


# THE COMPLETE STORY

WESTHAVEN · THE THREE ORIGINS · THE FOUR ACTS

A CINEMATIC LITERARY EDITION

FL GAMING | FL ECOSYSTEM

PRIVATE CREATIVE WORKING EDITION · 4 NOVEMBER 2026

# About this edition

This edition turns the Owner-approved narrative framework into one continuous beginning-to-end story. The central chronology, characters, investigation and conclusion follow the current Source of Truth. Scene-level prose, dialogue and transitions are creative connective writing, not separately approved changes to game canon.

Intentionally unresolved details stay unresolved: player-created identities, the rogue faction's name, the worlds' proper names, the exact city and facility names, the makers of the ancient barriers and the nature of the greater threat.

Source files and canon boundaries are noted at the end of the book. No GitHub repository, Unreal Engine project or published release was changed to prepare this manuscript.

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# PROLOGUE — WESTHAVEN

Westhaven was still awake when the lights began to fail.

It started in the west of the city: a row of streetlamps dimmed, recovered, and then went out together. Their darkness travelled down the main road faster than any power failure should have. Traffic signals went black. The signs above shops blinked once. Across the harbour, the cranes vanished into a silhouette of iron against the evening sky.

For three seconds every mobile telephone in the district displayed the same impossible message: **SIGNAL LOST — SOURCE UNKNOWN**.

Then the sound came.

It was not an explosion. It was the deep, bending note of metal under impossible weight, so low that people felt it inside their teeth. Windows shivered. A dog dragged its owner towards the nearest doorway. The air above a pedestrian crossing rippled as though the street had become the surface of water.

The Soldier was in Westhaven on military business, waiting for orders that had already been delayed twice. Instinct moved faster than thought. The Soldier pushed a stranger away from the crossing as a strip of blue light opened in the air, no wider than a hand. Beyond it, the road was not a road. Something tall and motionless stood in a landscape of broken stone beneath a sky full of unfamiliar stars.

Across the district, the Mage stopped beside a shop window. A reflection moved half a second after its owner did. Light rose under the Mage's skin, tracing patterns that were visible only for an instant. The Mage stepped back, terrified. The glass shattered outward, but none of the pieces touched the pavement. They hung there, turning slowly, as though gravity had forgotten its work.

On a rooftop overlooking the harbour, the Titan watched a receiver draw a signal that could not be measured. The Titan had followed it through missing-person reports, military dead zones and erased satellite records. This was the first time the signal had answered. On the screen, three human figures appeared beside an unfamiliar machine. A fourth figure stood beyond them, face hidden by the recording's static.

The images vanished.

Each of the three felt the same sudden pain behind the eyes. A white room. A warning siren. A stone suspended inside a containment frame. The memory existed for barely a heartbeat before something inside their minds pulled a curtain over it.

The blue slit above the crossing snapped shut. The streetlights returned. Drivers began shouting at one another. People filmed the damage, arguing about what they had seen. By the time emergency vehicles reached the centre of Westhaven, unmarked vehicles had already arrived. Personnel without insignia began collecting phones and taking witnesses aside.

In an underground control room far from the city, three separate instruments registered the same surge. A scientist studied the readings, then opened a protected file thought to have been sealed eighteen years earlier. It contained three names, now blacked out, beneath a single classification:

**PROJECT THRESHOLD — INTERNAL INVESTIGATION — 2022.**

A superior entered and asked whether the incident could be contained.

“The breach has closed,” the scientist said. “But the readings don't make sense.”

“What readings?”

The scientist swallowed. “It recognised them.”

That night, all three people left Westhaven believing the world had changed. None knew they had already faced the same darkness before.




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CONCEPT ILLUSTRATION - NOT AN IN-GAME SCREENSHOT




## ACT I

# THE SECRET WAR

The hidden conflict

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## Chapter 1 — The Missing Team

The Soldier received the rescue order before dawn.

A military unit operating near a restricted installation had stopped answering calls. Its last transmission had contained a burst of interference, a request for immediate extraction, and a frightened voice repeating that the corridors no longer led where they should. Officially, the job was straightforward: locate the missing personnel, recover survivors and secure sensitive material.

The helicopter approached under low cloud. Nothing at the landing zone suggested a battle. There was no smoke, no wreckage and no sign of enemy movement. Only the silence was wrong. The wind swept the grass in one direction, while dust near the facility's entrance drifted steadily against it.

Inside, the first abandoned rifle lay beside a neatly stacked ration pack. The next corridor held a wall covered in frost despite the heat rising from the floor. The Soldier's squad found one member of the missing team behind a locked maintenance door. The survivor was alive but could not stop staring at the ceiling.

“There's something on the other side,” the survivor whispered.

“Other side of what?”

The lights failed. A thin white fracture opened across the ceiling, revealing a black sky crossed with moving bands of colour. A creature emerged, too slight and quick to see clearly, and the rescue became a fight for the exit. Bullets struck it. Some passed through the distortion surrounding its body. The Soldier pulled the survivor to safety while the remaining team covered the retreat.

At the threshold, a violent pulse rolled through the building. Time seemed to fold. The Soldier saw a different underground facility, a warning display marked **2022**, and three people turning towards a containment chamber. One wore military equipment. One held out a hand surrounded by light. One examined a screen full of stolen files.

The image ended as suddenly as it began.

The Soldier woke on the helicopter with blood drying beneath one ear. No one else remembered the flash. A medical officer tried to classify the exposure as stress, then received a call and went very quiet. The transport changed direction. Instead of returning to the usual base, it landed at a guarded entrance in the hills.

An officer met the Soldier beneath an enormous concrete door.

“You have seen something that most of the world does not know exists,” the officer said. “There are people who can explain it. There are also people who would rather you never spoke about it again.”

The Soldier looked at the sealed gate. The order said rescue; the mission had become an interrogation of the truth.

“Then take me to the people who can explain.”

