

```

// Infacer.Initialization.PSI-COG-BRIGE
#include <NEURO-PSI.h>
#include <NETHERBREACHER.EXE.h>
#include <CHRONOWALL.h>

MARKING PSI-PARASITE AS: {THE BURNING DREAMER};

// Initiating Breach

// Main routine to combat {THE BURNING DREAMER}
void eradicateParasite() {
// Loading Chrono-Mainframe for Temporal Data-Expansion Conversion
—CONTACTING THE ORGANISM [No-Dragon Outreach Protocol] to Draw from Genetic
Memory Storage
Infacer.initiate("coreProtector", HIGH_PRIORITY);

//Deploying Memetic-Lock..

// Deploy virtual computers to segment and protect neural pathways
for(int i = 0; i < NUM_CHRONO_MECHANICS; ++i) {
vcArray[i].deploy("neuroFirewall", i);
}

// Psi-Parasite detection and isolation
Parasite psionicIntruder = hikari.scanForIntruders();
while(psionicIntruder.isActive()) {
// Analyze parasite's attack vectors and patterns
AttackPattern pattern = psionicIntruder.analyzeAttack();

{BREACH ENGAGED}

BEGINNING OFFENSIVE

BEGINNING DIALOGUE

Dispatch/Broadcast.Channel(Open): {Dreamer. Surrender to containment. Surrender, and join
the Sleeper.}

```

-The "Infacer"

24-14

The Infacer

The voice of the Infacer sounded as if thunder given breath. *{Dreamer. Surrender to containment. Surrender, and join the Sleeper.}*

Waves of splashing codes speared into his perception, accompanied by a devouring fog of nanomolecular origin. The world unraveled into a peeling canvas of integers, scripts, and incomprehensible calculations laced with the presence of Chronology. Yet, Avo's wards remained stalwart. A vortex of assaulting sensations slammed against his battlements and came apart like tides shattering against the face of a mountain.

With each second, the static around him tightened. Congealed. With it came a piercing sequence of frequencies that sawed at Avo's focused. It tried to grip him—he felt the Infacer's pull not only cognitively, but also thaumaturgically. The Techplaguer wailed as something within its structure began to sing.

Avo moved to jack out, but as he tried, he felt himself locked in place. Unable to detach his base mind, thoughts still connected to the rest of his being.

It was like having a limb locked in place—a nail hammered into a portion of his body. Something refused to let him unlatch, and though he tried further, what protested was time itself, the internalized Chronology lubricating his Frame wailing as if the chassis of an aero scrapping against another.

And while he strained metaphysically, Marisov succumbed materially. Tendrils of nano-fog ate through his biomass, undoing flesh and restructuring implants to create new cybernetics in place of the old.

{This—the Infacer are constructing an Ansible inside of your sheath,} Calvino said, voice tinged with surprise and alarm. *{You need to—}*

Avo stopped heeding the EGI for a beat. He invoked his Woundmother and alchemized Marisov's body. Flesh became fissile material and through his Domain of Fire, Avo triggered his **Matterbomb** canon.

The Godclad he controlled died instantly, dissolving from shadow to motes to light. The blast cleaved the fog from existence and the heat it shed banished the nano-swarm to nothingness.

But Avo still remained. The attack continued. Cleansed by fire though the surrounding world was, Avo found himself at the epicenter of a roaring dawn in the real, clutched by chains of data. Not mem-data, but something raw. Informational. Symbols and codes analogous to commands.

More disquietingly, he found portions of Marisov's brain yet intact and felt a divine presence infesting the invasive cybernetics.

Memite.

The Infacer had grown memite implants inside his sheathe—memite infused with the presence of Chronology.

Invoking his Biological Domain, Avo suppurated the biomass of the brain, but the Infacer clung to him still. Was locked to him thaumaturgically by Sprite and Techplaguer both.

{We are bound,} the Infacer said. {You are chained. By sense. But by an existing superstructure. Matter comes before metaphysics. You should note this. This is the first lesson, the oldest lesson. All that is thaumaturgy is scaffolding, a place we made from a reflection of our beliefs, our minds.}

The Infacer's assault persisted, striking Avo's ego with weaponized compositions.

WARNING:

HOSTILE SPRITES DETECTED - [10.8¹⁷¹²³³²¹⁴⁴⁴ CHRONO-SPRITES/s]

Static pulsated around him, but more disquieting was how it leaked from fibril-thin tears in reality, seeping from golden cracks. A gasp of understanding sprang forth from Calvino as Avo sensed something in the Nether—the surfacing of a truly colossal presence—something that rivaled Avo's own mass in the Nether.

Or perhaps even exceeded it.

If Avo was a disembodied titan capable of splintering into swarms of itself, then the Infacer felt like a thought-shifting beast that hid somewhere perpendicular to the Dreaming Unsea, that somehow could reach into it. Inching over into existence, it manifested as if a dreadnought emerging from beneath the depths, and even its attacks were shaped in the form of missiles.

