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Chapter 9: The Cost

The interrogation room smelled like antiseptic and burnt coffee.

Mai stood behind the two-way mirror, hands pressed flat against the console, watching Martin Reyes sit in the metal chair on the other side. He looked smaller than she remembered. Not in stature. Same height, same build. But the analyst who'd helped them track the faction's infrastructure, who'd pointed them toward the trigger-man, who'd smiled when they brought Halloway in, that person was gone. In his place sat someone who folded his hands in his lap and stared at the table like it held answers.

Director Velasco's voice crackled through the speaker. "He's been in there for six hours. Hasn't asked for a lawyer. Hasn't asked for anything."

Mai's pen moved across her tablet. Calculations she wasn't consciously making. Numbers, probabilities, patterns that wouldn't resolve. Her grandmother's voice surfaced without warning: *The beauty is in the crack, Mai-chan. Not the bowl. The crack.*

She'd thought Reyes was solid. Trusted his analysis. Brought him into the investigation because his numbers matched hers, because his pattern recognition complemented her own, because he'd seemed as frustrated by the anomalies as she was.

The crack. Where the bowl wanted to break.

"Ace." Faster than she intended. "How do you want to handle this?"

Ace stood against the wall behind her, arms crossed, shadow pooling at her feet. She hadn't spoken since they'd arrived. Her hand rested on her blade. Not drawn. Not ready. Just present.

She didn't answer Mai's question. Just looked at the mirror, at Reyes on the other side, and said nothing.

Shammy had found a corner in the observation room where the air moved differently. The Foundation building's ventilation was mechanical, forced, sterile. But she'd learned to find the eddies. The places where the air wanted to go before the fans pushed it somewhere else.

She pressed her palm against the wall. Cold concrete. Dead. Whatever the Foundation had done to this place, the air didn't remember it. It moved because it was told to move, not because it wanted to.

"The pressure's wrong in here," she said. "The whole building. Like it's holding its breath."

Mai didn't look up from her tablet. "The Foundation installed ward-vents after the Return. They're designed to suppress anomalous energy fluctuations."

"That's not—" Shammy started. Then stopped. Her sentences kept doing that. Breaking off before they reached their destination. "It's like the air is... it's not that it's being suppressed, it's that it's being... I don't know how to—"

"Mai." Ace's voice. Two syllables. Flat.

Mai's pen stopped. She looked at Ace in the mirror's reflection. Ace's eyes were fixed on the interrogation room. On Reyes.

"He's going to tell us what he gave away," Ace said. "But not because we ask."

"No?"

"Because he needs us to know." Ace's shadow rippled at her feet. "He's been waiting six hours. He's not scared. He's preparing."

Mai's hands pressed harder against the console. Her calculations were fragmenting. Variables she'd controlled for, patterns she'd trusted. Reyes had been part of the pattern. A piece she'd accounted for.

"Preparing for what?"

Ace didn't answer. Pushed off from the wall and walked toward the interrogation room door.

The room was smaller than it looked through the mirror. Metal table bolted to the floor. Two chairs. A camera in the corner that hummed with something more than electricity. The lights were too bright. Too clinical. Designed to make the person in the chair feel exposed.

Reyes looked up when Ace entered. Same face she'd seen in briefings, in debriefings, in the moments between operations when he'd handed her files and made jokes about Foundation coffee. But his eyes were different. Flatter.

"Agent." He shifted in his chair. "I wondered which one of you would come in first."

Ace didn't sit. Stood across the table from him, shadow pooling at her feet, hand resting on her blade. Not a threat. Just a presence.

"The team trusted you," Ace said.

Not a question. Not an accusation. Just a statement, delivered without inflection.

Reyes nodded. "They did."

"Mai trusted you."

Something flickered in his eyes. "Yes."

Ace didn't respond. Just stood there, watching him. The silence stretched. The lights hummed. Somewhere in the building, a ventilation system pushed air through ducts that didn't want it.

Reyes shifted in his chair. His hands tightened slightly in his lap. Ace noticed. She noticed everything. The way his pulse moved in his throat. The angle of his shoulders. The micro-expressions that crossed

his face and vanished.

"You gave them something," Ace said. "The faction. You gave them something they needed."