## Chapter 2 — The Awakening

The Mage had spent a lifetime finding small ways to dismiss impossible things. A candle that lit before a match touched it. A forgotten dream that described a place never visited. A cold room that grew warm when someone needed comforting. The incidents were too rare to call evidence and too persistent to forget.

After Westhaven, they stopped being small.

At first the Mage noticed the air changing around strong emotions. Then came flashes of light in the palms, words understood without being spoken and objects trembling when fear tightened its grip. Something in Westhaven had broken through a wall inside the Mage, and what lay beyond it was alive.

The first attack happened in a deserted street. Human figures emerged from the darkness, their movements stiff, their eyes fixed on the same invisible point. Their skin carried thin, luminous scars. They were not wholly monsters; the Mage heard one of them struggle to say a name. A burst of uncontrolled arcane energy knocked them back without killing them. One fell, and the light beneath the skin began to fade.

The Mage knelt beside the person, trembling. The corruption could retreat. That knowledge mattered as much as the power itself.

Then the greater presence arrived.

It stepped through the smoke of a ruined storefront, a terrible mixture of humanity, magic and something that belonged nowhere on Earth. Its voice came in layers. It spoke as though recognising the Mage, although the Mage had never seen it before. Broken glass rose from the ground and circled its body. Every streetlamp exploded at once.

The Mage fought with whatever the awakening offered: a shock of light, a shield that formed just before impact, a surge of force drawn from desperation. A discarded weapon lay among the debris; the Mage used it and discovered that ordinary metal could still hurt a supernatural enemy. Neither bullets nor magic alone was enough. Survival required both.

The creature recoiled. For a moment, the Mage believed the battle was over. Then it drove its hands into the empty air and pulled. A great Rift unfolded behind it, showing towers of broken stone, floating ruins and a sky the colour of a bruise.

The creature was pulled into the opening. The Mage followed, not by choice but because the world itself had begun to fall towards the wound.

There was a final glimpse of Earth: rain, streetlights and the open door of an empty building. Then the Mage struck ancient soil beneath foreign stars.

The world on the other side was both beautiful and diseased. A ruined castle overlooked a valley crossed by luminous streams. Fragments of architecture hung unsupported in the air. Far away, a darkness spread across the landscape like ink through water. The Mage learned to control small movements of arcane power to survive, to defend against creatures drawn to the Rift's disturbance, and to recognise places where the fabric between worlds was thin.

In a shattered hall the Mage found markings older than any familiar language and a symbol resembling a circle interrupted by three lines. The symbol brought a memory: a laboratory, a stone, and a voice begging someone to stop.

A powerful magical stranger found the Mage beside the ruins. The stranger offered no comforting lie.

“You were never ordinary,” the stranger said. “But that is not why they are looking for you. Someone has taken part of your past. If you wish to know who, you must return.”

With the stranger's help, the Mage found a passage back to Earth. The way would not remain easy, but the other world was not lost to the Mage. It had become part of the story, and a warning of what Earth might yet become.

## Chapter 3 — The Investigator

The Titan did not begin with a battle. The Titan began with a list of people who had vanished.

The disappearances had no obvious connection. Some were civilians. Others held jobs behind restricted doors. Several had been last seen near areas where radio signals failed. A handful appeared in photographs taken years before their recorded employment began. Every trail ended at a classified restriction or a document that had been altered after someone requested it.

Westhaven provided the first clean lead. The impossible signal on the harbour rooftop matched a pattern buried in old intelligence. The Titan followed it through maintenance tunnels, abandoned observation posts and compromised security systems. A drone sent into a sealed passage returned images of fresh bootprints and crates bearing no organisation's insignia.

Inside a surveillance station, the Titan found a man still alive, chained beside a receiver. He had been listening to a sound no one else could hear. The Titan freed him and tried to take him outside. The man's hands glowed faintly beneath the skin. He begged not to be taken into the light.

“They said it would help,” he whispered. “They said the barriers are coming down.”

Before he could explain, armed personnel entered the station. They moved like soldiers but wore no identifying marks. The Titan escaped through a service duct, using the station's own surveillance grid to stay ahead. The drone revealed a safer route. A suppressed shot disabled the pursuit's communications equipment; the Titan had no intention of killing people whose orders might have been lies.

At the station's deepest point, a hidden terminal displayed a file dated 2022. It showed three personnel assigned to an internal investigation. The images had been damaged, but the Titan recognised one of the figures standing beside a monitor.

The figure was the Titan.

That should have been impossible. There was no memory of serving on that team. Yet the recording showed movements so familiar that the Titan felt them in the muscles. Before the file could be copied, the terminal wiped itself. A Rift opened in the far wall and filled the room with a howl like the Westhaven signal.

The Titan escaped with one surviving fragment: a coordinate reference leading to an underground facility. Its security procedures were old, but its communication protocols were still active.

For the first time since the disappearances began, someone answered a call for help.

“State the source of your information,” a voice demanded.

The Titan read the fragment aloud.

Silence.

Then the voice returned, stripped of its earlier certainty. “Come alone. Tell nobody you have that number.”




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## Chapter 4 — Beneath the Earth

The underground headquarters was designed to hide a war.

Beneath reinforced doors lay command rooms, laboratories, armouries and corridors leading to sections older than the newest equipment. Military personnel stood beside scientists who carried protective cases filled with artefacts. Somewhere beyond the main hall, the Mage could feel power moving beneath the stone. The Soldier recognised the layout of a defensive installation. The Titan saw the cameras, secondary routes and security blind spots within minutes.

They arrived separately. The shock came when they stood in the same room.

The Soldier saw the Mage's hand and remembered light against a chamber wall. The Mage heard the Titan's voice and knew, without knowing why, that it had once given a warning. The Titan recognised the Soldier's stance from a damaged recording that should not exist.

