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Chapter 3: The Signature

Mai's tablet showed the ritual architecture of the theft like a circuit diagram. Lines of power, containment signatures, molecular residue. Everything that should have been there. And one thing that shouldn't.

The schematic glowed on her screen, each line representing a thread of anomalous energy. The pattern was clear. Too clear. Someone had designed this breach. Every angle, every intersection, every node placed with intention. Not random. Not opportunistic. Architecture.

"The signature is Fragment-class." She traced the pattern on the screen, her fingers working through the mathematics. "But it's not random. It's structured. Like Foundation containment protocols, but older."

Ace stood at the vault door, her emerald katanas humming against the iron. The frequency wasn't audible. Below hearing, above feeling. A pressure that pressed against the skull without crossing the eardrum. The blades knew something was wrong before she did. They vibrated in recognition, not warning.

"Older how?" Shammy's hair lifted slightly. The sterile archive air was still affecting her, but she was adapting. Her atmospheric sense stretched thin, reaching for currents that weren't there.

"The Foundation standardizes containment protocols." Mai's voice was precise. "We codified them in 1952, building on research from the thirties and forties. But this notation predates standardization by at least three centuries. Someone was doing containment work before we developed the systems."

"Before the Foundation existed." Not a question.

"Centuries before." Mai pulled up historical records on her tablet. "The Vatican has been documenting anomalies since the thirteenth century. We've only been the Foundation for seventy years. The mathematical vocabulary here is different, but the underlying architecture is identical. Someone solved containment equations before we had the language to write them."

The vault door was reinforced iron. The lock had been destabilized, molecular bonds broken down by something that touched reality at a different angle. Mai's calculations showed the energy signature required. It wasn't small.

"A Fragment host with this level of control." Mai's fingers traced the pattern. "Deep integration. They're not just carrying something. They're working with it. The precision suggests decades of practice. Maybe longer."

Ace's shadow-pressure fluctuated. Violet. The Fragment inside her was responding to something.

"Violet." Flat. "What do you see?"

The Fragment didn't answer in words. It answered in pressure. A flash of memory that wasn't Ace's. A voice, chanting. Fire. The smell of burning copper. And beneath it all, a sensation of being pulled apart

and put back together, wrong, wrong, wrong.

Ace's hand tightened on her katana. The mechanical bird in her pocket started ticking faster.

"Ace." Shammy's voice was warm. Concerned. "What is it?"

"Violet recognizes something." Flat. "Not consciously. The Fragment is responding."

"To the signature?" Mai's tablet showed the energy pattern. "This is mathematics. Containment architecture. Violet shouldn't respond to mathematics."

"She responds to what made her." Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. "And something here was part of that."

Mai paused at the vault entrance, her tablet processing the residual energy patterns. Shammy had moved deeper into the archive corridor, testing her atmospheric range against the sterile environment. For a moment, it was just Mai and Ace.

"You're winding it again." Mai's voice was quiet. Not an accusation.

Ace looked down. Her hand was in her pocket, fingers working the mechanical bird on reflex. She hadn't noticed.

"The pressure's different today." Mai stepped closer, her cold-focus aura brushing against Ace's shadow-pressure. The two fields interacted in ways neither of them fully understood, Mai's analytical stability meeting Ace's void-weight. "Violet's been more active since we entered the archive."

"She recognizes something." Ace's voice was flat. But her hand stilled on the bird. "I don't know what."

"The signature pattern." Mai pulled up the data. "I can show you the mathematics. Sometimes Violet responds to visual representations differently than verbal descriptions."

She held the tablet between them. Ace leaned in, her shoulder brushing Mai's. Brief but deliberate. Mai's way of grounding. Ace's way of accepting.

"This waveform." Mai traced the curve. "See the harmonic at the base? That's the Fragment resonance. It's not random energy. It's structured. Someone built this pattern. Designed it."

"Like a circuit."

"Exactly like a circuit." Mai's voice warmed slightly. "Someone engineered this Fragment's integration. The host didn't stumble into carrying. They were made to carry."

Ace's shadow-pressure pressed closer to Mai's cold-focus. The fields merged slightly. Stabilizing. For a moment, Ace's breathing slowed.

"If someone was made to carry." Quiet. "Then Violet might have been..."

"Engineered too. Yes." Mai didn't look away from the tablet. "The Blood-Moon Event wasn't random. You've always known that. This is evidence."

Ace's hand found Mai's. Brief. Grounding. Her fingers were cold, shadow-pressure did that, pulled warmth from the surface, but Mai didn't pull away. The cold-focus aura stabilized the contact. Made it bearable.

Neither of them moved.

Then Ace pulled back, shadow-pressure reasserting its normal perimeter. The warmth of Mai's hand lingered in her palm. She didn't look at it.

"Shammy's losing range in here." Operational tone. "We should move."

