

NEXUS NIGHTS

TOURIST PROCESSING



ISSUE 1



Sasha crossed realities for one night of borrowed power and paid adventure.



Nexus City sold miracles like movie tickets, and her random draw had only one name on it: Astral Command.



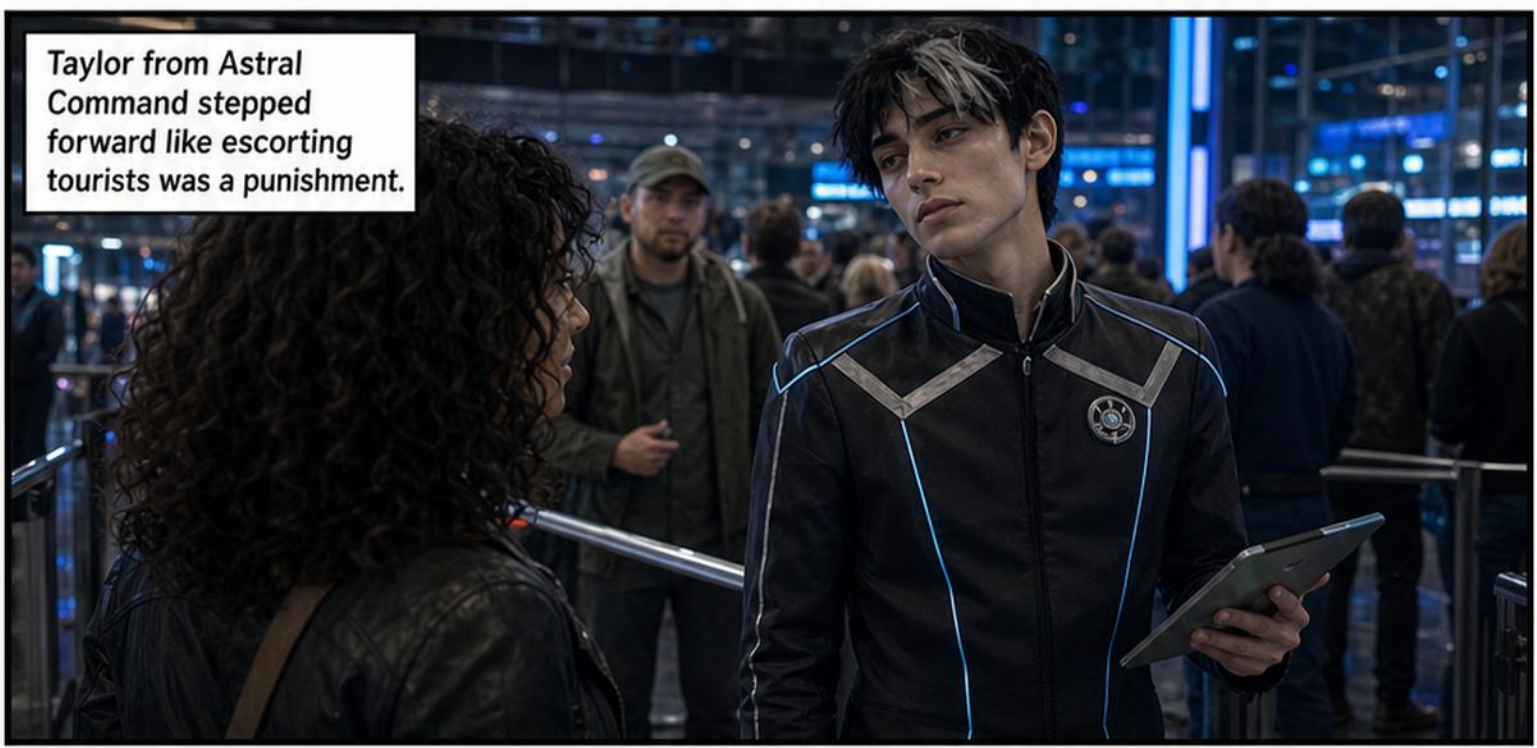
The station smelled like ozone, rain, and a thousand overlapping worlds.



