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Chapter 13: The Demonstration

Three screens. One per operative.

Director Vance stood at the front with his hands behind his back, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else. He wasn't a field man. He'd never seen them work. Only the after-action reports, the incident rates, the efficiency projections that lived in spreadsheets and nowhere else.

"Three simultaneous containments." He said it like he was reading off a card. Which he was. "Geographic spread requires—"

"Split deployment," Mai said. Not a question.

Vance blinked. "Yes. Each takes one site."

Mai's fingers had stopped moving over her terminal. They'd been running a search on something. Old case files, maybe. Now they just rested there.

Ace's shoulders dropped. Barely. Enough that Shammy noticed.

The air pressure in the briefing room shifted. Not dramatic. Just Shammy, adjusting the space without thinking about it, the way other people breathe.

"Three sites," Mai continued. "Simultaneous. All three of us. Separately."

"Efficiency," Vance said, and actually checked his notes before continuing. "Combined deployment to a single site averages forty-three minutes. Three separate operatives hitting three proximate sites projects completion in—" He flipped a page. "Under two hours. Sequential would exceed four hours."

"Projected," Mai said.

"The numbers—"

"Are projections. Continue."

Vance looked at her for a moment. Then looked at his notes again.

Ace's hand was on her blade. Not drawing. Not even close. Just there. The emerald glow pulsed once, faint, and then nothing. Violet, stirring somewhere below the surface.

Shammy's hand settled on Ace's shoulder. The pressure in the room leveled out.

"We'll do it," Mai said. Her voice had that precision it got when she was working through a problem Vance couldn't see. "Targets."

Vance pulled up the first file.

SITE ALPHA: Anomalous Narrative Propagation Location: St. Matthew's Community Center, East District Classification: Euclid-pending Threat Vector: Memetic self-replication through storytelling

"Community center," Vance said. "Reports of stories that—this is directly from the intake—'tell themselves.' Witnesses describe hearing narratives they didn't start. Memories of events that never happened, spreading person to person through conversation. Risk of cascading confabulation event if it reaches the surrounding blocks."

Mai's eyes tracked the data scrolling across her screen. "Narrative propagation. I'll need signal interception support—"

"Jello is assigned to Site Beta. You'll be solo."

A beat.

"Solo. Understood."

SITE BETA: Atmospheric Anomaly Location: West District Storage Facility Classification: Safe-pending Threat Vector: Localized weather pattern manifestation

"Storage facility. Localized weather events." Vance kept going, professional and slightly too fast. "Rain indoors. Temperature swings. Barometric anomalies. Nothing violent yet, but the pattern is spreading to adjacent buildings."

Shammy's storm-gradient hair shifted before she could stop it. Recognition, not excitement. Her body responding to the description before her brain caught up.

"I can stabilize it," she said.

"Solo deployment," Vance said. "Your skillset should handle this."

SITE GAMMA: Physical Manifestation Location: North District Construction Site Classification: Euclid Threat Vector: Structural instability, aggressive territorial behavior

"Construction site. Entity is physical. Territorial. Workers describe something that 'doesn't like being seen.'" Vance paused. "Three injuries. Non-life-threatening. Site evacuated as of 0900."

Ace's blade hummed at her side. Low. Almost nothing.

"I'll handle it."

"Standard MTF backup available if—"

"No." Flat. Final. "I'll handle it."

The rest was logistics. Transport schedules, Site Alpha got the east corridor transport, Site Beta the west, Site Gamma north. Communication protocols: standard check-in at thirty-minute intervals, emergency override on channel 7. Vance ran through it like a man who wanted to be somewhere else, and then he was gone.

Shammy found them in the hallway. That space between the briefing room and the deployment bay that smelled like recycled air and old decisions.

"Three hours," she said. Not warm. Not cold. Just stating it. "We reconvene at the central hub. Three hours max."

Mai checked her terminal. "Site Alpha: forty minutes containment, twenty documentation. Transport: thirty each direction." She looked up. "Two hours. We have margin."

Ace didn't say anything. Her hand found Mai's first. Quick, deliberate, like drawing a weapon. Then Shammy's. The circuit closed.

"They're testing us," Ace said.

"The investigation." Mai's expression didn't change. "This is their data point."