A Project Threshold representative explained as much as the organisation was willing to admit. It had existed since 1962, funded and compartmentalised across several governments, to study and contain phenomena the public could not safely interpret. An international council oversaw three principal directorates: science, military and intelligence. Each knew a part of the larger picture. None claimed to know everything.

Natural magic was real. Rifts were real. Ancient barriers once separated worlds, and no living authority knew who had built those barriers. The barriers had weakened for years. The incidents in Westhaven, the military facility and the Titan's investigation were not isolated.

The Mage's mentor stood beside the briefing table, studying all three faces.

“You have heard versions of this before,” the mentor said.

The military director frowned. “We have no verified basis for that claim.”

“Then your records are incomplete.”

The Soldier demanded to know why each had been brought there. The Titan placed the surviving coordinate fragment on the table. The Mage described the foreign ruins and the symbol carved into their stone. Three pieces of evidence answered one another. The room became quiet.

A new alert flashed across the wall display. A classified research facility had gone silent. Automated safety locks were failing. Personnel remained trapped inside. Unusual energy readings were rising beneath the structure. The name assigned to the emergency was **BLACKOUT**.

The council's representatives wanted a conventional containment team. The military director argued that the risks were unknown. The intelligence director asked why the new arrivals were already appearing in archived files. The mentor watched the three survivors rather than the officials.

“You can stay here and spend the next hour deciding what you remember,” the mentor said. “Or you can save the people who are still alive.”

The Soldier checked a weapon. The Titan brought up the facility's floor plan. The Mage felt an unseen pressure building beyond the walls.

They had different reasons to go. They went together.




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## Chapter 5 — Blackout

The facility's entrance stood open. No human had opened it.

Inside, emergency lights painted the corridors red. An automated announcement repeated a containment warning that cut off before naming the hazard. The Soldier established a route to the research wing while the Titan mapped dead security cameras. The Mage sensed places where the walls were no longer entirely part of Earth.

At first the threats were small: quick creatures in the ventilation shafts, corrupted guards moving in confused groups, patches of floor that seemed to lead into impossible distances. The team met them with discipline. The Soldier's fire kept the corridors clear. The Titan identified routes and disabled hostile surveillance. The Mage protected the others from distortions that ordinary equipment could not detect.

They reached the first trapped scientist behind a jammed blast door. The scientist's right arm glowed with a spreading corruption. When the Mage held a steady field of energy around it, the light receded. The scientist wept in relief, though the skin remained scarred. Two more scientists were alive deeper in the wing. Another had crossed too far into the altered chamber; when the team found that person, there was no safe way back.

Not every victim could be saved. The truth landed heavily on all three.

The Titan found the cause of the lockdown in the control logs. Someone had disabled the containment sequence from an authorised terminal before the first warning. The command was signed with a credential that no longer existed in the facility's personnel register. A second action had opened access to an artefact chamber at the exact moment a dimensional spike struck its protective field.

“This wasn't an accident,” the Titan said.

The facility shuddered. An immense creature began forcing its way through the widening Rift in the central chamber. Its limbs moved on separate rhythms, as though more than one world was trying to give it shape. The Soldier held back corrupted security forces while the Mage studied the breach. The Titan located the manual isolation controls behind a ruined console.

The plan was dangerous, but simple: rescue the survivors, cut the chamber's power feed, and allow the Mage to turn the collapsing energy inward rather than letting it burst into the research wing.

They moved together. The Soldier carried a wounded scientist past falling debris. The Titan reached the controls and separated the chamber from the main grid. The Mage stood at the breach, feeling the terrible pull of a place that had no right to occupy the

same space as Earth. For a moment, memory broke through again: the same pressure, the same warning, another facility eighteen years earlier.

“Close it!” the Soldier shouted.

The Titan cut the final relay. The Mage guided the remaining energy into the shrinking opening. The great creature struck once against an invisible boundary, and the Rift folded shut around its hand.

Silence returned one corridor at a time.

The team brought the surviving scientists out alive. The immediate danger had been contained. But the sabotage log survived, along with a research file pointing to an unauthorised Project Threshold installation. A final line in the recovered data read:

**SUBJECTS PREVIOUSLY EXPOSED — MEMORY CONDITION: STABLE.**

Beneath it were three heavily redacted entries. The portions left visible matched the Soldier, Mage and Titan.

## Chapter 6 — The Redacted Names

The hidden research installation was absent from Project Threshold's official facilities register. It had current power consumption, working defences and a laboratory budget disguised as routine equipment maintenance. Someone wanted it operational and invisible at the same time.

The trio entered through an unused service connection. Inside were observation rooms, testing chambers and storage shelves holding objects from regions where Rifts had opened. Some equipment was military. Some was scientific. Some had been altered with materials the Mage recognised from the other world.

A laboratory recording showed repeated experiments in which dimensional energy was used to change human memory. The subjects' faces were concealed. Several trials had failed. One had succeeded well enough to erase a mission without destroying the skills of the people who carried it out.

The Soldier watched a blurred figure on a bed, restraints around both wrists, and felt the same cold metal against the skin. The Mage heard a voice on the recording ask whether the suppression would last. The Titan read the technical notes and understood why the Westhaven Rift had brought the buried memory to the surface: the procedure was stable only while the brain was kept away from certain dimensional frequencies.

A redacted authorisation document sat behind the recordings. Its title contained a phrase that none of them recognised yet all three feared:

**INTERNAL INVESTIGATION — THRESHOLD BREACH — TEAM REASSIGNMENT.**

Their identities appeared below it. So did evidence that they had once worked together.

The files said nothing about who ordered the memory suppression, nothing about where the original investigation had led, and nothing about why their own organisation had allowed the operation to disappear.

An alarm began to sound before they could recover the full archive. Armed personnel entered from the north corridor. These were not frightened guards or corrupted victims. They moved with purpose, destroying hard drives and laboratory records as they withdrew. Their commander gave one instruction over an open channel: “Recover the research. Do not allow the three to leave with it.”

