As you always do. The odds favor you. They usually do. But odds are not certainties, and this girl has a talent for the improbable."

Volzentar absorbed this. He did not react — reaction was a luxury he'd trained himself to forego decades ago. He processed. Calculated. Adjusted.

"She is not the one you should fear," Serenthlar said.

The words landed in the silence like stones dropping into water. Volzentar felt them — not as emotional impact but as data, new information that altered the topology of his strategic model.

“Then who?”

Serenthar was quiet. The weeping continued — but different now. Harder. The automated grief intensifying into something that had edges, that cut the darkness with its sound.

“The one who forges the blade a second time. The one no one watches. He hasn’t been born yet into your awareness — hasn’t entered your calculations, hasn’t appeared in your intelligence reports, hasn’t done anything that registers on the scale you use to measure threats.” The crying was louder now. Not the steady, functional tears of before but something rawer, more personal. “He will unmake everything you’ve built. Not with armies. Not with politics. Not with the weapons you understand. With

fire and metal and the absolute refusal to let the world stay broken.”

“A name.”

“I could give you a name. It wouldn’t help. He’s hidden. Not by choice — by insignificance. He’s a craftsman in a village you’ve never heard of, doing work that no one considers important. By the time he matters, it will be too late to stop him.”

Volzentar filed this. A craftsman. A forger. Someone who would reforge the Sun-Blade — which meant the Sun-Blade would be broken first. That was useful intelligence. The blade’s destruction was a step in his strategy. If its reforging was also a step — but in someone else’s strategy — then the timeline required adjustment.

"The coming battle," he said. "Nightshade's phase two. The diplomatic season."

"Send your forces. Deploy your agents. Play your games." Serentharr's voice was fading — not in volume but in presence, as though she was withdrawing from the conversation the way a tide withdraws from a shore. "You'll lose the battle for the neutral nations. The diplomat — Zariel — is better than your people expect. He'll build an alliance that stretches from the northern mountains to the southern coast. He'll do it with words and compromises and the kind of moral flexibility that makes idealists uncomfortable and pragmatists effective."

"Can he be stopped?"

“Not by you. Not now. The window for stopping him closed before you knew he existed.” A long pause. The weeping subsided to its baseline. “Send your army. You’ll lose the diplomatic season. But you’ll win the war. Not this battle. Not the next. The war. Because the Gate will open, Volzentar. It will open because you’ve already set the mechanisms in motion and they cannot be reversed. The filter your engineer is building will not work as intended. The intelligence beyond the Gate is older than your comprehension and more patient than your lifespan. It has been guiding you since before you were born, and it will continue to guide you until the Gate swings wide and the Hunger pours through.”

“You’ve told me this before.”

“And you haven’t listened before. You won’t listen now. I know this because I’ve seen every version of this conversation, and in none of them do you listen.” The weeping was quiet now. Almost gentle. The sound of a woman who had been crying for so long that the tears had become a form of communication — not grief but expression. The only language left to someone who could see everything and change nothing.

“But the girl might stop you. The forger might unmake you. The healer might break your chains. The scout might find the truth. The duelist might learn what glory really costs.” A final pause. “I tell you these things not because they’ll change your actions. I tell you because someone should know. Someone should hear the shape of the future and

understand that it's not fixed. That the odds can shift. That the improbable is not the impossible."

Silence. The weeping continued — baseline, automated, eternal.

Volzentar stood in the darkness for a long time. Then he turned and climbed back toward the light.

The staircase was long. The stone was dark. The crystal lamp cast its steady glow, pushing against the darkness that pressed from every side.

At the top of the stairs, he locked the door and stood in the corridor and allowed himself one moment — one brief, controlled moment — to feel the thing that the visit to Serentharr's chamber always left in his chest. Not fear. He was beyond fear. Something older and more

fundamental. The awareness of scale. The recognition that the forces he was attempting to harness exceeded the categories his mind used to process reality, and that his confidence in his ability to control them was, perhaps, not as well-founded as he preferred to believe.

The moment passed. The mask of composure settled into place. The amber eyes steadied. The calculating mind resumed its operations.

He called for Nightshade.

"Begin phase two," he said.

Nightshade bowed and departed. Efficient. Unquestioning. The perfect instrument.

Volzentar returned to the throne room. The obsidian table reflected the torch-

light. The reports waited. The empire continued its functions.

And beneath his feet, seven levels below the floor he stood on, in a darkness that was not the absence of light but the presence of something else, Seren-thar wept.

