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**BLACK FILE OPERATION: PRIMO VICTORIA — FINAL CUT**

The mountain was wrong.

Not visually.

Not at first.

It was the air.

It didn't move like air.

It pressed.

Downward. Inward. Like something vast and invisible was leaning against the world and the world was trying very hard not to bend.

Static crawled across Shammy's skin.

She stopped on the narrow stone path.

Her silver-white hair shifted slightly.

There was no wind.

"...this place is under compression," she said quietly.

Ace didn't stop walking.

"Define compression."

Shammy tilted her head, listening.

"...the atmosphere is being told what to be."

Mai exhaled slowly.

"...good. That means it's artificial."

She raised her hand and released a thin runic pulse into the fog.

The reaction was immediate.

The air vibrated.

Invisible geometry ignited across her vision — lines, nodes, intersections layered over reality like a hidden skeleton.

Mai's expression flattened.

"Right."

Ace glanced sideways.

"What."

Mai pointed toward the castle emerging through the fog.

High towers. Blackened stone. Too old. Too intact.

“Occult structure,” she said.

A beat.

“Extremely high density.”

Another beat.

“...and completely saturated with Nazi symbology.”

Ace didn’t even blink.

“Nazis.”

Mai nodded.

“Occult Nazis.”

Ace sighed.

“Of course it is.”

Shammy wasn’t looking at the castle.

She was listening to the pressure inside the air.

“The atmosphere does not approve,” she said.

—

The path became a cracked stone bridge.

It led straight to the gate.

The gates were open.

That was wrong.

Structures like this didn’t invite.

They resisted.

This one waited.

Ace stepped into the gatehouse shadow and stopped.

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

“Movement.”

Mai saw nothing.

Shammy felt everything.

“Multiple,” she said. “...inside.”

Ace nodded once.

Green light flashed as the first katana slid free.

“Alright.”

—

The courtyard swallowed them.

Silence.

Then—

Something moved.

Not human.

Never human.

A Wehrmacht coat draped over a grey, dead thing pretending to be alive.

Eyes burning red.

Ace studied it for exactly one second.

“Vampires.”

Mai pressed her fingers briefly against her temple.

“...of course they are.”

It lunged.

Fast.

Ace was faster.

The blade moved.

The head separated before the sound existed.

Black smoke curled upward.

Silence returned.

For half a second.

Then the shadows broke.

Dozens.

Shammy raised one hand.

The air tightened.

Electricity crawled across stone.

“That’s a lot,” she said.

Ace rolled the blade in her grip.

“Good.”

Mai wasn’t watching the enemies.

She was watching the ground.

Symbols.

Carved between stones.

Interlocking.

Alive.

She knelt and pressed her palm against the courtyard.

Silver light flared.

A pulse detonated through the structure.

Three nodes shattered instantly.

Somewhere deep inside the castle—

A scream.

“Ritual destabilization,” Mai said.

Ace split a second vampire from shoulder to hip.

“Good.”

—

The second wave came faster.

More coordinated.

The pressure in the air increased.

Shammy’s eyes half-closed.

“They are drawing from the environment.”

Her fingers twitched.

“Correcting.”

The air snapped tighter.

Movement slowed.

Barely.

Enough.

Ace moved.

Two cuts.

Three bodies fell.

No wasted motion.

—

The gate exploded inward.

Wood and iron shattered across the courtyard.

Behind it—

Soldiers.

Ranks.

Dozens becoming hundreds.

Wehrmacht uniforms.

But wrong.

Too precise.

Too synchronized.

Red ritual energy burned across their forms like veins.

Mai didn't hesitate.

“...ritual-enhanced infantry.”

Ace watched the rifles lift.

“...great.”

The first shot fired.

Ace tilted her head.

The bullet passed.

She moved.

The soldier died before the trigger reset.

—

Mai looked toward the tower.

And froze.

The structure had changed.

Expanded.

No longer contained.

Geometry burned across the entire castle.

Across the mountain.

Across—

She inhaled sharply.

“...this is not a summoning.”

Ace cut down another soldier.

“Then what.”

Mai’s voice dropped.

“They’re rewriting an outcome.”

A pause.

“...history-level.”

Ace glanced at her.

“...that sounds annoying.”

—

The chanting began.

Hundreds of voices.

German.

Layered.

Wrong.

Not singing.

Forcing.

Shammy stiffened.

“The atmosphere is being rewritten.”

Mai nodded once.

“Yes.”

Ace exhaled slowly.

“...they’re trying to win the war.”

“Retroactively,” Mai said.

Ace closed her eyes briefly.

“That’s extremely rude.”

—

The pressure spiked.

Too fast.

Too much.

Mai’s expression changed.

“...it’s accelerating.”

Ace didn’t slow.

“How bad.”

Mai didn’t answer.

Because she was already moving.

—

She slammed both hands into the stone.

Silver light erupted.

Not a pulse.

A surge.

Dozens of runic lines ignited, colliding with the ritual grid.

For one second—

The entire structure stuttered.

The chanting broke.

Several soldiers collapsed instantly.

Shammy's head snapped up.

"...you hit a core."

Mai gritted her teeth.

"...temporary."

The grid stabilized.

Harder.

Stronger.

Like it had learned.

Mai exhaled sharply.

"...it adapted."

Ace cut down another soldier.

"...I hate when they do that."

