



SG TAC

SERIES PRE S02

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Vortex Station. The Algae Cathedral's singing priests fall silent. Not in sequence. Not through choice. In half-second increments, each tank dimming a precise interval before the next—a daemoniacal rhythm that mirrors nothing in nature and everything in engineering.

Admiral Kess stands at the cold magnetic bulkhead. Bone-thin. Void-born. Her wrist implant cascades with data she has been looking at for three hours without permitting herself to name what she is seeing.

Nova Terra: Root Rot signature. The Drift: dew failures evaporating in precise 117-hour intervals. Tidalcross: pressure gate anomalies spreading through coral-composite seals. Each fracture following the same angular geometry.

RESONANTIA (Internal broadcast): "Pattern locked. Origin: null. Propagation vector: unknown."

The words arrive without comfort. The data refuses to provide a single point of origin, because it is everywhere at once.



The fungi-light casts everything in sickly violet. The light of ledger-keeping—a frequency that reveals obligation, that strips the pretense of social grace and leaves only account balances.

Melori stands on the causeway. Her matte black obsidian skin absorbs the violet light. Her pure white slicked-back hair catches it cleanly. Her crystalline forearms refract it downward.

Taro and Kai approach. The weight of Melori's assessment hits Taro before her eyes find him—pressure differentials, as if she is calculating his liability.

Melori's white eyes find Taro. Her bioluminescent veins pulse in annular patterns—rhythmic as a questioner's breath.

MELORI: "You bring him here." (A statement, accusation, or simple notation of fact.)



The Hall of Ancestors opens before them—four thousand calcified statues in genealogical groupings. The root-lattice ceiling filters tenebrous green light down through its braided geometry.

Melori stops at one statue among four thousand. It is the most worn, its features eroded nearly to abstraction. Touched. Weekly. Over decades.

Her crystalline forearms catch the root-green. Her purple veins pulse as her bare hand presses against the stone. A weekly appointment kept in silence.

Taro recognizes this weight of grief formalized into ritual. He steps forward. Melori raises one crystalline palm, stopping him with generosity rather than refusal.

Melori's white eyes find Taro's. This is what she carries. And she has brought him here to hold a portion of that weight—not to take it, but to witness it.



Mira's boots announce her. Each step broadcasts certainty through the Momentum-laced air of the meeting chamber. She enters the bare room like she's already negotiated its terms with the desert outside.

The ensemble is present: Kai, Taro, Eve, Kaori. Mira greets them by species, by essence, by covenant.

MIRA: "Chaos-singer. Tech-shade. Feathered one. Geometric mind."

Each member recognizes themselves not as individuals, but as functions. As pieces of a cosmic arrangement whose completion they are looking at for the first time.

MIRA: "The threshold won't hold much longer. We move through the same door at the same time, or not at all." No one asks what door. The question is what is on the other side.



Rain-Maker Station. The morning's yield glows on the transparent gauges: 89%. Down from yesterday's 94%. The descent follows a mathematical pattern Elara recognizes as deliberate.

The news arrives through Ghost-Walker channels: Trade-Prince Zev's Nova Terran financing discussions are no longer private. The Settler coalition has fractured as cleanly as rime splits stone.

Elara's Vitalis partnership flares sanguine with her fury. The harmony they sang into being was never authentic. It was prearranged consent masquerading as connection.

The dew yield drops. 87%. The water-consciousness is withdrawing consent. The ecosystem itself is responding to broken covenant.

Her comm-spike jams. Not mechanical failure, deliberate silencing. She is being isolated. Or protected. For several minutes, Elara does not speak.



Vortex Station. Safety orange and cold blue and stark vacuum black. Dr. Chen hands Kaori a data-dense pendant.

Kaori takes it. Her True-Sight engages—involuntary. The invisible becomes grotesquely, horrifically visible. A shape woven through Anima space itself.

The pattern rotates. Hexagonal fractals nesting infinitely deeper with each rotation. As if the contamination extends into dimensions beyond the three chromatic ones Anima typically maps.

DR. CHEN: "You see it too." Two women in a dying orbital ring, staring at proof that whatever hunts them thinks in mathematics older than language.

KAORI: "This is architecture. Someone built this." The pattern continues rotating. Patient. It has been waiting for longer than either of them has been alive.



Vortex Station. The First Wave sits at equidistant positions around a metal table. Their respiratory rhythms are synchronized, the ghost-bond rendering individual function as collective choreography.

Above their temples: Energia fractals arcing silently. Neural-interface emergency releases trigger longing-calls, reaching backward across three centuries to something that no longer exists.

The Eldest stares at her palms. They belong to someone else. They are a relic. She is their custodian.

MARA: "We owe them for not staying buried."

The ghost-bond holds them in formation. Survivors performing acceptance. Imprisoned in synchronized rhythm. Grief as choreography.



Nova Terra's Stargazers' Den. Bioluminescent spores drift through vascular architecture. The Glare-Sick gather here, their eyes wrapped in ceremonial linen, shielded from the city's Aura-Net.

