



MANATITE KNIGHTS

THE FIRST THREE

Before anyone called him Web Shooter, he was the engineer whose manatite sealant made ordinary travel between stars possible.



Success brought wealth and praise, but it could not save his family when criminals murdered them.



Grief gave the invention a new purpose: stop predators before another family failed to return home.



He was no soldier.
A well-placed laser
could kill him, so every
hunt began with
patience.



Magnetic gloves and
boots turned ceilings
into cover and
shadows into an
advantage.



His web grenades
expanded like
emergency sealant,
trapping pirates
before they
understood the
attack.



Credits paid for the
next hunt. Seeing
another family
return home was the
reward that
mattered.



ROOF-AR began as an ordinary dog chosen for a space mission whose designers never planned to bring him home.



Radiation from manatite deposits remade his body and bound his life to the mysterious crystal.



Nomadic space barbarians found the drifting vessel, taught him to speak, fight, and cross the stars.



For the first time, he belonged to a family that had chosen him.



The enemy arrived with enough power to destroy ships and capture warriors before courage could change the outcome.



ROOF-AR fought for his clan, but strength could not keep him from losing a second family.



To bring them home, he would have to attempt something harder than battle: trusting strangers.



In her kingdom, manatite was currency, technology, and magic. Powdered crystal could answer the wishes of those attuned to it.



The Princess joined meditation to military discipline, becoming both serene scholar and front-line general.



When rivals reached for her kingdom's reserves, she knew conventional armies would not be enough.



She searched for knights whose lives revealed not only power, but the character to use it responsibly.



The hunter saw a raider. The warrior saw the kind of civilization that had abandoned him.



Their first meeting balanced on suspicion, with the Princess standing between two different kinds of anger.

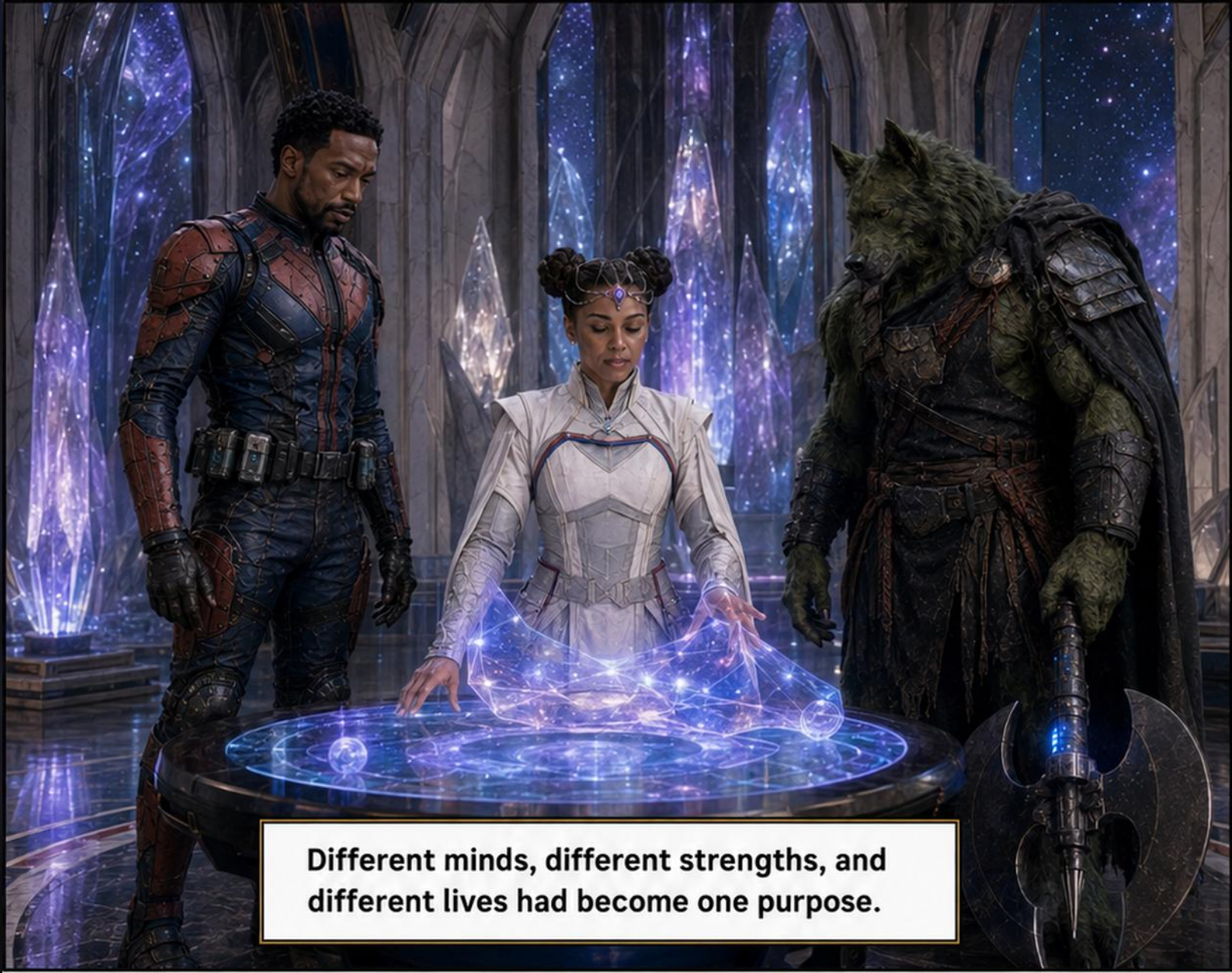


Then each recognized the same wound in the other: a family taken, and a life rebuilt afterward.



She offered something greater than revenge—the chance to keep countless families from sharing their loss.





**Different minds, different strengths, and
different lives had become one purpose.**



**Destiny had not chosen them. When the galaxy
needed protectors, the first three chose to answer.**