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Chapter 4: Stormfront in the Archive

Shammy's hair lifted in the sealed archive. No wind. No draft. Just her. The storm-gradient responding to something that wasn't there.

The air in here was wrong. Not stale. Sterilized. Climate-controlled to within a fraction of a degree, humidity locked at precisely forty-seven percent, filtration systems running on cycles so regular that nothing lived in this air. Nothing could. It was engineered to be empty. The Vatican had been preserving manuscripts here for centuries, and the air itself had been trained to forget. To hold nothing. To remember nothing.

The pressure was different here. Not just the absence of weather. The absence of history. In Prague, in Tokyo, in every city Shammy had ever worked, the air carried stories. Pressure systems that had traveled across continents. Moisture that had been rain in one place and fog in another. The atmosphere remembered everything it touched. Every breath that had passed through it.

But not here. Here the air had been stripped of everything. Here the atmosphere was nothing but temperature and pressure. A medium for preservation, not a record of passage.

"Shammy." Mai's voice was precise. "Your atmospheric sense is spiking."

She couldn't help it. In spaces like this, her connection to atmosphere thinned. The air didn't carry information the way it should. No one's breath had marked these corridors. No one's movement had pressed against the walls. Like reading a page that had been scraped clean. Not blank, but erased, the history of passage still present but impossible to parse.

"The air remembers." Shammy's words came slowly, each one an effort to pull meaning from nothing. She was reading currents that didn't exist. Feeling pressure that had passed through hours, maybe days ago. "Someone moved through here. The atmosphere hasn't forgotten."

Even here, though. Even in this sterile void. Something lingered. A signature pressed into the emptiness.

Ace stood at her side, shadow-pressure contracted tight. Mai was behind, tablet out, tracing the mathematical architecture of the hidden section they'd found. But this was Shammy's domain. The air.

"It's like trying to see through fog." Shammy's voice was tight. "The archive's systems scrub everything. Temperature variance, humidity fluctuation, carbon dioxide concentration. They're all controlled. There's nothing for me to read."

Mai adjusted her tablet. "The environmental systems are state-of-the-art. HEPA filtration, positive pressure, UV treatment. The air hasn't been natural in decades."

"That's why the trail is faint." Shammy closed her eyes, extending her awareness. The sterile air resisted her, but under the sterility, under the engineered emptiness, something pushed back. "But the atmosphere keeps signatures. Temperature differentials. Pressure changes. The way air moves

when something passes through. Even here, even scrubbed clean, I can feel where something disturbed the pattern.”

“Can you follow it?” Ace's voice was flat.

Shammy opened her eyes. The storm-gradient in her hair lifted higher. “The trail is old. Days, maybe more. But yes. The atmosphere keeps records even when it doesn't want to.”

“Then we follow.” Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. “The thief is still in the Vatican.”

The hidden section of the archive was older than the Renaissance corridors. Older than the medieval wings. The stones here were Roman. The containment symbols predated the Catholic Church.

Mai walked beside Shammy, cold-focus aura stabilizing the space. “The architecture here isn't documented in any Foundation records. The Vatican was doing containment work before modern classification systems existed.”

Shammy's awareness was fragmenting. The sterile air in the main archive had been difficult, but this hidden section, behind walls that weren't on any map, through corridors that shouldn't exist, this was worse. The air here was older, layered, but the layers were wrong. They pressed against each other without mixing. Temperature gradients that should have equalized stayed separate. Pressure zones that should have dispersed held their shape like invisible walls.

“The air is compartmentalized.” Shammy's voice was tight. “This isn't natural circulation. Someone designed the atmosphere here to stay divided.”

“Before the Renaissance.” Mai's voice was precise. “Before the modern Vatican. This section was built over Roman foundations. The containment symbols are Etruscan. Pre-Christian.”

“Before the Foundation.” Flat. “Before standardized protocols.”

“Centuries before.” Mai's tablet showed carbon dating estimates. “The containment architecture is sophisticated. Pressure zones, atmospheric isolation, sensory interference. They weren't just containing entities. They were containing the air itself.”

Shammy felt it now. The deliberate structure of the atmosphere. Each corridor had its own microclimate. Each room was sealed not just by stone but by pressure differentials that kept the air from flowing freely. Like walking through a series of invisible membranes, each one resisting her ability to extend her awareness.

