

The tower stood above the district like a promise somebody had signed in steel.

At street level, the rain had already blurred the city into reflections and soft electrical smear. Headlights dragged red and white wounds across black pavement. Light climbed the wet glass skin of the building in broken ribbons, reached halfway toward the cloud ceiling, then gave up. The upper floors vanished into low weather and cold haze, as if the structure had been built too high for the night to tolerate.

From a distance, it looked ordinary. Expensive. Self-certain. The kind of place where men in tailored coats made irreversible decisions above restaurants no one entered without a reservation and beneath apartments no one rented without giving up the last illusion that money and safety were different things.

At 21:14, witnesses later disagreed about what happened.

Some said the lights in the tower bent inward for a second, as if the building had become deeper than its own outline. Some said the rain stopped in a clean vertical column around the upper floors. One driver swore the top third of the structure folded soundlessly to the left and then returned to its original position before his brake pedal had finished sinking under his foot. A woman waiting beneath the transit canopy dropped her grocery bag and began screaming at an event no camera would later confirm. Two pedestrians on the same corner saw nothing at all except a brief flicker through the lobby glass, like bad wiring in a chandelier.

At 21:14 and four seconds, emergency calls began.

None of them matched.

“Something hit the tower.”

“The tower just moved.”

“No, listen to me, it collapsed—”

“No, it didn’t collapse, but people are running—”

“No one’s running. Why is no one running?”

By 21:17, the first police units had locked down the front plaza. Fire response arrived two minutes later. Structural specialists came after that. The tower still stood. Its windows were intact. No impact signature. No fire. No detonation residue. No measurable subsidence in the foundation. No visible damage to the outer frame. Elevators operating intermittently. Internal communications unstable.

The first crews who entered came back out gray-faced and speaking too fast.

They all reported the same thing differently.

Hallways that felt longer going in than coming out.

A stairwell on the forty-second floor that should have terminated at a maintenance landing but instead opened for three seconds onto empty air and distant rain before correcting itself.

A conference room with a polished walnut table and twelve untouched glasses of water, all vibrating in perfect synchronization despite the absence of any seismic activity.

A receptionist on the fifty-first floor who asked whether the evacuation was for the collapse and then stared in silence when told there had been no collapse.

No bodies.

No rubble.

No cause.

At 22:03, the Foundation took jurisdiction by removing the right words from the right channels and replacing them with newer, calmer ones. Municipal command was informed that the structure presented a possible exotic systems hazard. Civilian agencies were cut out in stages. Digital archives forked. Traffic cameras were scrubbed where necessary and preserved where useful. The perimeter widened.

Inside a mobile command unit parked three blocks away, the first consolidated report reached a redacted desk under a redacted light, was read in full by a man who had lived too long to be impressed by coincidences, and then moved again through private routing chains toward a quieter branch of the system.

The final line of the preliminary assessment read:

**No causal origin point has been identified for the reported collapse event.**

That sentence was what brought the Triad in.

Not the tower. Not the witnesses. Not the executive on the upper residential floors whose schedule had already begun to attract quiet attention. Not the strange absence of debris.

The sentence.

No causal origin point.

In another universe, that might have sounded like a mystery.

In this one, it sounded like a failure that had already started teaching itself how to persist.

Ace hated the tower before she saw it.

Not in the ordinary way. Not dislike. Not fear. The reaction lived lower and earlier than either of those. It began in her spine when the transport was still two streets out and became a hard violet tension between her shoulder blades when the building first appeared through the rain.

She sat forward slightly in the rear compartment, elbows on knees, black hair falling in ragged shadows around her face. Reflections from passing signage ran over the dark fabric of her coat and died there. To the driver, viewed through the armored partition, she might have looked motionless.

Mai knew better.

The stillness was compression. Ace's version of it, specifically. Not calm. Never calm. A narrowing. A drawing inward of force that had not yet decided what shape it needed.

