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Chapter 13: The Silence Protocol

The Silence Protocol was still in the Vatican.

Hidden deeper than the Codex. Guarded by architecture that hadn't been updated in centuries. Wards that predated modern containment. Mai traced the pattern on her tablet for twenty minutes before she found it. A blank space in the building schematics. A void where the map showed only stone.

"There." Her finger stopped on the screen. "Below the Secret Archives. Behind walls that aren't on any public record. The containment architecture is old. Very old."

Shammy stood by the window of their safehouse, her storm-gradient hair lifting slightly in the still air. The Vatican's atmosphere was wrong. Too controlled. Too filtered. She could feel the sterile environment pressing against her senses, dampening her connection to the air currents.

"So we're looking at infiltration. Past wards that have had centuries to settle into whatever they're protecting."

"The containment architecture predates Foundation standard by approximately four hundred years." Mai's voice was analytical. "The Protocol is in the inner archives. Below the Secret Archives. Behind walls that weren't on any map."

"And the thief wants to destroy it." Shammy's warmth was thin. "Before we can learn from it."

"The thief wants to destroy the creation ritual." Mai's pattern-tracing intensified. "The knowledge of how to make Silent Vessels. But the Protocol might contain other information. The release method. Survival rates. Data on how many hosts were created and what happened to them."

"Or it might contain only the creation ritual." Shammy's atmospheric sense reached out, reading the pressure in the room even through her dampened state. "And we'd be helping the thief destroy the only copy. The only chance to understand how hosts are made. And maybe how they're unmade."

"Which means we need to study it first." Mai's hand trembled. A small thing. She pressed her palm flat against the table, stabilizing. "Before they destroy it. We extract what we need. Then we let them do what they're going to do."

Ace stood in the corner of the safehouse. The mechanical bird in her pocket ticked. Wound, unwound, wound again. Her shadow-pressure fluctuated against the walls, making the room feel smaller. She hadn't spoken since they'd entered.

"The Protocol should be destroyed."

Ace's voice was flat. No preamble. No qualification.

Shammy turned from the window. "Ace—"

"Some knowledge shouldn't exist." Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. "I've seen what Fragment hosts

become. I've felt what Violet wants. I won't let more be created."

Mai's pattern-tracing stopped. Her analytical mind was running calculations, but the equation kept shifting. "Even if it means losing the release method? Even if it means not knowing your survival probability?"

"Even then." The mechanical bird ticked. "The creation ritual made me. Made others. Made children into vessels. If the Protocol survives, someone will use it. Eventually. No matter how carefully we control it."

The argument continued through the night.

Mai's position was clear. Precisely articulated. "The Protocol contains information we need. The release method. The survival rates. The creation process. The historical record of every Silent Vessel the Vatican created. We should study it. Preserve the knowledge. Under Foundation control, with appropriate access protocols."

She traced the rune-patterns on her tablet as she spoke, her fingers working through the logic even as her voice carried the argument. The tactical assessment was sound. The equation made sense.

Shammy's position was equally clear, though less analytical. "The Protocol contains the ritual that created Ace. The knowledge that made her into a Silent Vessel. If we preserve it, we preserve the ability to create more hosts. More children like her. More survivors carrying entities they never asked for."

Ace stood between them. The mechanical bird ticking. The shadow-pressure fluctuating.

Mai pressed her case. "The Foundation has containment protocols. Secure facilities. Access controls. We can preserve the knowledge without allowing it to be used."

"The Vatican had containment protocols." Ace's voice was flat. "Secure facilities. Access controls. They controlled the Protocol for centuries. They used it anyway. They made hosts anyway."

A pause.

"Control doesn't prevent use. It just delays it."

"You're making a decision based on principle." Mai's voice was analytical. "Not calculation. The data suggests—"

"I'm making a decision based on survival." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "My survival. The survival of future hosts. The survival of the cycle."

Mai's hand trembled again. She pressed it flat. "The calculation is incomplete without the data. We don't know the release method. We don't know the survival rates. We're operating without critical variables."

"We share data with the thief." Ace's mechanical bird was ticking. "We learn stabilization. We survive long enough to figure out the release. We don't need the Protocol for that."

"We don't know that." Mai's voice sharpened. The analytical mask slipped. Something underneath.

"We don't know if the thief's methods will work. We don't know if we have enough time. The calculation is incomplete, and you're making a permanent decision based on incomplete data."