Shammy's smile was small. Tired. "Then let's give them data."

The transport bay doors opened. Three directions. Three vehicles idling, engines cycling, drivers checking manifests.

Ace released Mai's hand. Then Shammy's. The absence hit immediately. Not emotional, not metaphorical. A pressure change. Like stepping out of a warm room into wind.

"Three hours," Mai said.

"Three hours," Shammy confirmed.

Ace was already walking toward the north transport. She didn't look back.

SITE GAMMA — 14:23 Hours

The construction site had been evacuated in a hurry. Ace could see where the workers had dropped things. A coffee thermos on a bench, a hard hat rolling gently against the perimeter fence, a radio still playing something with too much bass from inside a trailer. Nobody had stopped to pack.

She moved through the perimeter with her blade drawn but low. The emerald glow cast wrong shadows. Violet flickering at the edge of everything she saw, not helping, not hurting, just there.

Empty scaffolding. Half-finished walls with rebar sticking out like broken bones. The skeleton of a building that would never be finished now.

She moved without sound. Mai would have mapped the site first. Exits, structural weak points, where

the load-bearing walls were and where they weren't. Shammy would have felt the anomaly before seeing it, read its presence in the air pressure and the humidity and the way dust moved.

Ace moved anyway. That was what she did.

The first sign was a sound. Not footsteps. Heavier. A dragging, like something pulling itself across concrete that didn't want to be pulled.

She pressed against a pillar. Still. Waiting.

What would Mai say right now?

The thought came before she could stop it. Mai would classify it. Threat assessment. Something precise that made the unknown feel like a problem with a solution.

The sound came again. Closer. Thirty meters, maybe less.

Ace's blade rose.

What would Shammy do?

Shammy would hold the space. Make it survivable before the threat fully manifested. Keep the air pressure stable so nothing could ambush them from the atmosphere.

The entity emerged from between two unfinished walls.

It was wrong. Not monstrous. Wrong. A shape that suggested humanoid without committing to it. Limbs that bent at angles her eyes wanted to slide off of. A face that was mostly suggestion, like a sketch someone had abandoned halfway through.

It saw her.

The sound it made wasn't a roar. Something worse. A frequency that went around the ears entirely and resonated in the sternum. *Don't look. Don't see me. Leave.*

Ace didn't leave.

Her blade moved. The emerald arc caught what passed for its limb. Not to sever, to define. To make it solid. To make it *there*, a thing with edges and boundaries instead of a smear of wrongness.

The entity recoiled. The frequency changed. Surprise? Pain? Something that didn't map onto human experience.

Together, Shammy would stabilize. Mai would map its behavior. I would—

She moved again. Another arc. The entity was fast. Faster than the briefing had suggested. A limb caught her shoulder. Not a blow. A touch. And the world tilted sideways.

Don't look. Don't see me.

The frequency pushed harder now. Insistent. The pressure in Ace's chest built. Violet responding, resonating with whatever frequency this thing broadcast. Fragment recognizing fragment. The boundary between her and Violet got thin for a moment, and Ace shoved it back down with effort.

Her breathing changed. Slowed. Forced.

Mai would say: identify the core behavior.

Core behavior: it didn't want to be seen. It attacked to prevent observation. It wanted invisibility. It wanted her gone or blind or both.

Ace stopped looking.

Not closed eyes. She wasn't stupid. But soft focus. Peripheral awareness. Tracking movement without looking at the thing directly. The way she'd learned to track Mai across a crowded room without turning her head. The way she'd learned to read Shammy's atmospheric shifts without looking up from her blade.

The entity's attacks slowed. Confused. She wasn't seeing it anymore.

Shammy would adjust the pressure. Make the space hostile to it.

Ace couldn't do that. But she could move. She could be where the entity wasn't expecting. She could make herself a shape it couldn't predict. A shadow that didn't stay where shadows should.

It became something like a fight, something like a dance. The entity striking at what it thought was observation. Ace moving around its expectations. Violet's presence steady now. Not surging, not threatening to take over. Just there, providing the glow she needed to see by in the half-finished building's dark.

What would they do?

They're not here.

Something in her chest tightened at that. Not the Violet-fragment. Something else.