The team fought through the shutdown, carrying the surviving evidence rather than chasing the retreating unit. Outside, the first morning light made the secret installation look ordinary from a distance. The Soldier looked back at it and felt a deeper unease than in the fight itself.

They had come looking for conspirators. Instead they had discovered that someone had already found them, taken their memories and waited for them to return.

The mentor studied the recovered recording in the headquarters. “There is a place where the original orders cannot be altered,” the mentor said. “At least, not completely.”

“Where?” asked the Titan.

“A secure Threshold archive. If it still exists, it may tell us who we were.”




# ACT II

# WHO WERE WE?

The forgotten investigation

PROJECT RIFT CONCEPT ARTWORK · NOT AN IN-GAME SCREENSHOT

## Chapter 7 — The Archive

The archive was protected as much from Project Threshold itself as from outsiders.

Records were stored across disconnected systems, with physical seals and access procedures that required authority from separate directorates. The council authorised a limited search after reviewing Blackout's sabotage evidence. Each director presented cooperation as an act of responsibility. Each also specified records that remained unavailable.

In the archive's oldest wing, the trio found the first unbroken account of their former assignment. They had served in a classified investigation examining an irregularity in the 2022 Rift Crisis. Their work had taken them across multiple facilities and the data streams of several nations. They had concluded that the catastrophe had not been a failure of natural containment. Someone inside Project Threshold had deliberately driven an ancient object beyond its safe operating limits.

The object was the Nexus Stone.

The archive described it as a stabiliser created by a civilisation that existed before humanity. It had been discovered deep underground among ruins that no modern survey could explain. Its makers were not identified as the creators of the barriers. The distinction was underlined repeatedly: the Stone could influence dimensional stability; no one knew who had built the boundaries between worlds in the first place.

The Soldier found a mission log containing an order to halt a test. The Mage found a medical report recording exposure to unusual energy. The Titan found a discrepancy in the personnel movement records: the three of them had been officially reassigned before the investigation's last transmission, yet surveillance showed them entering a secure site days later.

They sat together in a quiet records room and listened to their own voices in a recovered briefing.

The recorded Soldier argued that waiting would cost lives. The recorded Mage described energy readings that behaved like a door being forced against its frame. The recorded Titan produced access logs showing instructions issued through a channel outside the ordinary hierarchy.

Then the recording ended. The last section had been removed, not destroyed by time but deliberately withheld.

The Mage pressed a hand against the table. “We knew.”

“We tried to stop it,” the Soldier said.

The Titan replayed the final ten seconds. In the background, a fourth voice gave an order. It was too distorted to identify.

“We knew someone,” the Titan replied. “That is different.”

The archive had restored a shape to their past, but not its faces. The memory suppression was breaking, and the files confirmed it had been done to them. The people responsible still had access to the systems that protected the truth.

## Chapter 8 — What the Mind Buried

Memory returned unevenly, not like a film but like fragments pulled from deep water.

The Soldier recalled a corridor lined with injured personnel who had been told that the containment test was safe. The Mage remembered staring at a glowing instrument and feeling a vast pressure moving against the world. The Titan remembered copying a command log and realising that its security signature belonged to no official directorate.

There were other memories too. A narrow room where the three had argued about who could be trusted. A sealed package delivered to a council office. An attempt to warn someone who had already been removed from the programme. A sense of urgency, followed by the terrifying absence of everything after.

The mentor helped them endure the returning fragments. The mentor understood enough of dimensional energy to recognise the mechanism: the technology had suppressed conscious recall while preserving movement, language, training and instinct. Exposure to new Rifts was disturbing the artificial boundary around those memories.

“Who could have done this?” the Soldier asked.

“People with the means,” said the mentor, “and the conviction that their purpose justified anything.”

The Mage noticed the way the mentor looked away.

“You know someone like that.”

“I once believed that person wanted to save lives.”

The answer was not a confession, but it was not a denial.

Their next lead was the place where all the records converged: the original Scottish Highlands underground facility, abandoned after the 2022 disaster. Official reports claimed the Nexus Stone had been destroyed. The recovered technical data suggested that claim had never been tested against the evidence of what had actually happened.

The council approved a reconnaissance visit but refused to release the full 2022 incident report. The intelligence director said the files were incomplete. The scientific director said damaged equipment made conclusions unreliable. The military director urged the team to focus on current breaches rather than the mistakes of the past.

The Titan listened to the identical care with which each avoided the words *deliberate sabotage*.

“Somebody taught them the same story,” the Titan said after the meeting.

“Or they learned it together,” the Mage replied.

The Soldier checked the transport schedule. “Either way, the place is still there.”

## Chapter 9 — The Scottish Highlands

The abandoned facility had been built into a mountain where cloud drifted across broken stone and the wind carried the smell of rain. Its visible entrances were sealed, but the Titan found an overlooked maintenance shaft on an old survey. The team descended into the dark with the kind of care reserved for places where the dead were not always gone.

The lower levels still showed the violence of 2022. Reinforced doors had bowed outward. Metal platforms hung above a vast chamber in which light sometimes bent without warning. Frost covered one section of the floor; another still radiated heat. The deepest walls carried marks made by something that had moved through them while they were neither solid nor empty.

They found equipment that had not been removed because it was too dangerous to approach. The Mage recognised the chamber's energy pattern from Blackout, though the scale was almost beyond comparison. The Nexus Stone had once hung inside a containment system at the centre, held by rings large enough to surround a building. The rings were broken. The Stone was gone.

In a surviving control booth, the Titan powered an isolated recording unit. The footage was damaged, missing frames and sound, but its surviving sections showed what the official report had hidden.

A warning appeared on the 2022 display. The Stone's operating limit had been reached. A scientist attempted to initiate shutdown. An authorised control channel overrode the order and increased the power. A second warning demanded immediate isolation. The override continued. Security personnel blocked access to the emergency controls while voices argued behind the camera.