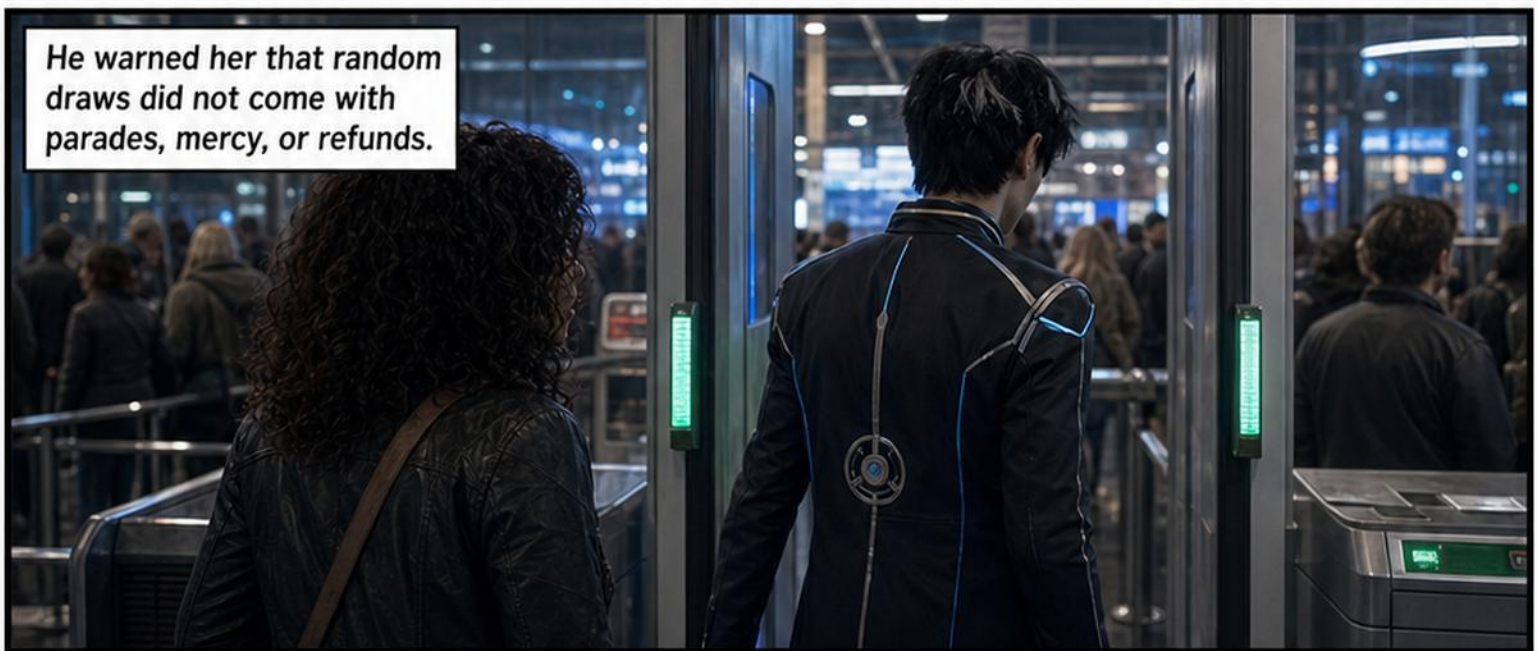
She raised the ticket and asked the crowd, "Is anyone here looking for Sasha?"



Taylor from Astral Command stepped forward like escorting tourists was a punishment.



He warned her that random draws did not come with parades, mercy, or refunds.



