

NEXUS NIGHTS

Issue 2



Small Hand Wiggles

Sasha woke with metal on her tongue, blue light in her hands, and the private miracle of still being alive.



The suit waited beside her cot, black and silver and less ridiculous than she had secretly hoped.



Dr. Imani Vale warned her that the armor stabilized the power core, not the person wearing it.



Sasha decided that sounded like future-Sasha's problem.



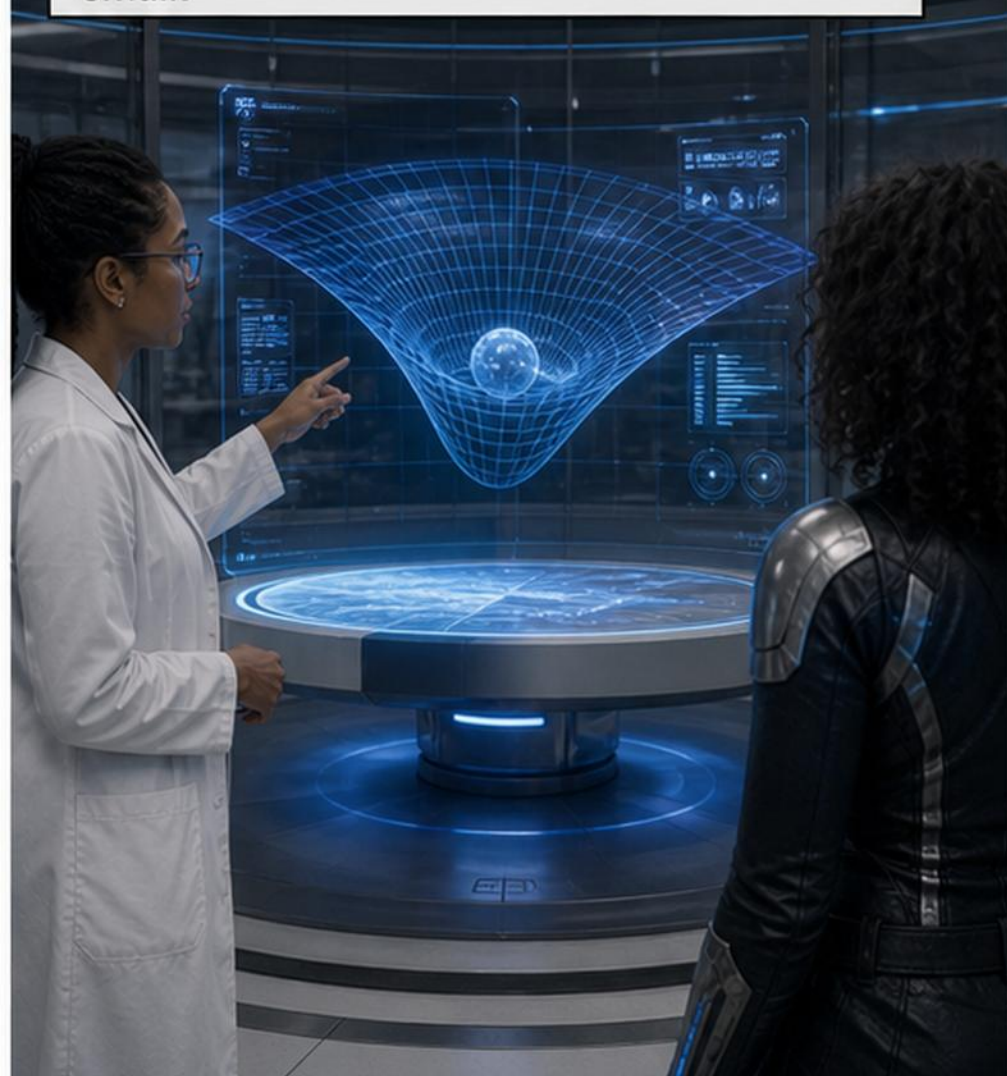
Dr. Vale called the power quantum field projection. Sasha asked if that meant she was basically a god.



The answer was no. Very no.



Space and time, Vale explained, could be bent like fabric if Sasha kept the distortion small.



Sasha heard 'portals' and immediately felt better.