The entity overextended. A limb too far forward, reaching for a space where she'd been a moment ago and wasn't anymore.

Ace's blade caught it. Not the limb, the space behind it. The containment field her edge could generate when she was precise enough. A boundary. A wall of light and definition.

The entity screamed. Not the frequency this time. Something else. Something almost like a voice.

No. Don't—

"I see you," Ace said. Quiet. Not triumphant. Just factual. "That's the point."

The containment field expanded. Slowly. The entity pressed against it, pushed, tried to find the gaps. Ace found them first. Every gap closed. Every angle covered. The field tightened like a noose made of light.

The entity collapsed inward. Contained. A shape held inside a boundary it couldn't cross.

Ace stood over it. Blade still raised. Chest tight. Not from the fight, not from exertion. From something else. The silence where Shammy's atmospheric hum should have been. The absence of Mai's voice cataloging containment parameters.

Mai would document. Shammy would stabilize. I would—

She would wait. For the transport team. For the containment unit. For someone to tell her what happened next.

Alone.

She sat down on a concrete block to wait. Her blade across her lap. The entity pressed against the field, testing, and she watched it without really seeing it.

SITE ALPHA — 14:47 Hours

The community center looked like a community center.

Mai stood at the entrance with her terminal active, scanning. Normal architecture. Normal signage. Normal people inside. A book club in Meeting Room A, a knitting circle in B, a seniors' coffee morning in the common area. All on the schedule. All accounted for.

Normal, except for the stories that weren't theirs.

She went in. The air pressure shifted. Not Shammy's doing, but something like it. Something that wanted her to think thoughts she hadn't thought.

The morning light catches the dust motes and you remember a summer you never had...

Mai's hand went to her temple. The thought wasn't hers. The memory wasn't hers. It was a narrative. A story trying to write itself into her head.

She kept walking.

The book club was first. Six women around a folding table, paper cups of tea going cold between them. One woman was talking. The others were listening with expressions that were too even. Too practiced. Like they'd heard this story before. Like they were supposed to hear it.

"And then the child in the photograph smiled," the woman was saying, her voice too smooth, "but there was no child. There had never been a child. And yet we all—"

Mai's disruptor hummed. Low. Not aimed. Just present, the way a flashlight is present in a dark room.

"Excuse me." She didn't raise her voice. She clarified it. "I need to interrupt."

The storyteller looked up. Her eyes were somewhere else. Not vacant, but displaced. Sitting in a story she hadn't chosen, listening to it from inside.

"Who are you?" Another woman, two seats over. Eyes clearer, but fading.

"Foundation." Mai held up her credentials. "There's a narrative contamination in progress. I need everyone to step outside."

"Outside?" The storyteller again. Her voice had the wrong cadence. Too smooth. The rhythm of something rehearsed rather than spoken. "But we're in the middle of—"

"Now." Mai didn't let her finish. "Each of you. Take nothing with you. Say nothing more. Step outside."

One woman stood. Then another. Hesitant. Confused. But moving.

The storyteller stayed seated.

"I have to finish," she said. "The story needs to end."

The story never ends. The story spreads.

Mai recognized the pattern. A narrative entity. Not physical, not exactly. A story that wanted to be told. A meme looking for hosts.

Ace would have cleared this room in seconds. Shammy would have made the space uninhabitable for it before it could dig in.

Mai wasn't Ace. She wasn't Shammy.

Her disruptor rose. The setting was calibrated for signal disruption. A narrow-band frequency she'd developed months ago for exactly this kind of contamination. She'd tested it twice. It had worked twice. This would be the third time.

The storyteller's eyes widened. Whatever narrative was running in her head scrambled. Static. Interference.

Mai was beside her in three steps. Hand on her shoulder. Firm. Grounding.

"You're not the story," Mai said. "You're the one who was telling it. There's a difference."

The woman blinked. Once. Twice. The distance in her eyes receded like a tide pulling back.

"I don't..." She looked at Mai's hand on her shoulder. "I don't remember— Who are you?"

"Someone who interrupts." Mai guided her up. "Outside. Everyone. Now."

The room cleared. The knitting circle in the next room. Mai got to them before the narrative could jump hosts. The seniors' coffee morning. She was faster than the spreading story, barely. An old man had started telling a war story that wasn't his war and wasn't his story. She interrupted him mid-sentence and walked him outside while he stared at her like she'd slapped him.