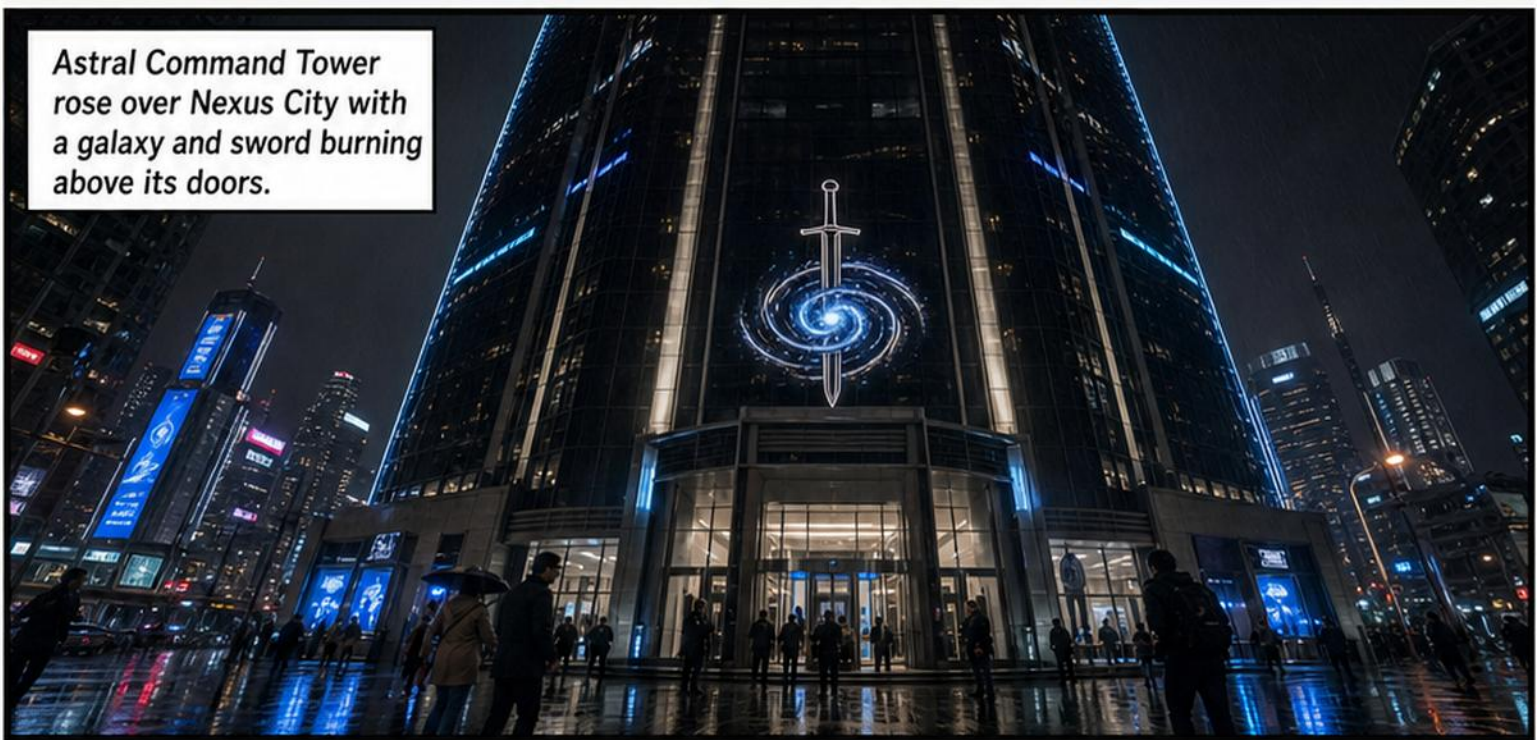
Three tourists had died that month trying to play hero. Dead people did not leave testimonials.



Sasha smiled anyway and told herself thrill rides were not meant to be safe.