The mission was not a monster to punch.
It was an incursion eating chunks of the
Central Business District.



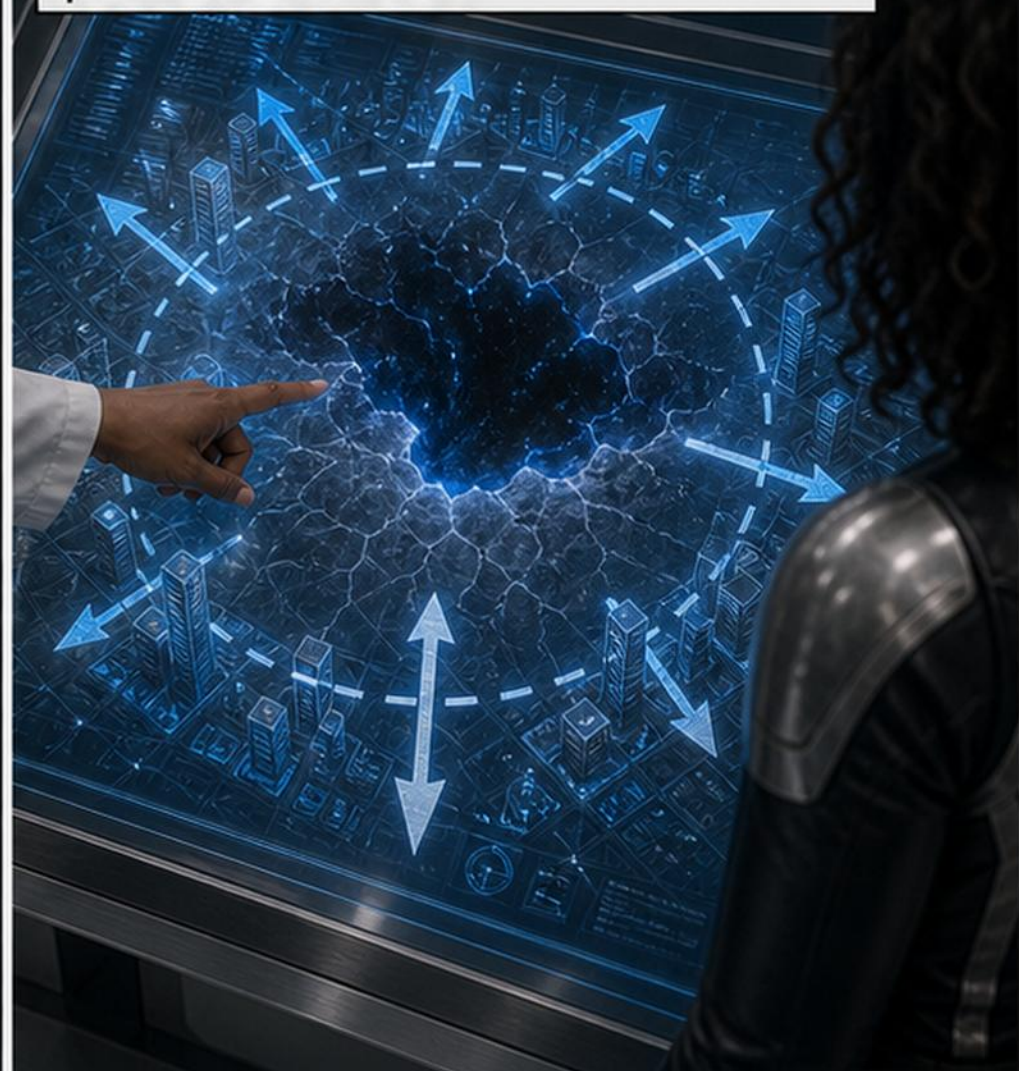
Sasha translated that into Ghostbusters,
Doctor Strange, and every movie where
someone sensible should have stayed home.



Vale let one tired breath escape before
explaining that real people were already
dying.



The job was simple in the way falling off
a tower was simple: stabilize the field and
push the breach back.



Training began with one instruction:
make a small controlled field.



Vale moved her hand once, and the air
folded like heat above pavement.



Sasha copied the motion and made
a nervous blue wobble.



Then every alarm in the briefing room
decided ten minutes was generous.



Training was over.
The mission had arrived early.