"I'm making a decision based on what I know." Ace's voice remained flat. "I know what it feels like to hold a Fragment. I know what Violet wants. I know that if the creation ritual survives, someone will use it. The probability approaches certainty over time."

Mai stood. Her chair scraped against the floor. "The probability of use is not the same as the certainty of harm. The Foundation could—"

"The Foundation contained me." Ace's voice cut through. "The Foundation classified me. The Foundation studied me. I'm not saying they're wrong. I'm saying that control doesn't prevent use. It just changes who uses."

The room went quiet.

Shammy's atmospheric sense felt the weight of Ace's words pressing against the air. Mai's pattern-tracing had stopped completely. The calculation she'd been running, variables and probabilities and outcomes, had frozen.

"Ace." Shammy's voice was soft. "You're not—"

"I'm saying what I know." Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. "The Protocol should be destroyed. Some knowledge shouldn't exist. I've seen what Fragment hosts become. I won't let more be created."

Shammy stood between them. The atmospheric pressure shifting. Her stormfront pressed against the edges of the room, reading the emotional weather even through the sterile Vatican air.

"Mai is trying to calculate survival." Shammy's warmth was careful. "She needs data. She needs information. She's trying to find the equation that saves you."

"I know."

"But Ace is trying to protect the future." Shammy's hair lifted. "She doesn't want more hosts created. More children like her. She's choosing destruction over information."

"I know that too."

"The question is: what do we owe the truth when the truth has been weaponized against us?" Shammy's warmth settled. "The Protocol is a weapon. The knowledge it contains was used to create hosts. To experiment on children. To make Silent Vessels. If we preserve it, we preserve the weapon."

"Or we preserve the information that might save us." Mai's voice was analytical. "The release method. The survival rates. The data we need to calculate the outcome."

"Or we destroy it and find another way." Shammy's warmth returned. "The thief is sharing stabilization methods. We're learning to hold. We might not need the Protocol."

"We might not." Mai's hand trembled. She pressed it flat against the table. "But the calculation is incomplete. We might need the data. We might not survive without it."

“We might not survive with it.” Shammy's atmospheric sense reached out. “The Protocol contains the creation ritual. The knowledge that made hosts. If we preserve it, we preserve the ability to create more.”

Mai's analytical mind was running. She could see both sides. The equation was symmetrical. Risk on both paths. Survival data on one side, prevention of future harm on the other.

But the calculation kept slipping. The variables weren't staying fixed.

“Foundation protocols are robust.” Mai's voice was precise. “Access controls. Authorization matrices. Audit trails. The risk of unauthorized use—”

“Audit trails didn't stop the Vatican.” Ace's voice was flat. “Authorization matrices didn't prevent creation. The knowledge existed. Someone used it. The probability of use approaches certainty over time.”

“You're calculating probability now.” Mai's voice sharpened. “Using my framework. But you're not including the variables that don't fit your conclusion.”

“Which variables?”

“The variables for your survival. The release method. The stabilization data. The historical record of what worked and what didn't. You're excluding the data that would let us calculate your outcome.”

Ace's shadow-pressure fluctuated. The mechanical bird ticked. “I'm including the variables that matter. Future hosts. The creation ritual. The cycle. I'm not willing to trade the certainty of future harm for the possibility of my survival.”

“The possibility.” Mai's voice was analytical. “You said possibility. Which means you acknowledge the uncertainty. The calculation is incomplete, but you're making a permanent decision anyway.”

“I'm making a decision based on what I know.” Ace's shadow-pressure settled. “Some knowledge shouldn't exist. I'm not willing to risk the creation ritual surviving. The Protocol should be destroyed.”

Mai turned away from the table. Her pattern-tracing had resumed, fingers moving across her palm, working through something her voice wasn't saying.

“We need to get there before the thief.” Shammy's warmth was careful. “Study it. Extract what we need. Then let them destroy it.”

“And if the creation ritual survives in any form?” Shammy's hair lifted. “If the knowledge can be reconstructed?”

“Then we control it.” Mai's pattern-tracing stopped. “Foundation protocols. Secure containment. No access without authorization.”

“Control doesn't prevent use.” Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. “It just delays it. Eventually, someone will access it. Someone will use it.”

