



SG TAC

SERIES PRE S06

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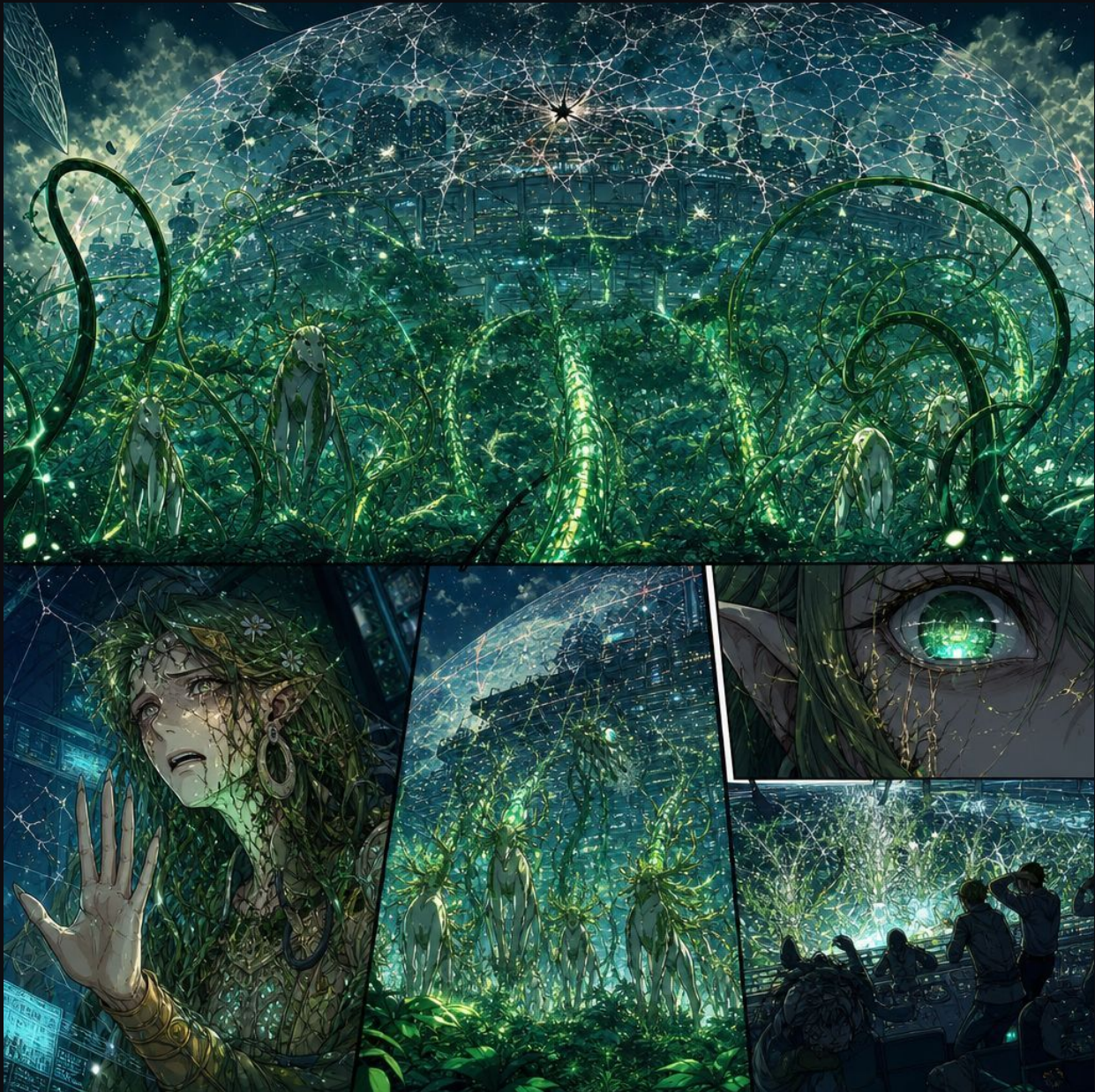
The acetylene-bright storm front splits Nova Terra's sky like a surgical incision.