Not a question. Reyes didn't treat it as one.

"I gave them a location." His voice was steady. "A Foundation site. One of the secure facilities."

"Which one?"

Reyes's smile was thin. Not cruel. Not sad. Just tired. "Site 47. The research station in the Cascades. The one where the Foundation studies pre-Return artifacts."

Ace's shadow spread slightly. She didn't command it. It just moved.

"What's there?"

"Something the faction needs for their next phase." Reyes leaned back. "They've been accelerating the ley line growth. Expanding the grid. But expansion isn't their endgame. It's preparation."

"Preparation for what?"

"I don't know." For the first time, uncertainty crept into Reyes's voice. "I gave them what they asked for. They didn't tell me why they needed it. That's not how they work."

Ace's hand tightened on her blade. The metal hummed faintly, emerald glow catching the overhead light.

"Why did you help them?"

The question hung. Reyes looked at Ace for a long moment. Then he looked at his hands.

"Because someone was going to have to help them eventually." His voice was quiet. "The Return happened. Magic came back. The Foundation's response was containment. Control. Pretend nothing had changed, just adjust the protocols." He looked up. "That's not going to work. The world is changing. Either you change with it, or you get left behind."

"So you betrayed your team."

"I made a choice." His jaw tightened. "You don't understand. You're the Triad. The Foundation's premier containment team. You're the ones they send when something goes wrong. But the rest of us? The analysts, the support staff, the people who keep the infrastructure running? We're supposed to just... accept. Follow orders. Trust that the Foundation knows what it's doing."

His voice cracked. Just for a moment.

"My mother is sick. Insurance won't cover the treatment. The faction offered to help. They have resources. Connections. They said—" He stopped. Swallowed. "They said they could make things happen that the Foundation couldn't. Or wouldn't."

Ace stood in silence. Her shadow pooled wrong at her feet, spreading without her commanding it, responding to something in the room that wasn't quite anger. Wasn't quite anything.

"Site 47," she said finally. "What's there?"

Reyes met her eyes. “The Foundation has been collecting pre-Return artifacts for decades. Most of them are dormant. Harmless. But there's one—”

He stopped. The lights flickered. The camera in the corner hummed louder.

“There's one that isn't.”

Mai watched through the mirror. Her pen moved faster now, scratching calculations onto her tablet. Her other hand pressed against the console, knuckles white.

Site 47. The research facility in the Cascades. She'd heard the name in briefings, seen it cross-referenced in files she didn't have clearance for. The Foundation's deep storage for anomalous objects that predated the Return. Artifacts from a time before the Foundation had standardized containment protocols.

She'd assumed it was a storage facility. Archives. Research notes.

But Ace's face through the mirror, flat, still, watching Reyes with the particular attention she gave to threats, told her there was more.

“What do we know about Site 47?” Mai asked into her comms.

Silence. Then Director Velasco's voice, tight: “Site 47 is classified Level 7. I don't have full access. But the files I can see—” A pause. Typing. “It contains a pre-Return artifact designated 'The Anchor.' The Foundation has been studying it for forty years. They believe it's a focal point for ley line convergence.”

Mai's pen stopped. Her grandmother's voice: *The crack shows you where the bowl wants to break.*

Ley line convergence. The grid the faction was building. The pattern accelerating across the city. If the Anchor was a focal point—

“They're going to use it.” Mai's words tumbled over each other. “The faction. They're going to use the Anchor to amplify the grid. To push the convergence faster. If they activate it at a convergence point, the energy spike would accelerate everything. The anomalies. The growth rate. The entire process would—”

“Mai.”

Shammy's voice from the corner. Warm. Grounding.

Mai stopped. Her hands were shaking. She pressed them flat against the console.

“The pattern,” she said, slower now. “The ley line grid. It's been expanding from downtown, right? But if they have a focal point, a convergence anchor, they can trigger the whole grid at once. Not incremental growth. Cascading activation.”

“How long do we have?” Ace's voice crackled through the speaker. Still in the interrogation room, still watching Reyes, but she'd heard Mai through the comms.

Mai pulled up the ley line data. The growth curves. The intersection frequencies. The expansion rate.

