

BLACK FILE OPERATION: PRIMO VICTORIA

The mountain was wrong.

That was the first thing Shammy noticed.

The air did not behave like air should. It moved strangely, not with the wind but as if some invisible structure was pressing it downward. Static electricity crawled across the skin.

Shammy stopped for a moment on the narrow stone path.

Her silver-white hair moved slightly.

But there was no wind.

“Something is wrong,” she said quietly.

Ace looked up the mountainside.

Through the fog the silhouette of the castle emerged.

High towers. Heavy walls. Blackened stone.

It looked centuries old.

But Mai already knew better.

She raised a hand and released a small runic pulse into the air.

The reaction was immediate.

The air vibrated.

Invisible geometric markers lit up across her vision like a hidden map.

Mai exhaled slowly.

“Right.”

Ace glanced sideways.

“What.”

Mai pointed toward the castle.

“Occult structure. Heavy ritual density.”

A brief pause.

“Also...”

She tilted her head slightly.

“...way too much Nazi symbology.”

Ace didn't stop walking.

"Nazis."

Mai nodded.

"Occult Nazis."

Ace sighed.

"Of course it is."

Shammy looked toward the highest tower.

She wasn't watching the building.

She was listening to the air.

"The atmosphere hates this place."

—

The path turned into a cracked stone bridge leading directly to the castle gate.

The gates stood open.

That was not a good sign.

Places like this usually tried to keep intruders out.

This one looked... welcoming.

Ace stopped just inside the gatehouse shadows.

Her hands rested lightly on the hilts of the twin emerald katanas at her sides.

"Movement," she said.

Mai saw nothing.

But Shammy felt it.

Air displacement.

Multiple bodies.

"Inside," Shammy said.

Ace nodded once.

"Alright."

Green light flashed as the first katana slid free.

—

The first enemy appeared when they stepped into the inner courtyard.

It wasn't human.

It only resembled one.

A Wehrmacht coat hung over a grey corpse-like body.

Its eyes glowed red.

Ace stopped.

Studied it briefly.

Then said:

"Vampires."

Mai rubbed her temple.

"Of course they are."

The creature moved.

Fast.

But Ace was faster.

The katana flashed.

One clean motion.

The head separated before the sound of the strike even reached the air.

Black smoke rose from the collapsing body.

For a moment the courtyard was silent.

Then shapes began to emerge from the shadows.

Dozens.

Shammy lifted one hand slightly.

The air tightened.

Static electricity cracked across the stone walls.

"That's a lot," she said.

Ace rolled the blade lightly in her grip.

"Good."

Mai looked up toward the central tower.

Runic structures flared across her sight again.

This time the pattern was unmistakable.

A ritual grid.

Massive.

Mai breathed out slowly.

"...they're trying something big."

Ace glanced over.

"How big."

Mai studied the geometry.

Hundreds of symbols.

Blood lines.

Probability forcing.

Her expression changed.

"History-level big."

Ace tilted her head.

"...that sounds annoying."

Shammy closed her eyes for a moment.

The air vibrated.

And somewhere deep inside the castle, voices began to sing.

Hundreds of them.

In German.

Mai turned toward the main hall.

"...they're starting."

Ace drew the second katana.

Green energy shimmered along the blade.

"Then we stop them."

The courtyard gates slammed shut behind them with a thunderous crash.

More shapes stepped forward from the shadows.

“This is going to get messy,” Shammy said calmly.

Ace smiled slightly.

“Good.”

And the Triad moved.

—

The first wave came fast.

Too fast for humans.

Perfectly fast for Ace.

She moved like a compressed strike of green light cutting through the courtyard. The katanas hummed softly, a metallic resonance that could be felt more than heard.

The first vampire tried to raise a rifle.

It never fired.

The blade flashed.

The rifle split in two before it could fall.

Ace was already moving to the next target.

Mai wasn't watching the fight.

She was watching the structure.