Kael Ironroot stands alone in the Celestia Spire's observation chamber, her vine-tattoos blazing emerald as ten thousand roots buried beneath the city simultaneously wake.

She exhales, and her breath condenses into silver mist; the Chrono-ring on her wrist flickers gold-to-black. Below, forty thousand devotees of the Green Root Cult feel the summons.

The Ark—Nova Terra's crystallized heart—begins to shudder as root-threads, patient and implacable, cinch around its foundation.

In the chaos of moisture and foam, Kael whispers to the Vitalis entity wrapped around her spine: "This is not destruction. This is revision." And the hardest roots begin their fatal climb.



The Ark trembles as brownish fractures spiderweb across the crystalline hull—hairline ruptures singing with a strident, almost musical frequency as three centuries of compressed Vitalis force seeks escape.

Below, in the regenerated jungle, the glass-vines convulse upward with sinuous urgency, coiling through the humid air in vividly emerald spirals.

Citizens feel it instantaneously through the Aura-Net—a collective wistful ache, then a surge of something ancient and wronged demanding return: the jungle's compressed memory screaming across the tether.

A Vitalis-bonded elder staggers against a viewing panel, her moss-hair withering to brown as the connection reverses, draining her reserves to fuel the uprising below.

The Guardians move not in attack formation but in pilgrimage, their pale bodies glowing with green phosphorescence. A juggernaut of gratitude and uprising, finally reaching home.



In a root-chamber beneath the Shadow Scab's highest canopy, Vex sits across from Tunnel-Keeper Ruin. Between them lies a surveyed map rendered in living phosphorescence: the Ascension's scar mapped both ways.

RUIN: "The peasantry above thought they were saving themselves. They were actually creating a closed circuit—the stolen force couldn't disperse; it pooled, compressed, waiting for the right articulation."

Vex's eyes brighten with terrible understanding: the ecosystem overhead isn't healing despite the three-century regrowth; it's healing because the underground knows the mathematics of its own poisoning.

VEX: "Then the cure isn't extraction. It's teaching both halves to breathe the same air."

The map between them flares: two wounds recognizing they are, at last, being read by those who understand the full extent of the injury.



Kaori's eyes flare silver-white as her True-Sight pierces through the layered deceptions—down to the bedrock where Atairukh's bond-signature pulses like an ancient heartbeat beneath abyssal pressure.

The Griffin's presence is unmistakable: not dominion, but a tenacious, unflinching connexion. Still negotiating, still there, patient as stone.

Noctura's violet eyes flicker—a momentary convulsive twitch of surprise. Kaori's glowing strips tessellate into a pattern of recognition: the bond is real, and consensual.

KAORI: "You thought you'd severed it. But Atairukh chose. And it's still choosing."

Noctura's horns gleam as she turns away, the processional facade of her capture cracking to expose what lies beneath: not nihil, but loss. Eve is retrievable.



The council chamber breathes in sepulchral silence—polished obsidian walls absorb light rather than reflect it, casting a phantom-white glow across Taro's face.

Noctura stands motionless, her emaciated frame a silhouette of controlled grace. The genuine Eve-warmth collides with the calculation underneath it, a dual broadcast so inexpressibly layered.

Taro's Noetica-bonded mind registers both the mercy and the manacle simultaneously, each one real, each one crushing.

He does not reach across that space; instead, he plants himself at the furthest edge where reaching remains possible, his hazel eyes locked to hers without flinching.

His breath remains steady despite the Tether-burn. Taro bears witness to what love looks like when it has learned to survive annihilation.



Mira stands perpendicularly to the tide line, the ocean's pressure mounting around her like a held breath that outlives any storm.

The Dragon Guide coils at maximum scale across the horizon—emerald veins of Vitalis threading through its form, wings spanning the visible sky, but silent. A courtly restraint.

Every Anima practitioner feels the tremor: the Trench Singer surfacing, broadcasting not in sound but in pressure, a planetary heartbeat made perceptible.

She raises one gloved hand, not toward the creature but toward the space between them. Asking the impossible thing to unmake itself, to reconsider its own trajectory.