"Hours." Her voice cracked. "Maybe less. If they're already moving, and they have the location, and they know what they're looking for—" She stopped. "We need to go now. Before they reach the site."

"Backup will take at least two hours to mobilize," Velasco's voice said. "Full team. Equipment. Transport."

"We don't have two hours."

Mai turned from the console. Her calculations were fragmenting in her head, variables multiplying faster than she could process. The pattern. The Anchor. The faction. Reyes. The trust she'd placed in him, the analysis she'd shared, the—

She felt Ace's hand on her arm. Hadn't heard her come out of the interrogation room.

Ace didn't speak. Just stood there, shadow pooling at her feet, presence solid and warm. Her fingers pressed gently against Mai's forearm. Not pulling. Not restraining. Just there.

Mai's breath steadied. Just slightly. Just enough.

"We go now," Ace said. "The three of us. We stop them before they reach the site."

Shammy moved from her corner. The air shifted slightly as she passed. "Love, if they've been planning this for months, they'll have people at the site already. Security. Contingencies."

Ace's hand tightened on Mai's arm. Just for a moment. Then she let go.

"We stop them."

It wasn't a plan. It wasn't even a strategy. It was a statement of intent. And in that moment, Mai understood: Ace wasn't asking for analysis. She wasn't asking for probability calculations or tactical assessments. She was asking for trust.

The beauty is in the crack, Mai-chan.

The crack. Where the bowl wanted to break.

"Site 47 is four hours away," Mai said. Steadier now. "By standard transport. But if we take the Foundation's—"

"I know a faster way."

Shammy felt the air before she saw it.

The Cascades were still, mountains rising in jagged lines against the purple sky. The forest below was dark, thick with trees that had stood for centuries before the Return, before magic came back, before any of this. But the air. Something was wrong with the air.

"It's pulled," she said. Her voice came out fragmented, breaking. "Like the wind is being—there's something drawing it. Toward the site. The atmosphere is—it's not right, it's like when a storm is being born but backwards, like the pressure is being—"

She couldn't finish. The words kept stopping before they reached their destination.

Mai drove. The Foundation transport hummed along the mountain road, engine modified to handle the increased magical interference in the atmosphere. The dashboard glowed with readings Mai didn't have time to analyze.

"Two hours to the site at this rate." Mai's words came fast, tumbling. "We might still be able to intercept them before they reach the artifact, but the ley line readings are already showing instability, which means the Anchor might already be—"

"Mai."

Ace's voice from the back seat. Quiet. Present.

Mai stopped. Her hands tightened on the wheel. She was processing, she could feel it happening, her mind running calculations faster than she could speak, patterns overlapping, probabilities colliding. The faction had the location. The faction knew what they were looking for. The faction had been planning this for months, which meant they'd anticipated exactly—

"Mai." Same tone. Same steadiness.

Mai took a breath. Another. Her grandmother's face surfaced in her memory. The chawan with the deliberate chip. The afternoon light through paper screens.

"I'm sorry." Quiet. "I trusted him. I brought him into the investigation. I shared analysis with him that—the pattern, the grid, the ley line data. I gave him everything. And he—"

Her voice broke. She didn't finish.

Ace leaned forward from the back seat. Her hand found Mai's shoulder. Not pulling. Not restraining. Just there.

"Mai's analysis was sound," Ace said. Her voice was flat, but something underneath it wasn't. "The data was correct. The pattern was real. Reyes made his own choice."

"That's not—" Mai started. Her throat was tight. "I should have seen it. The pattern was there. The variables I couldn't account for. The way the faction always seemed to know—"

"Stop."

Ace's voice wasn't harsh. But it carried weight.

"You didn't see it because he was supposed to be on our side. That's not a flaw in your analysis. That's—" Ace's shadow rippled at her feet. "That's what trust is for. And he broke it. That's on him."

Mai's hands loosened slightly on the wheel. Her calculations were still running, she could feel them, a hum beneath her thoughts, but they weren't overwhelming her now. Just present. Like Ace's hand on her shoulder.

"I should have—"

"You did everything right." Ace's voice was quiet. "Sometimes that's not enough."

Shammy, in the passenger seat, watched the mountains pass. The air outside was pulling, drawn toward something deep in the forest. The pressure was building wrong. Backwards. Like a storm being born inside out.

