

NEXUS NIGHTS

Keep It Steady

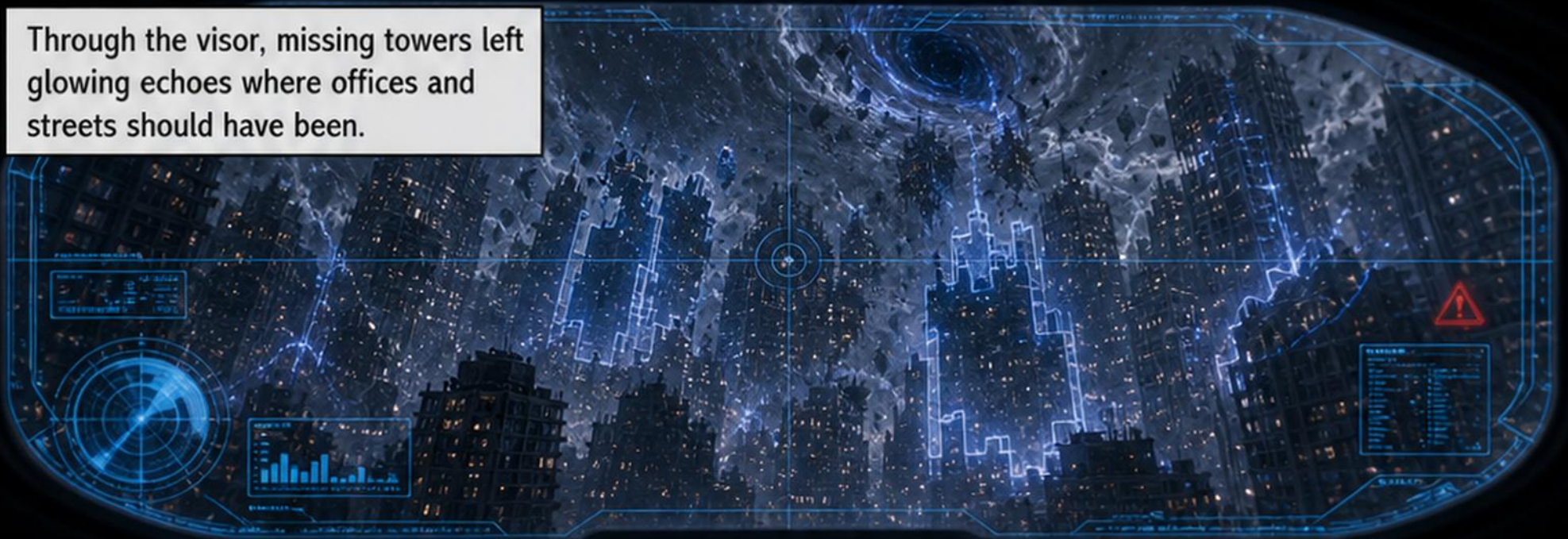


Issue 3

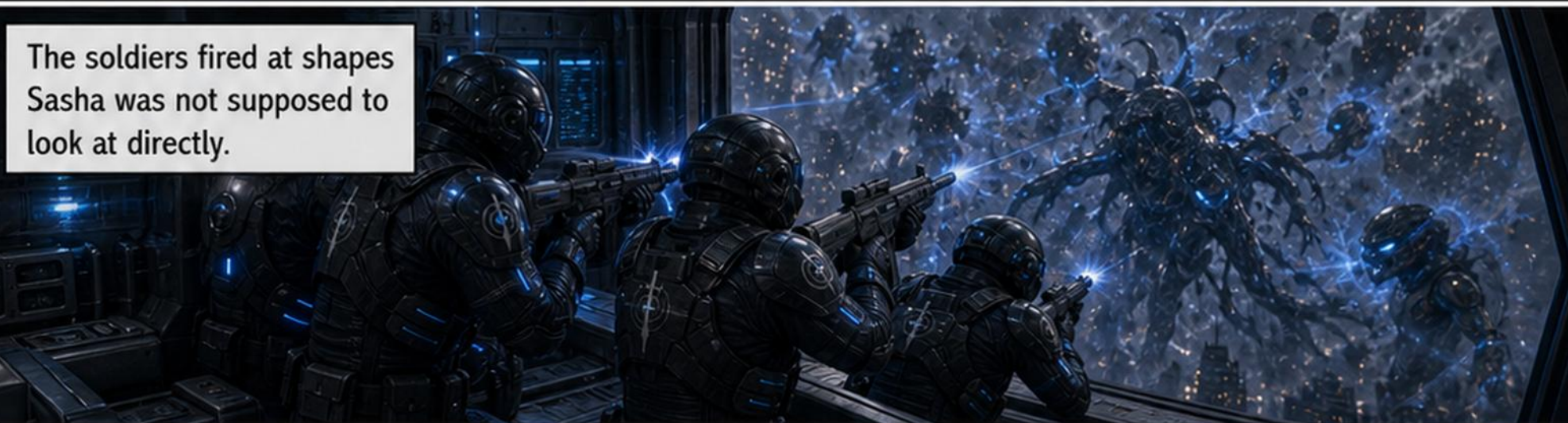
The transport hovered over the Central Business District while reality folded beneath it in pieces.



