

ACT III — “The Living Loop”

Elias Voss did not like being told he was the problem.

It showed in the way his posture adjusted—not defensive, not aggressive, but *corrective*. As if the world had just presented him with a flawed input and he was already moving to fix it.

“I don’t have time for cryptic interruptions,” he said, turning partially back to his displays. “If this is about containment jurisdiction, you can route it through legal. My system goes live in—”

He glanced at a floating timestamp.

“...eighteen minutes.”

Behind him, one of the lattice simulations flickered.

Collapsed.

Rebuilt itself.

Mai stepped forward.

“Your system is already interacting with reality,” she said.

“No,” Voss replied without turning. “It’s not active.”

“Not publicly.”

That made him pause.

A small thing.

But real.

Mai continued.

“You’ve been running partial field tests,” she said. “Localized, limited amplitude, just enough to validate coherence disruption.”

He turned now.

Fully.

Eyes sharp.

“You don’t have clearance for that data.”

Mai met his gaze without effort.

“I don’t need clearance,” she said. “I need accuracy.”

A beat.

Then—

The room tilted.

This time, Voss saw it.

Not fully.

Not correctly.

But enough.

His hand snapped to the edge of the central console as the far wall *almost* folded inward again.

Almost.

The word had weight now.

The tilt stopped.

The wall returned.

The displays stabilized.

Voss inhaled once, sharply.

“What,” he said, very carefully, “was that?”

Ace answered.

“The thing you’re standing inside.”

He looked at her.

Really looked, this time.

Not at her height. Not at the blades he could now see at her sides. Not at the quiet violence in the way she held still.

At her certainty.

“That’s not an answer.”

“No,” Ace said.

“It’s a direction.”

Shammy’s voice came from behind them, softer, but cutting through the room like pressure equalizing along a fault.

“You can feel it now.”

Voss didn’t respond.

Because he could.

The air was wrong.

Not thinner.

Not thicker.

Unsettled.

Like the moment before something gives way—except the moment didn't pass.

It stayed.

He turned slowly, scanning the room as if trying to locate the edge of it.

“There's no structural failure,” he said. “My sensors would—”

“They don't see this,” Mai interrupted.

“Because it's not structural.”

Voss's jaw tightened.

“Then what is it?”

Mai didn't answer immediately.

She walked past him, toward the center of the room, where the projection field hovered—a complex, layered visualization of his anti-ritual lattice.

Elegant.

Precise.

Dangerous.

She studied it for half a second.

Then:

“You built a system that forces completion,” she said.

“Yes,” Voss replied automatically. “Ritual chains depend on uninterrupted symbolic progression. Introduce noise, you break the chain before it resolves.”

Mai nodded slightly.

“You don't break it,” she said.

“You *deny it completion.*”

Voss frowned.

“That's the same thing.”

“No,” Mai said.

“It isn’t.”

The room creaked again.

Louder.

Closer.

This time, the floor beneath them shifted—

not downward—

but *sideways*.

A fractional displacement.

Enough to make balance uncertain.

Enough to make gravity feel... undecided.

Ace adjusted her stance instinctively.

Voss grabbed the console harder.

“What the hell is happening?”

Mai turned to him.

“This building,” she said, “is in the middle of an event that has been prevented from finishing.”

He stared at her.

“That’s not possible.”

“It’s happening.”

“That’s not how causality works.”

“No,” Mai agreed.

“It’s not how it’s *supposed* to work.”

Another shift.

The ceiling dipped again—slightly more this time.

The displays flickered.

One of the lattice simulations froze mid-propagation.

Then reversed.

Ran backward for three seconds.

Stopped.

Voss saw that.

His breath caught.

"That's—"

"Wrong," Ace finished for him.

"Yes."

The word came out quieter than he intended.

Shammy moved closer now, stepping into the center of the room beside Mai.

"The pressure is climbing," she said.

"How long?" Ace asked.

Shammy didn't look away from the ceiling.

"Less."

That wasn't an answer.

It was worse.

Mai stepped closer to Voss.

"Your release," she said. "It doesn't happen."

He blinked.

"What?"

"In any stable outcome," Mai continued, "this sequence ends before you complete it."

"That's absurd."

"Is it?"