One room at a time. One person at a time. Moving through the building like running a diagnostic. Find the corruption, isolate it, repair what could be repaired, flag what couldn't.

If Ace were here, she'd have cleared the building in half the time.

If Shammy were here, she'd have felt the narrative before it manifested. Adjusted the atmosphere. Made the stories unwelcome before they could take root.

Mai worked alone. Methodical. Not slow, never slow, but each room took longer than it should have. Each person she had to reach, talk down, walk outside. Each story she had to interrupt felt like pulling a weed by hand when she was used to a machine.

The center room. The source.

It was a chair. Just a chair. Wooden. Old. The kind of chair someone might sit in to tell stories, if they were the type.

The narrative residue was thickest here. Her terminal registered memetic density at seventeen times baseline. A hotspot. An origin point.

She approached. The air grew heavier. Not physical weight, but cognitive pressure. Thoughts pushing in. Stories demanding to be thought. Demanding space in her head.

You remember the summer your grandmother taught you to knit, except you never learned to knit, and your grandmother died before you were born...

Mai pressed her palm against her temple. Her nose bled. Just a drop, bright red on her upper lip. Ritual burnout. She was pushing too hard. She knew it and kept going anyway.

The chair wanted stories. It wanted listeners. It wanted to propagate itself through narrative vectors until every memory in the building was a story it had told and none of them were real.

Mai didn't sit. She didn't tell stories.

She ran the analysis.

Core behavior: narrative propagation through proximity and verbal transmission. Classification: Euclid. Containment procedure: isolate origin point, disrupt active vectors, document for follow-up.

Her disruptor hummed again. Different frequency. She'd calculated it during the first outbreak, running the numbers in her head while the elderly man stared at her. A counter-narrative. Not a story. A pattern interrupt. White noise for memetic contamination.

The chair's presence faded. Not gone, but reduced. Manageable. A fire with most of its fuel removed.

Mai documented. Everything. Standard Foundation format. Precise notation. Time to containment: forty-seven minutes. Personnel affected: fourteen. Permanent memetic exposure: zero. Containment integrity: provisional pending removal of origin point.

She stepped outside. The evacuees waited in the parking lot. Confused. Cold. Two of them crying.

Mai's job wasn't comfort. But she stayed anyway. She stayed until the containment team arrived, until she could hand off, until the chair was isolated and wrapped and loaded onto a transport.

Her terminal chimed. Transport ready.

She touched her nose. The bleeding had stopped. Mostly.

Two down. One to go.

The absence sat in her chest like a stone. Not pain. Something she could measure. An absence of presence that should have been there. Ace's compact stillness at her left side. Shammy's warmth at her right.

Together, we'd have finished in half the time.

Together, I wouldn't have bled.

She boarded the transport anyway.

SITE BETA — 14:58 Hours

The storage facility was raining inside.

Not a leak. Rain. Actual rain, falling from a ceiling that had no clouds, hitting concrete floors that had no drainage. Temperature dropping. Wind that came from nowhere and went nowhere.

Shammy ducked through the doorframe. The architecture had not been built with her in mind. It never was.

The wind hit her like a greeting. *Hello. We've been waiting.*

She'd expected this kind of thing. An atmospheric anomaly looking for a host. A weather pattern without a sky, reaching for the nearest thing that could hold it.

She stepped inside.

The storage unit was cavernous. Shelves of forgotten things, furniture under plastic sheets, a boat covered in dust, boxes stacked to a ceiling that didn't exist for the rain. And rain. Rain everywhere, pooling in the low spots, running along cracks in the floor.

Shammy's presence adjusted the space without her deciding to. The wind slowed. The temperature steadied. The atmosphere recognized her. *Kin, or something like it.* And quieted.

But it didn't stop.

She moved deeper. The anomaly wasn't hostile. Not like whatever Ace was fighting at the construction site, not like the narrative contamination Mai was containing alone. It was lonely. A weather pattern without a sky. Rain without clouds. Wind without direction.

What would Mai say?

Classify it. Map the boundaries. Find the source.

Shammy didn't think in classifications. She thought in pressure. In atmosphere. In the way air held itself together or fell apart.