Vale clipped a field communicator to Sasha's wrist and brought up the spreading target zone.



She pressed a quantum destabilizer pistol into Sasha's hand in case the power failed.



Three containment teams were already silent. The city was not waiting for Sasha to feel ready.



Vale's final order was not tactical. It was human: 'Try not to die.'



Containment soldiers escorted Sasha through corridors built for disasters no brochure mentioned.



The hangar opened around a hovering Astral Command transport, its blue lines pulsing like a heartbeat.



A soldier handed her a tactical visor and warned her not to look directly at the entity.



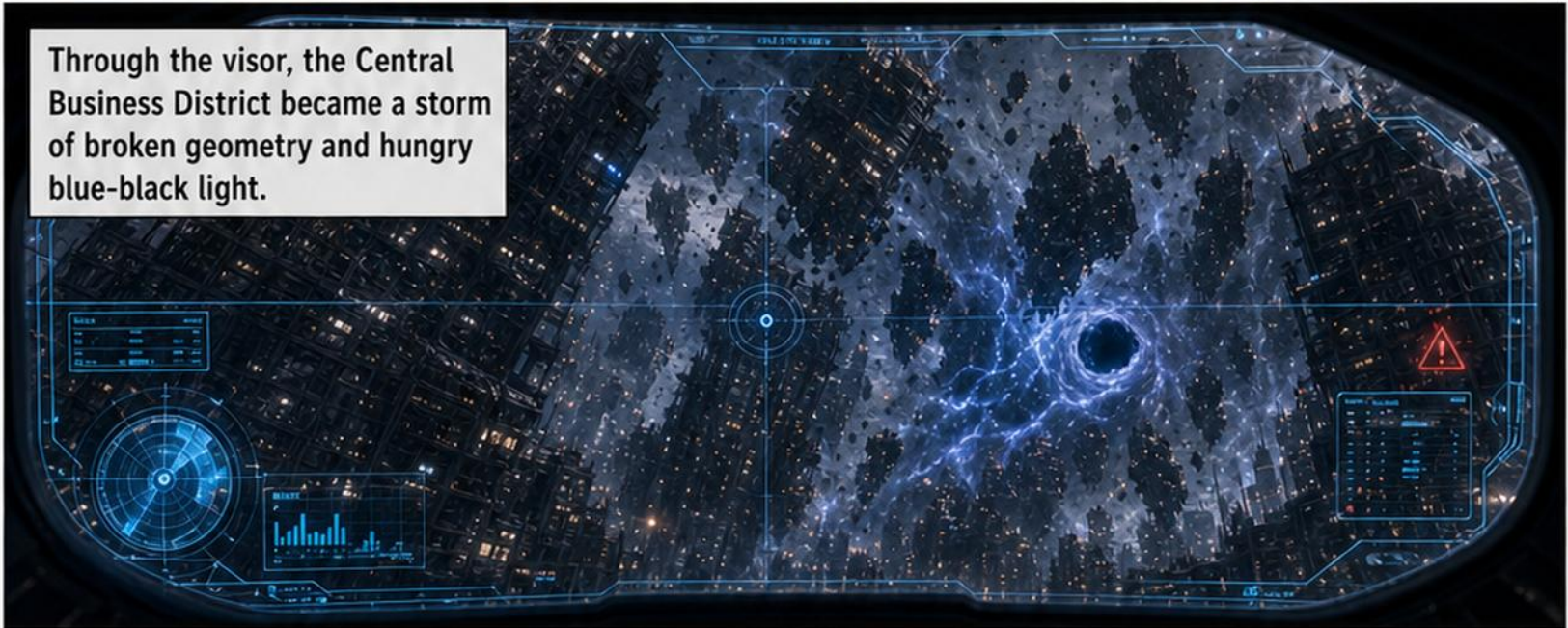
That warning joined 'small hand wiggles' and 'special quantum gun' on Sasha's very short plan.



The transport lifted into a skyline that looked like someone had folded the city while it was still occupied.



Through the visor, the Central Business District became a storm of broken geometry and hungry blue-black light.



Sasha had wanted a first act. Nexus City had given her the final boss.



She closed her eyes, remembered the smallest motion Vale had shown her, and flew toward the breach.