Someone had ordered the test past the point of safety, and someone had ensured that no one stopped it.

Then the chamber opened. A Rift swallowed the centre of the room. The video dissolved into static before the worst of the disaster. One later fragment showed the Stone intact and being removed from its broken frame by personnel whose insignia had been concealed. The footage ended before their faces appeared.

The Soldier stood motionless before the monitor. The Mage's hands glowed faintly with the strain of the place. The Titan copied every surviving frame, preserving the gaps rather than pretending the record was complete.

“We were right,” the Mage said.

The Soldier stared at the warning display. “And they kept going.”

“Whoever they were,” the Titan said, “they took the Stone afterwards.”

A long crack opened across the chamber floor. The team had stirred a dormant distortion. Something powerful moved in the depths beneath them. It did not emerge, but the walls began to change, their concrete surfaces giving way to glimpses of impossible stone.

They withdrew before the old catastrophe could repeat itself. Above ground, rain fell across a silent mountainside. The footage was damaged, but the central truth was clear: the 2022 Rift Crisis had been caused deliberately, and the Nexus Stone had survived.

## Chapter 10 — The Weight of Proof

At headquarters, the recovered footage split the room in two.

The scientific director examined its limits, warning that gaps in the recording prevented identification of the operators. The intelligence director verified that the override commands did not belong to the official test protocol. The military director demanded to know why security forces had stopped the shutdown. The council could no longer describe the disaster as an unexplained equipment failure.

But proof of sabotage did not immediately reveal the saboteurs.

The Titan arranged the evidence across a wall: missing personnel, concealed facilities, erased memories, corrupted reporting and the Stone's removal. It formed a pattern of long-term preparation. The rogue operation had not begun in 2040. It had survived the original disaster and had continued acting while Project Threshold tried to manage its consequences.

The Mage looked through the rescued scientists' medical updates. Some early corruption had receded after treatment and isolation. Others had changed too far to recover. An entire generation had lived with damage caused by the deliberate opening of a Rift that powerful people had labelled an accident.

The Soldier asked the question no one in the council meeting had dared to ask: “What did they think was worth that cost?”

The mentor answered from the doorway. “They believed there was something beyond the barriers worse than anything they could do here.”

“Is there?”

“I do not know.”

It was the mentor's first answer that sounded entirely without protection.

The team learned that the original expedition which discovered the Stone had found signs of a civilisation older than humanity. It could not explain the civilisation's disappearance or its relationship to the worlds beyond the barriers. Documents about the deeper ruins remained incomplete. Natural magic and Rifts had existed long before Project Threshold, but the programme's attempts to force them open had made conditions worse.

The crisis was not simply a war against creatures. It was the consequence of people who had treated uncertainty as a licence to control reality.

The Soldier, Mage and Titan decided they would not be sent home until the evidence was answered. They had once tried to stop the catastrophe. Their stolen memories had prevented them from finishing that work.

They would finish it now.




# ACT III

# THE LIE

Truth beneath the official story

PROJECT RIFT CONCEPT ARTWORK · NOT AN IN-GAME SCREENSHOT

## Chapter 11 — Two Different Lies

The council called an emergency hearing. For the first time, every director had to answer the same question in the presence of the recovered footage.

The public had been told almost nothing about the 2022 disaster. Over the following eighteen years, strange incidents had been explained as accidents, security events, industrial contamination or isolated military emergencies. Project Threshold had concealed evidence because it feared panic, geopolitical instability and an uncontrolled search for dimensional technology. That decision had allowed governments to continue cooperating, but it had also left ordinary people unable to understand the danger growing around them.

The concealment was real. It was also not the same crime as the original sabotage.

The Titan laid the two chains of evidence side by side. Official council minutes showed orders to suppress public disclosure after the catastrophe. The 2022 facility logs showed earlier, separate commands to override the Stone's safety limits and stop an emergency shutdown. Those instructions used a hidden authorisation path that had bypassed the ordinary council structure.

“The council hid what happened,” the Titan said. “Someone else made it happen.”

The distinction mattered. It did not absolve the council, but it prevented the actual perpetrators from disappearing inside a broader admission of secrecy.

A director asked whether a rogue network of scientists and officers could still be active. The Titan displayed Blackout's sabotage command, the unauthorised research installation and the suppressed memory programme. All had been authorised through the same concealed pattern. The network was still operating.

The Soldier demanded a full search. The Mage demanded that civilians affected by corruption be helped rather than hidden. The mentor argued that secrecy had become a weapon used by both frightened leaders and true conspirators.

The council granted restricted access to the remaining operational records. It was a compromised victory. By that evening, the trio knew the concealed chain had already received a warning. Someone had watched the hearing from within the system.

## Chapter 12 — The Hidden Command

The hidden command chain did not leave a single headquarters to discover. Its orders moved through layers of authority: a scientific procurement request, a military transfer, an intelligence deletion, a sealed laboratory delivery. Every individual action could be made to look routine. Together, they pointed towards the same result: the transport and use of dimensional equipment without council approval.

The Titan traced the movements through their timing rather than their names. The Soldier recognised the pattern of deployments intended to clear a route. The Mage recognised a growing signature that could belong to only one artefact in the known records. The Nexus Stone had not been stored away. It was being used.

They intercepted a transfer associated with the network and found containers marked as conventional scientific equipment. Inside were systems built to shape and amplify dimensional energy. The convoy guards had been told they were defending humanity against an approaching catastrophe. Some believed it. Others were simply following orders. Once the trio disrupted the operation, the evidence showed that the hidden chain was moving resources towards a secure site outside normal Project Threshold command.

The growing Rifts made the investigation harder. Across affected regions, smaller creatures gave way to stronger entities. Some corrupted beings remained human enough to recognise loved ones; others crossed a threshold from which the scientists could not bring them back. In one abandoned settlement, a breach opened into a vibrant landscape of enormous living growth. In another, the landscape beyond was scarred by corruption. Ancient structures appeared through a third opening, their purpose unknown. Those glimpses gave names to categories, not to worlds: **Living**, **Corrupted**, **Ancient**.