The anomaly was pushing against the walls. Testing the roof. Looking for the sky.

Shammy pushed back. Not hard. A conversation.

I see you, she offered through atmospheric pressure. I know what you want.

The wind shifted. Acknowledged her.

You can't have the sky. Not here. Not like this.

The rain intensified. Protest. The temperature dropped three degrees in two seconds. The anomaly was frustrated.

Ace would have defined the boundary by now. Mai would have calculated the expansion rate.

Shammy didn't define. She negotiated.

What do you need?

The anomaly answered in pressure. In temperature differentials. In the way the air moved around the shelves.

It needed to be weather somewhere else. Somewhere with sky. Somewhere it could be what it was instead of cramped inside four walls and a ceiling too low for rain.

Shammy couldn't give it the sky. Not here. Not now.

She pressed her hands together. The atmosphere responded. Concentrated. The rain condensed, became heavier, more localized. The wind gathered, started rotating. A small rotation, centered on the core of the anomaly. A contained storm inside a storage unit.

If you want to be a storm, Shammy offered, be a small one. Contained. I'll hold you until we find somewhere better.

The anomaly tested the boundary she was making. Found it firm. Found it not hostile. Just firm. The way a hand is firm when it holds something fragile.

What would Ace do?

Move faster. Contain before the anomaly could argue.

What would Mai do?

Analyze first. Calculate the expansion vectors. Then contain.

Shammy did neither. She held.

It took longer than it should have. The anomaly kept testing, pushing, trying to expand. Shammy kept holding, adjusting, keeping the boundary firm without making it hostile. Her arms ached with it. Her actual arms, not the atmospheric pressure. The physical effort of holding space that wanted to expand. A tension in her shoulders and the base of her skull.

The anomaly settled. Not defeated. Accommodated. A weather system that had found someone who could hold it without breaking.

The rain slowed. Stopped. The temperature stabilized. The wind became a breeze, then a stillness.

Shammy exhaled. Long and slow. The pressure she'd been maintaining released. The anomaly was stable now. Contained in her presence, waiting for transport.

Open sky. Somewhere with room.

She documented what she could. The anomaly's behavior, its needs. She marked it for atmospheric

release rather than standard containment in her report. Some things couldn't go in boxes.

Her terminal chimed. Transport ready.

The absence was a coldness in her chest. Not physical. The space where Ace's compact presence should have been, steady and sharp. The space where Mai's analytical warmth should have anchored her.

Together, I wouldn't have had to hold alone.

Together, the weight would have been shared.

She moved toward the exit. The anomaly followed. Not physically, atmospherically. A weather system trailing behind her like something loyal.

Outside. The real sky above. Open, vast. The transport waited.

Soon, she told it. Somewhere better.

The transport bay doors opened. She folded herself inside, knees against the seat in front because the vehicle hadn't been designed for someone her height either.

Two down. One to go.

THE HUB — 17:15 Hours

They arrived separately.

Ace first. Blade sheathed. Containment successful. She stood in the hub's central room, not sitting, not pacing. Waiting. Her eyes tracked the door.

Mai second. Terminal still active, documentation still running. A smear of blood under her nose she hadn't quite wiped away. She crossed to Ace without speaking. Their shoulders touched.

Shammy third. Trailing atmospheric residue, the storage facility's anomaly still faintly present in her shadow. She joined them on the other side. The circuit closed.

Three hours. Three containments. Three successes.

Nobody spoke. Mai's hand found Ace's. Shammy's arm went around both of them. The pressure in the room stabilized. The absence filled, slowly, like water finding its level.

Vance came in. Data pad in hand. Expression professionally neutral, the way it always was.

"Site Alpha," he read. "Memetic containment successful. Fourteen civilians evacuated. No permanent exposure. Origin point isolated."

Mai didn't react.

"Site Beta. Atmospheric containment successful. Anomaly stabilized. Recommended for atmospheric release rather than standard containment."

Shammy's presence flickered. Something like satisfaction.

"Site Gamma." Vance paused. "Physical entity contained. No backup required. Minimal property damage. Injuries: zero."

Ace's shoulders dropped. Not a millimeter. Just dropped.