"The air's getting louder," she said. "Whatever's at the site, it's—it's calling. Not to me. Not to us. But it's calling something. The wind is carrying—"

She stopped. The sentence didn't finish. It didn't need to.

Site 47 wasn't what Mai expected.

The drive had taken three and a half hours. The transport's modifications working overtime, the roads narrower than they should have been, the magical interference in the atmosphere making the GPS glitch and stutter. By the time they reached the turnoff, Shammy's hands were pressed against the window, her eyes distant, reading something in the air that Mai couldn't see.

The facility was built into the side of a mountain. A single entrance, a reinforced door set into the rock face, marked with Foundation symbols that glowed faintly in the purple-tinged darkness. No lights. No guards. Just silence.

"That's wrong," Shammy said. Her voice was fragments. "The air shouldn't be this—there's no movement. No circulation. The atmosphere inside is dead. Like something—"

"Like something drained it," Ace finished.

Mai's tablet flickered. The ley line readings were off the charts. The grid they'd mapped in Seattle was here too, a thread of new magic threading through the mountain, converging on something beneath the rock face.

"They're already inside." Mai's words came fast again. "The security team would have—there should be a response, there should be—"

Ace was already moving. Her shadow spread across the ground, pooling toward the door. She didn't check it. Just let it move, let it feel the edges of the entrance, let it sense what was waiting on the other side.

"Three signatures," she said. "Inside. Moving toward the center."

"The artifact?"

Ace's shadow rippled. "Something's awake. I can feel it in the—the shadow is responding to something. Something old."

Mai grabbed her disruptor pistol from the transport's storage compartment. The weight was familiar. Comforting. She'd designed the modifications herself, rune-marked the barrel, calibrated the frequency to disrupt magical energy without causing structural damage.

But as she held it, her hands trembled.

I trusted him. I brought him into this. I gave them—

Ace's hand found hers. Not pulling the weapon away. Just touching. Present.

"We go in," Ace said. "We stop them. We figure out the rest after."

Mai took a breath. The mountain air was cold, thin, carrying something that tasted like lightning

before a storm. She felt Shammy move to her other side. Tall. Steady. The air shifting around her like a cloak.

“Ready?” Shammy asked. Steadier now. Grounded. “Whatever's in there, it's been waiting. The air remembers. Old storms, old winds. Things that blew through this mountain before humans learned to write.”

“Can you control it?”

Shammy's smile was thin. “The air? Maybe. The artifact? I don't know yet.”

Ace didn't speak. Just moved toward the door, shadow pooling at her feet, hand resting on her blade. Ready.

The facility's emergency power was still on.

Dim lights lined the corridors, casting everything in pale yellow. The walls were concrete, reinforced, marked with Foundation symbols that were supposed to suppress anomalous energy. But Mai could feel it. The hum in her teeth. The charge in her fingertips. Whatever the Anchor was, it was already affecting the local magical field.

Three bodies. The security team. They were alive, barely. Unconscious, arranged against the wall like someone had placed them there deliberately. Not killed. Just removed from the equation.

Mai knelt beside the nearest one. Pulse present. Pupils reactive. Magical sedation, probably. Designed to suppress without damage. The faction had come prepared.

“They knew what they'd find.” Mai's voice came out analytical, processing. “They had countermeasures. They knew the security team's rotation. They knew the ward configurations. This wasn't opportunistic. This was—”

“Planned.” Ace's voice was flat. “Reyes gave them everything.”

The corridor stretched ahead, deeper into the mountain. The air grew thicker as they moved. Shammy's breathing changed, her connection to the atmosphere fighting against whatever the Anchor was doing to the local magical field.

“It's pulling,” Shammy said. Her words came in fragments. “The artifact. It's not just—there's something in it that's calling. The wind wants to—but it can't—it's like being in a room where all the doors are closed and—”

Ace held up a hand. They stopped.

Voices ahead. Low. Urgent. Carrying the particular cadence of someone giving orders.

Mai's tablet showed the layout. The central chamber. The artifact. The faction.

They moved forward. Ace's shadow spread ahead of her, pooling through the corridor, sensing the space before they entered it. The emerald glow along her blade hummed faintly. Shammy's hands spread at her sides, the air around her starting to shift.