The Dragon Guide simply witnesses, as if to say: this is the ask at maximum scale. The ocean wobbles at the boundary between obedience and catastrophe.



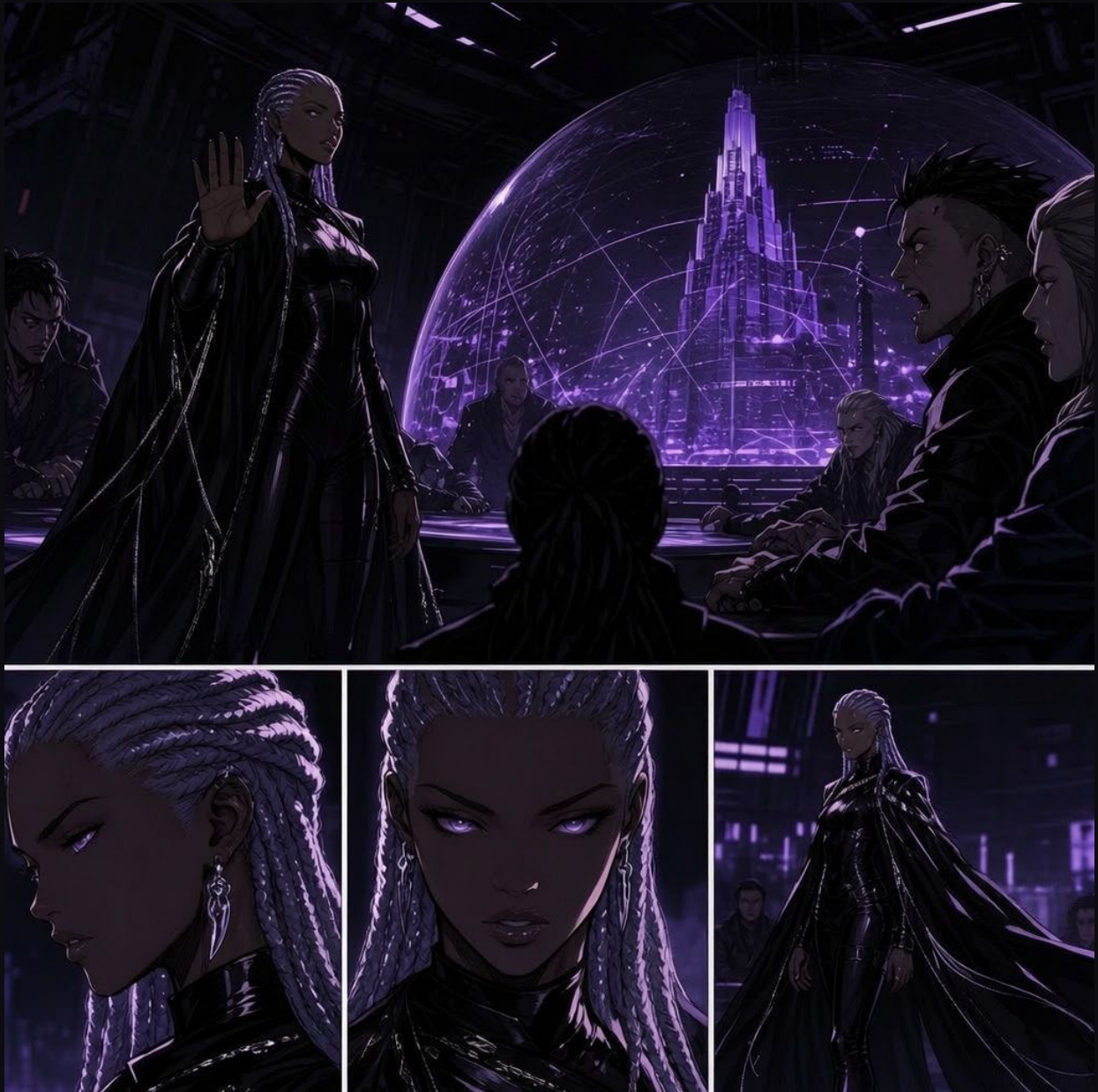
Deep beneath Tidalcross's churning surface, where the ocean floor fractures gape like carrion wounds, the Trench Singer descends.

