

Chapter 5: Paper Knives

The road into the valley didn't feel like a descent.

It felt like permission.

Not granted but taken. The kind you don't realize you've stolen until something starts following the shape of your footsteps like it's memorizing a dance.

The air changed first. Not colder, not warmer—just... thinner. As if the valley had been sealed at some point and the oxygen inside had learned to ration itself.

Mai walked on Ace's left side, close enough that their sleeves brushed whenever the road narrowed. She didn't talk. Not because she was afraid. Because she was counting.

Tree lines. Rock faces. The distance between telephone poles. Anything that repeated. Anything that could become a circle if you weren't careful.

Ace moved with that compact, coiled efficiency that always made her look like she was both calm and about to explode. Her eyes tracked the spaces between things. The places where the world forgot to fill itself in.

Half a kilometer in, they reached the first sign.

Not a warning sign.

A sign that had been edited.

It used to be a simple wooden board, nailed to a post, probably telling tourists where the hiking trail began. Now the paint was scraped away in three precise arcs, the rest left intact. The letters were still there, readable in fragments.

...LEY TRA...

...KEEP...

...CLOS...

Mai stared at it without touching. "Someone tried to say 'keep close,'" she murmured, then immediately regretted speaking it.

Ace's shadow tightened at her feet like a dog hearing its name.

Mai corrected herself in the same breath. "Someone tried to leave a rule."

Ace nodded once. She didn't look at the scraped arcs for too long. The scar-sensation crawled under her ribs, subtle yet insistent. The mark loved attention the way a flame loved oxygen.

They kept moving.

The valley floor opened into a stretch of low grass and scattered stone—the kind of landscape that looked peaceful if you didn't listen. Birds were present, but their calls sounded wrong: too measured, too evenly spaced, like a recording that had been cleaned up.

Mai slowed near a cluster of boulders.

Ace slowed with her.

Between two stones, half-buried in mud and weeds, was a metal cabinet—an old utility box with its door hanging open, hinges rusted. Inside were paper folders sealed in plastic bags, layered as if someone had been coming back here for years.

Mai's eyes sharpened. "That's deliberate."

Ace crouched without hesitation, her knees folding like a spring compressing. She didn't touch the cabinet. She watched it. The air around it had that faint, sorted quiet—like the valley was paying attention.

Mai reached into her coat and pulled out thin gloves. She didn't put them on immediately. She held them in her palm for a second, considering.

"Paper is a trap," she said quietly. "But it's also a map."

Ace's gaze flicked to her, a single violet flash. Do it.

Mai put the gloves on.

She lifted one plastic bag, careful as if it might snap open and spill something worse than ink. The bag crackled softly.

The sound felt too loud.

Mai froze.

Ace's shadow tightened again, making the grass around her feet bow as if under pressure.

The valley didn't respond.

The silence stayed aligned.

Mai exhaled and pulled the folder out.

No logos. No official stamps. Just cheap paper, handwritten labels, and a smell like damp cardboard and old libraries.

Mai opened it.

Ace felt the change instantly. Not in the air. In her own body. A subtle tightening behind her eyes, as if her brain had tried to focus on something that wasn't meant to be in focus.

The first page was a sketch.

A trisected circle.

But not the one they'd seen.

This one was drawn with slight variations—some lines heavier, some broken. Notes circled it like prayers that hated their own existence.

Mai read silently, lips barely moving.

Ace watched her face.

Mai's expression was controlled—until it wasn't. A tiny fracture at the corner of her mouth.

"What," Ace asked.

Mai didn't answer right away. Her eyes moved down the page.

Then she said, very softly, "They catalogued it."

Ace's jaw shifted. The sisters hummed faintly in response, displeased. Paper didn't deserve authority over a thing like this.

Mai flipped to the next page.

A list.

Dates. Locations. Small descriptions written in careful, restrained language. Every sentence was missing something. Like the writer had intentionally left out verbs. Like they'd learned the rule and still needed to communicate.

—rain reverse; three arcs seen in reflection —silence sorts voices; children forget names first —do not finish circles; do not speak full titles —quarantine protocol engaged —observer effect increases after recognition

Mai's pencil hovered over the line children forget names first.