Across from her, Mai had one leg crossed over the other, tablet balanced against her thigh, silver hair catching the intermittent blue-white flashes from street surveillance strobes beyond the tinted glass.

She had spent the last six minutes reading the same three pages of structural anomalies and witness discrepancy charts without once needing to admit she was no longer reading them for new information. The useful pattern had already surfaced. What remained was confirmation, and confirmation rarely arrived from systems this sick without dragging three lies behind it.

To her left, near the rear door, Shammy leaned back with one shoulder against the compartment wall, seemingly at ease in the careless way only very dangerous people could make look natural. Her long frame folded itself into the seat as if vehicle dimensions were suggestions rather than constraints. Silver-white hair drifted lightly against the collar of her coat, not from air movement—the compartment was sealed—but from some subtler instability in the pressure field around her. The windows nearest her held the rain differently. Not enough to be obvious. Enough to notice if you knew where to look.

She had not spoken since they left the site transfer pad.

Now, without lifting her eyes from the blurred tower through the glass, she said, "It's holding its breath."

Ace looked at her immediately. "The building?"

Shammy made a small tilt of her head. "Everything inside it."

Mai set the tablet down. "Pressure differential?"

"No." Shammy's voice was low, almost thoughtful. "Pressure I can read. This feels like the room before pressure decides what it is."

Ace's mouth flattened. "That's not better."

"No." Mai's tone was dry. "It isn't."

The transport rolled through the final checkpoint and turned into the sealed side street behind the outer perimeter. Floodlights cut white lines through rain. Personnel moved in controlled routes between portable barriers, sensor rigs, and black vehicles with the kind of insignia that only existed to be ignored by anyone not cleared to understand them.

When the transport stopped, the rear hatch unlocked with a dull mechanical clack.

Nobody moved for one breath.

Then Ace stood.

That was always the moment. Small, immediate, undecorated. No speech. No ritual. Just the instant the compressed thing became motion.

They crossed the wet street beneath umbrella drones that kept pace badly enough to be insulting. The tower loomed above them now, larger up close, and the sense of wrongness sharpened instead of dispersing. Its glass frontage reflected emergency lights, passing rain, the mobile field office, the silhouettes of armed personnel—and in the reflection alone, for half a second, the upper floors leaned.

Ace stopped.

Three steps behind her, two Foundation agents nearly collided with each other before correcting course and pretending they had not.

Mai halted beside Ace without looking where Ace was looking. "You saw it."

"Yes."

"External reflection only?"

"Yes."

"Good."

Ace turned her head. "That was your standard for good?"

"It did not happen in load-bearing reality." Mai adjusted one glove with clinical precision. "I'm grading on a curve."

Shammy came up on Ace's other side and looked directly at the tower, not the reflection. Her eyes narrowed. Static whispered softly somewhere above them in the rain.

"There," she said.

Ace followed her line automatically. Forty-seven floors up, maybe forty-eight. Hard to tell through weather and lighting glare. One bank of windows near the northeast edge showed the interior of a conference suite: a table, chairs, screen dark, no movement.

Nothing wrong.

Then the lights behind those windows dimmed by perhaps ten percent and returned.

A tiny thing. But the air in Ace's lungs stalled like it had been waiting for the signal.

Mai saw that. She always did. "You feel a sequence."

Ace gave one short nod. "Like something started and forgot to finish."

Shammy smiled without humor. "Yes."

They were met at the side access lobby by the local containment lead, a broad-shouldered man in field blacks with too little sleep in his eyes and a file slate under one arm. He knew who they were. Smart people always knew enough not to comment on that fact.

"Upper executive-residential stack is the worst of it," he said as they moved. "Floors forty-nine through sixty-three. Intermittent temporal distortions, structural hesitation, contradictory eyewitness recall. No fatalities. Four panic injuries. One maintenance crew almost stepped into an open shaft that doesn't exist on the schematics. We've evacuated most civilian occupants, but some are... resistant."