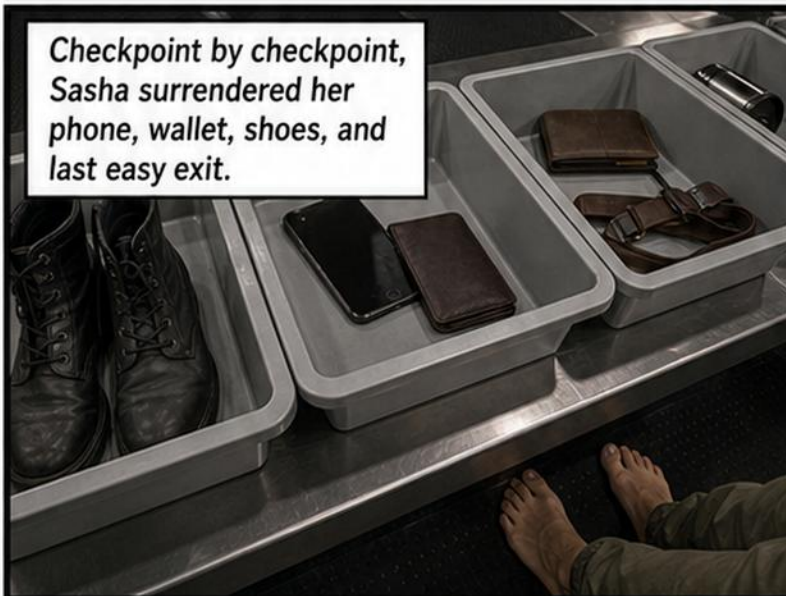
Astral Command Tower rose over Nexus City with a galaxy and sword burning above its doors.



Inside, the lobby was plain enough to make cosmic heroism feel like a license renewal.



Checkpoint by checkpoint, Sasha surrendered her phone, wallet, shoes, and last easy exit.



Officer Mara Venn handed her a black processing jumpsuit and pointed toward the chamber.



The adventure was still happening. It just had more forms than advertised.



The activation chamber waited in a blue circle of glass pods and nervous recruits.



Sasha joked that the plain jumpsuit already felt like a costume. Mara did not laugh.



A pod opened with a soft hiss, bright and clean as a promise nobody had read closely.



When the door sealed, the machine asked her to rate the pain.



At first the liquid metal only tingled, and Sasha called the pain a two.



Then every nerve learned a sharper number.



Across the chamber, another recruit slammed the glass and begged for the process to stop.



Mara called it normal integration stress. The red lights disagreed.



Sasha had come for excitement. Now she wondered if excitement could kill her.



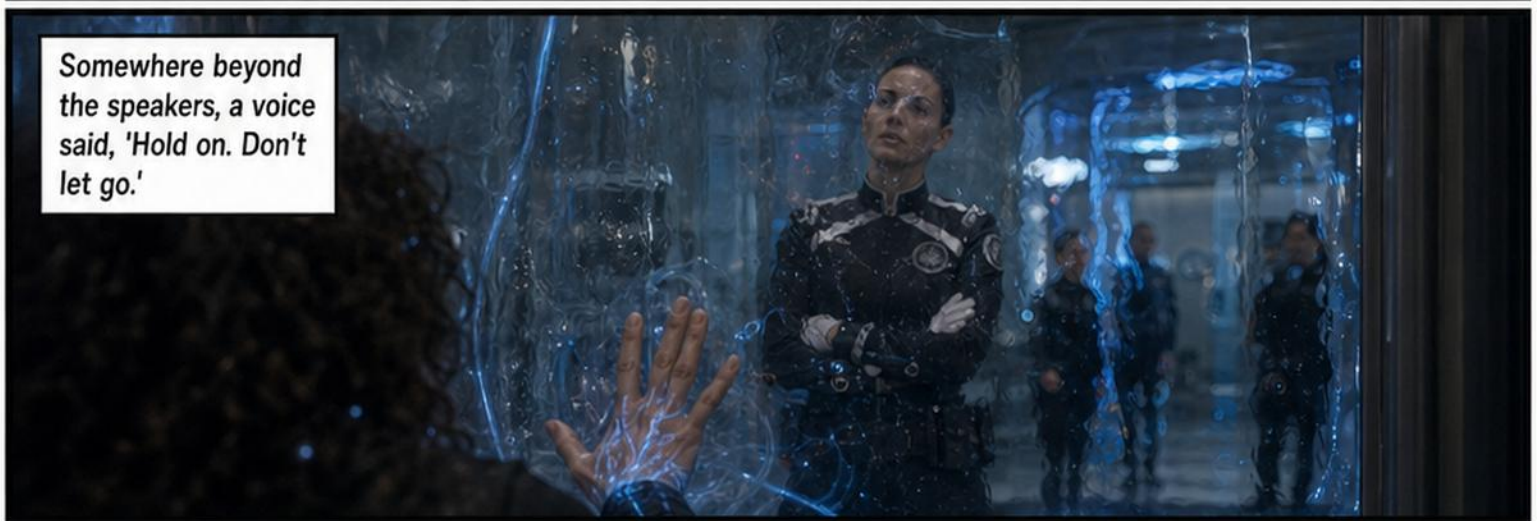
At seventy-five percent, nausea folded her in half and the pod answered with cold needles.