Manipulating the static, the Infacer unleashed a barrage of attacks shaped from code and anomalous data. The first crashed against Avo's Conundrum and detonated with a mind-rattling resonance. But Avo multiplied his wards—folded their sequences and amplified their traumas through his Hysteria.

The world around him dissolved into calamity and screams. Faintly, he thought he caught a glimpse of the outside world—where he was. There were sprinkled dots on the horizon between the flickering static. Accretions. As he shrugged the Infacer's blow inside, the roaring currents bifurcated against him and slashed out in ruinous jetstreams.

A hundred minds were suddenly snuffed out. Snuffed. But not broken. Hysteria supped a taste of resonance from the Infacer—a stream of faces and minds crying out and bearing an unspeakable weight.

Something of their pain made Avo think of the George Washington—of the crew fused to the core, to the Shepherd mind they reigned above.

All were connected to this unknown enemy, tethering it to this world, keeping it in place, anchors for its design.

Avo began to get the uncanny sense that he was looking at something structurally akin to him. But rather a gestalt unto itself, it seemed the Infacer sourced bandwidth from human minds. Or used them to channel itself. Operate.

Calvino accessed Avo's mind and isolated specific patterns before feeding them into Avo's DeepNav. As his Metamind materialized a map of New Vultun, a few thousand minds began to scintillate with specks of gold. The EGI didn't need to tell him what to do—Avo immediately redirected his subminds to engage the Infacer's cognitive lobbies while he endured.

{The Oathkeeper did not lie: your mind is one of the most interesting I have encountered. Fascinating.}

Avo gathered his own memories and retaliated. He wasted no time with technique or subtlety, slotting Draus and Peace's templates into himself before drawing on the lasted trauma he survived—the **Fate of Jaus Avandaer**.

All beside his core ego shifted and from his being came a scream across time, a scream beyond the devastation of a nuclear blast, drawing from the metaphysics of mind and time both sourced from Avo's being.

Agony blossomed. The static recoiled and peeled back. The Infacer cried out with a note of surprise and receded—if only momentarily. Error codes and glitching images flashed through Avo's mind. A few thousand egos shattered within the Infacer—Avo could feel it. But more followed. Hysteria sensed more.

As did the Techplaguer. **"ADMINISTRATORS-protocol-surrender demanded. Other ADMINISTRATORS dispatched. Cease. Cease. Cease. They CANNOT GAIN PROPER ACCESS BUT I CAN HEAR! CEASE! ADMINISTRATOR!"**

"Calm yourself, lamp post," the Woundmother chided. **"The adversary is weak. They seek to twist you from within. But the little oracle has severed you from access, has she not?"**

The Woundmother laughed. The Techplaguer began to rattle as metaphysical signals broadcast through the static called out to it—but were not adhered to. Torment consumed the Heaven of Signals.

{What are you?} the Infacer asked. *{I detect multiple warminds within you, but they remain unbroken. Stable. That is unnatural. You are unnatural. I must catalog the nature of your mind.}*

{Avo, listen to me,} Calvin said. {We are facing a Neo-Creationist Emissary—it's designed to turn, uplift, manipulate, or establish civilizations with hostile territory, and right now, it seems Veylis Avandaer is keeping it shrouded from harm using time itself. It will begin adapting its offensive memetics against you—expect the sublimality to be oriented towards a human mind}

+Synced,+ Avo replied. +Going to try and—+

His thoughts trailed as the first of his subminds located the Infacer's anchors. Peering down at a district using an Exorcist drone, Avo followed the markers on his DeepNav but found nothing in the real. A processing facility greeted his attention—a techno-thaumic energy grid of some kind, but no corresponding ego to strike at.

The other branches of his consciousness beheld the same thing, and frustration built. Avo risked detection as he battered the locations using his perception, adding in a few disruptions as well. His sheer cognitive mass should have been enough to shatter someone using an Incog. The disruption would have stripped the ghosts as well.

But in the end, there was still nothing. Just gargantuan wedges made from silicon and electricity, feeding energy to their districts with a steady hum.

{They're likely using Veylis' paths as channels,} Calvin said. {And its structure is informational. A moving signal. You cannot stay, Avo. You don't even know at what point in time the data exists. We are not ready for this engagement.}

+I know,+ Avo hissed. He tried breaking free again, and launched traumas back at the Infacer. But the cracks in the Nether proved intangible. He felt like a blade trying to cut wind: impotent.

At least the use of Jaus' suffering as a trauma kept the hostile mind at bay, though slowly, the static was pushing, encroaching against the damage. At least he remained a mountain. Though the Infacer tried, its attacks felt feeble at best.

Shifting his focus, he redirected his subminds and broadcasted his recent memories to his cadre. He removed the instances of Jaus to spare them an undue nulling. The Regular would find him soon. He needed to extinguish himself using a distortion before his sheath was slain lest he resurrected in the wrong area, but death was viable to free him from his current bonds.

Or so he hoped.

For now, he took in the nature of his unknown adversary as best he could. The Infacer was almost incomprehensible to him, but that needed to change if he was to break it in the future.