She wept because she had seen the ending.

She wept because she had told the truth.

And she wept because, in all the timelines she could see, the ending was always the same: the Gate would open. The Hunger would come. And the only variable — the only trembling, uncertain, gloriously unpredictable variable — was whether six people and a blade of

golden light could close it again before everything was consumed.

The odds were not good. But they were not zero.

And Serentharr, who had seen everything, knew that not-zero was the only number that mattered.

Chapter 24 - The Horizon Widens

The aftermath of the Mirror Siege settled over Aravalle like dust after a storm – slow, quiet, and covering everything.

Itzil stood on the western wall at sunset, watching the sky turn colors that had no names in the languages she spoke. Gold bleeding into copper bleeding into the deep, bruised purple of approaching night. The fields beyond the wall were scarred – trampled earth,

broken barricades, the black patches where war-beast fire had scorched the grass. But the scars were already healing. Green shoots pushed through the ash. The land remembered what it was supposed to be, even when people forgot.

The alliance had won its first major defensive victory. The facts were clear and the facts were good: Gravok captured. Mirror-portals destroyed. Three cities defended. Casualties significant but sustainable. Morale high. The Dominion's eastern army shattered and its survivors in retreat or in chains.

But Itzil couldn't celebrate. The facts she carried in private were heavier than the facts she shared in briefings, and the weight of them had settled into her

bones over the past week like water seeping into stone.

Four relics in Dominion hands. The Great Gate. The Hunger That Wears Stars. An intelligence older than civilization, guiding the empire toward a door that should never be opened. A weeping seer who had predicted everything and could prevent nothing. And a timeline – eighteen months, according to Dalrignon's orders – before the Dominion attempted to open the Gate.

Eighteen months to build an alliance. Eighteen months to find the remaining relics. Eighteen months to prepare for something that the greatest civilization in ancient history had failed to contain.

She gripped the wall's stone railing and breathed. The air smelled of smoke and

new grass and the distant sweetness of the river.

A mirror flickered at the relay station behind her. Not Torvane's signal mirrors – a different kind. A long-range communication mirror, one of the safe ones that Korvain had provided, connected to the Sun-Blade temple's own network. Itzil turned and walked to the station, where the operator – a young woman with quick hands and tired eyes – was already transcribing.

"Message from Master Korvain, Commander."

Itzil took the transcription. Korvain's words were characteristically spare – each one chosen with the precision of a swordsman selecting his angle of attack. She read it standing in the fading light:

ITZIL. WELL DONE. GRAVOK WAS THE HAMMER. YOU BROKE IT. BUT VOLZENTAR HAS OTHER TOOLS. THE PORTALS WERE A TEST AND A WEAPON. YOU PASSED THE TEST. NOW HE KNOWS WHAT YOU CAN DO. THAT MAKES YOU MORE DANGEROUS AND MORE TARGETED.

THE RELICS ARE THE PRIORITY. FOUR IN HIS HANDS. TWO UNACCOUNTED. THE NEUTRAL NATIONS HOLD KNOWLEDGE OF THE REMAINING LOCATIONS. YOU NEED ALLIES WHO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

FIND ZARIEL. HE IS THE BEST DIPLOMAT ALIVE. HE KNOWS THE COURTS. HE KNOWS THE LANGUAGES. HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE PEOPLE SEE THEIR OWN INTEREST IN YOUR CAUSE. HE IS IN

THE FREE CITY OF VERANTHOS, OPERATING UNDER THE NAME ZARIEL DEN MORATH. HE WILL NOT COME WILLINGLY. HE HAS REASONS FOR HIDING. THEY ARE GOOD REASONS. OVERCOME THEM.

ONE MORE THING. THE NEXT BATTLE WILL NOT BE FOUGHT WITH BLADES. IT WILL BE FOUGHT WITH WORDS. PREPARE YOUR TEAM FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR.

I AM PROUD OF YOU. DO NOT LET THAT MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE.

KORVAIN.

Itzil read the message twice. Then she folded it and placed it in her pocket, beside the first message from Kaelen – the seventeen-word signal that had told her he was alive and moving. She was

collecting paper talismans, she realized. Words that anchored her to the people who mattered.

She walked back to the wall and looked south. The sun was almost gone. The first stars were appearing – faint, distant, indifferent to the wars fought beneath them. Somewhere beyond the horizon, the Dominion was regrouping. Dalrignon was building. Nightshade was planning. Volzentar was calculating. The Weeping One was weeping.