“They made it hard to feel.” Shammy's hair lifted higher. “Hard for anyone who reads atmosphere. They wanted containment that couldn't be sensed.”

Ace's shadow-pressure fluctuated. Violet was responding to something here. The walls. The symbols. The weight of centuries of containment.

“Someone built this for entities like us.” Ace's mechanical bird started ticking in her pocket. She hadn't touched it. “For Fragment hosts.”

“For making them.” Mai's voice was analytical. “The architecture suggests creation, not just containment. These are manufacturing cells.”

Shammy's atmospheric sense stretched ahead. The trail was faint. But the air remembered. Temperature changes. Pressure shifts. The way atmosphere compressed and expanded when something moved through. Even in this compartmentalized space, someone had passed. And they'd left a signature Shammy could follow.

"This way." She turned left. "The signature is stronger here. They spent time in this section."

The corridor opened into a larger space. Not a vault. A containment wing. Cells along the walls, each one carved with symbols that predated modern containment notation. Most were empty. But some still had resonance. The weight of something having been held.

Shammy stopped at the threshold. The air here was different. Heavier. Older. Layered with decades of human presence that the sterile corridors had lacked. The containment cells had broken the compartmentalization. People had lived in this space. Had been held in this space.

"They kept people here." Shammy's voice was tight. "Not manuscripts. People."

Mai approached the nearest cell, her tablet tracing the containment architecture. "Fragment hosts. The containment cells would hold the Fragment, not just the person. Silent Vessels. They made them here."

"Manufactured." Flat. "Not found. Created."

Each cell told a story in atmosphere. Shammy could feel them. The residual pressure of bodies, the warmth that had seeped into stone, the desperate circulation of air in sealed spaces. Some cells had held people for days. Others for years. The air remembered the difference.

"This one." Shammy stopped at a cell that felt different. "Someone was here recently. The atmospheric signature is fresh."

Mai's tablet confirmed. "The resonance is still active. Something was held here. Days. Maybe a week."

"The thief." Ace's shadow-pressure pressed against the walls. "They weren't just stealing manuscripts. They were using the containment cells."

"For what?" Shammy's atmospheric sense reached into the cell. The air was old. Stagnant. But under the age, something newer. Something that had disturbed the pattern recently. "The air is wrong. Not just sterile. Claimed."

"By what?" Mai asked.

"By someone who moves through atmosphere." Shammy's voice was tight. "Like me. Someone who can read air currents. Someone who leaves a void where atmosphere should be."

The presence was faint. But Shammy could feel it. A gap in the pressure. A space where something had been, pulling atmosphere instead of pushing through it.

"They're still here." Shammy's hair lifted fully now. "In the Vatican. The trail leads out of this section. But the signature is still present. Somewhere in the archive."

Ace's katanas cleared the sheaths. The frequency-hum filled the containment wing. Shadow-pressure

expanding, making the ancient stones feel deeper, older, more compressed.

“Then we find them.” Flat. “Now.”

They moved deeper into the containment wing. The cells multiplied. Dozens of them, each one carved with containment symbols that Mai's tablet struggled to parse. The notation was ancient. Pre-Foundation. Pre-standard.

“This is where they learned.” Mai's voice was analytical. “Everything the Foundation does. Everything we know about containment. It started here. In these cells.”

Ace's shadow-pressure fluctuated as they passed each cell. Violet was responding. Not to the symbols. To something deeper. The resonance of containment. The echo of entities held in stone.

“Violet was here.” Barely a whisper. “Not in this cell. But in a place like this. She recognizes the feeling.”

Shammy felt the air change as Ace spoke. The shadow-pressure created its own atmospheric disturbance, pressure zones that pressed against each other, created by Ace's Fragment rather than natural circulation. Like watching a storm system form in miniature.

“Your shadow-pressure is creating interference.” Shammy's voice was analytical despite herself. “The atmospheric signature I'm tracking, it's interacting with your Fragment.”

Ace's katanas hummed louder. “Violet is responding. She feels something.”

“The containment cells.” Mai traced the architecture. “They're designed to hold Fragment hosts. The resonance is built into the stone. It's not just symbols. The entire structure is a containment vessel.”

“Someone designed this specifically for entities like Violet.” Ace's mechanical bird was ticking faster. “Someone knew what they were containing.”