—

The courtyard was losing shape.

Not physically.

Conceptually.

Time lagged.

Sound echoed incorrectly.

Reality was slipping.

Shammy raised both hands now.

Electric arcs surged.

The air locked.

"Stabilizing local frame," she said.

Her voice strained.

"...not for long."

—

Mai looked up again.

And saw it.

The central axis.

High in the tower.

A convergence point.

"...there."

Ace followed her gaze.

"...we cut that."

Mai shook her head immediately.

"No. You don't cut it."

A beat.

"...you interrupt it."

Ace smiled faintly.

"Close enough."

She stepped forward—

—

—and stopped.

Because something else had entered the system.

—

The sound came first.

Not chanting.

Not ritual.

Drums.

Low.

Rising.

Then—

Guitars.

Mai blinked.

“...that is not possible.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“...no.”

A pause.

“...but it is happening.”

Ace looked toward the ruined edge of the courtyard.

Through the fog.

A figure stood there.

Still.

Watching.

Two blood-red katanas crossed over his back.

Ace narrowed her eyes.

“...Konrad.”

Mai stared.

“...what?”

The music surged.

Ace exhaled, almost amused.

“...oh no.”

—

Konrad stepped down.

Slow.

Calm.

Like the battlefield was beneath his interest.

Mai whispered:

“...what is he doing?”

Ace didn't look away from him.

“...he noticed.”

—

Konrad stopped in the center of the courtyard.

Looked at the soldiers.

At the ritual.

At the sky bending under forced history.

He drew the blades.

Red light spilled like arterial ink.

Then—

He roared.

PRIMO VICTORIA!

—

Everything froze.

Not metaphorically.

The ritual stuttered.

The chanting broke.

The soldiers hesitated.

For one impossible second—

History itself paused.

—

Then he moved.

Violence.

Absolute.

Clean.

Red arcs carved through the battlefield.

Soldiers erased.

Vampires unmade.

Symbols shattered just by proximity.

Ace watched.

Didn't intervene.

Didn't need to.

"...yeah," she muttered.

"...he's pissed."

—

But the tower still sang.

The grid still held.

Mai saw it immediately.

"...core still active."

Konrad stopped.

Looked up.

Understood.

The army wasn't the engine.

Just the fuel.

The structure remained.

—

And then—

Pressure.

Different.

Heavier.

Shammy inhaled sharply.

"...another."

Ace glanced upward.

"What now."

Shammy answered quietly:

"...predator."

—

Something descended.

Not falling.

Choosing.

Boots touched stone.

The courtyard cracked.

Seras Victoria straightened slowly.

Red eyes reflecting the broken geometry above.

She looked at Konrad.

“You broke the toys.”

Konrad wiped a blade.

“They were loud.”

Seras nodded.

“Fair.”

Then she looked up.

And her expression changed.

“...that’s not a ritual.”

Mai stepped forward.

“...what.”

Seras pointed at the sky.

“That’s an edit.”

—

Silence.

Even the chanting faltered.

Mai felt it.

The structure.

Not summoning.

Not forcing.

Editing.

“...they’re writing a branch,” she said.

Seras shook her head slightly.

“No.”

A pause.

“...they’re trying to replace the original.”

—

The grid surged.

Final phase.

Lock attempt.

Mai moved instantly.

Both hands up.

Every rune she had ignited at once.

Silver light slammed into the structure.

Shammy followed.

Atmosphere compressed violently.

The entire courtyard locked in place.

Ace moved.

Not at the enemies.

At the axis.

She reached it.

Struck.

Green light collided with impossible geometry—

—

—and for one second

the system broke.

—

The grid fractured.

Not destroyed.

Opened.

—

Seras stepped forward.

Now.

Not before.

Now.

She raised one hand.

The world went quiet.

Not silent.

Correct.

She spoke:

“Incorrect entry.”

—

Reality flickered.

Deep.

Structural.

The grid collapsed inward like a failed equation.

The chanting cut mid-syllable.

The entire attempt—

Removed.

—

Mai staggered slightly.

“...you didn't destroy it.”

Seras shrugged.

“No.”

She looked at the empty sky.

“I corrected it.”

—

The castle began to collapse.

Without the structure, it had nothing left to pretend with.

Stone cracked.

Towers fell.

The pressure lifted.

Completely.

—

Shammy exhaled.

Long.

“...the atmosphere approves.”

Ace looked around the ruins.

“...that escalated.”

Konrad sheathed one blade.

Seras stretched slightly.

“Anything else trying to rewrite history tonight?”

Mai scanned the remnants.

“...no.”

Seras nodded.

“Good.”

—

Konrad turned.

Walked toward the fog.

Seras followed.

Ace called after them.

“Hey.”

Konrad paused.

Barely.

Ace gestured at the ruin.

“...thanks.”

Konrad shrugged.

“You opened it.”

Seras grinned.

“Barely.”

Mai nodded.

“...accurate.”

Seras laughed softly.

“Honesty. Refreshing.”

—

They stepped into the fog.

And were gone.

No transition.

No effect.

Just absence.

—

Shammy listened to the wind.

For a long moment.

Then said quietly:

“...the air will remember.”

—

Incident classification: BLACK FILE

Additional note:

Three entities engaged the anomaly.

Two corrected it.

One made it possible.

History chose not to argue.

PRIMO VICTORIA—

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