“You're making a decision based on principle.” Mai's hand trembled. She pressed it flat. “Not calculation.”

"I'm making a decision based on survival." The words came harder now. "I'm choosing to destroy the weapon that created me. Even if it means losing the information that might save me."

The mechanical bird ticked. Wound. Unwound.

"Mai." Shammy's voice was soft. "What are you calculating?"

"The probability that the thief's stabilization methods will work without the Protocol's data." Mai's voice was analytical. "The probability that we can develop a release method independently. The probability that Ace survives long enough for us to find another way."

"And?"

"The confidence intervals are wide. The data is incomplete. The calculation is—" Mai's hand trembled. She pressed it flat. "Insufficient."

"But you want to try." Shammy's warmth was careful. "You want to get the data first. Then let them destroy it."

"I want to have the option." Mai's voice was precise. "I want to know the survival probability before we make a permanent decision."

"And if the creation ritual can be reconstructed from fragments?" Ace's voice was flat. "From the data you extract? From the notes you take?"

"Then we control the fragments. Foundation protocols. Secure containment. No access without—"

"Control doesn't prevent use. It just delays it."

Mai's hand trembled. She pressed it flat. The calculation kept slipping. The variables weren't fixed.

The triad stood in the safehouse. The argument unresolved. The decision pending.

Mai's analytical mind was running. She could see both sides. The equation was symmetrical. Risk on both paths. But the calculation kept slipping. The variables weren't fixed.

Shammy's atmospheric sense felt the emotional pressure in the room. Mai's calculation was slipping, her analytical mask kept fracturing, showing something underneath. Ace's shadow-pressure was fluctuating. She was choosing potential death over perpetuating the cycle, and the weight of that choice pressed against the walls.

And Ace stood between them. The mechanical bird ticking. The shadow-pressure expanding and contracting. The weight of the decision pressing against her.

"The Protocol is in the inner archives." Mai's voice was analytical. "We need to get there before the thief. Study it. Extract what we need. Then let them destroy the creation ritual."

"And if the creation ritual survives in any form?" Shammy's warmth sharpened.

"Then we control it."

"Control doesn't prevent use." The words came out flat. Tired. "It just delays it. Eventually, someone

will access it. Someone will use it.”

“You're making a decision based on principle.” Mai's hand trembled. “Not calculation.”

“I'm making a decision based on survival.” Ace's shadow-pressure settled. “I'm choosing to destroy the weapon that created me. I'm choosing to prevent more children from being made. Even if it means—”

She stopped.

The mechanical bird ticked. Wound. Unwound. The rhythm of tension and release.

Shammy's atmospheric sense felt the weight of the decision. Mai's calculation was incomplete. Ace's choice was final. The question hung in the air between them. What do you owe the truth when the truth has been weaponized?

The inner archives were below the Secret Archives. Below the foundations. Below the memory of the Vatican itself.

The walls were stone, old stone, older than the building above. The containment wards had settled into the architecture over centuries. Mai's tablet could read them. Frequencies below hearing, pressures above feeling.

“Ace.” Shammy's warmth was careful. “Your shadow-pressure. The wards are responding to it.”

Ace's shadow-pressure pressed against the containment architecture. The wards recognized her. Not as threat. As something they were designed to contain.

“Silent Vessel resonance.” Mai's voice was analytical. “The wards were built to hold Fragment hosts. They're reading Ace's signature.”

“Useful.” Ace's voice was flat. “Or dangerous.”

“Both.” Mai's pattern-tracing resumed. “The wards will let us through. They're calibrated to Silent Vessel signatures. But they might also be tracking us. Recording.”

The inner archives opened before them. Stone passages. No guards. The architecture itself was the guard. Wards that hadn't been updated in centuries, but hadn't needed to be. They'd been designed by people who understood Fragment containment.

People who had made Silent Vessels.

Mai's analytical mind was running. The containment architecture was sophisticated. Older than Foundation standard, but elegant in its design. The equation was clear: these passages were built to contain knowledge that the Vatican had considered too dangerous to destroy and too dangerous to keep.

So they'd hidden it. Behind walls. Below archives. In architecture that predates modern containment.

“The Protocol should be through here.” Mai's voice was analytical. “Behind the third ward. The one that's keyed to Fragment resonance.”

Ace's shadow-pressure pressed against the ward. The architecture recognized her. The door opened.