Through the visor, missing towers left glowing echoes where offices and streets should have been.



The soldiers fired at shapes Sasha was not supposed to look at directly.



Her plan was embarrassingly small: close her eyes, breathe, and remember Vale's hand motion.



The motion felt less like science than the hula lessons Sasha had learned in her grandmother's backyard.



Slow hands. Steady breath. One tiny blue ripple became a field.



The incursion noticed.



Dr. Vale's voice cracked through the communicator: 'Larger field, Sasha. Now.'



It was working, so Sasha did the most dangerous tourist thing possible.



She cranked up the tempo.



The field ballooned, the transport lurched, and half-built pieces of reality floated loose.



Vale shouted that Sasha was tearing open a permanent rift.



For one sick second, Sasha understood that saving the world could still be the thing that broke it.



She stopped chasing the movie moment and listened to the pain in her arms.



When the field burned, she slowed down. When it faded, she sped up.



The rhythm settled into something she could trust.



For the first time that night, Astral Command sounded hopeful.



Her arms trembled, but the power had never really belonged to her hands.



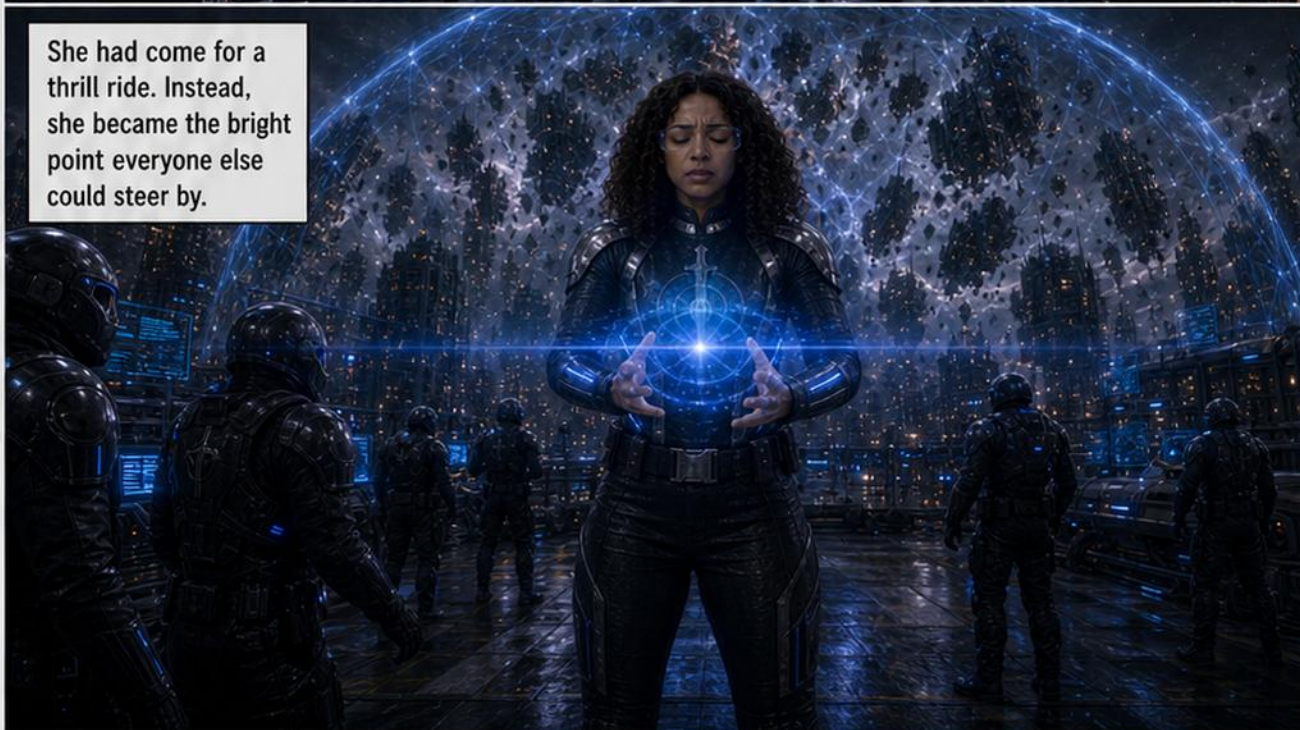
Sasha carried the hula rhythm into her mind and let her body rest.