"Resistant how?" Mai asked.

The man hesitated for one step too long. "They don't agree there's anything to evacuate from."

Ace glanced at him. "Do you?"

He exhaled through his nose. "I agree something is wrong. The problem is that wrong keeps changing format."

“Good answer,” Shammy murmured.

He offered her a brief, uncertain look and continued. “One person in particular has refused transfer. Elias Voss. Chief executive officer, Voss Meridian Systems. Penthouse-office hybrid on sixty-one. Says he’s staying put until his release package is secured.”

Mai’s gaze sharpened, not visibly to anyone who did not know what she looked like when lines began connecting behind the eyes. “Release package.”

“Tomorrow morning,” the lead said. “Private unveiling. Distributed industrial anti-ritual lattice architecture. Portable suppression fields. Their marketing copy is less vulgar than that, but not by much.”

Ace said nothing. She didn’t need to. The shape had landed.

Mai asked the next question anyway. “He was about to publish a technology that significantly degrades ritual functionality.”

“Yes.”

“And now a causally ungrounded collapse event centers on his tower.”

The lead looked at her, then at the elevator doors, then back at her. “That is currently one of the less comforting ways to phrase it.”

The elevator took them to forty-eight without incident.

Which made it the least trustworthy part of the evening so far.

The doors opened onto a transitional executive floor with brushed stone walls, recessed lighting, abstract sculpture arranged at expensive intervals, and an atmosphere so carefully climate-controlled that the wrongness stood out more sharply for the attempt. The hallway was empty. Somewhere beyond a closed door, a phone rang six times, stopped, and then rang once more from farther away than it should have been.

Shammy stepped out first.

That, more than anything, told Mai how bad it was.

Shammy usually allowed rooms to declare themselves before she imposed herself on their weather. Here she moved first, slowly, eyes unfocused in the way they got when her senses were reaching into gradients no instrument panel could name. The air around her shifted. Not dramatically. Just enough that the hair along one agent’s forearms rose beneath his sleeves.

Ace came out behind her. Her hand had not reached for a blade yet, but it had become aware of them.

Mai followed last, slate in hand, recording less for the official archive than for the geometry of thought.

The corridor extended in both directions.

To the left: executive meeting rooms, sealed offices, one lounge area, emergency stairwell.

To the right: private transfer access toward the upper stack.

Ace turned left immediately.

“Why?” the lead asked.

Without looking back, she said, “Something started there.”

He looked at Mai.

Mai said, “I recommend listening.”

They moved.

The lights overhead were warm, indirect, expensive. The sort of lighting designed to imply confidence and soften bad news before it became actionable. Beneath it, the floor of polished stone reflected them all with slight delay. Not enough to notice on first glance. Enough on second. A measurable lag between step and mirrored answer.

Mai crouched, touched two fingers to the floor, and watched her own reflection do the same a fraction late.

“Yes,” she said quietly. “That’s useful.”

“Useful how?” asked the lead.

“It means the event is not local to space.” She stood. “It’s waiting for confirmation from sequence.”

The man stared for half a beat, then chose professionalism over comprehension. Good instincts.

They reached the conference suite whose windows had flickered from outside. The door was ajar.

Nobody had touched it since evacuation, according to the lead. Two armed personnel confirmed that from the hall, both looking increasingly unhappy to be near the room at all. Ace pushed the door open with one hand.

The conference room beyond was immaculate.

Long table. Twelve chairs. Wall display asleep. Carafe station untouched. City lights ghosting through rain on the far windows. And twelve glasses of water, each filled to the same level, each trembling with minute, perfect frequency.

Not random vibration.

Synchronization.

Shammy stopped in the doorway and inhaled shallowly. “There.”

Ace stepped in.

Nothing exploded. Nothing leaped at her. No occult script burned across the walls. No shadow peeled itself up into a monster. The room remained exactly what it had been.