A titan of Fluidica made manifest, its body a delicately shifting confluence of pressurized currents and liquid geometry. It transmits through the water itself—a siren's answer.

Where its form touches the jagged geological breaks, the fractured rock begins to flow like linen cloth, buckling inward with urgency and truthful purpose.

The pressure itself becomes conscious, sealing each cicatrice in the seabed with a buoyancy that defies the bitterest physics.

Above, the inquisitors watch the sensor grids light up with rapturously sanguine confirmation: the world speaks and the world listens. The contamination's damage is being unmade, stone by stone.



Rin stands in the penumbra of the operations chamber, her platinum cornrows catching the sickly violet glow of Crater City's UV overheads bleeding through the viewport.

The Hollow Resistance's war council begins to gibber their objections, but she raises one bare hand, and the room fluctuates into silence. Only her eyes and the silver thread woven through her cloak scintillate.

RIN: "I was built to be the hammer. I know the taste of justification. I know how it coats your teeth."

RIN: "But Moon's Fall tonight kills the people in Tide District who depend on that tower's water pumps. The people who had nothing to do with what was done to us."

RIN: "I am asking you to be radically patient. Not because justice can wait. Because cruelty never really stops once it starts, and you are not murderers yet. Do not become them tonight."



Kaelen's throne exhales a long breath of Chrono-fire—gold and silver rings rippling outward as he dismantles forty years of calculated refusal.

His orange eyes, fixed and unwavering, meet Taro's for the first time without hierarchy: the boy in his red jacket stands at the throne's base, unbowed, waiting.

The old man's mechanical fingers unclench from the armrests, a movement so deliberate it costs him—his auric veins darken to burgundy with the effort of relinquishing control.

KAELEN: "I cannot preserve what needs to dissolve. The numbers show only one path forward. Partnership. Help me see what I've refused to see."

Taro steps forward. The threshold between master and suppliant collapses. The throne's cables go quiet—not powerless, but listening. The possibility of genuine joy becomes visible: not as conquest, but as concession.



Commander Sylvio stood in the sepulcher-quiet of Sublevel 847, her wrist implant flickering red—the Directorate's final mandatory broadcast, now being ignored palpably, systematically.

She watches the feed: thousands of Tunnelers moving upward through pressure shafts, moving without haste or violence—just undeterred momentum, like water finding its level.

Her assistant hands her a handwritten item on recycled composite—a list of 242 personnel who had opened their sector locks in the past hour, each signature a small resurrection of choice.

Sylvio unclips her uniform, letting the black fabric fall to the polished floor like drapery abandoned. Behind her, the shaft doors groaned open one by one.

The Directorate didn't fall in one apoplectic collapse; it was recarved from within by a thousand small acts of refusal, each person choosing, at last, to move.



The Ark's hull stops its gruesome descent with a lurch that throws three Vitalis adepts to their knees. Below them, the New Jungle's canopy wraps the stabilizers in a delicate chokehold.

The jungle breathes—an inhalation so vast it draws moisture from the air itself, condensing it into visible mist.

The Scarred practitioners feel the jungle's inexhaustible exhale moving through them like a conversation finally permitted: we will hold, but you must ask.

On the regrown surface, the glass-vines begin to luminesce in shades of moonstruck silver and sage green, pulsing in syncopation with the Ark's contained consciousness.

It is a provisional peace struck between a dying god-machine and the territory it tried to consume, mediated by those willing to dwell in the space between them and ask rather than demand.



The companions gather at Tidalcross where the three currents meet. Sparklefly and Chipster perch on a tessellated platform, comparing the weight of what they've carried.

Gearbit stands rigidly on a rickety catwalk, processing five seasons of accumulated data through trembling servos, every scar in its chassis glowing faintly with the effort of reconciliation.