The courtyard itself was part of the ritual. Symbols carved between the stones tried to force reality into a new alignment.

She pressed her palm against the ground.

Silver light flared.

A runic pulse surged through the stone.

Three symbols shattered instantly.

A scream echoed from the tower.

“Ritual destabilization,” Mai said calmly.

Ace broke a vampire's spine with a quick turn of the blade.

“Good.”

—

Shammy stood still in the middle of the chaos.

It looked strange.

But she wasn't listening to sound.

She was listening to the atmosphere.

The ritual pulled energy from everything.

From the mountain.

From the sky.

From the air itself.

She raised her hand.

Electric arcs flickered across her fingertips.

"Pressure correction," she murmured.

The air tightened.

The vampires slowed for a fraction of a second.

Just enough.

Ace used it.

Two enemies fell in the same breath.

—

The main gate exploded inward.

Heavy doors shattered against the stone.

Behind them marched another group.

Not vampires this time.

Soldiers.

Dozens. If not hundreds.

Wehrmacht uniforms.

But red ritual energy burned around them like a living aura.

Mai studied them for one second.

"...ritual-enhanced infantry."

Ace looked at their rifles.

"...great."

The first shot fired.

Ace tilted her head.

The bullet passed her ear and buried itself in the wall.

She looked back at the shooter.

Then she moved.

The soldier blinked once.

Ace was already there.

The katana rose.

Fell.

The soldier collapsed.

—

Mai looked toward the tower again.

The ritual had fully activated.

A massive symbolic network burned across the castle.

Blood.

Geometry.

Reality bending.

“This is not a summoning,” she said.

Ace deflected a rifle strike.

“Then what.”

Mai answered without turning.

“They’re trying to rewrite the end of the war.”

Ace paused briefly.

“...that seems historically problematic.”

—

The singing grew louder.

Now it filled the entire castle.

Hundreds of voices. If not thousands.

German words echoing across stone.

Shammy opened her eyes.

“Something is forcing probability.”

Mai nodded.

“Yes.”

Ace glanced at the ritual structure again.

“...they’re trying to win the war.”

“Retroactively,” Mai said.

Ace sighed.

“That’s very rude.”

—

More soldiers poured into the courtyard.

Far too many.

The ritual was accelerating.

Mai’s expression hardened.

“...this is accelerating.”

Ace cut down another soldier.

“How bad.”

Mai didn’t answer immediately.

Then she said quietly:

“...very.”

—

Shammy’s head tilted.

The air had changed again.

Another vibration.

Not ritual.

Something else.

“...wait.”

Mai looked up.

“What.”

Shammy listened.

“...there is music.”

Ace stopped for half a second.

“Music?”

Shammy nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Mai frowned.

“...that is not part of the ritual.”

Shammy pointed toward the ruins at the edge of the courtyard.

Through the fog.

Atop the collapsed remains of a tower.

A figure stood there.

Still.

Watching.

Two blood-red katanas crossed over his back.

Ace looked.

Her eyes narrowed.

“... it's Konrad.”

Mai blinked.

“...what???”

The music grew louder.

Drums.

Electric guitars.

Ace sighed softly, smiling.

“...oh no.”

—

Konrad stepped down from the ruins.

Slowly.

Calmly.

Like a man taking a quiet walk.

Mai stared.

“...what is he doing?”

Ace glanced at the collapsing ritual structure.

Then back at Konrad.

“...I think.”

She sighed.

“...he’s VERY annoyed.”

—

The music surged.

Drums thundered through the courtyard.

Guitars roared.

The ritual chanting faltered.

Konrad stopped in the center of the battlefield.

He looked at the soldiers.

At the tower.

At the ritual trying to rewrite history.

Then he drew the katanas.

Red light spilled like blood from the blades.

And he roared.

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The entire castle froze.

The chanting stopped.

The soldiers hesitated.

The air itself held its breath.

Then Konrad moved.

Blood-red blades cut through the courtyard like strokes of violent calligraphy.