She didn't write it down. She didn't want it to become more real.

Ace felt her chest tighten. Not fear—something older. The village. The blood moon. The first time people had looked at her like she was both salvation and curse.

Mai turned another page.

This one was different. It wasn't field notes.

It was a photograph, taped to paper.

A still image of two figures standing at the edge of the valley near a dead tree.

One of the figures was clearly the writer. The other...

Ace's breath stopped.

A compact silhouette—short, with tight posture and head tilted at a familiar angle.

Not her.

But close enough that her bones reacted like it was.

Mai's eyes darted to Ace immediately, reading the shift like she always did. "It's not you," she said, quick. "It's—"

“A story about me,” Ace finished, voice flat.

Mai swallowed. “Yes.”

Ace stared at the photo. The little figure’s face was blurred, but the pose—God. The pose was too accurate. Like someone had watched Ace sleep.

Mai flipped the page over.

There was writing on the back.

Not handwriting.

Typed. Mechanical. Even spacing. Cold.

Three words:

SILENT VESSEL OBSERVED

Ace stood so fast the grass flattened under her aura. The shadow-pressure around her flared—emerald fracture-lines flickering at the edges like stress cracks in glass.

Mai didn’t step back. She stepped in.

Her gloved hand touched Ace’s forearm, steady, firm. Anchor contact. No romance, no softness—just survival.

“Ace,” she said, low. “Look at me.”

Ace’s eyes were violet and too bright, prismatic undertone surfacing like a tide.

Mai held her gaze. “It’s bait. It wants you to react.”

Ace’s jaw clenched. “It already did.”

Mai didn’t argue. “Then we control how.”

Ace’s katanas hummed again, low and hungry. Sisters waking, insulted on her behalf. She forced herself to breathe, slow and measured, like she was pulling a blade out of her own lungs.

Mai flipped back through the folder with quick, controlled motions, scanning.

“Okay,” she said. “This is a cache. Someone built a rulebook. Someone also—” She stopped, eyes narrowing. “Someone else added to it later.”

Ace leaned in, but didn’t touch. She let her gaze follow the pages.

There were two styles of writing. The first was messy, human, terrified. The second was clean, precise, detached—notes inserted as corrections.

Mai pointed with her pencil tip.

—do not use full names (inserted later) —avoid direct questions (inserted later) —do not assign intent (inserted later) —if symbol appears, do not record directly; use distortion patterns (inserted later)

Mai's mouth went dry. "This isn't just someone surviving," she whispered. "This is someone training others."

Ace's eyes flicked toward the valley ahead.

A thin fog was pooling between the trees, too uniform to be natural. It didn't move like weather; it gathered like an audience.

Mai closed the folder gently, as if slamming it might count as a verb.

She slid it back into the plastic bag.

Then she paused.

Ace watched her. "What."

Mai's voice tightened. "There's one more thing."

She reached into the cabinet again and pulled out a smaller envelope—wax sealed. Old. The kind of thing you don't open unless you're ready to accept that you can't un-know what's inside.

Mai turned it over.

On the back was the trisected circle—faint, as if pressed rather than drawn.

Ace felt the scar-sensation crawl up her ribs and stop just under her collarbone, like a fingertip finding a pulse.

Mai didn't open it yet.

She held it like a knife with no handle.

"Ace," she said quietly, "this is how it wins."

Ace's voice came out rougher than she intended. "By paper?"

Mai shook her head once. "By making us read ourselves."

Ace stared at the envelope.

The fog ahead thickened.

And somewhere in the quiet alignment of the valley, something made a small, satisfied adjustment—as if a librarian were turning a page.

Mai tucked the envelope into her coat without opening it.

Not yet.

Ace nodded once.

They stood in silence for a beat, both of them listening to the valley not breathe.

Then they walked on, leaving the cabinet behind, carrying the rulebook like a curse that could also be a key.

Behind them, the utility box door swung slowly on its hinge.

It creaked once.

Three arcs of sound.

Then stopped, perfectly still, as if even the wind knew not to finish the circle.

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