Mai nodded. The moment passed. But both of them had felt it. The stability of two fields aligning. The quiet that came when two people didn't need to speak.

The archive's containment architecture was built in layers. Mai could see it now. The outer layer was modern Foundation-standard. Wards, stabilization fields, resonance dampeners. The kind of containment they taught at the Academy.

Under that, another layer. Older. The symbols were different. The mathematics was the same, but the notation was archaic.

"Someone built on top of something older." Mai traced the patterns on the wall, her fingers leaving faint light-trails. "The Vatican didn't just store manuscripts here. They built containment on top of containment. Layer after layer. Century after century."

"For what?" Shammy's atmospheric sense was still compressed, but she could feel the weight of the architecture now. "What would they need to contain that they couldn't just store?"

"Things that read themselves into existence." Mai pulled up a reference. "The Codex Umbra. Text that rewrites based on guilt. If you contain it wrong, it shows you things. Things you've done. Things you wish you hadn't."

"The Silence Protocol." Ace's voice was flat. "Procedures for creating silence."

"Vocal anomalies." Mai's voice was precise. "Things that speak. Things that shouldn't speak. The Vatican developed procedures for containment through silence. Sound-dampening rituals. Voice-binding wards."

"And the Fragment Catalogue." Shammy's voice was tight. "Records of bound entities."

"Every Fragment the Vatican has ever documented." Mai's fingers stopped moving. "Including Violet."

Ace's mechanical bird was ticking faster now. She could feel Violet responding to the name. Not words. Pressure. A presence that shifted when certain things were said.

"The thief took all three." Mai's voice was analytical. "Guilt-memetic. Silence procedures. Fragment records. What do they have in common?"

"Creation." Flat. "They're about making things. Making guilt. Making silence. Making Fragment hosts."

"Or learning how they were made." Shammy's hair lifted slightly. "If someone wanted to understand

Fragment creation, these are the texts they'd need.”

Mai's calculations were running. “The signature we found in Prague. The one in the archive. They match a classification from forty years ago. A breach classification. The Blood-Moon Event.”

Ace's shadow-pressure spiked.

“The Blood-Moon wasn't random.” Mai's voice was precise, but there was something underneath. Something careful. “It was summoned. Ritual-activated. The classification suggests it was an attempt to unbind Fragment hosts.”

“Unbind.” Flat. “Release what they're carrying.”

“Or reassemble.” Mai pulled up the data. “The theory was that Fragments are pieces. Shards of something larger that was broken apart. The Blood-Moon Event was an attempt to bring them back together. To make something whole from something scattered.”

“Violet.” Ace's shadow-pressure fluctuated. “She's a piece. Of something bigger.”

“The Fragment Catalogue would list what.” Mai's voice was careful. “What Violet is. What she was part of. Why she was scattered in the first place.”

Ace's hand moved to the mechanical bird in her pocket. She wound it. Unwound it. The familiar motion that kept her centered.

“The thief.” Flat. “They have the Catalogue now. They know what Violet is.”

“Or they want to find out.” Shammy's atmospheric sense was recovering. The sterile air was becoming familiar. “The note said 'You survived. I need to know how.' They want to understand survival.”

“Survival.” Flat. “Or Fragment release.”

Violet's pressure built again. This time, it didn't wait for Ace to ask.

The flash came without warning. Not images. Sensation. The smell of burning copper intensified, became overwhelming. Ace felt the memory that wasn't hers:

A village. Small. Wooden structures, thatched roofs. Night sky wrong. Too many stars, then not enough, then something else entirely. A moon that bled. Purple-black-red, like a bruise spreading across the sky.

Chanting. Not Latin. Not any language she recognized. But the mathematics was the same as Mai's containment equations. Structured. Deliberate. Engineered.

And the sensation of being pulled.

Not physically. Something deeper. The Fragment that would become Violet was being called. Summoned. And Ace, the child who would become Ace, was in the path of the call.

She survived because she was there. Because the Fragment needed a vessel. Because the ritual was designed to create one. The Blood-Moon wasn't destruction. It was manufacturing. Children were the

raw material. The moon was the forge.

And she had been chosen. Not randomly. Selected by a process she couldn't see, couldn't understand. The Fragment didn't choose her. She was assigned to it. By mathematics. By ritual. By someone who knew exactly what they were doing.

"Ace."

Mai's voice. Grounding. The flash receded.

"The signature pattern." Ace's voice was strained. Flat but not steady. "Violet showed me. The Blood-Moon. It was engineered. Not random. Not an accident. Someone designed the ritual to create Fragment hosts."

"The thief was there." Mai's calculations clicked into place. "The signature matches the event classification. Whoever did this was at the Blood-Moon. They survived it too."

"Another vessel." Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. "Someone else was made. And they're leaving messages for the others."

