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Chapter 8 — The Architect

Mai found the administration building on her third pass through the city.

It stood at the edge of the plaza. Not quite center, not quite periphery. Pale stone, tall windows. Words on the facade that seemed to shift when she looked directly at them.

VERDANT SPRINGS MUNICIPAL OFFICES.

But for a moment, just a moment, she'd seen something else. Another name. Another purpose.

She pushed through the doors.

Inside, wrong. Too many hallways. Too many doors. The layout didn't match the exterior dimensions. Mai pulled out her notebook and began to sketch.

"Can I help you?"

The voice came from behind her. Mai turned.

A woman stood there. Tall, poised, immaculately dressed. Her smile was warm. Welcoming. Genuine.

And her eyes never changed.

"I'm looking for information," Mai said. "About the city. Its history."

"History?" The woman tilted her head. "What would you like to know?"

"The foundation. The inscription on the fountain. The clocks that show different times."

The smile flickered. Just for an instant.

"The clocks are being repaired. A municipal maintenance issue. Nothing to be concerned about."

"And the fountain?"

"A historic landmark. One of our finest treasures."

Mai studied her. The perfect posture. The perfect composure. The perfect deflection.

"You're not a municipal employee."

The woman's smile widened. "No. I'm something else entirely."

She gestured toward a door that hadn't been there a moment ago.

"Please. Come with me. We have much to discuss."

The office beyond was large. Too large. Windows showing a city that wasn't Verdant Springs. Bookshelves holding books with no titles.

The woman sat behind a desk that seemed to grow from the floor.

"I am the Architect. I maintain the optimization."

Mai's hand tightened on her notebook. "You're responsible for what happened to this city."

"I'm responsible for what keeps happening." The Architect's smile didn't waver. "The optimization is not a one-time event. It's a process. A system. And I am its caretaker."

"Why?"

The Architect stood. She moved to the window, looking out at the city that wasn't.

"Because the alternative is worse. You've felt it. The presence at the center. The fire contained below. If the optimization fails, the fire returns."

"Then why erase the memories? Why make everyone forget?"

The Architect turned. Her eyes, for the first time, showed something other than composure.

Something like grief.

"Because memory is the fuel of the fire. The people of Verdant Springs witnessed something terrible. Their collective trauma, their grief, their rage, their loss, fed the flames. The optimization didn't just contain the fire. It contained the fuel."

"So you took their souls."

"I took their pain." The Architect's voice was hard. "I gave them peace. A life without grief. Without loss. Without the memory of what they witnessed."

"And the cost? The people who were erased? The ones who don't remember their own families?"

The Architect's composure returned. Smooth. Seamless. "Every system has inefficiencies. Every containment has leaks. The optimization isn't perfect. But it works. It has worked for a hundred and seventy-nine years."

Mai thought of Henrik. His lost wife and daughter. Miriam, remembering her own death.

"It's spreading," Mai said. "To other cities. Other places where the fire could reach."

The Architect nodded. "Yes. That is the nature of containment. It must expand. It must grow. New cities, new memories, new peace."

"And you're the one who decides who forgets."

"I am the caretaker. I maintain the balance. I ensure that the containment holds."

Mai's hand found her pen. She began to write. Notes, calculations, the shape of what the Architect

was saying.

“The Triad at the center,” Mai said. “The three figures who came from the sky. Who were they?”

The Architect's smile faded.

“They were the first. The ones who made the choice. Who sang the containment into existence.”

“And then what happened to them?”

“They were consumed. Their essence became the seal. Their resonance became the echo you feel at the center.”

Mai looked up from her notebook. “They sacrificed themselves?”

“They chose to be forgotten. To become nothing but the memory of containment.” The Architect's voice softened. “Just as you might choose. Just as anyone might choose, when they understand the stakes.”

Mai stood.

“The presence at the center said the seal is weakening.”

“Yes.”

“And you want us to renew it.”

“I want you to choose.” The Architect moved around the desk. “You are the first in a hundred and seventy-nine years who can perceive what's really happening here. The optimization has kept everyone else blind. But you, you and your companions, you can see.”

“What choice are you offering?”

“Renew the seal. Take the place of the original Triad. Become the new containment. Save the city, and the cities beyond, from the fire that waits below.”

Mai's mind raced. Calculations. Probabilities. Outcomes.

“And if we refuse?”

“Then the seal breaks. The fire returns. The memories come back.” The Architect's smile returned. “And everyone who was optimized, who forgot, will remember what happened to them. Every death. Every loss. Every horror.”

“You're threatening us.”

“I'm explaining the stakes.” The Architect sat back down. “The choice is yours. Renew the containment and preserve the peace. Or break the seal and unleash the cost.”

Mai turned toward the door.

“Where are you going?”

“To find my partners. To discuss.”

The Architect nodded. “Of course. Take your time. The seal will hold... for now.”

The hallways shifted as Mai walked. Doors appeared and disappeared. Windows showed cities she didn't recognize.

But eventually, she found the exit.

The plaza spread before her. The fountain. The empty cobblestones. The sky above, too blue.

Too deep.

Ace and Shammy were waiting.

“We found something,” Ace said. “The presence at the center. It spoke to us.”

“It offered a choice,” Shammy added. “Renew the seal or release the fire.”

Mai nodded. “The Architect said the same thing.”

They stood together at the center of the plaza. Three vectors. Three perceptions. Three keys to the same lock.

“We need to talk,” Mai said.

“Agreed.”

They walked back toward the inn. Behind them, the fountain flowed. The clocks ticked. The presence waited.

And somewhere in the administration building, the Architect smiled.

end of chapter eight

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