Wrongness this refined rarely advertised.

Mai circled to the left side of the table, gaze moving not over the room but through its implied usage. Twelve seats. Head position indicators from slight wear on chair alignment. Main screen angle. Presenter stance. Entry sightline. The old and deeply human geometry of power.

"This room was meant to host the decision," she said.

The lead frowned. "Decision?"

"Or the preamble to it." Mai stopped by the chair at the far end. "Voss would have stood here. Senior staff seated opposite. Legal to the right. Technical demonstrations on the display wall. The room is shaped for announcement authority."

Ace was looking at the windows. Specifically, at the rain.

"No," she said.

Mai turned. "What?"

Ace pointed.

Outside the glass, rain fell straight down across most of the skyline. Across a thin vertical slice aligned with the northeast edge of the tower, it drifted sideways for perhaps two meters of empty air, then resumed falling normally.

The lead swore under his breath.

Shammy walked to the glass and raised two fingers toward it without touching. The sideways rain thickened, or seemed to, then shivered into normal descent.

"Held displacement," she said. "Not weather. Memory."

Mai's focus sharpened further. "Memory of motion."

"Yes."

Ace's voice had gone flatter, which in her case meant more dangerous. "The building remembers falling."

Nobody said anything for a second.

Then one of the personnel in the hall behind them made a strangled noise.

Everyone turned.

He stood frozen in the doorway, staring past them toward the empty chair at the head of the table.

Ace moved first. Two strides and she was between him and the sightline, body angled, hand finally resting on one katana hilt though the blade remained sheathed.

"What did you see?"

The man swallowed hard. "Someone."

"Describe."

“Old.” He blinked, face drawn tight. “No. Not old. Just... worn. Standing by the chair.”

Mai stepped to the exact line he had been looking through and saw nothing but polished surface, reflections, the dark display wall.

“Did he look at you?”

“Yes.”

“What did he do?”

The agent’s voice dropped. “He looked tired.”

A lesser team would have mocked the answer because fear likes rules and that answer broke them.

Mai did not.

“Anything else?”

He hesitated. “His mouth moved.”

“What did he say?”

The agent shut his eyes for one second, as if trying to catch the shape before it fled. When he opened them again, there was sweat at his hairline.

“He said... it keeps happening wrong.”

Ace and Mai exchanged a look.

Not because the words were surprising now.

Because they were consistent.

Consistency, inside a distortion field, was rarely an accident.

Mai moved to the head chair and placed her hand lightly on the backrest.

The water in all twelve glasses trembled harder.

The room temperature dropped by perhaps two degrees.

Then three.

The overhead lights dimmed to a soft amber hush.

And for one impossible instant the conference room existed in two conditions at once.

One: polished, quiet, intact, corporate.

Two: pitched half a degree to the east under silent structural surrender, ceiling lights swaying in arcs that had not yet begun, the table sliding imperceptibly toward the windows while every glass leaned without tipping.

Mai did not pull her hand away.

Her voice remained level. "We have a stabilized overlap."

The lead took one involuntary step backward. "That's your wording?"

"It is accurate."

Ace's eyes had narrowed to violet slits of focus. "Something's here."

"Obviously," the lead muttered.

"No," Ace said. "Here."

She turned toward the far corner of the room.

Nobody else had seen it yet. Mai could tell from the delay in the others. Shammy, maybe. Shammy's expression had gone still in that particular way that meant the atmosphere around her was listening harder than human senses allowed.

The corner by the windows held a sculpture pedestal with nothing on it. Above it, reflected city light made a faint frame in the glass.

Within that frame, somebody stood.

Not fully. Not in the ordinary sense. The outline assembled itself from wrong alignments—the edge of a sleeve where no arm should have been, the suggestion of shoulders inside the reflection before they existed in the room, the pale shape of a face emerging from the fact that the light behind it had decided not to pass through.

Humanoid.

Male, maybe, or close enough to the habit of it.