The central chamber doors were open.

The Anchor was smaller than Mai expected.

It sat on a pedestal in the center of a vast room carved into the mountain's heart. A sphere of dark stone, maybe two feet in diameter, covered in symbols that predated any written language Mai recognized. The Foundation's equipment surrounded it. Sensors, monitors, containment fields designed to keep it dormant. All of it dark. Inactive.

The faction had disabled everything.

Three figures stood around the pedestal. Two Mai didn't recognize, a man and a woman, both dressed in practical clothing, both holding devices she couldn't identify. The third—

The third was the woman from the old Foundation headquarters. The one who'd folded space and vanished.

She looked up as they entered. Her smile was the same. Too wide. Like she'd been expecting them.

"The Triad." She tilted her head. "You're faster than I hoped. I gave you credit for four hours."

Ace's blade was in her hand. Mai didn't remember her drawing it. The shadow at Ace's feet spread wrong, pooling toward the pedestal, responding to something in the artifact that Mai couldn't see.

"Don't," Ace said.

The woman tilted her head. "Don't what? Don't take the Anchor? Don't finish what we started?" She gestured to the sphere. "This has been waiting. Longer than your Foundation. Longer than any of your institutions. It's been waiting for someone to wake it up."

"That's not your decision to make." Mai's voice came out steady. She was surprised by that. Her hands still trembled on her pistol, but her words held. "The Anchor is a convergence point. If you activate it without containment protocols, the energy spike will—"

"Will do exactly what it's supposed to do." The woman's smile didn't waver. "Accelerate the Return. Complete the grid. Wake the Earth fully." She spread her arms. "This isn't destruction. This is evolution. Humanity isn't ready. But it will be."

Shammy's voice came from beside Mai: "The air in here is—it's screaming. Whatever that thing is, it's not supposed to be—it's pulling everything. The pressure is wrong. The atmosphere is—"

"Your elemental friend is right." The woman's eyes moved to Shammy. "The Anchor calls to the elements. It always has. But it doesn't answer to them. It answers to something older."

Ace's shadow spread further. The emerald glow along her blade intensified.

"Step away from the pedestal," Ace said.

The woman didn't move. Her companions, two of them, raised their devices. Not weapons. Something else. Mai's analysis flickered: energy emitters, tuned to a frequency she couldn't identify.

"You're not going to fight us," the woman said. "Not because you can't. Because you understand what

this is. You've seen the grid. You've seen the pattern. You know what's coming.”

“I know you're accelerating something you don't understand.” Mai's words tumbled out faster. “The ley line growth rate has exceeded all projected curves. The anomalies are becoming more frequent. The infrastructure can't handle—”

“The infrastructure isn't supposed to handle it. It's supposed to change.” The woman's voice carried something like patience. Like a teacher explaining to a student who was almost there. “The Return isn't an event. It's a process. We're just helping it along.”

“By destroying containment protocols?” Mai's voice cracked. “By giving people powers they can't control? By—”

“By giving humanity what it's owed.” The woman's smile faded. “Magic was stolen from us. Locked away. Hoarded by the few who remembered it. The Return is reclamation. We're just making sure it happens on schedule.”

Ace moved.

Not toward the woman. Toward the pedestal.

Her shadow surged forward, spreading across the floor in a wave of darkness that moved faster than her body. The woman's companions raised their devices. Mai saw the energy emitters flare. Ace's shadow hit the pedestal first.

The Anchor pulsed.

Light erupted from the sphere. Not bright. Dark. A darkness that spread through the room like ink in water, touching the walls, the ceiling, the air itself. Shammy gasped, her connection to the atmosphere suddenly overwhelmed by something pulling, pulling, pulling.

Mai's disruptor pistol fired. The energy pulse hit the nearest emitter, knocked it from the man's hand. But the woman was already moving.

She didn't fight. She didn't need to. The Anchor was already awake. The room was already filling with darkness that wasn't shadow, wasn't light, wasn't anything Mai could calculate.

“Too late,” the woman said. Her voice echoed strangely. “It's already begun.”