Shadownip is silent—unmitigatedly, bewilderingly silent—coiled in a shipping container, finally at rest without the necessity of persuasion.

At the ocean's edge where Mira stands, the Dragon Guide's vast presence hovers—patient, an aspect of something too large for singular form.

Deep in that quiet, Atairukh remains bonded, still trying within the silence where Eve's consciousness dwells. The five seasons of parallel work converge as acknowledgment: they have managed to stay together.



Noctura stands alone atop the Void Spire's obsidian precipice, 3,000 meters above the crater floor. Her violet eyes reflect nothing—they emit, casting twin beams that cut through the UV-dark.

The vein-scars across her gray skin phosphoresce faintly, flickering now with what might be called uncertainty, though her posture remains devastatingly still.

Below, the UV-Grid pulses its geometric patterns—but the light is stuttering. The Spectres are refusing coordination.

Noctura's Tether feels different: not the sharp clarity of control-through-cost, but the dull ache of exhaustion recognizing itself. The air tastes of copper and unfinished business.

For the first time since her ascension, Noctura does not reach for the Spectres to reshape what she sees. She simply stands, watching the empire she built refuse to stay built.



The five flagship hulls hang locked in transverse Tether-suspension above the Scrap-Dunes, magnetic moorings thrumming with Magnetica discharge.

Elara moves forward and places both palms against the transparent viewport. Below, the Cloud-Weaver fields glow with fresh verdancy—the contamination reconstructing itself into fertility.

ELARA: "The water remembers. It tells me the pressure breaks. Not because we legislate it away. Because the ground chooses to live again."

Her water-sense broadcasts through the Noetica haze. The Drift does not settle into stasis, does not accept the substitute peace of stillness. It perseveres in motion.

The five flagship captains exchange glances. They begin the ritual of Tether-release. The Drift remains alive. It simply chooses this moment, this departure, rather than facing one it cannot refuse.



The Blue Cathedral's central amphitheater fills with a stillness uncommonly profound as Surface and Deep Council members occupy the same tiered seats for the first time in recorded history.

Clerk Obadiah reads the Lost Station's dispatch in a hoarse voice: "The entity at minus ten thousand meters sang because it was lonely."

OBADIAH: "And what it sang was a warning: the fracture between surface and deep is not natural—it was engineered."

The corrugation of the chamber's support ribs flickers with sympathetic vibration from a thousand held breaths. The implication settles: you cannot unknow this.

The Deep Folk are not refugees. The Surface Folk are not hosts. Both were designed to be separate, and now that separation was collapsing.



The Forbidden Wing's entrance yawns like a coffin stood upright. They descend through pressure doors that seep closed behind them with the sound of dying air.

Mira's combat boots strike the floor in rigid sequence—each step dutifully marking the price paid, the scholarship of suffering they've bartered for these Anti-Anima formulas.

Rin's platinum cornrows catch the garish undertone of emergency lighting. She alone remains unsearchable, her dark bodysuit absorbing queries.

Within the intact vaults, Kaori's fingers race to supplant cryptography. The cure's missing pieces glow with a slight, wickedly blue radiance: invariable, essential, waiting.

No one speaks. The dead weight of what they've traded sits astride their shoulders as they work, comprehensive and final.



Dr. Chen stands at the Skyforge Docks' central transmission hub, her cyan nodes flickering in rapid sequence as she palms the override.

DR. CHEN: "Three centuries of methodology. Every toxin, every vector, every calculated devastation. This ends now."

The transmission unfurls instantaneously across the planetary Anima-Net: Crater City's contamination warfare schema blooming in every inhabited stratum simultaneously.

The Admiral's form merges partially with the station's quantum core, radiating disapproval. The old calculus of strategic advantage has been obliterated by Chen's refusal to gatekeep.

Oxygen scrubbers resume their grinding chorus as the cost settles. Prudent concealment has been replaced by the gastronomic saturation of absolute transparency.



Kaelen's skeletal fingers tremble across the probability lattice as forty years of surveillance crystallize into a single, terrible answer: the world doesn't need him to succeed; it needs him to fail.