Dark coat. Hands empty. Expression exhausted beyond drama. Not old, as the agent had said. Simply worn down by repetition to the point where time itself seemed to drag at him.

He looked at Ace first.

Then at Mai.

Then at Shammy last, and with something there that might once have been relief.

When he spoke, the sound did not come from air. It arrived in the room like a remembered sentence finding its place.

"It keeps happening wrong."

One of the hall personnel raised his weapon.

Ace did not look at him when she said, "Don't."

The man froze.

The figure remained where it was, as if stillness were the last courtesy it knew how to offer.

Mai took one step forward. "What are you?"

The figure's gaze shifted to her. There was no hostility in it. No deception she could immediately read. Only a fatigue so profound it made cruelty feel almost vulgar by comparison.

"I am where it doesn't finish," he said.

That was not an answer in human terms. It was too good an answer for anything human to have produced under pressure.

Mai felt the pattern lock another notch.

"Were you the cause of the collapse?"

"No."

"Did you create it?"

"No."

"Do you sustain it?"

A pause.

Then: "I slow it."

Ace spoke before Mai could. "You keep it here."

The figure looked at her. "If it goes faster, more break."

Shammy's head tilted slightly. The air in the room had gone very quiet.

Mai said, "You are not preventing the event."

The figure seemed to consider that with the distant, almost obsolete care of someone reviewing an argument he had already lost a thousand times.

"I keep it from becoming all of itself."

There it was.

The room. The water. The reflection lag. The sideways rain. The tower remembering motion it had never been allowed to complete.

Mai let her hand slip from the chair back. The overlap softened, but did not vanish. She looked at the figure and saw not a man, not an apparition, not a god in any meaningful theological sense, but a process that had acquired enough contour to speak for itself.

A loop that had learned to hold shape.

In the silence, the lead containment officer asked the stupid but useful question. "Can we contain it?"

Ace answered without taking her eyes off the figure. "No."

Mai answered half a beat later. "Containment is irrelevant."

That made the officer go still in a very adult way.

The figure by the window lowered his eyes for the first time. Not in shame. In something adjacent to recognition.

"You came to end it," he said.

Ace's fingers tightened once on the hilt of her blade. "Maybe."

"Good."

The word landed badly in the room. Not because it sounded sinister. Because it sounded sincere.

Mai studied him. "You want termination."

He gave the smallest nod. "I want it to stop happening wrong."

No one moved.

Outside, rain dragged silver lines down the windows. Inside, twelve glasses of water vibrated in fragile harmony above a table that belonged to a meeting which, somewhere in the logic of the world, had already started tipping into disaster and had been denied the mercy of finishing.

Mai drew one long breath and finally turned to the lead.

"Seal this room," she said. "No one enters without my authorization. Pull every record tied to Voss Meridian's suppression release—technical, financial, internal, black archive if necessary. I want architectural plans, executive movement logs, private security drafts, and any occult chatter within a seventy-two-hour radius before the first reported anomaly."

The lead blinked once. "You already know what this is?"

Mai's expression did not change. "I know enough to stop wasting time pretending it is a haunting."

Ace still watched the figure in the corner. "And Voss?"

"Keep him alive," Mai said. "And away from any room where important decisions were meant to happen."

Shammy's gaze stayed on the windows. "The tower is getting worse."

"Yes," Mai said.

"How long?"

Mai looked at the trembling water, the delayed reflection underfoot, the thing by the glass that wore a man's shape because the loop needed something human enough to ask for an ending.

Then she answered with the honesty the situation deserved.

"Not long."

The figure closed his eyes as if that, too, was familiar.

And somewhere high above them, in an office near the top of the tower where Elias Voss still refused evacuation and the future of ritual warfare waited in encrypted presentation files, the building gave

another tiny, silent shudder.

Not collapse.

Not yet.

Just the world remembering that it was still, in one unfinished branch of causality, on its way down.

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