The Mage understood that the categories were not a map of every existence. They were the first terms humans had invented for what they had barely begun to see.

At headquarters, the mentor stood before an old photograph recovered from Project Threshold's early research years. One face had been obscured in the public copy; the original showed a senior official standing beside the mentor at an experimental site.

The Mage asked why the mentor had kept the relationship hidden.

“Because we began with the same fear,” the mentor said. “We saw the barriers weakening. We both wanted to protect this world.”

“And then?”

“Then we disagreed about the price.”

The mentor handed over a secure access reference that pointed towards the network's present facility. It was not proof of the antagonist's identity. It was proof that the mentor knew where the argument had begun.

## Chapter 13 — The Former Ally

On the journey to the secret facility, the mentor finally explained the past.

The person now directing the hidden network had once held senior authority within Project Threshold. They were brilliant, influential and increasingly convinced that conventional containment would fail. Early research into the barriers had revealed pressures no scientific instrument could adequately describe. The official believed that only by mastering the Nexus Stone could humanity survive whatever lay beyond.

At first the mentor had supported the search for knowledge. Natural magic was not an enemy, and the Stone appeared capable of stabilising dimensional disturbances. But the work shifted from observation to forced intervention. Safety limits became obstacles. Human cost became a variable. Each failed experiment was used to justify a larger one.

The mentor broke with the official before the worst of the programme's methods were revealed.

“I told them we did not know enough,” the mentor said. “They answered that we would never know enough unless we acted.”

The Soldier asked why the mentor had not stopped the scheme sooner.

“I tried to persuade someone who had stopped listening. Then I believed distance would keep me from sharing the blame.”

The Titan watched the mentor through the transport's reflected window. “And our investigation?”

“I did not know they would take your memories.”

The answer carried guilt without explaining away the choice.

By the time they reached the facility, alarms were sounding elsewhere in the world. Some governments had begun privately questioning Project Threshold's authority. Military assets were being repositioned without full international consultation. The organisation built to contain the crisis was starting to fracture under the pressure of the truth.

The hidden site lay behind hardened defences and a field of distortions that changed the appearance of the surrounding terrain. Armed officers guarded a descent into enormous underground chambers. The equipment inside was modern, but the energy it manipulated was older than human history.

The trio entered knowing they might not return. More importantly, they knew what the enemy was preparing could not be contained by another secret report.



# THE FORMER ALLY

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HIDDEN COMMAND

PROJECT RIFT | ACT III




CINEMATIC STORY ART | 4 NOVEMBER 2026

CONCEPT ILLUSTRATION - NOT AN IN-GAME SCREENSHOT

## Chapter 14 — The Stone and the Voice

At the centre of the facility, the Nexus Stone floated in a structure built to harness it.

It did not look like a weapon. Its surface shifted between solid mineral and a depth that could not exist inside an object. Lines of pale light circled it without touching. The Mage felt an enormous effort held motionless inside the Stone: not merely power, but the possibility of keeping different realities apart.

The former Project Threshold official stood on the far side of the chamber, surrounded by trusted officers and scientists. The face matched the old photograph. The voice matched a damaged memory the trio had never quite recovered.

“You were exceptional investigators,” the antagonist said. “I had hoped you would remain safe without remembering what you found.”

The Soldier stepped forward. “You ordered the overload.”

“I ordered an intervention. The Stone exceeded its limits because time had run out.”

“You prevented the shutdown,” the Titan said. “You stole the Stone. You erased us.”

The antagonist did not deny it.

“I protected the only chance we have.”

The Mage looked at the Stone and the equipment surrounding it. “Protecting humanity by breaking the barriers protecting it?”

“You have seen the other worlds,” the antagonist replied. “You have seen only their edges. There is something older beyond them. The barriers were not built to separate worlds simply for our convenience.”

“Who built them?” the mentor asked from behind the trio.

For the first time, the antagonist hesitated. “I don't know.”

“What is out there?”

“I cannot name it. But I have seen enough to know waiting is not a defence.”

The antagonist offered the team a place beside the hidden network. The Stone, used under controlled conditions, would supposedly allow humanity to confront the threat before the ancient barriers failed completely. More openings, more experiments and more sacrifices would be necessary. The official called that burden leadership.

The Soldier remembered the survivors in the Highlands. The Mage remembered those whose corruption could not be reversed. The Titan remembered the missing people and the recording of three restrained investigators.

“No,” the Soldier said.

The antagonist's expression closed. Security systems activated and the room erupted into conflict. The trio fought to disable the controls while avoiding catastrophic damage to the Stone. The mentor held back the unstable energy flowing from the chamber. But as the combat ended, the antagonist triggered an evacuation protocol that separated the central assembly from the facility's fixed equipment. The Stone vanished into a secured transport system already prepared to take it elsewhere.

The antagonist escaped with it.

A final message reached the team through the facility's speakers.

“You are fighting to preserve a door that is already breaking. When you see what comes through, remember that I tried to prepare us.”

The secure site fell quiet. The trio had found the enemy, learned the motive and uncovered the truth behind the 2022 betrayal. They had not stopped the plan.

The last destination was near a major populated city.




## ACT IV

# THE FINAL CONFRONTATION

The city. The Stone. The Rift.

PROJECT RIFT CONCEPT ARTWORK · NOT AN IN-GAME SCREENSHOT

## Chapter 15 — The Day the Sky Opened

The city had begun its day as any city did. Trains carried commuters towards the centre. Market stalls opened. Families waited at crossings and argued about ordinary delays. News reports spoke of unexplained security measures, but nothing warned the public what was about to happen.

Then the clouds turned inside out.