The archive was vast. Corridor after corridor of documents, artifacts, containment cells. Mai traced the signature through the architecture, following the mathematical trail.

"The thief was here before." She stopped at a junction. "The residual pattern suggests they entered through the Renaissance section. Not the main entrance. Not the modern annex."

"How?" Shammy's atmospheric sense was still compressed, but she could feel the architecture now. "The wards would have detected Fragment-class signatures."

"The signature is older than the wards." Mai's voice was precise. "The thief was integrated before the modern containment grid was installed. They're in the system. Not as an anomaly. As infrastructure."

"Infrastructure." Ace's shadow-pressure pressed against the walls. "They've been here long enough to be part of the architecture."

"Centuries, potentially." Mai's tablet showed the timeline. "Fragment hosts can live extended lifespans if the integration is stable. The thief may have been working inside the Vatican for decades. Maybe longer. The mathematics suggests they helped build some of these containment layers."

A new equation formed on Mai's screen. "The pattern isn't just similar to the Blood-Moon classification. It's identical in harmonic structure. This isn't a copy of the event signature. It's the same signature. The thief was there. They were part of it."

"Part of creating it." Flat. "Or part of surviving it."

"Both, potentially." Mai traced the containment layers. "The thief understands Fragment integration at a level we haven't documented. They've been inside containment systems for centuries. They know how to move through them because they helped design them."

Ace's katanas hummed against the iron door. The frequency was lower now. Less warning. More recognition.

"Violet." Flat. "Show me."

The Fragment responded. Not with words. With pressure. A flash of memory that wasn't Ace's. A corridor. Different architecture. Older stones. A door that hadn't been there before. A voice, chanting. And then nothing.

"Hidden section." Flat. "Behind a wall. Violet's seen it before."

"A wall that wasn't there before." Mai traced the architecture on her tablet. "The archive has hidden sections. Concealed containment. The thief didn't just steal manuscripts. They accessed a part of the archive that doesn't officially exist."

"Then we access it too." Shammy's hair lifted. "If there's air behind that wall, I can find it."

Shammy stood in the Renaissance section, her atmospheric sense straining against the sterile environment. Mai had identified the approximate location. A wall between two corridors. No visible door. No visible mechanism.

But Shammy could feel the air behind it.

"There's a cavity." Her voice was tight. "Not large. A room. Maybe a cell. The air is old. Stagnant. Sealed for a long time."

"How long?" Mai asked.

"Decades. Maybe centuries." Shammy's hair lifted slightly. "The pressure differential is small. But it's there. Something's breathing behind that wall."

Ace stepped forward. Her shadow-pressure expanded. The wall was stone. Old. The kind of construction that had stood for centuries.

"Ace." Mai's voice was precise. "The architecture. If you apply shadow-pressure at the resonance frequency, you might be able to destabilize the molecular bonds. Like the thief did with the vault."

Ace's katanas hummed. The frequency shifted, lower now, less warning, more recognition. The blades had been humming since they entered the archive, but this was different. The emerald steel was responding to something on the other side of the wall. Not threat. Not danger. Something familiar.

She pressed her shadow-pressure against the stone, feeling for the resonance point. The place where the molecular bonds would weaken.

The wall didn't break. It didn't shatter.

It folded.

Like paper, collapsing into itself. Revealing a cavity that had been sealed for longer than anyone could remember.

Inside: containment cells. Not manuscript storage. Cells for people.

And on the wall, a label that made Ace's shadow-pressure spike.

"Violet."

The name was carved into the stone. A cell that had held something. Or someone. A containment designation from centuries ago.

The cell was empty now. But the walls still carried the resonance. Someone had been held here. Someone carrying what Ace was carrying now.

The cell was small. Barely enough room to stand. The walls were carved with containment symbols, the same symbols Mai had found in the ritual architecture. Older than Foundation-standard. But the mathematics was the same. Mai recognized the harmonic equations, the way the symbols worked together to suppress, to bind, to hold something that shouldn't be held.

"This is where they made Silent Vessels." Mai's voice was precise. "Not documented. Contained. The Vatican wasn't just recording Fragment hosts. They were creating them. The symbols here aren't for storage. They're for transformation. Binding entities into vessels designed to hold them."

She traced one of the carvings. "See this sequence? Containment circuit, but inverted. Instead of keeping something out, it pulls something in. Forces integration. This cell wasn't a prison. It was a factory."

Shammy's atmospheric sense finally found purchase. The stagnant air in the cell was different. Heavier. It carried weight that had nothing to do with atmosphere. "The air in here is wrong. Dense. Like something was pressed into it, over and over, until it stayed."

"Ace." Her voice was warm but concerned. "The air in here. It's not just old. It's... claimed. Something lived in this air for a long time. Something left traces."