Shammy's awareness extended through the compartmentalized air. The trail she'd been following, the void where atmosphere should be, it was getting stronger. The signature was fresher.

“They came here for something specific.” Shammy's hair lifted higher. “The atmospheric trail leads past most of the cells. They weren't interested in the containment architecture.”

“They were interested in the records.” Mai's tablet showed the path. “This section connects to the manuscript archives. The cells were a stopping point, not a destination.”

“Then why use them?” Ace asked.

“Because they needed the containment field.” Mai's voice was precise. “For themselves. The thief is a Fragment host. They used these cells to stabilize. To rest. To hide.”

Shammy felt a chill that had nothing to do with temperature. “Someone who needs containment to survive. Who's been carrying for so long that they can't stay stable without it.”

“The shelf.” Flat. “Over there.”

A single shelf in the center of the room. Empty. But on the wall behind it, a label carved into the

stone. A containment designation for the Fragment she carried. The Fragment that was now inside her.

“Violet.”

Mai approached the shelf. Her tablet traced the containment architecture. “The resonance is still active. Someone was held here recently. Days. Maybe a week.”

Shammy stepped closer. The air here was dense with resonance. Not heat, not movement, but presence. The containment symbols carved into the stone were older than anything she'd seen. Etruscan. Maybe older. They pulsed with a frequency that her atmospheric sense registered as pressure. As weight.

“This cell held Violet.” Flat. “Before she was inside me.”

“The catalogue.” Mai was scanning rapidly. “The Fragment Catalogue Vol. VII. It would have records. Transfer history. Host names. What each entity was before it was scattered.”

“Someone was looking for that information.” Shammy felt the atmospheric trail, now unmistakable. “The thief came here. To this cell. To this shelf.”

“Why?” Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. “What would they find here?”

“Proof.” Shammy's voice was quiet. “The air remembers what it felt like to hold something. This cell. Someone was here recently. Someone who felt like you. Like the same kind of presence.”

Ace approached the shelf. Her shadow-pressure fluctuated, responding to the containment resonance. The mechanical bird in her pocket was ticking steadily now. A rhythm that matched her breathing.

“This is where they made me.” Barely a whisper. “Not this cell. But a place like this. Violet was held in something similar before they put her inside.”

“The Silence Protocol.” Mai's voice was precise. “The manuscript the thief stole. It describes the procedure for creating Silent Vessels. For binding a Fragment to a person.”

“They made people here.” Shammy felt the weight of the air. The cumulative pressure of decades of containment. “Not just manuscripts. People.”

“And one of them came back.” Ace's mechanical bird ticked faster. “To see where it started.”

The archive was a maze. Corridor after corridor of documents, artifacts, containment cells. Shammy followed the atmospheric trail, Mai traced the mathematical architecture, Ace read the shadow-resonance.

Three vectors. One path.

Shammy's awareness extended through the compartmentalized air. The sterile sections were hardest. The engineered emptiness resisted her sense. But the older sections, the containment cells, the spaces where atmosphere had been allowed to accumulate, they carried signatures she could follow.

"They went this way." Shammy pointed to a junction. "The air currents bend here. Someone passed through, pulling atmosphere with them."

"A Fragment host with atmospheric abilities." Mai's tablet showed the pattern. "The thief has capabilities similar to yours."

"Not similar." Shammy's hair lifted. "Identical. The signature is mine. Older. More integrated. But the same."

Shammy felt the recognition in her core. The atmospheric void wasn't just similar to her own stormfront. It was the same pattern. Someone had learned to manipulate atmosphere the same way she did. Had been doing it longer. Had integrated the ability so deeply that they left a vacuum where their presence should have been.

"Someone who's been carrying a storm-elemental Fragment." Mai's voice was precise. "Someone who's learned to use atmosphere the way you use it."

Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. "Violet doesn't give me atmospheric control. She gives me shadow. Pressure. The ability to make space smaller."

"Different Fragment." Mai's voice was analytical. "Different integration. The thief's capabilities suggest a Fragment that affects atmosphere directly. Not shadow. Not cold-focus. Storm."

Shammy felt the air currents bend ahead. The trail was getting fresher. The atmospheric signature more distinct. Whoever had passed through here had done so recently, and they'd moved with purpose. Not fleeing. Not searching. Moving like someone who knew exactly where they were going.