At ninety percent, blue light poured through her veins like molten stars.



Somewhere beyond the speakers, a voice said, 'Hold on. Don't let go.'



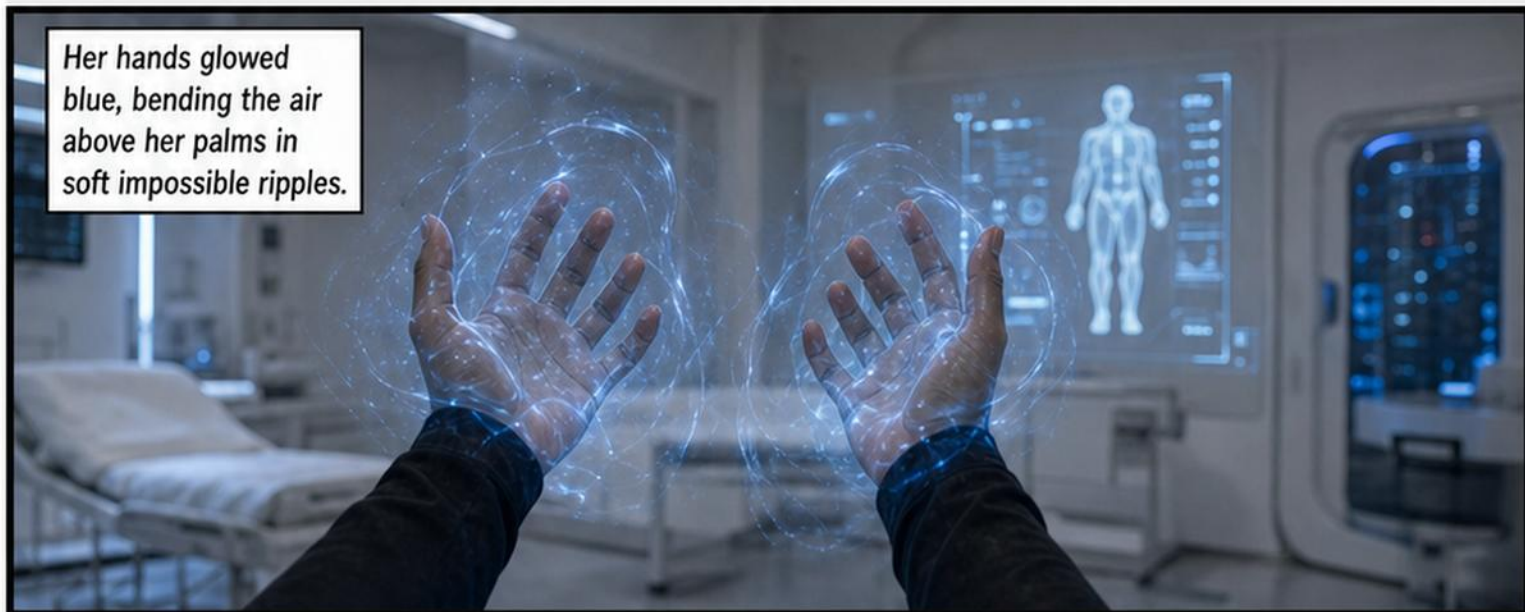
Sasha held on until the room vanished.



Sasha woke on a white recovery cot with the taste of metal still in her mouth.



Her hands glowed blue, bending the air above her palms in soft impossible ripples.



Dr. Imani Vale called it Astral Manipulation: space-time distortion, portal potential, quantum field projection.



A custom suit waited nearby. The power had worked. The mission had not even started.