The Silence Protocol was there. Behind walls that hadn't been updated in centuries. Guarded by architecture that predated modern containment.

But the thief had been there first.

The vault was empty.

A note remained. In handwriting that wasn't Mai's. But followed her pattern. Her analytical structure. Her precise letter formation.

You would have kept it. I know you. I was you.

The Protocol is destroyed. The knowledge is gone. No more hosts will be created.

I'm sorry I couldn't give you the release data. But the creation ritual was too dangerous. I couldn't let it survive.

The stabilization methods I'll teach you. That's what you need. Not the Protocol.

E.

The Protocol was destroyed.

Mai's hand trembled. The calculation was incomplete. The data was gone.

Shammy's atmospheric sense felt the emptiness. The absence. The weight of what was lost.

Ace's shadow-pressure settled. The mechanical bird ticking.

"The Protocol is gone." Ace's voice was flat. "The creation ritual is destroyed. No more hosts will be created."

"But the release method—" Mai's pattern-tracing stopped. "The survival rates. The data we needed."

"We learn stabilization from the thief." Shammy's warmth settled. "We figure out the release another way."

"The calculation is incomplete." Mai's hand trembled. She pressed it flat. "We can't predict the outcome."

"Then we take the risk." Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. "We learn what we can. We survive what we can. We face what comes together."

"The triad lock." Shammy's warmth returned. "Three vectors. One lock. We figure it out together."

"Together." Mai's voice was analytical. But warmer. "The calculation is incomplete. But we take the risk together."

The inner archives were empty. The Protocol was destroyed. The thief had gotten there first.

But the note remained.

You would have kept it. I know you. I was you.

Mai's hand trembled. The calculation was incomplete. But she understood. The thief had made the same calculation. The same choice.

The thief had been a Silent Vessel. Had survived. Had learned stabilization. Had figured out release, or learned it from someone who had.

And they'd chosen to destroy the Protocol anyway. Even knowing that Mai would have wanted the data. Even knowing that the information might save someone.

Because the creation ritual was too dangerous. Because the cycle needed to stop.

Mai's analytical mind ran the calculation one more time. The equation kept slipping. The variables weren't fixed.

But she understood.

Some knowledge shouldn't exist.

Even if it meant losing the information that might save them.

"She was like you." Shammy's warmth was careful. "The thief. She was a Silent Vessel. She made the same calculation."

"She made the same choice." Ace's voice was flat. "She chose to destroy the knowledge. Even knowing it might save someone."

"She chose to end the cycle." Shammy's hair lifted. "Even at a cost."

Mai's pattern-tracing stopped. The calculation was incomplete. But she understood the equation now.

The thief had been a Silent Vessel. Had held a Fragment. Had survived. Had chosen to destroy the creation ritual rather than preserve it.

The same choice Ace had advocated.

The same choice Mai had argued against.

"You would have kept it." Mai's voice was analytical. But something underneath. "She knew. She was you."

"She was me." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "The calculation is different when you're the one holding the Fragment. When you're the one who was made. When you're the one choosing whether the knowledge that created you should survive."

Mai's hand trembled. She pressed it flat. The analytical mask slipped.

"I was trying to calculate your survival." Mai's voice was analytical. But warmer. "The equation kept slipping. The variables weren't fixed. I was trying to find the outcome that saved you."

"I know." Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. "I'm trying to save the ones who come after. The ones who haven't been made yet."

The mechanical bird ticked. Wound. Unwound.

"The thief will teach us stabilization." Shammy's warmth returned. "We figure out release together. We don't need the Protocol for that."

"We don't know that." Mai's hand trembled. "The calculation is incomplete. The variables—"

"The variables will never be complete." Ace's voice was flat. "We calculate with what we have. We survive with what we learn. We face what comes together."

The triad stood in the empty vault. The Protocol was gone. The creation ritual was destroyed.

But the release method was gone too. The survival rates. The data they might have needed.

Mai's calculation was incomplete. But she understood the equation now.

Some knowledge shouldn't exist.

Even if it meant losing the information that might save them.

The question hung in the air between them. What do you owe the truth when the truth has been weaponized against you?

The thief had answered. Ace had answered. Mai's analytical mind was still running the calculation.

But she understood.

Some truths are too dangerous to preserve.

Some weapons are too harmful to keep.

Some knowledge shouldn't exist.

END OF CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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