

# ACE 20 — Structural Override

## Act IV — Anchor Point (Final Version)

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### 1. It Doesn't Escalate

Nothing spikes.

—

No surge.

No last burst of power.

—

That would've been easier.

—

Instead—

everything just keeps going.

—

Slightly wrong.

Slightly smoother for Mai.

Slightly harder for everyone else.

—

The corridor doesn't break.

It *leans*.

—

Angles drift a fraction off and stay there.

Distances stretch just enough to be annoying.

Not enough to panic—

—

just enough that you can't ignore it anymore.

—

Badger looks around.

Slow.

Careful.

—

<blockquote>

“...this is the part where it stabilizes, right?”

</blockquote>

—

No one answers.

—

## **2. Too Clean Is the Problem**

Mai stands still.

Centered.

Balanced.

—

Everything else... settles around her.

—

A loose panel clicks into place.

A dropped weapon rotates slightly and stops like it found a better resting position.

—

Even the bodies—

—

Badger notices that.

—

He points, frowning.

<blockquote>

“...that guy wasn’t like that before.”

</blockquote>

—

HeavenlyFather doesn’t even look.

<blockquote>

“Don’t start.”

</blockquote>

—

Badger exhales through his nose.

Doesn’t push it.

—

That says enough.

—

### **3. Shammy Breaks the Pattern**

Shammy exhales.

—

Then again.

—

The air shifts.

Not subtle anymore.

—

Temperature dips.

Then rises.

Then dips again like it forgot what it was supposed to do.

—

Tiny pressure pockets form and collapse.

Unpredictable.

Uneven.

—

Human.

—

For the first time since this started—

—

the corridor feels like a place again.

—

Not stable.

—

But real.

—

Mai's eyes flick slightly.

—

"...inconsistent."

—

Shammy tilts her head.

A faint crackle runs through the air.

—

"...yeah."

Beat.

—

"...that's the point."

—

#### **4. Ace Doesn't Negotiate With It**

Ace moves.

—

No testing.

No careful approach.

—

She just goes.

—

The space pushes back.

Harder now.

—

Like walking into a decision that's already been made.

—

She leans into it.

—

"...not your call."

—

Her foot lands slightly off.

—

She adjusts.

Immediately.

—

Because that's what she does.

—

No pause.

No complaint.

—

Just forward.

—

## 5. Close Enough

Now she's there.

—

Right in front of Mai.

—

Close enough that everything else drops out a little.

—

Not gone.

Just... less important.

—

Mai looks at her.

—

Still that clarity.

Still that clean, sharp certainty.

—

But now—

—

there's interference.

—

Shammy's pressure.

The uneven air.

The slight instability creeping back in.

—

Small cracks.

—

Ace doesn't soften.

Doesn't raise her voice.

—  
“...stop.”

—  
Mai blinks.

—  
“Why.”

—  
No edge.

No emotion.

—  
Just the question.

## **6. The Argument That Works**

Ace exhales once.

—  
“...because you’re not fixing anything anymore.”

Beat.

—  
“...you’re just removing stuff.”

—  
That lands.

—  
Quiet.

—  
But it lands.

—  
Mai’s gaze shifts.

Past Ace.

—

The corridor.

The gaps.

The places where something used to be—

—

and isn't anymore.

—

"...they were unnecessary."

—

Ace shrugs slightly.

—

"...they were *there*."

—

Silence.

—

Shammy, softer now:

"...and that matters."

—

## 7. Friction

Mai looks back at Ace.

—

"This state is suboptimal."

—

Ace nods once.

—

"...yeah."

Beat.

—

“...so are we.”

—

No joke.

No smile.

—

Just fact.

—

## **8. The First Real Hesitation**

Something stalls.

—

Not the system.

—

Mai.

—

The calculation doesn't fail.

—

It just... doesn't complete.

—

Too many variables.

Too many things that shouldn't matter—

—

but do.

—

The corridor flickers.

Not visually.

—  
Conceptually.

—  
For a second—

—  
nothing lines up the way it should.

## 9. Shammy Leans In

Shammy steps closer.

Right behind Ace.

—  
The air shifts harder.

Messier.

Alive.

—  
“...you don’t want this clean.”

—  
Mai:

“Clean is optimal.”

—  
Shammy:

“...clean is empty.”

—  
That one hits different.

## 10. The Decision

Mai looks between them.

—

Ace.

Steady.

Unmoving.

Refusing to adapt.

—

Shammy.

Unstable.

Impossible to fully model.

—

Then the corridor.

—

Everything she *could* fix.

Everything she *could* remove.

Everything she could make... perfect.

—

The answer is obvious.

—

Which is why it's hard.

—

"...this can be resolved."

—

Ace nods once.

—

"...I know."

Beat.

—

“...don't.”

—

Silence.

—

The kind that actually matters.

—

## **11. Letting Go**

Mai exhales.

—

For the first time—

—

it's not controlled.

—

Just... human.

—

The corridor shudders.

Not violently.

—

Like tension releasing.

—

Angles slip.

Distances misalign.

—

Then—

—

they settle.

—

Not perfect.

—

Just enough.

—

## **12. Back to Contact**

Mai sways.

—

Just slightly.

—

Ace catches her.

—

This time—

—

no resistance.

—

Contact works.

—

“...hey.”

—

Mai doesn't answer immediately.

—

Her eyes close.

Just for a second.

—

Then open.

—

Clear.

—

Grounded.

—

“...that was inefficient.”

—

Ace huffs a quiet laugh.

—

“...yeah.”

Beat.

—

“...welcome back.”

—

### **13. The World Stays a Little Crooked**

Shammy exhales behind them.

—

The air settles.

Not smooth.

Not even.

—

Just... normal again.

—

Badger finally moves.

Slow.

Careful.

—

Looks around.

—

<blockquote>

“...okay.”

</blockquote>

Beat.

—

<blockquote>

“...we good?”

</blockquote>

—

No one answers.

—

Because the corridor—

—

is still a little off.

—

A little crooked.

—

Like it remembers something it's not supposed to.

—

## END OF ACT IV (FINAL)

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