A Stargazer Matriarch leans forward. The phosphorescent scars along her forearms constitute a language that the Aura-Net cannot broadcast. MATRIARCH: "Crown. Crater City. Apex."

Eve's seven Spectral bonds hum. Atairukh, the eldest, sharpens his presence. The purple lensing flickers across damp stone walls.

The Matriarch presses a palm against Eve's chest. MATRIARCH: "Do not let it see you first."

Eve files this into the blank spaces between her ribs where secrets calcify. The compartmentalization is not betrayal. It is architecture. She tells herself this.



Crater City. Arterial Bone. Kaelen is fused to a throne of dark carbon. Chrono energy veins pulse through synthetic flesh. The chamber walls crack into a hexagonal lattice of temporal stress.

His gloved hand trembles. The physical burn of the Tether. Forty years of negotiation has left the tremor, the skeletal economy, the hollow behind his amber eyes.

He adjusts a single parameter on the holo-fragment. The contamination spread rate in the Scrap-Dunes. The model updates. Reality shivers.

In that microsecond, Kaelen sees it: the cascade. The moment when the city's terminal timeline becomes inevitable. The cascade is not a future event. It has already occurred.

He does not gloat. What remains is patience. And the 0.153% probability he has not been able to calculate into zero. Uncertainty, after forty years, feels like grief.



Rain-Maker Station. The ceremony is over. Elara's fingers submerge to the wrist in the morning's yield. The water should sing. Instead: It yelps.

The sensation reverberates through her nerve endings—something foreign, dense, purposeful moving through the liquid like a reverse current.

She recognizes the pattern. It is a metronome. The degradation follows a metronome. Every yield reduction calculated rather than cascading.

Her fingertips darken. Plum spreading from the tips toward the knuckles. Involuntary chromatic shift. A bioluminescent tear forms at the corner of her right eye.

ELARA: "November was not seasonal variance." She withdraws her trembling hands. She knows, now, what she is going to do.



Crater City Canal-Bistro. The obsidian walls sweat mineral water. Melori sits at the head of a table of compressed reed-fiber. Each fingertip glows with soft purple luminescence.

She apportions facts to three contacts. Never naming the contamination as a pattern. Never connecting the three symptoms into a single diagnosis.

MELORI: "The Scab reports inexhaustible root sickness. The Drift shows phenotype variance in cargo. Vortex algae tanks are experiencing cascading immune collapse."

VORTEX BUREAUCRAT: "You already know the patten." MELORI: "Knowledge is not power. Knowledge is the prerequisite for power."

MELORI: "I will show you why all three are insufficient until they are integrated. In three days, you bring me your complete inventories."



Kai's salvage hauler cuts through the black. Exposed ribs of welded titanium. A vessel whose biography is its structure—every repair a timestamp, every scar a survival.

Chipster, a synthetic mind between a bird and a prayer, chirps coordinates. Calculating the approach vector near Jupiter's orbit.

Kai sits in the pilot's cradle, one hand on the throttle. For the first time in weeks, his breathing settles into something honest. No faction requiring him to position himself.

CHIPSTER: "Forty-seven minutes to rendezvous. Friend's signal is steady."

Kai's hand tightens on the throttle. An old debt is calling. An unnamed loyalty. The specific obligation that exists between people who trust each other in the absence of institutional guarantees.



Crater City Deep Levels. The Tunneler Elder presses her palm against the Remembering Wall. Her crystalline forearms synchronize with the wall's geometric patterns.

For three centuries, the wall has preserved. Now: geometric patterns cycle inward. As if a consciousness that has been silent for three hundred years has developed urgency. The wall is no longer a library. It is a warning.

TUNNELER ELDER: "The wall is not showing us what it has kept. It is showing us what is coming."

TUNNELER ELDER: "The slag-memory shows something ascending. Three depth-levels in the last 72 hours. Constant velocity. Something with intent is climbing toward the Apex Vault."

TUNNELER ELDER: "Summon the Council." Twelve generations of Deep-knowing has prepared her for announcement. It has not prepared her for what is ascending.



The Scab Junction exhales moss-perfume and the ghost-scent of root-decay. Bioluminescent spores drift like inverted snow. Eve sits cross-legged on a nest of woven root-fibers.

She has been thinking about the Crown. The knowledge sits in her chest like a stone dropped into still water. Ripples spreading outward. Not yet touching her other six bonds.

Atairukh, the eldest Gravita Spectre, occupies the space behind her like a geological fact. The veto-bearer. The one whose refusal carries the weight of absolute negation.

Eve's question is shaped more by breath than articulation. Atairukh's massive head tilts. The bloodshot eye intensifies its scrutiny. The copper-green light deepens toward amber.

The impossibility: Atairukh does not refuse. The massive head dips. The root-nest beneath Eve settles deeper into stone, as if the architecture acknowledges the permission.

The Griffin's feathers now carry the amber. Amber is the color of Chrono energy. The color of consequence. The color of what has already been decided forty years before the decision was made.

Eve closes her eyes. The jungle above breathes in its sleep. The spores drift. The amber feathers hold.