And here, in a camp built on the ruins of a battle, surrounded by soldiers and engineers and healers and the accumulated evidence of human stubbornness, Itzil stood and felt the weight of what came next.

She needed Zariel. She needed the neutral nations. She needed allies measured in thousands, not dozens. She needed to find two missing relics before the Dominion did. She needed to prepare for a war that would be fought in courts and councils as much as on battlefields. She needed to do all of this in eighteen months, with a team of seven and a blade of golden light and the stubborn, irrational refusal to accept that the odds were impossible.

Footsteps behind her. She didn't turn. She knew the sound – the almost-silent tread of a man who had spent his life learning to move without being heard and was now, deliberately, making just enough noise to announce his presence. A courtesy. A choice. The sound of someone who wanted to be known.

Kaelen stepped up beside her. He leaned against the wall, looking south, his face unreadable in the fading light.

They stood in silence for a while. The silence between them had changed over the past weeks – it was no longer the tense, charged quiet of two people who didn't know how to talk to each other. It was the comfortable silence of two people who had said enough, for now, and were content to share the same space without filling it.

"Korvain says to find Zariel," Itzil said.

"The diplomat. I've heard the name."

"He's in Veranthos. Under cover. Korvain says he won't come willingly."

"Most of the best people don't." A pause.

"When do we leave?"

“Three days. I need to settle the garrison command structure. Rethane takes military operations. Miyako runs the training program.” She turned to look at him. “Pack your things. We’re going to a summit.”

He met her gaze. In the last light of the day, his pale grey-blue eyes caught the sunset and held it – not reflecting it but absorbing it, the way he absorbed everything: quietly, completely, filing it away in the vast internal archive that made him the best scout she’d ever known and the most difficult person she’d ever tried to understand.

“A summit,” he said. “Diplomacy. Words instead of blades.”

“Korvain’s orders.”

"Korvain's right. The Dominion can't be beaten by six people and an army of volunteers. We need nations. We need fleets and cavalry and the kind of resources that only organized states can provide."

"You sound almost enthusiastic."

"I'm a scout. Diplomacy is just scouting with better food." The ghost of a smile. "I'll have your route planned by morning."

He pushed off the wall and walked toward the quartermaster's tent. At the edge of the torchlight, he paused and looked back.

"Itzil."

"Yes?"

“Whatever Volzentar sends next – whoever he sends, whatever game he plays – we’ve been tested. All of us. Miyako. Jagren. Torvane. Neyla.” A pause. “Me. We’ve been tested and we held. That means something.”

“It means we survived.”

“It means more than that. It means we’re a team. Not six individuals who happen to fight in the same war. A team. Miyako saw it. She said we fight as individuals. She’s wrong now. After the siege, after everything – we’re something else. Something the Dominion hasn’t seen before and doesn’t know how to break.”

He held her gaze. The torchlight painted half his face in gold and left the other half in shadow, and in that moment he looked like what he was – a man divided

between the person he'd been and the person he was becoming, the scout who worked alone and the teammate who had chosen to stay.

"Goodnight, Commander," he said.

"Goodnight, Kaelen."

He disappeared into the camp. She watched him go – watched until the shadows absorbed him, until he was just another moving shape in the organized chaos of an army preparing for its next campaign.

She turned back to the wall. The stars were fully out now – thousands of them, scattered across the sky like the aftermath of something shattered. She thought about the Weeping One's prophecy: the Gate would open. The Hunger would come. And the only vari-

able was whether a handful of people with a blade of golden light could close it again.

She looked at her team. Really looked, letting her gaze travel across the camp with the deliberate attention of a commander taking inventory of her most valuable resources.

Kaelen, sharpening his blade beside the quartermaster's tent, his movements precise and meditative, the claw marks on his back a map of missions survived. Jagren, arm-wrestling a Sundrift soldier at the mess table, his grin back in place but different now – tempered, carrying the weight of Neyla's five words behind the supply wagon. Torvane, hunched over the portal detector in his workshop, the blue-green light painting his spec-

tacles, his mind already racing ahead to the next problem and the next solution and the next impossible thing he'd build from salvage and genius. Neyla, kneeling beside an ash-oathed prisoner in the stockade, her hands glowing with turquoise light, her face fierce with the concentration of a woman who had found a crack in the unbreakable and was determined to make it a door. Miyako, meditating in the training yard, still and centered and finally, after forty years of hiding, at peace with the decision to fight.