"They're close." Shammy's voice was tight. "The void in the atmosphere is ahead. Maybe thirty meters."

Ace moved forward, katanas humming. Mai's cold-focus stabilized the corridor. Shammy's stormfront extended, atmospheric pressure ready to compress.

The triad converged on the signature. Three vectors. One target.

The presence was at the end of the corridor. A figure. Not clear. More like a gap in reality. A space where atmosphere refused to exist.

Shammy raised her hand. The atmosphere answered. Her stormfront extended, pressure differential building. "Stop."

The figure didn't move. It wasn't running. It wasn't attacking.

It was watching.

Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. The frequency-hum of her katanas pressed against the air. "Show yourself."

The presence shifted. Not physically. Visually. The gap in atmosphere flickered, and something resolved. Human-shaped. But not solid. More like a pressure pattern that had learned to walk like a person.

Shammy felt the atmospheric disturbance directly now. The figure wasn't just surrounded by void. They were void. A space where air should be but wasn't. Disorienting. Her stormfront wanted to fill the empty space, but there was nothing to fill.

"Not hostile." Mai's voice was precise. Analytical. "The signature isn't attacking. It's observing."

"Observing what?" Shammy asked.

"You."

The voice came from the presence. Not spoken. Pressed into the air. The same way the anomaly in Prague had spoken. The same way the message in the cell had been delivered.

"You're following the trail." The presence shifted again. "The atmosphere remembers. Good. You'll need that."

Ace's katanas hummed louder. "Who are you?"

"Someone who was held in a cell like the one you found." The presence wasn't solid enough to have features. But the voice carried weight. "Someone who survived. Like you will."

"Survived what?" Shammy's stormfront held steady.

"The making. The breaking. The putting inside." The presence flickered. "They made us. Both of us. You and I. In cells like those. They put something inside and hoped we wouldn't remember."

Shammy felt the atmospheric signature now. Not just void, but pattern. The pressure differential matched her own stormfront. The manipulation of air currents. The ability to read atmosphere. This wasn't just a Fragment host. This was someone who had been shaped by the same process that had shaped her.

"I remember." Ace's voice was flat. "Violet shows me."

"Not enough." The presence shifted. "Not yet. But you will. The manuscripts will help. The catalogue will show you what Violet is. What you're carrying."

"Why did you take them?" Mai's voice was precise.

"To destroy them." The presence's voice carried no emotion. "The Silence Protocol. The procedures for making Fragment hosts. They should not exist. They should never have existed."

"You're destroying evidence." Mai's tablet showed the pattern. "Not collecting it."

"Evidence of creation. Evidence of breaking." The presence flickered. "The Vatican made Fragment hosts for centuries. The Foundation continued the work. I'm ending it."

"By destroying the records." Ace's shadow-pressure pressed. "By killing the knowledge."

"Knowledge that creates suffering." The presence shifted. "The Silence Protocol describes how to make a Silent Vessel. How to bind a Fragment to a person. How to create someone like you. Like me."

"And the Fragment Catalogue?" Shammy asked.

"A record of what was made." The presence's voice flickered. "What entities. What hosts. What

survived. What didn't. I need that information. To find others. To warn them."

"Warn them of what?"

"Of what's coming." The presence began to dissolve. Not fleeing. Fading. "The hunter. The thing that hunts Fragment hosts. The thing that made the Blood-Moon Event."

Ace's shadow-pressure spiked. "The hunter."

"You felt it in Prague." The presence was barely visible now. "The anomaly that fled. It was running from the hunter. So am I. So will you be, soon."

"Why tell us this?" Mai asked.

"Because you're like me." The voice was almost gone. "Made. Broken. Put together with something inside. And because the hunter is coming for all of us."

The presence dissolved completely. The atmosphere returned to normal. The corridor was empty.

But Shammy could still feel the void where it had been. The space where atmosphere had refused to exist.

"They're still in the Vatican." Shammy's hair settled. "The trail leads deeper. But they wanted us to find them. They wanted us to know."

"The hunter." Ace's katanas hummed. The mechanical bird in her pocket was ticking faster. "The anomaly in Prague was running from something. Now I know what."

Mai's tablet showed the containment architecture. "The thief is a Fragment host. Atmospheric abilities. Deep integration. They've been carrying for decades. Maybe centuries."