The darkness spread. The woman and her companions, Mai saw them moving toward the exit. Not running. Walking. Like they'd done what they came to do.

Ace's shadow was pulled toward the Anchor. Not by her command. The artifact was calling to it, calling to the darkness inside her, the fragment she carried, the thing she'd never fully understood.

“No.” Ace's voice was quiet. Her blade was in her hand. Her shadow was spreading, pulled toward the sphere, responding to something older than her, older than the Foundation, older than anything she knew.

“Ace!” Mai's voice. Sharp. Breaking through.

Ace's hand found her blade. Not to draw it. To ground herself. The emerald glow pulsed. Her shadow stopped spreading, pulled back toward her feet, resisted the call.

The Anchor's pulse slowed. The darkness receded. Not gone. Waiting.

Shammy staggered. Her connection to the air was frayed. The atmosphere in the room had been drained, pulled into the sphere, consumed. But she reached out, one hand raised, and pulled it back. Not all of it. Just enough. Just enough to fill her lungs, to fill the room, to make the air move again.

The woman was gone. Her companions too. The chamber was empty except for the Triad and the pulsing sphere in the center.

Mai's calculations caught up with her.

The grid. The ley line map. The convergence point. Everything she'd analyzed, every pattern she'd traced, it was all connected. The Anchor was the keystone. The focal point. And now—

"Now it's active," she said. Quiet. "The grid is going to respond. Every ley line intersection, every anomaly point, it's all going to—"

Ace's hand found hers. Not pulling. Just present.

"We stop it," Ace said. "We stop what comes next."

Mai looked at her. At the shadow pooling at her feet. At the blade in her hand. At the steadiness in her eyes that Mai couldn't find in herself.

"How?"

Ace didn't answer. Just looked at the Anchor, at the darkness spreading through the room, at the thing that had called to her shadow and found something waiting.

"We figure it out," she said. "Together."

The mountain was quiet.

Outside Site 47, the air had returned to something like normal. Shammy stood with her face turned upward, feeling the wind move through the trees. Thinner now. Wrong. But there.

Mai sat in the transport, her tablet glowing with data that didn't make sense yet. The ley line grid was pulsing. Not growing. Pulsing. Responding to the Anchor's activation. Every intersection, every anomaly point, every thread of magic the Return had woven through the city, it was all waking up.

"Reyes." Mai's voice was flat. "He told them about the Anchor. He gave them access codes. He—"

"Reyes made his choice." Ace stood outside the transport, shadow pooling at her feet, watching the mountain. "We make ours."

Mai's hands were steady on her tablet. The calculations were running. The patterns were forming. But underneath them, something else was cracking.

The beauty is in the crack, Mai-chan. Not the bowl. The crack.

She'd trusted Reyes. She'd brought him into the investigation. She'd shared analysis, data, patterns. And he'd used it to help the faction activate an artifact that could reshape the world.

The crack shows you where the bowl wants to break.

“Site security is en route,” Mai said. Steadier now. Processing. “Backup team. Full containment protocol. They'll secure the artifact.”

Ace turned from the mountain. Her face was still. Her shadow was still. But her hand found Mai's arm again. Just present. Just there.

“We'll find them,” Ace said. “The woman. Her companions. Everyone involved.”

Shammy moved to Mai's other side. The air shifted around her. Still wrong, still pulled, but present.

“The wind will remember them,” Shammy said. Her voice was fragmented, but steadier than before. “Whoever they are. The atmosphere carries traces. I can feel them, if I—if we find where they went.”

Mai's tablet flickered. The ley line data was still pulsing. The grid was still active. But for now, the immediate threat had passed. The faction had achieved one goal. But they hadn't achieved all of them.

“We need to get back.” Mai's words started tumbling again. “Reyes is in custody. He knows more than he's told us. If I can—”

She stopped.

Ace's hand tightened on her arm. Just for a moment.

“We'll figure it out,” Ace said. “Together.”

Mai looked at her. At Shammy. At the team that had trusted her analysis, trusted her judgment, trusted her. Even now. Even after.

The crack. Where the bowl wanted to break.

Maybe the break wasn't the end. Maybe it was where the light got in.

“Let's go.” Mai stood. “We have a faction to stop.”

END OF CHAPTER NINE

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