High above the outskirts, a circular seam appeared in daylight. A ring of blue-white light spread across the sky, and the air beneath it bent towards an invisible centre. Buildings shivered. Windows broke kilometres away. A sound like a distant ocean rose over the streets as the Nexus Stone, hidden inside the antagonist's equipment, drove energy into the failing barriers.

The seam widened into a catastrophic Rift.

For the first time, the crisis could not be denied. Thousands watched the opening from streets and rooftops. Beyond it moved landscapes impossible to place on Earth: living growth, ruined structures and distant darkness. Creatures dropped into parks and thoroughfares. Some were small and disoriented. Others were massive enough to overturn vehicles or scatter entire crowds.

Governments initially responded together. Emergency services, military units and scientific teams shared information. Evacuation routes were established. Aircraft were redirected. Project Threshold finally transmitted warnings in language the public could understand.

But the pressure grew faster than the cooperation. Conflicting orders began to arrive. Some leaders demanded that the Rift be attacked immediately. Others feared that heavy weapons would enlarge it. Border and airspace restrictions complicated support. Old secrecy had left decision-makers arguing over which information was trustworthy.

The Soldier, Mage and Titan arrived with the mentor and a small team from headquarters. From an elevated road, they saw smoke rising over the city and the immense opening turning above it.

The Soldier looked at the evacuation map. The Titan identified communications towers and threatened routes. The Mage felt the Stone's pulse at the centre of the breach.

The antagonist was somewhere inside the catastrophe.

Their mission had three parts. First, keep people alive. Then stop the person forcing the Rift open. Finally, stabilise the Stone and close what had been torn apart.

No part would matter if they failed the one before it.






CONCEPT ILLUSTRATION - NOT AN IN-GAME SCREENSHOT



# HOLD THE CITY

WHEN THE RIFT REACHES EARTH

PROJECT RIFT | ACT IV

## Chapter 16 — Hold the City

The Soldier led civilians through streets that shook whenever the Rift expanded. Military training made chaos legible: cover, movement, triage, a safe route that could remain safe long enough to use. A bus had overturned beside a collapsed station entrance. The Soldier helped force the doors open and directed its passengers towards an evacuation convoy while troops formed a defensive line.

The Titan reached a communications centre and brought surviving cameras and drones onto a single map. Information mattered more than weapons when entire districts were moving at once. The Titan redirected an ambulance away from a blocked tunnel, found a missing rescue team on a roof and identified a safe route through streets where the buildings had begun shifting into unfamiliar shapes.

The Mage moved where the distortions were strongest. A child had been separated from a parent near a spreading field of corruption. The Mage held back the advancing light until the pair reached safety. A wounded defender showed early signs of the same condition; careful magic slowed its progress. Farther away, an almost unrecognisable figure stumbled from the breach, and the Mage understood there was no simple way to restore everyone.

The danger escalated. A towering otherworldly entity emerged from the sky and drove a shock wave along the river. The trio fought together, not to kill everything coming through but to make room for thousands of people to escape. The Soldier drew its attention away from a shelter. The Titan exposed a vulnerable point through observation. The Mage struck when the energy around the creature weakened. It fell into the empty roadway as the last evacuation vehicles passed.

For a few precious minutes, the city held.

The mentor contacted the headquarters command room. The Stone's energy was rising. If the antagonist continued, the breach might grow beyond any local containment. The team could not win simply by surviving wave after wave of creatures.

They would have to reach the source.

The Soldier turned to the surviving defenders. “Keep these routes open.”

The Titan transferred the live evacuation map to them. The Mage watched the Rift draw a ring of darkness around its edge.

Then the three moved towards the centre of the storm.

## Chapter 17 — The Antagonist

The antagonist waited at a fortified control site close to the Rift's centre. Equipment surrounded the Nexus Stone, feeding it power while the sky above the city grew more unstable. The official's own officers looked frightened now. Some still believed the plan would save humanity. Others had seen too many people die to be certain.

The antagonist addressed the trio through the chamber's speakers.

“Look at the sky. The barriers are failing whether I act or not.”

“You're the one opening them,” the Mage answered.

“I am making humanity ready.”

The Titan studied the control sequence and saw what the antagonist would not: every increase in power destabilised the same system the Stone had been built to hold steady. The method was not containing the damage. It was accelerating it.

The Soldier advanced through the defenders. The Titan disabled protective relays without touching the Stone's stabilising core. The Mage shielded the team from energy surges that carved luminous fractures across the chamber floor. Together they forced the antagonist away from the primary controls.

But the antagonist had prepared for interruption. A final mechanism began a self-sustaining amplification cycle. It would continue even if the official could no longer operate it.

“Stop this,” the mentor said, entering the chamber behind the trio. “You know what it has already cost.”

The antagonist turned towards the person who had once been a trusted ally. For a moment, the certainty broke into something like grief.

“You saw what I saw,” the official said.

“I saw a possibility. You made it a certainty by refusing to stop.”

The antagonist tried to reach the controls again. The Soldier blocked the path. The Mage drew the unstable energy away from the fight; the Titan disabled the official's remaining defences. In the final confrontation, the three acted as a team in a way they had not been permitted to do since their memories were stolen.

The antagonist fell and could no longer command the operation.

Victory lasted less than a second.

Across the chamber, the Stone began to crackle with uncontrolled light. High above them, the Rift expanded. The last amplification cycle had already started. Defeating the antagonist had removed the person responsible, but it had not undone the act.

The Soldier looked at the wounded official, then at the swelling light. “How do we stop it?”

The mentor's voice was almost lost in the noise. “The Stone was made to stabilise. Not to conquer. Let it do what it was made to do.”

## Chapter 18 — The Stone Holds

The Nexus Stone had become the centre of two forces: the energy tearing the Rift wider and the ancient stabilising function buried beneath the machinery's commands. The team could not destroy the Stone. There was no proof destruction would close the breach, and its loss might remove the only means to repair the damage.