Ace stood in the center of the cell. Her shadow-pressure was fluctuating. Violet was responding to the resonance in the walls. The containment symbols. The designation carved in stone.

"Violet was here." Flat. "Not the Fragment. The name. Someone named Violet was held here."

"Or something named Violet." Mai's tablet showed the containment architecture. "The designation could be the Fragment itself. The entity that was bound here."

The clockwork sparrow began its rhythm in her pocket. She hadn't touched it.

"Violet." Flat. "Show me."

The Fragment responded. A flash of memory. A woman's face. Older. Scarred from containment. Saying something Ace couldn't hear. And then the feeling of being held. Contained. Waiting.

"She was here." Flat. "The Fragment was held in this cell. Before it was in me."

"The Fragment Catalogue would have the records." Mai's voice was precise. "Who held it. How it was transferred. Why it ended up in the Blood-Moon Event."

"The thief took the Catalogue." Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. "They know more about Violet than I do."

Shammy found it on the floor. A page, torn from a manuscript. Not ancient. New. Handwritten. Placed deliberately in the center of the cell.

Ace picked it up. The words were in a modern hand. Written by someone who knew what they were doing.

They made you. They broke you. They put something inside you and hoped you wouldn't remember.

But you do remember. Don't you?

The silence isn't empty. It's waiting.

She showed it to Mai and Shammy.

"Two messages." Mai's fingers traced patterns on her tablet. "The first was about survival. The second is about creation."

"They're not just stealing manuscripts." Shammy's voice was tight. "They're leaving messages. For Fragment hosts."

"For me." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "The notes are for me."

"Why?" Mai asked.

"Because someone survived before." Flat. "Someone else was in a cell like this. Someone else was made into a vessel. And they want me to know what that means."

The cell felt smaller now. The containment symbols on the walls seemed to pulse. Not visibly. Nothing changed. But the resonance was there. The weight of centuries.

"Ace." Mai's voice was precise. "We should document this and report to Bright."

"Bright knows about the hidden section." Flat. "He sent us here. He wanted us to find this."

"The Foundation has documentation of Vatican containment practices." Mai's tablet showed the records. "But this level of detail. This is new. Evidence of Fragment creation that predates modern systems."

"That's why the thief wanted the manuscripts." Shammy's atmospheric sense was recovering. "Not just to steal. To show. To prove what was done here."

"Prove to who?" Mai asked.

"To everyone." Ace's shadow-pressure pressed against the walls. "To the Foundation. To the Vatican. To Fragment hosts. To prove that we were made. Not just found."

The mechanical bird in her pocket was still ticking. Wound and unwound. Tension and release.

"The thief knows what I am." Flat. "They know what Violet is. And they're showing me that someone else survived the same thing."

"Someone who escaped." Shammy's voice was warm. "Someone who got out of a cell like this."

"Or someone who was released." Mai's voice was precise. "The Fragment Catalogue would list what happened to each entity. If Violet was held here, there would be a record of where it went next."

"The thief has the Catalogue now." Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. "They know where Violet came from. They know where it went after this cell."

"And they want you to know that you're not the first." Shammy's hair lifted. "Someone else was made into a vessel. Someone else survived. And they want you to find them."

Ace looked at the empty cell. The containment symbols. The name carved into the stone. Violet.

"A woman's face." Her voice was flat. "Violet showed me. Someone who was held here. Someone who said something I couldn't hear."

"Violet's previous host." Mai's voice was precise. "If Fragments transfer between hosts, the previous carrier would have been held here."

"The Fragment was extracted." Flat. "From her. Into me."

"That's what the Blood-Moon Event was." Mai's calculations were running. "A ritual to transfer Fragments. To unbind them from old hosts and bind them to new ones."

"And someone survived." Ace's mechanical bird kept ticking. "Someone who was held in a cell like this. Someone who was released. And now they're leaving messages for the vessels who came after."

The air in the cell shifted. Not Shammy's atmospheric sense. Something else. A presence.

"Ace." Shammy's voice was tight. "The air. Something's watching."

Mai's tablet showed a spike in containment energy. "The residual signature. It's activating."

The containment symbols on the wall pulsed. Visibly now. Light that had been dormant for centuries.

And then a voice. Not spoken. Pressed into the air like the anomaly in Prague.

You found the cell. Good.

The next message is in the air. Find it. Follow it.

But be careful. The Vatican doesn't know what they made. And they'll kill to keep it secret.

The presence faded. The containment symbols dimmed. The cell was empty again.

But the message had been delivered. And the next thread was waiting.

"Shammy." Mai's voice was precise. "Can you trace the signature?"

Shammy's atmospheric sense reached out. The air in the archive was still sterile. But there was a current now. A path. A trail left by something that had moved through.

"Yes." Her hair lifted. "I can follow it."

"Then let's find out what the Vatican made." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "And who survived it."

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