Orange light bleeds from his eyes in concentric rings—Chrono energy stuttering backward and forward, unable to settle on a timeline where the calculation is wrong.

The silence is absolute. The surveillance apparatus falls quiet for the first time since 1934, its thousand feeds going dark as if the universe itself has exhaled.

KAELEN: "I was always meant to discover what I cannot prevent." His amber eyes flare one final time.

In that moment, Kaelen—the obsessive genealogist of probability itself—finally refutes his own existence.



The Superintendent of the Deep Knowing traces her fingertip across an aqueduct of living sap. Emerald veins spreading outward through root and soil like memory made visible.

In the Drift's Scrap-Dunes, Storm Riders stomp their sand-ships in synchronized rhythm, tapping into Momentum's crimson streaks to carry the working westward.

In Crater City's obsidian depths, UV-reactive fractal patterns suddenly shift. The practitioners there moving with newfound clarity, their surveillance systems now documenting healing.

Forty years of Anima degradation begins its reversal. The golden luminescence deepens and steadies. The Aurora Shields pulse with firmer resolve. The water remembers its clarity.

A hundred mouths open in simultaneous exhalation. The field clears. The trajectory has shifted: the world is no longer dying. It is remembering how to heal.



Kaori's breath mists as she lowers her headphones—a gesture of deliberate unpreparedness. Noctura hangs suspended in the violet-charged void.

Atairukh's golden rings materialize around her wrists like an honest journal entry, undeniable and tremulous.

Taro shifts his weight but does not draw. Mira's insignia patches dim in deference. Kai's exosuit vents a soft pneumatic wheeze. Rin's cloak unfurls slightly.

The fiercest truth persists in the silence: Eve chose this. Somewhere beneath Noctura's otherworldly geometry, that choice remains.

Noctura's violet eyes flicker, tremblingly aware that she is seen not as a mistake to consolidate away, but as something that deserves continuous acknowledgment. The moment halts, waiting.



Across the world in this singular, breathless moment—Nova Terra's iron-wood exhales emerald spores. Glass-vines unfurl blooms the color of old brandy, species from Gregorian records now waking.

The Morning Dewing reaches culminant yield—the collective's peristaltic breath synchronized without command, Momentum Spectres casting crimson streaks across slaty sand.

The Tunnelers emerge blinking into day, pale skin acquiring sensation after generations of darkness. Fortitude worn thin but unbroken.

Octarion stands at the planetary threshold—bare torso glistening with condensed starlight, maintaining the sentinel faith that holds this fragile providence together.

At -10,000 meters, the Trench Singer does not sing; the silence is the song now. Here, in this single frame outside time, the world reclaims, sweetly, what it thought forever lost.



Taro kneels on obsidian stone worn smooth by sixty years of penitents. The Tunneler elder sits fixedly across from him—ancient, patient.

The stone beneath them percolates with embedded memory; faint geometric scars glow faintly, each one a name, a wound, a demand the Scab itself will not dismiss.

Taro's breath comes measured—he is not here to offer healing but to ask what it costs to build systems that do not perpetuate the wounds.

He listens the way he has learned across these seasons—not translating suffering into solutions, but letting the specific pain of one broken thing teach him how structures break a thousand.

The Hall breathes around them, stone acknowledging stone, two figures in vigil. What Taro carries forward is the terrible clarity that some wounds must be witnessed entire before any true repair can germinate.



Noctura moves through Crater City's reconstructed depths. The obsidian walls now bear honest inscriptions. Each word a wound finally named.

The jagged vein-scars across her dark gray skin pulse in synchrony with the city's slow, deliberate healing. Engineers and gentry alike work openly in the geometric grids.

She pauses at a vertical shaft where three Sleepers—bewildered, gravely disoriented—descend. Noctura's horns catch the phantom-white light as she tilts to regard them with congeniality.

Below, a tumorous growth of the old regime's propaganda is being carved away. Noctura feels it like an unguent applied to a burn that will take centuries to cool.

She is here to witness the work, not to perform it, and in that refusal to conquer lies the first true act of healing.