The Titan found the amplification controls and isolated them from the stabilisation system. It required a sequence of precise interventions while the chamber's structure failed around them. The Soldier held a path open, dragging damaged equipment aside and keeping hostile creatures away from the others. The Mage reached towards the Stone, not to force more power through it, but to guide the escaping dimensional energy back towards balance.

The work hurt. The Mage felt the boundaries between worlds as a series of strained, ancient lines, vast beyond human understanding. None of them seemed built for humanity's convenience. Something had once held them in place; now they were fraying. Their makers remained unknowable.

The first stabilising pulse rolled through the city. A creature halfway through a wall recoiled into the breach. Shattered streets stopped changing shape. The air grew heavy, then still.

The Stone resisted the machinery's final demand for more power. The Titan cut the last connection. The Soldier pulled the Mage clear as a wave of light swept the chamber. Through the open roof they saw the edges of the catastrophic Rift begin to draw inward.

Then something moved beyond the opening.

It was not one of the creatures that had attacked the city. It had no familiar outline and no scale the eye could trust. For an instant, the trio sensed a presence beyond the known worlds, older or farther away than the ruins they had visited. The dark surrounding it did not behave like empty space. It seemed to notice the narrowing Rift.

The Mage felt a cold certainty: the antagonist had been afraid of something real, though fear had not made the antagonist's choices right.

The presence did not speak. It offered no name, history or explanation. The Stone emitted one final pulse. The glimpse vanished, and the Rift closed like a wound drawn together by invisible hands.

The sky returned.

Across the city, people stared upwards through smoke and falling dust. Aircraft circled. Emergency crews searched the damaged streets. The sun emerged behind clouds that

once again obeyed the weather. The Stone descended slowly within the ruined containment frame, its light dim but steady.

The trio had saved the city, defeated the antagonist and stabilised the artefact. The immediate catastrophe was over.

No one in that chamber believed the greater crisis had ended.

# EPILOGUE — AFTER THE LIGHT

The world had seen the Rift. There was no way to return to the old official story.

News broadcasts showed the evacuation, the creatures and the impossible sky. People demanded to know why governments had hidden the truth, who had authorised the experiments and what Project Threshold had done since 1962. The council faced investigations it could no longer prevent. Countries that had cooperated to save the city began arguing about responsibility, access to evidence and control of the Nexus Stone.

In the headquarters, the rescued records were secured alongside the Stone's new monitoring data. The stolen memories, the damaged 2022 footage and the hidden command chain told a history that could no longer be comfortably reduced to a single accident. The rogue faction had been exposed as a force operating outside legitimate oversight, though its private name and the full reach of its network remained unanswered.

The mentor came to the three survivors in a quiet observation room. On a wall screen, the city was rebuilding emergency communications. Elsewhere, smaller Rifts still flickered at the edges of the world's maps. The greatest breach had closed, but years of damage to the barriers would not disappear overnight.

“The Stone held,” the mentor said.

“For now,” the Titan replied.

The Soldier watched a recording of civilians returning to streets from which they had fled. The faces on the screen were tired, frightened and alive.

“For them, today matters,” the Soldier said.

The Mage looked at a preserved image from the final seconds before the Rift closed. The image showed nothing recognisable beyond a disturbance in the darkness. That was almost worse than seeing a shape. It meant there was something they could not yet understand.

The three had begun in Westhaven as strangers to one another and, in a deeper sense, as strangers to themselves. They had followed different paths: a rescue mission, an awakening and an investigation. They had recovered the proof of what they had once tried to stop. They had faced a person who mistook terror for permission to sacrifice others. And when the world most needed them, they had chosen to hold it together.

Far beneath headquarters, the Nexus Stone emitted a small, measured pulse. No alarm sounded. The monitoring system displayed stable readings. On a separate screen, distant

instruments recorded a faint disturbance along one of the weakened barriers, then another.

The Titan noticed the pattern first. The Mage felt it before the data finished drawing. The Soldier reached for the mission report.

No one could yet say what waited beyond the barriers, or who had built them, or why a civilisation older than humanity had left behind a device capable of holding dimensions apart.

But Earth was no longer blind, and the three people whose memories had been stolen were no longer alone.

The immediate war had been won. The truth had survived. What came next would be faced with open eyes.

**THE END**

# Source & Canon Notes

This is a complete **literary retelling**, not a new gameplay specification. It incorporates the current Owner-approved material in the private repositories listed below, reviewed 4 November 2026:

- **FL Ecosystem Source of Truth:** FL-Ecosystem-upgrade / 03 FL Gaming / Project Rift GAME_BLUEPRINT.md.
- **Project Rift Story Bible:** Project-Rifts-Story / STORY-BIBLE.md.
- **Story supporting files:** Universe & History; Main Storyline; Characters & Factions; Three Origins; Campaign & Missions; Lore & Discoveries.

**Canon preserved:** The Westhaven shared opening precedes distinct Soldier, Mage and Titan origins. Titan is Recon renamed and retains the reconnaissance/investigative backstory and abilities. Project Threshold dates to 1962; the intentional Nexus Stone safety-limit breach occurred in the Scottish Highlands in 2022; the campaign unfolds in 2040. Blackout is the first shared mission. The secure archive, damaged footage, council concealment versus rogue sabotage, hidden command chain, former-senior-official antagonist, public city Rift, three-stage finale and unexplained greater threat all follow the approved plot.

**Creative connective writing:** Descriptions of individual scenes, dialogue, moment-to-moment action and unnamed supporting people were written to make the outline readable as one story. These passages do not settle intentionally unresolved names, designs, technical gameplay features or future plot revelations. The final appearance and fate of the antagonist beyond being defeated remain unspecified. Repository contents and game implementation have not been changed.

# PROJECT RIFT

REAL WORLDS. OTHER REALITIES.




## THE RIFT IS CLOSED.

BUT SOMETHING ON THE OTHER SIDE

## IS AWAKE.

## TO BE CONTINUED...

FL GAMING | FL ECOSYSTEM