The containment field held without the frantic performance.



She had come for a thrill ride. Instead, she became the bright point everyone else could steer by.



With the perimeter secure, Astral Command began collapsing the breach from the outside in.



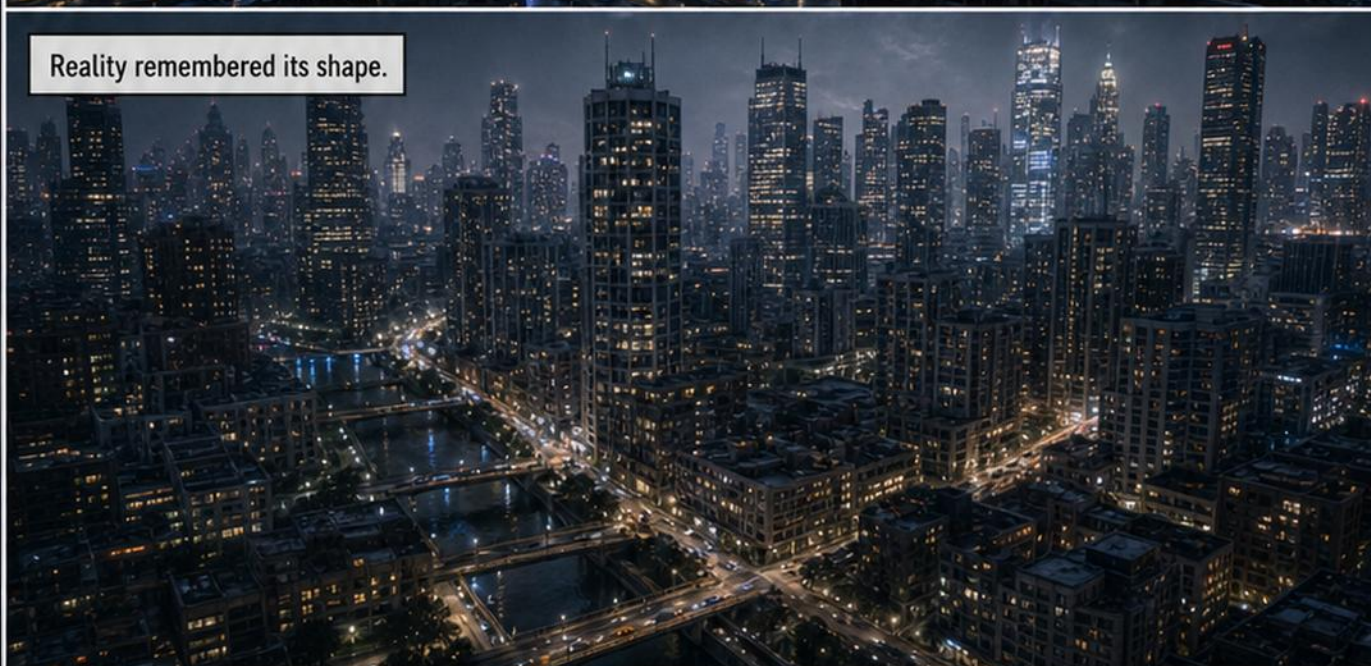
Sasha lowered the tempo slowly, like the last notes of a song.



The blue-black hunger thinned into smoke, then into harmless light.



Reality remembered its shape.



The transport carried Sasha away from a city still knitting itself back together.



A soldier offered her water and said, with real respect, 'Nice work back there, rookie.'



She was too tired to make the perfect movie joke.



The power would end with the ticket. The memory of being hope would not.