"And they're destroying the records of Fragment creation." Shammy's atmospheric sense was recovering. "To prevent more hosts from being made."

"To prevent more suffering." Ace's shadow-pressure contracted. "They were in a cell like mine. They know what it's like."

"The question is whether they're right." Mai's voice was precise. "Destroying knowledge prevents creation. But it also prevents understanding. If we want to know what Violet is. What made us. What's coming..."

"We need the manuscripts." Flat. "But so do they."

"And they're not sharing." Shammy's hair lifted slightly. "The air trail leads out. They've left the archive. But they're still in the Vatican."

"Then we follow." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "We find out what they know. And we decide whether to stop them or help them."

The triad moved through the ancient corridors. Depth, Horizontal, Vertical. Three vectors aligned. But the trail was fading. The atmosphere was forgetting.

And somewhere in the Vatican, a Fragment host was watching. Waiting. Destroying evidence of creation while something called the hunter approached.

Dr. Bright's voice came through the secure channel as they exited the hidden archive.

“Report.”

Mai answered. “We found the containment cells. Fragment hosts were made here. Centuries of creation. The thief is one of them. A Fragment host with atmospheric abilities. Deep integration. They've been carrying for decades.”

“The thief's identity?”

“Unknown. They're a presence. A void in atmosphere. They communicate through pressure, not voice.” Mai's voice was precise. “They claim to be destroying the records of Fragment creation. To prevent more hosts from being made.”

Bright was silent. The kind of silence that meant he was processing.

“The manuscripts they stole. The Silence Protocol describes creation procedures. The Fragment Catalogue lists hosts. They're destroying the knowledge of how to make people like us.”

“Ace.” Bright's voice was careful. “Did they mention Violet?”

“They know what I'm carrying.” Flat. “They know what Violet is. They said the catalogue would show me.”

“The Foundation has records of Fragment designations. But not complete records.” Bright's voice was clinical. “The Fragment Catalogue the thief took would have information we don't have. Host names. Transfer histories. What each entity was before it was scattered.”

“Scattered.” Ace's shadow-pressure fluctuated. “They mentioned that. The thief said Fragments are pieces. Shards of something larger. The Blood-Moon Event was an attempt to bring them back together.”

“That's...” Bright paused. “That's a classification we don't have. The theory of Fragment reassembly. It's not in Foundation records.”

“It's in the thief's head.” Shammy's voice was warm. “They've been carrying for centuries. They know things we don't.”

“And they're destroying the records that could teach us.” Mai's voice was precise. “They're preventing creation. But they're also preventing understanding.”

“Then you need to find them.” Bright's voice was clinical. “And you need to decide whether to stop them or learn from them. The Vatican is requesting an update. They want the manuscripts returned. They want the thief captured.”

“What do you want?” Ace asked.

“I want you to survive.” Bright's voice was careful. “I want you to understand what Violet is. And I want to know what's hunting Fragment hosts. The thief mentioned a hunter. Something that made the Blood-Moon Event. Something that's coming.”

“The thief said they're running from it.” Shammy's voice was tight. “And so are we.”

“Then you have something in common.” Bright's voice was neutral. “Find the thief. Decide what to do with them. And watch your backs. The hunter isn't the only thing in the Vatican that wants to contain what you're carrying.”

The line went dead.

The clockwork sparrow ticked in her pocket. She wound it. Unwound it. Wind and unwind.

“The thief is still here.” Shammy's atmospheric sense reached out. “I can feel the void they left. But it's fading. The atmosphere is forgetting.”

“Then we move fast.” Ace's shadow-pressure expanded. “Before the trail disappears. Before the hunter arrives. Before the Vatican decides we're as much a threat as the thief.”

The triad moved through the Vatican's ancient corridors. Three vectors. One mission. But the mission was changing.

It wasn't just about stolen manuscripts anymore. It was about what had been made in those cells. What was hunting the results. And whether understanding was worth the cost of destruction.

The mechanical bird kept ticking. The shadow-pressure kept expanding. And somewhere in the archive, the atmosphere was forgetting the presence that had passed through.

But Shammy remembered. The void where atmosphere refused to exist. The voice pressed into air. The warning about what was coming.

The hunter was approaching. And the thief was the only one who knew what that meant.

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