She gestured around them.

"Look."

He did.

And now—

now he could see it.

Not clearly.

Not fully.

But enough.

The room wasn't stable.

It was *trying* to be.

Failing.

Recovering.

Failing again.

Like a structure caught between states.

His system display flickered again.

This time, one of the outer lattice rings *collapsed inward*, then snapped back to full geometry.

His eyes locked onto it.

"That's interference," he said. "Something is—"

"No," Mai said.

"You are."

Silence.

Not absence.

Weight.

"You've been testing partial fields," she continued. "Breaking symbolic chains before they resolve."

"That's the point."

"Yes."

"And now you're inside a system where that principle has already been applied."

Voss shook his head.

"No. That doesn't—"

"It does."

Mai's voice didn't rise.

It didn't need to.

"Someone used a termination ritual," she said, "to prevent a future event."

His expression shifted.

Not to understanding.

To *alignment*.

The pieces weren't there yet.

But they were moving.

“What event?” he asked.

Mai didn't hesitate.

“You.”

The word landed.

Heavy.

Unavoidable.

“That's ridiculous.”

“Is it?”

“You're saying someone collapsed an entire building to stop a product launch?”

“No,” Mai said.

“They tried to remove the *outcome* of that launch.”

“And failed,” Ace added.

Voss laughed once.

Short.

Sharp.

“Clearly.”

The room tilted again.

Harder.

This time, a chair slid.

Two inches.

Stopped.

The glass wall behind him *bowed inward*—

not breaking—

just... *agreeing* with a force that hadn't fully arrived.

Voss's laughter died.

“Okay,” he said, voice tighter now. “Let's assume you're right.”

Mai didn't correct him.

Good.

He continued.

"Someone tried to stop me."

"Yes."

"They failed."

"Yes."

"So now what? We fix their mistake?"

Mai held his gaze.

"No."

"We finish it."

That landed differently.

He understood that one.

Not the implications.

But the shape.

"No," he said immediately.

Ace stepped closer.

Two meters now.

"You don't get a vote."

His eyes snapped to her.

"The hell I don't—"

The room *shifted violently*.

For one full second—

the entire structure *collapsed*.

Not physically.

Not completely.

But enough.

Enough that the floor dropped beneath them—

the walls folded—

the ceiling came down—

a full structural failure—

silent—

inevitable—

real—

—and then—

it stopped.

Everything snapped back.

Exactly where it had been.

Voss staggered.

This time, there was no denial.

He had felt it.

Lived it.

Almost died in it.

But hadn't.

Because it hadn't finished.

He looked at Mai.

No arrogance now.

No dismissal.

“What happens,” he said, very carefully, “if it *does* finish?”

Mai didn't look away.

“The loop ends.”

“And the building?”

“Remains.”

“And the people?”

“Remain.”

“And me?”

A pause.

Small.

Measured.

“You remain,” Mai said.

“But not... everything connected to you.”

He understood that.

Not emotionally.

Structurally.

“My release,” he said.

“Yes.”

“Doesn’t happen.”

“No.”

The silence that followed wasn’t empty.

It was full of consequences.

Shammy spoke into it.

“Or nothing remains,” she said quietly.

Voss turned to her.

“What?”

“If it doesn’t finish,” she said, eyes still on the invisible weight pressing through the room, “it keeps trying.”

Her voice softened.

“And next time, it won’t stop halfway.”

That landed.

Fully.

Voss exhaled slowly.

Closed his eyes for a moment.

Then opened them.

Different now.

Not calmer.

Clearer.

“You’re asking me to give it up,” he said.

Mai shook her head.

“No.”

“We’re telling you it never existed.”

That was worse.

Much worse.

He looked at his system.

At the lattice.

At years of work.

At something that would have changed the world.

And realized—

in some part of reality—

it already had.

And that was the problem.

Ace spoke.

Final.

“No more delay.”

The room creaked again.

Louder.

Closer.

Shammy’s voice dropped to almost a whisper.

“It’s coming down.”

Mai stepped forward.

Decision complete.

“We don’t stop it,” she said.

Ace nodded once.

“We let it finish.”

And this time—

Voss didn’t argue.

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Last update: **06/04/2026 09:43**