Soldiers vanished.

Vampires disintegrated.

Ritual symbols shattered as he passed them.

But the tower was still singing.

The geometry above the castle continued to burn.

Mai saw it immediately.

"...the ritual is still active."

Ace cut down another soldier.

"Of course it is."

Konrad looked up.

He had already noticed.

The ritual wasn't powered by the army.

The army was only the fuel.

The structure itself remained.

A lattice of probability forcing.

Trying to rewrite the end of the war.

Trying to make history choose another outcome.

Konrad stepped forward.

And stopped.

Because someone else had arrived.

—

The fog above the courtyard shifted.

Not wind.

Pressure.

Shammy felt it instantly.

"...oh."

Ace glanced up.

“What???”

Shammy spoke quietly.

“...another predator.”

—

Something fell from the sky.

Not falling.

Descending.

Heavy boots touched the stone beside Konrad.

The impact cracked the courtyard tiles.

Tall.

Blonde hair drifting through the static air.

Red eyes watching the burning ritual grid above the castle.

Seras Victoria straightened slowly.

She looked at the battlefield.

At the ruined army.

At the probability lattice tearing at reality.

Then she looked at Konrad.

“You broke the toys.”

Konrad wiped blood from one katana.

“They were loud.”

Seras nodded once.

“Fair enough.”

Then she looked up at the ritual.

Her expression changed slightly.

“...that thing is trying to overwrite the archive.”

Mai blinked.

“...archive?”

Seras pointed at the sky.

“History.”

—

The ritual surged.

Symbols flared brighter.

The chanting grew louder.

The structure was trying to lock the outcome before it collapsed.

Mai saw the timeline vectors twisting.

“...they're forcing a branch.”

Ace sighed.

“That sounds annoying.”

Seras rolled one shoulder.

Then she stepped forward.

“Give me a second.”

—

She raised one hand.

Not toward the soldiers.

Not toward the tower.

Toward the sky itself.

The air went silent.

Even Shammy stopped breathing for a moment.

Because the atmosphere was no longer behaving like weather.

It was behaving like memory.

Seras spoke quietly.

“Incorrect entry.”

—

Reality flickered.

Not visually.

Structurally.

The ritual grid froze.

Symbols stuttered.

The probability lattice collapsed like a corrupted equation.

The chanting stopped mid-word.

Hundreds of voices cut off at the same instant.

Mai felt the structure vanish.

Completely.

Not broken.

Removed.

She stared.

"...you didn't destroy it."

Seras shrugged.

"No."

She pointed upward.

"I corrected it."

—

The sky above the castle returned to normal.

The ritual network was gone.

The tower cracked and collapsed as its foundation vanished.

The battlefield went quiet.

Completely quiet.

Even the fog stopped moving.

Shammy finally exhaled.

"...the atmosphere is extremely satisfied."

Ace looked around the empty courtyard.

"...that was faster than expected."

Konrad sheathed one katana.

Seras stretched slightly.

“Anything else trying to rewrite history tonight?”

Mai scanned the ruins.

“No.”

Seras nodded.

“Good.”

—

Konrad turned and began walking toward the fog.

Seras followed him.

Ace called after them.

“Hey.”

Konrad stopped.

Barely.

Ace pointed toward the destroyed castle.

“...thanks.”

Konrad shrugged slightly.

“You had it.”

Seras laughed softly.

“No they didn’t.”

Mai nodded immediately.

“...we did not.”

Seras grinned.

“Honesty is healthy.”

—

They stepped into the fog.

No portal.

No flash.

Just absence.

Gone.

—
Shammy listened to the wind for a moment.

Then said quietly:

“...the air will remember them too.”

—
Incident classification: BLACK FILE

Additional note:

Two anomalies arrived.

History chose not to argue.

PRIMO VICTORIA.

[Konrad](#), [ace](#), [mai](#), [shammy](#), [triad](#), [blackfile](#), [hellsing](#)

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