

**ACE 35 — “Blind Transport”**  
**Chapter 6 — Desync Protocol**

No one moved immediately.

Not because they were unsure.

Because they understood.

---

Desynchronization wasn't a tactic.

It was a surrender.

---

Mai saw it first.

Not emotionally.

Structurally.

Every model she had built up to this point—every correction, every recalibration, every attempt to force consistency into the system—

had made it worse.

---

“They're converging on agreement,” she said quietly.

---

Ace didn't look at her.

“...then we stop agreeing.”

---

Shammy's gaze moved between them.

Held.

Measured.

For a fraction of a second—

perfect alignment.

---

And in that fraction—

---

The room tightened.

---

Not physically.

Not visibly.

---

But the pressure of correctness—  
spiked.

---

Shammy felt it like a clamp.

“...now,” she said.

---

They broke.

---

Not violently.

Not obviously.

---

But completely.

---

Mai shifted her stance—

just enough to change her angle.

Not a step.

A deviation.

---

Ace moved in the opposite direction.

Minimal.

---

Precise.

---

Shammy—

did not move at all.

---

Three observers.

Three frames.

No shared reference.

---

The room reacted.

---

Not by collapsing.

---

By hesitating.

---

For the first time since they had entered—

the system did not resolve instantly.

---

Light flickered.

Not visibly.

Not in intensity.

---

In authority.

---

Edges blurred.

Then snapped back.

---

Then blurred again.

---

"...it's trying to reconcile," Mai said.

---

Ace adjusted her grip.

The statue in her hands—  
felt different.

---

Not closer.

Not heavier.

---

Less certain.

---

"...it doesn't know where it is," she said.

---

Shammy exhaled.

The air—  
moved.

---

For the first time.

---

Not fully.

Not freely.

---

But enough.

---

"...we broke the priority chain," she said.

---

Mai didn't look at her.

"Not broken," she said.

"Conflicted."

---

A beat.

---

"That's enough."

---

The statues—

---

did not move.

---

But they were no longer stable.

---

Their positions—

wavered.

---

Not shifting.

Not translating.

---

Existing in slightly different places—

depending on where you stood.

---

Ace saw one angle.

---

Mai saw another.

Shammy—

something in between.

---

“...count,” Mai said.

---

Ace answered immediately.

“...four.”

---

Shammy followed.

“...four.”

---

Mai didn't answer.

---

She didn't trust it anymore.

---

“...positions,” she said instead.

---

Ace didn't hesitate.

“...wrong.”

---

Shammy's voice came slower.

“...inconsistent.”

---

Mai nodded once.

“Good.”

---

The word felt wrong.

---

But it was correct.

---

Ace moved.

---

Not cautiously.

Not aggressively.

---

Freely.

---

The statue in her hands—

did not resist.

---

But now—

it didn't fully follow either.

---

For a fraction of a second—

it lagged.

---

Like the system hadn't decided where it belonged yet.

---

Ace's voice dropped.

"...window."

---

Mai saw it instantly.

---

The delay.

---

The hesitation.

---

The gap between observation and resolution.

---

"...we use that," she said.

---

Shammy stepped forward.

The air moved with her now—

not fully—

but enough to matter.

---

"...I can stretch it," she said.

---

A beat.

---

"Not hold it."

---

Mai nodded.

"Don't hold."

"Distort."

---

The room reacted again.

The statues—

---

felt

further apart.

---

Not physically.

---

Conceptually.

---

The shared frame—

fracturing.

---

Ace took another step.

---

The statue in her hands—

shifted.

---

Not toward her.

---

Not away.

---

Sideways.

---

Impossible movement—

made irrelevant by the lack of agreement.

---

"...it's slipping," she said.

---

Mai's voice came sharp.

"Good."

"Let it."

---

Shammy inhaled—

deep—

slow—

---

The air bent.

---

Not around them.

---

Through them.

---

Micro-pressure gradients forming—

not to stabilize—

but to interfere.

---

Breathing became uneven.

Not forced.

Just... different for each of them.

---

Three rhythms.

---

Three observers.

---

No synchronization.

---

The system faltered.

---

For the first time—

---

one of the statues  
was not fully present  
to any of them.

---

Not invisible.

---

Just—  
incomplete.

---

Mai saw it as a distortion.

---

Ace saw it as a delay.

---

Shammy felt it as a pressure drop.

---

“...there,” Mai said.

---

Ace moved.

---

Fast.

---

Not reckless.

---

Exact.

---

She stepped through the distortion—  
the space where the statue should have been—

---

and nothing stopped her.

---

For a fraction of a second—

---

there was no object there.

---

Then—

---

it snapped back.

---

Behind her.

---

Not moved.

---

Reassigned.

---

Ace didn't turn.

Didn't look.

---

"...we can pass through them," she said.

---

Mai's mind rebuilt the model instantly.

---

"...not pass," she corrected.

---

"Outpace."

---

Shammy's voice came softer now.

---

"...before they resolve."

---

Silence.

---

The room—  
was losing control.

---

Not failing.

---

Struggling.

---

Too many truths.

---

Not enough agreement.

---

The statues—

---

no longer anchored to pedestals.

---

No longer anchored to positions.

---

Only—

to observation.

---

And observation—

was now broken.

---

Ace adjusted her grip again.

---

The statue in her hands—

---

flickered.

---

Not visually.

---

Existentially.

---

For a fraction—  
it wasn't fully there.

---

Her voice dropped.

---

"...we don't carry them."

---

A beat.

---

"...we drag them through uncertainty."

---

Mai nodded.

---

"That's the only state they can't stabilize in."

---

Shammy exhaled.

---

The air finally moved—  
freely now—  
but wrong.

---

Chaotic.

---

Alive again.

---

“...then we don’t fix this,” she said.

---

Ace didn’t blink.

---

“...we keep it broken.”

---

And the room—

---

for the first time—

---

failed

to answer immediately.

—

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