"Total deployment time: two hours, forty-seven minutes." Vance looked up. "Under the projected threshold. By the numbers, this was efficient."

The word sat in the room like something that didn't belong.

Mai's terminal was already running. Shammy's atmospheric sense was reading the space. Ace's blade hand was steady.

"The numbers are incomplete," Mai said.

Vance frowned. "Clarify."

"The numbers show containment success. They show efficiency." Mai's voice was precise, but there was something under it. Not anger exactly. Something harder to name. "What they don't show is cost."

Shammy spoke. "The anomaly at Site Beta needed to be held. Not suppressed. Held. I could hold it alone." She paused. "Alone, I couldn't calculate where it needed to go. I held it because that's what I do. But I held it alone for two hours, and that's not the same as holding it together."

Ace didn't say anything. She didn't need to.

"The narrative at Site Alpha," Mai continued. "I contained it. I also bled. Ritual burnout from overuse." She touched her nose. Didn't look away from Vance. "If Ace had been there, the evacuation would have been faster. If Shammy had been there, I wouldn't have had to push so hard to interrupt the memetic vectors."

"But the containment was successful," Vance said.

"Successful isn't optimal." Mai let that sit for a moment. "And it isn't sustainable."

"The entity at Site Gamma." Ace's voice. Flat. Factual. "It was a fragment. Like Violet. I contained it alone. Alone, I almost resonated with it. The boundary got thin."

Shammy's hand found Ace's shoulder. The pressure steadied.

"Together," Shammy said, "we don't almost lose control. Together, we hold each other steady."

Vance looked at his data pad. At the numbers. At the three people standing in front of him who were telling a different story than the one on his screen.

"The investigation will want data," he said slowly.

"Give them data." Mai's terminal projected a new display. "Projected efficiency of joint deployment to all three sites: four hours, twelve minutes. Actual efficiency of split deployment: two hours, forty-seven minutes."

The numbers glowed.

“However.” Mai added a line. “Projected recovery time for split deployment: forty-eight hours minimum. Ritual burnout treatment, fragment stabilization, atmospheric recalibration.”

Another line.

“Projected recovery time for joint deployment: six hours. Standard rest cycle.”

The math rearranged itself.

“Total system efficiency including recovery.” Mai's voice was clinical now. Completely controlled. “Split deployment: fifty-three hours. Joint deployment: four hours, eighteen minutes.”

Vance stared.

“You're saying—”

“I'm saying the data proves it.” Mai's voice stayed precise. Clinical. But something underneath it wasn't clinical at all. “We're weaker apart. The numbers show it. The Foundation's own metrics show it. Every containment we do separately costs more than doing it together. Not a little more. A lot more.”

Ace's hand found Mai's. Deliberate.

“The investigation wanted to know if our bond is a liability.” Shammy's voice was warm. Certain. Not soft. The other kind of warm. The kind that burns. “They wanted a demonstration. This is the demonstration. We're not weaker because we're together. We're stronger.”

Vance was quiet. The data pad in his hand looked heavier than it should have.

“The Director will want to see this,” he said.

“Show him.” Mai didn't waver. “Show him everything. The containment success. The efficiency. The recovery projections. And the cost.”

She touched her nose. The blood was gone. The memory wasn't.

“The cost,” she said, “is what happens when you try to make us work like everyone else.”

The room was quiet. The three of them stood there. Ace's compact presence, Mai's precise anchor, Shammy's tall warmth.

Vance left. Data pad in hand.

The room exhaled.

“Three hours,” Ace said. Quiet. “Never again.”

“Never again,” Mai agreed.

Shammy's arm tightened around both of them. The atmosphere in the hub settled. Not home. Couldn't be home, this place with its fluorescent lights and recycled air. But something like it.

“They'll have questions,” Shammy said.

“They always do.” Mai's terminal went dark. “Let them ask.”

“And when they ask if we're worth it?”

Ace's blade hummed. Emerald glow in the dim light. Violet's presence stable.

“We show them the data,” Ace said.

“And what we can't do apart,” Mai added.

Shammy's laugh was small. Tired. Real. “They wanted a demonstration. They got one.”

The transport bay doors opened. The vehicle waiting. Their apartment waiting. The evening waiting.

They moved together.

END CHAPTER 13

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