Her team. Her people. The six individuals who had walked into a war they weren't ready for and come out the other side as something stronger than any of them had been alone.

The horizon was dark. The future was dark. The enemy was vast and ancient and guided by an intelligence that had been planning for a millennium.

But the Sun-Blade was warm at her hip. And the stars, for all their distance, gave light.

Korvain's final words echoed in her mind: The next battle won't be fought with blades. It'll be fought with words.

She straightened. She squared her shoulders. She let the command mask settle into place – not because she needed to hide but because the mask had become something else over the past weeks. Not a disguise. An identity. The face of a woman who had been asked to guard a door and had said yes.

“Find Zariel,” she murmured. “Build the alliance. Find the relics. Save the world.”

She almost laughed. The absurdity of it – a twenty-two-year-old woman from a mountaintop temple, standing on a wall in a battered city, planning to save a world she barely understood from a threat she couldn’t see. The absurdity was honest. The absurdity was hers. And she’d learned, over the past weeks, that the honest thing and the necessary thing were often the same thing wearing different clothes.

The mirror at the relay station flickered one last time. The operator looked up.

“Final signal of the night, Commander. From the northern relay.”

Itzil took the slip. Two words, in Kaelen’s coded shorthand:

ROUTE PLANNED.

She smiled. Not the command mask smile. The real one. The one that lived beneath the mask and came out when no one was watching.

She pocketed the message, climbed down from the wall, and walked toward her quarters. Tomorrow she would brief the team. Tomorrow they would begin preparing for a different kind of war. Tomorrow the horizon would widen, and the map would grow, and the story would continue.

But tonight, for one quiet moment, the war was won and her people were safe and the stars were out and someone worth trusting had planned the route.

It was enough. It was more than enough.

It was the beginning.

Author's Note

Thank you for reading *The Mirror Siege*.

This book was about mirrors — not the kind that hang on walls, but the kind that live inside people. The reflections we see when we look at ourselves honestly. The distortions that guilt and fear create when we refuse to look. The moment when someone holds up a mirror and shows us who we actually are, not who we've been pretending to be.

Kaelen's journey in this book is about putting down the weight of ghosts he's been carrying. Not forgetting them — never forgetting — but learning that carrying guilt is not the same as honoring the dead. The dead don't need our suffering. They need us to live.

Miyako's return from decades of hiding is a reminder that it's never too late to stop running. That the bravest thing a person can do is not fight — it's decide to fight after spending years convinced they couldn't.

And Itzil's growth from reluctant warrior to genuine commander is the heart of the series. She doesn't lead because she's perfect. She leads because she shows up, makes the hard calls, and refuses to sacrifice the people she's sworn

to protect — even when the math says she should.

The war is widening. The stakes are rising. The Great Gate is cracking, and what waits on the other side is patient and hungry and older than civilization. But the team is stronger than it was, and the alliance is growing, and the Sun-Blade burns brighter with every battle.

Book 3 takes us deeper — into the world of ash-oaths, into the courts of the neutral nations, and into the choices that define what kind of people we become when the cost of doing right is higher than the cost of doing nothing.

I hope you'll continue the journey.

With gratitude, Ketan Shukla

Also By Ketan Shukla

Aztec Samurai Adventures Series

- **Book 1: Sunblade Rising - A Blade Forged in Light**
- **Book 2: The Mirror Siege - Reflections of Betrayal**
- **Book 3: Ash Oaths - Bonds Written in Blood**
- **Book 4: The Starless Crown - The Darkness Unveiled**

- **Book 5: The Serpent's Gambit - A Spy Among Shadows**
- **Book 6: Rain of Obsidian - Tides of Dark Magic**
- **Book 7: Feathers and Bone - Wings of Defiance**
- **Book 8: The Shattered Blade - Forged Through Fire**
- **Book 9: The Forge of Souls - The Price of Power**
- **Book 10: The Mirror Queen - Realm of Shattered Glass**
- **Book 11: Crown of Stars - The Final Siege**
- **Book 12: The Sun That Never Sets - Dawn of a New World**

A Quick Favor

If you enjoyed *The Mirror Siege*, would you consider leaving a review on Amazon?

Reviews are the single most important thing you can do to support an independent author. They help other readers discover the series, and they help me keep writing the stories you want to read.

Even a single sentence makes a difference:

"I loved this book because..."

Thank you for reading. Thank you for reviewing. And thank you for being part of this journey.

— Ketan