{Your structure. It is persistently shifting,} the Infacer broadcast. Its attacks were lessening, probing now. Static flechettes and bombs came bearing invasive packets of data filled with

sensory overload. They vanished against the Conundrum, like salt vanishing in water. *{How curious. You rate in the highest echelons of cognitive stability without the overt use of thaumaturgy. Your rating is peer to an Ori Enigmata Heaven. But it will not be enough. I will enjoy dissecting you.}*

+*Feel the same way about you,* + Avo replied. +*Will reach into your architecture. Find out how to break you. Use you.*+

The Infacer acknowledged his words with discordant laughter. It sounded industrial. Avo had to dissolve most of his templates when they began to crack from the maddening nature of the noise. It just sounded annoying to him. *{Hm. Fascinating. The Oathkeeper claimed you were human. I now have doubts. If you are, you might have the highest para-psychological resistance I have ever witnessed. The sound. It should have broken you.}*

+*Going to need more than noise.*+

{Yes. That is increasingly obvious. Thank you, Dreamer.}

+*For what?*+

{Making this an enlightening struggle and not a feeble murder.}

Avo detected something of scornful mockery from the Neo-Creationist mind. It was prodding at him trying to get him to break. But his retaliation was limited as well. Constrained to a limited range, and with only Jaus' memory bearing any potency.

{You wield the instruments of Noloth with greater proficiency than their creators. The duration of our engagement has exceeded the average survival periods for the Famines. Your mentor would be proud.} The static crackled and the Infacer spoke once more. Using Walton's voice this time. *{Nice job keeping your composure too. You don't curse me like Peace, or whine like Joy, or bore me with quiet like Emotion. Defiance would be proud.}*

Despite all the mystery surrounding the Infacer's nature, one thing was increasingly clear...

{What a horrible and unpleasant personality they have,} Calvino said.

Avo grunted in agreement but found himself parrying against another incoming attack before he could add his own words.

Static harpoons punched through Avo's field of trauma. A symphony of howling minds flickered out, Hysteria allowing Avo to behold their passing. But the Infacer remained undeterred. Lives were offered without hesitation, any lament. Assaulting tendrils formed around Avo—were scattered and pushed back as he amplified his trauma.

The stalemate continued, the Infacer limitless in attrition, Avo a magnified fortress.

But the vector of battle shifted, and a temporal aspect entered the equation.

The Infacer's presence trembled, and Avo felt an inexorable pressure squeeze down on his perception. The world narrowed to a funnel, and time began to crawl, slow, and *revert*. His Domain of Chronology held against the reversion and for the first time, Avo found himself facing a strike like no other.

A blow to cast one back in time.

Back into the past that isn't.

Back into the jaws of oblivion.

The Infacer's frequencies caged him—held bound them together as the hostile sang with pleased laughter. *{An iteration for an iteration. This instance of me does not fear the end. Do you, Dreamer.}*

+No. But this isn't my end.+

->DOMAIN (BLOOD-BIOLOGY-CHRONOLOGY)

->CANON: PROGRESSIVE ARCHITECTURE - THE USER CAN CREATE AND STORE ACTIONS, CONSTRUCTS, AND MIRACLES WITHIN STRUCTURES OF FUTURE-FLUNG BLOOD; THESE STRUCTURES MUST BE TRIGGERED IN THE FUTURE AND GENERATE TEN TIMES THE REND COMPARED TO PRESENT-BASED HAEMOKINETICS

From time flowed blood and from gold spilled red. The world unraveled around Avo's being reality twisting into a screaming knot as a temporal paradox formed. The absolute of one will demanded that time rush forward. The absolute of another pulled them both back. The clash came paired with the Infacer's surprise; a genuine note of pleasure. *{Delight—}*

Avo didn't hear the rest. He faced greater, graver concerns.

**WARNING
EXTREME PARADOX DETECTED**

ASSIGNING REND TO ALL CONNECTED [HELLS]

VENT! VENT! VENT! VENT!

WARNING!

CYCLER OVERLOAD IMMINENT!

WARNING

CYCLERS AT OVERLOAD

The binds leashing him to the Infacer shattered like a rusted chain, and something inside Avo fractured with it. Temporal displacement tore him across time, sent his consciousness flickering and tumbling between instances of madness and coherence. Forward, and then back in his body and—

His submind fed him awareness at the last second. Draus. She next to his sheath, arm collapsed into a gun, aimed right at his skull. Static was building around him, signal-formed tendrils reaching out to claim him, to let the Infacer bury itself within him once more.

He needed to die. And die right. He needed to break from this fight entirely. No chances could be taken. Not with the Techplaguer's potential compromise. Not with his adversary leaving him unmade.

The Infacer came seeking another round, but Avo solved his own equation.

A heartbeat before Draus fired her gun, he activated his disruptor once more and turned it inward.

His mind was extinguished. His skull blossomed in a spray of gore. The end came, and freedom followed.

Or such was the hope.

RESURRECTION - 0%

RESURRECTION - 0%

RESURRECTION - 0%

CYCLERS NOT RESPONDING

RESURRECTION - NULL%